She was a phantom of delight When first she gleamed upon tay sight; A lovely apparition, sent To be a moment's ornament. Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; Like twilight, too, her dusky hair, But all else about her dawn From Maytime and the cheerful dawn A dancing shape, on image gay, To baunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view, A spirit, yet a woman, too; Her bousehold motions light and free, And steps of virgin liberty; A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet; A creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food; For transient sorrows, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and

And now I see with eye screne The very pulse of the machine; A being breathing thoughtful breath, A traveler betwixt life and death; The reason firm the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength and

A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort and command, And yet a spirit still and bright, With something of an angel light. -William Wordsworth.

スススススススススススススス、 A CURIOUS DREAM ススススススススススススススス

Mr. Grosvenor had asked Howard. who was the son of an old friend, and myself, to stay at Cullingham for a few weeks and pursue our literary avocation, in which we collaborated. He made no favor of it. "Only too glad to see you," he said. "We are very lonely, and there is little to do: no birds in the covers, for I can't afford a game keeper, but if you want to work the place is quiet enough. I shall not be at home for a day or two, as I am going to town, and shall pick up my daughter from a friend's house on my way back, but William knows the place and can show you all there is to

Howard conducted me to my bedroom the first night.
"I say," he said, "there is a curious point about your room-of course you don't know this rambling old place yet-you can walk round your bed-

"Of course I can, you crock," I re-turned, "I can walk round any room." "Ah, but I mean on the outside. You see, this room is in the middle of the house, between four intersecting corridors, so that you can walk around the four walls."

There was nothing else remarkable about my room. It was comfortably furnished. Against the wall opposite my bed, and nearly under the skylight, stood a large sofa, which seemed an unusual piece of furniture for a bedroom. It was too big to go through the door, and I was inclined to think that it inust have been lowered into the room by a derrick before the roof was put on.

I turned into bed, and found it impossible to sleep. A strange bed always means several wakeful hours to me, and I lay with my eyes closed, listening to the old stable clock as it sayagely clanged out its quarters and practiced every effort of mechanical repetition that seemed likely to soothe my restless brain.

At length I gave up the attempt at sleep in despair and lay on my back wide awake.

I began to picture to myself the most horrible phantoms I could imagine, to see if I could make myself neryous or frightened. I thought of figures with rolling eyes and gibbering lips, phantoms that carried their heads under their arms, shadowy, formless objects of mist, but all to no purpose. My ghosts were feeble frands. I could not invest them with the nameless dread, and I laughed at them.

I must have fallen asleep as I was thus meditating, for when I next awoke the moon was high in the heavens and shone brightly through the skylight into my room. My eyes at once fell on the face of a beautiful young woman who was arranging ker hair at a mirror that stood on a table which seemed to me to have not been in the room when I retired. I was about to utter an exclamation, when a look of terror came into her face, a terror so intense as to freeze me into an unspeakable silence. She seemed to be listning to a noise without. In the next strained moment the figure vanished.

As I was turning over to sleep again I heard a light footstep in the corridor at the head of my bed. It passed along the wall and was followed by a heavier though yet a stealthy tread. By this time my faculties were fully aroused, and sitting up I listened in-

Suddenly the first footsteps broke in to a rapid pattering, as though in flight, and the pursuer's heavier tread correspondingly accelerated. Twice they sped around my chamber, and as they passed along the corridor nearest to my bed I thought that I could hear their panting breaths.

At the third round my bedroom door flew open and the young lady had seen before dashed in and droppe exhausted upon the sofa. She was followed by a man dressed in black, who carried a murderous looking knife in his hand. She looked at him imploringly as he stood over her for an instant, but never spoke a word,

In that moment of time I could see their faces with great clearness in the moonlight and have never forgotten them. The girl was fair, with long hair streaming down her shoulders, and her lovely face was contracted by mortal terror. The man was of medium height, with a low forehead, a dark mustache and an expression that reminded me grotesquely enough, of the trademark upon the "Demon" tennis rackets.

