LOUD TALK AND EXECRABLE FRENCH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Who Are Seen at the Swell Receptions The Absurdities of Modern Etiquette. Movements of Washington

There are more bad manners displayed in the great east room at the white house, on reception days, than anywhere else in the alleged world of society. Ladies try to talk French, Spanish or German, and carry on conversations in the presence of their friends whom they know to be unable to understand either of those languages. A few years ago one of these fresh young misses undertook to con-verse in French with the wife of the Russian minister. That lady, albeit a magnificent French scholar, replied wholly in very badly pronounced English. Finally the young lady said, in French: "Countess, why do you use English when French is so much easier for you?" The well-bred lady replied: "I am under the roof of the president of the United States. His largest as of the United States. His language is English, and while I am his guest, that shall be my language." It was a polite, dignified, but pointed rebuke. It was effective.

Mrs. Browning once said: "I would rather write on almost any subject other than the etiquette of my countrywomen." The reason was that the faults are so many, so glaring, so out of character that it hurts one, touches one's pride of country to be obliged to tell the truth about them in all particutars. They talk too loud and too much. At the public reception of a lady mem-ber of the family of a cabinet officer last Wednesday one of the ladies assisting her was a bright and really beautiful young girl from the west. She is educated, cultured, and, they say, "fin shed" girl from Vassar. Her western home believes in her, and they say that she "sets the style" for her set. That may be, but she doesn't make patterns for any one in good society here. When she laughs the back of her head flies back, her mouth opens and there comes forth a sound which never ought to be heard outside of her father's barn. She is always laughing, too. If she would learn to stand quietly, smile only when greatly pleased, and only smile, she would be really charming. Her lips are as luscious and rosy as blood ripe cherries. tion. Stones of deep red, like glowing Her teeth are like double rows of carbuncles, are set in the frame, and a pearls. Her tongue, at the point, is pale yellow band ornaments the whole. ist thick enough to make her lisp beautifully, and the redness of it is charmingly attractive. But, after her all their own, not many feet from the manner, she throws away her greatest and easiest charm, by tomboy boisterourness. She is not too young to know better, either, although yet in her side or panel, the rest being filled with teens. This, too, is a cultured lady. She is not a sketch, but an actual live girl of the period.

One of the absurd things of society which amazes rural visitors is the method of official calling in this city. Senators and other officials, of all grades, send their cards by messengers to all within their calling circle of acquaintances. Cards are returned every week or two, and thus the offievery week or two, and thus the offi-cials "make believe" that they have lomacy on the part of his wife. But called upon each other. There was a she is a splendid little woman anyway. bluff old commodore, stationed here a few years ago, who had been on sea duty for a long time and his society manners were very strongly impregnated with the vocabulary of the quarter deck. One day he received a card from a young lieutenant of the army, with the letters "E. P." penciled in the corner. He met the young man a few days later, acknowledged the receipt of his card and asked what "E. P." meant. The society man informed him that it meant "in person;" that is, that he, the lieutenant, had called in person. The old man smiled grimly and concluded to have a joke on his friend. so he sent a colored man down to his quarters at the arsenal, bearing the card of the commodore with "S. B. N." penciled in the corner. That was too much for the army man to compre-hend, so he called "in person" to ask what was meant by it, and the commodore roared out at him: "S. B. N. means 'sent by a nigger,' ha, ha, ha." For truth's sake the officials of this city might as well write "S. B. N." on their cards, for nearly all of them are sent by colored servants. Mr. Rusticus looks upon this kind of calling as most



