

been obedient to his wishes; he had never paid a bill for me, nor received a complaint from my employer; surely he might overlook the one instance in which I had run counter to his will, especially when he heard all the circumstances and saw Minnie. I had worked myself up into quite a sanguine frame of mind, when I one day received a summons to Clapham. Uncle John rarely wrote letters, but he now sent a brief line inviting, or rather requiring (Uncle John's invitations were always of a peremptory character) me to stay with him for a week or so, as he was laid up with the gout, and dull. I could go to and fro to my work; he only wanted me to play cribbage in the evening. I did not like the idea of leaving Minnie, but the invitation could not be refused; besides, it offered a good opportunity for telling my secret. Uncle John's fits of the gout always affected him mentally in one or two ways. Sometimes he became melancholy, and would talk of his solitary old age and lonely life. If he were in this mood it would be an excellent time to break the news of my marriage. Minnie would brighten his dull home as she had done mine, and bring back the sunshine that had left his heart when his sister married and went away. But too often the gout influenced my uncle after another fashion. He would become so fearfully irritable and testy that even Mrs. Corbet hardly dared speak to him. In this case it would have been madness to allude to Minnie at all.

"I duly arrived at Clapham, and discovered that the gout was affecting Uncle John disagreeably. Never had I seen him worse-tempered. He had been six months at Buxton, and the change had done him no good. It had been an expensive trip, and he was angry with himself for having gone, and the doctors for having sent him. Then, as ill-luck would have it, the son of a city acquaintance had just made an imprudent marriage against his father's wishes, and Uncle John was very full of it, and expected me to join in his condemnation. Now, as I was just as great a sinner myself, I could hardly in conscience anathematize young Robinson, and my lack of sympathy irritated my uncle.

"The weary days dragged by; I had been at Clapham three weeks, and had not found a single opportunity for disclosing my fatal secret. Sometimes I managed to get a hasty glimpse of Minnie while in town for my work; but I was heartily sick of our separation, and often half resolved to speak out boldly to my uncle and end this wretched state of suspense.

"Fate was about unexpectedly to grant my wish. The census paper had arrived, and Mrs. Corbet one day reminded my uncle that it would be called for that morning, and was not filled up. It was one of Uncle John's worst days—the gout was in his right hand and he could not write. I was summoned to act as secretary; my uncle was testy—he liked to do everything himself. I was to fill up the paper under his eye, to make sure that I committed no blunders, and was elaborately instructed where to write, etc. Alas, the first glance at that fatal paper sent my wits astray! Not alone did a prying government desire to know the age and sex of its subjects; they must also reveal if they were married or single! And I was to fill this up at my Uncle John's elbow! With a vain attempt to put off the evil day, I wrote the required particulars regarding Uncle John and Mrs. Corbet as slowly as possible and then paused.

"'Haden't better put down the servants' names next?' I asked, feebly.

"'Servants! Pshaw! Put yourself next.' But I ought to fill up the census in London, I urged with a sudden hope. 'This is not my actual home.'

"'You slept here, last night, idiot, didn't you?' said Uncle John, who had waxed irritable at my slow caligraphy; 'and you've been here three weeks as well. What's the fool staring at? You know your name and age, don't you? Fill it in here, under Mrs. Corbet's, only you're single.'

"Was I! I rapidly debated what was best to be done. I believed dire pains and penalties were attached to a fraudulent filling up of the census; but I would cheerfully have taken my chance of being detected by the government did I describe myself as a bachelor. That risk was not a very serious one. But on the other hand, I could not write a statement under Uncle John's own eye that I might have to disavow next day; at the same time this was clearly not a moment to reveal my marriage.

"'Can't you write your own name?' cried Uncle John, wrathfully; and, as I still lingered, chance came to my aid. The doctor arrived. I hailed him as a beneficent genius.

"'This paper will be called for to-day, sir,' I said, seizing it; 'perhaps while you are engaged with Mr. Jones. I will take it down stairs and finish filling in the servants' names; and, without waiting for a reply, I hurried off, feeling as if I had escaped a precipice.

"I called up the servants, filled in their names and my own (truthfully, of course), and lingered in the hall till the messenger called, consigning the precious document to him with my own hands to escape prying eyes. Alas, I neglected one precaution; I did not see him out of the garden! The danger I had escaped had really given me such a shock that I thought I would light a cigar and take a quiet stroll in the shrubbery to calm my nerves. Well, it had ended right at last, but I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of making my confession; this state of concealment was growing unbearable.

"Please, Mr. William, your uncle wants to

speak to you at once,' Mrs. Corbet interrupted my reflections.

"There was a look of malicious triumph in her face that alarmed me. I threw away my cigar and followed her in trepidation. Yes, my worst fears were realized; there sat my uncle, almost speechless with rage, the fatal census paper open before him, demanding in a choking voice the meaning of 'this—this disgraceful statement!'

"I shall always think Mrs. Corbet had suspected my secret. Perhaps she had friends in London who knew of my marriage. Anyway, it was at her suggestion that the messenger was called before he got clear of the garden to enable uncle to make sure I had filled up the paper properly. Thus the secret was disclosed.

