TO-MORROWS AND TO-MORROWS.

To-morrows and to-morrows stretch a gray
Unbroken line of shore; but as the sea
Will fret and gnaw the land, and stealthily
Devour it grain by grain, so day by day
Time's restless waters lap the sands away,
Until the shrinking isle of life, where we
Had pitched our tent, wholly engulfed shall be,
And swept out from eternity,
Some morn, some noon, some night—we may not say
Just how, or when, or where! And then—What then?
O cry unanswered still by mortal ken!
This only may we know—how far and wide
That precious dust be carried by the tide,
No mote is lost, but every grain of sand
Close-gathered in our Father's loving Hand,
And made to build again—somewhere, somewhere—
Another Isle of Life, divinely fair!

—Stuart Stern in Atlantic Monthly.

MISS PIPER'S WOOING.

Miss Martha Piper, at a tea given to three old maid friends, had promised that in three months she intended to get a husband. As Miss Piper was the oldest and ugliest of the quartet, the other ladies assured her that she was joking. However, she promised.

Besides, there was that most embarrassing proviso; he was not to marry her for her money.

As Miss Cavil had pointedly said: "For what in the world else would a man marry Miss Piper?"

In this strait the poor lady took her maid into her confidence. It was frightfully humiliating; but Miss Piper yearned equally for sympathy and wise counsel, and she thought it just possible that Hepzibah——

But Hepzibah gave her no help at all. She somewhat presumed even on her position of ancient domestic by leaving the room after she had observed:

"Well, Miss, I never did hear of such a thing—never!"

No aid was to be looked for in this quarter, therefore. Miss Piper groaned in spirit as she recanted her words and bade Hepzibah consider that her "poor mistress" was dreaming when she made the singular communication.

Hepzibah preferred to think Miss Piper was "off her nut," for the time at any rate. It was this idea that urged her to pass on the secret (for she had been conjured never, never to whisper what had been told her in the matter) to the green-grocer's young man, for whom she had conceived a certain fondness.

Now, this green-grocer's young man was a sad rogue of a fellow. He had a famous chest and muscles, and a merry eye, but he was far from honest, although to the world he seemed so. He contrived to commend himself to many other domestics as well as Miss Piper's Hepzibah.

"Only think of it, James," said Hepzibah, when she had told him this strange story.

"Yes, it's money," observed the other, meditatively. "There's plenty that would like her money if she has any."

"If," cried the damsel; "you should see the silver she's got. A whole big trunk full, and all wrapped up and never used. And jewels! Oh, James, I'd give anything for her jewels, I would indeed."

"There ain't one of the old cat's jewels to be compared with you, Hepzy," said the young green-grocer, plump. He was a sweet hand at flattery.

That evening the man decided that he must see more of Miss Piper's establishment. He talked it over with a pal, who agreed with him.

During the two following days he had three interviews with Hepzibah, who believed he was fast becoming her suitor. At his request the girl showed him over the house when her mistress was out.

"I'm thinking what I could do if there was a fire, my dear," said the young man. "I'd be the one to rescue you, you bet."

"Oh, James," sighed Hepzibah.

"And there's burglars, too. With all that silver it's downright dangerous."

But Hepzibah did not seem to mind the risk of house breakers. Her mistress had taken excellent precautions against them, though she did not tell James what they were.

Meanwhile Miss Piper grew more and more troubled in spirit. She had flung herself at the heads of two or three men to no purpose. A retired captain had indeed proposed, but it was too clear that he was after her money. He as good as said that Miss Martha Piper poor and Miss Martha Piper rich were two entirely different persons.

She had to put up with the most mortifying inuendoes from Miss Cavil. That little lady never failed to accost her when they met with the question:

"Well, my dear, when is it to be?"

It was no use pretending to be blind to her meaning.

And so, at the end of five weeks, Miss Piper was no nearer a husband than at first.

