

THE STORY.

Again are those who are interested in the fortunes and misfortunes of "Edna and John" compelled to wait the tardy movement of the mails for further enlightenment.

The Old House.

The old house was slowly dropping to pieces about the young people. It, for all that, they were as happy as if it were a palace building upon them.

Two thousand dollars—he might just as well wish for a silver mine! Just as he said the words to himself, a soft clear radiance was welling up over the dusky garden, and his head again after a while, there came the moon softly floating up above the horizon of the long interval below.

"I will have her yet!" he cried, and went in to his dreams. "Can you think of anything, Rose, where we can economize?" he said, next day.

"Economize!" she exclaimed, gaily. "For what? In what? With what?" "So that we can raise two thousand dollars," he answered, as if by some gigantic hand had been laid on her head and crushed her into the seat.

"Two thousand dollars!" she gasped. "We couldn't economize it in two thousand years, for I don't know where we waste our money." "I must get it in some way, if I have to go out saving wood after hours."

"Why, Roger?" "For capital to go into business." "The house would sell for five hundred dollars," he said. "That is not mine."

Rose stood up, moving one thing and another nervously about the table; her lips trembled, and all at once she ran from the room. "Oh, he cares nothing for me; he despises me; he disregards me; he would take nothing from me! Because it is mine, it is not his, and he wants nothing of it."

scene grew so real it seemed to Roger he could feel her sweet breath on his face, her warm arms about him; he held her just one daring moment in this waking dream, and then he sat down upon the step and hid his face in his hands as if he would hide the scalding tears that must have way.

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for Rose's room, only to be met by such a strong turbid mass of moving darkness and noisomeness and suffocation, as to stagger back again a single moment before it. But almost immediately he was hurled through the doorway, and he opened the door, and all at once, as he opened the third one, a great blinding glare fell from above, and there was the monstrous horror of spirit that wiped matter from existence.

But Roger did not pause to think what it was like; he only thought that it was sweeping through an upper floor, that in a moment the floor must fall, that he must be struck by lightning in the storm, and the smouldering spark had been making headway in the lonely upper rooms all the delicious summer evening, all the time that he had been leaning on his balcony drinking the balmy air, all the time that Rose had been folded in her sweet slumber, all the time he had been hearing that tiny crackle, and thinking it was the rain dripping from the leaves upon the roof.

Another moment, and as if some gigantic hand had been laid on her head and crushed her into the seat. "Two thousand dollars!" she gasped. "We couldn't economize it in two thousand years, for I don't know where we waste our money."

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A Piece of One's Mind.

There are a great many people in society who have done what is expected of them when they have given society "a piece of their mind"—not always, by-the-way, the most valuable commodity that the world can receive, for those people who are most in the habit of giving a piece of their mind are likely those who need most to keep that mind they have themselves.

It is a curious circumstance that a piece of one's mind always means an really a base-tempered mass of material, and one from which portions could be detached and hurled at an opponent; for it is noticeable that it is never called giving a piece of one's mind when the recipient is made even the least one, and that is a circumstance no less curious than that in the habit of donating this commodity most freely plume themselves upon the action as upon the exercise of a virtue, and that the recipient is made even the least one.

There are seasons and occasions when cutting is necessary, and when frankness will answer, as there are seasons that need the scalpel—some crises when blistering and exhorting statements must be made. But these are not occurring hourly and daily, and the common trivial emergencies, it is to be remembered that if speech is silver, silence is golden.

It is not in great things, either, but in little things, that this misallied frankness comes into use. Some one of your acquaintance beams her scolded oysters; they are not the quality of the best, and you are not the quality of the best.

Another VICTIM.—Rapherty, of the City News Leader, had been consulting with us about the new life he was about to enter, and we called him off to one side, and told him a great many things which we knew would be of use to him.

A Paterson Christian refused an opportunity while out sleigh-riding to put his arm around another man's wife, "for fear that she would be paralyzed by the offending member." "In Brooklyn," frankly says the Argus, "such cases of paralysis never occur, and some suppose it is because there are so many provocations that the Lord doesn't know where to begin."

Tribute to Oregon.

The great extent of the United States was never before made quite so easy to grasp as at the late Exhibition. The agricultural products were from every range of climate between the sub-tropical and the sub-frigid; from the oranges and bananas of Florida to the apples and the cereal grains of the far North.