BAD MANNERS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. The wife of Secretary Whitney brought a novel mode of calling into vogue which astonished the social population of Washington. She employed a lady to represent her in the social world, except to her immediate friends. All people call on lady members of the families of cabinet officials here. No matter whether you know them or not, you can call on Wednesdays, be introduced, shake hands with the wife of the cabinet minister, and leave your card in the basket. The unfortunate wife of a man whose official position brings this task upon her is supposed Pa, don't you know to recognize these calls, and to return size can shoot a gun? them. It used to be a great bore, but Mrs. Whitney made an easy thing of it. She employed a bright, intelligent, that, by a strange coincidence, a gun ambitious wage worker of her own sex, and turned over to her all cards of uuknown callers. The young lady made a tabulated list of them, by streets, filled her hand satchel with streets, filled her hand satchel with visiting cards of Mrs. Whitney, entered ceedings of these Chicago anarchists? the phaeton and drove from house to house, sending in a card at each stop- allow them to insult the American flag. ping place. The ladies thus honored imagined that it was Mrs. Whitney in person who thus returned their calls, and they were exceedingly proud of it. Some of the poor things went so far as to tell their friends that "Mrs. Whitney called antered the review of the poor things went so far as to tell their friends that "Mrs. Whitney called antered the review was allow them to insult the American flag. They should be set down as dangerous firebrands.

Jinks—They should be suppressed, of course, but if they are firebrands it is hardly safe to sit down on them. ney called, entered the parlor, was dressed so and so and said so and so."
But they don't tell the story any more, for every body knows, you know, that it is fiction. Mrs. Whitney still retains her valuable assistant, and intends to keep her after leaving Washington, because, as she says: "The young lady has made herself indispensable in many other ways and has proven a delightful companion, a sort of private secretary, as it were." Happy thought! here dressed so and so and said so and so."

is a new vocation for women. Why not educate oung ladies to make them-selves generally useful? Let them learn to dance, sing, write shorthand, use typewriters, study etiquette by observation, imitate lordly women, asimilate with them, and grow into their

hearts and pocket-books.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, who is a prime mover in Washington society, made some very notable christmas presents to her intimate friends. One of them was an elegant berry set of silver, ornamented with California scenery. She never forgets her son who died in Rome some years ago, and her heart is full of plans to please boys. At christmas time she spent \$1000 in books alone for struggling students in colleges. To the pretty daughter of a friend in the wild mountains of New Mexico she sent a piano and to the boys two of her own finest ponies, "for," she wrote their mother, "they looked delicate and galloping over that country in the saddle will make them



S. B. N. (SENT BY A NIGGER).

Mrs. Stanford dresses elaborately, but she is one of the most democratic women in Washington society. Her charities are, as they say, "numerous and costly." I have heard that she gives away about \$20,000 a year in try-ing to make her less favored friends

more happy and comfortable. To one of our society ladies on Capitol hill, whose dining-room, with its large open wood fireplace, is the most inviting home room we have ever seen, Santa Claus brought all the way from France a fire screen of repousse work in brass, inlaid with jeweled glass and antique gems. The glowing coals give a splendor and color beyon I descrip-To another friend, whose high-stepping grays have a red brick mansion, "porte cochere" of their master's home, was sent a large lantern, octagonal in form, with the dial of a clock on one this same jeweled glass.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to have literary aspirations. It is understood that she has promised Mr. Gilder that she will write some sketches for the Century as soon as she has retired to private life. Mr. Cleveland was very much annoyed by his sister's literary enterprises during her reign at the white house, and he would not, of

> DAVID WECHSLER. He Wanted to Apologiza.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" he said softly as he called the chief clerk in the post-office to the window the other day.

"Certainly." "Thanks. I didn't know but that you were busy. Two months ago I came here and asked for a letter. Remember it?" "I do not."

"Probably not, as you are always busy. I didn't get any. I gave it as my opinion that some of you had stolen Remember?"

"Probably not, but I spoke very emphatically. That was my opinion, and went away feeling very much hurt. "Probably not, as I am of no great

onsequence. I now desire to ask your pardon. Will you forgive me?" 'Of course "Thanks. I believed you would. You see, I expected a letter from my aunt. None came. She couldn't write one. She was dead. See? Therefore, how

could I get one? I take it back. I apologize. I was wrong. Shake." That's all right." "Thanks. I'll never do it again. This is an honest post-office. I was wrong. Good-by."

A Dignified Visitor.