I was summoning up courage to spring out of bed when the man raised the hand that grasped the knife. I saw the weapon uplifted above his head. I saw the girl throw up her bands in despair, and then a thick cloud passed over the moon and placed my chamber in total darkness.

The next point in lay memory following that awful scene was a loud kammering upon my deer, and Wil- Howard. He wrote:

liam Howard's cheerful voice demanding to know if I meant to sleep all day. It was alne o'clock upon a clear October morning, and my bedroom looked as corrionplace in the day-light as though it had been situated n a London hotel. I must confess that I examined the sofa, but found no traces of disturbance, and I dressed, feeling ashamed of myself for being frightened at an ordinary night-mare. A trashy ghost story of How-ard's a walk around the corner by can-dle light and an uncomfortable bed were materials enough to furnish twenty similar dreams and I went down to breakfast resolved to say

nothing of my experience. During the morning we attempted to work at our novel, but Howard was fidgety and restless, with the result that we accomplished very little. After lunch we ordered a trap from the village inn to fetch Mr. Grosvenor's luggage from the station, and walked thither to meet the train.

Mr. Grosvenor was too poor to keep a carriage, his income being limited to the revenue from one or two farms and his garden. The station, however, was but half a mile distant, and the day being fine, we should have preferrred to walk even had we been

The train came in, and Mr. Grosvenor shook hands with us, and introduced me to his daughter. Upon looking in her face I was astonished to see the exact counterpart of the dream girl who had rushed into my bedroom. Miss Grosvenor, who was very pretty and vivacious, rallied me during the evening upon my low spirits, I was wondering if there had been anything more than coincidences in my vision, to which her appearance had given a strong air of reality. At all events, the murderer did not seem to have a place in this little drama and I determined for the present at least to hold my tongue.

Of our stay I say nothing, except that Howard feel deeply in love with our host's daughter, but feared to

Two years later I came home on leave from India, in which country I had obtained an important post, and remained for a few days in town to replenish my wardrobe before paying a few rounds of visits,

As I was walking down Piccadilly one morning I felt a slap on my shoul-der, and turning found myself face to face with Howard.

"How go things with you?" I said after mutual greetings had been ex-changed. "Have you married Miss Grosvenor yet?"

"No," he replied, "I have had no luck whatever in that quarter. She is engaged to a French Johnny. Her father is pretty well off now. The railway was extended through his land and be made shekels over the transaction. They are staying in town at present. You had better call." "Will you come with me?"

"No, thanks, I don't look well as the rejected suitor. But here is their

address and mine." I called upon Grosvenor in due course and was introduced to his daughter's flance, one Mr. Dubois, His face seemed familiar to me, and after some moments' thought it burst upon me that he was the dream murderer of two years before. There was not a doubt about it, and I could have sworn to him in the witness box. He was a man of wealth, had lived many years in England and was thought to be an excellent match. He was by no means young, but had a polished and agreeable manner, with a very rapid and sharp mode of speaking, which was not, I thought, wholly due to his

French nationality. Though I attempted to dismiss my prejudice, he gave me the impression that there was something underhand about him. He also seemed to think himself suspected, for I caught him watching me furtively as I was

talking to Mr. Grosvenor. I walked home in great perplexity. Here was my dream exactly reproduced, and I had no possible doubt as to the identity of the persons concerned. Yet I could not tell Mr. Grosvenor the story without incurring his ridicule if not his anger, and probably getting into bad odor with his future n-in-law though for that contingency I cared very little.

At length I resolved to impart the whole matter to Howard, He had found permanent employment in London, and could remain on the watch. whereas I was obliged to return to India lu a few weeks. The marriage was not to take place for at least six months,, which would give him time to examine Dubois' antecedents.

