

passed Glauroth's Arianism. Perhaps it was quite unnecessary, for the abbé evidently avoided me. Why? I thought I guessed his motive, but when peace is declared I hope he too will be reconciled.

Ah! if only peace would be declared! In less than a week I was recalled from Chateau Giron. The regiment marched farther south, we attacked Dijon, were sent to Nuits as scouts and foragers, and at last were placed in a very exposed position in covering a battery during the bloody battle of Nuits. Glauroth was wounded in the right leg by a fragment of a shell, which killed his horse under him; a few moments after, I received a bullet in the right arm, just below the shoulder, but thank God it passed through without breaking the bone. We were sent to the same city to recover our health, far from the tumult of war, and as each day gives increasing strength we utter with still more ardent longing the daily prayer, "Would that peace might be declared!"

Here ends the narrative of the young Prussian officer. The sequel to it was furnished to his friends, shortly after the war was over, in the shape of invitations to the wedding.

THE END.

FOR THE BOYS.

The late James T. Fields was noted not only for his scholarship, but also for his rare, practical good sense. In a series of letters he has a talk with the boys, and his suggestions are worthy the attention of our youth. Here is what, among other things, he would do:

If I were a boy again I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to make something, as the saying is—to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper, or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library, or to frame a favourite engraving for a Christmas present to dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong, only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there. Some of us cannot drive a nail straight, and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation.

If I were a boy again I would have a blank book in which I would record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book and faithfully put down what happened to interest me. On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them; and, if the horse fell ill, down would go his malady in my book, and what cured him should go there, too. If the cat or dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary, and nothing worth recording should escape me.

If I were a boy again I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations; and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my reach, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if moral strength or brains in my case were adequate to the occasion.

That was a capital lesson which Professor Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind endeavouring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it's of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or not." That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of great consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail."

If I were a boy again I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes while young is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then at that particular moment. We do not bend our energies closely enough to what we are doing and learning. We wander into a half interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become masters. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily attained if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention on the sermon or book, although I wished to do so," and the reason is, a habit of attention was never formed in youth.

If I were to live my life over again I would pay more attention to the cultivation of memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately, but memory soon helps itself and gives very little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it.

A REJECTED LOVER'S FEARFUL REVENGE.

In spite of all that has been done in the last fifty years in improving the channel, the course of true love is still uncertain in places. An incident indicative of this, although somewhat out of the usual line, occurred in Danbury recently. There were two suitors for a young woman's affections. No 1 was first acquainted with her, and had kept pretty steady company with her through the past month, when No. 2 appeared. The latter soon got the best hold, and this became apparent to the former. The young lady gave herself up to No. 1, until the day after the Fourth, when she suddenly and rather decidedly veered about to the stranger, who is new in town, learning the jewellery business. No 1 was forgotten as easily, apparently, as if he had been an old debt. It was the night of the fifth that this change in feeling dawned upon him. He had purchased a quart of new apples, and taken them to her house. There was company present on his arrival, and he requested to see her privately in the hall. She complied with a reluctance that struck him as being singular.

"Here is something for you, Julia," he whispered, extending the package.

She coloured slightly, as she said,—

"I cannot take it, thank you."

"But you don't know what it is," he urged.

"It is a quart of new apples, just come into market."

She made no move.

"Why, Julia, take them. They won't hurt you. They are ripe."

"No, I mustn't," she persisted, keeping her eyes cast down.

"Why not?" he pleaded. "You don't think I'd bring 'em up here if I thought they would hurt you, do you?"

She moved uneasily, but said nothing.

"Julia," he began, in a broken voice, "don't you believe me when I tell you they are ripe?"

She did not answer.

"Can it be possible," he continued, in a voice of pain, "that you believe that I would try to make you sick? that I'd bring anything up here that would upset you?"

"The company are waiting, and I must go back to them," she said, speaking in a constrained tone, and reaching out to the handle of the parlour door.

"You won't take them?" He was very white, and his voice trembled with suppressed passion.

"No."

"Then I'll go home and eat every gold-darned one of 'em before I touch my bed, if they kill me deadlier than Goliath." And with this ferocious threat he bounced out of the house.

Whether he did as he promised is not known, but as he was around on the street the next day, it is more than likely that wiser thoughts prevailed.

