ON THE STAIRS.

We were sitting, after waltzing, On the stairs.

He, before I could forbid it,
Stole a rose, ere yet I missed it,
And, as tenderly he kissed it,
Swiftly in his pocket hid it,

We were talking, after walt zing, On the stairs.

I had said that he should rue it,
And a lecture I intended,
Which I think he apprehended;
I was kinsed before I knew it,
Unawares.

We were silent after waltzing, On the stairs. I had stormed with angry feeling, But he spoke love never heeding. And my eyes fell 'neath his pleading, All my depth of love revealing. -Boston Courier. Unawares.

UNCLE DAVE.

It was a Sunday in June, many, many years ago; one of those perfect days sometimes sent to earth to give us poor mortals a foretaste of heaven.

As I stepped out upon the south porch of the long, low farmhouse, in which I was a welcome visitor, an exclamation of delight involuntarily fell from my lips. Before me far as the eye could reach stretched the boundless prairie, dotted here and there with farmhouses, criss-crossed with lines of rail fences, and decked with orchards and scattered groups of trees, while herds of cattle roamed at will over great unfenced spaces, and a long irregular line of timber on the east showed where a creek wound its

"Yes, said my host, "it is a right sightly country, and its fillin up fast, too; 20 years ago when we came here, Miss Walton, there wasn't but one house within 10 miles of us, and there wasn't a rail of fence on this hull prairie,"

"There is a good deal of it unfenced now," said I. "Is it government land?"

"Oh, no, there's no government land round here now. We leave that for our cattle, part of it belongs to me, and a good deal to speculators," was the answer. "But sit down, you can see as good sittin as standin, and mother'll be out pretty soon. I'll go git some airly apples while we wait for her," and "Uncle Dave," as everybody called him, picked up a basket and walked away in the direction of the orchard.

How peaceful and quiet it was. That indefinable something which halfows the abbath in the country hovered in the ar, I thought: "if I did not know it was Sunday, nature would proclaim it herself." Now and then a meadow lark would note out his happy soul in song, or a quantaucily call to his mate, while the drawing of the prairie chicken, or the whirl of a pheasant as it rose from the long bass, sound-

ed pleasantly to the ear.
My hostess came to the doc "Our youngsters," she said, "are goil over to Bethel meetin' house to shin' gouldn't you and Mr. Walton like wagorhere's lots o' room in th

"Oh, no see you and Manswered. We came to Just then our Benson."

my husband, came at and the house.
"You're right, Miss valton," he said, "you'll find it please ter here than riding along with that set," and he glanced at the wagon lord of. he glanced at the wagon-load of young men and women driving out of the barnyard. "Not that they won't have a good time, but you'll be in better company," and he laughed as he wiped the moisture from his face and fanned himself with his broadbrimmed straw hat.

A few minutes later we were all seated comfortably. Uncle Dave and mother, as he called his wife, myself and my husband, in the split-bottomed wooden chairs, on the vinecovered porch.

"Is Bethel a Methodist church?" asked. Uncle Dave looked quizzically at his

wife. "Now do you hear that, mother?" he said. Mother smiled. "He thinks that an

odd question," she answered, addressing me. "Why? Are there no other denom-

"Oh, yes," she replied, "there are people belonging to several others, but there are more Methodists than any

"Yes," said Uncle Dave. "Methodists jess swarm 'bout yer. You see Miss Walton," addressing meespecially, "I never did like 'em; fact is, one thing brought me out West was to get rid of Methodists."

