Listowel Standard.

VOL. I.—NO. 50. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, JANUARY 10, 1879. { HAWKINS & KELLS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

On Gallantry.

No complaint is more frequently heard than that this age suffers by comparison with former times in respect of gallantry—the deferential and considerate treatment of women. How much truth there may be in this complaint it is hard, if not impossible, to say, even as regards the observance of the forms of courtesy, for of nothing are people less capable than of justly estimating and comparing contemporary facts and tendencies with those of a bygone period. The lapse of a few generations is necessary to estimate or comparison of the kind. Perhaps, we may concede, however, that we are less regardful of the forms of courtesy which used to be observed; but we may make the admission without its following that there has been a general decadence in any essential of true gallantry. We may not spend so much of our time at the feet of Turveydrop or be so fastidiously exact in the minutiæ of deportment. There has no doubt been so great a falling off in this regard that Chesterfield or even ranged, bearish Samuel Johnson, could they come to us suddenly, would fancy they had dropped amongst barbarians; yet for all we may be quite as gallant, in reality, as the men and women of their times, with a gallantry of far higher value. We incline to think we are. What woman was in the time of good Queen Anne we can easily learn from the charming pages of the *Spectator*. And we can also without severely drawing on our logical faculty draw an inference not unflattering to ourselves as to the value of the courtesies it was then the duty of man to pay to her. She was looked on as a flippant, helpless creature, with mind dwarfed and heart untrained, an animated toy to be pleased with toys, complimented, flocked out and despised. That is not the estimation in which woman is held now. We think as highly of her physical charms and any accomplishments she may have, and what is more, we credit her with the possession of qualities of the existence of which the writers and readers of the eighteenth century had barely a suspicion. To us she is not a puppet but a companion; not utterly dependent on the other sex, but capable of helping herself, and then put to it maintaining herself and helping others. With these higher conceptions of her it is not to be wondered that there has come some modification of our bearing towards her, and it does not follow that the change is for the worse. We believe that the change is only in a few external observances of doubtful value, and that the average man of our day is quite as thoughtful, gentle, self denying towards women as ever man was. There is one thing which more than makes up for the dissuetude into which some of the observances of gallantry may have fallen; namely, the fact that courtesy is now looked upon as a reciprocal duty. Gallantry was formally regarded as a masculine obligation, but we now look upon it as binding on the two sexes alike. The women of Queen Anne's time were rude and coarse creatures compared with the women of to-day. If our men have fallen off somewhat we have what more than makes up for this in the improved manners of the fair sex.

While on this subject we may incidentally refer to a matter which deserves attention from our lady readers, as they may reciprocate the courteous attention they expect. It is in making those attentions as little of a burden to those who pay them as may be. Many a young man puts himself to an expense he is ill able to bear to gratify his female friends,—buggy and sleigh drives, bouquets and other presents, ice-cream and concert tickets, and endless *et ceteras* which drain his purse of every surplus cent. His innocent desire to give pleasure keeps him in continual financial difficulty. Ladies do not think of this, but it is one of the many ways in which

"Evil is wrought through want of thought,
And not through want of heart."

GENERAL.

THE Khedive and family, including his secretaries, receive now only $1,500,000 a year.

FROM the debris of their coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons.

MORE timber is used under ground in the Comstock lode than has been employed in the construction of San Francisco.

AN old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

MANY a timid shrinking maiden, who last summer swung upon the gate with her lover, is now engaged in half-soling the same individual's pants.

"OH, I know she loves him," cried the grief-stricken youth. "But how do you know she prefers your rival?" asked the friend. "Ah," was the sad reply, "I saw her look bias at him."

THE young King of Siam has appointed the Rev. S. G. McFarland, D.D., to take charge of a government school in Bangkok, with a view to the establishment of a system of popular education of the people.

SHE—"Now, Charles, dear, do be sincere and tell the truth once in your life. Do you love baby just a little bit? He—Well, I can't say exactly that I love the little beggar, but I've a sort of sneaking respect for him for his father's sake."

THIS is why a well-known poet and that noble shadow of his cut each other dead when they meet in the street now. It was midnight, and the poetic genius had thrown his pen down, and was leaning back, wearily muttering: "Ah, Jack, you don't know how much pleasanter and easier it is to read these little poems of mine than to write them!" The noble friend responded, "By Jove, my boy, how you must suffer then!" The friendship was instantly unbound.

