

FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"I think Aunt might have left me something," said Agatha to her twin sister Alice, who was so like her that their own mother hardly knew them apart, and strangers were always making ridiculous mistakes.

"It doesn't matter, dear," said Alice; you can have half mine whenever you marry."

The sisters were perfectly devoted to each other.

"Perhaps I shouldn't take it, you know," said Agatha.

"Wait!" was the reply.

She waited.

"I'm down," said Bob Sparkles, "regular down; my tailor won't allow me any more money, that horse is scratched for Ascot, I've lost my luck at billiards, and my sister won't lend me a cent."

"Marry, my boy, marry!" said McShears, as he lounged back in his armchair at the Lotus club.

"Whom?"

"I'll introduce you to a Manx girl at Lady Parkleton's tonight. Her aunt's just left her a lot of money; she's a twin—the sister's got nothing."

So Bob Sparkles, who was not so very young, met and danced with Alice, the heiress, that night. Now Bob had what is called "a way with the women"—a fatal way of making them believe that he was in love with them at first sight, which he usually was, only his love was so abundantly under control that "Hey, presto!" it would fly away like a ladybird at his bidding generally the next morning.

His passion for Alice was not so transitory; it did not fly away. He wanted money desperately. Of course, it was an awful sacrifice to marry Alice or any one else, but the thing had to be done. Other people married, and their wives settled money on them. He had had on the whole a good time—why not "range" himself, as the French say, and settle down—other men did and survived it.

Bob decided to marry the Manx girl and he flattered himself he had already made an impression on her. Perhaps he had.

The next day Alice, the heiress, went to Scotland. But Bob did not know that.

On the following week he called.

He had got one of Alice's gloves. She had given it him with her fan to hold when he had put on her cloak, and he had pocketed it. So he called just to restore it.

On entering the room he was met by a young lady whom he at once recog-



"BOB HAS PROPOSED TO ME," nized as his partner. She wore a dark morning dress. He had only seen Alice once before for a few hours at the ball in a low-neck pink frock. He was now confronted by Agatha, her twin sister, who was so constantly mistaken for her.

"Pardon me, Miss le Mesurier, I have called to restore to you your glove (and then, with a fetching glance), unless—unless—I might keep it." The remark was a shade hasty, but Bob had no time to spare; if anything was to be done it must be done without delay. If he could only announce his engagement to an heiress within a given time his tailor, and Mr. Benjamin, too, would wait.

Agatha instantly saw Bob Sparkles error, she was so accustomed to be taken for her sister, but this time she turned it to her own account.

She had heard something about Mr. Sparkles the night before. She did not like it. She also knew the impression he had made on her sister. She liked that less still. She resolved to save Alice.

"We did have a nice dance, didn't we? But are you sure that is my glove?"

"Let me put it on you."

She let him. It fitted exactly.

"I think," she said, "on the whole, I'll keep it on; an old glove is no use to you."

"It all depends on the hand," said Bob, with a pathetic sigh, and he looked dreamily over his shoulder, and the conversation went on very well in this vein.

After flattering himself that he had made fair way and followed up the ballroom flirtation, he asked if he might call again, and was given an appointment. Then they met at the Royal academy, in the park, at a garden party. Yes! It was the garden party that did it.

Bob was burning to approach the money question and find out what prospects he had of getting a good settlement. But he had got to propose and be accepted first. That, he thought, would be an easy matter.

So it all happened quite propitiously. After a prolonged and sentimental walk and talk in a side avenue at the garden party, Agatha and Bob Sparkles sat down to rest on a rustic bench.

"Now," said Agatha, quite simply and confidentially, "I couldn't marry any one for money."

"Nor I, indeed," said Bob passionately. "What is a million without love?"

"Millions do marry without love," sighed Agatha.

"Oh, Miss le Mesurier, Agatha—may I call you so?" and sidling up to her closer on the bench, etc. We know the rest. And Agatha, with triumphant malice, had intimated, not in so many words, but quite near enough, that it was "Yes."

The very next morning the heiress returned from Scotland.

