

And so it was all over and she was already gone from him, and the old, lonely, loveless life was to be begun again, now that he was so much less able and fitted to lead it than formerly. Art is just and noble and elevated, and he who pursues it with all his energies cannot fail to profit thereby. But art is not able to fill man's life alone. Art will be worshipped as a sovereign, and, if courted in earnest, sometimes condescends to let the votary kiss the hem of her garment, and now and then bestow upon him a smile. But she gives no more than this, and thus for a time it may satisfy him; then comes a day when he would resign all the fame she ever accorded him for a little human love and a little human sympathy. Stavedale had felt thus before he had them. Now he had known them and was about to lose them forever.

The perfume of flowers—the flowers she had placed there that morning before he went out—drew him to the table. A note lay on it—a note in her handwriting and directed to himself.

A mist passed over his eyes as he opened and sought to read the contents, written in a trembling hand, and here and there blurred and blotched; how?—he knew.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND, MY ONLY FRIEND: For give me if you can for the pain I am causing you and, above all, oh, above all! do not think your poor child ungrateful. But I cannot marry Mr. Sugden; my heart revolts from it. Indeed, indeed I have done everything I could to reconcile myself to it because you wished it, and I know he deserves a better wife than I could make him. It is not any foolish wicked pride or self-conceit on my part that turns me from him, but I cannot love him, and when he knows this he will learn to forget me and marry some one better worthy of him. So I am going away. However, I know all the anxiety you have concerning me, feeling how little I am now fit for any other life than the happy one I have led with you these last years. Do not be afraid for me; I am young and strong, and able and willing to work, and God will not desert me.

"And later, when I am quite a woman and have got used to make my own way in the world, at least to obtain a living, I will come back to you, and we will be happy again in the old way, and you will see that your poor child only left you for awhile, because she loved you so dearly that she could make this great and terrible sacrifice now to ensure your future comfort. I am going into service, but when I have got fixed I will write to you, but I will not tell you where I am for fear you should come to take me back again, and if you did I know I am not strong enough to refuse to go with you.

"God bless you! and oh, my dear, best, only friend, believe that I love you, now I am leaving you, better than ever I did in all my life, and that the only happiness I look to on earth is the idea of coming back to you.

"And I will come back to you before long. God will bless my work, and we shall meet again and forget this heavy trial. I am sure of it.

"Your poor child, MARGIE."

His heart then had not misgiven him in vain. She was gone, actually and positively. Whither and to what? The thought nearly drove him wild. That little, young, inexperienced, beautiful creature, suspicious and inexperienced as an infant, gone out alone into that great wide world of guile and sin, and suffering, and temptation under every form and every treacherous disguise.

He knew her courage, her resolution, her light heart; but were these enough to guard her alone against the dangers whose name is legion?

And now where to look for her? For three days Obadias Sugden sought her sorrowing through every part of not alone New York, but Brooklyn and Hoboken. The fourth, Obadias proceeded on his mission alone, for Stavedale lay on his sick-bed, racked with pain and grief and fever, but insisting on remaining alone that the quest might not be for a day interrupted.

Slowly the evening reddened and paled, and the hush and dimness of the light that precedes the departing day fell upon the sick room, and for the first time since Margie's departure, Ed. Stavedale slept.

Presently the door opened, and a shadow stood on the threshold—noiseless and breathless as shadows are—then it glided across the room, paused, stood, and finally knelt beside the bed. The sleeper's labored breathing stopped suddenly. He was not yet awake, and still he was listening. Something—a consciousness, a hope—was rising in him combating the numbness of slumber. He started, stretching out his arms and pronouncing Margie's name.

It was Margie's voice that answered him; they were Margie's tears that fell on him; Margie's kisses that pressed his hot brow. Long and silently he held her close in his embrace.

"You will never leave me again?"

"Never, never, never! Oh, forgive me! If you knew one half of what I have suffered—not of hardship or misery. I have means to secure me from that, but from the separation from you! Oh, I could not live longer without seeing you. I thought just to steal back, have one glance, at you and then—then I knew not, cared not, what might become of me! And I find you thus!"

"Margie, tell me what was the reason you would not marry Sugden. You did not love him. Did you—do you—love any other?"

She clung to him, hiding her face and weeping silently.