SOME Polish Roman Catholic priests in the Province of Grodno lately succeeded in inducing their parishioners to abandon the use of alcoholic liquors. The local authorities complained of this to the Governor, who thereupon ordered an enquiry. The priests were found to have acted solely for the purpose of benefitting their parishioners; but the Governor of Grodno ordered them to be transported into the interior of Russia, in order to give them time to reflect there on the presumption of depriving a paternal Government, by preaching sobriety, of the revenue from the duty on spirits.

IN Germany school children are instructed to distinguish the most common and noxious from beneficial insects, and to collect and destroy the former. In the district of Segeberg, Holstein, the number of May beetles taken by the children last season amounted to 14,196 kilogrammes (about 31,250 pounds), besides 250 pounds weight of the larvæ of grubs of the same insect. Taking the number of beetles to the kilogrammes at 920, we have the astonishing number of 13,000,000 of these enemies of the farmer put out of the way of doing harm.

IT is told of the late Lord Chelmsford that so stately was his presence and so dignified his appearance, that many years ago, when he was a younger man and more erect of carriage, he was accosted in the street by a hurried individual, who, mistaking him for some acquaintance, clasped him by the hand, exclaiming, "How are you, Mr. Smith?" Sir Frederick Thesiger, as he was then, drew himself up, and, gazing coldly on his questioner, replied, "Sir, do I look like a person of the name of Smith?" and passed gravely on.

DURING the current year the city of Providence has provided labour at fifty cents a day for all citizens in need of employment and be able to work, and has also furnished food and lodging to tramps and other non-residents applying for the same and willing to recompensing the city by chopping wood. It was expected that the experiment would cause a marked increase of expenses, but the figures already show a small saving, and the number of tramps has largely decreased; in fact, the tramp who will not work does not appear in the neighbourhood of Providence.

CHINA has a Governor-General by name Li Hung Chang. He is at the head of the progressive party in that country, whose great aim is to avoid the course pursued by the Japanese in leaning so much upon Europeans, and to develope China by Chinamen. With this view a variety of great undertakings are in contemplation—a steam navigation company, extensive mining operations, the gradual introduction of railroads and telegraphs, and a postal system on the ordinary model. With a view to attracting investors, the competitive system of selecting employes, which for some 2,000 years has been rigidly adhered to, is to be at once laid aside, and any contributor to the stock of certain of the new schemes will have the right of nominating a clerk. No attempt at improving the postal communication with the capital is immediately contemplated, but, during the summer, correspondence between Pekin and Tientsin is to be carried on daily by donkey or horse mail, and in winter by a route which at best involves ten days.

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN.

BY BEE

Ah! well do I remember still
How bright life was to me
When I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The earth was fairer then, I think,
Than ever I see it now:
How softly blew the warm west wind
That listened to our vow.
We made it in the whispering dark,
Beneath our trysting-tree.
Ah! then I was but seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The river rippled soft and low
Its dear familiar song;
We stood upon the old stone bridge,
And all the world seemed young
And there with one long lingering kiss
You took my heart from me.
Ah! well, I was but seventeen,
And you just twenty-three!

Far off the grand old hills arose;
The stars shone out above;
And all the night was fair and sweet;
The air was full of love.
I fondly wonder many a time
If you think tenderly
Of what I was at seventeen
And you at twenty-three.

It is not very long ago;
But bitter tears have wet
The cheeks you kissed so lovingly.
Ah! if I could forget!
Why were you faithless? O my love,
The world is changed to me.
Since I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

And often when the night-wind sighs
Along the river-side,
My heart goes back with longing pain
To that sweet even-tide.
But still, I love to think of it,
Nor never, ah me!
Shall I again be seventeen,
Or you be twenty-three!

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

GREAT ST. SIMON APOSTLE.

"Will?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot! Will is my brother. Of course. I see him every other Sunday. Mr. Pomeroy always spends the whole of Sunday in his office; he comes to see me in the evening, and we have tea and music. Dear Will! You would like my brother Will, Mr. Ashton."

"I am sure I should," said John, "if he is in the least like—like his sister."

She did not blush. She was thinking of her brother, not of herself, and John's compliment passed unheeded.

"My brother Will," she murmured; "he is two years younger than I am. He is seventeen now. It is seven years since—since that dreadful misfortune happened to us, and of course it was worse for me then at the time, because I was the elder. I came here to live with Mr. Pomeroy, and Will was sent to school. In the holidays Mr. Pomeroy, who does not like boys, put him in charge of one of the masters; and when he was sixteen, a year ago, he got him a place in a great house in the City, where they pay him forty pounds a year. It isn't much, but it is a beginning. And oh, Mr. Ashton, he is such a bright-faced, handsome boy, and his ways are so winning! Indeed, indeed, you would like my brother Will."