But on the Thursday in Whitsun Week, as she lay abed at midnight, having just fallen asleep, a faint yet suspicious noise might have been heard in her backyard. There was a scratching of glass, a whisper and a subdued footfall, as James, the green-grocer's young man, gained an entrance into the house.

His pal stayed outside, snugly concealed.

From the kitchen James stole upstairs. Miss Piper's cat disappeared through the void space in the window, glad of the chance of nocturnal liberty, and no way concerned to protect her mistress.

Outside Miss Piper's bedroom the man listened. He heard gentle snoring on one side, and less gentle on the other—that was Hepzibah.

Nothing could, so far, have worked more favorable for him.

He knew Hepzibah was settled for the night; had he not contrived to drug the bottled stout which she had drunk with him less than three hours previously? If only he could have settled Miss Piper in a like manner.

Fifteen minutes later the burglar stood in Miss Piper's chamber, eyeing the chest of silver in the gloom. It occurred to him now that he would return for his comrade. Between them they might remove the box without disturbing the owner. But suddenly he trod on a nail which pierced his felt shoe and made him cry out.

Up in her bed instantly arose Miss Piper, her white face framed by her whiter nightcap.

"It's all right, ma'am," said James, promptly. "Don't make any trouble. No harm shall come to you."

The lady had been dreaming. She had dreamed that an eligible lover had gone on his knees to her. But her dream had not made her insensible to the facts of life.

"Are you a burglar?" she stammered, as she reached her hand toward the electric bell.

"Don't ring, Miss Piper," said James eagerly. "Don't, please."

"Why not, you rude man? I shall ring at once. That will summon the policemen from the street. It is an arrangement I have made for my protection."

"I assure you, ma'am——," murmured the young man.

"You have weapons in your hand—I discern them—and a lantern. You are a burglar."

Down on his knees fell the discomfited house breaker by the bedside. "Don't, for pity's sake, ma'am," he pleaded.

Miss Piper hesitated. The young man had an agreeable voice. Perhaps it was his first offence. Besides he was so tall and broad. The devil or some one else made her request him to turn up the gas.

James did this, and stood so that she could see him, with head bent and his hands pathetically on his face. It was now that the great idea occurred to Miss Piper.

"You are sorry?" she whispered from her pillow.

"Indeed, I am, ma'am. I will never, never do it again."

He certainly looked sorry, as well as handsome and strong.

"On one condition," said Miss Piper, faintly, "I will forgive you. Will you come here and see me to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock? I may have a proposition to make to you."

"I will do it, ma'am, thank you kindly," said the young man.

"And now go," said Miss Piper.

At 3:15 o'clock on Whitsun Friday afternoon James, the green-grocer's young man, being prompted, and in his best clothes, offered Miss Piper his hand and heart and was accepted.

Thus Miss Martha Piper had the laugh at Miss Cavil and Miss Spearton, but the latter ladies had to be content with Miss Piper's solemn asseveration that she had not been married for her money.—Boston Courier.

She Was a Relative.

I sat in the Sheriff's office talking with him about a man in his charge, who was to be hanged three days later, when a woman was announced, and in walked a female who had passed fifty. Her face was wrinkled, her hair thin and white and her voice seemed to come out of a reed as she asked:

"Hev yo' got a man in this yere prison named Thomas Jackson?"

"Yes'm," replied the official.

"Did he kill somebody about three months ago?"

"He did, ma'am."

"And has he bin tried for murder and sentenced to be hung?"

"He is to be hung on Friday, ma'am."

"He is, eh?" she queried as she took a pipe from her pocket and proceeded to fill and light. "Ar' yo' the man who is goin' to hang him?"

"I shall have to carry out the law."

"Yaas, of co'se. Folks hev got to be hung, and we huv got to hev other folks to hang 'em. How does Tom b'ar up under it?"

"Very well, indeed, ma'am. I think he will die like a man."

"He will, eh? Waal, that's more'n he ever lived. Tom's allus bin mighty onery."

"Are you a relative?"

"Used to be his wife, but dun left him. Yaas, lived with Tom fur sixteen y'ars."

