WHERE THE KISSES GROW.

They leap from the soul of a baby And then all over it spread. From the white and pink of its toe-tips, To the halo of gold round its head; From the depths of its dainty dimples, From the reseate, laughter-turned lips, From the smooth, shapely neck and should To the tapering finger tips.

They're hidden within every heart-fold, And cuddled down close to the core, And the they are evermore gathered. And, the Still I find there a thousand fold more! Still I find there as thousand fold more! And each one seems softer and sweeter Than the treasure I found just before rill I wonder if ever the sweetest Is taken from baby's vast store.

So daily I search for and seize them, And hourly I pluck a new prize— Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads, etimes from the brightest of eyes; And I whisper—O! ange-kissed baby, Do you feel—can you ever quite know— Of the wonderful worth of these kisses of the wonderful worth of these kisses
That ever continue to grow?
Of the wearleans were that they soften?
Of the heart cares they curtain from sight?
That their magic soars out through the sun

shine, And on thro' the knells of the night?

I hold that we're higher and better For every fresh kiss that we take, For every fond love-token given— When given for sacrod love's sake; For if purity's planted in earthdom, Then surely it springs from the soul

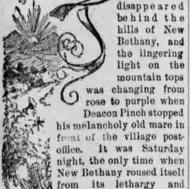
Of that beautiful, angel-like being,

As its life-page begins to unroll.

So I'll gather them early and often. om the bright curly head to the toe, I can't rob the wes tot of its treasures-For still they'll continue to grow; And in after years there'll gleam a mem'ry That backward forever will flow, To that bennie eyed babe of the bygone, Whose kisses no longer may grow. -Detroit Free Press

THE DEACON'S WOOING.

His Quest After Western Land on and I rather guess we'll stand about the R se.



from its lethargy and showed any signs of life and energy. The rest of the week it drowsed and languished after the fashion of small country towns remote from railway and manufacturing centers. "Whos, Mary Jane!" said the deacon.

with unnecessary emphasis, throwing the reins on the mare's broad back and springing to the ground. But the despondent Mary Jane had al-

ready ceased her shamming from sheer force of habit. Ten years' service with the deacon had made her perfectly familfar with the accustomed round of stopping-places. Wednesday night it was prayer-meeting; Sunday, the church service, and Saturday night invariably the postoffice, and, as a late variation, an after pause at the house of Mrs. Betsey Hill, the milliner, who, for a quarter of a century, had supplied the women of New Bethany with headgear fearfully and wonderfully made.

The moment the deacon stepped inside the office he knew, from the unusua! bezz of conversation, that something extraordinary had happened. "Heard the news-eh, deacon?" asked

The deacon looked up, inquiringly.

"Miss Keziah's had an amazin' streak

of luck." "It's been nothin' but an amazin

returned the deacon. "If ownin' the best farm in town and havin' money at interest isn't luck, I'd like to know what is." a lone woman." "Yes; but this is something out of common. You used to know her brother, who died years ago and left his only child for Miss Keziah to bring up? Wa'al, when the old man Mead died, Miss Keziah took the farm as her share of the property, and her brother, bein' thousand of personal property as his'n, which turned out to be worthless, and he lost every cent he put in. Folks always blamed him for bein' so foolish and hasty, and they say grief and mortifeation like hasten his death. Wa'al, It turns out they have put a railroad square through the land, and it's sent



"HEARD THE NEWS-ER, DEACON?"

where. Miss Keziah's been offered high on to 88,000 for the lands, and they My she will get ever so much more if the only holds on."

"You don't mean it?" "I dew; it's as thew as Scripture."
"She'll hold out, never fear," said the eacon; "and I hold it to be our bounder

daty, as neighbors, to advise her to that Instead of lingering, as usual, for the village gossip-for New Bethany postoffice on Saturday night answered the

expose of a weekly paper—the deacor seemed to be in a hurry to get home. It was the night of the choir rehear al, and in driving by the church he taw Mary Mead, Miss Keziah's niece poing up the steps. He suddenly shipped up his sleepy old mare and home at a break-neck rate of

