

with the utmost eagerness, and with the gaming fever strong upon him. "You won't say that of me when we're done."

"I will, if you're fool enough to try," said the stranger, with quiet assurance and a contemptuous look which brought a flush of anger to Lagraffe's face.

"Then I'm fool enough, and I'll clean you out though I have to sit all night to do it," was the hot-headed reply of Lagraffe; and the cards were dealt, and in a minute more they were hard at it, the cleaned out gambler and many more of his kind crowding round the players and watching their movements with the most searching strictness, eager to detect the slightest attempt at cheating or unfair practices. The winning began from the first and continued steadily in favour of the sailor. They played for pounds first, then five, then twenties, then fifties; but it made no difference to Jack Robinson. The surrounding circle of blacklegs drew long breaths, and rubbed their distended eyes, and pronounced it marvellous. Lagraffe was deathly pale, and so excited that he could scarcely deal the cards. The stranger alone was cool and smiling.

At the end of an hour and a half Lagraffe, who had brought with him scrip and securities for upwards of a thousand pounds—the entire savings of his wife—was "cleaned out," and sat back with his brain reeling, and a demoniacal wish in his heart that the cool winner would drop dead in his chair.

"Are you done? Got enough of it?" coolly asked the winner. "You've a good watch there. I'll stake a twenty pound note against that if you like."

Lagraffe, still hoping to retrieve, obeyed and lost his watch.

"You've got a houseful of furniture, I s'pose, somewhere?" suggested the cool winner. "You can stake that, if you like, and I'll allow full vally—that is, if you want a chance of winning back what you've lost."

Lagraffe jumped at the offer. The furniture of his house had cost £400, and the stranger agreed to stake that sum against it "in four goes of £100 each," but the result was the same as before.

"Nothing more to stake?" inquiringly pursued the winner.

"Nothing—nothing," blankly answered Lagraffe in hollow tones. "I can never face my wife now. I'm a lost man."

"What's that? A wife you say," said the winner, with more interest than usual. "Well, I don't mind playing for her too—anything'll do for a stake, and I desay she'll be of as much use to me as you. Come along; it'll always give you a chance of winning back your own."

Horrible as it may seem, Lagraffe again assented, and staked his wife and her earnings against all he had lost. The cards were turned, and played and he lost! Then he rose from the table and groped his way out of the circle. He saw nothing of the grinning faces around him, and even the cool stranger, as he gathered up his winnings, excited neither interest nor rancour in his breast.

"You will ruin yourself and me too," his wife had once said to him while remonstrating with him, and now he heard nothing but those words. He got out of the hot rooms, down into the cool street, and stood under a street lamp and scribbled a line in pencil, which he folded up and inscribed in a firm hand with his wife's theatrical name. All the paper contained was, "I have ruined you, but I shall never trouble you more. Forgive me." Nelly received the note just as she was leaving the stage for the night, and, guessing the worst, fell insensible on the spot.

And the very worst was just then happening; for Lagraffe slung away down to a dark spot on Princess Parade, muttered a few words under his breath, threw off his hat, and jumped into the river—that is, he made the spring, intending to land in the river, but a grasp of iron held him back, and looking round in surprise he found his late gambling companion, Jack Robinson, shaking him violently by the collar, much as a schoolmaster might shake a truant scholar.

"Let me go!" furiously exclaimed the would-be suicide. "You have ruined me—let me go!"

"Saved you, I hope," said the bawny sailor, coolly dragging him back from the river. "Twas only a lesson to show you what a baby you are in the hands of swindlers. Come up the lane and I'll give you all you've lost back again, and then we'll go and save Nelly from being frustrated with that line you wrote her under the lamp-post."

"You will not?" incredulously exclaimed Lagraffe; then noticing a peculiar smile on the other's face he suddenly suspected the truth, and cried, "Why—who are you?"

"Jack Neville, Nelly's brother," was the laughing reply. "Here's your losings—but first promise never to gamble any more."

