

The First Grandchild.
"Grandmother" called the farmer, and there came
Out the girl the vine-wreathed porch a blue-
tinged dame,
Surprised and eager at the strange new
name.
The clock within rang forth the chime for
eight,
"A message! Read it—quick—how can you
wait?"
Her husband, smiling, leaned upon the gate,
At arm's length holding in his trembling
hand
The crisp, white sheet, which bore the writing
signed,
Then read once more, with voice almost un-
manned:
"Thy granddaughter salutes thee, 'Baby
Bell!'"
Mother and child, thank God, are doing
well!
A moment's silence on the proud twin fell
She broke it soon. "Grandfather I can
grant—"
"What, no?" the girl cried, lifting his
hat.
Grandfather?—no! I hadn't thought of
that!"
—*Ann A. Weston, in Harper's.*

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Miss Lily Somers, night telegraph operator at the Floodwood station, sat before her table on which the telegraph instrument clicked busily, a thoughtful expression on her face.
A face whose expression was its charm, that never could be called pretty, but that, nevertheless, suggested a possibility—only a possibility—of being handsome. For there is a vast difference between pretty and handsome. Pretty people seldom know very much; but to be handsome a person must have brains, an inner as well as an outer beauty.
Floodwood was a formerly desolate spot, and one where any woman, except Lily, would have been afraid to come, much less to stay alone all night with nothing but the wind sully-sighing through the wires overhead and the shrill shrieks of the wild cats away upon the mountain side to keep her company through her nightly vigils. But to her there was something fascinating in the very desolation of the place. From early childhood she had been accustomed to commune with nature in her wilder scenes, and played and wandered at will in the mountain glens and canons. With no foolish old woman or silly nurse girl to frighten her childish senses with stories of hideous ghosts and monstrous goblins, she had grown to womanhood naturally brave and fearless. In truth she did not understand the meaning of the word fear.
Her office was nothing more than a roughly built shanty, seven or eight feet square, with a small window in each end and one in the door which faced the railroad track. It had been hurriedly put together with green lumber while the road was in course of construction, with the intention of only using it temporarily until a better one could be built, but, as usual in such cases, it had done duty for its original purpose ever since.
The rough, unpainted boards were badly warped and shrunken by long exposure to the elements, and in many places large knots had fallen completely out.
No doubt in the winter time the bleak mountain wind cheerily whistled through these many apertures, and while one side of the unhappy operator was being nicely browned like a piece of toast by the red hot stove the other side would be refrigerated like a frozen rabbit.
It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when Lily received an order from the train dispatcher, which read as follows:
TO OPERATOR, FLOODWOOD.—H. H. No. 21 until No. 22 arrives.
E. K. C.
On receipt of this order she immediately displayed the red signal light, which is furnished at all telegraph stations for this purpose, in a conspicuous place, in plain sight of passing trains, and also where it could be seen from the office window.
The necessity for this order and position of the two trains, Lily stated, are as follows:
No. 22 had arrived at Silver Creek, ten miles west of Floodwood, a few minutes after No. 21 had passed Floodwood, which was thirteen miles east of Floodwood. As No. 22 was late and could go no further on the schedule, according to the rules of the road, they would be compelled to lay at Silver Creek until No. 21 arrived there, unless they could get orders by telegraph to meet them at some other station. Floodwood being the only intervening telegraph office between the two trains, the dispatcher gave the above order to that station, and as soon as it was properly acknowledged by Lily he sent another order to No. 22 at Silver Creek, which read in this manner:
TO CONDUCTOR AND ENGINEER No. 22.—Meet No. 21 at Floodwood. Approach carefully.
E. K. C.
The intelligent reader will readily understand that by means of these orders the two trains would meet each other at