"Why, Uncle Dave," said I. "I thought you were a member of that

He laughed and looked at his wife he was very often looking at his wife, and ah! how much the look expressed of love and pride. It was evident to the most casual observer that she was dearer to him than the apple of

"You are mistaken," he said. am only a sort of relation. I ain't never signed no contract. You see, Miss Walton, I took a spite at the Methodists when I was a boy. They had a big revival in our neighborhood, and some of the youngsters I run with got converted, and that spoiled my fun. Why, one of the biggest scramps of the hull lot got a call to preach, too. You see he was a awful earnest sort of a feiler, and he was jess as earnest preachin and prayin as ever he was sinnin, if so be as our cuttin up was sinnin, which I'm free to confess I hev my doubts about. Pears to me like the angel that keeps the book must take time to laugh at such pranks as we cut, jess going to spellin schools and singin in winter, hookthe horses outen our own dads' stables when the old fellers

wasn't willin, an in summer trolickin

round watermeion patches. Oh, pehawl youngsters will be youngsters, and where the rein's held too tight the horse will break. But as I was sayin I took a spite at the Methodists, and when I married into a good old Scotch Presbyterian family and moved way out yer, I thought I was rid of 'em; but laws, Miss Walton, it was jumpin outen the frying pan into the fire. The very fall after we came, our lit-tle Dave took awful sick; no doctor in 10 miles, me an mother scared to death. Well, we made up our minds to git in the wagon, sick baby and all, and go to Gilbraith's our neighbor, when, while I'se hitchin up, a great, tall ganglin feller on a right good horse

stopped in front of the cabin."
"Halloo!" says he. "Might I inquire the way to Brother Gilbraith's,

"Before I could speak mother was at the door. 'Are you the preacher?' says she. Miss Gilbraith told me about you. Won't you come in? My baby's so sick.'

"Well, afore I got to the house, the preacher had the baby in his arms had medicine with him that iess worked like a charm, an by mornin little Dave was peart as ever. Of course, after that we had to go hear to the things, you see," pointing to a him preach. He held his meetin at grove about a mile distant, "we use Brother Gilbraith's, they was all the Methodist family then in a rajus of 15 mile. But laws! whenever a Methodist family settlers anywhere you may look for a circuit rider bout the time the roof's on his cabin, and by the time there's half a dozen families of any sort, he's ready to organize a church. That's the way it worked yer, anyhow, an, Miss Wal-ton"—for all the time Uncle Dave addressed me in particular as if I were especially interested. I found afterward, however, it was one of his ways of showing his respect for my sexyou'd hardly believe it, but my wife, that I thought was a regular dyed-inthe wool Presbyterian, was one of the first to jine. 'Betty,' says I, expostulatin-like, 'what do you reckon your father'll say?' 'Write and see,' says she, quick as a wink; an I dun it, an I could hardly believe my eyes when his letter came, for he never said a word, till he'd told all about the family and the crops-peared like the prospeck for corn worried him considerable—an then he puts in kind o like a poscrip: 'So Betty's jined the Methodis-ses. Well, I hope she'll be a credit to 'em;' an, Miss Walton, that was all, and I was that dazed I jess sat up and looked at Betty for a hull minit, an she laughin and cryin as she read."

He paused, and turned his head as a quail called to its mate from the orchard, and an answer sounded short and clear from the fence just in front

"Them little fellers knows its Sunday," he remarked. "Queer, Miss Walton, how knowin the birds are. Why, there was a flock of wild turkeys hunted down in the timber last winter, an we never got but three out of the lot. Fact, we was haulin rails, and wherever we went without a gun we'd see 'em struttin roun sassy as you please, but hev a gun along, and you might look your eyes out 'thout | ther and two sons into the fold. But I was tellin seein turkey. you about our church. There was, an I guess it's so yet, lots more wimmen than men jined. Why, when Brother Benson organized eight women and two men. Odd isn't it? Guess wimmen," with a slight lance at his wife, "needs the consola-

on of religion more'en men do." "sewess they do," retorted his wife, with how much they hev to put up

"How ncie Dave laughed and looked at us, of shook his gray head and Manced from us to his wife, as if to say, "there's to his wife, as if to is there?" It getting ahead of her, ness, and my his delightful to witheartily in his mer ment "Well, I tell you, ment.

