

scarcely ventured to creep out of her corner even to take needful food; and though her spirit never failed her, so far as her enterprise itself was concerned, yet it had failed her altogether for own comfort. And along the whole glistening length of Prince's street, when she tumbled down out of the coach, feeling as if her feet did not belong to her, but were somebody's else, there was nothing to be seen that could help her to her home—nothing for it but to walk through the rain. Half stupefied as she was Jeanie pulled herself together bravely. She was scarcely aware where she was going, what she was going to, when she made her way up the green walk behind Brunsfield House, while her mother glanced out of the window. They did not know each other. Mrs. Pillans was but a shadow to Jeanie, and Jeanie "a poor body" to the tenderest of parents. But the bewildered girl still went on. She pushed open the kitchen door, feeling the warmth and light flash over her with a sense of revival, and hearing vaguely the cries of alarm and remonstrance with which she was followed, as she stumbled across the bright, warmly-lighted place, pursuing her way. "Where are you going, where are you going, poor body?" cried Mrs. Foggo, the cook, who was rather blind, and saw nothing but the outline of the drenched figure. The housemaid, who met her in the passage beyond, shrieked, and running into the kitchen, fell down upon her knees. "Oh, the Lord forgive us sinful folk. Miss Jeanie's dead, and I've seen her ghost," shrieked the woman. Jeanie neither heard nor saw. She pushed the doors open before her, groping with her hand, holding fast by every aid that presented itself. Then another sudden burst of cheerful light flashed before her eyes—her mother sitting full in the firelight with the baby. Jeanie made a rush and a clutch at them, with a last despairing effort. "I'm come for my boy," she said; and then tumbled down helpless, overdone, on the carpet, at her mother's feet.

The commotion that arose in the house need not be described. She was raised up and her wet things taken from her, and she herself laid in the fresh soft sheets, and her baby laid by her. When Jeanie came to herself, she was in a little paradise of comfort, if she had not been aching still, aching all over, with fatigue, and cold, and excitement. But her mother was by her with every care, and by next morning she sat up, smiling, and covered the boy with kisses, and would not let him be taken out of her arms. Jeanie, it is to be feared, was still occupied with herself and her own concerns. She consented to stay in bed and rest that day, but the next she was bent on returning, taking HIM, as she said, to his father, and making no account of Mrs. Pillans' bereavement. Her mind was absorbed in her own new family, thus formed—herself, and Edward, and HIM. Brunsfield had fallen a long way back into the shadows. The parents gave each other many a wistful look when this became apparent, but they were people of sense and would not fight against nature. The very next afternoon a letter came from Edward, announcing the hastening of the embarkation, and entreating his wife to lose no time in returning. She jumped out of bed on the spot, and rushed to the baby's drawers to pack up his little wardrobe. What could the parents do? They started at 6 o'clock next morning, with their daughter and their grandchild, in a post-chaise. They were thrifty people, but they could spend what it was necessary; and thus, once more, travelling night and day, took Jeanie and her boy to "the South," that she might go away from them and leave their hearts desolate. She would not show them mercy for so much as a day.

Mr. Pillans stayed in London, and sent the others on. He had taken a great resolution. A determined man can do much when his heart is set upon a thing. He had been muttering to himself all the way, "What a blessing it was that it was only Botany Bay Edward was going to, and not a place where fighting was going on"—a thankfulness which somewhat exasperated the ladies. "Do you think Edward would fight with the best?" Jeanie cried, indignant. When he had sent the ladies on, without saying a word to them, he went to one of the public offices, at the head of which was a great functionary with whom he had sat on the same bench in the High School of Edinburgh, and stood shoulder to shoulder in many a "bicker," and for whom he had fought with mind and body to secure his election when he began to be a great man. These were the days of interest, when it was everything to have a friend in office, when your influential acquaintance inquired what you meant to do with your fine boys, and sent you a writership for India, or a pair of colours, under a frank, by the next post. Happy days; if, perhaps, they had their drawbacks! there was much to be said for them. Mr. Pillans marched in upon the great man with the fresh Edinburgh air about him. He said briefly: "If ever I was of any use to you, serve me now." You may be sure it was a nuisance to his friend; but still friendship was friendship; and the High School reminiscences did not go for nothing. After a great many comings and goings a solution was found to this troublesome question. "The Lord be praised that he's under orders for a place where there's no fighting," Mr. Pillans once more devoutly said.

