TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS.

Who Will Create a Furore in Newport This Summer.

Newport is to have a sensation this summer.

It is authentically stated that the beautiful and celebrated daughters of Lord Dufferin, Beatrice and Adelaide, are to grace this famous resort with their presence this coming season.

It will be remembered that Beatrice's beautiful dark eyes have played havoc lately with the heart of Albert, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales. What it will amount to is as yet a matter of conjecture in England. The young ladies are acknowledged to be the most beautiful in all Europe, and there will be not a little excitement in the hearts of our American belles over their coming. They are exquisite dressers, and their costumes will be marvels of curiosity. Unlike most ladies, they know exactly what is suited to them. Some time ago they sent for the chief designer of the Paris house of The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar, and selected forty costumes each, the cost of which will amount to thousands of pounds.

Through the courtesy of these young ladies we have been permitted to copy for The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar two of their most exquisite costumes, which appear as figures 3 and 4 on the colored plates of the June number of this magazine, just out, and for which the publisher has issued, in the name of the American ladies, a card of thanks. It is rumored that the prince may follow the young ladies to Newport this summer. The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar has the exclusive right to publish each month at least one or more of the costumes in which the ladies Beatrice and Adelaide will appear.

AS OUR NEIGHBORS SEE US.

We also expect to see a democratic victory in 1892, but so much the better for the liberal programme of reciprocity. The democrats are the free traders of the United States, and they will go in for no sham reciprocity. There will be no reciprocity short of absolute free trade between the two countries.—Halifax Chronicle.

There are two statements here made, as our readers will observe: (1) that the democrats of the United States are free traders, and (2) that the democrats will not agree to anything in the shape of reciprocity with Canada "short of absolute free trade between the two countries.—Halifax Mail.

Free Trader Cleveland.

The anglo-mugwump press is gradually dropping the term "tariff reform" and using the honest and flatfooted words, "free trade." The Evening Post quotes with approval the fact that French free traders have adopted a resolution offering their congratulations, "in the person of the eminent ex-President Cleveland, to the free traders of the United States." That is, they recognize Cleveland as the head of the free trade party of the United States. And such he undoubtedly is.—New York Press.

ENGLAND has agreed to disgorge that section of Africa which she snatched from Portugal because she was able to take it. This wasn't out of generosity however, but because the republicans of Portugal were taking advantage of the row created by the act of the Brittish government to force the abdication of King Carlos. So to save the monarchy in Portugal Salisbury concluded to give the grab back. Anything to prevent the spread of republicanism in Europe.

"WHAT we need," says "The Youth Companion," "is better cooking.' True, but'have patience. Just wait until another year and see how beautifully the Republicans will cook the Democratic goose.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE Atlanta Constitution, in speaking of a colored woman, uses the prefix "Mrs.," which provokes the Chattanooga News to one of its broadest "befoh the wah" sneers. It calls it "the Atlanta Constitution's new leap." It is time the News had turned a new leaf and learned some other word than "huzzy" or "the black wench."—Ex.

A Washington correspondent has discovered that Mr. Blaine is losing his mind, and, in fact, has for some time been in a state of mental collapse. The Marquis di Rudini, Lord Salisbury and others who have recently been grappling with Mr. Blaine will now be relieved. They have all long been undoubtly of the opinion that something was wrong, and after each set-to with Mr. Blaine have pondred deeply on the question of what had hit them Now they know. It was Mr. Blaine's weak mind. The correspondent who made this great discoverey conclusively proves his case when he asserts that on several well authenticated occasion Mr. Blaine has appeared bored by the conversation of attache of legations who have called upon him, and did not remember all that they had said when he met them again. Now, this is most serious, as any one familiar with the Washington attache will allow. But the most pitiable things about it all is the statement that when the last embryo diplomat took leave of Mr. Blaine, the Secretary "looked as if he could not have stood the pressure many minutes longer."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE following vigorous article from the Louisville Courie Journal is very near right, though it is the peoples party we are after; as many alliance men are good republicans. The courie-Journal says:

A quarter of a century ago an organization was instituted and known as the Secessionist. They were bound together for the special purpose of recking this government and there is a number of living witness who can testify that they came very close to performing the work that they had in contemplation. To-day a greater secret clan are organizing to destroy the financial interests of our own country, ruin our commerce and put in bondage two-thirds of the inhabitants of this great Republic. This secret clan, the Farmers Alliance, is far more dangerous than the alliance known as the Southern Confederacy, for it did make a promise to pay and the Alliance proposes to do business on time without any promise to pay what ever. The afore said Confederacy was organized to drstroy our great union of states and it took the combined efforts of all loyal citizens to maintain the rights of our Republic and to-day all who love liberty should rally around the standard and protect the interest of our country that was made sacred by the blood of our fore fathers. It has become our duty, and the Courier-Journal will always be found advocating liberty, justice and equal rights to all, and will be ready at all times to warn the people of impending danger, and we will never submit to the enemies of our country dictating terms of peace for us.