Howard was much surprised at my story, and declared that he thought Dubols to be a scoundrel from the first. This was likely enough in a rejected suitor, but at the same time his instincts corresponded with mine, and at his earnest request I determined to tell the whole to Mr. Grasvenor. Howard also undertook to keepp strict watch upon Dubois' movements, and to let me hear of any new develop-

ments the case might present. The next day I called upon Mr. Gros venor, and requesting a private interview, put the whole matter before

him. "This is very extraordinary," he said, when I had finished. "Curiously enough, the young couple are to live at Cullingham, and occupy that very room when the honeymoon is over. But what can I do? His antecedents seem unquestionable. He is the son of a French count, his parents are dead, and ae has dropped his title. I have verified all the statements he has made, and, though I do not profess to like the man, I really have nothing against him, and my daughter is devoted to him."

"Well," I returned, "perhaps it is no affair of mine. I thought I ought to tell you what I saw before I returned to India. At the same time, I hope that you understand that my motives are wholly disinterested."

"I owe you many thanks for performing what might be thought a purely imaginary duty, and an unpleasant one as well. Have you told any one else?"

No one but Howard." "Then I will make fresh luquiries. 1 do not anticipate any result, but it is as well to be sure."

His daughter came in at that moment and it was distressing to see the wistful look in his eyes as he lifted her hand for a moment and gazed into

Six months later, when I was stnying at Simia, I received a letter from

"We have settled Dubols' He will not be seen any more. I put on a private det etive, who found out that Dubois had been kept in a French asylum for some rears as a homicidal maniae, The hypnotic school of physicians professed to have cured him, and I think had really done so for a time, but he was getting strange in his marner, and when asked about the asylum, though the question was put in the most delicate way, he flew at Grosvenor like a tiger, and attempted to strangle him, Help was fortunately at band, and he was put under lock and key. We cannot account for your dream by any theory. Dubois had never even seen Culling-ham. I can only suppose that it was meant as a warning, and, in fact, it has been the means of avoiding what might have been an awful tragedy, and of bringing about, I hope, what will be the greatest happiness of my life."—Good Company.

MAKING THE MOST OF ICE.

How to Cut It Economically and to Make It Last.

"The amount of ice wasted before ! learned how to take care of it was something astounding," said a young housekeeper. "I started in with the notion that ice had to melt about so fast, anyhow, and that whatever I saw fit to do with it would make no particular difference; therefore, I let it go to waste, and paid ice bills that ometimes took my breath away.
One day an old fellow, who was,

imagine, a supply on the ice wagon, for I never saw him before or since, gave me some points. He showed me that the ice has grain, and that if I worked with the grain I could split off pieces of almost any size or shape I wanted. I was comparatively handy with tools, and he showed me how to saw part way into a large cake, then with a hammer and any pointed instrument crack off the piece the size required. I discovered long ago that unless I have a very large family a large refrigerator is simply a useless extravagance, so I brought down to the kitchen a little parlor icebox that I had when I boarded, and for a family of four it answers every purpose.

"The iceman brings fifty pounds of ice twice a week. I put it into a large cloth, around which are wrapped some pieces of felt and a blanket. The por-celain tank in the icebox is about ten by twelve inches in size, and into this put a piece of ice every morning. taking care to keep the rest well covered. I find this all that is necessary and am saved the trouble of looking after a large icebox, than which I imagine nothing more taxing. The little box has a porcelain tank with a faueet from which the water is drawn as it melts. I find, by the way, that this water, carefully strained through a thick cloth, is the most luxurious ar ticle for my toilet. It is Simon pure soft water, and all the year round use it in preference to any other. Utilizing this sort of thing is in my mind one of the fine points of housekeeping, and I often wonder that more women do not study the little ifs and ands of every day life, and learn to turn to account everything that comes in their way."

A Python Story.