He was two days in London. When he got down to Portsmouth by the coach the embarkation had not yet begun; but the little party at Captain Sinclair's lodgings were very melancholy, perceiving the horrors of the separation as they had never yet done. Mr. Pillans walked in among them with a heartless cheerfulness.

"I suppose, Edward," he said, "as there's no fighting, it would be nothing against your honour to go back to Leith to the garrison, and let the rest go their gait?"

"You might as well ask me if it would be against my honour to go to heaven, sir, and just about as likely," poor Edward said with a groan.

His father-in-law gave vent to a chuckle, and took the baby out of Jeanie's arms.

"And how's a' with you, my braw lad?" he said. "So you're to be a little Botany Bay bird, and no a Scots laddie after all?"

"Patrick," cried his wife, "I desire you'll hold your tongue, and not break all other hearts. We're eerie enough, without saying cruel things like that."

The others were all on the verge of weeping, while the grandfather, with the child on his knee, chirruped and chuckled. At last he brought forth a bundle of papers out of his pocket.

"I saw Sandy Melville in Downing street, as I came through, Margaret. He's one that owed me a day in harvest, as the proverb says. And here's a present to you, Jeanie," said her father.

The sorrowful party began to perceive there was meaning in this untimely cheerfulness. "If there had been fighting, they could never have done it, and you could never have done it," said Mr. Pillans. "The Lord be thanked, Edward, my man, that it's only Botany Bay."

It was a happy family that returned to Scotland, leisurely, a few days after this, taking pleasure in their journey, after the battalion sailed. The papers which her father threw into Jeanie's lap secured a permanent appointment for Edward in the Leith garrison. And thus, after the storm which had swept over their lives, peace came back. But Jeanie was never quite sure that she did not regret the escape which transferred her young life out of heroism and suffering, back again into the tranquil warmth of home.

"The little cutty! It would have been more diversion to her to make us all miserable," Mrs. Pillans said.

#### SATISFACTION BY ARMS.

When Captain Bourbassot, the bully of the 15th regiment of French Cuirassiers, publicly slapped the face of young Dr. Paindoux at a café, calling him a dog of a Communist, because the latter had emitted some rather extreme Liberal opinions in talking quietly with a friend over a cup of coffee,—when the Captain had done this, the Doctor was prevented from retaliating, because a number of people interposed between the two combatants. It was, perhaps, lucky for the Doctor that he did not retaliate. Bourbassot was a hulking fellow, who could have broken all the teeth in his head and killed him afterwards. "Besides," as his friends remarked, who hurried the excited Paindoux out of the café, "you'll get all the satisfaction you want out of the fellow to-morrow. He has thrown you his card, and we will act as your thorns."

Dr. Paindoux had picked up the Captain's card, and he twisted it mechanically in his fingers as his friends spoke. He was no coward, though he was a slight, nervous man, physically weak; but he was asking himself how a duel with a man who had brutally assaulted him would give him satisfaction? His cheek tingled when the Captain had struck him, and at that moment he would have liked to exterminate the man like a mad dog; but his sense was not so blinded by passion that he was unable to calculate the risks he would run by fighting a duel; and also the expense, which he could ill-afford. Dr. Paindoux was a poor and struggling man, who had only just begun to get a practice. He had his mother to support, and he had latterly been put to great expense in furnishing his house, so that he literally had not at his disposal the few pounds that were necessary to enable him to avenge his honour according to the social customs of his country.

A duel could not be fought on French soil unless all the parties were prepared to undergo the chance of being fined and sent to prison; therefore it would be necessary to go to Belgium, and Paindoux would have to pay for three first-class return tickets from Amiens, where he resided, to the first town over the Belgian frontier. He would also have to pay for refreshments by the way, a breakfast and dinner, and possibly a night's hotel bill for three persons; then, supposing he got wounded in Belgium, and had to linger for weeks in an hotel, on a sick-bed, how should he earn his living during that time? What would become of his practice? and how would his mother shift for herself? Then, again, if stricken down, he would not be able to escape from Belgian justice, and would have to stand his trial for duelling, with the almost certain result of being sent to gaol, and having to spend a large sum of money in fines and law-courts. As these reflections passed through his agonized mind, the poor doctor's rage cooled, and gave way to blank dismay. If he had dared, he would have pocketed the affront he had received. Yes; though Bourbassot was a rascal, who had molested him without any just cause, Paindoux, on account of his miserably straitened circumstances, would have foregone the luxury of vengeance. But, practically, this was out of the question, for public opinion, represented by Paindoux's two friends, Labassu, a cheese salesman, and Cocardaille, a half-pay infantry lieutenant, would not hear of compromise.