John pondered this problem of maidenhood with an increasing wonder. She had no life of her own at all. She was effaced, buried, put away in a great coffin, this sweet Sharon rose among damsels. No nun could lead a more secluded life. And not have any one to talk to; sitting silent all the evening with a silent man. That she shrank from the jostling and noise of the streets he attributed to her inexperience, or even the superiority of her nature. That was his own experience, because it was no mark of superiority at all. I, who am wiser, can tell you that her nervous shrinking from the streets and from noise was due to nothing but her five years' seclusion. It was the beginning of what might end in shrinking even from the silence of the court; in living wholly in those two rooms; in the gradual destruction of brain and will, the ruin, step by step, of what was destined to be a full and generous nature, receiving and giving.

"Let me take you somewhere," said John; "it is a fine afternoon. We have an hour of daylight before us. Will you come?"

She hesitated. Not considering whether it was proper or improper, because she was not troubled with conventional scruples, which never came in her way, but considering whether she would like to go with him wherever he might take her. On the other hand, it was already half-past three, and the sun would set in an hour; also the streets were noisier than usual. On the other hand, there was this tall, strong young fellow to protect her.

"I will go with you," she said, simply.

Outside, John offered his arm, and she took it, for the first time leaning on the protection of a man, so that the act seemed strange and even sacred to her. It meant that while she was with him he was to protect and care for her; and it was the very first time that any man had offered to take care of her, so that she felt a little giddy.

"I am not going to drag you about the streets and make you tired," said John. "We will take a handsom and drive to the West End. Have you ever been to Regent Street?"

She shook her head. Already her nervousness was disappearing beneath the healthy stimulus of a great excitement. She, who had lived in London for seven years, had never seen the West End at all. The cab rattled them along the noisy streets, whose noise no longer oppressed her, but filled her with a sense of life and the excitement of living. The crowd of people, the shops, some of them already lighted, roused her out of her apathy.

Presently they came to Regent Street, and John stopped the cab.

"Now, we are going to walk," he said.

The walk from Piccadilly to Oxford Circus took them three-quarters of an hour. In the course of that walk John went into several shops. One was a glove shop, where he purchased twelve pairs of the very best gloves and a glove-case—size of the glove six and a quarter, which was the size of Lettice's hand, curiously enough. Also he bought two or three beautiful silk ties of a pattern approved and chosen by Lettice, delighted at being consulted. Next he went into a photographer's, where he succeeded in getting some large views of Arcadian scenery, the subjects being selected by Lettice. After this he took her to a book-shop, and ordered certain books to be sent to an address which he wrote down and gave to the shop-boy. They came next to a shop which had ladies' hats and bonnets in the window. A great many ladies, chiefly young and pretty, were gazing with eyes ablaze at the splendours of this shop. John went in and bought a hat and a bonnet, both of the newest pattern, which he told Lettice were for a young lady of her height, so that if she would try them on no doubt they would fit the other young lady. Lettice was so obliging as to do this. Then they went into a magnificent great shop, where John said he wanted to buy a lady's walking jacket and a dress made up. Lettice gave him her advice about this little matter, too, and John paid for the things and left the address. Then he took her into a music shop and purchased blindly twenty or thirty pieces which the man informed him were good. This parcel he carried away with him. And then he went into a jeweller's shop, and Lettice's eyes sparkled with delight. O dreams of Golconda! what mines could hold more precious things than Lettice saw here? John bought a gold cross, and a gold chain, and a gold locket, and an emerald ring, which Lettice put on the third finger of her left hand and it fitted beautifully. And then John called another cab, and they drove home again.

The streets were all lit up by this time, and Lettice looked upon the long line of lights, with houses illuminated from the lowest storey to the top. No shutting up at five o'clock and running away here.

"Tell me," said John, softly—he had been looking at the face beside him, as with animated eyes Lettice gazed at the beautiful street—"tell me, how long it is since you left Great St. Simon Apostle and had a holiday?"

"Four years," said the girl. "Formerly I used to spend a month every year with my aunt at Moulsey Priors, in Essex, but she died, and since then I have been nowhere."

"Moulsey Priors!" It was the village where his mother had been born—which he was going to visit.

"You have been a prisoner for five years," he said. "Miss Langton, will you—will you trust me a little?"

"I think I trust you a great deal," she said. "Have I not trusted you to give me a drive through all these wonderful things?"

"No, no; it is not that. But I cannot bear to think of your creeping round and round that ghostly square all alone."

"But if I am all alone and cannot help it?"