Lagraffe pronounced—almost going down on his knees to worship his deliverer; and they went home together. And when Nelly saw Jack bring in her husband safe and sound, she didn't consider her dress, but hugged him madly. Lagraffe isn't a perfect husband even yet, but he never gambles.

IN the *Figaro* of July 4th, in describing a shrimping party, Emile Zola says:—"Then they all three began to fish. With their narrow nets they explored the holes. Estelle brought all her woman's passion to the work. It was she who caught the first shrimps, three little rose-coloured shrimps (*trois petites crevettes roses*)!"

A RIDE FROM TUNIS TO CARTHAGE.

One bright bracing morning in January we set out from Tunis on an excursion to the ruins of Carthage. The sun was just rising in a panoply of glory over the sharp-edged rocky range which bounds the horizon, and turning into a mountain of gold the rugged surface of Jabel Rasas, or the "mountain of lead," as the Arabs call the huge Gibraltar-shaped rock which stands out so boldly in the Tunisian landscape. The native nomenclature is not wholly hyperbolic, for the mountain does contain a vast lead-mine, which was worked by the Carthaginians, and, after them, by the Romans, and was, at the period of my visit, being picked and scraped at, in a perfunctory but profitable way, by one of the Bey's officials—not, as was the general opinion, to the profit of the Bey's own needy exchequer. We were all mounted, for Tunis is not, as many people imagine, built on the site of ancient Carthage, but is at least two hours' ride distant from the place on which once stood the proud city that dared to rival Rome, and was so ruthlessly effaced by its conqueror. Our cavalcade was of the usual Arab type: a set of weak-necked, high-quartered, long-tailed animals, high in bone and low in flesh, equipped with harness and saddlery of a very mixed order, in which string and rope predominated. These desert steeds were no doubt descended from the purest Arab sires; but in the course of their descent which must have been a long one, they had dropped most of the noble characteristics of their equine ancestry, and retained only those prominent features which were so conspicuous in the frame of the famous Rosinante. Mine was the only animal in the collection which would have been admitted to a London cab-rank on the score of quality. They were a sorry lot; but they did their work, and carried us to Carthage and back, if not in stately dignity, at least in safety. Our departure from the somewhat incongruous establishment which is called an hotel in Tunis was assisted by a number of brats and curs, "street Arabs" both, who yelled and shouted in gratified excitement, and accompanied us to the gates of the city. Here we passed, without challenge, the mangy group of dirty loafing fellows who constitute the Bey's soldiers, and mount guard for his Highness with rusty matchlocks, and uniforms which appear to be compiled according to the exigencies and opportunities of the individual, and are uniform only in dirt. Outside the gates we were at once in open country; for the peculiarity of the roads about Tunis is that there are no roads, except one to the Bey's palace of the Barde, about three miles distant; the rest speedily merge into mere tracks and rough paths of trodden clay, innocent of macadam and guiltless of paving-stones. These primitive roads lead through what are called olive-groves. The olive, in North Africa at least, is one of the rustiest and most dingy shrubs,—for they are hardly ever big enough to deserve the name of trees,—and an "olive-grove," than which nothing can be more poetical in sound, is a most prosaic affair in substance—nothing but a lot of scrubby, gnarled, and stunted bushes growing here and there in a soil which is as rough as a half-ploughed turnip-field. Through these olive-groves we made our way, generally in single file, noting the huge aloe plants which now and then forced in a semi-cultivated plot of ground, surrounding an Arab house, and called by the owner a "garden"—an effort of hyperbole rivaling that which gave the name of groves to the olive-grounds.