Among the many visitors who were in Boston during "Merchants' Week" was a gentleman from northern New Hampshire, who came with his wife and child and stayed at one of the large hotels. The small boy had never before seen an elevator, and was greatly impressed with this contrivance for getting to the top of the building. After they had been in town a day or two they were invited by a Boston merchant to his home. The small boy seemed pleased with the novelty of the change, until he was invited by a child of the house to go upstair to the nur-sery. Then he drew back, remarking with dignity: "I am willing to walk downstairs,

but I am used to having an alleviator to go up with." And no amount of persuasion could induce him to consider that house a proper place to stay since it had no

'alleviator."-Boston Courier.

The Hunting Season. Pa, I want you to buy me a gun for My son, it is not safe for you to have

Pa, don't you know that a boy of my Yes, I know that a boy of your size can shoot a gun, but I also am aware

A Risky Proceeding.

Spilkins-Yes; it is an outrage to

Justice-Policeman Tuff, why did

LOVE AND MONEY.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Clementine Kent was a very pretty girl, and as sentimental as she was pretty. Her pale oval face, with plastic features that looked as if some easy hand had molded their poetry about her in the local paper, fluent curves from a soft pallid clay that never hardened-her yellow gray eyes and deep brown lashes, her full lips, low forehead, and delicate brows -all seemed surcharged with a sort of vague pathos that was very effective; an abundance of light brown hair, waving and silken, and beautiful teeth, half disclosed by the lan. guid mouth, added also to the charms of a slight and graceful figure.

She was one of those girls who suggest a vine always; not a money! It takes years and pain and Tina's annual visit, and the rural sturdy grape laden with bacchant bunches, or a classical evergreen ivy; but rather a morning glory, adorned with pink blooms-flowers of an hour, that fade when the hot sun strikes them, and close forever under twilight shadows.

Her romantic name fitted her very well; and nobody ever thought of shortening it into robust "Clem," or familiar "Clemmy;" if the syllables were too long for any lazy tongue, it degenerated at once into "Tina."

At school she always had at least eleven bosom friends, who were horribly jealous of each other, as each in turn happened to be the confident of the day. There were girls who called Clementine a fool, and treated her with judicious scorn; but they were mistaken-Clementine was not a fool at all; she had the ordinary sense of girls of her age; not common sense, which is the rarest of all possessions and beyond genius, but an average share of understanding. To be sure, she wrote poetry-reams of it-and very poor poetry at that, though being smooth, melodious and harmless, it was greatly admired by the readers of the Canterbury Journal, on the edge of that pleasant precipice. lessons fairly well, and was quite a proficient in French. To be sure, was insufferable. But time would

The worst thing about Clementine was her tearful tendency; not a day passed that she did not cry, and cry fluently; good honest showers of crystal tears that soaked her handkerchief and washed her soft pale cheeks

like a spring rain. Nobody ever knew what she cried for; she said herself she cried because she couldn't helpit. Nora Jones, one of the strong-minded girls who called her silly, said she was crying for the moon; certainly there was no other known reason for tears. She had a good home, a very loving father and mother, one sunny saucy sister, as unlike her as possible, yet who regarded Tina with a deep reverence, and said the editor of the Canterbury Journal had been heard to call Clementine "a child of genius," and she guessed she was. After a great while, Tina, in a moment of confidence, owned to her chief dearest friend that life was a burden, love a vain dream, a delusive fiction, and she herself should certainly die young, consumed by inward fires; to confirm which sentiments she quoted Mrs. Hemans, Byron, L. E. L., and M. F. Tupper with great fluency, and convincing aptness, and scared poor Molly Hayes out of a night's rest by asking her if she should return from the spirit-land to tell her of its heavenly

Molly did not like ghosts, and protested vehemently, but she need not have been frightened, for Tina did not die at all, though she ate enough pickles, candy and loaf-cake to hasten her end if she had been naturally a wholesome, hearty creature.