Concerning pythons, the following is a true story. A young lady in this lover's entreaties to go to India with him as his wife. She had a horror of the wild animals she believed she might encounter there, especially serpents. At length, however, after he had issued a sort of ultimatum, she consented to accompany him. She did not, however, leave her fears behind her, and lived in constant terror of some day meeting what she so intensely feared. Her husband did his best to laugh her fears away, but without avail. Then he resolved to try more drastic means. A huge python was killed in the neighborhood of his bungalow. Without telling his wife anything about it, he ordered the rep-tile to be brought into the drawing room, and colled up as if asleep on the hearthrug. Then he went out and callhis wife, telling her to go into the drawing room, and that he would join her in a few minutes. Soon after he heard a dreadful scream. "That will cure her of her fear of serpents," he smiled to himself, and purposely delayed his entry. When at last he went into the drawing room he saw his wife lying on the floor, and coiled around her was another huge python, the mate of the one that lay dead on the hearthrug.-London Realm.

The Thirteenth Was Twins.

The ominous number thirteen, which is still the case of so much anxious perturbation from end to end of Christ endom, has been disenchanted by a happy providence, says the "Frie Rhatier," in a village of the Hinter in a village of the Hinterrheinthal. The brave mother of a family of twelve children found herself about to become a mother of a thir teenth. The new baby, whether boy or girl, was destined beyond all doubt to a life of ill-luck. The parents eagerly consulted all the wise persons in the neighborhood as to the possibility of averting the disasters of a "thirteenth child" from the expected new citizen of the world. They found miserable comforters in all their friends. so they were driven to the forlorn hope that the child might be stillborn, and thus escape this world, and go straight into the limbo infantum, when the mother suddenly gave birth to-twins. The joy of the parents in the posses sion of fourteen children instead of the dreaded thirteen was exuberant; and the happy father invited all the neighbors to a generous christening feast, where the family and the commune were both congratulated on their deliverance from the misfortune of possessing "Ein Dreizelintes."

A Sample Query. Sub-Here is a letter from "Auxious Sabscriber.

Chief-What does he want to know? Sub-He wants to know how long a man would live if there were no such thing as death.-Spare Moments.

No Moonshine for Her. He-There is the new moon-look at over your left shoulder. She-I can't. He-Why?

loon sleeves.-Chleago Record.

And she pointed mutely to her bal

MY ONLY ARREST.

A few years ago I had a great desire to enter the United States service. I didn't care in what capacity just so so long as I got my living from Uncle Sam. Mentioning my desire to the United States marshal for the northern district of Florida, it was gratified. I was at once ushered into the presence of the United States judge, held up my right hand and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, swore to support the Constitution of the United States, though at the time I was hardly able to support my own constitution. Taking my formidable commission and a supply of stationary, I went back to the village of Dead Pine to await orders.

Dead Pine is a small town so named because there is a large live oak in front of the principal saloon. Dead Pine is not an imposing place. At that time it had a little depot, some "bad men" living in it, a couple of Christains loaning money at from 2 struggling neighbors. It was also the center of a lumber and turpentine district, where prominent citizens steal state and government timber and call it business.

In a few days my trouble began. I received a portentous document from headquarters at Jacksonville. It had four impressive and sinister looking official stamps on the envelope, and ordered me to at once seize the body of Thomas Perkins, supposed to be lurking somewhere in the country, and bring said body before the United States court, then in session at Jacksonville. By a careful reading of the somewhat diffusive warrant, I discoved that Thomas had been guilty of perjury in violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided.

An hour later the following dispatch was handed to me: OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, JACKSONVILLE, Fla.
To United States Deputy Marshal, Dend

Pine, Fla. Understand Perkins desperate charac-ter; get help necessary; take him dead or

MARSHAL. That dispatch made me very indignant. Get help indeed! Not I! I was 6 feet 1 inch in height, weighed 185 pounds. If I couldn't alone arrest

bright red ribbon on the lapel of my vest labeled "United States marshal." Besides, it I got help, there would not be enough glory to go around. I wanted it all for myself, and determined to bring in the prisoner elect by my own unaided efforts, or occupy

one of the misfit coffins at the village undertaker's.
The first thing was to locate the gentleman, who, suffering from some figure dimly affection of the intellectual liver, had of the room.

country for a long time resisted her resorted to perjury. I located him. lover's entreaties to go to India with Six miles from town, in a veritable wilderness, two miles from any other house, lived, moved and had his being, Mr. Thomas Perkins, in whom this great government of our was so intensely interested.