Only one of our party had ever visited Carthage, and to him we naturally turned every now and then to ask when the ruins of the famous and unfortunate city would come in sight. There was something rather provoking in the assumption of mysterious superiority with which he invariably enjoined on us to be patient, and we should be at Carthage presently. When we had completed nearly two hours' ride, during a part of which we had skirted the seacoast, we came upon a dreary tract of rough uncultivated ground, and our experienced companion condescended to inform us that we were nearing our destination. I, for one, looked out eagerly for the ruined columns, the mouldering walls, the broken arches, and the fragments of the ancient temples of the ill-fated city. I had seen Pæstum with its three solitary and stately temples in the wilderness, and Pompeii with its streets and squares, and all its ruined resurrection, and I expected to find similar remains of the once haughty rival of Rome. Suddenly our experienced comrade reined up his Arab steed, and said, "Here you are!" There we were certainly; but where was Carthage? There was no Carthage. Not a column, fallen or standing; not an arch, broken or perfect; not a ruined wall or aqueduct—simply nothing. The rough ground lay here and there in hillocks, and we could see depressions like marl-pits in many directions; but whatever there might be left of Carthage subterranean, our eyes could catch nothing of the least magnitude or importance above the ground. Naturally enough we were a good deal disappointed. We were rapidly surrounded by a squalid set of ragged Arabs—miserable hungry-looking creatures—who clamorously contended for leave to hold our horses, whilst we, conducted by one of the lot, descended to "see Carthage." We were shown numerous lumps of mouldering brickwork projecting a little from the soil, and we were taken down into some huge substructions with vaulted roofs, which we were told were the remains of the ancient water-storing tanks of Carthage; but we really saw nothing of any importance; and, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, the deepest interest

excited by a visit to Carthage is in the fact that there is no Carthage left. *Delenda est Carthago!* and destroyed it was, with a vengeance. Scipio did his work well in that year one hundred and forty-six; so well that it might almost be said that no stone was left upon another to tell where old Carthage stood.

We bought a few coins from the miserable Arabs who burrow among the soil where once stood the fair city of Dido. I purchased my portion with a full belief in the capacity of the antiquity-manufacturers, to whom so many collectors are indebted for precious relics. But on my return to London I took them to the British Museum, and was informed that they were all genuine, though not rare. One was a copper coin of the Emperor Julian "the Apostate," which is somewhat curious, as being of his pagan period.

Our ride to Carthage was therefore a disappointment, regarded from an antiquarian and archaeological point of view; but it was very pleasant, and by no means devoid of all interest. After we had duly seen the place where Carthage was not, we went to inspect the chapel of St. Louis. That kingly and saintly personage died on or about this spot so long ago as the 25th of August 1270. Nothing appears to have been done to mark so interesting a locality until the time of Charles X., when in 1530 a treaty was concluded between France and the Regent of Tunis, containing a special article, by which a site for a monument to St. Louis was ceded for ever to the King of France. But troubles came in France, and it was not until 1841, in the reign of Louis Philippe, that the present chapel was erected. It is not magnificent; it is simply ugly and mean, and unworthy of the man whom it commemorates, the site which it occupies, and the nation by which it was raised.

We were shown a number of places where great temples and amphitheatres and forums "had been," but these structures have passed away and left no wreck behind, at least none that we could see. The most really interesting sights we saw were the old ports and harbours, where the proud Carthaginian fleets lay anchored, and the view from the hill-top whence unhappy Dido (who never existed) beheld the departure of that mean scamp Eneas, who, it is some consolation to know, never had any existence either, save in the fertile imagination of Virgil. But where we stood, Marius, and Cato, and Scipio must often have stood, to say nothing of Hannibal and older heroes of history, and that was something. That we were on the ground where once stood the great rival of Rome was beyond question; and perhaps it was quite as impressive to find that such grandeur and such glory had so utterly vanished from off the face of the earth as it would have been if we had found acres of ruined walls, and tons of mouldering masonry. We rode home very quietly under the moonlight, and after all we felt that we had not quite wasted our day in our ride to Carthage.—*The World.*

VARIETIES.