"You will not tell me?"

"I cannot."

A wild, trembling, thrilling hope traversed the obscurity of Stavedale's brain.

"Is it—I?"

"Who could it be but you?"

And so Margie was married—but not to Obadias Sugden.

A CAPITAL DOG STORY.

A POINTER WHO KNEW HIS WAY AND COULD NOT BE DECEIVED.

In an article on "The Sixth Sense," published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Felix L. Oswald tells the following strange story:

We often hear of the wondrous sagacity—generally ascribed to memory or acuteness of scent—which enables a dog to find his way home by unknown roads, even from a considerable distance. I think it can be practically demonstrated that this faculty has nothing to do with memory and very little with scent, except in a quite novel sense of the word.

Last fall my neighbour, Dr. L. G.—of Cincinnati, O., exchanged some suburban property for a house and office near the city hospital, and at the same time discharged a number of his four-foot retainers. A litter of poodle puppies were banished to Covington, Ky., across the river, and two English pointers were adopted by a venatorial ruralist in the eastern part of Ohio. The puppies submitted to exile, but one of the pointers, like the black friar in the halls of Amundeville, declined to be driven away. He returned by ways and means known to himself alone, once from Portsmouth and twice from Lucasville, in Scioto county, the last time in a blinding snow-storm and under circumstances which led his owner to believe that he must have steered by memory rather than scent. But how had he managed it the first time? The matter was discussed at a reunion of amateur sportsmen and naturalists, and one opponent of the doctor's theory proposed as a crucial test that the dog be chloroformed and sent by a night train to a certain farm near Somerset, Ky. (160 miles from Cincinnati); if he found his way back he could not have done it by memory.

The doctor objected to chloroform, remembering that dogs and cats often forgot to awake from anæsthetic slumbers; but finally Hector was drugged with a dose of Becker's elixir (an alcoholic solution of morphine), and sent to Somerset in charge of a freight-train conductor. The conductor reports that his passenger groaned in his stupor "like a Christian in a whisky fit;" at length relieved himself by stretching, and went to sleep again. But in the twilight of the next morning, while the train was taking in wood at King's mountain, eighteen miles north of Somerset, the dog escaped from the caboose and staggered toward the depot in a dazed sort of way. Two brakemen started in pursuit, but, seeing them, the dog gathered himself up, bolted across a pasture, and disappeared in the morning mist. At 10 a.m. on the following day he turned up at Cincinnati, having run a distance of 142 miles in about 28 hours.

Still the test was not decisive. The dog might have recovered from his lethargy in time to ascertain the general direction of his journey, and returned to the northern terminus by simply following the railroad track backward. The projector of the experiment, therefore, proposed a new test, with different amendments, to be tried on his next hunting trip to Central Kentucky. On the last day of January the dog was sent across the river, and, nem. con., the experimenter fuddled him with ether and put him in a wicker basket, after bandaging his nose with a rag that had been scented with a musky perfume. Starting with an evening train of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, he took his patient south-west to Danville junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea, in Madison county. Here the much-travelled quadruped was treated to a handsome supper, but had to pass the night in a dark tool-shed. The next morning they lugged him out to a clearing behind the farm, and slipped his leash on top of a greasy knob, at some distance from the next large wood. The dog cringed and fawned at the feet of his travelling companion, as if to conciliate his consent to the meditated enterprise, and then slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank, and scampered away at a trot first, and by-and-by at a gallop—not toward Crab Orchard, i.e., southeast, but due north, toward Morgan's ridge and Boonsboro—in a bee-line to Cincinnati, O. They saw him cross a stubblefield, not a bit like an animal that has lost his way and has to turn right and left to look for landmarks, but, "like a horse on a tramway," straight ahead, with his nose well up, as if he were following an air-line toward a visible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaping a rail-fence, and went headlong into a coppice of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him.

