"For myselt, sir."

Dr. Lee Leighton stood amazed. The girl before him was so youngnot more than eighteen, and so pretty -golden-haired and blue eyed as an angel. He had never dreamed that she was making the application to rent Thistle Cottage herself. But Miss Caroline Clarke took no notice of his surprise.

"The house is in good order, sir." "It requires a few repairs, only," said the young physician, rather stiff.

He had begun to thing he was throwing his time away.

"And those you will make?" "If I let the cottage-yes." The young lady mused a moment. "I think I will like It." she said

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clarke-7" "Yes."

"Do you quite understand the sitaation?"

"I think I do. The house thought to be haunted, and the rent is merely nominal to anyone who will live there."

"Yes. But- How are you situated in regard to family, my dear young lady?"

"I have the care of two younger brothers-twelve and fourteen years old. I have only a limited income, which I eke out by embroidery. I am saxious to get my brothers out of the city and there is a good academy here. I am not afraid of ghosts," with a faint smile. "We shall come."

Her words and manner were not at variance with her delicate beautyall was so petite and yet so self-pos-sessed and dignified. Dr. Leighton's experience in girls did not seem to serve him at all in this emergency. He recollected that his sisters, Maud and es, always regarded the outer walls of Thistle Cottage with an apprehensive gaze, and could not be persuaded to pass it alone after dark, and here was this girl, no older than they, pro-posing to live there, with two children!

"You have no parents?"

"Relatives?"

"None to rely upon. I depend on myself entirely, Dr. Leighton; I am used to it. Would you like to let me have Thistle Cottage?" with a steady glance into the young man's counte-

"I hesitate only on your account," he hastened to say. "It is no fable that a man was killed there. He was murdered by a son of unsound mind, after a quarrel about money. The first. I am not afraid now, only for estate was owned by my father. It is them. There may be some evil about, now mine. It long ago fell into ill-reputs on account of the murder, but But as soon as I fall asleep I start up it is a very pretty place and has been kept in repair. I will walk over it with you again and make any changes you may find desirable," thus tacitly consenting to the young lady's pro-

What her words failed to do, her clear blue eyes had succeeded in ac-complishing. They had won the confidence of the owner of the cottage.

"She can but try since she wishes," he said to himself. "I am close by at our house. If she gets frightened out she can come to us."

When they had gone over the house again, the girl asked, quite coolly: "What became of the murderer?" "He fled from justice-is probably He has never been heard from, and his ghost is said to haunt this spot. If you can prove that it does

not, I will give you five years rent here free." The young girl made no reply, only smiled brightly.

"What a brave little creature!" thought Dr. Leighton. A week later Caroline Clarke and er brothers were settled at the Thistle Cottage.

Dr. Leighton did not fancy the boys. He told his mother that they "whelps that wanted licking into shape." But when he saw the gentleness and tact used by their sister in managing them, when he saw her patience, her charmin; smile in encouragement of their simplest welldoing, he was ashamed of his intoler-

"My father," she hesitated, "did not set his boys a very good example. They were much away from home be-fore he died. They will do much better here away from harmful associations," she said.

"That's a good girl—a rare good girl, Lee," said old Mrs. Leighton. "I only wish Maud and Bess had half as much character."

But Cara, as the boys called her, did not trouble her neighbors. She was an exquisite housekeeper; she had a piano-an old one but of mellow tone; she did much work with crewels and flosses. In the evening she as sisted her brothers with their studies. They were fond of her under their roughness and selfishness. They shoveled snow, when it came, took care of the poultry-she encouraged them in their ambition for prize chickens-and kept in wood and There was not little home in the Cara had finished the rooms brighter herself with pretty artistic touches. On the pale buff paper of the sitting room she had painted, here and there, a bunch of red Bergundy roses. She had gilded the cornices and hung-before a doorway a crimson curtain. As for guests-when people queried her, she simply answered: "No,

have not seen any." But perhaps the air of the mount-ain village did not agree with Cara Clarke, for she grew pale. She was always sweet, but sometimes she had a little wearied air. Dr. Leighton asked her if she did not work too hard. "It is not that," she answered. He wondered sometimes, with a secret

disquist, if she had not somewhere a theart who did not write to her.

