barrison Journal. B. CANUE, Editor and From FER. ARRISON. 1 (A) (1) .

Sould has nationalized the word Tankes.

A curious thing about rumors in genral is that they must either float or fly. ot having any ground to stand on.

iden storms may come up as an upaniment of battle, but that's no they're necessarily having a picnic.

French milliners protesting that their centry is more than devoted to Amera is also a form of talking through hoir hats.

One benefit to the illiterate part of in is that they won't be under the enity of learning the map of their sions all over again.

▲ Detroit paper explains that in the banks language "Morro" means a siah warfare means, also.

From the number of cigarette smokrejected as recruits, in time smokes powder nay be no more a military nirement than a smokeless cigarette.

The San Francisco Call editorially sciares that "ple and cake are all right ugh in their place." And isn't their about three inches behind the hird vest button?

Thirteen dollars a month is pretty mall pay for a human target; but our ors in blue may thank their lucky ctars that they are not serving in Rusin, where the common soldier receives only three rubles-about \$2.25-per an-

The war with Spain may bring many abstantial advantages to this country, at mone better than the present dispoition to reunite completely the once vided sections of the country and to terate all useless and irritating rials of domestic strife.

Here are two new illustrations of the ufulness that is in the heart of little annie warmed the water for he kittens to be drowned in; Mary ot a light burning all night in the where the new puppy was to that he might not suffer from and homesickness, as once she od done in the darkness of a strange

The Australian ballot system having the Australian system of land transfers is now proposed, and will probably be adopted. It provides for abolition of present cumbrous and expensive e of searching titles, and is thereere opposed by lawyers who do that but by few others. It is worthy f note that the older nations of the id should have so many things to a of some of the youngest.

opportunity has not come, that is all may never come; but a time of na tional stress, a period which tries men's souls, is a time when heroes are labeled and the uncertainties of war furnish the constant hope that some day, somewhere, somehow the chance that every boy in blue longs for may come.

Charles E. Tripler, the man who has performed such miracles in the production of liquid air, has been turning his attention to the practical uses to which this powerful product may be put. Liquid air is expected to overthrow all the present standards of force, and its development will give us new powers which seem beyond the dreams of possibility. Some idea of its expanding qualities may be gathered when it is known that a cubic foot of liquid air represents just 800 cubic feet of ordinary air. Mr. Tripler says that, by the use of liquid air in conjunction with steam, a battleship could almost double her speed on one-fourth the consumption of coal, and "would be able to keep away from a collier for the best part of a year." Liquid air would enormously increase the speed of the torpedo boats. and would enable them to move at night without telltale sparks from their smokestacks. Submarine boats could

be managed splendidly. Moreover, liquid air, by reducing temperature, could control yellow fever, and consumption, so it is said, can be cured by its means, As liquid air is not very expensive, the new possibilities that it opens for peace, as well as war, for saving human life as well as for destroying it, seem to show that even at the end of the century we are just beginning to realize how little has been done, how much remains to be done. We are on the edge of progress.

Electricions will win the part war Rack in the month of March a sagaclous naval commander said the war with Spain-if war should come-would be won by seamanship. He meant that the rapid handling of vessels would determine results. And the event has proved his wisdom. Whatever advantage either side has gained came from ability to maneuver quickly. The American fleet before Cavite would surely have suffered seriously if it had been compelled to take up a certain position and hold it. Even the worst of gunners could have found the target in time. The Spanish fleet in the Caribbean Sea enjoyed an advantage because of its superior speed. And that must be the problem of the future. Builders of naval vessels must not be content to launch floating fortresses. They may be more terrible than an army with banners once they are engaged. But they must be able to

choose position, to surprise an enemy, to make of small account the leagues of distance which will aiways confront a force on the sea. It will not do to depend upon navies which can travel no more than ten miles an hour. They must go with the speed of the wind. And they must not sacrifice weight or power in doing it. An inventor is said to have constructed a boat to be propelled by electricity. It will cross the Atlantic in three days. It will run forty That 1 And added to the speed must be a fighting strength of the Indiana or the Oregon. "The battle is not to the strong alone, but to the vigilant, the active, the brave." And the greatest of



CHAPTER XXII. "Not one," replied she, slowly. "You are wrong," he said gently. "Al

"Well," said he, "I call that about the coolest thing that I ever saw. The next though you so distrust me, although our marriage had little of romance about it, time she is going to have one of her fits or her faints, or whatever it was, I hope I can call you wife.' she will choose somebody else's room for her stage."

