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LEONA.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[Competent literary critics have pronounced the following poem unsurpassed by any other production of its class in our language. It is perfect in rhyme, beautiful in figure and expression, and we know our readers will thank us for its reproduction.]

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain half lifted revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away, like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold,
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled,
On the walls of the west o'er the plains of the World
I shall rise in a limitless day.

O! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the river eternally blooms
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn,
Which bind me to you and to earth;
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return,
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play—
Life's shadow's are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-by; should the grief
That is gathering now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief
Over lowland and river to me.

MISS ERISM'S CODICIL.

Miss Rebecca Erism, a valetudinarian of sixty, lay dying at her house in town. She had held so tenacious a grip upon life that it was difficult for the two young people to realize the end was so near. These two young people were Gerald Erism, her nephew, and Miss Luane Williams, her companion and nurse.

Gerald had seen the young woman every day for the three years she had lived with his aunt, but never until this moment had bestowed a serious thought upon her. He did not even know the color of her eyes till his aunt gasped out a sentence that caused him to look at her attentively. Then he found them shining luminously in the somber gloom of the sick chamber, and something therein forbade him to hate her, although the sentence his aunt had uttered was to the effect that she had left Miss Williams all her money.

"If you expect to pay for that horse for Emily Thorpe to ride with the money you get by my death," said the dying woman, "you're mistaken."

"You don't understand," began Gerald.

"It was an infamous transaction," said the old lady, "and what I call a postobit. I found out enough about it to make me put a codicil to my will. That rascally horse dealer'll lose his money after all, and Emily Thorpe shall flaunt none of her finery at my expense. I've left my money to Luane Williams!"

It was then that Gerald looked at Luane; but his aunt suddenly stretched out her hands to him pleadingly, and finding a gray pallor spreading over her face, he knelt down by her bedside and took her cold withered hand in his own.

"If the horse had been for any one but that Emily Thorpe!" faltered the poor old lady.

"Oh, aunt," said Gerald, "if you'd let me explain—"

"I would if I had time," she said; "but I must die now."

In ten minutes it was all over, and Gerald went out of the house with a great ache at his heart. He was very sorry for his aunt; she had been very kind to him—too kind, for she had reared him for the useless life of a drone, when now it appeared he must work for a living like all the rest of the bees. It had hitherto been something of a bore to him merely to spend money, and the fact began to dawn unpleasantly upon his mind that to earn it must be infinitely more wearisome.

Walking aimlessly on his feet took mechanically a familiar direction, and he found himself pausing before a fine house in a fashionable quarter of the city, from which shambled a somewhat bent and awkward figure that presently disappeared in a brougham before the door.

Gerald recognized the man as Mr. Badger the millionaire, and involuntarily contrasted his condition with that of the fortunate soap dealer. He was, however, so absorbed with the direful news he had to tell Emily that before she came into the parlor he had forgotten Badger's existence.

It was singular that her remarkable beauty and brilliant toilet did not appall Gerald at that moment; that the fact of his no longer being able to grace that lovely hand with befitting gems did not prevent him from seizing it in both his own, and kissing it rapturously. But for an enchanting moment he was allowed to forget the gloomy chamber where his aunt lay dead, and the woman who waited there for the money he had been taught to consider his own.

"It seems to me that you are very beautiful this morning," was all that he could say.

Emily drew her hand gently away from his caress.

"Gerald," she said, "I have something to tell you."

Her accent was cold. There was something in her manner that caused him to step back and look at her with a dim premonition of what was to come.

"You know," she continued, "how bitterly opposed is your aunt to your affection for me. She has told me herself that she will never consent to our happiness. Gerald, I am too fond of you to wreck your whole life. There was but one way to end it all—"

She paused. He leaned forward, and still kept his eye, now wan and haggard, upon her face. Then she sank pale and trembling into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hand. She was moved with pity, perhaps, or a vague regret. At last she spoke.

"I have just accepted an offer of marriage."

"From Badger," cried Gerald, and walked to the door. "Your prudence," he added, standing upon the threshold, "has served you well. You have just got rid of me in time. My aunt died this morning, and has left everything to her nurse and companion."

Then he got into the street, and walked along with a faltering, staggering step. His eyes were wild his face lividly pale. People turned to look at him as he went by, and two or three wondered what was sending that man to the devil.

