

much pride left in her this morning, when she spoke to me about her little girl."

"Her little girl! There is nothing the matter, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, there is. The poor little dear has taken the scarlatina. Where she could have taken it, I can't imagine; for it's not in this street: indeed, we're very free from everything except measles in this part of the town; and they're everywhere, as you may say, where there's children. But the little girl has taken the scarlatina somehow, and Mrs. Bertram's dreadful down-hearted about it. The poor child's got it rather bad, I grant you; but then, as I tell her, it's only scarlatina: those things ending with a 'tina' are very dangerous—it isn't as if it was scarlet fever."

"You are sure the child is in no danger?" cried Geoffrey anxiously; not that he cared for children in the abstract; but her child—a priceless treasure, doubtless—that must not be imperilled."

"No, sir; indeed I don't think as there's any danger. I'll allow the fever's been very high, and the child has been brought down by it; but the doctor hasn't hinted at danger. He is to look in again this evening."

"He comes twice a day, does he? That looks as if the case were serious."

"It was Mrs. Bertram's wish, sir. Feeling anxious like, she asked him."

Geoffrey was silent for a few minutes, meditating. If he could establish some kind of rapport between himself and these people, it would be something gained; he would feel himself nearer to his beloved in her affliction. Alas, that she should be sorrowful, and he powerless to comfort her; so much a stranger to her, that any expression of sympathy would seem an impertinence!

"I have heard Mrs. Bertram sing a great many times," he said, "and have been charmed with her singing. I am deeply interested in her (as a musical amateur), and in anything that concerns her welfare. I shall venture to call again to-morrow evening, to inquire how the little girl is going on. But pray do not mention me to Mrs. Bertram: I am quite unknown to her, and the idea that a stranger had expressed an interest in her might be displeasing. I'll take half-a-dozen pairs of gloves."

He threw down a sovereign—a delightful coin, which not often rang upon that humble counter. The widow emptied her till in order to find change for this lavish customer.

"Half-a-dozen gloves, at fifteen-pence, seven and sixpence. Thank you, sir. Is there anything in socks or pocket-handkerchiefs I can show you?"

"Not to-night, thanks. I'll look at some handkerchiefs to-morrow," said Geoffrey; and departed, rejoiced to find that by the expenditure of a few shillings he could keep himself informed of Mrs. Bertram's movements.

He went straight to the best fruiterer in the town, whose shop was on the point of closing. Here he bought some hot-house grapes, at fourteen shillings a pound, which he dispatched at once to Mrs. Bertram's lodging. He had sent her his tribute of choice flowers continually, in the course of his long pursuit, but she had never deigned to wear a blossom of his sending.

She was to sing on the following evening. "If her child is worse, she will not appear," he thought. But when he called at the little shop that afternoon, he heard the child was somewhat better, and that she meant to sing.

"There was some grapes came last night, sir, soon after you left," said the widow. "Was it you that sent them? Mrs. Bertram seemed so pleased. The poor little thing was parched with fever, and the grapes as such a comfort."

"You didn't say anything about me?" said Geoffrey.

"Not a syllable, sir."

"That's right. I'll send more grapes. If there is anything else I can do, pray let me know. I'm such a stupid fellow. You may send me a dozen of those handkerchiefs,"—without looking at the fabric, which was about good enough for his groom. "I shall be so grateful to you if you can suggest anything that I could do for the little girl."

"I don't think there's anything, sir. Her mother lets her want for nothing. But the grapes was a surprise. I didn't think there was any to be had," Mrs. Bertram said. But perhaps she'd hardly go to the price, sir; for she doesn't seem to be very well off."

"Pinched by poverty! What a pang the thought gave him! And he squandered his useless means without being able to purchase contentment. He had been happy enough, certainly, in his commonplace way, before he had seen her; but now that he had tasted the misery of loving her, he could not go back to that empty happiness—the joy of vulgar minds, which need only vulgar pleasures."

He was in his seat in the front row when the concert began. Whatever musical faculty might be latent in his composition stood a fair chance of development nowadays, so patiently did he sit out pianoforte solos, concertante duets, trios for piano, violin and cello; warblings, soprano and contralto, classical or modern; hearing all alike with the same callous ear till she appeared—a tall slim figure simply robed; a sad sweet face, full of a quiet pride that seemed to hold him aloof, yet with that fleeting look of love and pity in those tender eyes which seemed to draw him near.

