

ROBERTO MALLET DIRECTOR CIGARETTE MANUFACTURING MISTAKES.

Communication in the "Scientific American" on a Matter of Popular Hygiene.

J. W. Mallet, professor of chemistry in the University of Virginia, in a communication to the editors...

The presence of so many unacceptable scientific facts in "Scientific American" is not only illustrated by the brown, oily material formed in the smoking of cigars...

There are few influences so hallowed to the living as the memory of the dead. They make good men better; sometimes they make bad men good.

SHALL IT BE "MISTRESS"?

How the "Mistress" suffers from being called "Miss."

The question of giving all girls, on attaining their majority, the title of "Mrs." is debated from time to time...

A BALLAD OF DEcoration.

In the garlanded grass where the multi- sided died...

A \$2,000,000 BOOK FOR \$12.

One Dollar Down and One Dollar in Installments Buys It. Every person that can read about a dictionary...



MEMORIAL DAY.

The mist of battles has rolled away. Peace glorious peace is ours to-day. The dear old flag of the long ago. We think of the founders of this best land.

Our grandfathers brave in stern command. And listen still as the veils tear. Of retrospectives of great defeat. The onward march and the forced retreat.

ONLY ONE OPINION.

"Good morning, Aunt Ruth. You see I'm on hand bright and early for my illness."

"You will be surprised, my dear daughter, that I don't know. It is an unknown grief, but all I needed to know was that he was a soldier."

AT GRANT'S TOMB.

"Not till 11." "Then come into the sitting-room. It is cool and let me tell you a bit about my own life."

THE BLOODY ANGLE.

Antoinette Hathway was particularly fond of Aunt Ruth, and many happy hours they spent together, reading or discussing the various questions of the day.

Antoinette was just now in a most beauteous state of mind. That which makes the world go round had touched her life and imparted to it fresh enthusiasm and delight.

THE LIGHT OUT OF JOE STRANGER'S EYES.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued). "Your wife, Dick" cried Lady Aymer, opening her eyes wider than ever.

"That is awfully good of you," said Dick. "I can tell you the whole story as we go along. But first tell me where is he?"

"My lord" in town, with a significant nod. "There is somebody, and I don't think he has been successful this season."

"I don't think, Lady Aymer," answered Dick, steadily, "that he will find himself in a position to make any remarks on the subject."

"Not in the least. And I don't choose to ask the servants, though I have tried to get them to do so."

"You scoundrel!" scrag of newspaper. "I have not heard from my wife for more than three months, and then I found this very painful note from her to me."

"My love! my sweetheart!" he cried, tenderly, turning to Dorothy. "I got your poor little pitiful message at last."

"You are a reckoning," Lady Aymer said indignantly. "Yes," answered Dick grimly, "I am a reckoning, and I do not think Lord Aymer will venture to question me about my return home."

"The servants were huddled up in fire over their good lives. Dick knew them instantly. They too, recognized Lady Aymer, and touched their hats."

"Go straight in," she said. "Which are the windows?" "To the right of the door," Dick answered.

"They were scarcely an instant, and Dick felt in his pocket. 'I took my watch and key,' he whispered. 'I little thought I should find it so useful.'"

"The next moment he had opened the door, and Amelia Harris, looking at him, came quickly out from the kitchen and fell back again to see her ladyship and her lord's heir, Mr. Aymer."

"You," said Dick, in disgust. "Not one word—at your peril!" "My Aymer, my lady—" she began, but Lady Aymer stopped her by a wave of her hand.

"Go back to your kitchen, woman," she said coldly. "Dick is there any other entrance to this house?" "Then look that door. We shall require that woman later, probably."

"The pointed imperially to the door out of which Amelia had just come, and there was no choice but obedience. All this had passed in a whisper, and Lady Aymer said in the same tone to Dick: "Which is the drawing-room?"

"That—the door is not closed." "Is there a screen?" "Yes."

"Push it open," she said. And even as Dick cautiously did so, they heard Lord Aymer's voice speaking to some one within.

"But, Dorothy, my darling, my dear little one, you return me! There is nothing I can do to propitiate you."

and his wife were still sitting by the fire talking, with the lights turned low, Lady Aymer came gently in. Dick knew a man from his manner what had happened.

"Lady Aymer, is it—?" "Yes," answered Dorothy. "Lady Aymer took Dorothy in her arms and kissed her. 'My dear,' she said, 'you are Lady Aymer now.'"

"THE END."

Some Great Memories.

Scalper, the philologist of the sixteenth century, who filled a page of the classics as so certain of his memory, says the London Standard, that he undertook to repeat long passages from Latin works...

During the siege of Troy 1,500,000 men were killed and 10,000,000 women and children were massacred after the city was taken.

At the battle of Antwerp, which by many is considered Napoleon's most brilliant victory, the French and Austro-Russian armies numbered 100,000 men.

At Jena Austerlitz there were 325,000 men engaged, and the loss was 40,000, or about 12 per cent. At Borodino there were 170,000 men in battle, and 80,000 were killed and wounded, amounting to more than 47 per cent.