Marvel said nothing-she felt a little angry. She could not forget the assured way in which Mrs. Scarlett had held out her hand to him, and her subtle smile also lingered in her memory. It was all very fine for him to appear disgusted with her now; but there had been a time when-Yet in her soul she was glad because of his slighting tone. He was watching her attentively, and, as she seated herself upon an ottoman, he noticed the languor that

seemed to fill all her limbs. "She has frightened you," he said. "It was a little shock: and I am afraid she is really very ill-she looked so pale." "Not paler than you are. Why on earth aren't you in hed at this hour of the night? Do you know what o'clock it is?"

"Half-past two-a most ridiculous hour for you to be up!" "I might say that to you," said she,

with a faint smile. "Eh? Oh, I was smoking and-er-

ending! But you?" She made him no answer, but sat silent, twirling her wedding ring round and

round her finger. "What a fire you have, too-enough to

freeze one to look at it!" He stirred it for her as well as he could. and, after a considerable amount of noise and dust, made it burn up brightly. sat quiet all the time, and was indeed so

white and still that he grew uneasy. "You are looking awfully ill," he said at last, going over to her and laying his hand upon her shoulder. "What is the matter

"Nothing," she answered, with a heavy sigh.

She got up, as if to escape from his hand, and moved languidly to the toilet-table, where she stood pushing idly to and fro the bottles and caskets and pots with which it was littered. She looked so uplike herself that he was really anxious about her, and followed her to the table, determined to accept no repulse. "Tell me what you were doing all these

lonely hours," he said. "Thinking," replied she, briefly. He repeated her words "Thinking!" with rather undue force; a dark Td mounted to his brows. "Of Savage?" Te asked involuntarily. He was horrified when the question passed his lips; but it was too late then to look for anything but the way in which she would receive it.

That was with the utmost indifference, Evidently she had not understood the real to her. She rose abroptly to her feet, her face whitening. "Nigel?" she said. Her voice trembled:

it was such a disastrous such a terrible discovery to her that words failed her. A sense of loss, too, was with it. His friendship, upon which she had so founly relied-where was it now? Gone awal lowed up in the fierce torrent of this overwhelming passion. "You are surprised," he said, with a

short laugh that was miserable enough to bring tears to her eyes. "I have deceived you successfully all along, have 1 not? You have trusted in me as the calm, agree. able friend to whom you could turn when troubles assailed you. You were almost sorry for me when paltry gossip-as short. sighted as it was contemptible-insisted that my mild friendship was but another name for love. But now-you know! He spoke with an open defiance as though glorying in her blindness. His black eyes gleamed, and his nostrils were slightly dilated. "What do you call me now?" went on, as though passion long repressed drove him hither and thither as it willed. 'A traitor-one who purposely misled and deceived you!" He had been speaking with a fierce impetus, but now it failed him suddenly and his voice sank. "Is this to be the end of it," he said, "that you are to remember me only with scorn and hatred? Oh, Marvel?" He fell at her feet and took a fold of her gown in his hands and pressed his lips to it con-"Good-night," said he in turn, startled

vnisively. The girl stood motionless, as if turned to stone-shocked, horrified, hardly yet believing. It was a hateful revelation that robbed her of one good friend upon whose good-will she would have staked much, and she was unable for the moment nant eyes. to realize the anguish that lay crouching

at her feet. "Marvel!" he said again, in a low, stifled tone; and still no word of comfort, no hope of pagdon, came from her. A long awful minute Twept by in absolute si ience, and then he spoke again. "You have judged me and condemned!" he said faintly, still with his face hidden in her gown. "It is just perhaps, but-" A heavy sigh escaped him which rose and reached her ears. Suddenly the floods of pity that always

lay close to her gentle heart broke loose. She bent down over him, and with her slender hands tried to raise him to his feet.

"Oh, no, no!" she whispered, brokenly, "Oh, Nigel, it is a miserable thing, but perhaps you could not help it!"

The simplicity of the little speech went to his very soul. No, he could not have helped it.

"Darling! Beloved!" he said with wild sob or two, and caught the tender healing hands and pressed them to his lips. "You must not speak like that," she said, anxiously, bending over him and releasing after a moment one of her hands from his; the other he clung to with a des perate longing. "You forget. Do not kneel there, Nigel, but get up."