THE PARTY OF BLUFF.

IF they are truely represented, 80,000 Alliance members in Virginia are mainly Democrats, and intend to vote the Democratic Presidential ticket unless Mr. Cleveland is nominated. In that event, their leaders asserts, they vote with a third party. It would be wise for all people interested not to place too much confidence in these predictions on either side. The Republican party is not likely to lose as much in some States, nor the Democratic party in others, as persons who are anxious to dicate the policy of either would like to have eveybody believe. Bluff is a Western game. A revolver with not a cartridge in it answers just as well if the other party weakens. There may be instances in which one unarmed man has frightened and bullied two were each more powerful and well armed, but they are not numerous. The chances are not in favor of a movement to force two parties into submission by threatening both at once. The passionate pyrotechnics of the so called People's party are apt to end as the experiment of Henry George did in the contest for Mayor; the party which naturally has the best chance in each State is likely to receive enough votes, from former opponents if not from former friends, to insure the defeat of an antagonist who threatens both.

Southern Alliance men are making it clearthat they are Democrats. They want concession from their party, if they can get any, but they are Democrates nevertheless, the disclosure of that fact help powerfully to recall to their senses the Western Republicans who have hoped for a new party, but not for a mere tail to the Democratic kite. Where there is one Alliance leader who avows his readiness to throw the Presidential election into the House, knowing that the Democrats will there elect, there will probably be found a thousand Alliance voters who will take no part in such a proceeding. When the Republicans who do not choose to be used as tools by the Democracy have drawn out, the force remaining may resembles some of the regiments which were recruited early in the war, all officers and no privates.

Knowledge that Western Republicans cannot be depended upon in such a case will react upon the disposition of Southern Democrats. They might be induced to help a new party, if the Republican force were entirely and forever out of the way. But it is stronger than ever at the South, because protection is winning favor with men who care for industrial and business prosperity, and because such men see that nothing but Republican firmness stands against the threatened deluge of monetary fanaticism. The progressive policy of the administration, promising a vast expansion of trade with the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, gains hosts of friends. Democrats have always at their handsthe plea that negrodomination would follow any weakening of Democracy, and the multitude will be swayed by this plea, so that Western or Southern dreamers who look for a great rupture in that quarter are liable to fare no better than the rainbow-chasers of 1888. Who may be nominated by the dem ocrats mahes less difference to the Democratic voters than their contending leaders pretend. These leadersare just now using the Alliance as a lever to hoist their favorites into nomination and themselves into of fice' exactly as some Republicans are trying with the same lever to pry the Republican party out of its well-settled principles. But when the time comes, the great body of Democratic voters take any ticket that their convention prescribes, just as certainly as they go to the family doctor when sick. The thoughtful, intelligent and business men, who know what dangers are ahead, are those who may change their votes, but are the men to vote for unlimited loans of paper on lands and products.

The Republican party ought to have sense and courage enough to offer to such men of every party their only sure refuge against a financial deluge. They have seen it tried. They know with what determination it has defended public credit and honest money. They can see day by day how great its policy promises to benefit the country in its industries and its foreign trade. The more dangerous the Alliance appears, the greater the probability that sensible business men of every shade of past political belief will turn to the Republican ticket as their best hope of safety.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS.

A practical illustration of the operations of the McKinley tariff law is to be found in the decreasing importations of woolen manufactures and worsted goods since it went into effect. For the first three months of 1890, under the old law, the importations of woolen manufactures were 1,471,400 yards, as against 1,160,100 yards for the first three months of 1891, under the new law. For the same period in 1890 the importation of worsted goods was 16,954,300 yards, as against 7,236,300 yards this year. The country's consumption of these goods is certainly not less, but greater, this year than last. Increasing population alone would have the effect of making larger consumption. These figures show as no argument can show the benefit of the McKinley bill to the wage earners of the United States.

A Free Lecture.

Rev. J. D. M. Buckner will lecture on "A Happy Home" or "How to Marry and How to Live" next Friday evening, May 29 th at the new church in Mercerville. A collection will be taken to help secure furniture for the church. The lecture will be very interesting to all who are married or whoever expect to be. All are invited. w15t.