At Waterloo there were 150,000 men in battle, and the loss was 40,000, or 27 per cent. In the Crimean war there were 325,000 men engaged, and the loss was 140,000, or about 43 per cent.

At Magenta there were 225,000 men, and the loss was 11 per cent, or about 25,000. At Sedan there were 250,000 men, and the loss was 40,000, or 16 per cent.

At Sadowa the battle forces numbered 425,000, and 70,000, or 16 per cent, were killed and wounded. At Gravelotte there were 450,000 men in the encounter, of whom 35,000, or about 8 per cent, were killed and wounded.

At Shiloh the armies numbered 90,000, and the loss was 30,000, or one-third. At Fredericksburg there were 180,000 men engaged, and the loss was 45,000, or 25 per cent.

At Antietam there were 150,000 men, and the loss was 20,000, or about 13 per cent. At Chickamauga there were 165,000 men engaged, and the loss was 25,000, or 15 per cent.

At Chancellorsville there were 150,000 men, and the loss was 30,000, or 20 per cent. At Gettysburg there were 160,000 men, and the loss amounted to 57,000, or 35 per cent.

Two Missionary Heroes.—Among the illustrious acts of heroism recorded of missionaries in various parts of the world, the names of two prominent ones are the performance of the Rev. Venerable (Father Damien), the missionary who devoted his life to the service of the lepers of the Hawaiian Islands; and Samuel Marsden, the missionary to and friend of the Maori.

One of the most heroic deeds of the last century was that of the Rev. John Williams, who landed among them at the Bay of Islands on the 22d of December, 1814. On seeing the hordes of yelling, armed warriors, he was not at all dismayed.

He was met by 700 wretched beings, who were terrified at all his shape, "saw nothing in their bones, and all hope dead within them; yet he went among them with a smiling face and cheerful spirit."

A poor man never knows how many relations he has until he becomes suddenly rich.

PRAYED WITH HEART AND SOUL.

From her accident, and having taken a chill, which was followed by an attack of bronchitis, had been peremptorily ordered to go to Bournemouth.

There was so much to tell Dick, so much for Dick to tell her, and they sat almost all the afternoon by the fire talking and Lady Aymer kept watching by the bed of him who had lived so wicked a life, and prayed with heart and soul for that mercy which he had never troubled to ask for himself.

"For it was too late! Lord Aymer was disposing of his eyes, consciously or unconsciously, by the means of all the remedies applied to him, and of the means by which the doctors tried to arouse him from his stupor. All in vain! The life which might have been a noble one, but which had been given over to all manner of evil, slipped away, and about 8 o'clock, while Dick

quietly. "You cannot help yourself. I have no other to give you."

"You think I will leave you to go away, and let you stay here, who have betrayed you and deserted you, who has left you for months without sign or name, who has deceived you?"

"Married me," cried Dorothy, goaded into betraying her secret at last. "Dick's wife—I shall be Lady Aymer some day."

"Damon!" cried the old avenger, in a fury. "My boy is your heir, my lord," she cried triumphantly. "You see how likely, how very likely, the other arrangement is."

"Then she broke down and began to weep piteously. Dick went a step further into the room. "Dorothy," said the old lord, "I beg of you not to do anything, everything to make you happy—I will settle five thousand a year on you, at which Lady Aymer agreed to do so."

"I have been here continually—my carriage stands at your door for hours. Dick will never come back, never know him so well; and even if he did, he would never believe you against all the evidence which I can give you."

"At my mercy," went on the wicked, scornful wretch. "I have no mercy."

"No!" thundered Dick, dashing the screen aside. He had his uncle by the throat ere Dorothy, in her surprise, could gasp out his name. "You scoundrel! you villain!" he cried, and shook him as a serpent and as a fanatic.

"Dick! Dick!" was all that she could say. "My love! my sweetheart!" he cried, tenderly, turning to Dorothy.

"You are a reckoning," Lady Aymer said indignantly. "Yes," answered Dick grimly, "I am a reckoning, and I do not think Lord Aymer will venture to question me about my return home."

"The servants were huddled up in fire over their good lives. Dick knew them instantly. They too, recognized Lady Aymer, and touched their hats."

"Go straight in," she said. "Which are the windows?" "To the right of the door," Dick answered.

"They were scarcely an instant, and Dick felt in his pocket. 'I took my watch and key,' he whispered. 'I little thought I should find it so useful.'"

"The next moment he had opened the door, and Amelia Harris, looking at him, came quickly out from the kitchen and fell back again to see her ladyship and her lord's heir, Mr. Aymer."

"You," said Dick, in disgust. "Not one word—at your peril!" "My Aymer, my lady—" she began, but Lady Aymer stopped her by a wave of her hand.

"Go back to your kitchen, woman," she said coldly. "Dick is there any other entrance to this house?" "Then look that door. We shall require that woman later, probably."

"The pointed imperially to the door out of which Amelia had just come, and there was no choice but obedience. All this had passed in a whisper, and Lady Aymer said in the same tone to Dick: "Which is the drawing-room?"

"That—the door is not closed." "Is there a screen?" "Yes."