A report to the above effect, duly counter-signed by the Berea witness, reached the dog's owner on February 4, and on the afternoon of the following day Hector met his master on the street, wet and full of burr and remorse, evidently ashamed of his tardiness. That settled the memory question. Till they reached Crab Orchard the dog had been under the full influence of ether, and the last thing he could possibly know from memory was a misleading fact—namely, that they had brought him from

a south-westerly direction. Between Berea and Cincinnati he had to cross two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five good-sized towns, the centre of a network of bewildering roads and by-roads. He had never been in that part of Kentucky before, nor ever within sixty miles of Berea. The inclination of the water-shed might have guided him to the Kentucky river, and by-and-by back to the Ohio, but far below Cincinnati and by an exhaustively circuitous route. The weather, after a few days of warm rains, had turned clear and cool, so that no thermal data could have suggested the fact that he was two degrees south of his home. The wind on that morning veered from west to north-west; and, if it wafted a taint of city atmosphere across the Kentucky river mountains, it must have been from the direction of Frankfort or Louisville. So, what induced the dog to start due north?

THE NATURAL IN DRAMATIC ART.

It is a primary article of faith with the "rising" young men of the day, more especially with youthful critics just fresh from College, that, at least since *Anno Domini*, there has never been anything natural, not only in Art, but in human nature, until the nineteenth century was on the wrong side of fifty.

We have pre-Raphaelism in Art, and very beautiful it is sometimes; we have Wagnerism in music, and there is much to be said in its favour; and we have Realism upon the stage, and very refreshing that is after the stilt and bombast of a generation ago; but when the enthusiasts protest that all the mighty names in music and Art that we were taught to revere in our boyhood were shams, only those of poor people groping for light in the obscurity of ignorance, or that the perfection of acting consists in gracefully resting your hands in your trouser-pockets, lolling against a mantelpiece, sitting upon a table, and in a general air of vapidity indicative of water in the blood, it is claiming too much for modern revelation.

To confine our remarks to acting, such a mode is suitable enough for the portrayal of the young men of the present day, who are much given to lounging and leaning, to whom, in general, trousers pockets are an indispensable comfort, without which hands would be rather an encumbrance than otherwise, and whose normal condition is inclined to be rapid and watery. But how about the somewhat priggish and formal young man of the last generation, the bucks and blonds of our grandfathers' and great-grandfathers' time, the fops and beaux of the old régime—and the fiery youth of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with whom it was a word and swordthrust? Actors are called upon to reproduce all these differing types of humanity, but is it Art, or, to use the favourite cant phrase, is it natural, to recast them all in the nineteenth-century mould, only to be distinguished like "the portrait models" of a waxwork exhibition, or the lay figures of an artist's studio, which are monarchs, or peasants, philanthropists, or murderers, priests, or brigands, as their costume is shifted?

A critic, in his remarks upon the performance *Money* at the Haymarket, highly eulogised certain of the actors for having striven to divest the characters of their old-fashioned aspect; that is to say, for having been false to the author's conception and meaning. The Evelyn of Lord Lytton is as far removed from the heroes of *Ours* and *Caste* as he was from those of the *School of Scandal* and the *Heir at Law*. No actor can render the language put into his mouth natural—according to our standard; the flippant mumble of the present day is totally unsuited to those sententious phrases which, instead of appearing more natural by the change, become more stilted and thoroughly incongruous.

Probably a reproduction of the exact manner in which it was performed by Macready would scarcely be acceptable to modern taste; but there is always a golden mean between the style of a past age and the fashion of the present; in which, while indicating the peculiar features of a bygone generation, it touches them too lightly and delicately to bring what is absurd into prominence.

A skilful portrait painter will always take the best expression of a face, he will make the most of its good points, and slur over the bad, he will not bring a wart on the nose into equal prominence with a dimple in the chin, and yet he will make a perfectly true likeness, in all its essential features. So, without adopting the black satin stock, high shirt collar, and measured delivery of a Macready, it should be no difficulty to an artist to render such a character as Evelyn perfectly natural, without attempting to confound him with the Jack Wyatts and Angus M'Allisters of modern comedy. These remarks are not intended to be personal, but the example is fresh in every playgoer's memory, and is a peculiarly apt illustration of my meaning. Most playgoers will remember Mr. Coghlan's splendid rendering of the character, which, although it departed entirely from the old lines, by its fire and intensity rose to a place among those living conceptions that, in being true to the eternal emotions of the human soul, are true to the humanity of all ages and all countries.