He went home and stood by the body of his aunt. There was a single fascination about this death—something very wonderful and tempting in that mysterious and absolute rest. Suddenly he became master of himself, of the bitterness and despair of the moment. He walked firmly to the door, but a step followed him, and, turning, he saw the pale, perturbed face of Miss Williams. Then he remembered her presence in the room, but his madness and grief had prevented him from realizing it.

"Just one word, Mr. Erism," she said. "Of course you know that I will not touch one penny of this money!"

"It doesn't matter now," he replied. "It might as well be yours as anybody's!"

"But it is yours," she said.

"Oh, as for me," said Gerald, "I shall not want it." He walked through the hall. Miss Williams followed him stealthily. He entered the room, but when the door shut him in Luane remained, haggard and trembling, her ear glued to the cold panel between them. A grim silence reigned about her. She could hear the clock tick in the dead woman's room below. Suddenly she put both her hands about the knob and opened the door. Gerald turned quickly; there was an ominous click; the pistol fell a little as it went off. The blood soaked through his coat and trickled out upon the floor. Just as Luane was about sinking at his feet, Gerald put out his hand to her.

"An accident, Miss Williams," he said. "Please send Adams for the doctor, and then help me off with my coat."

This brought Luane to herself. She hastened to do his bidding, dispatched Adams, and returning again to Gerald, stanched the blood with strips of the pillow-case from a bed. When the doctor came she held the light for him while he probed the wound and extracted the bullet.

"An inch or so higher," said the doctor, "and you would have been buried on the same day with your aunt."

"It was a lucky thing, then, that Miss Williams had an errand to my room when she did," said Gerald. "As she opened the door my hand fell and the pistol went off."

"She has unconsciously saved your life," said the doctor. Then as Luane left the room he added, "She's the finest young woman I know, and would make a capital nurse in my hospital. Do you know what she thinks of doing now that your aunt is gone?"

"No," said Gerald, with a grim smile; "but I fancy she'll think of something livelier than that."

"She has such an excellent physique and splendid nerve," said the doctor. "But I must go. Keep as quite as you can, and have Adams within call."

That night Gerald awoke with an intolerable thirst; his temples throbbed, his eyes burned. Looking over at Adams, he found that he was sound asleep. This of itself was offensive to Gerald. What business had the man to sleep when he was suffering? How terribly oppressive the stillness was, this semi-darkness and loneliness! At that moment a ponderous snore resounded from the throat of the sturdy Adams, and Gerald almost leaped from his bed. It was like a stab to him; it was unendurable. He stretched over his sound arm, and reaching a pillow, threw it with all his might at the unconscious Adams. But in spite of the agony the movement cost him, it was a futile one. The pillow fell far short of the object on the floor, and Gerald sunk back with a groan.

But suddenly the soft touch of a woman's hand fell tenderly upon his forehead, the sweet tones of a woman's voice fell soothingly upon his ear.

"It is time for your medicine," said Luane, and put the cup to his lips. Gerald drank as if it was nectar. Then she arranged his pillows for him, and was about retreating from the room when he faintly called for a drink. Then he thought his head was too high, or perhaps a trifle low; every movement caused him intolerable agony, and he hated to be alone with Adams again. She must have really divined his motive, and come to save his life. She was again about to leave him, but he put his hand upon hers to detain her, and found that it trembled a little beneath his touch.

"Your hand did'nt tremble when you held the lamp for the doctor," said Gerald. "He wants you for a hospital nurse, but I told him you'd prefer something more cheerful."

"Why, I think I'd like it," said Luane. "You know I must do something."

"I don't see the necessity," said Gerald; "you have my aunt's money, and it will occupy all your time to enjoy it."

"Your aunt's money is your own," said Luane, "and you insult me by thinking I would take advantage of a poor old lady's weakness; I never will touch a penny of it. And, Mr. Erism, you must not talk."

"One word, only one," pleaded Gerald. "But for you I might have been like—like our poor old friend below." Gerald shuddered and turned pale. "I am cowardly enough," he went on, "to hate even the thought of it now. How can I thank you, Miss Williams?"

"By taking what is your own, and using it nobly and well," said Luane, and vanished from his sight.

But as she left him he felt a sudden throb in the hand beneath his own, and saw a quick flame leap into her cheek, a glow to her eyes.

"Three long years," murmured Gerald, "and I never knew her till now."

Gerald was young and strong, and the fourth day, the one appointed for the funeral, he was able to be up and dressed, and welcomed Luane warmly as she entered his room. She looked paler than ever in her black dress, but Gerald thought he had never seen so sweet and noble a face.