But Cara kept her own counsel. The fall and winter wore away without any revelation to him; of what troubled her. Jack and Willie, the boys, were jubilant over the prospect of a vegetable garden with peas, potatoes and squashes of their own raising. But their sister looked so ill that the young physician felt called upon to expostulate

"Cara," he said, "I want to speak You must have a change or you will die."
O, no. I shall not she replied, in

credulously. "Four countenance gives token of unmistakable exhaustion. You are doing too much labor or you have some trouble. Cara, why do you not confide in me? Do you not believe I

am your friend?" "Oh, yes. It is nothing, only I do not sleep very well."
"Why?"

She made no reply, and seeing that

his insistance distressed her, he ceased to urge her confidence at that time, though more certain than ever that she had a painful secret. He was satisfied that she had no organic disease; and her mind seemed to have no mor-bid tendency. But the colorless cheek, the hollow temples, the air of languor, betrayed that something daily and hourly sapped the young girl's strength.

One morning, Willie, the younger boy, rapped at his office door.
"Something's the matter with my sister," he said. "We can't wake her up. Won't you come over?"

De Jaishton found Court in a standard in the said.

up. Won't you come over?"

Dr. Leighton found Cara in a stupor and delirious, with every symptom of brain fever. He lost no time in get-ting assistance. Mrs. Hodgdon, the village nurse, was at Cara's bedside when she awoke.

Dr. Leighton had just left the room and was in the next apartment. He did not go in immediately, though he

heard the girl talking.

"Am I so very sick?" she asked.

"No, dear. You was feverish and your mind wandered a little, and I was out of a place and told Dr. Leighton I could stay with you a day or two as well as not for my board. I hain't forgotten the jackets as Willie outgrew that you sent to my Bobbie; and I had feeling for a young girl with no mother's hand in the hour o'

"Oh," moaned theyoung girl. "I'm not sick, I'm worn out! Oh, this dreadful housel I have not slept soundly all winter."

"Why, dearie?"
"Oh, Mrs. Hodgdon, there is somebody in this house beside ourselves. Beside me and the boys, I mean. Somebody creeps about and I am always listening for that step. It is killing me! Oh, don't tell anyone! I did not mean to tell you, but I am so Don't, don't say a word to Dr. Leighton. I must bear it, because its all the home we have, and the boys never had such a pretty, nice home before, and they are doing so well, and are so good. I was not afraid at

and listen." Cara was begging the old woman not to betray her confidence, when Dr. Leighton came into the room. You must tell me the whole story,

Cara!" he said. "You shall not lose anything by it," he added. But Cara broke out, crying, in her weakness giving way to her emotions,

and for a time the tumult would have its way. She was brought to listen to reason at last. "It was two months after we came

here," she said, "that I first heard those creeping, creeping steps. I tried to think it was the trees, or the wind, or the cat, but I heard them when there was no wind at all, and the cat was asleep on the foot of my bed, and the things were moved from their places about the house, and lately I have missed food. That's since I a spirit haunted the place. I have searched every spot and nook in this house. There is only the space above the scuttle in the roof, and there are no stairs."

"Oh, Dr. Leighton!" groaned Mrs. Hodgdon, "then, of course, it's spirits."

"Nonsense." Dr. Leighton contented himself with prescribing for the sick and overwearied girl, and after a few days of care arranged a drive for her in his new buggy, with her brother Jack as

attendant. You are to take a nice long drive, and not be back under two hours,'

he said, smiling. The kindness and care surrounding Cara was new and very pleasant to her. As the wheels rolled away from the door in the brightness of the spring day, her trouble fell away from her like a nightmare, and the color came back to the pretty cheek. Five minutes after her departure from Thistle Cottage two men were in the house with Dr. Leighton. They went rapidly through it, beginning with the cellar. Every wall was tried, with the idea of discovering any unknown space or passage. Nothing unknown was developed. At length a short ladder was brought, and the men ascended to the attic.

It was only a hollow space beneath the center of the roof, quite unlighted. But enough light penetrated the place to show an unkempt figure rising from its liar of straw and rags in one cor-

"What's this? Are you after me?" he said, in hollow tones.