THE *National Zeitung* of Berlin gives a little anecdote of Uhland and his wife, whose death was recently recorded. The narrator says that thirty years ago he was in the poet's garden at Tübingen when Uhland propounded with great gravity and emphasis the opinion that there was nothing in the world that had not two sides. "Yes," said his wife laughing, "there is one thing that has only one side." "What is it?" asked the poet. "Your letters have never more than one side," was the mischievous reply, which completely conquered Uhland.

ONE evening last week, writes a correspondent, I met an old man and a boy returning from their day's work, the man aged 80, great-grandfather to the boy aged 14. I could not let them pass without reminding the old man that few people live to see their great-grandchildren—fewer still live to see them old enough to go to work for their living—but rarely indeed are they spared in strength to go to work beside them. In further conversation my old friend told me that he well remembered his great-grandmother, who was buried in 1802, at the age of 93, when he followed her to the grave, the funeral being impressed on his recollection by the fact that the service was read by the light of a lantern on a dark winter's afternoon. This hale old workman has thus seen seven generations.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.—So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness, for health and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

BABY MINE.

BY F. L.

Baby mine, with the grave, grave face,
Where did you get that royal calm,
Too staid for joy, too still for grace?
I bend as I kiss your pink, soft palm:
Are you the first of a nobler race?
Baby mine!

You come from the region of long ago,
And gazing awhile where the seraphs dwell,
Has given your face a glory and glow—
Of that brighter land have you aught to tell?
I seem to have known it—I more would know,
Baby mine.

Your calm, blue eyes have a far-off reach,
Look at me now with those wood-rout eyes—
Why are we doomed to the gift of speech
While you are silent, and sweet, and wise?
You have much to learn—you have more to teach.
Baby mine.

FOOT NOTES.

MR. BURNE JONES, the pre-Raphaelite, was made a D.C.L. of Oxford the other day, being greeted by the under-graduates with an uproarious chorus of

"A most intense young man,
A soulful-eyed young man,
An ultra-poetical super-esthetical
Out-of-the-way young man."

SPARE MOMENTS.—A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, add, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. "I should like to see Mr. —," said he. "You want a breakfast, more like." "Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy. "Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume that he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily,

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "You do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy. He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. What account can you give of your spare moments?

A TASTE FOR READING.—Time should be devoted by every young man and woman entering life, were it only half an hour a day, to the development of their mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the cultivation of some ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we can name. A rich man without this or some similar taste does not know how to enjoy money; his only resource is to keep on making, hoarding money, unless he prefer to spend it, and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend wisely. A well-known millionaire used to say that he would gladly give all his money if he could only have himself the education which his lazy stupid boy refused to acquire. Be advised, make it a rule never to be broken to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful and instructive book. Every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects, and, if only half an hour a day is given to reading, he will find the advantage of it. Be hungry and thirsty after knowledge of all kinds, and you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men and women. Beware of novels; they are ensnaring and pernicious.

HUMOROUS.

HERE is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has got up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.

NITRO-GLYCERINE is recommended by a medical journal for certain affections of the chest. Particularly those in which the chest resists the drill or the jemmy.

"MEN often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. We saw a dog jump at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and it made more disturbance than a church scandal.

"Do you think Jones' judgment is biased?" asked Smith. "Oh, no!" replied Robinson. "I never heard that he had any."

"Did he teach you to lie?" they asked the boy concerning his employer. And the lad drew himself up proudly and said: "No, sir. He couldn't do it. I'm the son of a Congressman."

"Ma," exclaimed the boy, gazing into the back-yard, where the young lady next door was talking to his sister, "come and look at the bonfire." She came and looked, and then exclaimed: "My son, that isn't a bonfire; that's a spring bonnet."

"No, Mr. Editor," said he, "I don't object to your politics, and you haven't slandered me, but you're always publishing descriptions of new styles of bonnets, and I want to know if that's the sort of reading matter for a wife and six grown-up daughters."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S false teeth were held in by spiral springs. That firm expression of the mouth seen in his portraits, which has been attributed to decision of character, was probably due in a measure to his efforts to keep his teeth from jumping out.

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