

DR. PARKHURST says he believes in fighting the devil with fire. The difficulty with this plan is that whichever side wins the public is equally in danger of harm from the victor.

A DAY or two ago the steamer Jay Gould was injured in a collision at the mouth of the Chicago River. It fails to get even with the other boat some time and in some way it is wrongly named.

THE Italian Government reports a shortage of 70,000,000 lire this year. If Humbert isn't too particular about his spelling and pronunciation this country probably will be able to help him out as soon as the campaign fairly opens.

GO PAST any house these evenings and you will see the mother sitting on the front porch alone, rocking her baby to sleep. No one knows what would become of the world if the women should exercise their right to go down town after supper, the same as the men.

WHEN Bismarck levied his tribute on France he was accused of heartless rapacity. But Bismarck represented a victorious foreign invasion, and when he reads of the tribute levied on the coal consumers of this country by Railroad President McLeod, he may exclaim, with Warren Hastings, that he is astonished at his moderation.

THE output of petroleum is to be reduced, it is said, and this right on the eve of a campaign when thousands of children of various ages want to go about the streets by night with flaring torches. Here is another illustration of the grinding nature of the Standard Oil monopoly. Meantime the output of oratory is liable to increase at a rate frightful to contemplate.

SOAPS and cosmetics are coming forward as subjects of sanitary regulation by law. The Vienna Congress of Analytical Chemists discussed the question with reference to public baths and publicly advertised toilet articles. Whether any public regulation be practicable or not, there should be, as with baking powder, public government tests to enable the people to choose between the evil and the good.

THE courts decide that when Lillian Russell contracted with Manager Duff to appear on the stage in three o'clock of raiment and a chaste smile of ingenuous innocence, she entered into a binding agreement and must perform, even though she is compelled to throw in certain blushes that will start a dispute on the front row as to their genuineness. Her allegation that such habiliments are contra bonos mores doesn't go in the courts of New York.

ONE of England's famous admirals has just laid down as an ultimatum before Parliament the statement that England should always have a naval reserve of fifty thousand men, twenty battleships, forty cruisers, and a torpedo fleet ready to go to sea. This, it is understood, in addition to all Great Britain's numerous fleets scattered around the globe. It is evident that if Uncle Sam means to keep step with John Bull in naval matters, he has a great deal to do and a large amount of money to spend.

AN English clergyman recently astonished his congregation by declaring that he should feel less hurt to have one of the congregation rise in his place and declare himself insulted than to have him sit smiling in his seat. "Don't smile," he pathetically pleaded. "That is what knocks the heart out of the preacher. Don't pretend you like the preaching if you don't. Don't get up a sickly smile over your face, and try to smile as if you were just mad. Let the madness out, and, if you like, throw a hymn-book at my head." If there was no one present who desired at that point to take the preacher at his word and throw a hymn-book at his head it must have been because there is no sense of humor in the English breast.

THERE is small doubt that Palacio may be now spoken of as the ex-President of Venezuela. The revolution in that war-worn country seems to have completely triumphed, leaving the defeated government leader in a bad a plight as Balmaceda was left in at the end of his downfall. Let us hope that Palacio will not take his own life, as the disheartened Chilean did, and that he may succeed in escaping the wrath of his enemies. It is true that he is charged with having emptied the national treasury for his own benefit, and of having forwarded his boot to foreign parts, but it will not make matters better to put him to death, as many of the revolutionists would like to do. They have gained the day, and what they should now think of is not vengeance, but the necessity of taking prompt and wise measures for the restoration of peace and prosperity to their suffering land.

IN the financial statement of the Yalaton-hall team much encouragement is given to educational efforts in the country. It appears from the published report that the team has a handsome surplus of \$17,543 as a result of the year's work. This is estimated to be sufficient to supply the needs of the team for the next year, and that branch of the curriculum is provided for without encroaching upon

on other funds. The managers of the team are congratulated upon the result of their efforts. During the coming year there will probably be an effort to set aside a portion of the annual gains for the purpose of educating free of expense a certain number of ambitious students who might not otherwise be able to acquire proficiency in this branch of scholastics.