soon as he could speed went on, as right sassy sometimes; "My wife's Walton, prosperity's spud her. She only weighed bout 90 pt hads when we was married, and now with a deam at 160." "David, David," said his wife, you

know I only weigh 158." "Now, mother, that was after da er, and I was lowin," but mother in dignantly refused to hear anything more on the subject, and with a subdued air Uncle Dave turned to me. "We was talkin' 'bout the Metho, dis, I believe," he said. "Well it's astonishin how they're growed. Three years after we moved here, Brother Benson posed we should hev a camp-meetin. Where'll you git the people?' says I. 'Oh!' says he 'you an Brother Gilbraith fix up that sycamore grove a little, an I'll git the people,' an he did. Why bless you! they come from fifty miles round, whole families, and there never was a better time. We had brother Benson and three other preachers, and I declare, Miss Walton, there was many as sixty people converted at that meetin. I never see such a time. Why one night they was singin and prayin, an my wife, my Presbyterian, she got that happy she was shoutin, fust thing I knowed, an, thinks I, she'll be in heaven next thing,

"David," interrupted his wife, sol-"Well, now, mother, it's so, and I been half afraid ever since of your slippen off.

an I grabbed her and held on-

"David," again from his wife, "Oh, these wimmens!" said Uncle Dave. "It's dreadful hard to git along with 'em; now ef I was to say I was afraid she wouldn't get to heav- stretch across it, sung over his cradle band, "what do you think she would

We joined in his ringing laugh, as his wife shook her head until her cap black arms and cried himself to sleep border quivered, and he went on, as in the lap of African sympathy. As she rose and went indoors. to me: "Miss Walton, she's the finest faithless; and his wandering affections woman in the State. I ain't a perfect settled humbly at the feet of the cook sor, never signed no contract, but I in the kitchen. When he stood by the believe the Lord's got it on the cred- biscuit bench while she made him it side of his big took opposit Dave | marvelous geese of dough, with farin-

The old man's voice trembled.

tell you, Miss Walton, I know time women has a this world-" hard then his iust wife returned to her rocking chair, and he went on: "Mother, I was jess tellin Miss Walton how glad I was the

Lord didn't dress my spirit in wom-

an's clothes. "Did you tell her how glad I was of the same thing?" she replied, with a

mellow laugh.

"Now, mother," he said, deprecatingly, but glancing around at us to if we appreciated the remark. "Now, mother, aint you jokin? You see," to Mr. Walton, "mother knows all my ins and outs, and she feels bad 'cause I don't jine meetin, I expect," meditatively, "I'll have to give bond You see my oldest girl married a Methodis preacher, an," brightening "you ought to see their boy named for me, actilly named David Benson Peirce. Shouldn't wonder if that boy ud be bishop yet. What, supper time, mother? as his wife again rose and went indoors. "Why this has been a short atternoon, and I never told you about our camp-meetookin at it, and the upshot was he in, but we hev'em yet every fall. You come out the last week in September an tent with us. Why, Miss Walton, I come home always night's to tend the same old place Brother Bensonhe's our presidin elder now-picked out, and its so close I ken watch over the farm, an as I was sayin I come up here, an I ken hear 'em singin and prayin down there, and it sounds, like, well, like the new Jerusalem I expect, though I never been there, but if you'll excuse me I'll go and help mother start supper; them youngsters'll be long directly hungry as

Good old Uncle Dave! a few years after our visit "gave bond" as he quaintly termed it, for his good behavior by uniting with the church, which had followed him so persistently all his life.

Taking dinner at our house one day when he had business in town he told

me about it. "You see, Miss Walton," he said, "two of my boys is in the army, an afore they went I tole 'em mother'd feel a sight better if they'd list under King Mannel's banner afore they left, an ef they'd do it I'd go long, and so we went up to be prayed for, an they took us on probation. I tell you mother was that happy she shouted, an 'twas the only time she's done that sence our first camp-meetin. Well, Miss Walton, when my time's up they wanted to take me in full membership, but says I, no, sir, me and the boys started in together and I'm going to wait for them, ef it's five years or forever." The old man's voice shook and tears filled his eyes.