He was going to say something, but checked himself with the thought that the time was not come yet.

"Oh!" sighed the girl, "we are coming to the end of our drive. There is Mansion-house! What is the time, Mr. Ashton? A quarter to six! We have been out nearly three hours. And now I have got my silent evening before me, and somehow I do not feel as if I care for Mill's *Essay on Liberty* any more to-day. Here we are at Carmel Friars!"

John walked into the court—it was dark now, and more ghostly than ever—with the girl.

"I cannot ask you to come in," she said; "but Mr. Pomeroy likes you to talk to him in the evening. He said so the other day. He said when you went away: 'That is a sensible young man, Lettice: I like him. But then, large deductions—large deductions.' He meant that he was afraid of liking you too much, you know. Will you come again soon?"

"Will you drive out again with me soon?" he repeated. "This has been the most pleasant afternoon in all my life."

"Has it?" she replied, in all innocence. "So it has of mine. Do you think we can have another drive soon, Mr. Ashton? But, to be sure, you will not want to buy all those things again, will you? What a quantity of things you did buy, and what a lot of money you have spent!"

"'There is a time to spend,'" said John, quoting Solomon, "'and a time to save'. I reckon this is a time to spend. Good-night, Miss Langton." He held her hand in his for a longer time and with a warmer pressure than the mere leave-taking altogether warranted. "Good-night, Miss Langton. I forgot to say that—that—in fact, I hoped that you would accept the little things I bought to-day——"

"Accept—I—Mr. Ashton! Oh! I cannot. All those things?"

John Pomeroy was a little staggered. But he would not show the white feather. So he returned to the charge.

"Why, Miss Langton, of course I bought them for you. In my country, if a young lady goes for a drive with us we always buy something to mark the occasion. Why, when you play these pieces, you will think of the walk up Regent Street"—he placed the roll of music in her astonished hand—"and when you wear the gold cross and chain"—he deftly fastened the chain around her neck before she could prevent him—"you will think of our drive through the streets, and the pleasure it gave me. And the other things will all be here to-morrow. Of course," he added, "being an Arcadian I must follow the customs of the country. You forgive me?"

"Oh, Mr. Ashton," she said. "To buy all these things; and for me!"

He pressed her hand again, and was away.

I have never heard of that Arcadian custom, but one cannot imagine that John Pomeroy invented it for the occasion.

Her pulse bounded and leaped, the blood ran faster through her veins, her eyes sparkled with a delight she had never before even dreamed of; she would have liked to jump up and dance, in only thinking of this unexpected and wonderful drive. Sinbad the Sailor had never seen such sights—Aladdin never got such splendid presents. And she had to sit still through the long dinner, and beat down her joy while Mr. Pomeroy sat over his wine, facing her, as silent as a sphinx, regardless of her joys or sorrows. It was but the day before that the man contemplated, without observing, a drooping flower, a mind already, at nineteen, beginning to turn inward and prey upon itself. In his selfish gloom and solitary moods he had already condemned a bright young girl to four years' imprisonment, and, as he never thought about the matter at all he was quite ready to carry on sentence year by year, till nature made an end.

But to-night the girl played over her new music, which was bright and joyous, struck some chords in the man's heart, which awoke unaccustomed thoughts in him; and at ten, when she rose to say "Good-night," he opened his mouth and spoke.

"What was that you were playing?"

"A new piece, given me by Mr. Ashton to-day; be took me for a drive and bought it for me——"

"Ay! it seemed an old piece. A trick of memory, I suppose, which conjured up the shadows of the dead. Ashton, eh? Well, he is a practical man. He understands things. If money can be made, he will make it. Tell him, if you see him again—when you see him again," he corrected himself, with a most unusual twinkle in his eye—"that I shall be glad to see him any evening at six—to dinner. I shall not send him any other invitation. Good-night, Lettice. She always professed to be grateful," he sneered. "Like all the rest—like all the rest! Ready to leave me for a lover! Gar! gratitude! With her, as with everybody else—large deductions."

Then he began to smoke, and smoked till the clock struck twelve, when he got up and went to bed.

In the evening the presents had arrived. But among them Lettice failed to find the locket and the emerald ring, and she wondered for whom they were bought.

CHAPTER III.

LARGE DEDUCTIONS.