Floodwood in perfect safety, notwithstanding that one of them knew nothing of the arrangement.
To explain: If No. 21 should arrive first, they would be stopped by the red light, which showed that there were orders for them at this station. The conductor and engineer would immediately proceed to the telegraph office, where the operator would deliver them a copy of the order to hold them for No. 22. This would be sufficient, and they would wait until No. 22 arrived. If No. 22 arrived first, the execution of the order would be yet more simple. No. 22 would take signal, and as soon as they were clear Lily would be at liberty to take down the red signal lantern, and allow No. 21 to pass without stopping. No. 22 having arrived, the object of the order was already fulfilled. If both trains should happen to arrive at the same time, the red signal would stop No. 21, and as No. 22 had instructions to "approach carefully," they would do so, expecting to find No. 21 occupying the main track.
Lily perfectly understood the importance of the order she had just received, and during the long hour which wore slowly away she kept careful watch of the signal light which, however, continued to burn as brightly as ever. At last she heard a rumbling noise away in the west which gradually became louder and louder and more distinct. By this time she knew that No. 22 was coming and would probably get in on the siding before No. 21 should arrive.
The rumbling became louder and louder each moment; the earth began to tremble, and the peculiar vibration in the air which gives warning of a rapidly approaching train hummed loudly in her ears.
She began to feel anxious, as they were evidently coming at a high rate of speed, and not approaching as carefully as their order had instructed them; she also had not heard the whistle which is always sounded by trains when approaching a station, and this omission increased her fears that something was wrong.
But she was given no time for further reflection, as the train now dashed around a curve not a hundred yards distant, running at full speed.
Lily flew out and stood between the rails swinging her hand lamp wildly across the track and shouting at the top of her clear young voice. But no attention was paid to her signal, the train coming maddly on, with such a rattle and clack that it drowned the sound of her voice.
The roaring, rushing train was now upon her, and she barely had time to spring from the track and escape with her life. With a rattling crash and an awful rush of air the hissing, throbbing monster sped swiftly past her, while the clank of the car wheels passing over a loose spike near by was so rapid that it resembled the rapid hammering of the anvil in a blacksmith shop.
For a moment Lily was unnerred and bewildered, but suddenly arising herself to action she rushed into the office, and seizing a piece of firebrick that did duty for a stove leg, she turned and looked it through the window of the caboose that was just passing. An instant later the red lights in the rear end of the train had disappeared around a curve in the cut, and the rattle of the runaway train quickly lessened in the distance.
Lily's heart throbbed painfully and she was seized with a sudden fit of shivering, which most persons of delicate or organizations are subject to when under great excitement. As soon as she had somewhat recovered she went into the office, and calling the train dispatcher, who answered at once, she said:
"No. 22 passed at full speed and No. 21 not yet arrived!"
"My God!" telegraphed back the dispatcher as swiftly as his frightened fingers could form the letters, "the crew must be asleep. They will strike in that cut and pile up fifty feet high! Heaven! This is horrible!"
Lily then went on to explain that she had attempted to awaken them by throwing a brick through a caboose window and on hearing this the dispatcher opened his key without waiting for her to finish and said excitedly:
"Run to the east end of the siding, and if you see them backing them up throw the switch and let them in on the siding. No. 21 is not due here five minutes, and there is a chance for them yet."
"I have no switch key," said Lily.
"Break the lock with a hammer, a rock, or anything," was the quick reply.
"But, oh!"
Lily seized an old ax that was lying handy, and with a vague idea that she might also need the red light, she took it into her other hand and flew up the track with the speed of the wind, at the imminent risk of falling and breaking her neck in the inky darkness.
Once she stumbled and fell, and the lantern was dashed from her hand and

scot rolling along the ground far beyond her reach by the sudden impetus which her fall had given it, but without pausing to regain it she sprang to her feet and bounded on.
The switch at the end of the siding was fully half a mile from the office, and about the same distance from the beginning of the cut. If No. 22 could back in on the siding to time they would be safe, but if they attempted to back down the main track past the telegraph office they were liable to be overtaken by No. 21 before going half the distance, as, according to the dispatcher's figures, No. 21 should now be very close.
As Lily reached the switch a pair of gleaming red lights suddenly appeared around the curve in the cut, and she knew that the train was already rapidly backing up, and that she had not a moment to lose.
Feeling for the lock in the darkness, she then struck it several heavy blows with the ax, which she still retained. Luckily, one of the blows taking effect, the broken lock dropped to the ground. She then grasped the switch lever and tried to throw it over, but it resisted her utmost efforts to move it.
The train was now only a short distance away, and with the energy of despair she leaped her feet against the switch standard, and putting forth her strength in one mighty effort, the obstinate lever came over with a sudden jerk and No. 22 glided safely in on the siding.
The shrill scream of a whistle was now heard in the cut, and as soon as the train was clear she again exerted all her strength and threw the switch back to its former position.
A headlight now flashed around the curve, and a moment later No. 21 rushed roaring along.
Lily, by her bravery, promptness and presence of mind, had averted a terrible calamity.
At the official investigation which took place a few days later the entire crew of the runaway train acknowledged that they were asleep, and that the conductor had been awakened by a brick thrown in at the caboose window.
The only excuse they had for their neglect of duty was that they had been on the road for thirty-two consecutive hours without sleep or rest, and that they were completely worn out.
Notwithstanding the fact that the management of the road was responsible for requiring the men to run the long double trip, the entire crew were summarily discharged for neglect of duty, as though man's endurance was an inflexible law, to be drawn on at pleasure.