"Now's your time, Solomon Pinch," he ettered to himself. "It's mebbe a while afore ye'll have such a good ance ag'in. She'll be sure to be alone for a couple of hours or so-hi, old lady! no stoppin' here to-night," he tided giving the lines a sudden twist Mary Jane show an inclination to stop store Betsey Hill's house; "we've other

ash to fry now, old girl." When he reached home he drove the burs under the horse-shed and tied her

there, instead of unharnessing her as usual. Then he entered the house, and hastily swallowing the scanty suppor which the hired woman placed before him, denned his best clothes and drove

off again at a rapid pace.
"Law sakes a'lve!" exclaimed the woman, amazed. "The deacon's got suthin' on his mind, sure! It's the first time I ever knew him to disremember to

ask a blessing." Ever since the death of his wife Deacon Pinch had looked on Miss Keziah as her probable successor. For years he had gazed with covetous eyes on the fine Mead farm, with its substantial buildings, but he never could screw his courage up to the point of facing the snapping black eyes of its owner. Of late he had been seen several times knocking at the door of Mrs. Betsey Hill's little brown house and the worthy milliner was overjoyed at the opening of the brilliant prospect before her. But the news of the sudden rise in Western lands caused Mrs. Hill, with her small possessions, to sink into insignificance by the side of the rich woman with her well-tilled acres, her overflowing barns and her prospective thousands of dollars.

The idea of failure in his matrimonial venture never for an instant entered the Deacon's head. "The way afore ye is as plain and straight as a pipestem, Solomon Pinch," he murmured, as he walked away toward Miss Keziah's side door. "Women is most alikeeager and willing to embrace matrimonial opportunities. They'll snap at an offer like a hungry trout at a worm. She has got the money, and I hev got the prominence and influence. That's a p'int not to be overlooked, and deacons isn't to be had every day. Put her money and my influence together,

on top of the heap in New Bethany." Miss Keziah was sitting by the table knitting, as usual. She had just begun to narrow for the toe of the stocking be hind the when a step sounded on the walk. She threw down the stocking and opened Bethany, and the door, and, holding the lamp high above her head, her eyes rested on the amazing spectacle of the deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and shiny black broadcloth. "Well, I never," she ejaculated, and then, feeling that her reception had been hardly hospitable, she lowered the lamp and said, kindly: "Come in, deacon, come in.

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dow."

"Take a seat, deacon."

"Thank ye, I don't mind if I dew." The deacon surveyed the attractive room, which, with its cheery fire and comfortable cushioned chairs, seemed a veritable paradise in comparison with his untidy, ill-kept home. He placed his hat on the floor beside his chair, displaying his scanty gray locks, ingeniously plastered over the top of his head, so as to cover as much of the bald surface as possible. There was a long pause.

"Any thing going on, deacon?" asked Miss Keziah, resuming her knitting. She was greatly puzzled to account for those Sunday clothes.

"Nothin' within the range of my observation. There won't be much a-goin' on now till 'lection time; things'll be

protty lively then." "Want to buy any hay this year?" chirped Miss Keziah. "Mine is extra good this season; my hired man says it's the best harvest yield in town."

"I rather guess I'll hev' enough to carry me thro' the winter. If I don't 1 shall know where to come for hay as is all! I feel kfnd o' rigged like when | mention this," he asked, timidly. I think the best farm in town is man aged by a woman."

Miss Keziah smiled graciously, and the deacon drew his chair a little nearer streak of luck ever since she was born,' bis hostess. "It must be a great load for ye to carry alone. Such a large farm is a tremendous responsibility for

"Oh, I don't mind it. It keeps me

proper busy." The deacon hitched his chair along few inches further. "Ye'd ought to hev' a brother or a cousin, or some relative like, to share the burden with ye.'

"My shoulders are plenty strong," reof a rovin' turn of mind, took the few plied Miss Keziah, good-naturedly. "I'm glad to show focks that there are and invested 'em in Western lands women who are good for something besides giddy-gaddying and tattling.'

"Yis, yis," answered the deacon, "we can all testify to your valley and worth. You're a real honor to your sex. You're-you're a bright and shinin' beacon-light to the triffin' and vainminded women of the world;" and the speaker waved his hand at the conclureal estate way up, nobody knows sion of this little oratorical flourish.

Then hitch, hitch, hitch, went the chair Miss Keziahward. "Don't you feel sort o' lonely at spells?" he asked, insinuatingly.

Miss Keziah glanced suspiciously at the rapidly advancing chair. She dropped her knitting and went to the fire and piled up the blazing stacks of wood. Then she came back to the table and set her chair on the further side of it, thus putting a barrier between her and her visitor. "I'm never lonely, deacon; plenty to do is the best medicine for loneliness."

