

"I think," he burst out at last, "your fine sense of honor carries you too far. If you have anything, she has not so very much. It will be but a loan. I think you can never rise when you have no money to buy paints. She will furnish you funds to start in your profession; she will bring you friends to be your patrons. If you do not love her yet—even if all the favors seem to be on her side now—you will more than repay her, hereafter, by the fame to which you will rise. The wealth you will reap for her, the tender solicitude you will practice as a husband."

This a long and a grandiloquent speech for Adolphe, but he felt strongly. "Is there no other objection?" he asked.

"There is," replied Theodore, in a hoarse whisper. "It is one of the good actions of which I spoke to you. She tried to dissuade me, she said I should repent it—that it would be a clog on my whole existence. Adolphe, I am a married man!"

III.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Jessie Clover was sitting in the sunny little winter room at Aunerley, with the old lady to whom she was companion.

The old lady in question was possessed of all the charms which make old age venerable—the pure white hair, the bright eyes, the clear complexion, the sweet smile, the even temper which, combined, seem almost to make the age more beautiful than youth.

She had once been a bright particular star upon the London stage, had married a wealthy country gentleman, outlived him, outlived all her relations, and here she was in a snug country house, alone with her companion, yet adored by her tenantry and beloved by her neighbors.

Scandal had been talked of her in her youth of course; in her public position how could she avoid it. But do you notice it is always these bright old women who are suspected of having been wicked—just a little wicked—in their youth. Prudery and austerity may be immensely commendable, but they certainly do not lend beauty to the countenance. Rather they draw acrid lines there, and impart a vinegar aspect.

"Your heart is not in your book, put it down, child," she cried to Jessie. "You are reading comedy as if it were a funeral sermon, and crying where you ought to laugh. Come hither, darling, and tell granny what ails you."

"Nothing ails me, indeed, Madam. I beg your pardon, I did allow my thoughts to wander." And pressing back her tears she was going on with the scene but Mrs. Bonnington interrupted her.

"Jessie, you know I'm as fond of you as if you were my own daughter. You mustn't be angry with me if I seem to want to pry into your affairs. But when I see my darling sad without a cause, when I see her gazing into vacancy for hours, starting when she's spoken to, choking back her tears to answer with a smile, when I see her roses paling and her cheery laugh losing its charm, I know there is something the matter."

Jessie had come close to the old woman and knelt at her feet, and taken her hand and kissed it, and hidden her face in her lap.

Mrs. Bonnington stroked back the soft hair from Jessie's brow, raising her face till their eyes met.

"Come, come, Jessie, confess now. There's some young man in the business and you have been quarrelling. Don't mind me, my dear, I've been young you know, and I've had scores of them. Jessie, you have a lover?"

Jessie Clover drew herself up fawningly, till her little red mouth kissed the old lady's left ear-ring.

"Dear Granny," whispered she, hiding her blushes on the old lady's shoulder, "I have a husband!"

"God bless me!" cried Mrs. Bonnington thunderstruck, "that's a confession indeed."

"Strange," said Jessie Clover, two years afterwards, "that dear Theodore, after wearing himself out with work is still as poor as a church mouse, while I, a weak woman, have grown rich by doing nothing."

Mrs. Bonnington had passed peacefully away into another world. She couldn't feel the change much, said some who knew and loved her, she was so very nearly an angel here. Beyond a few charities, and some annuities to faithful servants, she had left all she possessed to Jessie.

"Der Teufel! die Frau ist aber wunderschön!" was the remark of a gray moustached, portly German officer to a friend, as they paced together the deck of the Ostend mail boat, on which Jessie, attended by a nurse and the two-year old Theodore, was hastening to rejoin her husband.

She was, indeed, wonderfully lovely. Maternity had given her a more dignified, a tender beauty. Her gait, her whole deportment, had gained a more assured womanhood. The happy expectancy of soon meeting her husband, the father of her child, the glad knowledge that she was bearing him wealth—mingled with the soft remembrance of the woman who had been to her even more than a mother—beamed from her face. She was—it is the only word to use—radiant.