The next thing was to make necessary preparations. I made them. In the morning by the bright light, of a beautiful winter's day, a stout wagon, drawn by two sturdy and reflective mules, was drawn up in front of the village hotel, which was very inappropiately named "The Delmonico. On the front seat was my negro driver and pilot, Bill. On the rear seat sat the writer. Under a blanket at my Winchester was rifle a double barrel shot gun loaded with buckshot, although I was oppressed a harrowing doubt as to whether I hadn't put the buchshot in first. In the pocket of my overcoat was a Smith & Wesson double action sixtyeight, and in the breast pocket my inner coat a bowle knife that had once belonged to a Texas evange-

A curious crowd had gathered to see me off. They knew my mission, though none of them knew who I was atter. They cheered me with novel suggestions and well meant advice. "I say, Cap." said one, "ye'd better take a bottle of whisky erlong wi' you. There ain't no barroom whar you're goin."

My driver looked approvingly at this speaker. "He won't look very pretty comin' back here with a furrer driv cl'ar

through his chist, will he?" said another. " 'Twouldn't do fer him to go out bar huntin' at night with that red nose shinin', would hit?"

That last remark hurt my vanity. My nose was rather red, but it come from an undue partiality for stewed tomatoes, not from any other cause. "When you fire at him, Cap, watch that off mule's hind leg, fer he's goin' ter kick," said a long, lank feller on

Even the negroes had something to say. Approaching me with deference, one of them whispered to me confidentially: "Boss, ye'd best tie dat fool nigger

the outskirts of the crowd.

what's drivin' ter the seat, fer soon's he hears a cap pop he's gwine ter jump enlisted and became a good soldier out an' run like de debil." Bill gave the mules a stimulating

touch of the whip and away we went. For two miles out had we good roads. After that, the roughest and worst that I had ever seen. Stumps, tangled roots, hills, gullies, swamp, coduroy, and the county commissioners know what else, made ton. the jolting up theorists. Now we were in the wilderness, a solemn, awful

started. It a pine wilderness, and the underbrush all gone, no song of bird, no scent of flower, no flutter of insect life, a strange, dreary desert of forest. Here was majestic trees aged with a century of growth. Gazing at their stately tops, one could well imagine that in days agone perhaps under the very trees we were passing. "Lo, the poor Indian," had once assembled to shake dice to see who should pay for

I was absorbed in these meditations when the wagon ran into a hugestump and away I went sailing out into space The shot gun about this time decided that it was tired of riding and came along also. Neither of us were burt, and we resumed our seats in the wagon, the gun rather unwillingly I thought.

We were now getting near the camp of the enemy and a rather curious sensation took possession of me. Of course it was not tear, but my heart evinced a curious disposition to desert its pericardium and homestead the lower portion of my throat. I cocked both the rifle and the shot gun, placing them sideways in the wagon to satisfy the manifest uncasiness of the driver. The revolver I took out stores, some mortgaged farmers and placed on the seat by me, coverand three saloons. It also had a ing it with a superabundance of coat malarial back country, with plenty of tail. The knife I loosened in its sheath. About half a mile further on I saw approaching one of half starved churches, and some the most villainous looking men I had ever seen. He was of negro blood, to any per cent. monthly to their nearly white, of herculean frame, and if not a born criminal and assassin, should have had his face indicted for malicious libel. He carried a glittering ax on his shoulder and eyed me insolently.