"How I would like to go down, Miss Williams," he said, "and enjoy the surprise of the good people below! I'd like to see them bow and smile to the heiress of my aunt's fortune. I'm as bad as the rest of them, I suppose, for I feel like making all sorts of pretty speeches." Gerald paused, and his face grew suddenly grave and tender. "Go now," he added, "and kiss my aunt good-by for me; tell her I am quite satisfied with everything."

Luane went from the room and down the stairs. For the last three days she had been like one in a dream. It seemed awful to be warm and happy even after she entered the dark, gloomy drawing-room, even after she had bent and kissed the cold, stern face for Gerald and for herself.

"I will not take it," she whispered, hot tears raining on the dead woman's face—"I will not take a cent of it, but it has given me such a gleam of happiness. God forever bless you for it."

Then the people began to pour in, and the ceremony commenced. Luane's were the only tears that were shed, and the most of the guests came from civility or curiosity. Miss Erism had taken but little active part in the world for many a year, and the poor lady was very soon put away and forgotten.

The most important part of the proceedings was when they returned from the burial to hear the reading of the will.

Luane trembled when the pompous lawyer unrolled the parchment, and began in a sonorous voice: "In the name of God, amen!"

What would they think of her—what would they say of her? Oh, how glad she was that the only one she cared for in the world knew all about it! How innocent she was, and how ignorant!

But even while she thought thus she heard the lawyer read; "To my beloved nephew, Gerald Erism, I give and bequeath all my property, personal and otherwise." Luane could scarcely believe her ears. She listened to the end, and heard at last: "To Luane Williams, my faithful nurse, I give a mourning ring and the sum of $50."

Then she went up stairs to Gerald.

"The King shall have his own!" she said.

"Only on one condition," said Gerald. "I'll take your money only on one condition."

"You'll take my money?" echoed Luane—"my poor little fifty dollars?" Luane's face shone with a profound joy. "Your aunt left her money where it belongs, Mr. Erism. I have just heard you declared her sole surviving heir."

Gerald remained stunned and bewildered.

"Where is the codicil?" he cried to the lawyer, who stood at the door. "My aunt left her money to Miss Williams. She told me so when she was dying!"

"Oh, that was when you bought the horse! I was afraid there would be trouble then; but, bless your soul, she got all over that."

"And the money is mine?" cried Gerald.

"Of course it's yours," and the lawyer went down the stairs chuckling at his incredulity.

Then Gerald held out his hands to Luane.

"I was going to be magnanimous enough to marry you despite your money," he said; "now there is no obstacle to our happiness. Come, my sweet Luane, and bless the life you have given me!"

Luane became his wife. Mrs. Grundy said that he married her to spite Emily Thorpe. The lawyer chuckled still more, and thought of the codicil. But we know that it was love, and for love alone.

The Schoolmaster's Story.

When I taught a district school, said he, I adopted as a principle to give as few rules to my scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was: "Strive, under all circumstances, to do right," and the text of right, under all circumstances, was the golden rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

If an offense was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask: "Was it right?" "Was it as you would be done by?"

All my experience and observations have convinced me that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offense unless it be such when measured by the standard of the golden rule. During the last year of my teaching the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

In the first place, the plea, "You have not made any rule against it," which for a long time was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power.

In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholars as a standard of action the single text of right and wrong as one which they were to apply for themselves, I was enabled to cultivate in them a deep feeling of personal responsibility.

In the third place, I got a stronger hold on their feelings, and acquired a new power of cultivating and directing them.

In the fourth place, I had the satisfaction of seeing them become more truthful, honest, trustworthy and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends and with one another.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle by one of my scholars. George Jones was a large boy, who, partly through a false feeling of honor, and partly from a feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these:

A scholar had played some trick which interrupted the exercises. As was my custom, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who committed the offense.

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must tell. It is my duty to ask and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it," said George firmly.

"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped as requested, but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be obstinacy of the boy, I said:

"Well, George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had the better of me by an application of my favorite rule, he replied: "I can't tell you, because it would not be right. The boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier I should have deemed a reply thus given me an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and one of the most important of my oft-quoted rule was—to judge of the nature of others as I would have them judge of mine. Yet for the moment I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it. I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position and suffer the offender to escape, and yet that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause I said: "Well, George, I do not wish you to do anything which is wrong, or which conflicts with your golden rule. We will leave this for to-night and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow."