To-night that serious countenance was in his eyes supremely pathetic; for he knew her secret sorrow, knew that her heart was with her sick child.

She sang one of the old familiar songs—nothing classical, only an old-fashioned English

ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," a simple sentimental story of love and sorrow. The plaintive notes moved many to tears, even the Stillingtonites, who were not easily melted, being too eminently genteel for emotion.

"Good heavens, what a fool she makes of me!" thought Geoffrey; "I who never cared a straw for music."

He waited near a little door at the back of the Assembly Rooms, by which he knew the concert people went in and out—waited until Mrs. Bertram emerged, one of the earliest. She was not alone. The landlady's daughter, the young woman in corkscrew ringlets, accompanied her. He followed them at a respectful distance, observed by neither.

Pity and impetuous love made him bold. No sooner were they in a quiet unfrequented street than he quickened his pace, came up with them, and dared once more to address the woman who had scorned him.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Bertram," he said. "I have heard of your little girl's illness, and I am so anxious to know if I can be of any use to you. Is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing," she answered sadly, not slackening her pace for a moment. "It is kind of you to wish to help me, but unless you could give my darling health and strength—she was so well and strong only a few days ago—you can do nothing. She is in God's hands; I must be patient. I daresay it is only a childish illness, which need not make me miserable. But—but she is all the world to me."

"Are you satisfied with your doctor, or shall I get you other medical advice? I will telegraph to London for any one you would like to have."

"You are very kind," she answered gently, her manner strangely different from what it had been in the garden. "No; I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the doctor who is attending my pet. He is kind, and seems clever. I thank you for your wish to help me in my trouble. Good-night."

They were in the street where she lived by this time. She made him a little curtsy, and passed on very quickly to the shop door, and vanished from his eager eyes. He paced the street for an hour, watching the light in the two little windows above the shop, before he went back to his hotel, and for him the night was sleepless. How could he rest while she was unhappy?

(To be continued.)

A GONDOLA RIDE IN VENICE.

We spent the evening yesterday, in exploring the water thoroughfares of the city. As we moved along up the Grand Canal which is about as broad as Broadway, with its compact line of buildings on each side, nearly all four to five stories in height, including many large and elegant public buildings and venerable palaces, it presented the appearance of a city temporarily flooded. That it was in its natural condition no one who was brought here and set afloat in a gondola, without knowing where he was, could possibly believe.

After proceeding nearly a mile up the Grand Canal, and passing under the massive but elegant stone arch of the Rialto bridge, we turned off through one of the small canals, not more than eight feet in width, with the walls of two immense palaces towering over our heads on each side. It seemed like going in a boat through a side alley, but the gondolier managed his long boat with such skill that we neither grazed nor touched the walls, and were soon moving along through the wider interior channels, among houses and stores with their iron grated windows. Every moment other parties in gondolas, including many ladies, passed us, turning corners, angles and curves, but never coming in collision or touching each other. We passed under hundreds of arched bridges, all of them light and graceful stone or marble structures, with a few iron ones. The level of the water being only about two feet below the level of the streets it is necessary that all the bridges should be raised arches, so that the gondolier, who invariably stands in his vessel, should be able to pass under them without changing his position. Men and boys, some of the latter being small children, were swimming and diving from the doors and bridges, and mothers and sisters were looking on from the doors and windows.

It was altogether a novel scene, such as can be seen nowhere except in Venice. Mothers and fathers had their infants afloat on boards teaching them to swim with ropes tied to the boards. We finally emerged from this network of canals into the Grand Canal, a short distance above the Doge's Palace and the Bridge of Sighs. Here ocean steamers and vessels of all classes were discharging or taking on cargoes, and there was all the evidences of active commercial prosperity. A steamer for Liverpool was just taking her departure, and one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers about to depart for Trieste. Steamboats crowded with people were coming and going from the outer islands, of which there are six or seven, too distant to be connected by bridges with the main portions of the city, one of which is a favorite resort of the people, and occupied principally by gardens for refreshments. After an hour spent in rowing about near the entrance to the harbor, we returned to our hotel, well pleased with our evening's ride.