The Hatching of Lobsters.
Mr. E. A. Brackett of the Massachusetts Commission on Fisheries and Game is making arrangements to commence the propagation of lobsters on the Massachusetts coast early in June. A steam launch has been purchased by the commission and is now being fitted for this work. Mr. Brackett has made the drawings for hatching boxes, and they are now being constructed. He expects to be able to turn 40,000,000 young lobsters into Massachusetts waters this season. The experiment will be watched with a great deal of interest by every one interested in fish culture, as this is the first attempt made to propagate the lobster artificially. The lobster fishermen are interested in the experiment, and have promised to give all the aid and assistance in their power to help the project along, and it is from them that Mr. Brackett expects to secure the female lobsters, and, as a female lobster of twelve inches in length carries from 30,000 to 40,000 eggs, he will only require from 1200 to 1400 to furnish the requisite number or eggs to make up the enormous number he proposes to hatch this season. Professor S. Garmen will be detailed from Harvard College to assist Mr. Brackett in this great undertaking.

Grin Humor.
It was at Tompkins. The young Count de T., who was serving as a private in a light infantry regiment, had his skull fractured by a bullet during an engagement with the Black Flag. He was taken up for dead, and removed to the ambulance. "He won't recover," said the surgeon-major, "you can see the brain."
"At this word, the patient suddenly opened both his eyes. "You can see my brain?" he asked. "Heaven, my major, write at once to appoint my father of the fact; he made me join the army, because he pretended I had no brains."
—*Argonaut.*

Not an Intentional Smile.
Miss May Morninggale—I'm very sorry to hear of your brother's death, Mr. Villers; but you'll pardon me if I say that I see no reason to smile over it!
Mr. Yorke Villers—Oh, dear, no! I'm not smiling, don't you know? It isn't just this eyeless I'm trying to keep in!

A sign writer—The stenographer,

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
A SAD REASON FOR TEARS.
There sat a silly little boy
Upon a bed of peesies,
Her toes below the summer grass
And twinkled on the roses.
"Now, why is all this grief?" I said,
"And all this doleful crying?"
The maiden sadly shook her head,
And answered, softly sighing,
"All yester day I wept," said she,
"And then 't was morning I could see
'T was quite without a reason;
So now I mourn the stupid way—
In which I spent that lovely day—
The fairest of the sea or
Of air, of day or night—O dear!
The fairest of the sea or night!"
So there she sat, the silly lass,
And nothing could content her,
The rose and the summer grass
No gram of comfort lent her;
Nor any word that I could say
Would ease her doleful crying.
"I can but weep for yester day,"
She answered, so it galling;
"Twas all so foolish that I see—
And that is all the worst," said she:
"T is not my greatest sorrow;
I cannot eat—I cannot sleep—
And all the day I weep and weep—
For far I'll weep to-morrow!"
O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—
How I'll weep to-morrow!"
—*Esther S. Goodell in St. Nicholas.*

A GENEROUS HORSE.
"Billy," a horse attached to a police patrol station in Boston, has become known throughout the Hub by its liberality. A member of the mounted squad, while answering roll call, ties his horse to the post forming one corner at the head of Billy's stall, and as soon as the animal is fastened, Billy picks up a mouthful of hay, forces it through the iron grating about his stall and waits until his guest has eaten it. Then he repeats the operation, and continues his hospitality until the officer returns for his horse. Billy began to do this early in the fall, without any suggestion from the men, and he does it twice a day, much to the satisfaction of his visitor.
—*New York Bulletin.*

A CAT ADOPTS A RABBIT.
Squire J. T. Mulkey has a cat that possesses motherly affection, though she has never had any children of her own. The other day, in her rambles, she discovered a nest of young rabbits about the size of little kittens. So pussy grabbed one in her mouth and started home with it, her tail straight up in the air, manifesting a high degree of excitement. For 24 hours she nestled and nursed around the baby rabbit, as happy as a little girl with a baby doll. Finally some one of the family took the rabbit away, and put it in a box where it could be fed. At first Mrs. Tabby mourned for the loss of her baby, but after awhile she started off and brought back another rabbit from the nest, and she takes great motherly pride in watching over her new found baby, and if she could feed it her cup of felicitous happiness would evidently be full.
—*Times (Gt. Brit.)*