No, this morbid sort of a girl does not die young; she grows up into a weedy, useless woman, and for all practical purposes might as well be for want of a turbot. He would have Miss Nabby said, and she was partly kept in a cellar with other sprouts of

more useful vegetables. Clementine finished her school-days in her usual health, graduated with gravy so rich and ticklesome to the versity of the sex, he showed very some honor, looking extremely pretty in white muslin and blue satin ribbons, with her hair in long loose ringlets falling about her shoulders, and one white rosebud caught in the shining meshes above her little ear. In pie. Clementine did not want to; this cheap and lovely costume she sung a pretty little song of long ago, "Love not," with such tremulous pathos that the audience almost cried, and seven college students at the extreme end of the hall felt very queer under their waistcoats. Then Tina came out into society. Not that there was much society in Canterbury, but whatever mild dissipation that town afforded she shared in. Her father was well to do, and Tina was always nicely dressed. She had good taste, and affected soft clinging fabrics, sometimes of delicate tints, but never neutrals. The instinct of a woman of her sort is apt to be correct in such matters, and she felt that drabs and grays and dull browns did not suit her; warm yet light rose; turquoise blue, apple greet—a tint unknown to those abominable aniline colors that have so cruelly superseded the old artistic dyes-all these, relieved against fleecy white, or sometimes a whole attire of softest lilac, made her look like "a gentle flower," as one youthful adorer declared in the burning words of a valentine. Nor did she | well, and the hereditary owners took show less fair, when winter came, a certain pride in keeping them in rein robes of deepest crimson, pair.

emerald green, orgentian blue; purple There were old people in most of with calmness; the loveliest tea-rose and yellow were not for her, but she them now. The youthful flocks were tint would steal across her pure pale looked her loveliest in a hat of black scattered to other pastures the girls cheek, and the dark lashes fall over

ers to the opposite sex, but even in nature was there ever a wild bindweed that did not find a hundred supports on which to hang and trail its sculptured leaves and profuse dawn-tinted chalices? Clementine abounded in lovers; the college in Canterbury afforded dozens of enamored boys to write send her bouquets, take her out to concerts, to boating parties, to picnics, and even to evening meetings, though this latter diverson was more affected by the drygoods clerks. four of whom she counted among he But with all this it must be owned

to Clementine's credit, she was no

vain or arrogant: her head was too much in the clouds for these things to turn it. She had long resolved that love alone should compel her to marry; reason was a cold and sordid guide, and perish the thought of the pangs of poverty to teach a gayeties of the place were as inceswoman of this sort that money is at sant as the weather would allow. least a good thing to have in the house, and no more to be despised than any other means of comfort and health. Tina never paused to consider how hopeless and helpless right and honest in her theory, she carried it to stern heights, and made it dominant in her dreams, intending home this year. with all her simple soul to marry only the man she should love suddenly and unmistakably, and hop- coming back. I haven't set my eyes given Eddard the mitten because he's ing almost to prayer that the com- on him, really, except what you may rich!" "Aunt Nabby!" exclaimed the ing god might be some impecunious call a peek when he'd spend Thanks- poorgirl, "what makes you say that? poet, or a great politican, poor be- givin' here, for several years." cause of his incorruptible honesty Poor Tina! as if poets and politicans both were not the most undesirable of their sex as husbands! or as if she the hearth of any poor man-she, steak, boil a potato, or make a loaf the old man stays; 'twould be such a of bread than to circulate the orbit of a comet or square the circle! But, as time went on, Tina found,

to her own disgust, that she did not fall in love with any body. Not one ed dreadfully to fall in love, but there seemed always to be some obstacle | if his folks do want him." red hair and weak eyes; of course he l was filled with unconcealable disgust for the poor creatures, and, with the charming frankness of a dreaming girl, took no pains whatever to conceal it. Men are not always blind, even in love, and the perceptive share astonishment, and rejected with the biggest cur'osity there." equally open indifference. Sometimes she shed a few tears when a young man became very wretched, darkly at suicide; sometimes she reproached herself in her secret heart for blighting so many young and ardent natures; but, on the whole, she was tolerably comfortable about it, as she ought to have been, for even the most dejected adorer never drowned himself or plunged into reckless dissipation on her account, after years to speak of her as "that pretty little goose I used to know at Canterbury." Men are so perfidious! tur!"