"Alice," said Agatha, "I have played you a trick. You thought Bob Sparkles was in love with you. 'Love at first sight.' You thought you could be in love with Bob. Listen!"

"Bob has proposed to me. No! Don't speak; he thinks I'm you. I let him go on to see what he was worth. I wouldn't have you wrecked—I've found him out. All he wanted was your money. He told me in a long conversation at Lady Parkleton's garden party that he believed if a woman loved a man she would settle her money on him, though, of course, he could only marry for love. I led him up to it by agreeing to everything, especially the settlement. It was a little unfair, I own, but I wanted to see what he was made of. In ten minutes more he proposed."

"And you accepted?"

"Almost; not quite."

"Agatha, how wrong!"

"No, darling; I wanted to save you. I will now show you what sort of a man he is. This is the letter I wrote to him, and here is his answer:

"Miss Agatha le Mesurier presents her compliments to Mr. Sparkles and begs to inform him that she is not the heiress, who is Alice, her sister, and she herself hasn't a cent."

(Reply.)

"Mr. Sparkles presents his compliments to Miss Agatha le Mesurier, and feels that he has been trifled with. He, therefore, begs to decline all further correspondence."

"So, then, you have received an offer of marriage, and you have accepted, but you will not accept my offer of a good dowry?"

"Not this time, dear. Thanks awfully."

So the sisters kissed and Bob Sparkles was sold up.—Westminster Budget.

Blind Spot in Every Eye.

From the Philadelphia Record: Of the many curious facts which are discussed concerning the eye, what is known as "the blind spot" seems the least understood. In the eye itself certain things may go on which give us wrong sensations, which, although not truly illusions, are very much like them. Thus, when we suddenly strike our heads or faces against something in the dark, we see "stars" or bright sparks, which we know are not real lights, though they are quite as bright and sparkling as if they were. When we close one eye and look straight ahead at some word or letter in the middle of this page, for example, we seem to see not only the thing we are looking at, but everything else immediately about it and for a long way on each side. But the truth is, there is a large round spot, somewhere near the point at which we are looking, in which we see nothing. Curiously enough, the existence of this blind spot was not discovered by accident, and nobody ever suspected it until Mariotte reasoned from the construction of the eyeball that it must exist, and proceeded to find it.

Adopted by a Kentucky Madstone.

The sticking qualities of the madstone are illustrated in the family of Mr. George Ketcham, a merchant out at the cross-roads. Last summer Johnnie, a 14-year-old son of Mr. Ketcham, was bitten by a mad dog. The wound was in the palm of the right hand, and when a small madstone about three inches square was applied it adhered readily; in fact, so much so that it could never be got loose, and is now thoroughly imbedded in Johnnie's hand. The boy has become accustomed to the situation, and, in fact, finds the stone quite a convenience in many instances. Besides whetting his razor and breaking nuts with it, the stone is a convenient weapon, with which Johnnie makes all the other boys in the neighborhood stand around.

Costly Admiration.

A characteristic story of Gen. Lafayette was told in a Paris Journal some years ago. At Lamarque's funeral the crowd took out Gen. Lafayette's horses, as the famous soldier was returning home from the service, and drew his carriage to his hotel with many evidences of enthusiastic love and admiration. The scene was a stirring one, and a friend, in referring to it some weeks afterward, said: "You must have been very much pleased." Lafayette looked at him for a moment in silence, and then said, with a whimsical smile: "Yes, I was very much pleased, very much pleased, indeed. But I never saw anything more of my horses, my dear friend!"

Now a Proper Term.

Now that the Countess of Warwick has opened her needlework shop in Bond street, London, she can with justice lay claim to being a genuine "saleslady." Her establishment so far has been crowded with the members of nobility, and each visitor has made a purchase of some sort, whether it was beads or a

"AS ADVERTISED."

South American Interpreter This Phrase with Great Strictness.