It was on a bright spring morning that Jessie, having scarcely done more than glance at the

breakfast she was too happy to eat, left little Theo. in his nurse's charge, and hastened alone to her husband's studio. His letters had so graphically described the old town, that she knew the way by heart. She could almost count the steps she would have to mount between the house door and the portal of his room. Bright shone the sun, blithely twittered the birds, and Jessie's whole soul seemed to rejoice harmoniously with the brightness and joyousness around. The old town seemed rejuvenated in the splendour of that May morning, and the very clatter of horse's hoofs on the rugged paving stones had a gay music in it. Jessie beamed so joyfully on all she met that they turned to look at her, and their own faces grew gladder with the reflex of her happiness. "There goes one," said they, "who has heard good news."

A little child was tottering on the pavement, crying very bitterly. The fragments of a new toy lay scattered at his feet. She stopped for a moment to lay her hand upon his curly head and comfort him. When he looked up and saw the radiant face, the effect was magical. The tears ceased to flow; he held up two chubby arms, and when she caught him up, and kissed him, and deposited him again lightly on the pavement, nothing but dimples and bright laughter was visible on the face that watched "the pretty lady" down the street.

Jessie hastens onwards with her light elastic gait, till she is opposite a red brick archway over which the No. 160 is inscribed in lanky French numerals. Now she is at her goal. In a few seconds she will be sobbing on her husband's breast, with the treasured joy of years. Lightly, with a strange fluttering at her heart, she mounts the stairs. Will she hear, she has often wondered, Adolphe's merry voice conversing with her husband, or will she find him hard at work—alone.

There are no voices as she listens for a moment at the door, dallying with her own impatience. No "Come in" resounds as she turns the handle and then hesitates. Finally she flings open the half of the big folding-doors and enters.

There is the great square room he had so minutely described with its bare floor, and its white-washed walls, lighted by the huge skylight. There is a lay figure in the corner; a canvas rests upon an easel covered by a green baize, three canvasses are ranged against the wall. Over the porcelain stove hang foils and masks; boots and shoes are ranged against the wainscot; on the table lie a riding whip, and gloves retaining still the form of the loved hand. She could have sworn to Theo's gloves among a hundred.

Only in the whole arrangement of the room there seemed a greater air of neatness and primness than it would be natural to expect in an apartment just forsaken by a young artist. Perhaps Theo was away for a few days sketching, and advantage had been taken of his absence to make the place tidy.

Jessie was revolving these things when a low whine uttered by a great deer hound, accompanied by a few taps upon the floor from his tail, attracted her attention. The beast now rose with dignity and approaching, licked her hand. Then he turned in the direction of an alcove which had hitherto escaped her notice, and uttering the same low whine placed his chin upon the bed it contained. With a scared look Jessie drew back the curtain. There, with head thrown back upon the pillow, with the two arms laid straight in ghastly symmetry upon the coverlid, lay Theo. With a slight cry she kissed the lips which no longer might return the caresses of mortals. Was this the meeting she had pictured?

Yes, it was death, but there was nothing hideous about death in this shape. It was Death.

Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have touched the lines where beauty lingers.

Through the red curtain which covered the window on the further side, the morning sun sent a warm glow that colored, with the hue of life, the features which death and suffering had refined.

She sank upon the floor, and pressing her forehead on the cold, loved hand, bedewed it with tears.

She would have prayed, only as yet she was too angry with Heaven to do that. She could not as yet say, "Thy will be done."

She was aroused by voices without upon the stairway. As she rose to her feet, the voluble landlady was ushering in a young lady of extraordinary beauty whose eyes were red with weeping.