"But woman's a tender, dependent Woman's a vine," here the erentur. deacon took up his weekly prayer meeting drawl, "and needs suthin' to cling to when the troubles, desolatin' waves and winds o' affliction and sorrow roll

over her." "Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Keziah, with a contemptuous sniff. "1 shouldn't have expected that a man of your sense, deacon, would repeat such silly trash. I have no patience with the people who are always talking as if a woman couldn't stand alone, and needed propping up like a rag doll that hadn't any back-bone. I'm no vine, or such creeping, helpless thing, I can tell you, I can stand alone as well as anybody, i the Lord so wills it, altho' I admit, deacon, that it's pleasanter to have some

ne to keep you company." "That's jest it; ye hev hit the nail quar on the head! It's pleasanter to ev' company in our sojourn on this

nortal yearth." The Deacon seized his chair with both hands, and by a circuitous line of hitching placed it within three feet of Miss Keziah's table. "You're a fore-banded woman, Miss Keziah; I'm a man ol prominence and influence in the community; it seems to me that it would be a good thing if we could walk hand in hundred pounds of fresh meat consumed hand through this vale of tears. Prov- in England the home supply gives sevidence seems to point its finger that way." The deacon was thinking that Keziah in the place of his inefficient, scientific investigator.

wasteful hired woman. Miss Keziah was dumfounded. She dropped her knitting, and the ball of yarn rolled across the filler. "Mercy,"

"I'll make ye a first-rate husband, and ye'll make me a good wife. We've been members of the same church for thirty years or more, and we've been



"MERCY!" SHE FAINTLY GASPED.

Miss Keziah straightened herself up

members of the same spritooal family; human family."

in her high backed chair and drew in her chin, while her voice rang out shrill and clear: "I rather guess it'll take two to make that bargain." A second look at the aged admirer,

who was edging up to her with a sheepish simper, exasperated Miss Keziah beyond control. 'The old fool!" she said wrathfully. The color came into the deacon's thin

cheeks, and he started to his feet, looking anxiously toward the door, as if meditating a hasty retreat. But the yarn was wound around his boots, and he was forced to remain. Miss Keziah likewise rose, and, fold-

ing her hands primly in front of her, remarked, grimly: "When you first began your talking 1 hadn't the least idea what you were driving at. I thought you were hinting about Betsey Hill and wanted to take me into your confidence. I never dreamed that you meant me. Why, I supposed that every one in town knew that I would not give up my freedom for the best man living. Betsey Hill is a pious, likely woman; she'll make a good home for you, and she needs a home herself."

The deacon was completely withered, and Miss Keziah continued: "If you'll step around a little liveller, deacon, and pick up the stones on your lot and put them into good fences, and mow down those pesky weeds, there's no earthly reason why your farm shouldn't look as well as mine. If I've said any thing to hurt your feelings, deacon, I hope you'll overlook it. Why, you are all tangled up in that yarn; I'll untangle it."

The delay of unwinding the yarn from the deacon's feet gave Miss Keziah chance for further remark: "One word more, deacon; have you heard about the Western lands?"

The deacon wished he was anywhere out of the range of those merciless

"I-think I've heern tell suthin' about 'em," he replied, meekly.

"I thought so! I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Keziah, savagely. "Well, deacon, those lands rightfully belong to my niece Mary; I only hold them as her guardian."

The deacon began to look upon his rejection as a blessing in disguise, for, without the Western lands, Miss Keziah's attractions seemed tame, compared with those of mild, blue-eyed, buxom hay. I declare your farm does beat widow Hill. "I can trust ye never to

> "I shall not mention it. Now follow my advice, deacon; make sure of Betsy Hill before another week goes by. You have my good wishes. See to this at

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if

The good woman followed her crestfallen visitor to the door. As a sudden gust of cold night air put out the light she said: "The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, ch. deacon?

And the discomfitted deacon felt that he had been nipped by something sharper than frost.-Lippincott's Magazine.

Blood as a Medicine.

Blood drinking is rather an unsavory medication. Every morning, however, tashionable ladies suffering from anamia to to the monumental slaughter house of La Villette, just as if it was a drinkng-room at Aix or Vichy. They there irink bullock's blood at 30 centimes (6 ious) a glass, and observers say that the blood cure is often efficacious. Raspail. the real precursor of Pasteur, noticed that the butchers and even the women book-keepers in butchers' shops, are singularly healthy and that their blood is, as a rule, purer than that of people plying other trades. Mlle. Rosita Mauri, the famous opera danseuse, once sprained her foot upon the stage. The loctor ordered her to go to La Villette every morning early and to bathe her fainty ankle in hot bullock's blood. The habit of blood-drinking, like hotwater drinking, is nauseous at first, but the patients think no more of it after a time than they would of gulping down an oyster or a glass of absinthe. The animals ought, naturally, to be healthy; but this can easily be tested by experts. Although the practice appears to have spread in France, the "blood-cure" was eally invented by an English doctor .-Paris Letter.