He rose, abedient to her word, and store before her with his head downbent, as if ashamed of the emotion he betrayed. She raised her hands to cover her face

and then, as if unable longer to control herself, she burst into tears. At that moment Mrs. Verulam re-enter-

ed the room. She glanced first at Marvel, in tears, and then at Savage, white and wretched, and a rather dismayed expresion came into her eyes. "What is this? What has happened?"

she asked, turning indignantly to Sav nge.

"It is nothing-nothing indeed," said Marvel, miserably; "it is only my own folly." "I told her I loved her," said he, sul

aim his eyes flashed and the color for ik his lips; but Wriothesley, as though disdaining further converse with him, went back into the supper room and delib-

erately shut the door in his face, Marvel was still standing on the hearthrug, her handkerchief to her eyes, crying softly, but miserably. The sight of her so maddened Wriothesley; a very demon rage and shame and disappointment shook him. He leaned over the back of a chair and stared at her with enger, gloomy eyes, and a cruel little sneering alle curled his lip.

"Quite right, my dear," he said, slowly, "Better cry now than later on. I con-gratulate you on the common sense that kept you from running away with him," Marvel's hand trembled a little, but she did not look up or change her position in any way.

"I have no doubt you think now you have reached the very lowest depths of grief," he went on in the same sneering tone. "But is it really necessary you tone. "But is it really necessary should shed such torrents of tears? good enough? The loss of that rather brigand-like lover of yours is, of course, a severe one; but you will get over it. And let me assure you that, humdrum and presaic as a respectable life with me must appear after the brilliant career he offered you, still it will be a life that will pay you better in the long run than-erthat other."

If he thought to see her shrink hurt, angry, wounded, from him after such an abominable speech he found himself immensely mistaken. She threw up her head with a pretty, proud movement, came a few steps closer to him and look-ed him full in the face with large, indig-

"You are a very vulgar person!" she said, in her clear, distinct voice,

(To be continued.)

The Editor as a Gentleman.

We have a fine list of exchanges and we are justly proud of them. They come from all quarters and are of all degrees of exceliance. All are good but some are better than others. We have learne! to know and love them, and know just about what we will find in each and where we will find it, without trouble. Once in a while the paper shows that its editor is suffering from a case of bad digestion, and his writings are so prevish and cross, that we hurriedly lay it aside and wait for the next week, till he is in a better humor. The poorest exchange that comes to this office is the one that devotes most time to a criticism of its contemporaries and business rivals. The editor is so busy in looking after the affairs of his neighbor that he has little time to devote to his own, and the result is easily seen. When we shut off an exchange these will be the first to go. We don't like a man with a sore on him, when he persists in keeping his sore on exhibition, and all previatness and carping is a sign of littleness, and we know the brain pan of the owner can not exceed 6 or 614 in size. These cases form an exception to a general rule that we are proud to say covers the great bulk of the exchanges that greet us weekly. The paper may be small, badly gotten up, poorly printed and have very little in it, but there is a sunniness about it that shows the great heart and soul of its owner, with not a word of fault-finding, back-biting or mud-slinging in its columns, and that too when envious rivals have been ouring hot shot into it for is it that every man in the profession can not be a gentleman, and treat his brethren like gentlemen? Why does the Ishmaelite gloat over an error found in the columns of a rival? Is there a man on earth who never makes a mistake? We the our hat to our exchanges, and extend the hand of welcome to them all, and ask them to kindly overlook our errors and mistakes, even as we would do theirs should we discover any .- Press Spectator, Salisbury, Mo.

into that commonplace response. "As you say, it is time we thought of our beauty sleep." He looked down as he spoke, and by chance saw that her hand was still clasped nervously round the un-lucky locket. He went closer to her, took the hand and with gentle force opened it. We have had enough of this for one night, at least," he said; "better give it

nto my keeping for the future." As he spoke he tried to possess himself mence she clung to it.

> -that I would never part with it! Oh, Fulke, do not deprive me of it."

of taking possession of the locket. "As you will," he said.

I still am pleased with the thought that

She smiled in a rather abstracted fash

"You were always kind," she said; and

"As

then, with a singular abruptness that quite distorbed the speech he was about

to make-"It is late. Good-night!"

"Good-night then." "Good-night."

He had moved away from her toward his own door, when some sudden impulse swayed her. She went quickly up to and, laying her hand upon his breast, raised her check to him as a child or a She young girl might have done, asking for a Wriothesley, taken so unawares, CATCHN. flushed crimson. He placed his hand be neath her chin, and, turning her face more toward him, kissed her with exceed-

ing gentleness upon the lips. "Good-night," he said again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Marvel, don't stand on ceremony wit ac," began Mrs. Verulam, herself pausing on the threshold of Lady Wriothes ley's bedroom one night, a couple of weeks "The fact is, I am not sleepy, and later. I should dearly love a little gossip with

that I am dreadfully hungry.

