

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

GUY'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL

I.

It was rather late for promenading. A cold wind had sprung up, and the snow which had been melted by the heat of the sun in the early part of the day, was now freezing into those little jagged lumps of ice which are so antagonistic to the equilibrium of the pedestrian. The streets were deserted save by the workmen returning, tired after their week of labor, to their homes. As the evening advanced, stray flakes of snows were tossed about on the wind, making it much more desirable to be within than without doors.

Why, then, under these unfavorable circumstances, was Guy Sylvester, as handsome and gay a young fellow as could be seen within the limits of the little Capital, or out of them, either, for that matter? Why, I ask, was this young gentleman—who was evidently used to warm firesides, pursuing his diurnal exercise at such an expense to personal comfort?

Clearly, his object was not that praiseworthy one that animates so many manly hearts on Saturday afternoons—to “give the girls a treat”—else he would have afforded them the felicity of viewing his handsome countenance and well dressed, symmetrical figure at an earlier hour. Perhaps something in his actions will explain his conduct. The first two or three turns were performed with a careless lounging step, while at the same time, he switched with a light supple cane, which he carried in his hand, the small loose pieces of ice that came in his way, much to the disgust of several members of the canine tribe at whom they were aimed. As the darkness deepened, and the lamplighters hurried by with their ladders and lanterns, an expression of anxiety and expectation took the place of the indifference which had hitherto been expressed upon his face. Several times he stopped in front of one of those large dry-goods establishments with which King Street abounds, and looked it over from top to bottom; it proved a very unsatisfactory scrutiny, however, for the gay and brilliant windows were closed, shuttered, and barred. After a short time, when occasional whistles and mutterings indicated that impatience and annoyance were fast becoming the feelings that reigned supreme in the bosom of Guy Sylvester, a dark form emerged from the very building before mentioned. This figure proved to be that of a man of short stature, but very powerful physique, who, after looking up and down the street, walked with short rapid steps in that direction which soon brought him up with Guy. As he halted abruptly by the side of the young man, he took off his hat, as a mark of respect, and then continued bare-headed for a few moments, through it was a winter night, to cool his brow; as he did so, he exhibited an abundance of hair of that color which is well described by the adjective “sandy.” He had large grey eyes, but they were set so deep in his head as to give them the effect of being small. His face was square and massive, with high cheek-bones and resolute mouth; the complexion was ruddy and well preserved, although the owner was far past the prime of life, as far as age goes. Seeing him once, no one could fail to discover that Dougald McNab was “a Scotchman to the marrow o’ his bones,” as he himself would tell you. He was very much out of breath by the time he reached his companion, and exclaimed with asthmatic emphasis, “I do wish you long-legged striplings wad call to min’ the fae’ that it takes a deal mair time for the short hand o’ a clock to mak’ his journey than it does the ‘tother ane!’”

“Hallo, McNab, you’ve come at last, have you? It’s only fair you should have to suffer for keeping me waiting so long in this confounded cold—I never will get used to this climate! What the mischief kept you?” And as Guy turned round it was very easy, seeing them together, to trace the same nationality in the younger face that was so plainly depicted on the elder. Blond hair and moustache with the same auburn tint, but fainter, a clear blue eye and paler complexion; features less rugged; the whole face more elegant and refined distinguished the gentleman.

“I can’t awa’ as quick as I could. There was some new rubbish o’ gudes in that had to be looked to. My time is na’ sae much my own as it once was, and a porter in a paltry dry-gudes store is a bit different frae.”

“Oh, stop! When will you cease drawing comparisons between what was and what is? Suppose I were to do so, the contrast would not be a pleasant one.”

“Ay, you suffer a deal! Any one maun see it in your wasted face and sunken een!”

“Come, Dougald, that’s too bad! It is not my nature to fret and worry. If it were, heaven knows, there is good cause for pale cheek and wasted eye.” As he spoke, a shadow chased away all the brightness from his face, and at once lines of care might be seen round the eyes and mouth.

The old man changed the subject with affectionate haste. His words, though simple and commonplace enough, produced a magical effect. “Well, well, I saw the lassie to-day.”

“Saw her! Did you find an opportunity to give her my letter?” said Guy, all eagerness.

“Ay, Sir. As neat a bit o’ wark as ever I did in my life! She has it safe.”

“That’s right! You’re a perfect treasure! How did you manage it?”