I saw him privately before school and found him more firm in his refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning I began to question the scholars, as was my wont, on the various points of duty, and gradually led the conservation to the golden rule.

"Who," I asked, "are the persons to whom, as members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? Your parents, who support and send you here; your schoolmates, who are engaged in the same world with yourselves; the citizens of the town who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school; the school committee, who take so great an interest in our welfare; your teacher, or the scholar who carelessly or willfully commits some offense against good order?

A hearty "yes" was responded to every question except the last, at which they were silent.

Then addressing George, I said: "Yesterday I asked you who had committed a certain offense. You refused to tell me because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now wish you to reconsider the subject. On one side are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of this town, school committee, and your teacher, all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side is the boy who, by this act, has shown himself ready to injure all these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause he said: "To the first; it was William Brown who did it?"

My triumph, or rather the triumph of principle, was complete; and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was specially designed.

The Khedive's Ball.

A Cairo correspondent describes a ball recently given by the khedive as follows: "It took place at the Guezireh palace, situated on the Nile. As one entered the avenue leading into the garden of the palace, fairy land begun—Chinese lanterns suspended along the avenues, and gleaming amid the broad green leaves of lofty palms, giving them the appearance of being covered with gorgeous flowers; fountains sparkling like sprays of diamonds in the flashing light; graceful statues draped with garlands as if trying to conceal their loveliness; gas-jets placed close together round the top of the palace, giving the effect at a distance of an unbroken chain of flame; revolving lights in many colors, so arranged as to be reflected in the river for almost a mile, combined to form a scene of magical beauty unequaled by any in the 'Arabian Nights.' When the invited guest reached the grand entrance his eyes were dazzled by the flood of light poured upon him from the richly gilt chandeliers in the vestibule: the marble pavement and the broad marble steps were covered with rich Persian carpets. As the ladies stepped from the carriages ushers dressed in the native costume offered their arms to the cloak-room; then up the grand staircase, and, as they could not speak English nor most foreigners Arabic, they could not present the ladies whom they escorted, but now and then a gentleman who had been presented and who understood French conducted the strangers to the room where the khedive stood alone, receiving his guests like any ordinary American gentleman. When introduced he shook hands and smiled pleasantly. As he, too, could not understand those who did not speak French, he remained silent till another group came up. The next thing in order was to walk through the various rooms, particularly admiring those occupied by the Empress Eugenie, of France, when here on a visit some few years since. They were elegantly fitted up in blue. It would be impossible to fully describe their magnificent beauty. When we entered the ball-room, which was superbly decorated and lined with mirrors, a single set had been formed for the 'Lanciers.' The gentlemen in the set where Prince Arthur, two princes (sons of the khedive), and the duke of Mecklenburg. The ladies were very handsome and magnificiently dressed. The dresses of the women in general at this princely *fete* were surpassing in their splendor. Glittering coronets, necklaces of precious stones, and on their arms, in their hair, and even around their waists and on portions of their dress were some of the largest diamonds that were ever seen outside of palaces when the court jewels were displayed. Weary of the glitter of the ball-room we passed out on the balcony to there revel in the panorama spread before us. It was beyond description, and still (though the hour was late), far as the eye could reach carriages could be seen coming up the illuminated avenue as though bringing guests from the uttermost ends of the earth. The khedive's buffet was next in order. Here there were all kinds of refreshments for the gentlemen, with a profusion of rare wines. All through the evening waiters carried around trays of ices, wine, lemonade, and sherbet. Half an hour after midnight supper was announced. The guests were all seated at tables glittering with crystal, silver and gold, and laden with all the luxuries of the east."

The Shah's Strong Box.

The strong box of the Shah of Persia consists of a small room 20x14 feet. Here, spread upon carpets, lie jewels valued at £7,000,000. Chief among them is the Kainian crown, shaped like a flower pot, and topped by an uncut ruby as large as a hen's egg, and supposed to have come from Siam. Near the crown are two lambskin caps adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds, and before them lie trays of pearl, ruby and emerald necklaces, and hundreds of rings. A Mr. Eastwick, who is reported to have been allowed to examine the collection, states that conspicuous among the gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds is the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, weighing perhaps eighteen pounds, and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies. One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each. There is also the finest turquoise in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw; and an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who have possessed it.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—"I'd like to give something to the poor," remarked a Toledo lady. "It's hard times and they must be suffering, but I've got to use this $40 to buy another switch."