"An advertiser has to stick to the truth in South America," said a representative of a large shipping concern to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter. "I know that seems incredible, but it's absolutely so. Some years ago a dealer in New Orleans sent an assorted lot of patent medicines to an American agent at Santiago, Chili. Among the stuff was a lot of toothache drops, which were warranted on the bottle to cure the worst case of toothache in ten minutes. Here nobody would take such an assertion seriously, but down there it is different. The first man who bought a bottle made an immediate application, and then pulled out his watch. When ten minutes elapsed and the tooth calmly continued to ache he was furious and at once had the agent arrested. The poor fellow was fined \$1,000 and sentenced to three months in jail. Through the efforts of the American consul the imprisonment was knocked off, but he had to pay the fine, and it broke him up in business. That story is absolutely true, as can be testified to by a dozen people now in the city. It is sad to fancy the effect on commercial circles generally if such a law was enforced in the United States."

MISSING LINKS.

There are many fishes that in captivity seem to follow some definite course in their movements, as, for instance, they may swim round and round the tank in one direction. The goldfish, however, in its moving about, appears to be a sort of aimless fish; it goes down to the bottom and up to the top and criss-cross and every which way, and moving commonly rather sluggishly.

During the continuance of the National Export Exposition, in Philadelphia, next fall, the city hall will be brilliantly illuminated. This structure is the highest building in the world, towering 547 feet above the ground, and is also considered one of the handsomest buildings in the United States. At present there is a rim of lights around the base of the statue of William Penn, which surmounts the structure, and they can be seen at a distance of thirty miles. Before the exposition opens a ring of arc lights will be placed around the rim of Penn's hat, over 500 feet above the pavement, and long strings of incandescent lights will run from there to the roof of the building. Every cornice will be studded with lights, and all sides of the massive building will be emblazoned by beautiful designs in colored lights. It will be one of the most dazzling electric displays ever attempted in this country.

A member of the Louisville bar named Simmondson was in the habit of imitating the opposing witnesses, whom, when they came to be cross-examined, he harassed in every imaginable manner. The last witness he took in hand was a tall, lank farmer, with a thoughtful eye. He had watched the bawling of his neighbors in dead silence, and took the stand with perfect composure. Simmondson evidently set him down as a lout, and when the witness hesitated over some question a moment he roared: "What are y' studying about? 'Fraid of telling a lie, too, I suppose?" Without any apparent haste the country man picked up a massive inkstand and hurled it straight at Simmondson's head, catching him on the bridge of the nose and knocking him senseless. "That's what I was a-studyin' about," he drawled, in the moment of dead silence that followed the act. Needless to say, a tremendous hubbub ensued, but everybody was secretly pleased and while the judge fined the farmer heavily for contempt he subsequently remitted the sentence.—Chicago Law Journal.

Truant's for Cause.

The sub-inspector of schools in Malacca Straits Settlements is obliged to report a shockingly low average attendance of native children at school. Of course there is a reason. Three murders have recently occurred in Malacca, and the murderer in some way gave notice—or was said to have done so—that he was making a collection of heads and would stop when he killed twenty people. These things cause no particular surprise in the east, where queer things happen. People accept facts as they are. People do kill without reason in the east. Coolies, drivers and grooms refuse to go out after dark. Bullock-cart drivers won't travel the country roads without company. And what a glorious holiday for the pupils in the government schools!

A Blanket Inspection.

The difficulty of preventing speculation in the army reminds me of an anecdote I have heard my mother tell of the Duke of Wellington. A friend of my mother had a contract to supply blankets for the army. When they were delivered the duke desired that every blanket should be unrolled and shown to him. When the gentleman, who was as proud of his honor as a manufacturer as any soldier could be of his honor, remonstrated against what seemed an aspersion on his integrity, the duke only said: "It is my duty to see that the soldiers have proper blankets. I do not know the time or the circumstances beyond the bare fact as I have heard my mother relate it.—The Spectator.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of the railroad between Lucerne and Milan. Its length is nine and one-half miles.

THE HUMBLD DONS.

Will It Be Spain's Resurrection?

Or Is She Taking Her Defeat Too Sincerely—Tranquillity of the Vanquished Has Been Iberia's Strong Card—Will She Revive?