The men silently gazed on this object with astonishment, repulsion and pity. It was a man, but so thick the mask of dirt and grim, so ragged the beard and hair, grotesque the costume of tatters from which fell feathers and straw, it seemed some unknown creature instead of a human being.

"Great heavens! it is Simon Leland!" cried Dr. Leighton.

This only added to the consterna-tion of the other men. for Simon Leiand was the ball crazed boy who Leiand was the half crazed boy who murdered his father at Thistle Cottage five years before. But want and misery had given him the appearance and be confined at hard labor for three of an old man.

"I don't care what you do with nel" cried the hollow voice. "Only give me something to eat."

"Come with us and you shall have all you want," said Dr. Leighton, not

unkindly. "Where? Down there, where the fire and the light and the girl is?" ask-ed the wretched being, and when they nodded, he caught up a rough ladder of rope, quickly adjusted it and swung himself down before them. But he

was so weak he staggered, and they were obliged to help him down the stairs to the kitchen, where Mrs. Hodgdon, shaking with excitement and consternation, placed food upon the table from which he snatched it, without any pretence of eating from a plate, devouring it like a half-famished animal. When he had filled himself, he would have laid down on the floor and gone to sleep, but that the unaccustomed plenty sickened him, and he began to groan and roll about. In a short time, the sheriff, who had been sent for, arrived, and he was taken away. No one believed that the poor, underwitted, half-dying creature was a fit subject for punishment, but the county jail was a clean and comfortable refuge for him in his destitution. Here he remained until consigned to the almshouse. No re-liable account at his career could be obtained from him, but it is probable that he had sought refuge at Thistle Cottage in its desertion, and existed miserably there a great while before discovered. He had prowled about at night searching for food, of which he found a scanty supply, stealing from corn bins, pigs and poultry, and rob-bing hen roosts, eating the flesh of the fowls raw. It was the occasional discovery of his miserable figure which had called into existence the story of the place being haunted by his ghost. But so reduced had he become he would probably have died in his lair but for Dr. Leighton's discovery of

Dr. Leighton kindly saved Cara from witnessing so much misery. She never saw Simon Leland. Her nerves had already borne much, and that she had been willing still to suffer in secret for the sake of preserving a good home for her young brothers was a fact which became known and endeared her to many hearts. Her friends multiplied, and, when she accepted as a life companion, Dr. Leighon, the oldest friend of all, hearty kindness surrounded her and warm wishers for her happiness danced merrily at the wedding.

"PAYING ATTENTIONS,"

The Evils of Premature Gossip About Love Affairs. Harper's Bazar.

As it is obviously a young man's duty to pay attentions to some young woman, considering that this is really the chief motive of social intercourse, it is rather hard upon him that he no sooner begins to fulfill his mission, and calls, and drives, and dances more or less boldly with one damsel, than all love affair, anybody's love affair, is precious and entertaining, interchange ideas upon the subject and report that young Crayon is in love with Miss Coupon; and although he may never have thought of love in relation to Miss Coupon, and although he may possibly have drifted into a genuine affection sooner or later if nobody had meddled-since proximity is a dangerous factor, and brings about more marriages than match-making-the premature report has a very damaging effect; he begins to see that unless he is serious in paying attentions he is compromising not only nimself, but the young woman, and keeping other suitors at a distance; and although he may not know whether he has any would not allow myself to believe that positive designs or no, and his emotions may be in a state of evolution, and he may not entirely understand his own designs, yet he is put upon his guard, the cordial relation between the two cools, and he earns the name of being a heartless trifler, or is forced into a hasty declaration before he is ready to make it. Naturally the looker on says that he ought to know his own mind; that he has no business to devote himself to a woman whom he does not love. But love is not an instantaneous affair, like being struck by lightning; it is a growth. And now prithee, is a young man to know whether he loves or not if he may not live more or less in the companionship of that "not impossible she?" if he may not have opportunity to observe and study her? To be sure Miss Coupon may object to being made a study of, to being placed under the microscope, and then by-and-by turned aside as an inperfect specimen. But she has the same privilege herself and would be sadly shocked if any one supposed that she would accept a lover without some knowledge of his qualifications. One might ask if she, on her side, had serious and matured designs when she answered his notes, accepted his invitations. his bouquets and confectionery, if she were not also attempting to discover if he were her ideal. We do not dispute the fact that there are men who flirt maliciously, so to speak-who do not mean to fall in love-who have themselves well in hand; but they need not be confounded with those who are simply trying to discover

> Mesare. L. W. Habercom, Louis Schade, Simon Wolf and Rev. L. H. Shleder, of Washington, addressed the House committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic in op position to the bills to provide for a commission of inquiry on the liquor traffic and for prohibition in the District of Columbia.

their heroine.