A man is more the child of his age than of his father and mother, says an Eastern proverb; human nature in many of its outward aspects and modes of expression is ever changing; as we advance in civilisation we become more reticent and subdued, more apt to make speech the mask

of our thoughts rather than their exposure. Men, as far back as we have any record of them, have been always actuated by the same passions, but as manners become more refined, those passions become less fierce, and, above all, less strongly expressed: yet a man of the present day might feel all the tormenting jealousy of an Othello, or all the burning love of a Romeo, but it would be very unlikely that he would express it with the fury of the one or the fervour of the other; attempt to modernise either, and how absurd does it become! But there were Othellos and Romeos in Shakespeare's time, and men raved and stormed, and were not ashamed to make love as though they meant it, and conducted themselves under the influence of passion in a way that would appear very shocking and very ridiculous to the polite society of this age. Therefore, to play Othello as a gentleman given to strong language, but of anything rather than of a revengeful disposition, or Romeo as a spooney young man who ordinarily wore a stove-pipe hat and an eyeglass, but who had for an occasion taken it into his head to masquerade in doublet and hose, in fine, to be Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown reading Shakespeare in costume, to suit the tastes of a drawing-room, is not acting at all.

We regard the formal, ceremonious manners of the last century as artificial and affected, but could some of the old gentlemen who passed away a century ago return within the glimpses of the moon it is very probable that they would return the compliment. What would the hot-blooded Elizabethan say to our suppressions and conventionalisms? would they appear natural to him? Those, as the actor has chiefly to do with those outward aspects of our nature, if he be a true artist he will endeavour to reproduce them in conformity with such conditions. He will deliver the blank verse of Shakespeare without mouthing, but with something of the force and dignity and the measured elocution that marked the speech of a chivalrous and high-souled age, and he will not attempt to picture the rattle-brained young fellow of the last century, full of life and spirits, and with an intensely animal enjoyment of mere existence, under the guise of a dyspeptic blasé young gentleman of the Victorian era, ever chanting the *Vanitas Vanitatum* of the preacher, with his mouth full of the ashes of exhausted pleasures.

Yet the public, and the critics as well, seem to approve of this mode of so-called natural representation, which might be more properly called masquerading, since the dress alone indicates the character and the age, and the actor who attempts to realise a dramatic conception after a more robust model is in danger of being sneered at by the one and condemned by the other.

H. BARTON BAKER.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A FAINT heart never won a fair lady, but a faint whisper often catches her.

NONE of the Cincinnati nobles raise their hats to a lady until they have passed by her two feet.

SAYS a French critic: "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

IN some respects the gentler sex far surpass us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

A LETTER in Queen Elizabeth's own handwriting, beautifully clean and neat, has just been sold for 400 marks.

THE Queen of Italy recently went up Vesuvius by the new railway at night to see the volcano by an electric light.

THE Empress Augusta of Germany has a mania for wearing black silk dresses, holding that no lady beyond middle age should wear light colours.

SARAH BERNHARDT in playing her afternoon and evening had occasion to change her dress nineteen times. What wonder that the life of an actress has a fascination for women!

It would never do to elect women to all offices. If a female sheriff should visit the residence of a handsome man and explain to his jealous wife that she had an attachment for him, there would be a vacancy in that office in about two minutes.

THE ladies of Italy have adopted a fashion this summer of dressing only in white robes adorned with natural flowers, jewelry being put strictly under ban. To do up a white dress at the laundry \$3 is charged, and the flowers cost \$4 a day. Economy is observed in linen underwear.

THE Mrs. Wodehouse, who was married at the British Embassy in Paris recently to the Marquis of Anglessea, will be recalled as Miss King of Georgia, who, ten years ago, was prominent in fashionable society in Washington during the season. In 1872 she married the Hon. Henry Wodehouse, brother of the Earl of Kimberley, who died in 1874. She is a perfect type of a Southern beauty.

FORTY TELESCOPES, ranges from five miles to twenty; outside cases only destroyed by fire. Three dozen opera glasses, very valuable mountings; outside cases only destroyed. Will be sold at one-third of the price; great bargains. Twenty marine, field, marine day and night glasses, also for sale cheap. They are all guaranteed to be equal to the best and newest. In most of them outside cases are damaged or destroyed. Address early.

HEARN & HARRISON, Opticians, Montreal.

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases from spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that their is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.