That afternoon he started for her house, to see if that dreadful thing was true that that jeweller, whom he designated by the prefix of "pole-legs," had really supplanted him. As he neared the house he saw, with anger, that the jeweller was there, playing croquet with Julia. The sight maddened him. For a moment he looked at them with clinched hands, then he hurried away with a gleam in his eye that denoted a storm. In a quarter of an hour he was again approaching the place. He had both hands in the pockets of his sack, as if he was holding on to something valuable. The dapper young jeweller was still engaged in the game with the fair young Julia, and their laughing remarks grated distastefully upon his ear. He marched straight into the yard. Julia looked up and saw him, and a frown covered her face. He saw it, and understood its import at once. His own face grew black with wrath. He turned to her.

"Julia, have you given me up for this cuss?" he savagely inquired.

"What do you mean by such language as that?" she angrily demanded. While the party thus indelicately stared at the newcomer as if he very much doubted his own existence.

"Just what I say," retorted the discarded one.

"Well, the quicker you leave this yard the better you'll please me," was the spiteful rejoinder from the fair one.

"Then it's true, it's true," he howled, in a voice of anguish. "She has left me for old pole-legs. Oh!" This with a sudden reversal of tone, as the name brought up a realization of the hated presence. "You are the one that's done it, are you?" Turning in a rage upon his rival. "You are the scoundrel that left me to buy her things for a whole month, to get her sweetened up for you, and then you come in and take her yourself. Where were you on the Fourth?" he screamed with biting sarcasm. "Why didn't you show yourself when there was money to spend, an' things to show her that cost cash down. Where was you when the ice cream an' cake was around? Oh, you old gimlet eye!" he added, suddenly removing one hand from the recesses of a pocket and hurling a raw egg full in the face of his rival, which, breaking in the contact, completely transformed the entire expression of the jeweller. "Where were you? I say," he yelled, dancing around and drawing forth another egg. At the advent of this awful article, Miss Julia scampered into the house, and the affrighted and almost blinded rival struck out wildly for escape; but the foe

was after him, and not ten feet had been cleared when the second egg caught him between the shoulders, and sprinkled its glowing colour over his back. The unfortunate man ran with all his might seeking for escape, but was baffled in the search. He flew over the vegetables, and darted around the trees, but the avenger kept close to him, plastering him with omelets, and plying him with questions like this:—

"Where were you on the Fourth?"

Egg.

"Where were you when there was money to be spent?"

Egg.

"Kept away, did you till the Fourth was over, the costliest day in the year?"

Egg.

"Knew cream was up that day, did you?"

Egg.

And the eggs flew with all the vengeance an unrequited affection could impart to them. And the unhappy Julia, standing in a trance of horror at the window, saw her favoured one pelted in the back, in the side, on the head, and against the leg; saw him tear through the shrubbery like a winged omelet; saw the golden liquid stream from his hair, his chin, his coat-tails, and his finger-tips; saw him shed scrambled eggs, chromos, and circus posters at every jump; saw him finally bound over the back fence, and sweep across the back lots like a simoom of biliousness, and then she gave a scream and fainted dead away.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE will of the late Dean Stanley has been sworn under £90,000.

M. GLADSTONE, senior, is going to Leeds in the autumn to speak to his son's constituents.

A NEW penny, Conservative paper will appear in October called the *People*.

THE presentation of an old arm chair to Mr. Gladstone by his political friends was suggestive.

AFTER the opera is over, Signor Mario has come to London. He brings with him his two daughters.

It was stated recently in the House of Commons that British officers were the worst swordsmen in the world. There is some exaggeration in this, but there is no doubt that British officers are not as a rule skilful in the use of their weapons.

AN international temperance exhibition will be opened on Monday next at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The show will include samples of unintoxicating beverages of different nations, as well the machinery used in their manufacture. The exhibition will remain open fourteen days.

WHO is to be the new Knight of the Garter? The Earl of Derby is known not to care for it. But Mr. Gladstone is in no hurry to give it to anybody. It was Lord Beaconsfield's, and the Queen perchance may like to see it well and worthily bestowed.

THE lists of the London University show a great increase in the number of lady candidates for academical distinctions. A surprising number of female names occur in the first B.A. list; when the married women enter the lists there will, of course, be a number of M.A.'s.

So next session is to be devoted to what a daily paper calls the "transcendently" important subject of Parliamentary Procedure. A pleasant prospect indeed! This year eight months have been devoted to Ireland, hardly a crumb has fallen to the share of England or Scotland; but next year neither of these three kingdoms is to get anything done for it. All hands are to turn to mending the machine.

It is said that the Queen personally interfered in the rupture between the Lords and Commons, and that it is mainly in obedience to strongly expressed wishes of Her Majesty that a spirit of forbearance has been pursued. The Sovereign is strongly opposed to the adoption of any proceedings that will bring the country and the Upper House in conflict. On Monday morning, Sir Henry Ponsonby, at the Queen's command, spent some hours in Downing street, and had interviews with Mr. Gladstone.