A general court martial at Fort Missoula, Mont., sentenced Private Thomas Mo-Evily, Company B, Third infantry, charg-

SUNSET COX ON FISH.

An Acre of Water Equal to an Acre of Land-One of the Marvels of the Time-The Puritan Platform. From the speech of Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, on the bill to establish the office of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and pay him a salary of \$5,000.]

This business of propagating our food fishes is well appreciated by the people all over our country. Since Professor Baird began this work there has been sent out by tank, cans, and otherwise throughout the land, from Texas to Maine and from the Columbia River to the St. John's, 100,000,-000 of young fish or spawn for the promulgation of this food.

The report of Professor Goode (House Miscellaneous Document No. 39) to the present Congress shows the cost during the last fiscal year of the production, transportation, and dis-tribution of these 100,000,000 from their sixteen hatching and rearing stations. The propagation expenses were \$130,000; the cost of fishponds and distribution was \$45,000, and the same sum for vessels engaged in the service. There are existing other appliances for the founding of this exsive and humane object, which I will not now dwell upon.

The time has almost come, prophe-sied by Professor Huxley, when an acre of water will produce almost as much food for the support of human life as an acre of land.

The science of fish propagation is one of the marvels of our times. It is one of the miracles of physical cul-ture. We have understood, appreciat-ed, and encouraged by law this won-derful multiplication of food fishes.

If I am permitted to refer modestly to my travels, I will say that when I was coasting around Norway a scientist informed me-pointing out over the Arctic ocean, which we were inspecting-that there had been the year pefore a shoal of codfish near the Loffoden islands a mile in superficial extent, containing 150,000,000 cod. and that these codfish had fed on 420,000,000 herring. There is no limit to the wonderful infinitude of these finny creatures of the deep.

Professor Baird saw with generous vision this result of natural law. Although I believe the invention or discovery of this remarkable fecundity and mode of propogation in fish was made at an earlier date than 1871, still he utilized it. To be just in this connection, I may remark that before professor Baird undertook this service Dr. Gariick, an Ohio man, discovered the process. His is not a happy name, but his discovery was telicity itself to millions. Is it not a curious fact that Ohio always seems to be a little ahead of other States in certain affairs-political or otherwise? [Laughter.] Excuse my seeming for-wardness in speaking of Ohio pro-ducts, for I was born there myself.

[Laughter.] Nevertheless, Mr. Speaker, there never was an interest in this country so cared for by the government as this of fish. Our first efforts, at least in New England, began with fish. When our ancestors-I refer to New England, where I was educatedwhen our ancestors went to King James for a charter to go across the seas and colonize Massachusetts, the

King asked the Puritans:-"What is your object? What do you intend?" Their answer was: "To worship God and catch fish!" [Laughter.]

Then the King rejoined: "I give you the charter. Fore Gad! it is the apostle's own calling!" [Renewed laugh-

Why, sir, even in the early churches of New England the early and pious Puritans used to sing:-

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep, Your Maker's name upraise; Up from the sands ye codlings peep, And was your tails always.