THE CZAR AND THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Unarmed and unattended walked the czar
Through Moscow's busy streets one wintry day;
The crowd uncovered as his face they saw;
"God greet the czar!" said they.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe;
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the wintry wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent beneath his load
With dull and sullen air.

The emperor stopped and beckoned to the man.
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire," the short reply.
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier," musing said the czar,
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on, I follow; such a one goes not
Unhonored to the grave."

He bent his head and reverent raised his cap.
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Following the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers in the street all wondering,
Looked on the sight, then followed silently:
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still as they went the crowd grew evermore,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart who, royal, true,
Honored the poor but brave.

—Boston Transcript.

HER SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and businesslike young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself in marriage to Ada, relict of the late Isaac Abrahams, his friends evinced considerable surprise at the step. The widow was, indeed, as they admitted, young and fascinating and had, moreover, inherited a very substantial fortune from her previous husband. But then she was dreadfully extravagant in her habits, and had lately developed a perfect mania for gambling.

In fact, her losses on the turf and at the card tables were becoming quite the talk of society, and it is certain that even during the short period which elapsed between her first husband's death and the date of her second marriage her fortune must have been materially diminished by the drains she made upon it. In another year or two at her present rate she would, so Tom's friends said, run through it altogether, and then he would find himself in the unenviable position of having to support a recklessly spendthrift wife entirely out of his own pocket.

A few of his greatest intimates impressed this upon him before he took the final plunge, and urged him to back out of his engagement ere it was yet too late. But Tom turned a deaf ear to their advice. He was very much in love with the charming widow. And, besides, he entertained a strong hope that after their union he should be able to reform, or at least control, his wife's extravagance. Instead, therefore, of trying to cry off the match, he hurried it forward to the best of his ability, in order that she might have as short an interval as possible in which to enjoy the unchecked expenditure of her money.

But when he was married to the lady he found that his hope of being able to reform her had been decidedly chimerical. Self willed and headstrong, she would scarcely endure advice, much less any semblance of restraint. So, after a few months of useless remonstrance, he gave up all attempt at genuine reformation as a bad job, and had to content himself with showing silent disapproval of her extravagances, or with throwing in their way such feeble obstacles as he could. These were slight enough, for her fortune was entirely at her own control. Still they were not quite fruitless.

And as time went on, people noticed that Mrs. Partington's gambling transactions were on a much smaller scale. Her best friends began to hope that the instincts of the mother were beginning to assert themselves over the cravings of the gambler, and that it was thought for the little one whom she was soon expecting that thus checked her in her career of mad extravagance. It is certain at any rate, that, as time went forward, she grew every day more out of spirits, and nothing was more likely—for, with all her faults, she was a soft hearted woman—than that she should be fretting over her past selfish extravagance, as a sort of robbery perpetrated on her unborn offspring. Perhaps, also, her weakened physical condition contributed its quota to this altered frame of mind. But whatever the reasons may have been, the fact was undoubtedly there. And each day the once lighthearted and reckless woman grew more moody and depressed.

Tom appeared to notice this change in his wife. His manner toward her, always kind and attentive, became actually tender in its consideration, and he tried his hardest to soothe away her gathering depression of spirits. He was not able to be with her much in the day time, for, shortly after his marriage, being tired of having nothing to do, he had put some of his money into "business" in the city, where his constant presence was now required; but he regularly spent his evenings at home, hardly ever going to the theater or to his club.

His wife seemed to feel his considerate tenderness very deeply, for several times, as he sat beside her of an evening, with his arms thrown caressingly around her, she suddenly buried her face on his shoulder and burst into tears—like one whose remorse is awakened by unmerited and unlooked for kindness. On each of these occasions Tom felt by a certain subtle and inpalpable instinct that his wife was on the very verge of making some confession—perhaps of sorrow and regret for her defiant attitude toward him in the past. But although by his comforting words and soothing caresses he did his best to invite her confidence, the confession which he felt to be hanging on her lips never issued from them.

Meanwhile, what was so clear to her husband did not escape the notice of Mrs. Partington's female friends. Of these she had many, but by far the most favored and confidential of them was Mrs. Brandon, an old schoolfellow with whom she had kept up a lifelong intimacy. Mrs. Brandon, who was at once a very lively and a mighty sensible lady had, at an early period, detected the unusual gloom which had come over her friend's manner and rallied her upon taking her new position so seriously.