THE people of France have always been regarded as thrifty and temperate. It is painful therefore to learn, in the Paris correspondence of a London newspaper, that "drunkenness has so much increased in France of late years that this country, once so sober, is now sorely puzzled to know what to do with its habitual toppers." The same writer adds that the quantity of spirits consumed in France has increased enormously. The cheap bars for the working classes which have sprung up in all parts of Paris during the last year or so are undoubtedly doing much to increase the evil here. They are generally crowded, and the quantity of absinthe that is drunk in these places at all hours of the day is quite sufficient to explain the alarming increase of alcoholic madness." From this it appears that Paris, too, is menaced by the saloon question, and that the country of cheap wine is rapidly becoming demoralized by cheap bars.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the African explorer, who is the Unionist Parliamentary candidate for North Lambeth in the city of London, will need all the assistance which Mrs. Stanley can give him to win in that peculiar constituency. The sitting member, Gen. Fraser, is a Tory. He won the seat in 1886 by a majority of 412 over Walter Wren, a popular candidate. He carried the seat in 1885 also, but only by a majority of 206. Fraser, however, was an exceptionally strong candidate and made a great canvass. It is related of him that he used to be on Westminster bridge at 5 o'clock every morning for three weeks before the election to exchange greetings with the Lambeth artisans on their way to work. Mr. Stanley will hardly do that. It is probable, too, that Fraser retired from the contest because the Liberals have gained in the constituency. They carried it at the City Council's election in March. Mr. Stanley does not seem to have the capacity of making friends with the working people. The Tories sent him to Pembroke to woo the sailor votes there, but they would have none of him. He failed also to make a good impression in Sheffield. The Tories of Lambeth took him because they could not find another. The contest will be decided week after next. It may be that Mrs. Stanley can win the seat for her husband, but the chances are the other way.

A RAILWAY ride of twenty miles for 2 cents! That is the prospect held out by the London County Council to overcrowded Londoners who have their eyes bent longingly toward the green fields of the country. Mr. William Saunders, one of the radical members of that rather radical body, is the proponent of this scheme, which, in addition to the cheap fare, embraces another novel feature. It is proposed that the railway, upon which the motive power is to be electricity, shall be paid for on the "betterment" principle, or, as we say here, by special assessment. In New South Wales some lines of railway have been constructed at the cost of contiguous property, but the pending project in London is the first of the kind in England. And there is as much to be said in favor of resorting to the betterment plan in the construction of a railway as in making a street or laying a pavement. The principles involved are identical. It is not likely that the Conservatives of the County Council will look with approbation upon Mr. Saunders' proposal. They have already been horrified by certain progressive features of the Liberal and Radical programme, and the pending proposition will add alarm to the feeling of distress which has oppressed the Tories ever since the remarkable victory of the Progressives in March last. But the Tory minority is so feeble that its opposition to the Saunders scheme will be immaterial, and it is likely to be undertaken and pushed to success. It will certainly command the enthusiastic support of the labor element, and on that account the Liberals will find it convenient to give the project their approval and assistance. And in that event the dream of cheap fares over a railway owned and operated by the people of London will be very near a realization.

Bacchus.

The ancient Greeks always represented Bacchus and the Bacchanalians as vine-crowned. The ancients, men and gods, appear as if they could not enjoy their liquor unless they were "crowned" with some sort of flowery or vegetable coronal. Garlands of leaves and flowers were outward and visible signs of merriment and rejoicing. People liked to "dress themselves up" when they were happy with anything of this kind, just as children do now. Chaucer describes one such—

"A gerlond hadde he sette upon his head, As gret as it were for an ale-stake."

This habit of crowning the ale-stake with leaves and flowers—putting a "gerlond" on top of it, in sort—was the first public-house sign. In many parts of Belgium, France and Germany it is the only outward sign of a drinking-house to this day. Even when modern pretentiousness has caused the host to adopt some other high-sounding name for his "hotel," the green branch, bush or "gerlond" hangs in front. "Good wine needs no bush," says the old proverb, in allusion to this ancient custom.

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A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

CHAPTER I.
MARGARET.

On the afternoon of a day early in April two ladies were driving along a level country road.

One was evidently a stranger to the place and its surroundings, for she observed the scenery with curious interest, and frequently questioned her companion about the persons and residences they passed. The other, who drove the handsome bays with an unmistakable air of proprietorship, was an old resident.

She had found her way to this small but pretentious town some years before, and, building a handsome home, had since devoted her energies, supplemented by the magical influence of money, to gaining an entree into its exclusive society.

Both were deep in conversation, when a turn in the road brought them face to face, and the driving was stopped.

Mrs. Downs was in the act of checking her horses, but the newcomer, as though quite unconscious of any such intention, nodded indifferently, and rode on.

"The proud piece," commented the slighted lady, endeavoring to hide her chagrin.