A SUGGESTIVE anecdote in connection with the Irish Land Question was told at a political dinner party the other day, when an honourable Baronet, a member of the House of Commons, stated that about thirty years ago he had the honour of dining at the Castle of Dublin with the Earl of Carlisle, then Irish Viceroy. The session had been long, acrimonious, and Irish; and Lord Carlisle, commenting upon its exhaustive labours, wound up by saying, "Well, thank God, we have settled the Irish Land Question at last!" What an optimist his Excellency must have been!

At last there is some hope not only of St. Mar-

garet's Churchyard, Westminster, being turned from a charnel-house to a garden, but of the church itself being bodily wheeled off to another site in Westminster, where it may be more suitably located than squat, at present as it is, under the Abbey, like Milton's toad at the ear of Eve. The Duke of Westminster has offered a suitable site rent free in Victoria street, and a subscription is to be raised to carry it out. Let us hope that at last the precincts of the Abbey will be relieved from an excrescence which is now an incumbrance.

MOST of the great trades organizations in the metropolis have declared themselves on the side of "fair trade," and public opinion is now ripe for a demonstration during the coming autumn, which will astonish the Cobden Club. An important gathering is to take place next month in the shape of a national conference, to which the various trades union delegates will be invited. The Duke of Manchester is expected to preside over the conference. Being President of the Royal Colonial Institute, and having recently visited our Australian Colonies, his Grace will be able to speak with authority upon a point of some interest in connection with this question, which Sir H. Maxwell has undertaken to bring under the notice of the House of Commons early next session.

AT one of the principal theatres at Vienna a novelty has been introduced which our managers might copy. Everyone knows the stereotyped London orchestra, with its ear piercing flute and cornet, so hopelessly out of tune, and both so aggressively noisy. The orchestra exists for the gallery, and it is hard that the nuisance of it exists for the stalls. At one theatre in Germany they lately accommodated the musicians with seats in the last row of the gallery, and as sound is said to ascend, the effect in the lower part of the house was peaceful and pleasing. Still the orchestra has its value for the actors, and in a certain class of play a lover can only die to slow music. Now what they have done in Vienna is an improvement on the plan of shutting up the musicians in a cock-loft. They have withdrawn flute and fife, and flageolet; they have taken out the whole tribe of cornets, and told the trumpeter his occupation is gone. Strings have been substituted for mouth-pieces, and there is nothing in the orchestra bench but fiddles, big and little, and a harp—possibly a drum is added.

GOOD plain handwriting is an accomplishment somewhat neglected now-a-days. The late ever-to-be-deplored Dean Stanley was a sad sinner in this respect. His MS. had generally to be re-written before the most experienced compositor could do anything with it. On one occasion some few years ago, the Dean was to preach in Durham Cathedral, and was the guest of a well-known and respected Durham dignitary. Two north-country reporters, anxious to steal a march on their fellows, called at his temporary residence, and requested an interview with Dean Stanley, in order to obtain the MS. of his next day's discourse. They were ushered into a room, and, after some waiting, a slight, dapper man, in very tight-fitting black, appeared, and informed them that he was the gentleman of whom they were in search. On learning their business, he at once opened a portmanteau containing a large collection of not very clean-looking manuscript sermons. He selected one and handed it to his visitors, asking them to copy it. They speedily found it was as easy for them to copy as Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is an absolute fact that neither of them could decipher the first ten words. Meanwhile the author was sitting at the fire reading as quietly as though he were unconscious of their existence. At last they modestly hinted their dilemma to him. He manifested no surprise; but at once kindly offered to read the sermon over to them. Before he began, one gentleman of the press informed the other he would rely upon him to take the note. His friend, unfortunately, being slightly deaf, understood him to say just the reverse of what he did say. They sat back to back, and could not see each other's movements. After they were bowed out they discovered that neither of them had taken a line. They had left the place richer by a good story; but in other respects just as they went to it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES WYNNDHAM is about to pay a visit to America.

MADAME NILSSON and her husband, M. Rouzeaud, are at Vichy.

VICTOR MASSÉ has finished a new opera, "La Nuit de Cléopâtre."

RUBINSTEIN says he intends to make one more concert-tour through England and after that to disappear from public life.

THE Hon. Lewis Wingfield goes to New York to produce his new play, *The Spider's Web*, for Miss Genevieve Ward.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD has arrived in New York and will open at the Union Square Theatre September 26th, in "Forget-Me-Not."

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