Mr. Pomeroy had been a resident as well as the tenant in an office in Great St. Simon Apostle for four-and-twenty years. He came to the place a man of thirty, and called himself generally an agent. That is to say, he was ready to do any kind of business on commission. Mostly his business lay with farmers, for whom he negotiated leases and renewals, bought machinery, and sometimes sold stock. He was also a house agent; and as that business is one which more than any other seems to develop the suspicious element in human nature, it suited his saturnine disposition. In the conduct of his affairs he was quick and entirely trustworthy. He sought for no mean or unfair advantages; never imposed, as is the nature of a house agent, upon the ignorance or credulity of such defenceless and innocent persons as widows, clergymen, officers, or authors; and kept his word like the Bank of England. On the other hand, he was hard; if he had money to receive, those rents had to be paid on the day they were due. He had a large *clientèle*, but not one single friend; not one single man for four-and-twenty years had passed from the doors of his office to his private rooms. He was not a hermit, because he went in and out among men, sometimes dined in public places, was seen in places of resort: but he knew no one, and spoke to no one. And every evening he spent alone in his own room. He professed to despise and mistrust human nature; he looked on every one as a possible knave, who admitted no enthusiasms, and who allowed no disinterested grounds of any action, however simple. A disappointed and soured man; a man whose nature, always inclined to be suspicious, exacting and irritable—an unhappy nature—had received some violent twist at one time or the other. If in the course of business a man was praised, if a measure was advocated, if a work was admired, if anything was advanced in his presence which tended to raise the credit of human nature, or the reputation of any man, country, or human institution, Mr. Pomeroy had one formula. On those occasions he would lay his hands upon his knees, look his companion in the face, shake his head, and murmur, "Large deductions." So impressive was the voice, and so convinced the tone, that the speaker seldom had heart to go on, and felt his own enthusiasm suddenly grow cold, his own faith waver. There had grown around this uncompanionable man among the class who chiefly made up his *clientèle* a reputation for acquaintance with all kinds of agricultural affairs—machinery, drainage, steam works, crops, ground, stock—on all these subjects Mr. Pomeroy was an authority. At Islington they followed him round and waited for his few words, and those who came to his office had good value for their money. He had an amazing capacity for business, and wasted little money in keeping clerks. Two boys, who received five shillings each, and took turns to do the outside work, were enough for him. All the rest he managed himself.

At this time his hair, which had grown short and curly, had grown quite white. It was a crisp, deficient kind of hair, which stood up in a thick crop, springing straight from his forehead. His eyes were bright and keen, but perhaps a little too close together. His features were strongly marked; his mouth firm, and his smooth-shaven chin square and long. It was not a face to fall in love with, and it was a face to inspire that kind of respect which attaches to strong natures. Beggars, who are great observers and acute physiognomists, felt that it would be useless asking such a face as that for charity; people who go round to offices for benevolent or religious societies came downstairs from his at once, and without pressing their claim, when they heard his "No," in a deep and decided note; and children who ask the time, women who ask the way, crossing-sweepers who ply the broom, were all alike struck silent by the cold sternness of that face. Possibly there might be some tender spot somewhere in the heart of "Large Deductions," but no one yet had ever found it out.

Certainly neither Lettice or Will Langton.

It was, as the girl told John Pomeroy, seven years since she had been brought to Great St. Simon Apostle. A dreadful thing happened to the children. They lived in a certain market town in Essex, not far from the village of Moulsey Priors, the old house of the Burdacombs. Their father was the manager of the country branch of a great bank; their house was the upper part of the bank. One day the father went out after the closing of the bank, as was his custom, but on this day he did not return. The mother sat up all night waiting in alarm for the husband who was to come home no more. And in the morning they found him lying in a ditch by the wayside—dead. He had killed himself. The mother, weak and ill herself at the time, died broken-hearted a week later. For there was more than suicide to face—there was disgrace. But this the orphans were partly spared, for Mr. Pomeroy came down from town and took them both away with him. Lettice he kept in his City house; the boy he sent to school.

"Understand," he said to Lettice, then a child of twelve, "that I am not to be disturbed. There is to be no talking and idle chatter. Amuse yourself as best you can. You shall have masters to teach you things, but do not talk to me or expect me to amuse you."

So the girl began the seven long silent years spent with this man, who never spoke to her except on matters of business.