Laughter and applause.] So that in early New England the cure and care of fish was concomitant with commerce, liberty, and sanctity. In later times New England has obtained Congressional enactments giving free salt for her fish, while the miserable man in Chicago can not get free salt for his pork. [Laughter.] Congress has always had a kindly word for the fishermen. For many decades it gave bounties at so much per cod. These fishermen have not become less tenacious of their rights since the bounty ceased. They are a power in numbers and influence. They number a million or more of men constantly engaged in their hardy and hazardous occupation. Their calling is associated at the present time with some curious wriggling in diplomacy. [Laughter.] But wherever they are and wherever they should adventure, they should be cared for by th fostering arm of the government. The main object of this bill is not to assist the fishermen so much as the consumers of fish. It would send out the seed broadcast, that tood harvests may grow in all the waters of this land. I trust there will be nothing done here to impair the usefulness of this bureau. I trust, as this bill takes no money out the treasury, that no further ection will be made to its objection will passage; that the president may be able to select a good practical man of science and energy, whether he be Democrat or not, to occupy and honor the position. I am not sure but that there may be found

some good scientific Democrat in the country to administer this office. [Laughter.] All the sciences cannot be monopolized by the Republican party. There may be a Democrat discovered with the qualities of a good scientific fisherman. The President himself is somewhat of an expert in that line. [Laughter.] At all events, let us by this enactment enable him to select the right man for the position. So far as I am individually concerned I am not over eager whether he selects a Democrat or a Republican to carry out the humane and beneficent provisions proposed by this bill reported by my honored friend from Arkansas (Mr. Dunn), to whom I tender my thanks for the privilege of these desultory remarks. Applause.

TERRIBLE VENCEANCE.

A Jealous Husband Has the Hand of His Wife Cut Off and Sent to Her Lover.

From a London Exchange.

At the restoration of Louis Phillippe to the French throne many of Napoleon's soldiers were left in comparative poverty. One of them, a famous general, had a beautiful daugh ter whom he wished to marry rich. but who fell in love with a poor young man-an under secretary or something of that kind. She married, at her father's request, a rich count, but refused at the wedding ceremony to allow the ring to be placed upon her eft hand, upon which she wore a ruby put there by her lover. Her jealous husband was not long in finding out what was the matter, and intercepting a letter in which the ardent young lover claimed Matilda's hand as his, he determined upon an awful revenge.

One night as the celebrated surgeon. Lisfranc, was returning from a professional visit, he was captured by a party of men, blindfolded and taken to a distant palace, and led through a labyrinth of passages and rooms. At last he found himself in a small chamber furnished with remarkable luxury, and half-lit by an alabaster lamp hung from the ceiling. The windows were hermetically sealed as well as the curtains of an alcove at the end of the room.

"Doctor," said the man with whom he now found himself alone, in an abrupt, loud voice, "prepare for your work-an amputation.

"Where is the patient?" asked the doctor, turning toward the alcove. The curtains moved slightly, and he heard a stifled sigh.

"Prepare, sir," said the man, convulsively. "But, sir, I must see the patient."

"You will see only the hand you are to cut off."

The doctor, folding his arms and looking firmly at the other said: "Sir, you brought me here by force. If you need my professional assistance I shall do my duty without caring for or troubling myself about your secrets, but if you wish to commit a crime you cannot force me to be your accomplice."

"Be content, sir," replied the other; "there is no crime in this," and leading him to the alcove he drew from the curtain a hand. "It is this you are to cut off."

The doctor took the hand in his: his fingers trembled at the touch. It was a lady's hand-small, beautifully modeled, and its pure white set off by a magnificent ruby encircled with

diamonds. "But," cried the doctor, "there is no need of amputation; there is-" "And I, sir! I say," thundered the other, "if you refuse I will do it myself," and, seizing a hatchet, he drew the hand toward a small table and seemed about to strike. The doctor

arrested his arm. "Do your duty, then doctor." "O, but this is an atrocious act," said the surgeon. "What is that to you? It must be done. I wish it; madam wishes it al-

so. If necessary she will demand it herself. Come, madam; request the doctor to do you this service. The doctor, nonplussed and almost tainting under the torture of his feelings, heard from the alcove in a half-

expiring voice and an inexpressible accent of despair and resignation: "Sir, since you are a surgeon-ye

-I entereat you-let it be you,-and not—oh, yes, you! you! in mercy!"
"Well, doctor," said the man, "you

The resolution of this man was so frightful, and the prayer of the poor lady so full of entreaty and despair, that the doctor felt that even humanity commanded of him compliance with the appeal of the victim. He took his instruments with a last imploring look at the unknown, who only pointed to the hand, and with a sinking heart began the operation. For the first time in his experience his hand trembled, but the knife was doing its work; there was a cry from the alcove, and then all was silent Nothing was heard but the horrid sound of the operation till the hand

and the saw fell together on the floor. Lisfranc wore the ruby on his watch chain, where it was seen by the young lover on his return to Paris, and out of it grew a duel that led to a disclosure of the infamous crime. The morning after the lover's arrival at the capital he was presented by a man in livery with an ebony box. Opening it he discovered a bleeding hand-Matilda's-and on it a paper with these words: "See how the countess of - keeps her oath."