These reflections I was led into by examining some oats and a sample of oatmeal sent to the Exhibition by McLeran Bros., of Portland, Oregon. The exhibits of the West were of the most interesting and valuable character.

A Lady on Marriage. I do not see the propriety of a woman being ruled by her husband or he being ruled by her. My ideal of a happy home is one in which there is indisputable love, and where neither rules, but where their hearts, their fortunes, and their belongings are all in common.

THE QUEEN'S DISCIPLINE.—An anecdote illustrating the discipline of a household. The wife of a Polish Colonel, played the violin at the London Philharmonic concerts. We are told that those who came to laugh remained to admire.

One day the queen was present in her carriage at a military review. The princess royal, then a beautiful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquetish with some young officers of the escort.

A horse-thief was being conducted to jail in Texas, when the officer remarked to him that it looked like rain. "Yes," replied the prisoner, "we are going to have a wet, gloomy Christmas. It don't make so much difference to you and me, but it's rough on these merchants. I really feel sorry for them."

A Woman Conducting an Orchestra.

Women are doing many strange things now-a-days, and late developments show that the musical platform is in danger of being as seriously interfered with as the speaker's desk has been. A Maine girl, fresh from country life at sixteen years of age, came to work in a city book-binders.

Many house-keepers would have thought the care of a house and family would be a sufficient occupation for a woman. But to this one, only gladness of heart was uppermost, that, at last, study could be commenced.

But our sketch was intended to show how conducting an orchestra was first thought of. Attendance upon Mr. Carl Zerraban's choruses awoke the first thoughts that boldly said, "I could do that." No opportunity was offered for further study might be secured.

Anne of Cleves, one of the wives of Henry the Eighth, after her divorce, amused herself with playing a viol with six strings; and from a ballad of the time of Charles I. we may infer that it was not then accounted extraordinary for a woman to play the fiddle.

There was a peal of laughter from the house as the door shut, and the watch on the horse-block chuckled and remarked. "That heartless laugh was not uttered by a woman who loves. I'm bunky!"

A CROWDED SCHOOL-HOUSE IN FLAMES.—A three-story school-house with a narrow and winding stairway, in Minneapolis, Minn., caught fire from the furnace recently, while over nine hundred children were in the building.

Putting on Style.

The senior editor of this paper is, ordinarily, a plain, unassuming man, but the appointment of postmaster has completely turned his head. When we were first associated with him, an ordinary No. 5 pencil, harder than Pharoah's beard, and the rest of a telegraphic "clip," were good enough for him to write anything on, from a Mrs. Partington joke to a heavy editorial on the situation; but now, with the great exchequer of the United States at his back, he turns up his nose at the old appliances of journalism, and writes editorials on immense sheets of wrapping paper with green ink.

Many before yesterday, the day for commenced on one of these little billet doux, intending to set it up before dinner. They didn't stop for lead or water, but worked until dark, when they were carried home on a shutter. Then the night force commenced on it. One compositor would take his stick and tread the length of his beat, setting as he went, and then the second relief would commence where the first had left off, and set until he got where he couldn't reach his case.

So it went on until midnight, when it was found that the article was monopolizing the local page, crowding out the advertisements, and begging for a chance on the telegraphic page, and still the long green lines stretched out into the realms of fancy. Alone about daylight the fashion editor stole home to his bed and cried himself to sleep.

Love's Joy Dreams. The other evening, as a patient policeman was pacing his beat on Howard street, a young man passed him and ran up a flight of stone steps and rang the bell. The officer heard the door open, a young lady's voice sing out, and he said to himself: "His love's young dream."

He struck the sidewalk, shot across it to the gutter, and came to a standstill with his head in the snow. There was a peal of laughter from the house as the door shut, and the watch on the horse-block chuckled and remarked.

The recent Bennett-May quarrel is reviving the discussion of duelling. And it is certainly pleasant to see how generally this relic of barbarism is condemned by the press. Nothing is more indefensible than the duel, and its absurdity and baseness have been so frequently exposed that the public sentiment is decidedly against it.

An old woman who came near being run over by a horse declared that she was not at all superstitious, but always thought that it would be unlucky to be killed by a bear.

The earnings of sewing girls in Paris range from fifteen to thirty cents a day.