Girl Bachelors in America. What is the most characteristic thing you have found in our American was asked of an observant Englishman who has been spending a few months in New York. "The girl bachelors," he said. "There are no spinsters here, as we called them in England. The unmarried woman in America is a type altogether unique. She has all the independence of a man, and still keeps every essential trait of the best woman. She thinks and plans and executes for herself, and she does not seem to make mistakes. The girl bachslor often has her own home, and she ralues it exactly as she would if she were married. She is always gracious and companionable, but never or he bound of her dignity. Oh, the girl sachelor is the most wonderful thing America has yet produced, and she is alogether charming."-N. Y. Sun.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-It is estimated that out of every enty-five pounds.

-The Emperor of China is making a very moment of the money he would close study of railroad construction. He save by a thrifty manager like Miss is said to have considerable ability as a

-At the opening of a culinary exhibition in Paris, some distinguished guests were entertained at a table on which were two hundred different dishes differently cooked.

PRETTY DINNER TABLES.

Descriptive Article Which Will Be Ap-

preciated by All Housekeepers. Here is a description of three very pretty dinner tables. There was a long strip of dark-green plush down the center, worked at each end in gold and copper shades, a narrow border of the same at each side. This had been ruffled at either end into easy, upstanding plaits, and at each corner of the table there was a new and charming cachepot holding a white double primula with abundant light-green foliage. But to more fully describe these covers they were circular, one light pink, one light green, one light blue, and one yellow silk. The vase, made of cardboard like a man's hat, only smaller, was about eight inches deep, and to this was sewn a frilling of silk cut on the cross, folded double, and sewn on so full that it stood up like a lip on one side, turning down opposite to give more ample space for the display of the foliage. Two round silk handles crossed the top, and were secured on the outside. In the center was a huge center-lamp, vailed with a very large square shade, covered with white w'ell now be members of the same pinked-out silk, and a deep frill of lace sufficiently deep (quite half a yard) to reach from the top to the extreme edge. It would seem just now almost impossible to have too large lamp-shades. Very much admired are the crinkled paper ones, one flounce over another, with apparently a deep ruche at the top, and are really not difficult to make. It takes ten sheets of tissue paper for each They must be first crinkled by passing them long and persistently through the hand; then they are pasted tightly together, ten in a circle, and spirally tied round the top of the frame, the darker over the lighter paper, in such a way that the two form a sort of ruche or box-plaiting at the

On the second table the center was alled with soft eau-de-nil silk, puckered up round four low-growing pots of lycopodium and ribbon fern, the pots completely hidden. On the green silk were loose bunches of delicate mauve orchids, the petals bordered with a band of deeper coloring; the amalgamation of color was very perfect. There is a great art in throwing these leafless flowers artistically on the groundwork of silk, but the success on this occasion was perfect. Snowdrops and spirea leaves on another table were laid on a square of white muslin, worked in gold with Turkish embroidery. Each corner had been plaited with a box plait, so that a sort of pocket was formed, and on this a handful of white blooms with their tender green stalks were laid, and apparently kept in place by a handsome gold spoon, in repousse silver and gold, and round the lamp were four specimen glasses, well filled-liberally filledwith the snowdrops and spirea leaves. Nothing could have been simpler than the whole arrangement, but it was a huge success with the light of the lamp thrown upon it.-Fashion and Fancy.

FAMILY SCRAP BASKET. An Interesting Compilation of Household

Fact and Fancy.

If the fat in the frying-kettle is hot before you are ready for it, put in a dry crust of bread. It will not burn as long as it has something to do, only when it is left idle. It is convenient to have an iron-holder

attached by a long string to the band of the apron when cooking; it saves burnt fingers or scorched aprons, and is always at hand. Keep a clasp knife or a knife with a handle different from those in common

iga for the sole nurpose of peeling onlone, and so avoid the flavor and odor of them where it is neither expected nor desired. Half a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly

always revive a dying fire, and, unlike the few drops of coal oil which servants are so fond of using and which have caused so many sad accidents, is perfectly safe. To mend a very large hole in socks or woven underwear, tack a piece of strong

net over the aperture and darn over it. Thus mended the garment will be stronger than when new and look far neater than if darned in the ordinary

