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THE UTILITY OF GRUMBING.

(London Society.) Grumble, grumble, grumble on! Old habits you easily can't lay by. Nevertheless, old Farmer John, I read the truth in your bright brown eyes.

BEHIND THE TAPESTRY.

(Cassell's Magazine.) The first part of the strange story which I am about to tell happened some ten years ago. Ten years ago I was in the first sorrow of my widowhood. I was childless, too.

She, too, was young and beautiful. We were schoolfellows; we were engaged at the same time; we were married in the same month of the same year.

During the three years of my married life we had seen little of each other, but when my husband died, and Mary Clifford wrote to me tenderly out of her full heart, I answered back her love.

She asked me to stay with her, and I did so. How peaceful were those days spent in her beautiful home! The house and place were called Aspen's Vale.

It was a beautiful place, and I had a very lovely ground, overlooking wood and river. Altogether, it was one of the show-places in the district.

I stayed with the Cliffords for a couple of months. During that time the house was quiet, visitors few—they eschewed company for my sake.

At the end of two months I left them, comforted and helped, and with many promises of a return by-and-by. Circumstances, however, too varied and too sudden in nature, prevented that.

here alone, and I'll stay with you with pleasure if it comes that, though my nerves aren't none of the strongest.

I think I have implied that I was brave. In my girlhood, in my short married life, even in the sad depression of my early widowhood, I have never known physical fear.

Who was in the Tapestry chamber? Was it the ghost? Was that story true? After all, of course I did not believe it.

I was about to rise from my easy-chair and go over to the old-fashioned four-poster when again my attention was attracted to the glass over my head.

There was one hidden behind the tapestry—hangings and the wall of the chamber. Some one—not a ghost. That eye was human, or I had never looked on a human eye before.

Nothing but consummate coolness could win the victory. I resolved to be very cool. With a fervent and passionate cry, I slipped several costly rings off my fingers.

Then I put the extinguishers on the candles. They were wax, and stood in massive silver candlesticks. The room, however, was still brilliant with the fire on the hearth.

I heard him rattle noisily striking a match, then with a lighted candle in hand, he went to the dressing-table. I closed my eyes, but I heard him taking up my trinkets and dropping them again.

I heard him give a short satisfied sigh. Again, candle in hand, he returned to the dressing-table. Once more I heard the clinking sound of my trinkets as they fell through his fingers.

He saw that he had been outwitted, and his savage answer knew no bounds. "To my room," he said, "but I will not go to bed until I have seen you." He came to the door, and he called to me to open it; he assured me that he had no accomplices outside, that they would soon burst the old door from its hinges, and my life would be forfeited.

WOMEN FOLK.

FAMOUS AMERICAN BEAUTIES. Sad Ending of Two Brilliant Careers. (New York World.) A strange fatality seems always to have attended beautiful women from the time of Helen of Troy down to the present hour.

I rushed to the window. I threw up the sash, and bent half out, into the clear night air. I sent my strong voice a cry.

I spoke distinctly and the man seemed to understand. He flew away, the dog following him. I instantly threw myself on my knees, and in the terrible moments that followed prayed as I had never prayed before.

I did not believe in the ghost. I was about to rise from my easy-chair and go over to the old-fashioned four-poster when again my attention was attracted to the glass over my head.

I believed the servants doubted that he had been even, and only thought that the good lady was too foolish enough to sleep in the Tapestry chamber had been visited by a new form of the ghost.

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THE FASHIONS.

AS FIXED BY PARIS FOR THE NEW YORKERS. And by New York for our Country Folk. (New York Evening Post.) White bonnets trimmed with white plume will form the dressy bonnet for some time.

English brides wear pointed Chinese shoes of white satin, with the isteps covered with a fine rich embroidery in raised chenille work.

Dressmakers are improving upon the simple "housemaid's dress" worn so much the past season in high summer fabrics. They are making a dress of the material that they did at first, and a change in the shape of the crinoline form in conjunction with material assists the modiste in making such improvement.

Mohair and alpaca are once more used for school dresses, these made with a tucked and knitted skirt and blouse or Jersey bodice.

None of the new styles of hats have been made of red and golden brown wool with hair-lines of pale blue.

White fabrics are so rich and beautiful, they are being used for the most part in the richest walking costumes, and are frequently combined with silk, velvet, or plush.

Among the modes indicated as likely to suit the popular taste are the demi-long redingote and the Molire habit, either of which is to be made of a material that the redingote may have the skirts attached across the hips after the manner of the still popular Newmarket coat.

Among a number of superb costumes designed for a prospective bride in this city is an exquisite dress of Watteau cut, made of dark blue silk, with the bodice in pale blue and silver, which certainly looks like a reminiscence of Arcadia.

The newest waistcoats are considerably longer than those worn for two seasons past, and are made after the French Guard style with pockets several inches below the waist on each side, covered with very wide flaps richly decorated with embroidery.

The discovery that the bicycle can be used as a motor for driving machinery, is opening a new field to our bicyclists. The thousands of melancholy young men who are now aimlessly falling off bicycles in the street, and earning nothing except bruises, can be saved from this fate by a really beneficent use of the bicycle.

THE HARVESTS OF 1884.

(New York Herald.) The critical period with the crops, when untimely frosts may spoil the fairest prospects, has almost, if not altogether, passed.

The aggregate yield of the cereal crops in the United States will probably be exceptionally good, both as to quality and quantity.

The cotton crop, though backward, reports the corn crop in better condition than in any September since 1880.

The wheat crop is reported as being in better condition than it was last September, while the condition of tobacco is still higher than in any September since 1877.

The delirious English wit is something that the American mind fails to appreciate. The most amusingly offered prize of £1 for the cleverest original anecdote should be sent it, and the following secured the money: "I was out at a small dinner-party one evening recently. A boy, who had been engaged to do the waiting, when he placed two dishes of tarts before the hostess, she—probably thinking it not correct to eat tarts—said: 'What are these, James?' Whereupon the boy, pointing first to one dish and then to the other, replied: 'There's a penny each, and them's two for three half-pence.'"

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A GRATEFUL FROG.

(From Nature.) Last night I rescued a frog from the claws of a cat, and to my great surprise it turned, and after gazing at me for a few seconds jumped slightly toward me, halting after each leap and gazing up into my face.

It was a most remarkable incident, and I am sure that the frog was not only grateful, but also intelligent.

The frog was found in a garden, and it was very tame, and it was very intelligent.

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WHAT IS CALLED "A LIE OUT."

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