"And you have come to say farewell to him?"

"No, sir. I'm on my way to Collinsville, and thought I'd jest run in fur a minit. No, I don't keer to see him, but yo' kin say I called."

"Yes'm."

"And that I'm sorry he's to be hung."

"Yes'm."

"But that as long as he's got to be hung and can't git out of it thar hain't no use in fussin' around."

"Yes'm."

"If he axes fur anythin' mo' yo' kin say that I'm well; our boy Sam ar' well; the dawg ar' dead, and I've just put in two acres of co'n and am gittin' ready to go to camp meetin' next week. That's all. Some folks hev got to be hung, and other folks hev got to hang 'em, and Tom Jackson might jest as well be puttin' his time on the gallus as loafin' around and wishin' he was rich."—Memphis Avalanche.

Tariff Logic.

"De gret trouble wif dese times," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "am dat 'nuff folks doan' un'stan' de ta'riff question."

"Dasso," replied his companion.

"Foh instance, you an' me wants free ror material."

"Does we?"

"Sut'ny. Spose'n de 'ysters as dey is brung f'um de bay didn' cost nuffin'. Dah yoh'd hab de freest kin' ob de rorest material, an' de intiah profit ob de 'yster business 'ud go ter us gemmen what does de shuckin'."—Washington Star.

In Society.

Society Queen—I want a family Bible.

Dealer—Are you one of the "Four Hundred?"

Queen—Yes.

Dealer—Then we have them especially made for you; with forty blank pages for marriages, forty for divorces, two for deaths and none for births. How's that?

Queen—Gi'nme six.—Kansas City Gossip.

Who Are Americans?

Statistics of foreign parentage covering the period of 1870-90 are given in detail in a late census bulletin. The whole number of persons of foreign parentage in the United States in 1890 was 20,676,046, or 33 per cent. of the total population of 62,662,250.

Didn't Understand "Keeping Company."

City Visitor—Will I have the pleasure of seeing your daughter this evening?

Uncle Jake—No; she's a-settin' up with her young man to-night.

City Visitor—Ah! I hope his illness is not serious.—Puck.

OUR FASHION LETTER

SELECTION OF MATERIAL FOR MIDSUMMER DRESSES.

The Intense Blue Must be Topped With White Chapeau—The Style in Sky Colored Gowns The Charming Boat Shaped Hats—Embroidery Gains Ground.

The feminine world has agreed that blue muslin is to be the delightful material of the midsummer. Blue muslin is to the first warm season in the new century what all manner of sheer white materials were to the previous summer. It is the sign by which ye may know the fashionably elect. The color is not the pastel hue which has governed selections for the spring wardrobe but a frank, clear, brilliant color like that of the sky on a perfect day at Newport. It is in Newport that the perfection of these new objects of love (with the crispness of Paris yet in their folds) is seen in large numbers and bewildering styles. Very taking is the cerulean emphasis against the background of living, movable green and variegated flora. Very picturesque, too, are these positive strokes of color seen with the white duck or flannel of the men's costumes.

About hats the wearers of the beautiful blue have three ideas. They are of black, Neapolitan or tulle, and made so that the trimming is flat on top, with bunching, hanging ends at the back, of narrow black velvet. But the appearance of the capeline, for such in shape it oftenest is, must be simple and light. Another idea is that the intense blue of the gown of the hour should be topped with a chapeau all white, of tulle made from overlapping lengths of the material slightly shirred, and set off with choux of tulle or bands of real lace and falls of it over the hair at the back. Yet another fancy expresses itself in a capeline all blue, crin or chiffon on tulle, with an extraordinary amount of handiwork. The tulle is more delicate and in better repute for its wearing qualities.