As you travel through Spain by the express, which carries you to Madrid, the belief is forced upon you that not even a rumor of the war has yet reached the remotest countryside. The peasant, a loin-cloth girt about his waist, still bestrides his mule in sublime ignorance of America's triumph. News travels slowly in Spain, where the morning paper is not more necessary than wine and bread; and it would be safe to wager that if you encountered a wayfarer on the Sierras and spoke to him of battles and alarms his mind would revert slowly to the half-known glories of the peninsula. But the ignorance of the country may be matched by the apparent indifference of the towns, and for this indifference another explanation must be sought. Spain woke up one morning to find that her colonies had been snatched from her, that the last link had been snapped in the chain which once bound her to the splendid victories of her golden century. And she accepted the discovery with an admirable tranquillity of mind. Cuba and the Philippines, alas! were hers no more. Henceforth she would lose the responsibility, as well as the excitement of a lingering campaign. But with that lofty pride which refuses to realize a humiliation, Spain put the truth away from her, and took up her occupations once more with a rare yet perfect resignation to the inevitable. Nor was the strange security unexpected. The Spaniards have always shown themselves either unconscious of, or superior to, disaster. There is now, as there was three centuries ago, a touch of Moorish fatalism in their character. Kismet, they murmur, as the Moors did also, who once peopled the country; and when there is no help for disaster they wrap themselves in a triple cloak of arrogance, and grimly smile at facts, as though they only half believed in them. But though the war is over and accepted loyally for what it achieved, the Spaniards, in private, still nurse a painful wound. The eternal dislike of strangers, in which they rival the ancient Athenians, is more bitter, more intense than ever. Collectively, maybe, it finds no expression; but you will hardly converse with a solitary Spaniard without discovering the signs of a private resentment. Now, this resentment is cherished mildly against the Americans, who have triumphed in war; more strenuously against the English, whose sympathy, says Spain, was too loudly and violently expressed. But this resentment will soon be merged in the unwilling toleration which Spain extends to all foreigners, and then the war will have left little trace, save in a rest from colonial warfare and in a handsomely replenished exchequer. And what of the future? Will Spain, now she is confined forever within her own borders, win back something of her old wealth and prosperity? Will she establish the peace and tranquillity which are best suited to her character? No disturbance is likely to come from without, since France, though she has just demanded, with a threat, that the Spanish debt should be paid in full, is too busy cleaning her own house to covet the house of her neighbor. Besides, the Pyrenees have always proved an efficient rampart, and even if they were not, Europe would not be likely to witness the encroachment of France. In truth, Spain will now be left to work out her own destiny, and there is no reason why she should not face the new century with hope and confidence. The fact that she has passed through the crisis of defeat with the merest threat of revolution is proof enough that her varied provinces are all standing loyally by the throne, and that there is little chance of immediate disunion. Indeed, all over Europe pretenders are under a cloud, and legitimism is wisely held an exploded doctrine. The Carlists in Spain have no better prospects than the royalists or Bonapartists in France, since our practical age has recognized clearly that every country exists for the governed, not for the governments; and even Spain, docile though she be to historical tradition, will ever again accept the theory of divine right.

A White Elephant in Paris.

A genuine white elephant—or what passes as such—has been presented to the Parisians by M. Doumer, the French representative in Siam. Cherie, as the pachyderm has already been nicknamed, made her state entry into Paris a few days ago, being met at the Garde de Lyon by a distinguished company. Some little disappointment was felt when it was observed, as the traveler stepped on the platform, that she was scarcely so white as she had been painted. The prevailing tone of her complexion is, indeed, a sort of patchy red, veiled by a mass of grayish hair, the eyelids and the eyes being pink. It will be remembered that Barnum's specimen, "secured at immense cost," fell equally short of its reputation. As a matter of fact, the Albino elephant is never really white, but the deficiency of nature is sometimes made up for by the aid of art. It is gratifying to learn that the guest of the Jardin des Plantes has charming manners, including a clever habit of kneeling and doing obeisance to the French public.—London Chronicle.

Her Way of Getting It.