"My dear Ada," she said at last, in the course of an afternoon call, during which Mrs. Partington had been more dull than ever, "I should never have encouraged you to accept Tom if I had foreseen what a deplorable effect your second dose of matrimony would have upon you. Do you know that in the twenty minutes I have been here, the only original observation you have made was to ask me whether I had enough sugar? What is the matter with you today?"

Mrs. Partington muttered something about a "bad headache."

"But have you always a bad headache nowadays?" continued Mrs. Brandon, more seriously. "I should not have alluded to the subject if this were the first time that I have seen you thus. But for weeks I have observed you growing more and more gloomy and depressed. You are getting quite unlike your old self, and I cannot help feeling seriously uneasy about you. What does it mean?"

To Mrs. Brandon's surprise her friend, instead of answering, only burst into tears and buried her face in her handkerchief. Evidently, thought Mrs. Brandon, the once gay and sprightly Ada Isaacs was very changed indeed.

"Come, Ada," she said, drawing her chair closer, and taking one of her friend's hands, "you have something on your mind. I thought so before; now I am sure of it. Tell me all about it. It will do you good to confide in some one, and you and I have never had a secret from one another during the last twenty years. Is it anything to do with Tom?"

"No, no—indeed it isn't! Pray don't think that!" sobbed Mrs. Partington.

"Well, that's a mercy!" observed Mrs. Brandon. "Then it must be something to do with yourself. What is it?"

There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Partington's sobs slightly subsided.

"Nell," she said presently, "it is all your fault."

"My fault, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandon.

"Your fault," repeated Mrs. Partington. "It has all come of your introducing me to that hateful Pompadour club. Oh, how I wish I had never entered the place!"

"You don't mean to say"— Mrs. Brandon paused and looked at her friend.

"I mean to say that, unknown to Tom, I have been playing there every afternoon, and losing constantly, until—oh, Nell, promise—swear that you will not tell Tom this!"

"Of course not. Have we ever betrayed one another's confidence, dear? But you must promise me something too. Promise that you will tell Tom."

"I? Oh, Nell, you don't know what you are asking. You have not heard all yet. I would not have Tom know it for the world. Rather than that I would"——

Mrs. Partington's sobs had burst forth again with renewed force. Suddenly she sank back on the sofa with a cry of pain which alarmed her friend. Perceiving that she was really ill Mrs. Brandon summoned assistance. Many minutes did not elapse before one of the servants was hurrying off for a doctor.

Very shortly after the arrival of that functionary, Mrs. Brandon herself left. She drove direct to the club where Tom Partington occasionally called of an afternoon on his way home from the city. By good luck he was there now, and the message which Mrs. Brandon sent in quickly brought him to her carriage door. A very few words passed between them, but enough to make Tom's face grow to twice its normal length.

"I will be off at once," he said.

"Do," replied Mrs. Brandon. "But mind, not a word yet! Not until she is quite well again."

"Trust me!" cried Tom. He was already hailing a passing hansom, and with a hurried bow to Mrs. Brandon he jumped into it.

When he reached home he sprang up the steps and rang the door bell sharply. It was opened in about half a second by the cook, who, with a look of deep importance on her face, gasped out: "Please, sir, will you be as quiet as possible. And—and—it's a boy!"

Before her bewildered master had time to make any inquiries relative to this information the doctor, who had been descending the stairs when he entered, came up to him and shook him by the hand.

"I must congratulate you, my dear sir," he said, "on the birth of a remarkably fine son. I am glad to tell you, too, that Mrs. Partington is going on as well as can be expected. But she is naturally very weak. So if you go in to see her do not stop more than a minute or allow her to talk. Anything calculated to excite her must be most carefully avoided. I will call in again later and see how she is progressing."

Under these circumstances Mr. Partington was compelled to abandon for the present the hope which he had entertained of inducing his wife to confide to him the trouble which seemed to have recently oppressed her. He accordingly restrained his patience as best he could, and waited until her strength should return. At the end of the week, however, it was evident that Mrs. Partington was only mending very slowly, and the doctor was by no means satisfied with her progress. Indeed, he expressed his conviction to the husband that something was weighing on his patient's mind, the removal of which was essential to her complete recovery. After this Tom resolved to endeavor at the earliest opportunity to come to an understanding with his wife.

So, on the same afternoon, as he sat by his wife's bedside, with one of her hands in his, he said kindly, "Ada, my dear, you have something on your mind."

A quick flush overspread her pale face, and she averted her gaze, murmuring in a confused tone, "What makes you fancy that, Tom?"

"The eyes of love are quick to see such things," replied her husband tenderly, as he stroked her head with his disengaged hand. "Did you think I failed to remark it just now, when, as your glance fell on the little one there, a groan escaped your lips? And you have shown by many other signs that something is troubling you."