Hats with more than one color on them are not liked best with the gay blue gowns. An exception which I have seen is a capeline made entirely from green leaves, with a great chou of white Louisene silk placed to be worn just over the face. Unless the wearer is a blond, hats of the natural straw color are false notes with turquoise-blue gowns, though the blue itself seems to become women of all complexions. Indeed, certain of the gownmakers who have taken time to get their breath and to think of what is happening, say that the popularity of blue muslin comes directly from the much wearing of the turquoise, which jewel, either true or in imitation, seems to clear the complexion when worn near to it.

No style is preferred over another in the making of these sky-colored gowns, except that the bolero, plain, tucked, ornamented with appliques of one or another material, is nearly certain to form part of the waist. Linings are of the cherished Louisene silk, which has put taffeta out of the

Black mousseline de soie gown with hand painted pink flowers trimmed with ecru lace and black velvet ribbon. Raudnitz model

fashionable running, and in most cases out of ten costs more than the dress material. For this latter, everything is used, from thirty-cent organdie to embroidered muslin at $3 a yard. The simplest form of decoration is the hemstitched ruffle. But this style requires that the ruffle be cut straight, not in the usual circular mode. The threads of rounded ruffles do not pull evenly. This is as true of the hemstitching done by machine as of that accomplished by hand. After hemstitching come pinhead tucking, shirring, applications of lace, embroidery by hand and machine, and pieces of cut-out cretonne. A bewitching example of the latter sort shows blue muslin made into a flare shirt. A circlet of white cretonne roses with hints of green foliage finishes the long skirt at the hem. The roses are cut out and sewed upon a tab of blue muslin, which in turn is sewed onto a lozenge of white taffeta.

The amount of hard work required to make a success of these applications—for there are three rows of them above that at the hem—is great, and is one of the proofs that the modish muslin gowns are simple only in name. A deep criss-cross belt, fastening at the back, is finished at the low point with a width of black velvet. The sleeveless vest worn with the boleros of accordion-plaited white chiffon. The bolero itself has the cretonne white roses applqued directly upon the garment, which laces conspicuously with black velvet ribbon, the ends of which are made to disappear under the jacket. The close sleeves, with lining of thinnest possible China silk, have three scant ripples, trimmed with cretonne, at the elbow, and the close lower sleeve which has come into popularity so lately. Of the charming boat shaped hat let it be said that there is not a particle of trimming on the top. Underneath, to lay upon the hair as a wreath, is a circlet of wee Scotch roses. The modish rosette and ends of black velvet give the final cachet to a costume which represents in the dress no small outlay of time in making and in money. Not for materials—they are comparatively inexpensive, save the lining—but for hand work. So much is done on the summer gowns by hand which can be accomplished in no other way, it seems now that we never can go back to machines for the little niceties of our handsomer dresses.

Another blue muslin has the fine stitchery applied in other ways—in yards and yards of tuckery, which are arranged on the skirt in the form of a tunic. This is outlined with a width of embroidery in fine black linen. The two ruffles of the skirt are edged with the same bordering of ornamental black stitchery. Embroidery as a sartorial art has gained immense ground within a few months. The fancy in bread and rent to the woman who can sew, although it may mean large bills, perchance a troubled husband, to the

Large white straw hat, with narrow lines of black velvet ribbon and trimming or black and white ostrich plumes. On the inside of the brim the velvet is arranged to give the effect of a peacock's feather.

mondaine. The blouse of this wondrous gown is of sheer white mull embroidered with the French knots which every woman who is at all conversant with needlework can make, though she may not care to turn them out in any such quantity as is required to furnish this fetching thing with double puffs between elbow and wrist. Smallest knots of black velvet, mere twists, studded with infinitesimal gold buttons, give conclusive touches to the corsage and sleeves. A berthe collar with more of the black embroidery pricking it out in conventional design falls to become the shoulders. For hat to top this luxurious costume what could be more effective than the double plateaux from milk-white rice straw, trimmed solely with a quill of white, which is flecked so to recall the mull bodice that one suspects the hat was chosen to wear with this identical gown. And so every hat ought to be.