For two years she and her brother went to spend a month at a certain farm-house at Moulsey Priors, where her aunt lived; but the aunt died, and then there was nowhere to go. When she was sixteen, Mr. Pomeroy asked her if she wished to have any more teaching. She did not, she said, although that was hardly true, because she would have liked the lessons to continue for the sake of her master's talk. So then there was nobody at all to talk to. Will, too, was sent for two years' training in Germany, where he was to qualify himself for a foreign correspondence clerkship. Fancy the loneliness of the girl, if you can. Try to understand the wild yearning that at times would come over her for somebody to expected and wonderful drive. Sinbad the Sailor had never seen such sights—Aladdin never got such splendid presents. And she had to sit still through the long dinner, and beat down her joy while Mr. Pomeroy sat over his wine, facing her, as silent as a sphinx, regardless of her joys or sorrows. It was but the day before that the man contemplated, without observing, a drooping flower, a mind already, at nineteen, beginning to turn inward and prey upon itself. In his selfish gloom and solitary moods he had already condemned a bright young girl to four years' imprisonment, and, as he never thought about the matter at all he was quite ready to carry on sentence year by year, till nature made an end.

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"Humph! Give me the letter." He broke the seal and looked at the signature.

"It is from Eli Ramsden, the Quaker, of Moulsey Priors. What has he got to say to me?"

"'DEAR FRIEND JOHN POMEROY—The bearer of this note, John Ashton, has to confer with thee on practical questions. It is for thy great good that thee should see him at once; see him often, and learn to know him. This is truth, from thy friend.

"'ELI RAMSDEN.'"

"For my great good? See him often! What does Ramsden mean? Jane, show the young man upstairs into the office. No, here; and light us a fire. My great good! Ah, large deductions—large deductions—large deductions! As if anything could happen to me now for my great good!"

Certainly a good deal might happen to the pale girl before him, who raised her quiet eyes in languid curiosity to see the stranger. Doubtless some uninterested city person—one of those who rushed about all day with eager faces.

No; a young man who, whatever he was, could not be set down even at first sight as an uninteresting city man. A young man of quite a different style. A tall red brawny young fellow, with clear-cut features and steady eyes; and as he stood in the door, hat in hand, Lettice felt for a moment as if she had seen him before somewhere—perhaps in a dream.

John Pomeroy the younger—it was he—saw before him a pale and very beautiful girl rising from a pianoforte, and at the fireside an elderly man, with hard, stern face, and white hair standing up all over his head in short sturdy curls. The room was plainly furnished, having the girl's piano, a case of books, and a single easy-chair, in addition to the customary simple furniture of a sitting-room.

The young man felt a singular emotion. Before him was his own father, whose very existence he had never suspected until a few weeks before. His father! There was but little to be made out of surmises, but he felt, at first sight, that this was a father capable of astonishing things in the way of hardness. That was immediately apparent.

"You are Mr. John Ashton?" asked the elder man, referring to his letter.

"I am—I am John Ashton," he replied, with a curious hesitation, as if he was not certain whether he might not be somebody else.

And again Lettice had the feeling of having seen him before. The very voice was familiar. It was deep and clear, like the voice of her guardian.

"My old friend"—here Mr. Pomeroy looked steadily at his visitor—"my old friend Eli Ramsden tells me that you wish to see me. How can I serve you? or, as we are men of business, and I like to call things by their proper names, how can we serve each other?"

"Let us call things by their proper names. You can serve me by teaching me."

"And yet you can serve me by teaching me. You are, Mr. Ramsden tells me, better acquainted than any living man with agricultural work of all kinds in England."

"Eli Ramsden is a man of truth," said Mr. Pomeroy. "I should not have said that of myself. But since he says it, you may accept it."

"I do accept it. I am an Arcadian, sir; not by birth, because I was born in England but I have passed twenty-four out of twenty-five years and two months in the country, and I claim to call myself an Arcadian born."

"You seem proud of it."

"I am proud of it, sir. We are going to be a great country some day."

"Ah! Large deductions," murmured the elder.

"Well, we will talk about that some other time. I am over here to learn all that can be known, all that can be taught me on my farm."

"You have a farm? Of your own?"

"It is my mother's. I am her only son, and I am therefore, in a sense, the owner."

"And you have brought over money? We do nothing here for love."

"I am in command of three thousand pounds, most of which I am to lay out to advantage in implements and stock, but part I may spend upon myself."

"To throw away in what you call amusements."

"No, sir. To throw away in education in such things as one cannot get in the backwoods. That is my business in England. And Mr. Ramsden says you can help me."

"Ay. I am agent for more than one kind of business. Suppose I can help you?"

"Then we will make an arrangement. This is my proposition: I will come here three nights a week; you shall answer my questions—there will be plenty of them—and you will tell me what you know. There is plenty of knowledge in your brain, if I can get it out. Think this over, and make a proposal as to terms. Just as well be talking to me as sitting over a fire."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Latest Fish Story.

A Whale Towing Four Fishermen'S Boats With Astonishing Rapidity.

(From the New York Sun.)