"You must fight," said the valiant Labassu, who had never handled a pistol in his life, except for purposes of recreation in fairs, where he had shot at dolls for macaroons.

"And we will give you the choice of weapons, as you are the insulted party," chimed in Cocardaille. "This must be a duel to the death, Paindoux; no stopping at first blood, eh? What weapon do you prefer, man?"

"Fois," answered the wretched young doctor. He was not an expert fencer; but he remembered that he had a pair of old foils, whereas if he chose fire-arms, he should be obliged to hire pistols from an armorer. "By-the-by," added he, wistfully, "don't you think the duel could take place privately here in France? You might let us fight in your garden, Cocardaille?"

"Won't do," demurred the old lieutenant, shaking his head. "The affair will be known all over the town, and we should be prosecuted. Bourbassot wouldn't like that. You see, if we go to Belgium, five at least out of the six of us will be able to get back across the frontier before the police get wind of the affair."

"Oh, yes, better go to Belgium," concurred Labassu. It has just occurred to this worthy that if he could take a little journey to Belgium at his friend Paindoux's expense, he might combine business with pleasure by selling a few cheeses at Mons or Charleroi.

"Very well; do as you like," said Paindoux, and he walked home by himself, sick at heart, whilst his two friends went off to regulate the conditions of a meeting with Bourbassot's friends.

It was a sight most piteous, and would have touched any man who had been aware of the facts, to see Dr. Paindoux steal out of his house that evening to go and borrow five hundred francs from his patron, Dr. Brigouille, the chemist. Brigouille, who was not sorry to place the young Doctor under an obligation to himself, lent the money readily enough upon receipt of a bill bearing seven per cent. interest deductible in advance. He guessed why Paindoux wanted these funds, for the quarrel between the latter and the Cuirassier was already being talked of everywhere; but he comforted himself with the thought that if the doctor were killed, the five hundred francs would doubtless be repaid out of the proceeds arising from the sale of his effects. So as Paindoux left the shop, the chemist cried after him: "Courage, Doctor! show that braggart fellow that Esculapius is a match for Mars;" and he grinned, for he was pleased with himself, thinking he had said a good thing.

The next day but one after that, in a field near Mons, at seven o'clock in the morning, Dr. Paindoux and his two seconds met to settle what was called their affair of honour. They had arrived in Belgium overnight, for Labassu and Cocardaille had insisted that Paindoux should sleep soundly before risking his life. Labassu, by-the-by, came on the ground in high spirits, for he had coaxed an important order for cheeses out of the proprietor of the hotel where they had alighted. Bourbassot's seconds were military men, who smoked their cigars while the preliminaries of the combat went on. The ground having been chosen, the weapons were produced, and the officers smiled to see the poor, rusty, crooked foils which the Paindoux party had brought. Bourbassot had a much finer pair—long, bright steel blades, light in the hand and of faultless temper. They suggested that these should be used, and this was agreed to. Then the combatants took off their coats and waistcoats, and were placed opposite one another in their shirt-sleeves, each holding a sword. The contrast they offered was almost ludicrous. The Cuirassier, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who handled his sword according to the most correct rules of the fencing-school, appeared as a giant overtopping the sickly young doctor, who fidgetted with his weapon as if he did not know how to manage it, and held it turn-about as a whip, an umbrella, a toasting-fork and a fishing-rod.

At length the signal for combat was given. "Allez, messieurs!" said one of the officers, after he had put the points of the two swords together, and stepped back, lifting his hat. Thereupon the attack commenced.

From the first it was seen that Bourbassot held the life of his antagonist at his mercy, but it was also perceived that he did not mean to use his advantages to the full. He wished to wound, not to kill. Paindoux, who could not even fall properly into guard, began with a series of wild pokes at his adversary, and finally made a lunge which left his chest uncovered. Bourbassot had only to straighten his arm, and a large spot of blood instantly dyed the Doctor's shirt. The luckless fellow staggered forward, and fell on his face. He had lunged with such impetuosity that he had well-nigh spitted himself, and the foil had penetrated much deeper than Bourbassot had intended. A lung had been touched. Paindoux felt at once how badly he had been hit; but, placing a hand to his wound to staunch the flow of blood, he struggled to his knees and exclaimed pathetically: "Oh, it's nothing—I—I—can go back to Amiens to-day."