There are three or four of these interior canals that are nearly twenty feet in width, and one in the neighborhood of the Ghetto or Jews' quarter

over thirty feet wide, whilst many of the others range from twelve to twenty feet. The fronts of the buildings on interior canals are very rough, and showed the mark of age in their decayed bricks. Repairs of many of these are in progress, which seems to be a matter of necessity in most cases. As the gondola glides through these water ways, surrounded by tall and dismal brick walls, with grated windows, the scene is novel, but not picturesque, though it is somewhat relieved when the bridges are passed. The lower story, there being no cellars, is always used for that purpose, and the altitude of the second story windows forbids the sight of any portion of the family department. A fair face can accordingly be seen from the balcony above, or the prattle of children and the sound of song or merriment heard, but they seem out of place in such surroundings. Some glances we have obtained of the interior of these houses satisfies us that they must not be judged by outside appearances.—*Cor. Baltimore American.*

MR. COVILLE'S PATENT EASY-CHAIR.

Since the unfortunate accident to Mr. Coville while on the roof counting the shingles, says the *Danbury News*, he has been obliged to keep pretty close to his house. Last Wednesday he went out in the yard for the first time, and on Friday Mrs. Coville got him an easy chair, which proved a great comfort to him. It is one of those chairs that can be moved by the occupant to form almost any position, by means of ratchets. Mr. Coville was very much pleased with this new contrivance, and the first afternoon did nothing but sit in it and work it in all ways. He said such a chair as that did more good in this world than a hundred sermons. He had it in his room, the front bedroom upstairs, and there he would sit and look out of the window, and enjoy himself as much as a man can whose legs have been ventilated with shot. Monday afternoon he got in the chair as usual. Mrs. Coville was out in the backyard hanging up clothes, and the son was across the street drawing a lath along a picket fence. Sitting down, he grasped the sides of the chair with both hands to settle it back, when the whole thing gave way, and Mr. Coville came violently to the floor. For an instant the unfortunate gentleman was benumbed by the suddenness of the shock, but the next he was aroused by an acute pain in each arm, and the great drops of sweat oozed from his forehead when he found that the little finger of each hand had caught in the ratchets, and were as firmly held as if in a vice. There he lay on his back with the end of a round sticking in his side, and both hands perfectly powerless. The least move of his body aggravated the pain which was chasing up his arms. He screamed for help, but Mrs. Coville was in the backyard telling Mrs. Coney, next door, that she didn't know what Coville would do without that chair, and so she didn't hear him. He pounded the floor with his stockinged feet, but the younger Coville was still drawing emotion from that fence across the way, and all other sounds were rapidly sinking into insignificance. Besides, Mr. Coville's legs were not sufficiently recovered from the late accident to permit their being profitably used as mallets. How he did despise that off-spring, and how fervently he did wish the owner of that fence would light on that boy and reduce him to powder. Then he screamed again, and howled, and shouted "Maria!" But there was no response. What if he should die there alone, and in that awful shape? The perspiration started afresh, and the pain in his arms assumed an awful magnitude. Again he shrieked "Maria!" but the matinee across the way only grew in volume, and the unconscious wife had gone into Mrs. Coney's, and was trying on that lady's redingote. Then he prayed, and howled, and coughed, and swore, and then apologized for it, and prayed and howled again, and screamed at the top of his voice the awfullest things he would do to that boy if heaven would only spare him and show him an axe. Then he opened his mouth for one final shriek, when the door opened, and Mrs. Coville appeared with a smile on her face, and Mrs. Coney's redingote on her back. In one glance she saw that something awful had happened to Joseph, and with wonderful presence of mind she screamed for help, and then fainted away, and ploughed headlong into his stomach. Fortunately, the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something he would ever have regretted, and before he could regain his senses, Mrs. Coney dashed in and removed the grief-stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to cut Coville loose. He is again back in bed, with his mutilated fingers resting on pillows, and there he lays all day concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping nothing will happen to his son until he can get well enough to administer it himself.

HAVING IT OUR WITH HIGGINSON'S ASSISTANT.

I had a tooth right at the back of my head that ached awfully. The other two were comparatively harmless, only giving me twinges now and then when I ate or drank anything, but the one right at the back was going on like the very deuce.