She stood abashed when she perceived Jessie. "Pardon me, Mistress Leigh," said she, speaking with a charming accent, "I did not know—we could not think you would have had time to arrive since we only telegraphed yesterday. You are mistress here, and I will retire. Forgive me the intrusion. Yet will you not accept," continued the girl, pleadingly, her eyes winking tears—"my little offering—these flowers." I plucked them with my own hands," and she held out the little basket with a gesture touchingly appealing.

"Annabel Cerretti," said Jessie, every symptom of jealousy melting from her heart before the piteous entreaty of the fair young girl. "This is no place, as we stand in the presence of heaven and of the dead, to harbor any other feelings than those of love and friendship. I seem to have known you long as my husband's valued friend. Are we not bound together by

the tenderest sympathies of a common attachment and a common grief? Henceforth," she added, as the two graceful forms mingled in a close embrace, "let us be sisters."

The little monument that marks the artist's grave in the cemetery at Liège, was jointly reared by these two women, and the rare flowers that beautify his resting place are tended by their loving hands.

## HOW IT IS DONE.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE CHINESE OBTAIN CERTIFICATES IN AMERICA.

Deputy Collector Thomas, in conversation with a reporter on Friday, stated that an erroneous impression seemed to pervade the public mind in regard to the manner in which the Chinese were registered who desired to visit China and return. He said that under the system which is being carried into effect by the Custom House officers who have charge of the matter, it will be next to impossible to evade the law.

"What is the system?" asked the reporter. "Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Thomas. "In the first place a Chinaman comes to me and says he wishes a certificate which will entitle him to return to the United States from China at his pleasure. I give him a blank certificate, and he goes to Henry Hoerber, the measurer of vessels, and presents it to him. Mr. Hoerber immediately measures the bearer of the document, and writes upon it his height. And, by the way, I want to say right here that we are having an instrument made which will give the height of a man to a hair. The applicant is then passed on to Mr. Barrington, who examines him thoroughly so as to discover any scars or marks on his body, or any physical deformity whatever. The colour of his eyes are also taken, the length of the arms, and any peculiar expression of countenance is noted. So far we have found out that all of the Chinese we have examined have some mark upon their bodies by which they can be readily identified. An accurate description of these marks is then written upon the certificate, with the age and name, and the Chinaman is again sent back to me, when I sign the certificate."

"But what is to prevent the Chinese from applying for these certificates and mailing them to Hong Kong, for the use of those who may bear a great resemblance to the description given in the papers?" asked the reporter.

"Well, here's the way we fix that. The certificate is not given to the person who applies for it. We only give him a tag, on which is written his name, the name of the steamer on which he is to sail, and the number of the certificate. The certificates are all turned over to the Surveyor of the Port, and it is his duty to go on board the steamer and exchange the certificates for the tags in the possession of the passengers. This is not done until the vessel is ready to sail, and none of the Chinese are allowed to leave the vessel after they have given up their tags."

In conclusion, Mr. Thomas said that the Federal authorities in this city will use every effort to carry out the law.

## A LAWYER'S ADVICE.

An Irishman, by the name of Tom Murphy, once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbours, which he promised to pay in a certain time.

But month after month passed by, and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that if he did not pay it on a certain day, he should sue him for it and recover by law.

This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise the money, he went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter.

After hearing Tom's story through to the end, he asked him:

"Has your neighbor any writing to show that you owe him the fifty dollars?"

"Divil a word," replied Tom quickly.

"Well, then, if you have not the money, you can take your time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."

"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going towards the door.

"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.

"Fat for?" asked Tom, in astonishment.

"You owe me two dollars."

"Fat for?"

"Why, for my advice, to be sure. Do you suppose I can live by charging nothing?"

Tom scratched his head a moment, in evident perplexity, for he had no money.

At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"An' have yees any papers to show that I owes yees two dollars?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, of course not; but what does that signify?"

"Then I'll jest be after takin' yer own advice, an' pay neither you nor me neighbor!"

Saying which, he left the office and its occupant to meditate on a lawyer taking his own advice, and a doctor taking his own medicine.