"Never say it again!" cried Mrs. Vernlam, gayly. "Come-those cormorants o this evening have no doubt left us some "Come-those cormorants of thing still upon the supper table! Let us ro a-foraging."

Slowly, surely came the measured men's feet up the staircase tramp of They could bear Geraint turn off there. and Dameron go on past their door; while Wriothesley entered the next room, and there went fussing about a good deal, and

of the locket; but with a sudden vehe-"Do not take it! I promised her-sunti-There was so much fear in the eyes she raised to his that he resigned all idea

the Spanlards are the Spanlards-a eration of many distinct and marked by none of the frace characteristics of the ant world. The fictitious "grandeur" "Latin race" delusions if they give ction to some people unac mind with history certainly do no harm. But with nations, as individuals, it is by their deeds not they are to be finally judged, and thus that we justly estimate the la rda

Indrid paper informs its readers "the commander-in-chief of the army is one Ted Roosevelt. riy a New York policeman," who bern near Haariem," "emigrated ics when young," was educated Harvard Academy, a commercial " (there being "no universities or as in America"), and that his risters." All of which is exinteresting, although it gives ecratic Dons a contemptibl a of our army and civilization.

The alien who acquires American without any desire or into become a bona fide citizen in United States is apt to go back is native country, violate its laws, when justice gets a grip on him. al to the United States for protec-When Congress gets time to cona serious domestic affairs a tion, we suggest that it might able to provide that, if an sen goes back to his native to there his American citiall lapse after a stated num of years. We don't desire or need who are not and do not me be Americana

ments are absolutely essential wa is any field of endeavor-man and the right conditions t. If these factors are pr my are necessary. Richmo is one of the best-know rice to-day, and his san to the uttermost parts of the threast unit is a nation of 75,000 mpic. When the right opportunity he domonstrated that he who for man to meet it, and the who we the result. Chance figures in the American navy and the army, and all that is retheir names upon t a It is State to Manual wore ant P

these is activity.

The war with Spain has made every one familiar with "prizes." But after they have been seized, what becomes of them? In a general way, we may answer by saying that Spanish merchantmen, wherever captured, immediately become the property of the Uni-

ted States in so far as they and their cargoes are owned by Spanish subjects. The fact, however, that neutral perons may have property interests in such ships and cargoes compels the Government to hold a prize court to rotect neutral rights and decide just ow far the property seized is lawful prize. A captured Spanish merchantman, therefore, is taken to an American port where a prize court may be held. All the evidence as to the seis ure, nationality, destination, crew and cargo of the vessel is submitted to the court, whose decision is final unless reversed by the Supreme Court. If it be decided that the seizure was lawfully made, the United States marshal wills the condemned property, and the procoeds are deposited in the Treasury. This may be done and, at the same time, neutral persons owning part of the cargo may be reimbursed for their onnes. Of cou.se, if the vessel only were condemned, the cargo would be returned to its neutral owners. Con green has enacted that the proce from the sale shall be distributed, in whole or in part, among the men who eized the property. The captors receive the entire sum if the enemy's ship was of equal or superior force to

their own: while the Government keeps half if the enemy's ship was of inferior force. The prize money is shared, in proportions prescribed by law, by the rs and crews of all the war-ships within signaling distance when the capture was made. The share kept by the Government is turned into a percers and seamen. The rules governing the condemnation of enemy's property. its sale and the distribution of the pro-ceeds thereof, apply also to ships and cargoes under peutral flags when captured while trying to break a block ade.

Vervain.

The plant known as vervain, which not distinguished for its beauty, and grows nowadays atterly diare was so mered to the Dra bey only gathered it for th when the ----

"Oh, no!" she said.

"Of what, then?" persisted he. "Of the past-the old dead days-of Lady Mary, and of-" She had averted her face, and now her eyes fell upon the locket she had dropped upon the table and, with a little, quick, sighing breath, she laid her hand upon it as if to concea-it, and closed her trembling fingers round it. It was her badge of shame, her dis grace, the thing that perpetually reminded her that she was a pariah-s being apart from the world in which for a season she moved.