“Why, the young leddy cam’ in, as she often does on Saturdays, and while she was looking over some pretty trifles, she dropped her glove, (a rare sma’ hand she maun hae, to be sure, to go into sich a case!) and I whisked it under a chair wi’ a broom—Sweepin’ is na’ the only auld woman’s work I do now-a-days!—out o’ the sight o’ those jumping dandies o’ clerks. After she had gane out, I picked it up and went after her wi’ it, and gied her your letter at the same time. How be it, sae muckle pleased was she wi’ the bit paper, that she never heeded the glove; so, I thinking of another body who wad set mair value by it, brought it along wi’ me.” And with a merry sparkle in his eye, he produced a tiny brown article and presented it to his companion, who took it eagerly and pressed it to his lips; then half ashamed of having the caress witnessed, he said: “The sweet perfume she always uses still clings to it. I must restore it next time, I see her.” And putting it in his pocket, he said: “We part here, Dougald. Good night, my faithful fellow. Stay, here is something for pretty Flora—I think she will like it.”

“Many thanks, sir. You never forget my lassie. Good night, my young master, and God bless you!” And each, going in an opposite direction, was soon out of sight.

Dougald McNab turned up and then took that cross street which extends in a westerly direction beyond the limit of the city. He walked in his steady short-stepped manner, for a long distance, and then turning once more, struck through a field covered with snow, which brought him to a pretty little cottage in the village of Brockton.

The fact of there being such a modern convenience as a street-car, never seemed to enter into his mind; and often when the propriety of saving himself a long walk by riding in one was suggested to him, he would answer with scorn, that while he had a leg of his own to walk on he would be ashamed to put his weight upon those miserable beasts that, in his opinion, scarcely looked like horses at all.

On arriving at his home, he threw open the gate, the noise of which, as it closed after him, brought to the door a young girl of about twenty years of age. Very pretty indeed was Flora McNab. The only feature that she possessed resembling her father’s was the large grey eye. For the rest, she was tall, slender-waisted, and beautifully formed. Her hair was dark, complexion fair, with a color in the cheek which, when she became excited, deepened till it looked like feverishness. Her features were rather irregular than otherwise. Her manner and bearing were quiet and composed, and her whole appearance would impress a stranger with the idea that she belonged to a higher grade of society than her father’s station entitled her to. This was easily explained by the fact that Dougald McNab had married a woman much his superior in birth, who, dying some years before bequeathed her beauty and intellectual qualities to this only daughter. Her death was one of the reasons that made her husband, who had never recovered from the blow, more than willing to accompany his young master, for so Guy Sylvester really was, across the ocean, when certain circumstances connected with that young gentleman’s fortunes, caused him to leave the land of his birth.

“Heigh, Flora, my lass! I’m home at last!” exclaimed the old man, fondly kissing her cheek, as she came to meet him. “What hae you got for your auld father to eat?”

“Your supper is ready and waiting, father,” she answered smiling and returning his caress, “what detained you so long past your usual hour?”

“Well, my dearie, I was busy till late, and then I had to see master Guy, who kep’ me a wee while. He is mair than ever in love wi’ that young leddy, and faith, I dinna’ wonder, for she is as bonny a bird as ever I saw! Such a sunny smile!” He went on, never noticing that his daughter had flushed crimson, and then grown deadly pale. She was about to leave him without speaking, when he cried out, “See, Flora, here is something for you, Guy Sylvester ne’er forgets auld friends!”

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

The man of business is one of the most potential individuals of the age. Nearly all the world admire him, and there are very few who are not only willing but eager to pay him homage. It matters not that in private life he is eminently stupid, nor is it a concern of moment that he knows nothing of literature, science, art, and the other things which are supposed to enoble humanity. In spite of the fact that he may be unable to utter ten words consecutively in accordance with the recognized rules of grammar and with correct emphasis, and notwithstanding that he may ever carefully abstain from the enunciation of a novel idea or a glowing sentiment, people’s faith in him remains undisturbed, and they continue of the opinion that he is a man of great ability and conspicuous merit. When those good souls remind you that he is clever at business they seem to imagine that they have said more in his favour than should suffice to establish him high in your estimation. It may be presumed that the confiding persons do not, in a general way, go to the trouble of ascertaining what particular form his business ability takes. If they did so, they might, in spite of their irrational longing to worship wealth and

success in life in whatever forms they may be found, come to the conclusion that their idol was not deserving of that profound worship which they had been in the habit of according him. As a matter of fact, the man who is conspicuously above his fellows an adept at making money—which is, of course, the sole end and aim of business—is not invariably a lovable creature and is not likely to raise the character of the age in which he lives. His triumph in itself, save in exceptional cases, argues that he has acted selfishly, that he has been “hard,” as was Shylock, that he has not always been true to those principles of honesty which are commonly accepted, and that he has devoted his whole attention to that which has a tendency to narrow men’s minds and degrade their understandings. And it is a melancholy fact that the deductions which might be drawn from the success of the typical business man are often justified by the character of the individual himself.