The green room of a certain Parisian theatre was so often filled by old women who escorted the young actresses that the manager at last placed the following notice in the room: "Actresses are absolutely forbidden to bring more than one mother with them at a time."

## VANITAS VANITATUM.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

My child, when we were children.  
Two children small and gay.  
We hid within the poultry yard  
Beneath the straw and hay.

We learnt to cackle like the hens.  
And when the folk went by  
We gave a cock-a-doodle-doo!  
And they believed the lie.

The packing cases in our yard  
We papered all inside:  
Resolved, a model couple,  
In grand style to reside.

The old cat from our neighbors  
Came oft to visit us:  
Received with bows and courtesies,  
And compliments, and fuss.

With anxious care, about her health  
We'd ask, in friendly chat:  
Since then we've often done the same  
By many an aged cat.

And oft we sat and gossiped  
Wisely, as old folk may:  
Lamenting how much better  
Things had been in our day:

Now Faith, and Love, and Constancy  
Were rarer than of old:  
How dear the coffee had become:  
How very scarce the gold!

Our childish mirth has vanished.  
Vanished as all things must:  
Gold, and the world, and the ages,  
And Hope, and Love, and Trust.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is attributed to Sir Garnet Wolseley that he always fixes a date for his achievements, for his departure, for the end of the war, and for his return to London to dine with a few agreeable friends. He never fails. The 15th of September is the day he proposes to exterminate Arabi. Very pretty military chess when playing the game for your adversary against your own.

LONDON managers have been deluged this season with more letters from people anxious to go on the stage than at any time during the last seven years. Some of the applications are unconsciously diverting. One gentleman, describing his accomplishments, said he possessed a knowledge of "ball-room dancing, and love of elegant dressing in moderation." Another proposed to go to America as the "Infant Iago." Such an exhibition of precocious wickedness might be resented by a virtuous public.

If Mr. Gladstone's costume be taken as any indication of settled weather, it may be satisfactory to note that he has now made his appearance for the first time in his grey "ditto" suit and white hat. All he wants now is his axe to give him a thoroughly bucolic appearance. This summer suit was, no doubt, carefully put away during the winter, but it still looks very much the worse for wear, and the legs of the trousers have got shrunk in a somewhat distressing manner. They stop just above the ankle, giving a fine view of cotton socks and highlows. He sports a "button-hole" too, and seems very proud of the carnation which Mrs. W. E. G. picks out of the little garden in St. James's Park for the purpose of decorating "the grand old man."

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A CASE lying at one of the hospitals in Paris is exciting immense interest on the part of the medical profession. A young woman, evidently of position, has lain in that institution for the past seventy days in a state of somnolence, from which all remedies applied have failed to arouse her. The woman shows no signs of natural exhaustion, and the medical faculty is simply puzzled. One strange feature in connection with the young woman is that a lady whose daughter has been missing for about seventy days hastened to the hospital and identified the patient as her daughter: but the husband of that lady, who has also seen the patient, is equally positive that she is not her daughter.

THE great attraction of the *café-concerts* this year is the amusing M. Paulus at the Alcazar d'Été. Paulus is undoubtedly one of the cleverest comic singers known in Paris since many years. His song, "La Chaussée Clignancourt," which we believe is entirely his own composition, is one of the best things in its way imaginable; and its rollicking effect is greatly enhanced by the droll contortions of the singer, who, like all really comic performers, maintains in the midst of all his exuberance an imperturbable gravity. M. Paulus is a perfect specimen of the caustic and sceptical Parisian; his closely-cropped head and clean-shaven face, his keen features and cool glance, and his extreme self-possession render him a really interesting study. He is an excellent actor, besides possessing a good voice, and we expect to see him some day meet with success elsewhere than on the stage of the *café-concert*.

SIR JULIUS BENEDET has, after two years' labor, completed his grand cantata "Gratiella," founded on the poem of Lamartine.