It was Clementine's custom every year to make a visit to her grandfather Hyde in Coventry. She generally chose the season of college vacation in summer to do this duty, as Canterbury was really dull then, and He was a tall, well-looking young Grandfather Hyde's great old-fash- kind heart; but Tina, from the first, ioned house was spotless and speck- sedulously avoided him. She was in winter; in July and August it was that he would lay every common cool and sweet and airy, Aunt Nabby. Squire Hyde's sister, was a mighty housekeeper; and when you had eaten her bread and butter and cottage in this for there was not another and smile with scorn at the rapier- or row with Mr. Wylde-not one skewered shadow of Vatel, who died whom he could not have married, died of envy had he tasted Aunt Nablin the right. Some were prettier dainty bits of fowl so savory, the better bred; but, with the innate perpalate, the crust so light, so golden soon a marked preference far Miss brown, so flaky and unsodden, all in Kent's society, because she offered the homely circumference of an iron him a new sensation-that of being pot, this required genius. Nobody shunned, and, if any one may write in Coventry could make such potwell as she liked it, no emulative fury was kindled in her breast. She enjoyed her food unusually at grandpa's, but she laid it to the air of the hills: this disgusted Aunt Nabby, for she was prouder of her cooking than a poet of his rhymes. and knew very well that Coventry was scarce two hundred feet higher above sea level than Canterbury itself, though the latter lay in a rich alluvial valley, and Coventry on a sandy plain. But, withal, Aunt Nabby loved the pretty, pale girl in her own curt and abrupt fashion. She fed her with all sorts of dainty cakes, and let her lie in bed mornings as long as she liked, though with much grumbling and growling below stairs about the degeneracy of mod-

ern women. Coventry was a very little town. Its single wide street had on either side large old-fashioned houses that had descended from generation to death, and everything grew black be generation; and being built when labor and timber were cheap and builders honest, the goodly beams endured

woman of Clementine's clinging, dark spare rooms were opened wide and curt refusal.

should be attractive beyond all oth | ed its hospitalities, the chickens and the kittens fled from before the faces of trooping and screaming children: grandsires and grandames kindled up new life in their domain, lit fresh lamps, aired countless stores of linen wrangled with butchers and grocers. in order to prepare for the "boys and ery, girls," and sleepy old Coventry seemand was Squire Wylde, the richest man in the county; Parson Chamberlain, the minister of fifty years' standing; Judge Ellet, the only widower on the street, whose house flourished under the rule of a maiden daughter; Mr. Peace, Lawyer Cotton of mighty descent, whose family tree was as big as a Sequoia gigantica and hung in his front hall for all man to see; Dr. Drake, whose yellow gig had trundled in and about Coventry beyond the memory of any inhabitant-all these had 'summer' company during

This particular year which we have to chronicle, Coventry was fuller of guests than usual. Even Ned Wylde, the squire's only son and heir, who she would be without her father's wholesale firm in New York every taken to himself a wife as yet-even

> "It does beat all," exclaimed Aunt Nabby, "to think Eddard Wylde is

"The squire is pleased enough," said Grandpa Hyde; "he's stopping all the folks in town to tell about it Seems as if he was a good deal broke were fitted to fill the heart or light of late years. I'm glad Eddard's coming. I wish he could bring his who knew no more how to broil a mind to settle down here while the phasis and dispatch: comfort. He's all the child there is, and Miss Wylde isn't very rugged

"Folks ain't very apt to be rugged, come to her time of life, when they've youth from the studious crowd nor always been peepin' and pinin'," one from behind any counter really curtly rejoined Aunt Nabby. "But Ned Wylde?" stirred her sleeping heart. She want- it ain't likely a young man like Eddard will settle down in old Coventry.

"Then he can't be very good, Aunt and her candid schoolmates. But if One youth smoked; she could not Nabby," said Clementine, with unusshe did write poetry she learned her abide that. Another wore a plaid ual vigor. "I should despise a man velvet vest-ugh! Still another had who thought more of money than you and wants to marry you and would give off arsenical vapors, but

"For mercy's sakes! what has set can't have him because he's rich. Monsieur Bourdaloue was desperate- fail me to recount the failings of you off, Tiny? Men ain't made after Well, I do say, fools ain't all dead ly enamored of Tina, and gave more these young men. Few of them are that pattern. They've got to work, yet. Now set right up in the bed and than the prescribed hour's teaching rived so far as to offer themselves, for and they like to do it, I tell ye. It's hark to me. You pretend to despise as soon as the "object" perceived the order of natur' that old folks to the class in which she belonged—a they were really, to use their own should lie by when they're useless, and you and the feller you like, class of two-which may account for phrase, "spooney" about her, she young folks should go into the heat just as if it was the Lord an' burden of the day."