Hicks—Does your wife ever ask you for money? Wicks—Never. Hicks—She must be a wonder. Wicks—But she frequently tells me to give her some.—Boston Transcript.

Less Majesty in England.

Among the most notable expressions of loyalty on the occasion of the queen's birthday was that of a salesman in Leadenhall Market who displayed her majesty's portrait between two royal standards in a grove of pork and sausages, supported by two fine hams emblazoned with the letters "V. R." A loyal radical, from whom I have this information, professes himself to have been greatly shocked at this display, more particularly the appearance of the royal monogram "upon the most ignoble portion of the pig's anatomy." But I have seen a "V. R." in other positions nearly as strange. We must look in the spirit rather than the letter.—London Truth.

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The newsdealer in a New York suburb did a thriving business in novels until about two months ago. Then a public library started, and his trade began to fall off. About two weeks ago he put up a notice: "Paper and Cloth Covered Novels for Sale at Half Price." Now he has reduced the price to one-third. "I'm goin' to get rid of 'em if I have to give 'em away," he explained to a summer boarder who bought 50 cents' worth of marked-down literature. "They're all growin' stale on me. Even the rich people go to the free library, and there's no more money to be made in books in this town."

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Coming on Later.

Some years ago Sir Henry Irving was called on, in Dublin, to play a heavy part to which he was not accustomed. One of the actors had not turned up, and there was a vacancy. Irving had to come on early in the first act. Now, the Dublin gallery boy is an institution in himself. There is nothing like him anywhere. Conversations between young fellows across from one side of the gallery to the other are spoken in loud tones, and in the distinct hearing of the actors. Irving is, as everybody knows, very thin, and when he appeared with a strike, which is one of the most characteristic things about him, one of these gallery boys shouted across to another: "Fair, an' is that him?" "No," was the reply. "They is the young man's clothes. They'll shove him out later on."—Spare Moments.

I Think Not.

The father of the present Lord Abingdon, who was remarkable for the staidness of his manners, one day riding through a village in the vicinity of Oxford, met a lad dragging a calf along the road, who, when his lordship came up to him, made a stop and stared him full in the face. His lordship asked the boy if he knew him. He replied: "Ees." "What is my name?" said his lordship. "Why, Lord Abingdon," replied the lad. "Then why don't you take off your hat?" "So I will, sir," said the boy, "if ye'll hold the calf."—Answers.

Basket-Work Cushions.

Basket-work cushions are among the season's fancies. Strips of open-work ribbon in pronounced colors are laid over a square of buckram, the strips being two inches apart. Cross-pieces are then woven in and out. When brilliant colors are used the effect is rather oriental, and baskets of this description are much in favor with young women who have boudoirs furnished in imitation of foreign nations.

THE RACE FOR PUBLICITY.

The Mania for Destroying All Privacy Is Growing Among Us.

Yes, we are growing very public. Lack of respect for private life and private friendship is a serious part of public life—a part which really matters. Stories and "little-tattle" about the great, or the merely known, matter far less when they do not proceed from friends and relatives, but we have a sufficiency of them. The matter goes farther, indeed, for many papers are full of the very ordinary proceedings of people known to nobody but their friends, but presumably known by sight to the strange witness; you read how some young man, who is very likely a minor clerk in a bank or a subaltern in a militia regiment, has been "seen walking in Sloane street." Or you read how some half dozen people, whose reputation is, or should be, entirely private, were "the only men I saw" at the opera. I venture to suggest two improvements on all this. One is that the names should be fictitious; they would mean quite as much as the others to the general public, and an advantage would be that weird and fascinating stories might be told about them without fear of libel actions. The other improvement is that all little societies and coteries should hire columns in newspapers to be filled exclusively with their picnics and "at homes." It might end in free publicity being granted, like education, by the state. In this way we all, from Tooting in Sloane street, of seeing our doings, our shoppings, and saunterings, and supper parties, recorded in print, and so at last the Spirit of the Age would find complete expression.—G. S. Street in the Pall Mall Magazine.

LARGE SUMS

Demand of Bootblacks for Chair Privileges in Office Buildings.