This appeared to be his only preoccupation. His seconds made him lie still whilst a surgeon, who had come with Bourbassot's party, gave the wound the first dressing; but Paindoux kept on repeating in accents which grew fainter and fainter:—"I can go back to Amiens, can't I? I must go back to France." And when he saw from the expression on his friends' faces

that this would be impossible, he began to cry like a child.

Meanwhile the victorious Bourbassot, having put on his coat and waistcoat, approached, hat in hand, to perform the customary courtesy of saluting his victim. Proffering his right hand to the fallen man, he said:—"I am sorry for what has happened sir; but you behaved like a man of courage, and I trust we shall be friends henceforth."

"No, sir; I behaved like a fool and you like a knave, for you have ruined me!" cried the despairing doctor, gathering up all his energies to launch these words; "Oh, help me, I'm stifling"—and he swooned.

"Mon Dieu, ces médecins sont gens bien mal élevés," was Captain Bourbassot's only comment as he turned on his heel and left the ground with his friends.

Poor Doctor Paindoux remained six weeks ill at an hotel in Mons, and when he was recovering, the doctor who attended him told him (dismal mockery) that he must spend three months at Nice or Mentone before he could be quite cured. Meanwhile the Belgian authorities, having heard of the duel, sent a Procurator-Royal to question the sick man, so that as soon as he could stir out of doors, Paindoux had to appear before the Court of Correctional Police to answer a charge of having broken the peace. The judges were very kind to him, and forebore to inflict imprisonment on him; but for example's sake they fined him a thousand francs, and condemned him to pay the costs of his trial, which amounted to about five hundred francs more. Madame Paindoux, who had come to Belgium to nurse her son, and who had been beside him during the trial, read despair in his pallid face as they left the court together.

"Oh, mother, I'm ruined!" he exclaimed in a heart-rending tone. "How can I ever raise money to pay this fine and the expenses I have incurred during my illness? We shall have to sell all our furniture."

"Never mind, dear boy," said the unhappy mother, trying to cheer him; "things will come right some day, for God will be good to us."

Well, it may be that things will come right some day with poor Dr. Paindoux, but there have been no signs in this direction yet. On his return to Amiens, the Doctor had to sell his house and furniture to satisfy his creditors; then, as he continued to spit blood, and was unequal to discharging his professional duties, he had to go to Nice.

And there he has remained ever since, earning nothing, and living on his slender capital. His duel has cost him his health, his fortune, and his hopes for the future.

However, he has this consolation, that, in the language of the duello, he obtained "satisfaction" for the slap on the face which Captain Bourbassot gave him.—*Truth.*

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Garfield fund amounts to \$257,500.

KING Kalakaua arrived at New York on Friday.

A DESTRUCTIVE gale has visited the Danish coast.

A BREAKAGE has occurred in the new American cable.

THE labour troubles still continue at Savannah, Georgia.

A WASHINGTON despatch says the personnel of the Cabinet will not be disturbed at present.

PRESIDENT Arthur says he does not see any necessity for calling an extra session of the Senate.

NEWS from Panama says the Monteros have surrendered the city of Chosica.

DR. AGNEW says he had no hope of the President's recovery from the fist.

A PANAMA despatch reports numerous murders and outrages at Santander.

THE Pope, through Cardinal Jacobini, has cabled his condolence to Mrs. Garfield.

VICE-PRESIDENT Arthur was formally sworn in by Chief Justice Waite in the Capitol at Washington on Thursday.

BISMARCK recommends great caution and moderation in international measures against the Nihilists.

FIRING was going on on Friday at Savannah, Ga., between the police and the striking ship-labourers.

A SALT Lake, Utah, despatch says the Mormons have supplied the Ute Indians with over \$200,000 worth of arms and ammunition.

THE Court of inquiry into the cause of the Teuton disaster find that the Captain was to blame.

ONE hundred thousand persons have emigrated from Germany for America during the present year.

THE English Court goes into mourning for a week out of respect to the memory of the dead President.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.—And none more so than to neglect the incipient stages of bowel complaints in infants or adults. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the most prompt and pleasant remedy to administer, and is always reliable to cure cholera infantum, dysentery, cholera, cramps, and all summer complaints. For sale by all dealers.