To keep the bright, green color of summer cabbage, boil fast in plenty of water in which has been dissolved a piece of washing sods the size of two eas; cover until the water boils and then take off the lid. If the steam is shut in the cabbage will be yellow and unsightly. Fasten one of the cheap, three-fold

towel-racks securely to the kitchen wall near the stove, and it will serve to hang your jelly-bag, which should be provided with four loops of strong tape in place of the usual strings. Slip the two loops opposite each other on the outer arms of the rail and the alternate ones on the middle arm. You will find it far more convenient than tying the

bag to the backs or legs of chairs. To avoid the horrible odor which too often fills the house when cabbage or other green vegetables are boiling, follow these simple directions: Put your cabbage in a net and when you have boiled it five minutes in the first pot of water, lift it out, drain for a few seconds and place carefully in a second pot which you must have full of fast-boiling water on the stove. Empty the first water away and boil your cabbage till tender in the second. -C. A. Cheniston,

in Good Housekeeping.

The Highest Bridge on Earth. The greatest bridge on earth was prened in March at Edinburgh, Scotland, Its length is 8,296 feet. It stands fifth in the list of highest structures in the world: Eiffel Tower, Washington Monument, Cologne Cathedral and Old St. Paul's, London. Engineering experts declare it a marvel of skill, the public a marvel of convenience. It is also most unsightly and puts a blot on one of the loveliest views in the world. Lovers of natural beauty are saving to the cheering public with Ruskin: "You make railroads of the aisles of the cathedrals of the earth, and eat off their altars."-

Chantagggg -A widow in India was recently, at her own request, burned alive with the remains of her husband. But as an indication that public sentiment is, turning against the customs of the past, it is mentioned that the barbers contemplate refusing to shave the heads of widows. The old custom requires that they should be shaven once a week.

-Among the peoples at the back of Lukolela, on the Upper Congo, there is custom that a big chief in a district, on having proved to the satisfaction of the assembled chiefs that he is the wealthiest and, physically speaking, he strongest, is invested order of the Tall Hat. This resembles very much the stove-pipe hat of civilized ife, only with the brim at the top, and s made of plaited fiber.

SONG OF THE SCHOOL-BELL

In the tower the school-bell rings, With a music all its own,

And right merrily it sings, In a lively, tripping tone: "Ying a ling ling! jing a ling ling! Come to school and seek and find Treasures for the youthful mind; Come, and enter learning's presence, In the days of adolescence; Come, for language here discourses, And reveals her secret sources; Come, and read on history's page Wendrous deeds in every age; Come, and rosm the wide world o'er, Mountain, plain and sea explore-Jing-a-ling ling; jing-a-ling-ling;"

That is what the school bell says, To the man, toll worn and weary, Bringing back his boyhood days, As it care's out so cheery: "Jing-a ling-ling! Jing-a ling ling!"
And the lawyer's parchment brie
Dry and duli beyond belief; And the banker's balance-sheet, Where the debts and credits meet; And the busy weaver's loom, In the dingy factory room, Mirror back familiar faces To their old, accustomed places, In the school-house, gray and olden, When life's day was bright and golden-"Jing-a-ling-ling! jing-a-ling-ling!"

Hears no music in the bell, For it sounds unsympathetic, Something like a brazen yell: Whang-a-blang-blang! whang-a-blang-blang! Come, thou slave of book and slate, To your usual daily fate: Come, the mystic figures grim Long to make your thick head swim; Come, and with your grammar wrangle All the parts of speech untangle; Come, and weep an hour away With the solemn algebra; Come, thou book-environed mortal, Enter education's portal—

Whang a blang-blang! whang a blang-blang!"

Soon the boy will disappear.

But the school-boy, unpoetle,

And the toil-worn man be found Listening, with a smile and tear, To some school-bell's welcome sounds To some school-bell's welcome so "Jing-a ling-ling | ling-a ling-ling." Then he'll ponder long and sigh O'er the happy days gone by; Then he'll know the gay school-boy Eurely must life's sweets enjoy; Then will come the vain regret. Wasted hours of youth beget; Then in fancy he will roam Once again to childhood's home; Then he'll hear a memory-bell, With an old, melodious swell-

"Jing-a-ling-ling! jing-a-ling-ling!" —P. C. Fossett, in Golden Days. AN OBEDIENT CHILD.

She Was Told to Favor Mr. Brown

and She Did. A broad, vine-covered plazza, inclosing in its quadrilateral embrace a redbut built with more than usual soligity, and inwardly furnished as if the inhabitants were, for the time, living there, not merely camping out. Above, pine branches interlacing across the sky; below, the needle carpet, easing every footfall; between the trunks of the the sea. Across the piazza's sweep, the inviting curve of a hammock; in the hammock - blue-eyed, golden-haired, white-robed-a girl, her fingers idly plucking chords from a guitar, but her eyes on the glimpse of ocean, and her thoughts far away. Is it not a pretty picture?