HOW BIRDS TREAT WOUNDS.
Some very interesting observations made by M. Patis on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought before the Physical Society of Geneva. In these it was stated that the snipe had often been observed in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, and even has been known to secure a broken limb by a stout ligature. On one occasion M. Patis killed a snipe which had on the chest a large dressing composed of down from other parts of the body, and securely fixed to the body by coagulated blood. Twice he had had snipe with interwoven feathers on the site of a fracture of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He only recovered it on the following day, when he found that the poor creature had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled around the beak, and not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, it was almost dead from hunger when found. In a case recorded by M. Maguin, a snipe which was observed to fly away with a broken leg was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position (the upper fragment reaching to the leg joint), and they were secured there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss, intermingled.

When Spaniards Have Suffrage.
There are elections in Spain, but universal suffrage is not dreamed of. The franchise is peculiar. A Spaniard, to vote, must be of age, domiciled 25 years, contributing 25 pesetas (\$5) as a real estate tax, and double that as an industrial tax. Politicians in power do not try to increase voters, but to diminish their number. Madrid, with 400,000 population, has an actual register of 12,000. All parish priests, and their curates, members of academies, and ecclesiastical chapters can vote.

PORPOISE CATCHING.
A Successful Harpooner Needs Courage, Skill and Endurance.
Methods of Securing the Fish and Trying the Blubber.
Along the coast of Maine there are several places where porpoise catching is carried on extensively, and affords the principal means of support for many of the people living in those localities. The Bay of Fundy is an especially good fishing ground, and Indian Beach, bordering on the waters of the bay, is more or less occupied the year round by whites and Indians who do little else. For years the Passamaquoddy Indians have made a practice of camping on the beach and applying themselves assiduously to porpoise harpooning and shooting. The winter fish are the fattest and give the most oil; that is the valuable part of the catch. The largest porpoises are about seven feet long, will give five feet, weigh 300 pounds and over, and yield from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber is an inch or so thick in warm weather, but in the winter double that. A fat fish's blubber will weigh about 100 pounds. The Indians do their work in much the same way now as they did in early years, the most primitive methods prevailing. In trying out the blubber the appliances are of the rudest kind. The fires are built among piles of stones, over which iron pots are hung. The blubber is cut into small pieces and slowly melted. The oil is skimmed into pyramidal cans, and when pure is worth 90 cents a gallon. The best oil comes from the jaws of the porpoise. The jaws are hung up in the sun, and the oil drops down into a vessel, each pint producing about one-half pint. Watchmakers and others using a very fine oil take it in preference to all other, and it commands a high price. The blubber oil gives a good light, and for years was burned exclusively in the light houses along the coast.
In a good season an Indian will catch nearly 200 porpoises, each yielding about three gallons of oil, but most of them fall a good deal below this, as they are not over partial to labor, and, as long as the returns of one catch will last, will not around the camp rather than go out again. The custom is to get a few gallons of oil, go to the nearest market and sell it, then "street" till forced by necessity to make further excursions. The porpoise's flesh is much like pork when cooked, and is a staple article of food.
The bravery, skill and endurance demanded of the porpoise catchers in their work is almost unknown to the outside world. In the morning, when the men are going "porpoising," the women and children turn out to see the canoes off. Each boat has two men, and when a storm comes up while they are out, or they are unusually late coming in, there is great anxiety among those on shore. It takes years of training to make a good porpoise harpooner, and the boys begin by going out with the experienced men. No matter what the water's condition, be it rough or smooth, if there is a trip contemplated, the start is made. In calm weather the blowing of the porpoise can be heard a long way, and guides the Indian in the right direction. Shooting is the most successful method of killing the fish. Long smooth bore guns, with big charges of powder and double B shot are used. As the fish is floating, swimming, and diving about the water, first on the surface and then below, the canoe is poled as near as possible. Then, as the porpoise lifts himself to dive the gun's charge is let fly. There is a slim chance of making a sure shot, but the fish is spared to stop his floating about in the dying struggle. It is then landed in the canoe by grasping the postural fin with one hand, sticking a couple of fingers in the blow hole, and dragging it over the side. In still water this is easy, but when a high sea is running the under-taking is hard and dangerous.
Snakes are plenty, and their fangs are almost always visible, cutting the water as soon as a porpoise is wounded, the blood attracting them. No end of stories are told of men having had their arms bit off by ashok while they were reaching into the water to secure a porpoise, but old fishermen scoff at such a thing, and pay no attention to the dread ocean monsters, as they almost rub their noses against the sides of the canoes.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