The driver turned around with whisper, "Dat's him, boss." My knees now partook of the

general excitement, my hand trembled as if my best girl was about to refuse me, and my blood seemed determined to go into the cold storage business. At the same time an overwhelming conviction reached me that this was not the man I was looking for, and that it would be impolite to risk a suit for false imprisonment.

As he came opposite the wagon, my driver drew up and assumed the initiative. 'Is your name Perkins?"

"Naw", was the surly reply.

My thermometer immediately resmued its normal condition of 72 in the shade.

"My good man," said I, carefully concealing all weapons, "I am looking for one Perkins; can you inform me where that most esteemed gentleman

"In that house over yonder," he said, pointing about a quarter of a mile distant, where a thin spire of smoke emphasized a tumble down log

When about 100 yards from the house I halted the team and gave a one man I was unworthy to wear the few brief directions to the driver. With the rifle at full cock I cautious

ly approached the house. It was of rough logs very rickety, with the usual stick and mud chimney. Outside of the smoke from that there was no sign of lite about the place. Silently I came up to the back door, with a vigorous kick sent it off the leather hinges, and covered with the rifle a figure dimly seen in the semi-darkness

"Throw up your hands!" I commanded. "If you stir I'll shoot." From the figure, in shrill, frightened accents, came.

"For de Law'd'ssake, watcher mean white man. I ain't dun nuffin.' The gun dropped from my nervous hands.

Thomas Perkins, alleged desperado was an old crippled negro, about 178 years old, half paralyzed and wholly stupid.

Three hours afterward I drove into Dead Pine with my prisoner, to be greated with ironical comment and uproarious laughter.

"Did he kick much, Cap?" said one big fellow, while another, after eyeing Perkins a moment in silence, said, as

he moved off: "Yes the thing is alive, I saw its tongue wiggle." Four hours later I was in Jacksonville, and delivered my prisoner to the United States marshal. As the ma-

check for my expenses he was shaking with ill suppressed laughter. "What do you see so funny about this?" I inquired, rather tartly. "I was wondering what the judge

jor audited my accounts and drew a

will say when he sees him," was the Just then the judge strolled in. He gave a look at the prisoner, then at me, and inquired mildly, but with a merry twinkle in his handsome eyes: "Did you have much trouble in se-

curing this desperado, Mr. Officer?" The major fairly roared. I took my check and left the room. I have not seen prisoner, United States marshal, or Jacksonville since that eventful day, and Dead Pine shall know me no more forever .-Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Pree.

In Petticoat and Sunbonnet.

There is now living in Pickens County, Ga., a man who, during the rebellion, donned his wife's dress, kept his tace closely shaved, and wore a big sunbonnet, in order to avoid being conscripted and sent to the front. The officers in search of recruits frequently visited the Louse and asked his wife where her husband was, and at the very moment he could be seen working in the field in female garb. By the time he had worn out seven of his wife's dresses he became tired of masqueraling,

A Startling Innovation. Frank R. Stockton, that popular

novelist of infinite quaint humors is held responsible for a most startling innovation in the way of wedding trips, recently introduced in Washingcommissioners know what else, made ton. After a certain wedding a regular penacea for the twin evils ceremony, at which Mr. Stockton was wedding of dyspepsia and love, according to present, instead of the young couple we going on a wedding trip, the bride's wful parents were showered with rice and silence, broken only by the tramping old slippers and banished on a two of the mules, the creaking of the wag-on and the hiccoughs of the driver, who was about half drunk when we house.—Frank Leslie's.

Decline of Famous Families. Among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, fifth son af Edward III., was Stephen J. Penny, who was, not many years ago, sexton at St. George's, Hanover square, London.

Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, earl of Kent and sixth son of Edward I., occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer; the first a Joseph Smart of Halesowen, the latter a George Wilmont, a keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's bank, near

A story is told of a scion of the great house of Urquhart of Cromarty who was necessitated by his extravagance to sell his inheritance, and who, sinking step by step to the lowest depths of wretchedness, came at last a wan-dering beggar to the door which had once been his own.