So thought the young man in a wellworn tennis suit, as he lounged, hands in pockets, against the trunk of a tree, and watched the tableau unobserved. Apparently, he would be willing to enoy the picture forever, but at last the fairly roared. girl's eves fell upon him, and, jumping up with a blush, she almost let fall her guitar.

"have you dropped from the sky?"

an in the tennis suit, coming forward, "but cast up by the sea. The cranky cat boat, which my cousin dignifies by the title of 'yacht,' had to put in at the vacation from my duties as cook, mate and larboard watch, I've strolled up this way to-ah, to see how the new tennis

ourt is getting on." "The tennis court must feel honored at your thoughtfulness," said the girl, composing berself again in the hammock, while the young man found a seat on the top step of the plazza. "But where do you shape your course after the 'Gull' is in commission again?'

'Oh, I believe Ned is going to skirt up towards Bar Harbor. But I think he will make the rest of the cruise without POb what an idea; to desert now

when the voyage is only begun. Besides, the 'Guil' must not go to Bar Harbor to-morrow. You ought at least to bring her down here and stand off and on in front of our beach for one afternoon.

"Would you really like to see her?" "Really? Are we not simply dying for a sensation? And then, I've heard of such a thing as young ladies enjoying a sail once in awhile."

"Why, I should be delighted to bring her up here if you would like to see her. But as to her sailing, you know she will only carry two comfortably." "Oh, I'm sure you would be glad to

stay on shore and watch the tenniscourt. Mr. Lawrence and I could handle her very well." The young man's face fell at this, for if there was any thing in the world be wished to prevent, it was having Alice Miller and Ned Lawrence thrown to-

gether. Perhaps Alice knew it. At any rate she laughed lightly, and struck a few rippling chords on the guitar. The young man laid his hand on the hammock and stopped its swing. "Alice," he cried, "I came up expressly to find you. We left things

in such a pretty mess the last time I saw you that I want to try to straighten them out. You know I would do any "Yes, so you've told me a dozen times." Another laughing chord from

"Oh, Alice, don't always laugh at me am in earnest now, and when I say that I love you-" "Oh, hush," she said, breaking away from him. "You must not say that to me now. Your uncle is here."

the gultar.

'My uncle? Here?" "In this very house," "Well, what of that? I know he ha disapproved of my marrying; I know he has forbidden me to see you, but-" "Yes, Arthur, and I shall tell you

why? He is going to marry me him-

"To-to marry you!" "Yes. I expect him to make love to me any minute." The pearly teeth gleamed through the smiling lips. "He has begun on papa and mamma." "Why, what nonsense are you talk-

"It is certainly true. He came down here two days ago to see papa about some business that was to take several fava. It seems that when he first saw me I made an impression on him." "I should think you might."

"Never mind. And yesterday he began by leading up quite naturally to the subject of my marriage. I should marry some substantial person, of some age and position, and so on, giving a perfeet portrait of Mr Brown, senior. Poor papa listened perplexed, but as soon as

mamma heard of it -" "Oh, yes, your mother, excellent lady." "As soon as she heard it, she understood it all. And ever since then I have heard nothing but Mr. Brown, Mr. on in blank amazement. Brown-oh, certainly, by all means, and in any event, I must marry Mr. Brown."

"Why, Alice, this is horrible; it is perfectly ghastly. But if my uncie is to be in the field against me, I am determined to have it settled now. I love on my suit, may have drawn of me"you; I ask you to be mine, and I will not here Brown, senior, actually stamped let you go until you say yes; no, you his foot in rage-"but I can at least need not say it, for you look it, and promise to be a good husband to Alice, now-

"Oh, Arthur, stop; Arthur, let me go; here comes your uncle." And in an instant she had disappeared around one corner, as the ponderous step of Mr. Brown, senior, brought him around the other. Arthur Brown stood leaning against a pillar, pulling his mustache. "Why, Arthur, you here? What does this mean?"

"Oh uncle, so you are here." "Surely, you can not have forgotten that I specially requested you to keep

away from the house?" "Oh, no, uncle; I recall that fact perfectly. But, honestly, do you think it was quite fair to use such a method to keep me out of the way, so that you could have the field to yourself?"