"Who is she?" questioned her companion, glancing after the rider with some curiosity.

"Miss Leigh. You remember I pointed her home out a few moments ago."

"Ah! Then she's the heiress?"

"Yes, an heiress now, though a year ago she was poorer than her own cook. I never could tolerate her, but I manage to keep up a show of friendship. She'll be one of the leaders of society here when she gets rid of her mourning."

The speaker concluded this remark with a very visible frown. She was forcibly reminded of her own doubtful position and her inability to disregard any person or thing that could contribute to her social advancement.

Annexation was indeed a burning question with her, and while she found her dollars an important ally, her lack of a presentable grandfather was decided a drawback in the furtherance of her ambitious aspirations.

"A graceful rider, and quite a pretty girl," remarked her companion, breaking in upon these unpleasant reflections. "Where did she get her money?"

"From her uncle. The case is altogether peculiar. It seems that her father was disinherited for marrying contrary to his father's wishes, and her uncle, being the only other child, came in for all the property. A fortunate thing for him, as you say, though, apparently, he had some scruples about enjoying his good fortune, for his father was scarcely buried before he began to search for his brother."

"Yes, he found him dying, I believe, in some obscure California town. Miss Leigh came to Elmwood. That was five years ago, and now she has inherited all of her uncle's money. He died last October, and his son—"

"His son? You don't tell me he has a son."

"He certainly has. I am not surprised at your astonishment. It seems almost impossible that a father could enrich a niece at the expense of a son, yet that is what Mr. Leigh has done."

"The young man gets something, of course. Two thousand a year, I believe, a small sum in comparison with the whole."

"A very unusual case. Perhaps he is for the young people to marry."

"Perhaps, but as they have never seen each other, the result is scarcely probable. The son has been in Europe for the last five years. He is, I suppose, quite wild, I am told, and he and his father quarreled frequently. No doubt, that fact had some connection with the terms of the will, but I think there was undue influence somewhere."

With this broad accusation the subject was allowed to drop. Meanwhile the object of these remarks was pursuing her way homeward.

Mrs. Downs' companion had called her pretty, but the word scarcely did her justice. Her face, while lacking perfection of feature, was singularly winning and attractive. If the mouth were a trifle broad, the full red lips with their expression half pleading, half imperious, made ample compensation. If the nose deviated from the straight and perfect line, the fault was forgotten in the clear contour of the beautifully moulded brow, the liquid depths of the clear gray eyes, and the sweet personality beaming from the expressive countenance.

Absorbed in thought of an unpleasant character, as evidenced by her very perturbed countenance, she rode on, quite lost to her surroundings, until her horse, through force of habit, rather than the guiding hand of his mistress, turned into a broad elm-lined avenue, and she looked up in some surprise to find herself at home.

Ten minutes later she had divested herself of her riding habit, and made her way to her sitting-room. A bright, cheerful apartment whose tasteful furnishings revealed something of the individuality of its owner.

"I am sure I should find you here," she said, approaching the old lady established before the glowing fire, and laying her cool hand against the warm, smooth cheek. "I'm afraid I shall have to assert some authority. You should be enjoying this delightful weather, Miss Hilton."

"I dare say I should," was the agreeable reply, "but you see I'm lazy, my dear. I've had a nice nap. Did you ride alone, Margaret?"

"Yes, except for my thoughts. I had a whole host of them for company. Really, I'm as cross as a bear."

"I am sorry to hear it. What have you been thinking of?"

"Oh, yes, you, Mrs. grandfather, and—yes, and this hateful money."

"Hateful, Margaret? Then you don't share the world's opinion of that useful article."

Margaret drew a chair close to Miss Hilton, and seated herself upon it, as she replied.

"Not the world that Mrs. Downs represents. I met her a while ago. She wanted to stop, of course, but I just rode on. Awfully rude, wasn't it? I couldn't help it. I detest her. She wouldn't care a snap of her finger for me if I were poor, but simply because—

"Oh! I hate such people! Thank heaven, I'll soon be away from them for awhile. I told you I was cross, Miss Hilton."

"I see it, my dear," was the half grave response. "Have you quite decided to

go to that outlandish place?"

"What a doleful expression. If that outlandish place means Slasconset, I'm afraid I must plead guilty to such a dreadful decision, and I think I shall find my experience both novel and delightful. I mean to do just as I please. Take another name and forget Margaret Leigh entirely. I'm tired of her."