"Oh, Tom," she cried suddenly, leaning forward and hiding her face on his shoulders. "You will not speak so kindly when you know the truth. Yet I must tell you my—my husband. You have been so kind and gentle that I cannot deceive you any longer, but try, Tom"—pleadingly—"not to be very angry with me."

"There is no fear of that," said Tom encouragingly. "Come, little woman, let us have the murder out."

"Ah, you do not know what it is," she went on in remorseful tones, "else you would not treat it so lightly. Oh, Tom, Tom, I—I—have lost all my fortune."

"How did you manage that?" he asked quietly.

"You may well put such a question," she continued in a voice broken by frequent sobs. "You may well fail to understand my folly and madness. Oh, Tom, Tom, although I used to set you at defiance in the matter of gambling, yet your open remonstrance and silent disapproval in time began to vex my impatient heart. And when I discovered a secret gambling club, where I could indulge my insatiable passion without your knowledge, I at once began to frequent it. The game was roulette—the one of all others in which I had always longed to join. I gave myself up to its fascination, and staking wildly incurred heavy losses day after day. Then, as my fortune rapidly diminished, and time went on, and thoughts of the little one whom I was soon to bear were brought home to me, a chord of motherly feeling was touched within me, and I hated myself for my wicked folly in having robbed my child.

"I vowed I would win back all that I had lost, and with that intention (for my strange gambler's craving was somehow dying away) staked heavily at the tables. But my endeavor was nothing else than throwing good money after bad. I lost—lost—lost—until my whole fortune was gone. Do not"—very piteously—"do not reproach me, Tom. My own heart is reproaching me already, almost more than I can bear."

"My darling," he replied, "I have no thought of reproaching you. If I had meant to do that I should have done it before this, for I have known all about it a long while."

"You have known all about it a long while!" she cried, raising her tearful eyes wonderingly to his. "Oh, Tom—how did you find out?"

"Very easily, my pet," he answered, kissing her forehead, "seeing that the founder and proprietor of the gambling club where you lost your money is no other than—myself!"

She regarded him in speechless amazement. He went on to explain himself further:

"Yes. It is quite true. When I found that advice and remonstrance were lost on you, my dear, I had to look about for another method of saving you from the effects of your folly. And the starting of that private gambling club was the method which occurred to me. It took some working out of details and the employment of a good bit of capital to get the thing properly afloat. But I enlisted the services of a competent agent, whom I paid well, and undertook to indemnify in case the club were found out by the police. It had not been discovered, nor now ever will be; for, its object having been gained, the establishment is finally closed. There, Ada, that is enough to enable you to grasp the truth. But tell me—are you sorry to learn that all the money which you lost has passed back into my hands?"

"Sorry!" she ejaculated, raising herself in bed and wreathing her arms round his neck in a joyful, fond embrace. "Oh, Tom, how kind and good and clever you are! I can never love or thank you enough."

Tom Partington gave the most convincing proof that he could have given of his belief in the sincerity of his wife's repentance. He handed back to her the whole of her money without condition or reservation, and he has never had cause to regret it.—Boston Courier.

The Sparrow.

For the common house sparrow, as distinguished from the so called hedge sparrow and the tree sparrow, nothing can be urged in its favor. Destroy them utterly is my advice, and I have reason to think that Miss Ormerod has come to the same conclusion. Experience has shown that their ill advised importation into Australia and North America has wrought incalculable harm to cultivated vegetation. The bird is a grain and vegetable feeder for at least three-fourths of the year, seeking insects only when leaf buds and cereals are not available for food.

Sparrow clubs should be encouraged in every village in order to check the undue increase of the species, which, by the by, breeds at least three times in the year. In connection with these sparow clubs, it is somewhat curious to note that the authorities in some English country parishes have from time immemorial paid the village lads at the rate of four a penny for killing these birds, and have, moreover, purchased eggs. And some kind of sparrow seems to have been considered destructive in Syria in ancient days, for we are expressly told that "two sparrows were sold for a farthing."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Prince Napoleon's Ambition.

Long notices of Prince Napoleon have appeared in all the papers, but, oddly enough, not a single journal has mentioned the fact that early in 1854 he was a suitor for the hand of the amiable lady who is now known as the Duchess of Teck. The proposed match was recommended by the king of the Belgians, and Lord Palmerston was strongly in favor of it, but Princess Mary would not hear of it for a moment, and the queen was very angry when Lord Palmerston observed that at least Prince Napoleon was a much better match than any small German prince.—London Truth.