In the past three months whales have often been seen spouting off Long Branch, and the scarcity of small fish has been attributed to their presence. On Friday last three large ones were seen three or four miles out. On Saturday morning Capt. Wise, of the American Hotel, Samuel Maclain, Daniel Wright, and Martin Dangler—the three latter old fishermen—started out fishing in a boat about twenty feet long. They had arrived on the fishing ground about three miles from the shore, had all their lines out, and were having splendid luck hauling in codfish. Then Wright saw the fin of a monstrous fish, and immediately the boat began to run aground. Wright shouted to the men in another boat, about 100 yards distant—"Look out, there is a whale hold of us," but before the men could move out of their seats they were towed out to sea at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The monster had become entangled in the long anchor rope of the boat. The pull on the boat was so strong the men thought the boat must go over every second. The men say they were very much frightened, and the sensation was the queerest they ever knew. All they could do was to hold on and let her go for a few minutes. Then they crept forward and cut the rope. They were a mile further out to sea. The fish kept right on, and they could see the wake he made for some distance, as he kept near the surface. The rope was a stout half inch manilla one, and attached to it was in anchor of about twenty pounds' weight. The fishermen here think the monster was after the codfish, and that he came up to the anchor line with his mouth open, and got the rope in his mouth. As soon as he felt it he closed his mouth and swam off, towing the boat after him so fast that the codfish lines that were hanging over the boat pulled straight out on the surface, and the heavy sinkers, weighing a pound or more apiece, were on the top of the water.

A Mischievous Custom.

Of all the absurd practices of the present day what is sailed "treating" is one of the most ridiculous. What amusement or enjoyment two men, both, in all probability, able to pay for their own drinks, can find in alternately "guzzling" at each other's expense is one of the things that are past finding out. They would not dream of buying one another boots or settling one another's laundry bills; there is no mutual treating to water rates or even to mutton chops or anything eatable. We might pass the matter by with a laugh or a sneer were it only a foolish custom, but it is as mischievous as it is ridiculous. Most people who conform to it drink in consequence twice as much as they would otherwise, helping one another to sottish helplessness under pretence of friendliness. A word of warning is seasonable, for this is the time of year when the preposterous and ruinous usage is most prevalent.

THERE is nothing like a shorthand reporter to take a man down.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

What Shall He Do With Her?

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

This is a sad, but short, tale about a cat, or perhaps about a rabbit that pretended to be a cat,—I do not know which. You will presently see why it must be short.

Some time ago a supposed friend sent me, as a present, what purported to be a Chinese cat. Thereby hangs a tale? Not at all. The cat hadn't a sign of a tail. It was said by way of apology and explanation that all Chinese cats have no tails. If this is a fact in natural history, it is an absurd fact; for it is known that all Chinamen—even the smallest—have tails, which are called cues, and sometimes pig-tails, but never cat-tails. And it seemed improbable and heartless that a Chinaman would deny tails to his cat. However, I took the kitten in, and named her "China," a name she has never responded to, to this day.

And this shows the animal's instinct; for when I came to look in the dictionary, I found that, in all probability, she was a Manx cat from the Isle of Man,—a small, English island (hardly room enough to turn round) where cats are obliged to do without tails. It is considered a very nice kind of cat, if it is a cat, of which I have doubts. It is said that Turner, the great painter,—who was probably as good a judge of cats as ever lived,—kept seven Manx cats always in his house. Perhaps it was necessary to have seven Manx cats to get the equivalent of one real cat; in my experience it requires more.

As I said, I doubt if China is a cat, take her all together. She had, as a kitten, no tail. Her grown tail now is less than an inch long, and most of that is fur. It is exactly like a rabbit's tail, that is, a kind of place for a tail. When China first began to realize her existence, she evidently thought that she was a cat, and her first sportive effort was to play with her tail. She looked around, and there wasn't any tail there; the other end of her was rabbit. She was mortified; but what could she do? She began, without any apology, to play with her hind leg, to chase it round and round as if it were a tail; and ever after that she has amused herself with her hind leg.