> money. "Enough money!" screamed Aunt Nabby, with keen derision; "enough money! When you see a young feller of Tina's lovers slid back quietly in- not thirty years old who's ready to to their own places. A few of the ob- | say he's got enough money, just you tuser sort went "on to glory or the put him in a cage and send him down and hanged to begin with; she ain't grave," and were received with open to York to the museeum. He'll be

Tina turned away disgusted with Aunt Nabby's wordly wisdom, and went up to her room to bathe her and tore his hair a little, or hinted ruffled plumes in the diviner art of "Thaddens of Warsaw"—a book she had just discovered in the old garret. How she would have shivered to hear Aunt Nabby chuckle as she left the

"Ain't she a high-flyer, Reuben? I wouldn't ask no better than for her to marry Eddard Wylde. She wants money to keep her alive as much as and some were actually known in a new chicken wants broodin'; but she thinks it's fine to turn up her nose at it, poor little ignorant cree-

> But Grandpa Hyde and Aunt Nabby both were wise enough to say

In due time Clementine met Ned Wylde and was introduced to him. Coventry as pleasant as could be. fellow, with good manners and a less all the year, but it might be cold | sure money had spoiled him, and civility from a young lady to a desire

to share that money. There was a certain grain of truth cheese and sponge cake, you might | young girl in Coventry who was not laugh at Soyer and Ude and Blot, too glad to talk, or dance, or drive, by's chicken pot-pie. To make the than Tina, many more eloquent and the word, snubbed.

Tina had, indeed, set her face as a flint against him, for while she was forced to admit the sense, the manliness, the wit and the consideration that would have charmed her had he been a poor poet or a struggling aspirant for political honors, she felt all the more obliged to turn away from his pleasing society, lest her theories should tremble and perhaps totter to their fall.

But nothing is certain in this world; like the man who awoke and found himself famous one morning, poor Tina was at last conscious that she loved Ned Wylde more than any ereature on earth. She stood at her closed blinds as he rode by on a thorough-bred colt his father had bought for him before he came to Coventry; the creature was almost unmanageable, and if Ned had not been a good horseman, would have thrown him then and there. Tina was sure he was on the brink of fore ber. When she looked up again it was from a pillow on the floor, and Aunt Nabby was sprinkilng her face

with eamphor. After this revelation to herself it velvet with tossing plumes, under which her fairness of skin and glittering hair shone resplendent. Theoretically it may be singular, but practically it may be singular, but practically it is most common, that a turned to the nest. The windows of but astonished to receive a distinct

sighing, helpless, beautiful type to the sun and air, the parlor revive- That night Tina cried herself to

sleep. The consciousness of having frosty common sense. with red eyes, sodden cheeks and fe- kisses? Cupid forbid! verish lips, and demanded to know at once what was the matter, Tina broke down and cried dreadfully. her with a cup of hot coffee, and fed | Tina was in due time her with a teaspoon from that odorgirl's aching heart; for we are all child's confidence, and before Clemenhad been abroad as agent for a great lar as "master hands at guessin'." | violets in the sunny Coventry churchliberal hand and goodly purse, and summer for many years, and amass. that a certain professor had fabricatbeing to a certain extent vitally ed much money thereby, but never ed the whole dinornis from its foot track; she would have done so from this delightful being was coming the impress of one toe, and perhaps on the still sobbing Tina like a witch life both possible and delightful. of the Middle Ages. "And so you've Oh, don't! I never said so. Oh, it's so dishonoroble to tell such a thingl

> But Aunt Nabby was not to be stayed or gainsaid when she had "got her head," as they say about onous colors is by no means a thing horses; she went right on with em- of the past. The public analyst of