—"Hellen was proud," said an Indiana widower of his late wife, "and she was a great worker. You ought to have stood by and see her jerk a bedstead down and go for bugs!"

—A woman recently died in Alabama leaving to somebody, it is said, an inheritance of no less than 287 hoop-skirts. That woman was as well hooped as an imported barrel of French brandy.

—A good many young men would be content if they were only astronomers, but when a man sets out to be really great he will never stop until people speak of him as a pisciculturist.

—A Troy fool got a beef's heart, put a golden arrow worth $75 through it, and sent it to a Troy young woman for a valentine. The fair creature gave the heart to her poodle, but will keep the arrow.

—A silly fellow whose ears were unusually large once simperingly asked a witty lady: "Will I not make a fine angel?" "Well, no," she replied, pointing to his ears, "I think your wings are to high."

—New England seems to be drying up. At Brattleborough, Vt., water costs thirty cents a barrel, and at Grafton, N. H., one man asks five hundred dollars for the privilege of drawing water from his well.

—The total receipts of the transatlantic steamship companies plying between New York and Europe were only $30,153,885 in 1874, against $57,577,350 in 1871, a decrease of $27,423,365.

—Murderous affrays, burglaries, and assassinations are of constant occurrence in Port Said, Egypt. The residents are hardly safe in their own houses, and a lady scarcely dare venture to appear in the streets for fear of insult.

—A very flexible temperance pledge is this, which is circulated among Boston fashionable ladies: "I promise that no intoxicating liquor shall be used in this house for cooking purposes, and in sickness that it shall be given conscientiously."

—The Pall Mall Gazette's correspondent at Berlin reports that the German government has received a memorial from the Protestant clergy of Spain, complaining that the liberty of worship is threatened. Similar memorials have been forwarded to other Protestant powers in Europe and to the United States.

Over her knee, over her knee,
How my old grandmother used to spank me,
Over her knee, over her knee.
When I was quite a small boy!
It was spank, spank, spank!
No use was it kicking, for on she went licking,
With spank, spank, spank!
The thing she used to enjoy!
Chorus—Then it's over knee, etc.

—A wealthy and eccentric woman in Springfield, Ill., contributes $500 a year to the support of one of the churches there, but cannot be induced to attend a single service. Nor will she allow its pastor to enter her house. She says that he "means well," and that is why she gives the money, but she doesn't desire to "hear any of his can't."

—They have a good deal of wind in Holland and the people make a good deal of money out of it. There are 12,000 windmills in operation, each doing a six or ten-horse power service, through the twenty-four hours. These mills are kept up at an annual cost of $4,000,000, and they perform all the service required of steam engines at one-twentieth the cost.

—For the year ending September 30, the people of the United States consumed 580,000,000 bushels of peanuts. Tennessee furnished 185,000; Virginia, 225,000; North Carolina, 60,000; and the balance, 125,000 bushels, was imported from Africa. The maturing Virginia crop is said to be large, probably about 350,000 bushels, while the North Carolina crop is estimated at 120,000 bushels.

—The compiler of foreign gossip doesn't often give us anything so romantic as this: The will of an old man, who died recently in Brussels, tells how he once found a valuable diamond in Asia, which he concealed in a cut in the calf of his leg, where he had made an intentional wound. The apparent misfortune procured his release from the mine, and he was made immensely rich by the sale of the gem, which is now one of Russia's crown diamonds.

—Old man Wheeler of Minnesota wants a divorce from his wife. She sent him down the cellar one night last week after a bottle of yeast. He got it and was trudging along up stairs, thinking of nothing in particular, when the bottle exploded, scaring Wheeler so that he fell with one great whoop down in a soap barrel under the stairs. When they pulled him out he pranced around yelling "Cuss a wife; cuss yeast; cuss the whole of ye!" And the lawyers say he has got a good case.

—In making dresses for this season nearly every lady can have a style of her own, the only points in which fashion is inexorable being a long over-skirt and a high corsage, except for full dress. After conceding these points a dress may be short or demi-trained with a plain or draped apron front, or no apron; may be puffed full at the back, or draped gracefully or left to hang perfectly plain. It may be caught up at one side or at both. The waist may be single or double breasted, and the sleeves of rigid plainness or covered from shoulder to wrist with puffs, pleatings and ruffles.