"I don't know what you mean, but I to know that I am tired of having the burden of the guardianship of a profilgate nephew. I am tired of paying debts; I am tired of helping out of scrapes at college; and when it is proposed that there shall be a marriage, and I shall support two instead of one, I say no, and I shall do all in my power to prevent it."

"Even to marrying her yourself," remarked the young man, but his uncle did not seem to hear him.

"Fortunately, I have found an opportunity to make my influence felt; and if I have used the opportunity to the fullest extent it is because the end will justify the means. I discovered only vesterday that my friend, Tom Miller, was the father of the girl you have gone crazy about, and I had an earnest conversation with him about his daughter's marriage. I think I impressed him pretty strongly with the idea that when the time does come for her to marry her roofed cottage of orthodox seaside form, choice should not be one of the young men of the period. If I describe young man of the period in pretty severe terms, and if the portrait I drew corresponded, in nearly every particular, with your own, you will have the pleasure of knowing, for once in your life, you have served a good purpose. I stately conifers the flash and sparkle of | do not doubt I have made an impression upon Miller; in fact, this morning be told me that he had talked over our conversation with his wife, and they both wished to say to me that they un-

lerstood me perfectly." "I should think they did," cried the nephew, with a grin. "Uncle, do you know what they think you meant by that talk?"

"What do they think?" "They think you want to marry her yourself." The young man fell back in a chair in an ecstacy of delight, and

"Nonsense. It is impossible." "It is certainly true. The mother has carefully instructed the daughter, "Why, Arthur Brown," she exclaimed; and they are all ready to receive you into the bosom of the family. Oh! "Not quite that," answered the young ancle, how the friendship of that woman political practice falls below the high will make you suffer. "Heavens! Can it be? Yes; I be-

tirely changed toward me. What a harbor for repairs, and as I have a day's trightful misunderstanding. What can "You certainly are in a dence of a posttion." And the dutiful nephew leaned

back in his chair and laughed again. "But what is to be done?" cried the uncle, pacing wildly around the plazza. "I have never seen the girl twice in my ife, and, surely, she would not be so

foolish-" "Oh! she is a dutiful, obedient child. And think what an attraction you must

"But for pity's sake, Arthur, don't sit there like that. Can't you suggest some way out of this horrible dilemma?" "Uncle," said the young man, starting

to his feet, "I have a scheme which will tave you. Well, what is it; quick!" "It is the only way-" "Any thing; any thing. Go on."

"In this conversation with Miller-" "Yes." "You described your ideal of a hushand for Alice." "Yes, I did."

"A man of intellectual ability; dignified, irreproachable; of solid character and firm judgment." "Yes, so I did. No wonder they thought I meant myself!"

"A man of valuable experience, whose worth is recognized by all who know him. Well, uncle, I am that man. "Eh?" "I am that man." "Oh, come now, this is no time for

"Uncle, I tell you it is your only salvation. You have described your ideal husband; now you produce him in the person of your nephew."

"But then you will marry her." "And otherwise you must. You have rour choice-a niece-in-law or a breachof promise-suit." "Was ever a man placed in such a

position? Confound the whole busimake up your mind quickly; here come Mr. and Mrs. Miller up the walk. Is it yes, or no?" "Well, if I am forced to it, yes Heavens, that it should come to this!"

The fond parents climbed the stairs to the plazza, with many smiles for Brown, senior, and a distant recognition speak at once, and his nephew, from his bank. Then a terrific battle ensued, of Brown, junior. The uncle began to position in the rear, could see the color rise in the back of his uncle's neck.

'We had a little talk the other day,' he began, "in which you did me the honor to listen to a few ideas of mine about the marriage of your daughter. In the course of that conversation I described, generally, the kind of person 1 strange spectacle." should think would make the proper husband for Miss Miller.'

"Yes, you did," said Mr. Miller. "I am sure we place great confidence n your judgment," said Mrs. Miller.

"Thank you," said Mr. Brown, colo ing still more deeply. "You may have agreed to exhibit the child for a few thought," he went on, "that my description was a mere fancy sketch—an affair ever occurring again in the fauldeal portrait. But you will be pleased by. The Chinese believe that such deto know that there is an original." 'Oh, we had no doubt there was an

original," said Mrs. Miller. Mr. Brown the mother put an end to the child's ex-

"I take the liberty, then, of presenting to you, at his request, as the original of that portrait-my nephew." And while Brown senior bit his lips with inward rage, Brown junior stepped for-

ward with an air of conscious virtue. Just then Alice, hearing voices, ran around the corner, and tripping up to her father, laid her hand in his arm. "What-what does this mean," gaspe Mrs. Miller, while her husband looked

"Madam," said Arthur, "I love your daughter, and I ask your consent and Mr. Miller's to our marriage. It may be that I do not quite come up to the flattering portrait which my uncle, in his love for me, and his great desire to help if she will have me." Here Alice's hand somehow got into Arthur's, and she stood, a kind of link between him and her father, arm-in-arm with each. "But, Alice, we told you"-stammered

her father. "Yes, Alice, we told you"-began her mother.