"It's pretty tough, Miss Walton," he went on, "pretty tough on mother; you see our son-in-law's gone too, he's chaplain of the same regiment Tom and Fred's in, and May she's home with her boy, and we must keep up our sperrits or she'll break right down

Good old Uncle Dave. That next winter his boys came home on furlough, and Brother Benson took fa-The boys went back again as veterans, and one came home no more.

The grass grows now on the graves of Uncle Dave and his beloved wife. and near them sleeps their soldier boy, for after the war was over Uncle Dave sought and found the body and had it brought to rest in Bethel, and now on Decoration day, when people gather to remember their dead, grateful descendants with loving tears place flowers on the grassy mounds where lie Uncle Dave, mother, and their soldier boy. -E. V. Wilson in the Current.

Saved by a Manly Confession. Gen. George A. Sheridan laughingly relates the manner in which he did violence to President Haves's feelings as a non-alcoholic advocate. The story as told is as follows:

Sheridan preceded Fred Douglass as recorder of deeds of the district of Columbia. Before he was appointed to that position an enemy brought word one day to Mr. Hayes that little Phil's cousin had been uproariously convivial in the Ebbitt house the prejous evening. Mr. Hayes sent for eridan and sterenly and in plain lat-uage said: "I am told, sir, that you were drunk in the Ebbitt house last bening." Without moving a muscle i his face the candidate for recorder net this accusation with the query: "Le, President, are you acquainted with the size of the rotunda in the Ebbitt \ouse?"

"Yes, sir; what of that" said Mr. "Well, sir," said Sheridan, "last evening it was not half big enough for

Hayes tried to look vety severe, but failed, and in a burst of aughter, he said: "You are the first man to make a frank acknowledgment to me when charged with such an accusation." He got his appointment.

A Typical Kentucky Boy.

The typical boy on a Kentucky farm was tenderly associated from infancy with the negroes of the household and the fields. Says the October Century. His old black "mammy" became almost his first mother. She had perhaps nursed him at her bosom when he was not long enough to and now he addressed my hus- at noon and at midnight, taken him out upon the velvety grass beneath the shade of the elm trees. Often in boyish years he had run to those Turning he grew older, alas! his first love grew Benson's name, 'good to his wife, an accous feathers and genuine coffee thankful to God fur her.'" grains for eyes, there was to him no other artist in the world.

WEDDING ETIQUETTE.

Social Requirements of the Event-Obligations of Bride and Groom.

The etiquette of weddings, says Harper's Bazar, is remotely founded on the early savage history of mankind, and which bears fruit in our later and more complex civilization, still reminding us of the past. In early and in savage days the man sought his bride heroicly, and carried her off by force. The Tartar still does this, and the idea only was improved in patriarchal days by the purchase of the bride by the labor of her husband, or by his wealth in flocks and herds. It is still a theory that the bride is thus carried off. Always, therefore, the idea has been cherished that the bride is something carefully guarded, and the groom is looked upon as a sort of friendly enemy, who comes to take away the much-prized object from her leving and jealous family. Thus the long-cherished theory bears fruit in the English ceremonial, where the only carriage furnished by the groom is the one in which he drives the bride away to the spending of the honey-moon. Up to that time he has no right of proprietorship. Even this is not allowed in America among fashionable people, the bride's father sending them in his own carriage on the first stage of their journey. It is not etiquette for the groom to furnish anything for his own wedding but the ring and a bouquet for the bride, presents for the bridesmaids and and best man, and some token to the ushers. He pays the clergyman.

He should not pay for the cards, the carriages, the entertainment, or anything connected with the wedding. This is decided in the high court of etiquette. This is the province of the family of the bride, and should be insisted upon. If they are not able to do this, there should be no wedding and no cards. It is better for a portionless girl to go to the alter in a traveling dress, and to send out no sort of invitations or wedding cards, than to allow the groom to pay for them. This is not to the disparagement of the rights of the groom. It is simply a proper and universal eti-

At the alter the groom, if he is a millionaire, makes his wife his equal by saying: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow;" but until he has uttered the words she has no claim on his purse for clothes, or cards, of household furnishing, or anything but those articles which come under the head of such gifts as is a lover's privilege to give.