> "Of all the everlastin' fools I ever did see you do beat all! Here's every other gal in Coventy a runnin' after He has examined, he tells us a num him because he has got money, and ber of imitation Indian muslins and you're runnin' away for no better reason. Tiny Kent, look at me square in the face. Don't you like

of this incarnate destiny; the quick blood crimsoned all her fair face before she could bury it in the pillow. No further answer was needful.

above. I call that thinkin' a "But I thought he had enough sight more of money than most folks do. I don't hold to marryinanybody unless you like'em amaz' in'ly-love'em. I suppose you'd call man for money, when she don't love him, had better be tied up in a halter worth rasin' any other way. But why in the created universe if you do like a man enough to marry bim any way, you should send him off because he's got one leg, or red hair, or bank stock, or a crooked nose,

> Tina had to laugh, which was one point gained, but Aunt Nabby hadn't

"Moreover and mostover, you'd oughter thank the Lord that he has got money if you're going to marry aim; for though you're real pretty .ookin,' and good-natured enough for week days, and some smart about book learning, you ain't no more fit to be a poor man's wife than you be to fly. Did you ever mend your stockings, or make your clothes, or knead up a batch of bread, or do anything under the light of the moon to help get your own livin'? No more'n a posey in the garden. And I tell you, Tina Kent, poormen can't

of a winter pear.

"No, you couldn't; 'tain't in ye. out o'him. Well, I won't pester you plained, probably inexplicable, powao more to-day; get up and come lown to your breakfast; there's fresh peaches and cream, and puff-cakes see you eatin' pork and cabbage!" Clementine shuddered.

"Now get up, child; and the next ime Ned Wylde asks you to have him remember your old aunty's preachment, and don't be twice a fool." "Oh, Aunty, he never, never will!" and here another flood of tears

"Well if you're cryin' for that t's a hopeful sign, that's certain. Mebbe he will and mebbe he won't; out that ain't to-day's business; the present distress is to have you eat your breakfast like a rational human pein', and the chicken's gettin' cold.' Clementine obeyed like some chidlen shild, and, though rather pale r and more languid than ever, did full justice to her breakfast; another hopeful sign Aunt Nabby thought.

Ned Wylde did not return, however, but his idea is submitted. He bethat day, nor many days thereafter, lievad that the time would come though he did not leave Coventry, when transportation through the air and Tina had time enough to find out how dreary her life would be without him, and to indorse fully Aunt line. Many persons in talking of Nabby's estimate of her character this sort of transportation had the nd conduct.

answer, even when that no was as inecessary. If it were no higher than decided as Tina's; but a certain the ordinary building that would amount of self-respect forbade him suffice. to appear intrusive or importunate, "When the time comes for it to be light from that unt Nabby's see more crime."

been true to her lofty theories wasno | that energetic old lady with a great sort of comfort to her: in this deso- amount of grateful acknowledgments. late hour all that high-minded con- and finding Tina alone in the sumtempt of money did not support her | mer parlor, put his fate to the touch at all. She could only sob and again, and was-not rejected at least, ery, and be entirely wretched, though there was very little positive wish with all her soul acceptance in what she made audible ed to rouse itself from a long nap to Ned Wyle was as poor as poverty. to the ear. But a look, a blush, a welcome its returning hosts. There Of course she could not come down smile, two dropping tears!-what to breakfast in the morning, and will you have? Because we are old when Aunt Nabby discovered her shall there be no more lovers and

The sacred rage of all and sundry young females in Coventry when they found that Edward Wylde had real-Aunt Nabby was a practical female; ly gone to Canterbury, dragged, so she did not pet, or pat, or kiss her to speak, at Miss Kent's chariot luckless niece, but sat down beside wheels, shall not be described here.