The Wind Blast of the Avalanche.
I knew well, for an honest fellow told me that he was driving his sledge with two horses on the Alberta Pass, when an avalanche fell upon the opposite side of the gorge. It did not catch him. But the blast carried him and his horses and the sledge at one swoop over into deep snow, whence they emerged with difficulty. Another man, whom I count among my friends here, showed me a spot in the Schandau Valley (between Char and Strich Pass) where one of his female relatives had been caught by the Lawinen Dunst. She was walking to church when this happened, the people of her hamlet having taken the same path about a quarter of an hour before. The blast lifted her into the air, swept her from the road and landed her at the top of a lofty pine, to which she clung with great desperation. The snow rushed under her and left the pine standing. It must have been an inconsiderable avalanche. Her neighbors on their way back from church saw her clinging for fear to the slender apex of the tree, and rescued her. Many such cases could be mentioned. A roadmaker, named Schorta, this winter, was blown in like manner into the air below Brail in the Engadine, and saved himself by grasping to a fir tree, else he would have been dashed to pieces against the face of a precipice, as it was he only lost his hat. I have been shown a place near Eins in the Rhine Valley, above Char, where a miller's house was carried headily some distance through the air by the Lawinen Dunst. Its inhabitants were all killed except an old man about sixty and an infant of two years. Again I may mention that the tower of the monastery at Disentis was on one occasion blown down by the same cause. Cases are frequently met with where walls of houses, windows and doors, have been smashed in by the wind of avalanches falling on the opposite flank of a narrow ravine. I have myself seen a house wrecked by a Staub Lawine, and roof removed in one piece by the blast, and its back wall and one side stove in by the weight of snow and stones and tiles which followed.

The Silver Lining.
Above my head, beneath my feet
The black clouds roll in fury by;
I gaze as far as eye can see,
And aught but storm clouds fill my sky.
No ray of light, no sunbeam shining—
No glimmer of a silver lining.
About my soul and on my heart,
The shadows fall in silver gleams.
The murky clouds have filled my brain,
And left my reason almost vain.
My soul in grief and woe is wringing,
Can't see no glimmer of a silver lining.
Clouds of the past but roll away,
To let the present gloom appear.
While future years rise dark and stern
With half-closed clouds leads far and near.
The hand of fate my lot is giving,
Obscures the gleam of silver lining.
Hill on dark clouds with grief oppressed?
The vapors must not pass away.
The road bears but its destined load
Of sorrow's burden, day by day.
Some wisdom's lessons must be waiting,
Must not disclose the silver lining.
—*Lillian B. St. Louis.*

HUMOROUS.
Consumptive's early stage. "A hark,
Were the dead historians talked to
death?
A loud tip—Feeling the water with a
lead spitter.
Nature's serial story.—The spinal column,
continued in our necks.
The frontiersman who shot an Indian
corps didn't know it was Lo-Dee.
The man who made himself a new title
out of fur was fur-tile in resources.
When a man goes out for a "trip"
on the road he should use a "stop" bag.
He—Do you like to ride in the rail?
She—Yes, especially if it is driving
storm.
To use the language of good old youth,
the very perfection of the beautiful is
the smile which now adorns the face of
the seaside hotel keeper.
Mr. S. (to a girl approaching the point)
—The contents I hold toward you,
my dear Miss Keeble, are so tender that
I cannot expose them! "Miss Keeble—
"Then you might send them by mail."
Pupil—Teacher, kin me an' Bill go
no' get a pair o' water? Alkman
Schoolmaster—There you go again.
How many times have I got to tell you
that it ain't good grammar to say me an'
bill? Pupil—What of it to say?
Teacher—Bill and me. Can't I never
learn you nothing?"