"You told me, mamma," said Alice, sweetly, "that I was to marry-Mr.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Its Size, Its Principal Industries and Its Political Institutions.

The Argentine Republic ranks after Brazil as the second nation in South America in territorial extent. It has 14 States, with a combined area of 515,-100 miles, larger by two-fifths than that of the original 13 States of the American anion; and it has 9 territorial provinces, which swell the national domain to 1,125,086 miles, or less than one-third of the extent of the United States with Alaska included. It is a country with varied conditions of climate and inexanustible agricultural resources. In the northern provinces sugar, and possibly totton, can be raised. Along the Corlilleras there is a fruit-growing region which s said to be equal to Southern California. In the central and southern provinces there is a wheat tract of enormous extent, where prolific crops can be raised, and there are wide reaches of pampas where sheep and cattle can be pastured under the most favorable conditions for economic stock-raising. The mountains are stocked with silver, gold, copper, tin and lead, in mines of unknown value. The northern forests abound in cabinet woods, and there is native salt all along the south coast, with seas fairly alive with fish. It is a country to which immigrants are drawn by the hundred thouand. It is an industrial empire of undeveloped resources, progressive ten-

iencies and magnificant promise. The Argentine political system in its outward forms corresponds closely to that of the United States. The States have elective Governors and Legislatures of their own, and are represented in the Upper House by two Senators, elected for nine years. The members of the Lower House are elected on the basis of population, and serve for four years. The Senate is renewed by thirds very three, and the Deputies by halves every two years. The President is chosen by an electoral college, at a special election, and is ineligible for reelection to a second term after holding office for six years. He appoints his own Cabinet, and wields unrestricted executive authority There is a Supreme Court modeled after the judiciary system of the United States. Argentine Constitution is a very faithful copy of the American Constitution; but level of a self-governing democracy The President, when elected, exercises the powers of a political dictatorship. gin to see it. Their manner has en-The Chambers meet and enact laws, but, as commander-in-chief of the army, and as the patron of all the civil, military and judicial officers, the President possesses absolute authority in adminstration. The country is governed by executive decrees rather than by con-stitutional laws. Elections are carried by military pressure and manipulations of the civil service. It is the custom of the country to have the retiring President nominate and elect his successor The last President secured the election of the present incumbent, who was his brother-in-law. The present executive is alleged to have set his heart upon controling the succession in the interest of one of his relatives, who is now a prominent official. These vicious practices are not sanctioned by the constitution, but the country is accustomed to the assumption of absolute executive power and does not revolt against it. Nominally, the Argentine political sys-tem is perhaps the best in South Amerlea, but practically it is thoroughly unlemocratic and needs radical reformaon.-Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

About Ples. Jones-A queer thing happened in New York the other day. A horse stole three pies from a baker's wagon and ate

Smith-I should have liked to have seen that baker. He must have been satonished. "Astonished? He was mad. He nearly

vent crazy about it." "About what—the ples?" "No-the borse. It was a valuable nimal, and the only one he had."-

Cexas Siftings St. Lawrence River Wolves. "Wolves are no longer found in packs on this side of the St. Lawrence river," says The Biddeford (Me.) Journal. "Occasionally, single ones may stray over the northern border of Maine, but they are old leaders which, having become feeble or decrepit with age, are vanquished in fight by some ambitious young whelp, and driven out to die alone.

-A strange battle is reported to have lately taken place in Tokio, Japan. "A stream runs through the compound of l'obukuji Temple at Sugamo, and some aundreds of buli-frogs gathered on either hasting from 9 a. m., to 4 p. m., and it is stated that when the combat was finished the brook was blocked to such an extent with the bodies of the siain that the course of the water was almost totally impeded. Large numbers of people visited the place to witness the

-A woman in Woo-foh village, Fukien province, recently gave birth to a boy with four eyes. The mother was very much frightened, and wished to have the child killed, but the husband would not allow it to be done. It was finally lays to prevent such an unfortunate rmities are caused by evil spirits. After it had been on view for some time istence by drowning it in a tub of water.