Suppose, as was the case twice last winter, that an engagement of marriage is broken after the cards are out? Who is to repay the bridegroom if he has paid for the cards? Should the father of the bride send him a check? That would be very insulting, yet a family would feel nervous about being under pecuniary indebtedness to a discarded son-in-law. The lady can return her ring and the gifts her lover has? made her; they have suffered no contact that will injure them. But she could not return shoes or gowns or bonnets.

It is therefore wisely ordered by etiquette that the lover be allowed to pay for nothing that could not be returned to him without loss, if the engagement were dissolved, even on the taxes vhas seexty-seven dollar. Bewedding morning.

Nothing is more honorable than a marringe celebrated in the presence only of the father, mother, and priest. The but we can't make her cudt. young people, unwilling or unable to have splendid dresses, equipages, cards and ceremony, can always be married in this way, and go to the senate or White House afterward. They are not hampered by it hereafter. But the bride should never let the groom pay for cards, or for anything, unless it is the marriage country, and the clergyman's fee. If she does she puts herself in a false posi-

It is the privilege of the bride to name mother to pay for her trousseau. After the wedding invitations are issued she

does not appear in public. The members of the bride's family go to the church before the bride; the bridegroom and his best man await them at the alter.

The bride comes last, with her father or brother, who is to give her away. She is joined at the alter steps by her fiance, who takes her hand, and then she becomes his for life.

All these trifles mean much, as any one can learn who goes through with the painful details of a divorce suit. ...

Now when the circle of friends on both sides is very extensive, it has of late become customary to send invitations to some who are not called to the wedding breakfast, to attend the coremony at the church. This sometimes takes the place of issuing cards. No one thinks of calling on the newly-married who has not received either an invitation to the ceremony at church or cards after their establishment in their new home.

In most cases the after-cards are ordered with the other cards, and the bride's mother pays for them. But if they are ordered after the marriage, the groom may pay for these as he would pay for his wife's ordinary expenses. Still, it is stricter etiquette that even these should be paid for by the bride's family.

People who are asked to the wedding send cards to the house if they cannot attend, and in any case, send or leave cards within 10 days after, unless they are in very deep mourning, when a dispensation is granted them.

The etiquette of a wedding at home does not differ at all from the etiquette of a wedding in church with regard to cards. A great confusion seems to exist in the minds of some as to whom shall send their they turn cards on being invited to a wedding. Some ask, "Shah I send them to the bride, as I do not know her mother?" Certainly not; send them to whomsoever invites you. Afterward call on the bride or send her cards; but the first and important card goes to the lady who gives the wedding.

The order of the religious part of the ceremony is fixed by the church in which it occurs. The groom must call

on the clergyman, see the organist and JOHN RUSKIN'S ROMANCE, make what arrangements the bride pleases, but all expenses, except the fee to the clergyman, are borne by the

bride's family. A wedding invitation requires no answer, unless it be to a sit-down wed-

ding breakfast. Cards left afterward are sufficient. The separate cards of the bride and groom are no longer included in the invitation. Nothing black in the way of dress but the gentlemen's coats is admissible at a wedding.

CARL DUNDER.

Some More Queer Things He Can't Make Out. Maype it vhas pecause I vhas ar oldt Dutchmans dot I can't make scmethings oudt, but I like to know | brought the young lady to meet the

how she vhas. If I haf some snow on der sidewalk in front of my house a policemans comes along and says: "Now, you got dot snow right off or I take sooch law on you as vhill make your heart ache! Doan' you know it vhas dangerous und against der law! You'd better look sharp, oldt mans, or I haf you where some dogs doan't bite you!"