I believe I frequently harp on the advisability of wearing a hat which is trimmed only a little with a costume that is elaborate and a much-trimmed chapeau with a dress innocent of special fussings. This general rule is intended to apply to dress other than for morning, which is ornamented sparingly in both hat and gown. These are the days when hats are fabulously cheap. Every blessed store of them marks down all goods on hand until it would seem that the merest babe in finances might reach up and pick down a few French hats. For they often are that, or good copies of Paris examples. In many shops the woman who stays in town sees the sign "Five dollars for any hat in the window" surrounded by perhaps a dozen chapeaux which are all that they should be. Experience has proven that no reasonable offer is refused, either, be it five dollars, even less, for some of the confections. A French hat or one that looks like it is never out of style, if you have to consider getting two seasons' wear out of a dress hat.

One bright young woman who had been browsing among the early July bargains said that the making of a French hat in this year's style consists simply of poking it up in front and then putting all the trimming underneath the turned-up brim. In some cases this is true literally. And for those who wish to venture for themselves into the making of a Paris hat after the latest model there are several which have been sent over with the approval of some of the best houses. One, turned up all around like the cup of a flower, is from the shaded straw known as "toasted bread." It is trimmed with three lengths of narrow black velvet, which at intervals perforate the high brim. The points of each are run through small strass buckles, and at the back of the brim they descend to make the necessary rosette which conceals the space between the hat and the hair. A capeline in straw the color of ripe grain has under its brim a group of great wild pink roses and some white marguerites.

For chic in the near future, milliners say, we shall have our chapeaux trimmed solely with long black Amazonian ostrich plumes. Already they are worn in Newport with blue muslins, and with those of other colors.

The girl who stands still to be caught by the masculine hunter is just the one he passes by for the saucy beauty who evades him.

THE FOOL BOY.

Boy, the morn is breaking fast,
Seest thou not the peep o' day?
Boy, why doest thou linger here—
Wherefore, loiterer, dost thou stay?

One drink more, and then I'll go,
Therefore slowly let me drink it;
If hellward I am running fast,
One thing is sure—I'll never blink it.

Why "hellward" should thy steps incline,
Why scorn a mother's pleading cry?
Dost hear her calling to her boy—
Wilt ever stop—canst never try?

The shutters close, and cease these cries,
I am not used to getting sober;
'Tis daybreak—and it burns mine eyes;—
What is't my mother mumbles over?

The night is done—now breaks the dawn;
The fool boy's earthly course is ended;
But a mother's prayer is heavenward borne
And answered where he's most offended.

—Lia Fail.

THE STORY OF "JESS."

"Look here, don't you whack him so much," I said.

The trapdoor of the hansom slammed down and the whip went on swishing. I shoved the trapdoor up again angrily.

"Beg y'r pardon, sir!" said the voice from above, in tones of sympathetic inquiry.

"Well, what are you whacking him for—he's doing his best?"

The trapdoor slammed, and in a moment or two went up again.

"Beg pardon, sir!" continued the voice. "It ain't a 'im, it's a 'er."

A passing hansom sent a splash onto my shirt front. "See here," said I, thoroughly roused. "If you hit him again, I'll take your number."

"She ain't a——"

"Well," I continued fiercely, "what the deuce has that got to do with it? The horse is going all right. Don't you whack him any more."

Again the trapdoor slammed, and again went up. "Beg y'r pardon, sir," the voice resumed, "but she's a very peculiar little 'orse. If I don't 'it 'er she'll go right on and stop. She won't go unless she's urged."

I made no response and the whip stopped. The "peculiar little 'orse" shook her head and ambled along more and more slowly. Presently she stopped. I thought I heard the trapdoor go up, but I took no notice, and after a decent interval we moved placidly on again. We seldom increased our pace beyond a walk during the remainder of our journey. Once or twice the drivers of passing hansoms, who seemed to know my cabman, raised their hats as they went by. I have since discovered that this is a humorous intimation of respect to a cab whose progress resembles that of a funeral procession. On one of these occasions I heard my cabman respond, "Orl right! Orl right! Don't you worry yourself. It's a day's job." I said nothing to the cabman as I paid him when we arrived at Paddington, but the little horse turned round to look at us. She had melancholy eyes and a very Roman nose.