The smart business man acts upon the principle of believing that every man is a rogue until he has been proved honest, and until it has been demonstrated that he has sufficient balance at his bankers to meet all the demands which are ever likely to be made upon him. This being the smart business man’s faith it is but natural that he should place confidence in no one, and that he should not allow himself to be misled by any dodge of a delinquent creditor. It is nothing to him that, by actions which he takes in the prosecution of his business, whole families may be bast adrift upon the world. He may, perhaps, be gracious enough to admit that it is hard that because he will recover his pound of flesh at his convenience others may be ruined, but he is firmly persuaded that it is better this should be so than that he should be unbusiness-like. He has a perfect horror of everything which “is not business,” and he seems to be of opinion that if he willingly did anything that was otherwise something of a dreadful and unprecedented character would happen. He would rather offend a friend, cut to the heart a weak applicant for his bounty, and outrage such humane instincts as he may himself possess than be unbusiness-like. Go to him with a request that he will grant you a small favour—a favour which it is quite in his power to grant without doing himself serious hurt—and the chances are ten to one that he will tell you it would “not be business” if he did what you request. Venture to hint that the fact that it may not exactly be business is no reason why he should not act as you wish, and he will hold up his hands in astonished dismay, show that you are a being with whom he can have no dealings, and end by indicating that the sooner you leave his place the better. Any act of selfishness, any act of trickery, any act of dissimulation, provided it be business-like, he will not only gladly excuse but applaud. His “friends,” or, rather, those people who flatter themselves they are his friends, find him as do the rest of the world. With a calm face will he drive a hard bargain with them, with dexterity will he dandle them, and the only explanation he will deign for his singular conduct is that business is one thing and friendship another, which surely, as he demonstrates, is true enough. His servant’s wages are ground down to the last penny, and the greatest possible amount of work is got for the paltry pittance that are paid. He regards his employes as he regards humanity generally, simply as machines which those who have the brains to employ them may work with profit, and consequently, he feels no more compunction in replacing an old and worn-out clerk by a young one than does a manufacturer when he discards a piece of antiquated mechanism for another of modern date. The smart man of business does not deem it wrong to start bubble joint-stock companies, and to retire, with full pockets, from all concern in the same, just when they are on the point of bursting; nor is his conscience wounded by the reflection which must surely sometimes come upon him that his efforts have brought ruin to many a household and turned many a peaceful life into one of tribulation. No, he remembers that business is business, that morality is morality, and that the two are utterly incompatible with each other! There are churches in the land which have been erected by smart business men and which stand as monuments of what these worthies have done. Probably the majority of the worshippers who pass through the portals of the sacred edifices are inclined to murmur a blessing upon those men who have caused the building to be erected.

BULWERS BURIAL.

A writer of Westminster Abbey reminiscences says: “On a cloudy and dismal winter morning a hearse, bearing a dead body, was seen to halt in the courtyard in front of the abbey. It was followed by three carriages containing the friends of the deceased. The casket was borne by four persons and placed in front of the altar, around which clustered some half-dozen persons clad in the deepest habiliments of woe. As this little band of those who mourned the loved and lost knelt around the chancel, the dean commenced reading the burial service of the Episcopal Church, than which nothing could be more solemn and beautiful. He had scarcely commenced when the aisles, already dim, became suddenly darkened, so dark that to proceed with the services was an impossibility. As there are no arrangements for lighting the abbey, it looked for a moment rather dubious. However, a bergier soon appeared from behind the pulpit, bearing two small candles, which he placed on either hand of the reader, by which means he was en-

abled to proceed. Nothing could surpass the solemn pity of that hour. Again the organ pealed forth its thunderous tones—not a “wedding march,” but a requiem for the dead. The services concluded, a death-like stillness pervaded the vast edifice, broken only by the sobs of those who wept. Just at that moment, light sufficient gleamed from without to reveal here and there a few scattering ones who had come to witness the service, or had accidentally strayed there at that time. The casket was now deposited in the final resting place. The mourners hastily departed and were borne away to their distant home; and thus, amid this scene of darkness and almost midnight gloom, were performed the obsequies over all that was mortal of the author of “Night and Morning.”

VARIETIES.

THEY shoot eggs off each other’s heads in the William Tell style, out in California. It saves hair-oil, says an American contemporary.

A RHYMESTER has achieved a triumph in the following couplet:—

“There is no rhyme, ‘tis said, to ‘month’
Here’s one, which he may read who runneth!”

