

make nothing out, so she went back to her bed, and it being nearly daybreak dropped fast asleep, for her physical organization was not easily disturbed, and she could hear, without changing color of things which would send most girls into hysterics.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Some thirteen gentlemen, friends of Mr. R. W. Kluhan of the National & Atlas, gave him a "send off" a few evenings ago, the eve of his departure for Chicago to annex one of the belles of the Garden City. The dinner to which they sat down was well served; so were the diners, and it goes without saying that memory, that fond deceiver, was at considerable of a premium "in the morning."

Humorous.

"Do you and Miss Ransom still play duets?"

"Nope; we gave them up. Our hands always got so mixed up that her mother objected"

"Is this song popular?" she asked of the music store clerk. "Well," he answered, "lots of people sing it, but, as yet, no one is sufficiently tired of it for it to be what you'd call a popular song."

An episode in the life of Gounod relates how a poor, worn out musician, carrying a violin which he was too feeble to play, was met with in Paris by three young students of the conservatoire. In response to his request for alms they searched their pockets, the united contents of which yielded only sixteen sous and a cube of rosin. Thereupon one of them proposed to take the old man's violin and accompany the voices of his companions. No sooner said than done. Commencing with a solo upon the theme of the "Carnival of Venice," a large concourse of listeners was soon attracted. Then came a favourite cavatina from "La Dame Blanche," sung in such a manner as to keep the audience spell-bound, and yet again the trio from "Guillaume Tell." By this time the poor old man was galvanised into life and activity by the artistic performance. He stood erect and with his stick directed the concert with the authority of a practised leader. Meanwhile contributions of silver and even gold rained into the old man's hat. To his astonished and grateful demand to know who were his benefactors he received from the first the name of Faith, and from the others the response of Hope and Charity. "And you do not even know mine," sobbed the poor musician; "my name is Chapmer, and for ten years I directed the opera of Strasbourg. You have saved my life, for I can now go back to my native place, where I shall be able to teach what I can no longer perform." The young violinist was Adolph Hermann, the tenor was Gustav Roger, and the originator of this charitable scheme was Charles Gounod.



GOVERNMENT TO CULPRITS: "NOW, THEN, YOU JUST COME ALONG O'ME; WOT WITH LOOKING AFTER YOU—AND THE BOODLE, I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL."

CROWD IN BACKGROUND: "HOORRAY FOR VIRTUE!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA AND PEOPLE I HAVE MET THERE.

BY HURKARU.

Continued.

Upon another occasion Cornelius O'Brady had not such a lame case as I won it, which was the more to his credit, since he had Mr. L. H. Burgess opposed to him as prosecuting counsel, a clever barrister who afterwards rose to high distinction on the bench. O'Brady and Burgess might be said fairly to be the two handsomest men at the bar in Bombay, the former was clean shaven with a fine Roman cast of countenance, though his nose had recently become "slightly red at the tip." He was also "about six feet in height," nearly bald, with an eye which could not only twinkle with Irish humor, but could flash forth unspeakable scorn or wrath at a refractory witness. O'Brady had not the legal knowledge nor the talent of Burgess, but he had ten times the eloquence, and had the knack of making a most stupid jury fancy themselves very clever fellows, and that he, O'Brady, was thoroughly aware of the fact which often goes a long way towards winning over a jury. Burgess on the other hand was a typical Englishman,

chestnut hair, small whiskers, otherwise like O'Brady clean shaven, good features of the determined kind, with a smile which, while open and pleasant, made one feel he was a man one would rather dine with than fight. He was two inches taller than O'Brady, broad in proportion and straight as a dart. His countenance was often immovable for long periods, whereas O'Brady's face was always acting, never in repose, but used to emphasize every argument or to contradict by dumb—though most speaking—show, what his opponent might be saying.

The case referred to was a peculiar one for forgery, the prosecutor being a rich Maharatti, and the prisoner a poor Hindoo, and had arisen out of a series of civil suits, in which the former had endeavored to prove that the latter had not paid the price agreed upon for a piece of land. Failing in these actions the Maharatti, with the pertinacity of his race, had sworn an accusation of forgery against the Hindoo, producing the deed of sale to show that the price agreed upon had been scratched out, and reduced. While this was incontestable, O'Brady's line of defense was, that the measurement of the land had been reduced at the same