If somepody haf a vacant lot next to me, and der snow on dot sidewalk to lighten their existence. She advhas so high as my shoulder, nopody cleans him off. Some day vhen I vhas looking at her, a policemans crawl through dot snow und says: "I like to know who owns dot lot." I tells him it whas a merchant

on Woodward avenue, und dot snow doan' get off before next Shuly "Oh! it vhas a merchant, eh! dot snow vhas all right. It doan' hurt somebody at all, and it whas fun to wade through it." I go in der house und sot down und try to make it all oudt, but I can't do it.

One day my poy Shake shtands oudt door und blows a horn toot! toot! toot! He doan' toot more as fife times vhen a policeman comes along und says: "Shtop dot noise or I gif you some collar! Der idea of blowing dot horn und making all de people go crazy! Doan' you know it vhas agin der law to make sooch a nuisance?" Dot scares Shake so badt he hides down cellar all day, but in two hours more ash four men mit wagons comes around my place und blow toot! toot! toot! until I vhas almost deal. I go oudt und ask dot policeman to shtop her, but he says: "Doan' you know sometings, oldt mans! Dot vhas according to law, und I can't shtop him."

I goes oop by der Brush farm und buys me a lot leelty feet front. Maype I build me a house some day. Vhen tax-time comes I goes over by der city hall to pay my taxes. "All right, Mr. Dunder," says der man mit der tax-book, "your tax vhas seexty-seven dollar." It seems like it vhas ompossible, but I haf to pay her. I vhas going avhay, vhen a man comes in und says he owns four hoonered feet next to me, und how mooch vhas "Thirty-fife dollar, und you vhill please forgif me dot she vhas so high!" Because I haf a lot my cause he haf a piece his taxes whas shust half! I go home und think aboudt him, un 1 I talk with my wife,

Sometimes on Soonday I hitch oop der pony und take der oldt womans und Shake out to Springwells to see my brooder-in-law. Dot pony vhas blind in one eye und he hat two ringbones und two spavins, und he vhas not forget her dignity. She should so lazy dot he goes jog! jog! all der time. We vhas coming home when a policemans rushes oudt at us license, wherever it is needful in this und says: "Now you look oudt! Der werry next time you vhas driving so fast I take you in der Recorder's Court und make your fine fife dollar!' I shtop to speak mit him a few words the wedding day, and of her father and | und somebody mit two horses und a carriage und a silver harness comes my wheel off. I look at dot police-

mans but he doan' see nothings. One day more ash a dozen fellers mit carts und wagons comes aroundt my place und calls, "Rags! rags! rags!" call: Beer! beer! beer!" und shust so queek as some weasles I vhas arrested und fined tree dollar, und der shudge better ash dot I put you in some asylum mit der fools! Doan' let dot

happen again!" Vhell, like I said in der start, I can't make her all oudt, undt if somepody can tell me I vhas mooch obliged und feel tickled all oafer .- Detroit Free

Crowth of Speech in a Child.

From the Open Court.

The babe's first cries are purely instinctive, and therefore purely animal. Its consonants are m and b, labials and liquids-used with the open vowels. It does not use the genial tubercle, nor for many weeks the frontal brain. Its second list of sounds move farther back and are g, goo, gutturals of the simplest sort. We have to bear in mind that the babe oganically follows historic evolution and is an epitome of past progress. So, also in his speech he moves on and over the pathway of the past and reviews it all. An intelligent child expresses approbation and disapprobation by the same sounds that are used by adult monkeys. The savage hardly uses cerebrated sounds at all. The refinement of languages has ever consisted in eliminating the animal inheritance, The child's use of gestures is also inherited. He does not need to learn to use his hands; only to secure muscular strength to direct them. His play is at first purely animal frolic, rejoicing in shouts and shrieks that ater he does not find necessary to his enjoyment. His laughing and crying can only be understood as language, as they surely are also in adults.

How He Courted, Married, and Was Divorced From His Idealistic Woman.

New York Graphic. John Ruskin did a strangely wayward thing when he consented to get married. He did a most erratic and to the public a most inexplicable thing when he arranged for his divorce.

He had accepted some of the loftiest. traditions about womanhood that men sometimes read of and talk about, and he looked for his ideal companion. One night he met her in the drawing-room of a London friend, who, without his knowing it, had eyes of the great writer.