But the little white hand had been too slow to do its work; Wriothesley too had seen that old trinket, and had remembered it. A pang shot through his heart th all her other griefs and regrets, had she to battle too with this? "My dear girl," he said, very gently

"why permit yourself such morbid medi-tations? Why think of what cannot now tations? Why think of what cannot now be helped, and of what is really of so lit. the consequence ?" "I think of it always," she said--"I

never forget. How can 17" "Why cannot you? you mean, Here

you are, respected, loved by many, and the very center of attraction, as it were, by right of your grace and beauty; and yet you would pull caps with Fortune." ou will tell me next, as Cicely does, that the very mystery that surrounds me adds to that attraction; but, how to solve that mystery, even at the cost of the at traction! You cannot understand what it is to feel as I do. I am different from all those with whom I move. They have parents, homes; they know at least from where they sprang; but, as for me-"". She drew her breath sharply, and looked at him with miserable lovely eyes, the cruei pain of it!" she said. "Ob

"You yourself create that pain," he was beginning, warmly; but she stopped

"Do I?" she said, sadly, "You are kind but there is no real truth in what you say, and you know it! Would any man willingly choose me for his wife, do you think? No, hear me"-checking the interruption he would here have made "Would you, do you think, have married me, had I not in my mad childish ignorance asked you to do so, and had you not in a moment of pique-a moment when you were broken-hearted, and feit the world no longer contained any good for son-concented? Fulke"-laying a burning hand upon his "whatever clas is between us, let there at least be honesty. Do not seek to contradict what I have hia

There was indeed so much that was tru in what she had said that he could not anis what see had said that he could not an-swer her reassuringly, as he would fain have done. He shod therefore slient he-fore her, for which she honored him the more; yet her head drooped during that ad slience, and the mournful lines about

ad silence, and the mournau takes ber mouth grew more pronounced. "I am an outcast," she said. "Don't talk like that," said he, angrily Don't talk like that," and he, angrily in k "there is neither sense nor meaning and, as to what you say about no mered to the Druids caring to marry you, are you prepared to suthered it for their among all those men you now the grant dog star that meither son nor it call you wife?" He regarded her with a teen scrutiny as he asked this.

did quite a tremendous business with the poker, so that it might reasonably be supposed that his fire was now aglow. An hen suddenly all sounds died away, and the house was as still as though death alone instead of eager life reigned in it. "Come now!" said Marvel, who wa standing at the open door to make sure that the last footsteps had indeed died way. "Now we may venture." They stole downstairs on tiptoe and en

tered the supper room, which was desert d and lampless; but it was only the wor of a moment to transform it once more into a chamber of light. They lighted the amps, in fact, and drew their chairs up to the table, and, in spite of the depretions of the former visitants, procured for themselves an excellent supper. They were still laughing and chatting over it, when the door opened and Nigel Savage came in.

He looked paie, baggard, and altogethe as miserable as a man might be. smile he conjured up, when with a start he awake to a sense of their presence, was oth strained and unhappy.

"Why, I thought you were all in bed?" cried Mrs. Verulam, half rising from her chair.

"The rest may be; I am not," returne he, lightly. "I am a wakeful soul at all times. Sleep is coy with me, and eludos me many a night and oft-so oft 'adeed that I sometimes dread to woo her. night it was a happy fear, as it chances, as it has once more brought me into your

"That most unlovely of all pass hunger, brought us," said Mrs. Verulam, gayly. "But what, may I ask, drove you gayly. at such an hour to the deserted banquet

He looked embarrassed, and hesitated as one might who was about to arrange an answer that would be far from the an answer that would be far from the truth, when hindly Fate, in the shape of Mrs. Verulam's maid, saved him from 'ye readle lie'' that was now prepared to trip with lightness from his tongue. "Madame," whispered the maid, "a note

from Bir George. He said it was to be delivered immediately. It is in your room.

"Very good," whispered her mistress sedately-"you can go." But then she went too, leaving Marvel and Nigel Sav-age alone in the half-lighted oak-paneled dining room. "Weil," said Marvel, lanily, looking up

at him, "what brought you?" "Must I tell you-really?" be asked, in a tone that was hlightly unsteady. Homething in his manner warned her, and abe glanged up quickly.