THE Crown diamonds of France, which at the commencement of the Franco-German war were sent to a military ocean port, arrived back in Paris lately, and were delivered to the Administration of the Public Domains.

WON’T SEND TO HEAVEN GRATIS.—A Yankee editor says:—“We don’t mind recording the deaths of people without being paid for our trouble; but panegyrics on the dead must be paid for—we positively cannot send people to heaven for nothing.”

THE project for a ship canal across the Darien isthmus is still occupying the attention of American engineers. The choice lies between Nicaragua and Darien, the Tehuantepec route requiring too many locks. The Nicaragua route, it is understood, is considered certainly practicable.

THE ladies are adopting the kilt, not in all its cool want of proportions, but as a skirt; the two flounces at the bottom of the skirt are called “kilt,” being in imitation of the Highland dress, but one is on the skirt and another edges a wide flounce, so that the two “kilts” are close together.

A NOVELTY in connection with free passes on railways has just been started by the Pennsylvania Company. On the back of the pass is a photograph of the “dead head,” as people who are allowed to travel without payment are kindly nicknamed. The object is to prevent these free passes from being sold or exchanged, in which lines of business a large trade is done all over the country.

CHINA-MANIA has taken a new turn in Paris. Hitherto the clumsy have not known where to deposit their biscuit or sandwich when sipping tea, but some inventive Frenchman has been to London and carried back the useful secret that saucers may be made with spaces in them for putting one’s bread and butter without getting wet. This useful innovation will be a blessing in a small way—almost as great a revolution as the discovery of the two pronged fork.

In Barcelona, is an artist, Zuloaga by name, who takes a steel-plate, incrusts it with gold and silver, and with his hammer works out a box such as those of the Cinque Cento period, now so much sought after. Alfonso XII., it is stated, has ordered of this artist a *sur-tout de table*, decorated with the arms of Spain and of England, which his Majesty means to present to the mess at the Woolwich Artillery School as a *souvenir* of his journey with his late comrades.

ON the departure of the royal squadron from Marseilles the newspaper correspondents had been allotted places on board one of the ships; but, on the arrival of the King on board the *Navas de Tolosa*, he found that the correspondents of the *Gaulois* and of the *Havas Agency* had got on board the royal frigate by mistake. His Majesty graciously gave them permission to remain on board, seeing that it would be tedious and difficult for them to make their way to the vessel assigned to them; and somewhat later the King, not wishing to give evidence of special favor, sent a boat to the other ship to invite all the correspondents to come on board the *Navas*; on their arrival they were invited to a dinner, at which the Chevalier Murphy presided as the representative of the King.

NORTH AMERICAN LAKES.—The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 68 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 28,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 330 miles; its greatest breadth 118 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 509 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 260 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation, 260 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The waters of these five inland seas all pass into the Atlantic through the river St. Lawrence.

It appears that the length of the polar axis is 12,712,136 metres, that of the minimum equatorial diameter which is situated 103°14’ east of the meridian of Paris, or 70°46’ west, is 12,732,701 metres whilst the maximum diameter at 13°14’ east, and 166°46’ west, is 12,756,588 metres. They estimate the total surface of the globe at 509,940,000 square kilometres, whilst its volume is equal to 1,482,860,000,000 cubic kilometres. The circumference of the globe in its shortest meridian is 40,000.58 metres. The oceans and glaciers occupy 375,127,950 square kilometres. The total number of inhabitants of the earth is estimated at 1,391,000,000—viz., 300,530,000 in Europe, 718,000,000 in Asia, 203,300,000 in Africa, whilst the population of America is 84,542,000, and that of Oceania 4,438,000. The population of the towns and cities exceeding 50,000 inhabitants is 69,378,500, or about one-twentieth part of the total population of the globe, leaving nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants for the villages and smaller towns.

THE characteristics of the Russian type of feminine beauty are an extreme fairness of complexion, greyish-blue eyes, blonde or chestnut hair, and a certain *embonpoint*, arising from the lack of exercise and the life in-doors, which is compelled by a winter lasting seven or eight months. They suggest the idea of Odalisques, whom the Genius of the North keeps confined in the tropical atmosphere of hothouses. They have complexions of cold-cream and snow, with tints of the heart of a camellia—like those overveiled women of the seraglio whose skin the sunlight has not touched. By this extreme fairness their delicate features are rendered even more delicate; and the softened outlines form faces of Hyperborean sweetness and Polar grace. The Russian women, in society, seem to make less display than the men, as the uniforms and court-dresses of the latter glitter with gold lace and embroidery, and with jewelled decorations. Yet the simple robes of the ladies are composed of the costliest fabrics, fastened with the rarest gems.