"Poor Margaret Leigh. I fear you don't appreciate her; and since you are quite determined to go to that land's-end of creation I suppose the best thing for me to do is to hope you won't get it."

Margaret laughed at this view of the matter.

"You see, I am not looking for beaux," she said, with mock gravity. "I've always liked men better than young ones. I'm sure those delightful old fisherman will suit me immensely. Besides, I'm tired of civilized life. I shan't generally, so I welcome something for a change. I suppose you think I have a very carpenter disposition, but I do so want to air my grievances. If it were not too undignified I should like to lie on the floor and scream."

"Don't do so, my dear. The doctor is right. You do need a change. I don't recognize my old Margaret."

"A flattering way of expressing an unflattering opinion," laughed Margaret, giving Miss Hilton's hand a rebuking little pat. "I am growing degenerate, am I not? I feel outrageously reckless to-day. I have a most overpowering desire to shock this prim and severely proper neighborhood. Don't look so reproving, Miss Hilton. You couldn't scold if you tried, and I'm afraid I take advantage of that knowledge. Your expression reminds me of Mr. Webb's."

He was dilating on my grandfather's virtues this morning—to me, of all people, mind you!—when I stopped him eloquently, and horrified him in the bargain by saying my grandfather was a specimen of the good men, I preferred the bad, too. I don't believe that you can't make out to yourself that you are a good man, because you have to go to church every Sunday and occasionally put his name to a subscription list, where it can be seen and read by the neighborhood, that he is entitled to any admiration on that account."

"Don't scold me, please, Miss Hilton. I know such feelings are neither kind nor just. I try so hard not to have them, when I think of papa I—

She paused abruptly, her face and voice filled with emotion.

Miss Hilton stroked the bowed head with an infinitely tender caress. "I would be the last to blame your loyalty to your father," she said gently, "but I wish you could forget."

"How can I forget?" was the tearful answer. "How can I forget the poverty and want that embittered my father's life and caused my mother's death?" If you had known papa as I did," she continued, more quietly; "if you had understood his hopes and ambitions; if you had seen how his sensitive nature shrank from his uncongenial surroundings, or guessed how his heart longed for the sweet peace and restful influences of home, you would be unfeeling too. His father deprived him of all that he wanted, and I can never forget that. The time has been when I felt hard and bitter to all the world, because one man had been so cruel to me. The money I enjoy now would have made his life so different. It is so hard for me to think of this. I know I shall regret all my life that uncle found us too late. All these thoughts rush over me when I think of my grandfather, and then I feel inclined to express my opinion strongly."

"You can't understand my bitterness because you are always easy and gentle. I don't believe you could be angry if you tried; but I have a very fire of passion in me, and it flares up on occasion."

"Let us talk of something else. Did I tell you of my letter from Cousin Brian? No? I intended to. I came after luncheon. I wonder he care to write to me. Yes, I know I wrote to him first, but I felt called upon to do that. I was so unhappy over the will that I wanted him to know how I rebelled against it with all my soul. You remember what a candid, generous letter he wrote in answer. This letter is equally characteristic. He tells me he is coming to America soon. Do you know I am really anxious to see him."

"I am sure you will like him," put in Miss Hilton, with a smile of suppressed mirth. "I confess I always had a tenderness in my heart for Brian. He has some excellent traits, despite his shortcomings. He lost his mother when he was very young, poor boy, and his after training was left in the hands of servants, and was not very judicious, as you may imagine."

"He is coming to America soon. Do you know I am really anxious to see him."

"I am sure I should find you here," returned Margaret quickly. "I perfectly abominate a man without ambition. If I had a husband of that disposition I'd make him do something or I wouldn't have him around me."

"Still," she added more thoughtfully, "uncle need not have disinherited him on that account. Such a course seems to be a peculiarity in this family. It humiliates me to feel that my coming here had anything to do with it."

"I am sure you're more coming than not, Margaret. Your uncle evidently had some good reason for his action. I think he believed that leaving Brian an income sufficient only for the necessities of life would morally force him to use his own exertions to secure the luxuries he prizes. You can see the force of such argument."

Margaret shook her head unconvinced.

"The argument and reason may be good," she agreed, "but I don't care to be the instrument for the working out of the benefit. It makes me feel responsible for my cousin's inconvenience, and I hate it."

"You allow pride to blind your judgment. Your regret is quite ineffectual. You couldn't, if you would, return the money to Brian, unless—"

"Unless what?"

Miss Hilton hesitated.

"Unless you marry him."

Margaret flushed at these words.

"He is