"Wooed an' married an' a':" ous beverage till a certain sense of and when sentiment had had its warmth and comfort stole into the flowery day, when Ned Wylde was a portly man of business, and Tina a flesh and blood. Then, with the cun- delicate ailing mother with fair, slight ning of a venerable spider, the silly children, needing plenty of servants, luxuries of food and clothing, winters tine knew what she had said or un- in Florida and Summers in the mountsaid, arrived at the whole truth; for ains, she thought many a time of old Aunt Nabby was one of those induc- Aunt Nabby, now at rest from her tive people celebrated in her vernacu- labors under the lupines and sand She never thought it strange to hear | vard, and owned to herself, with gratitude to that departed spinster, that love without money may be good, money without love is surely detestable, but, for her, love and money with equal probability. She turned together had made home happy, and

There is no moral to this story.

Arsenical Paper. Although much has been written

on the subject of arsenical wall papers and textile frabrics, it would appear that the custom of employing pois-Paddington has recently published some information upon this subject cretonnes, and he found that twentythree per cent. of these contained arsenic in an appreciable quantity. Tina struggled in vain in the arms | the colors in which the poison was found being principally terra-cotta reds and gallnut browns. He also made experiments with a view to "O-h! you like him, and he likes what temperature these fabries these experiments only gave nega tive results. In spite of this, he quotes two cases brought to him by medical men, in which well-marked symptoms of poisoning were ascribed money, an' you let it come betwixt to the use of these colored fabrics: in one of these cases, several work girls employed in making up the material being taken ill with all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. He attributes this result to the fact that in the workroom the material was pressed with irons, which had a it; and I think a girl who marries a far higher temperature than that used in his experiments. The same authority also tells that he found arsenic in a glazed cardboard box of a green color, which had contained chocolate. Withour wishing to be an alarmist, he points out that individuals can do little in stopping this wholly unnecessary use of virulent poison, and he very rightly suggests that the law should make the manufacturer answerable for the evil.-Chamber's Journal.

A Stupendous Mystery.

Proctor declared that few even among scientific men appreciate the amazing mystery of the force we call gravity. Wonderful as is the familiar attraction of bodies to the earth. gravitation is altogether a greater mystery when considered as a property possessed by matter. The universality of the property, which belongs not merely to this or that substance, but to every substance, solid, have posies to live on; it takes grit liquid or gaseous, and not to such to be a poor man's wife, and you and such aggregations of matter, but haven't got enough to put in the core | to the ultimate moecules and atoms, is an amazing, if not an appalling, "I-I-perhaps could learn," sobbed mystery. Here is matter, which men call inert, not merely possessing inherent force, but with its whole tex-What ain't in a man never'll come ture instinct with inherent unexer. But if the universality of gravitation and infinite range of the force thus exerted by all matter are wonand br'iled chicken. Poor folks don't derful, infinitely more wonderful is ret them for breakfast. I'd like to the instantaneous nature of its operation. This quality of universal gravitation is indeed so wonderful that few who hear of it for the first time can even admit that it is possible. Yet the astronomer has been able to demonstrate that the interval of time required for gravity to extend its action from one body in frowned the dawning roses on Tiny's space to any other body even if separated by a distance so great that light at 187,000 miles per second takes thousands of years to cross it. is less than any interval which can be

Edison on Aerial Navigation.

In connection with aerial navigation L recall a conversation which I had one evening with Mr. Edison I do not remember his exact words would be the order of things in that erroneous notion that an air ship, en And Mr. Wylde found out too that | car, or whatever it would be, must 't was not easy to take "no" for an | go up a mile or mare. This was not

and at last it occurred to him to take put in operation," he said, "there coansel with Aunt Nabby whom he will be one drawback to it, and that had known as long as his mother, is the ease which it will afford crimand who would be better able to ex- inals in making their escape from plain the cause of Tina's behavior | whatever point their crime was comthan any one else; for, after all, man- mitted. There will be no danger of fashion, he cherished a secret faith their being intercepted by wire, as is that the girl was not quite indiffer- the case now. It may be that the ent to him. I am sorry to say that same science which will give us this Aunt Nabby not only chuckled her- sort of navigation will provide someself, but really evoked a smile on the thing also by which criminals, who gentleman's rueful countenance dur- make their escape through the air, ing that private interview; but, being will be overtaken. But this will a lover, he probably viewed Clemen- take time. In my opinion when we tine's motives in a little different shall have aerial navigation we shall