Since the bootblack's profession has followed the general modern trend toward "organization" it seems to have become a highly remunerative pursuit. The latest development and the one that best illustrates how the business must pay is the rent that is charged for bootblacks' chairs in the new giant office buildings. There are several of these structures in which the exclusive shoe-shining rights are rated as being worth from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year in rental to the owners of the buildings. In one of the newest and hugest, scarcely yet finished, a man recently offered \$1,500 for the privilege of operating ten chairs for a year. This sum was refused without an instant's consideration, the owners asserting that \$3,000 a year was the least they would accept.

Apropos of Kipling.

At the present moment, in England—in fact all over the world—the things of the mind are at a discount. Largely influenced, and largely influenced by one narrow, powerful personality, there is in England just now a public opinion corresponding in no small degree to the present contempt in France for the "intellectuals"—that is for those who regard human life as something more than brute force, brutal rivalries and brutal pleasures. We are in the thick of one of the most cynically impudent triumphs of the Philistines the world has seen. All that should be meant by civilization is a mock. The once kindly fields of literature are beneath the heels of a set of literary rough-riders. All the nobler and gentler instincts of men and women are ridiculed as sentimentality. All the hard-won gains of nineteenth century philosophers are thrown to the winds; and for the minor ameliorations of science we have to pay by the most diabolical development of the foul art of war. Everywhere the brute and the bully—and for the ape and tiger truly a glorious resurrection!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

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CHILD GROWTH.

Make the Education Accord with It, Not Oppose It.

Growth focuses for a time upon one set of organs or functions, then upon another, until the whole body is developed; but all parts of the body do not grow at one and the same time. The body grows first in length, and then in girth, in breadth and depth of chest, in breadth and height of forehead, in breadth and length of face. To make a special application of this well-known fact of periodicity in physical growth, let us observe the development of the muscles of the arm. The muscles of the upper arm—those concerned in the functioning of the shoulder joint—are ripe and ready for training at least a year and one-half before the muscles of the fingers. The muscles of the shoulder mature for training six months before the muscles of the elbow, and these in turn five to eight months before the muscles of the wrist, which are ripe and ready for training from three to six months before the muscles of the fingers. When we insist that a child shall begin to write by means of the finger muscles only with a small pencil in narrow spaces on ruled paper or a slate we run directly counter to the principles of growth and development that nature has so plainly written in his constitution. Must not education, to be education at all, be in accord with these principles rather than in opposition to them? The child of 6 years, during the first days of his school life, chooses to make large, whole-arm movements rather than the minute movements of the finger muscles. At first he requires "almost an acre" of blackboard space in which to write a few sentences. We must train the large shoulder muscles before attempting to burden the tender undeveloped finger muscles, which are really injured by such too early strain and involved activity. Thus we find in our best regulated kindergartens of today none of the finer work for the younger children. The young child is no longer required to take up the bead-stringing and pin-pricking exercises—at least not until his eyes and his finger muscles are ripe and ready for such training. In some of the most modern kindergartens the occupations and gifts are concerned with larger objects instead of those formerly used, which were of the smaller, more orthodox size—larger blocks, larger pencils, larger needles, larger beads and coarse string instead of fine thread.—Forum.

A CAGE FOR BABY.

He Was Delighted and So Was the Mother.

Mrs. Elbert Clark Rockwood of Iowa City, Iowa, described a way to keep the baby safe while doing the ordinary duties of the day, says the Ladies' Home Journal. "The essentials," she writes, "seem to be that the child should be kept from the floor and be given freedom without danger of falling. This is the plan I adopted, and which I called a 'cage': Two high-backed dining-room chairs were utilized, being set with the fronts of the seats together. This left the backs at each end. Then the sides of the two chairs were measured and a light frame made of that size, to which was fastened small mesh wire fencing. These frames were tightly tied at the top and bottom of the chair posts and thus the 'cage' was completed and could be easily put together and taken apart at pleasure. Into it was put the baby, with playthings and cushions. The conditions were fulfilled, for the baby was off the floor and could stand or sit, or even walk a little, as the fancy seized him. The baby was delighted and so was the mother."

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