"Not if you don't wish it."

little hastily. "I do wish it!" mid be, defiantly. came for this." He went over to a that was pushed against the well, p that was pushed against the well, pulled it out, and picked up from the floor be-hind it a white rese-faded now, but still sweet, and exhaling a perfume. "You dropped this," he said. "It was difficult to pick it up when all the rest were look-ing on; but I pushed it in there, and wasched and waited until the house dept -as I believed to an original to be been of the beause step -as I believed to came and recover it." Ele apole with a certain carefulnees even yet; but the fire in his eyes and voice broke through all bands and beland voice

Then he went up to Marvel wish you wouldn't cry like that." he said. angrily; "I wish I were dead rather than have made you cry, and you know it! In you have any humanity in you, stop!" "I think you had better make up your

quarrel as quickly as you cau," said Mre Verulam, impatiently. "A little more of this and the day will begin to break. Marvel, say good-night to Mr. Savage and come upstairs with me. You can punish

in the morning, if you will." "There will be no morning for that sor of thing," said he, mournfully. "I shall have left this town by dawn. I was about to bid Lady Wriothesley farewell when "You are going ?" said Marvel.

"Yes-forever!" He looked with hag gard entreaty into Mrs. Verulam's eyes 'If I might-if you would let me alone with her for even three minutes!" he said. Olcely besitated, and then gave in. After all, three minutes out of the rest of his ifetime was not much to grant. She went dently out of the room and closed the door behind her. "You are really going? I shall lose my

friend" said Marvel, deep saduess in

"Tell me." said he, taking her hand and speaking as if with difficulty-"I know aiready, yet, cruel as the longing is, I do loug to hear it from your own lips yon have never loved me?

She hesitated and grew so miserabl that he certainly knew it then, if not be-

"Dear Nigel, as a friend I do indeed dearly love you," she said, nervously. He seemed lost in grief, and the tear were running down her cheeks, when sound behind them made both start. Wr. othesley was standing in the middle of the room, gazing at them with an expres-

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Are you going?" said Lord Wriothes ley to Savage, who came toward him "Pray don't let me---"

"Can you give me a few momental mid Savage, some agitation in his tone. "Certainly-though, if you could make it one, I should feel grateful," They were

outside in the hall now, and had closed the door of the supper room so that Mar-vel might not hear. "Weil?" he said,

"I am leaving England- Europe-for an "I am leaving England-Europe-for an indefinite time: I start to-morrow," began Bavage, hurriedly. "Just new you wit-nessed my farewell to her. You know I love her; but"-he was speaking very disconnectedly-"I feared from what you new that you might misinterpret-might think that Lady Wriothesley entertained

think that Lady Wriothesley entertained for me anything warmer than the most ordinary friendahlp." He stopped, hopelessly embarrassed, it was indeed a clamay speech, and Wri-othesley put it from him, as it were, with an insulting gesture and a short laugh. "Not I," said he. "That Lady Wri-othesley should do you the honor to es-teem you shove the crewd? No! Believe me, you flatter yourself, sir, most vainly." He ran his gree contemptuously over flavage from head to foot. His whole air was so studiously inselest that flavage, is term. full his worth onew he within

Origin of Names.

A number of surnames were derived from the signs used to distinguish houses before they were numbered; thus we get such peculiar names as Bull Tankard Hart Nutt, Salmon, Becon, Hogg, etc. Then the offices of the household furnished names, as Butler, Cook, Fisher, Hunter, Carpenter. Ridcule seems to have lent lis aid to the formation of surnames; thus we have Sheepshanks, Trollope, Doolittle. The original Trotter may have been a running footman. Many names were originally formed by the addition at eithe the commencement or end of the father's name of some syllable meaning "son of," which made his name apply to his descendants. The most familiar use of such an affix is simply the word "son" appended to the end of a Christian name, as Stevenson, Johnson. The Scotch prefix, "Mac," means "son of." and by its use we have the familiar Scotch names Macdonald, Mackensie and hundreds of others. In Wales, teo, names were similarly derived; centuries ago it was customary for a man to call himself, say, Ap Bichard, meaning son of Richard, which in time became Pritchard; and to this origin may be traced a very great number of the names that begin with P. The "O" so familiar as an affix to Irish names, is another instance of a like kind-O'Oos. nell meaning pothing but grandson of Conpell.

Feminine View of It.

Mrs. Diggs-I was too ill to attend the Woodbe-Uperton wedding. Were rou there?

Mrs. Biggs-Yes, indsed. Mrs. Diggs-And what did you think of the presents? The papers praised them very highly.

Mrs. Biggs-They were just too lovaly for anything. I do wonder of what firm they rented them.

As It Phould Be.

Smith-What's Blank doing now Jones-You fail to put the question

smith-Why, how's that? Jones-You should have asked who he doing now.

Modern prophets should confine th