And her hind legs are worth playing with. For they are not like the hind legs of a cat, but are long and bend under exactly like the legs of a rabbit. When China sits down, she sits down like a rabbit. So she is neither one thing nor the other; and I cannot make out whether she is a cat trying to be a rabbit, or a rabbit trying to be a cat. She succeeds, any way. China is rather handsome. Her coat is the most beautiful combination of soft buff and ermine fur, a most pleasing colour—and she is a shapely little thing besides, with a fine head and pretty. Like some other beauties, however, she is not as good as she is beautiful. She has a temper,—can be very playful and affectionate one minute, and scratch and bite the next without provocation. From an infant she seemed to have no conscience. She was a perfect whirlwind in the house, when the whim took her to frolic; went over chairs and all sorts of furniture like a flying-squirrel; succeeded in about a week in tearing off all the gimp from the chairs and lounges, climbed the azalia trees, shook off the blossoms, and then broke the stems. Punishment she minded not at all—only to escape from it for a moment. I think she had not, as a kitten, a grain of moral sense, and yet she was "awful cunning," sad entertaining,—more so than a spoiled child. We got a sedate old cat to come and live with China. She drove that big cat out of the house and off the premises in less than half a day; and that, too, when she wasn't more than seven inches long. She went at the big cat with incredible fury, with the blaze and momentum of a little fire-ball.

Now that China has come to be of decent size, some of the vivacity and playfulness has gone out of her, but she is really untamed—goes for things on the table, steals, and all that; and it is more difficult than ever to tell whether she is a rabbit or a cat. We have another companion for her—a mild, staid old grandmother of a cat, with a very big tail, enough for two, if they would share it. China treats her with no respect, but, on the whole, they get on well, quarrelling only half the time, and consent to live in the same house. China overlooks the intrusion.

But as to the nature of China, this is what happened recently. China's mistress had undertaken to raise some radishes, in advance of the season, in a box in her conservatory. It was a slow process, owing to lack of heat, or lack of disposition in the radishes to grow. They came up, shot up, grew slender, tall and pale. Occasionally the mistress would pull up one to see why the bottoms didn't grow, so that we could eat them; but she never discovered why. The plants spindled up, all top and no radish; and by and by they got tired and laid down to rest. They might in time come to something. In fact, they began to look as if they were thickening in the stem and going to grow in the root. One morning they were gone. Alone, after weeks of patient watering, watching, and expectation! Nibbled off close to the ground. China had eaten every one of them short.

Now doesn't that show that China is a rabbit? Will a cat eat radish tops? That is one thing I want to know.

There came to our house a facetious person; that is, a person who makes jokes likely to hurt your feelings; and he looked at the cat, and said it didn't matter if it had no tail that I could write one for it. I have done so.

But that makes no difference. What I want to know now from the children is this: What can I do with her? I can neither give her away for a cat, or eat her for a rabbit. Do you think it would coax a tail out of her to put her under blue glass?

Repression.

Some fathers and mothers have the mistaken idea that keeping what they call "a tight rein" on their children is one of the prime duties of the parental relation, without any regard whatsoever to the idiosyncracies of the young people. They govern for the sake of governing, with no ulterior view to the right shaping of their children's characters and the right ordering of their lives. But the object of the family relationship is not government for its own sake but the attaining of certain results through government as a means. Parents should rather look to the expansion of their children's natures, the cultivation in them of the faculty of self government, so that when fatherly and motherly control comes, as in course of time it must, to be withdrawn fully settled principles may take its place. There is serious hurt often done by the habitual repression. There may be a seeming yielding to the pressure while there is a strong and ever strengthening disposition to revolt, and often a secret indulgence in what is prohibited. We would not urge a relaxation of authority when grave questions of right and wrong are involved, but in trifles—such as make up the greater part of child-life—it is far better to err on the side of permitting than prohibiting a young person's self-gratification within reasonable bounds. Don't govern for the mere sake of governing.

SUSAN fell in love with a book-keeper, and when Aunt Mary asked about his position in life, Susan answered demurely, "He's a count, auntie." Which proved satisfactory to both parties.

"OH, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson River recently. They succeeded in rescuing her. Her husband tenderly embraced her, saying, "My dear, if you'd been lost, what should I have done? I shall not let you carry the pocket-book again."

Two ladies, both of them a little dull in the hearing, were in church one day when the minister had for his text, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." They listened patiently enough, but when they got out the one said to the other, "Keep me, Janet, wasna yon on awfu' text the minister had the day?—'Exceep' we pay our rent, we're a' to be putten out o' the parish.'"

Poverty's Retreat.

Yule-Tide Under Depressing Circumstances—The Nooks and Crannies where the Poor Hide—Life by Hook or by Crook.

[From the Toronto Saturday Night.]

"Lend me ten cents, wont yer?"

Our querist was as ragged as if tigers had made a raid upon him.

"What do you want ten cents for?" we asked.

"Can't sleep on the curbstone comfortably. Do you think you could?"

Our own conviction, though we did not give utterance to it, was that we could not.

"But what good would ten cents do you?" we asked.

"I'll show y