I therefore called at Higginson's shop. I was not personally acquainted with Higginson, but a dark solemn-faced man, with very powerful and sinewy hands, answered me, and hearing I should like to "have it out," conducted me in-

to an isolated apartment at the rear of the premises. It struck me that this isolation was a deep-laid scheme with a view to hiding the victim's shrieks when being operated on from other victims waiting for their turns of agony in the shop.

He motioned me to a chair, and carefully closed the double doors. Then asked to look at my tooth. I made quite sure he hadn't got a pair of pincers hidden up his cuff, and complied.

After this he inquired blandly if I had any choice as regarded instruments, and requested that I would not look at them. I smiled a sickly smile and said I had no taste that way, and averted my eyes from the ghastly ironmongery lying out in two double rows.

Presently he picked out something himself: it had hinges, to the best of my belief, and worked somehow on a pivot with hooks at the end. When he had got the greater portion of it into my mouth there was some crowding.

Previous to this, however, I had shut my eyes, and a deadly faintness came over me. I was aroused from it by a kind of wrench, then a sort of scrunch, then a species of smash, winding up with a steady pull, which brought me out of the chair half a yard or so, and finished with a crack that sent me back again suddenly and made me wink a good deal.

"That was a twister!" he said.

I replied faintly, I thought it was, and further intimated that it also happened to be the wrong tooth.

Upon this he explained that there was no getting at the right tooth till this one had been removed (I observed that I would rather he had mentioned it before beginning), and that now he would make a very short job of it.

He took for this purpose another piece of ironmongery with a screw and prongs, and set to work again. I didn't like to let him know it hurt me much, he seemed to be working with such good will. It was not, therefore, till he had had me twice out of the chair, and once under the table, that I said I thought I would rather go home, and try the rest another day.

He was a little annoyed, as I feared he would be, and, locking the door, kindly but firmly waved me back to the chair, then got another instrument, and began again. An hour later he considerably bound my head up for me with a few bandages. I then asked what there was to pay. He charged me two shillings, and as he gave me the change remarked that, on the whole, the operation had been satisfactory.

This pleased me to some extent, and it in some measure consoled me to hear him say so, feeling, as it were, he must be some sort of authority.

"Yes," he said, "I got 'em out very well, considering."

"Considering?" I repeated.

"Considering it was the first time I ever had a shy at that sort of thing," he said.

"At that sort of thing?" I echoed, faintly.

"Yes," he said; "it was the first tooth I ever pulled. Mr. Higginson attends to that part of the business. I am only the assistant."

I said, "I daresay you will acquire even greater proficiency with further experience," and then I went home and took to my bed.

SUMMER WIDOWERS.

About this time look out for summer widowers. For the past two weeks their number has been steadily increasing, and it will continue to increase for the two next to come. While the partners of their lives are enjoying the cool breezes of Newport, Shelter Island, Nahant and Long Branch, or the reinvigorating pleasures of Saratoga, the poor fellows are blistering their feet on the sidewalks and sweltering in their places of business in town. And yet, to be frank about it, they seem to submit to their fate without much reluctance. Meet them at a restaurant about 8 in the morning, and one says to another:

"What! you here?"

"Yes," is the reply. "I am a widower just now."

"So am I."

Then they order tenderloins and boiled eggs, and soon clear their plates with the keenest of appetites. To go a step further, one may say, with a close approximation to the truth, that they are inclined to enjoy, to revel in this temporary separation from their families. Some, indeed, act pretty much like boys when school is out. Not many evenings since several residents of the Heights met on business at the Academy of Music, two of them with their hair cropped as close as it could be, after the fashion which is said to be prevalent at Crow Hill and Sing Sing. In tonsorial phrase, their heads had been "shingled."

"It's so nice and cool," said one. "I don't know what my wife would say if she saw it. But it will grow again before she gets back."

"My wife's away, too," said the other, rubbing his fingers with delight through the short, bristly covering of his scalp. "I can't bear long hair, as I have to wear it, so I've just had it clipped off a little shorter."

The more this subject is examined the wider and deeper it becomes. There is a certain member of — street — Church who almost every night has a party of jovial friends at his house, and there they sit till after twelve, enjoying cigars, lager beer, and poker. Not that he cares anything about cards himself—in fact he can't tell a knave from a king—but his wife, good pious woman, would faint at the sight of one. Hence, no doubt, the fascination the game possesses for him, as she is five hundred miles away. Once more: There is a summer widower