"'Er name's Jess," remarked the cabman. Jess flipped one ear.

"She's a-listenin'," he continued. "Don't you go and think as she doesn know a bit. Come up, Jess, you old cow!" and off he drove, while I hurried inside the station to find that the next train to Harley would start in an hour and five minutes.

I did not think, I scarcely hoped to meet Jess again, though I hoped I should recognise her if I encountered her when I was in a hurry. In this hope I was justified. Some months afterward, when I was walking along one of the dingy streets at the back of Trafalgar Square. An October shower had made the asphalt as slippery as glass for the horses, and it was with some return of my old indignation that I saw a hansom coming along the street, furiously driven. The cabby was standing up in his seat to lay it on with more science, and as he passed the St. Martin's Shelter he was greeted by a chorus from his colleagues of, "Sit dahn to it, buoy! Sit dahn! Fight 'er fair!" There was no mistaking that Roman profile, those melancholy legs! It was Jess. She slipped and stumbled. The cabby climbed from his perch. I was surprised. I had thought he would get the mare up by the customary persuasion of the whip. The cab rank knew better, as they gathered about and helped the cabby to strip off the harness and wheel back the cab, with no other remark than, "W'oa, mare!" At length all the harness was taken off, with the exception of the headstall, and Jess, looking strangely decollete and forlorn in this attire, made the effort which was clearly expected of her to gain her footing. In vain. She tried a second time, while the small crowd which customarily collects on these occasions, cleared a little further back; but again the asphalt slipped away from her, and she came down in a despondent heap. A lady in the crowd, who had come out without her bonnet, and with a baby, said that "It was a shame—that's wot it was, wopkin' a poor 'orse like that, and she would like to know what the Society for the Purvention of Crooelty to Animals was a-doin' of, that's what she would like to know. Shut 'er jor? (continued the lady with the baby). Yus! ho, yus! wot, for 'im? A nasty brute like 'im, wot hops a poor animal till 'e cann't stand up on the ashfolt? Shut 'er jor, indeed! For 'im!"

A youthful policeman came up briskly and took out his notebook. "Here, stand off! stand away!" he said smartly. "Now then, driver, why don't you get the 'orse up?"

The driver made no immediate response, though he told the hanger-on of the cab rank who came up at this moment with a pail of water, that he might bloomin' well strike him pink.

The pail was placed on the ground and a glass borrowed from a public house opposite. Jess looked at these preparations with a faint curiosity, but their application was by no means to her taste. Her driver dipped a glass of water out of the pail and flung it sharply at the side of her face. Jess shook her head irritably, but the water did not help her to get up. Presently one of the glasses of water missed her altogether, for she rolled over suddenly on the pail.

"That's a fine let a good," observed the smart young policeman. "Why, 'ere you, get some gravel in your 'air, 'ow?"

"Look here," said I, "this is a [illegible] on the part of the [illegible] clearly unsupported by the [illegible] and their [illegible] by the [illegible] jibly. Some [illegible] placed under Jess' [illegible] drew back again to leave a [illegible] for her after. The [illegible]

"Put some under 'er [illegible] one of the four wheelers. "[illegible] orl right if you put 'e up [illegible] end."

They put some sticks [illegible] her hind hoofs, and Jess [illegible] hard in her effort her friends [illegible] for. But her legs doubled up [illegible] once more, and she came down [illegible] hopelessly as ever, and a number of the draggle-tailed women in the [illegible] said that they "Starved the poor beasts, and overworked 'em, and [illegible] worked 'em, until they couldn't get up. Look at the poor beast's ribs."

Jess was getting weaker, and sometimes her eyes closed. A hysterical [illegible] suggested that they should prop her up with something to support her; prop her up with some straw. It was done, and then [illegible] after Jess appeared to resign all responsibility for the situation. She made no further attempts to get up, and her head sank down on the straw. A stray dog wandered up and sniffed inquiringly at her hoofs.