Habits of the Beaver.
Having to pass the newly built lumber
camp often, writes a Michigan corre-
spondent of *Forest and Stream*, I saw
that the beaver had two or three dams,
and a house built, all in shape to spend
the winter. The man who carried lunch
to the men several times saw the beaver
at work carrying brush and alder sticks
into their winter store houses. He said
he watched them one day for an hour,
and this was in the middle of the day.
In November, after it froze up, I set two
traps and caught one beaver; another
made the chain to my trap and got away
under the ice. Thinking he might have
got lost with the trap and drowned, I
took two boxes with me one day, and
set a number of holes through the ice
along their road. As the water in their
hole was only two or three feet deep I
could easily see the bottom, but could
not find my trap or beaver. At a last
resort I cut a hole in the dam, so as to
draw the water off. In about an hour
the pond had lowered a foot. The
beaver came out of their hiding places
and made straight for the hole in their
dam. We saw three of them, and as
they swam past the holes we had cut
in the ice we caught two young ones,
two thirds grown, by the tail and pulled
them out. On the ice they were help-
less. They showed fight but did not
make much effort to escape. The other
was an old fellow, and we tried to catch
him in the same way, but I had hold
of his tail several times, but he was too
strong. Just then a hunter happened
along with a gun and shot him for us.
We were eight miles from home and had
no way to carry the two live beavers, so
we foolishly killed them, and I have
been sorry many times since, as I think
they might have been fared, or I could
have sold them alive for double what I
got for their hides, \$15 each. The old
one weighed thirty pounds, and the
hild brought me \$5. I caught one two
years ago that weighed forty-two
pounds.

Whence the Politeness.
"Why don't you say thank you,"
Johnny, when you are handed any-
thing?" said Mrs. Brown at the table.
"Your sister always says it."
"Yes," replied little Johnny. "She's
a woman and always wants to have the
last word."

A Fortunate Death.
A Kansas man had a comparatively
easy death the other day. He expired
just as he entered a railroad eating
house. Five minutes later he might
have tackled a railroad sandwich. Provi-
dence is merciful.—*Duffalo Express.*

Romance of the South Sea Islands.
A romantic story comes to Washing-
ton from Tahiti, in the South Sea
Islands, in which the United States
consul and a native prince figure as the
principals. The consul is Jacob L.
Daly, a young man of twenty-two who
was appointed to his present position
about a year ago. Young Daly served
for some years as a page in the State,
and when he asked for a place in the
consular service, all the members of the
body, Republicans and Democrats alike,
gave him a cordial endorsement. Shortly
after his arrival in Tahiti, Mr. Daly,
who is a bright, handsome young man,
made the acquaintance of the Princess
Paloma. The Princess is a beautiful and
accomplished lady, about eighteen years
old, and a perfect blonde. She is the
daughter of Lord and Lady D'Arcy,
her mother, Lady D'Arcy, being a native
Tahitian princess, and her father an
English nobleman of distinguished an-
cestry. Princess Paloma has had all the
advantages of a continental education in
France and Germany as well as England.
She is the possessor of immense wealth,
being in her own right, the largest
property owner on the island, with vast
cocoa plantations, and pearl fisheries
valued at millions of dollars and
further receives a large annuity
from France under treaty stipulations.
As may naturally be supposed the Prin-
cess has not lacked suitors for her hand,
but she threw them all over for the
young American, and in a recent letter
from Mr. Daly to his mother in this city
the announcement is made of their be-
trudal. Lord D'Arcy, it is said, de-
sired that his daughter should marry
in her own station, but like a sensible man
he waived his objections when he saw what
direction matters were taking. The fact
is, the young man can boast a lineage
quite as long as his prospective father-
in-law. He is a great grandson of Lord
Melbourn, who was half a century ago
Queen Victoria's prime minister. He
is also related to the Wallaces and McPhersons
and other families of note in Great
Britain.—*Boston Post.*

An Aesthetic Taste.
Miss Northcote—Don't you admire
decorated plates, Mr. Oldmansian?
Mr. Oldmansian—Indeed I do, Miss
Northcote.
Miss Northcote—What style of decora-
tion do you most fancy?
Mr. Oldmansian—Hark.
Very Aristocratic.
"I have been trying for years to be as
thoroughly aristocratic as you are, my
dear."
"Yes, Amelia."
"Well, you about to reach the zenith
at last?"
"Ah!"
"Yes. The doctor says I have symp-
toms of the gout."—*Times.*

An Exorbitant Charge.
Convoysent—"Doctor, how much
do I owe you for saving my life?"
Doctor—"Sixty dollars."
Convoysent—"Sixty dollars?" (with
an air of conviction) It ain't worth it."
—*Ep. ch.*
A house kept to the end of display is
impossible to all but a few women, and
their success is dearly bought.