No race in Europe surpassed the Plantagenets in royal position and personal achievements, and yet not to descend further than the year 1637, the great-great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George, duke of Clarence, followed the trade of a shoe-maker of Newport, Salop.

Fraser of Kirkhill relates that he saw the earl of Tarquair, cousin of James VI., begging in the streets of Edinburgh. "He was," says Fraser, "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak and pannier breeches, and I contributed to-ward his relief. We gave him a noble. He was standing with his hat off, and received the piece of money from my hand as numbly and thankfully as the poorest applicant."

One of Cromwell's granddaughters, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a small Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters, the elder the wife of a shoemaker and the younger the wife of a butcher's son who had been her fellowservant. Another of Oliver Cromwell's daughters had two children, of whom the son became a small working jeweler, and the daughter the mistress of a small school at Mildenhall.

Before the time of the protector the Cromwell family possessed estates equal to those of the wealthier peers of the present day, and the great Oliver himself inherited considerable property, which, augmented from private sources, made up a total sufficient to maintain his family perpetually in easy circumstances. But within a century after his death Thomas Cromwell, his great grandson, was a grocer on Snow P'll and his son Oliver, the last male heir, an attorney in London.

When the twelfth earl of Crawford was imprisoned in Edinburgh castle to restrain his recalessness and prodigality be left one child, a daughter, who, having no one whatever to look after her, received not a scrap of education and was allowed to run about like a gypsy. She eloped with a common crier, and at one period of her life lived by mendicancy. Charles II. granted her a pension of \$500 a year, but owing to her utter degeneracy, it proved more hurtful than beneficial. The male head of this family died in the year 1744, in the capacity of hostler in an inn at Kirkwall in the Ork-ney islands. The estate had been dissipated by the "spendthrift earl," his father, and with his patrimony he, Lord Lindsay, earl of Crawford, bought a small property, on which he resided for some years, until through adverse fortune, this went too, and to save himself from starvation, he was fain to go as a hostler.

Tea and Temperance.

An interesting token of the growth of the temperance sentiment in Great Britam is furnished by a correspondent of the St. James Gazette. He shows that during the past 47 years the average annual consumption of tea per capita of the entire population has increased from less than a pound and a quarter to five pounds, and of cocoa, from about an ounce and a quarter to nearly half, while the use of coffee has fallen off from 17 ounces to 13 ounces. The total consumption of these three leading non-alcholic drinks has thus increased nearly three fold; the exact figures are from 38.08 ounces to 99.04 ounces per capita annually. This may not indicate a fully corresponding decrease, in the consumption of strong drink; but it must mean a considerable decrease, and it proves that the people are learning to appreciate the "cup that cheers but not inebriates."

Consistency. Thy Name is Woman. He was her third husband and it

ooked as if he was drifting away. "Henry," said she, weeping, "have you any last request?" "Only one," he murmured. "Bury

me in the country under the willows. "Henry," said she, "I hate to refuse your last request, but I've always buried my husbands in the city, and it wouldn't be fair to make an exception. Now, would it, dear?"

Afterward she was sorry for her consistency, as Henry got so mad that it broke the fever and he recovered. - Drake's Magazine.

It is quite possible that we have not come to the end of illuminating projects, and that the use of electricity may not supersede all other materials. Glasgow has recently witnessed the test of a new illuminant of extraordinary power. It is obtained by the evaportion of tar, creosote, or other hydro-carbon oils. The flame is pure white, very intense and can be carried up to 3,000 candle power. The expense is two cents per hour per 1,000 candle power. It is in the production of artificial light and heat that civilization has for the last twenty-five years most notably marked progress. It is on the same line we shall move for some time to come. The end will be free fuel and free lights for the people as we now have free air. Globe Democrat.