Drainage and Fruit Trees. The best way is to under-drain with tile laid from two or three feet deep. Deep surface drains may carry off surface water, but low-land is generally kept wet by ground water rising from below. It tile are unattainable stones can be used, laid so as to leave a throat, the ditch partly filled with small stones, inverted sods over the stones, and then with soil. Where neither are accessible, three poles laid so as to leave a throat will sometimes answer for a few years. Fruit trees should be planted as soon as the ground will do to work in spring. Dig holes large enough to receive all the roots straightened out; cut off the ends of all broken roots smooth; trim the tops to correspond with lost roots; set the tree about the same depth it stood in the nursery; cover the roots with fine, rich soil tree from stones or clods; when roots are well covered tread down the soil frmly, fill the hole and again tread or stamp down.

Daily ought we to renew our purposes, and to stir ourselves up to greater fervor, and to say: "Help me, my God, in this my good purpose and in Thy boly service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly.— Thomas a Kempis.

JOHN RUSKIN'S ROMANCE.

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

New York Graphic.

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

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

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

He was dazzled. She was a tall, graceful girl of nineteen, with a face and figure as faultless as one of the statues of old. No one ever expected Ruskin to fall in love, and he did not. She was poor, needed a home and its

comforts, and so they were married.

Their wedded life was peaceful, friendly, kindly to the highest degree, but there was not a spark of affection to lighten their existence. She admired the great man she had married. and was grateful for the wealth and comfort he showered on her. Heworshiped her as he would the marble made life-like by the sculptors's chis-

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

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

He began to paint the portrait of the magnificent woman, and when he had finished he was in love with hisfriend's wife. Womanlike she saw it, and perhaps she was not tull of sorrow and re-

proach. It was the first tribute of real manful love that had been laid at And Ruskin? His wide eyes saw the romance that was weaving around their two lives, and his heart realized how little affection he had to lavish

How he told her the story of his pride in her, and the sacrifice he was to make for her, while she lay prone at his feet, is one of the things which

on the woman whom he had made his

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

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

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

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

Boston Correspondence. This is the greatest club town in the world. Every phase of the intellectual activity for which Boston is so famous is represented by a social organization. There is going on here what might be called a perpetual fermentationofideas, scientific, philosophical, literary, religious-every kind, in short, that interests highly civilized limmanity-all of which are seeking expression and recognition, very much as the molecules of a gas strive incessantly to escape from the receiver confining them. Now, the most effective way to push an idea, as every one admits, is over a dinner table. The man who would otherwise regard your pet hobby as no end of a bore will listen to you patiently as an accompaniment to the nuts and raisins, and, with extra-dry cham-

pagne and a pousse-cale to top off, your most uninteresting remarks will appear to him positively oracular. Thus it happens that fordining clubs there is a perfect craze in this enlightened metropolis. Everybody who is anybody belongs to at least half a dozen, each of which represents something calculated to excite convival enthusiasm, say, once a month. The object to which this enthusiasm is directed is of coparatively little importance, so long as the grub is palatable and the wine of good flavor. It may be theological, political, musical, artistic -whatever you please. Every religious denomination in Boston has its representative club, with the solitary exception of the Episcopalians, who are just now organizing one. Theirs will be the swellest of all-for the fashionable portion of the town, though honeycombed with more or less agnostic Unitarianism, is professedly devoted to the church of England. At periodical intervals each pious sodality is assembled for the purpose of discussing over the festive board such important questions of sectarian interest as may chance to be uppermost. Likewise the literary coteries meet for mutual admiration, the scientific people for learned discussion, the politicians for the incuba-

tion of Machiavellian schemes, and so

on ad infinitum. There is not, in short,

an imaginable subject of contempo-

raneous human interest which is not

represented in Boston by a club.