It was a June night. He was thirtyfive, and she looked like a Greek He was dazzled. She was a tall,

graceful girl of nineteen, with a face and figure as faultless as one of the statues of old. No one ever expected Ruskin to fall in love, and he did not. She was poor, needed a home and its comforts, and so they were married. Their wedded life was peaceful, friendly, kindly to the highest degree, but there was not a spark of affection mired the great man she had married, and was grateful for the wealth and comfort he showered on her. He

made life-like by the sculptors's chis-There was nothing human about the life they led as husband and wife; and she was a woman, who, in her heart, like all true women, laughed at the traditions that made her sex love

worshiped her as he would the marble

distant worship.
One day Ruskin brought an artist to paint his wife's picture. And the man was Millais, and he was a bright, cheery, handsome fellow, human, every inch of him, with a great and absorbing love for the beautiful, and a willingness to tell of his love.

He began to paint the portrait of the magnificent woman, and when he had finished he was in love with his friend's wife. Womanlike she saw it, and perhaps

she was not tull of sorrow and reproach. It was the first tribute of eal manful love that had been laid at And Ruskin? His wide eyes saw the romance that was weaving around

their two lives, and his heart realized how little affection he had to lavish on the woman whom he had made his How he told her the story of his pride in her, and the sacrifice he was to make for her, while she lay prone

at his feet, is one of the things which only she or he could tell. It is difficult to obtain a divorce in England, but John Ruskin secured it. tor her, and one bracing morning in the early winter, a month after the divorce was granted, Ruskin stood beside the couple in one of London's quiet churches, and saw them made

man and wife. That was a good many years and since then Millais has become rich and famous, and is now Sir John,

and his wife is my Lady Millais. The warmest, sturdiest friend the struggling painter had in his toiling days was the man whose wife he had married, and through all the years of Millais' later success and great honor John Ruskin has been the welcome guest and almost daily visitor to the man and woman whose lives he so unselfishly crowned with happiness.

HowUltra-Fashionable Young Men of Boston Spend Their Leisure Hours.

This is the greatest club town in the

Boston Correspondence.

world. Every phase of the intellectual activity for which Boston is so famous is represented by a social oralong like lightning und almost runs ganization. There is going on here what might be called a perpetual fermentationofideas, scientific, philosophical, literary, religious-every kind, in short, that interests highly civilized until my head aches. By und by I humanity-all of which are seeking goes oudt in front of my place und expression and recognition, very much as the molecules of a gas strive incessantly to escape from the receiver consays to me: "Mr. Dunder, I vhas as- fining them. Now, the most effective tonished mit you! If you doan' know | way to push an idea, as every one admits, is over a dinner table. The man who would otherwise regard your pet hobby as no end of a bore will listen to you patiently as an accompaniment to the nuts and raisins, and, with extra-dry champagne and a pousse-cafe to top off, your most uninteresting remarks will appear to him positively oracular. Thus it happens that fordining clubs there is a perfect craze in this enlightened metropolis. Everybody who is anybody belongs to at least half a dozen, each of which represents something calculated to excite convival enthusiasm, say, once a month. The object to which this enthusiasm is directed is of coparatively little importance, so long as the grub is palatable and the wine of good flavor. It may be theological, political, musical, artistic -whatever you please. Every religious denomination in Boston has its representative club, with the solitary exception of the Episcopalians, who are just now organizing one. Theirs will be the swellest of all-for the fashionable portion of the town, though honeycombed with more or less agnostic Unitarianism, is professedly devoted to the church of England. At periodical intervals each pious sodality is assembled for the purpose of discussing over the festive board such important questions of sectarian interest as may chance to be uppermost. Likewise the literary coteries meet for mutual admiration, the scientific people for learned discussion, the politicians for the incubation of Machiavellian schemes, and so on ad infinitum. There is not, in short, an imaginable subject of contempo-

raneous human interest which is not

represented in Boston by a club.