"Ah!" said one of the tender-hearted women, "see 'ow the poor dumb animals feel for one another. They know when one another's in trouble."

Jess' hind hoof stirred nervously, and one of the poor animals went howling down the street toward the Nelson Column.

"Why don't you pull her fore legs out?" asked the policeman.

They pulled her forelegs out, and she lay there; and in this position she reminded one distantly of the Blondin Donkey.

"Come, Jess," said her driver, expostulatingly. "Come up, lovey! You ain't bought a bit o' free-old, you know."

"I know what she's a-waitin' for," said the man in a frock coat and bowler hat, who had brought the pail; "she's a-waitin' to have her blooming portrite taken."

They tried everything. The policeman moved the crowd further back, and cuffed an errand boy's head.

They tried to lever her up. They tried to pull her up, four of them, with a strap round her neck, and some of them hauling on her tail. But each trial failed, and each left her position worse than before. She lay so quiet at last that we gathered round again.

"This is a bad job, Jess," I said.

She looked surprised to hear my name spoken by an entire stranger, and tried, I thought, to put her ears straight. But she said nothing.

"Better stand away from 'er, sir," the policeman said. And as I could do no good, and the rain was stopping, I was glad to hurry away, one of the ladies of the neighborhood observing, as I did so, that she was going to communicate with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

An hour later I was returning by the same street, and to my [illegible] there the horse was still. She lay [illegible] helplessly head foremost, partly on the straw and partly on the cinders. Her forelegs were still crooked in front of her. The rain was coming down [illegible] again, and not many of the crowd were left—just a few boys and loafers.

Jess' driver was standing up [illegible] one or two other cabmen [illegible] door of the public house.

"You haven't got her up yet?" I said.

"No," he replied. "I'm afraid we've [illegible] over with 'er, poor old gal. She's goin' 'ome a long time. She'll never get up no more. One o' my mates has 'is up to the yard, and they're going to send a mass to pole axe 'er. She was a good little 'orse."

Sure enough at this moment [illegible] pole of [illegible] came along with [illegible] Once man carried an ugly [illegible] weapon, and were a sickly smile [illegible] cab man bounced out of the [illegible] house door and faced driver and [illegible] the man with the pole axe.

"All right," he said gruffly.

"All right," echoed the man.

"It's all up, old 'orse," said the man in the frock coat, and the [illegible] hat, "you can say your prayers [illegible] 'ere."

Jess had turned heavily [illegible] her eyes lit with a glazed [illegible] gazed up the road by the [illegible] Then she got up for the last time.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said [illegible]

"Oh," said the driver, [illegible] appear very much surprised, [illegible] very peculiar little 'orse, I [illegible] yer. Don't you take and think [illegible] doesn't know a bit. Ay, lovey!" [illegible] he rubbed her nose.—The Idler.

Adams and Jefferson.

John Quincy Adams, [illegible] served, and a portrait of [illegible] When he and Andrew Jackson [illegible] a levee in Washington, [illegible] memorable occasion [illegible] the crowd, among the [illegible] present, fell back in [illegible] it was possible that [illegible] scene. But the [illegible] fine urbanity, and [illegible] the President-elect in [illegible] terms and then [illegible] ing to remained to the [illegible] breakfast. Five [illegible] consecutive with [illegible] Noah Webster, in Harper's.

Compressed Oil for Polishing.

An invaluable remedy for [illegible] applicable in any [illegible] trouble is compressed oil. [illegible] make it at home [illegible] already prepared of [illegible] olive oil is [illegible] the latter cannot be [illegible] being to add all the [illegible] oil will take up. [illegible] is another simple [illegible] ment for the same purpose.

Tact.

"I don't know how [illegible] said a [illegible] certain [illegible] asked over [illegible] dress of [illegible] say I [illegible] his mother. [illegible] the [illegible] proved of [illegible]