"I need not dwell on the scene that followed. Another hour saw me on my road homewards, no longer oppressed by a secret, certainly, but at the same time devoid of all further expectations from Uncle John. I never saw him again. Next day came a parcel containing all the small personal possessions I had left at Clapham, also a cheque for £50 in a blank envelope, and this closed my intercourse with my uncle.

"I did not accept my banishment without a struggle, I wrote, Minnie wrote; our letters were returned to us unopened. Then I tried calling in person at the house, but could not get admittance; my uncle was not well enough to receive visitors.

"Three months afterward I saw the announcement of his death in the *Times*, and received a formal invitation to the funeral from the family solicitor. I went, and remained to hear the will read; as I expected, my name was not mentioned. The document (dated the day after the filling up of that fatal census) bequeathed everything unreservedly to his faithful and attached friend and housekeeper, Mary Corbet.

"Many people advised me to dispute the will on the ground of 'undue influence'; but I was too poor to embark in a costly lawsuit; and besides, my uncle's prejudice against marriage was so well known that it could not be denied that I had wounded him in his tenderest point by marrying Minnie, and might have expected to be disinherited in consequence. Old Mr. Williams, the solicitor, told me he had often tried to put in a good word for me during my uncle's illness; but Mrs. Corbet watched him so closely that it was impossible to speak to him in private, and of course her influence was all against my interests.

"Fifty thousand pounds and the house and grounds was a good deal to lose! but a chancery suit is a terrible thing for a poor man to embark upon, and there seemed great doubt if I should succeed in gaining a verdict after all. So I decided to let Mrs. Corbet retain her ill-gotten spoils. They did her very little good after all; her worthless son ran through her money, and went to the dogs a good deal faster as a rich man than he was doing as a poor one. I don't know what became of him at last; Mrs. Corbet died, a poor woman, about six years ago. She left Minnie a little plate and jewelry—all that remained of Uncle John's things. I suppose her conscience was not quite easy about that will.

"And how did we get on? Well, that £50 tided us over the terrible time when Minnie's life hung on a thread, and I thought I was to buy my boy with the loss of my wife. When Minnie got strong again, and the baby was flourishing, we were both too happy to trouble about Uncle John's money. Then I began to work in earnest, as I had never done before. Just at that time Messrs. Hardie wanted to send a clerk abroad on some rather difficult and delicate business. They offered me the work. I was fortunate enough to execute it to their entire satisfaction, and on my return was promoted to a higher post and a better salary.

"We had a struggle for some years, but altogether we prospered. I rose at Messrs. Hardie's; Minnie was the queen of good managers. I don't know, taking everything into consideration, that Uncle John's money would have made us much happier.

"After we had been married some years and were getting on tolerably in the world, Minnie's long-lost uncle came back from Australia a rich man. He was so pleased finding us doing well, and not wanting any assistance from him, that he left us a snug little legacy when he died, that just enabled me to purchase a partner's share in my employer's business; and, as you see, it we're not actually rich now, we're not in poverty. Still, I shall always say the census cost me £50,000.

"Or rather, Mrs. Brown did," I remarked, slyly.

"Ah," said Brown, with a softening light on his good-humoured middle-aged face, "in that case I got full value for my money."

A LITTLE girl who had been on a railroad train when an accident occurred was told by her mother that she ought to thank God for her escape from injury when she made her evening prayer. She did it in this way: "Thank you, O God, for not letting me get hurt to-day; but the next time I go to the city I'll go in a wagon."

PHYSICIAN (to government clerk): "Well, what do you complain of?" G. C.: "Sleeplessness, doctor." Physician: "At what time does sleep go to bed?" G. C.: "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours."

Full many a gem of spurious ray serene
The spotless shirts of hotel clerks do bear!
Full many a simple, ignorant sardine
Believes them purest stones of value rare!
And that's where they're fooled!

HEARTH AND HOME.

FRIENDS AGREEING BEST SEPARATE.—In an article in *Chamber's Journal* on "Clever Married Women," the writer recalls an incident in the life of a notable woman:—"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a great benefactress to her country, and a very clever and beautiful woman; but she was not quite fitted for domestic life; though, however, she chose to reside abroad while her husband remained in England, they regularly corresponded with each other on the most friendly terms. Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu was by no means deficient in talent; he was the intimate friend of Addison, and distinguished himself in Parliament as an able and upright politician. He was much older than his wife; and it is very probable that Lady Mary would never have accepted him in spite of his entreaties, had it not been to escape from a more distasteful marriage, into which her father endeavoured to force her. Few young ladies would like to imitate her example, and elope with a man with whom they were not in love; but the high-spirited daughter of Lord Kingston would not be given away against her will."

FOOT NOTES.

AN advertisement appeared in Philadelphia for "a young man as ticket seller to travel with a variety troupe." The hundreds of applicants were each told that an advance of \$4 to buy a ticket to Boston, where the company was to gather, would be necessary. After collecting a large amount of money in this way the swindlers fled.

KENTUCKY still indulges in barbecues, which are attended by thousands of people. A venerable coloured man in Boone county has superintended every one that has been held in his neighbourhood these forty years. At the last one the roast consisted of two hogs, six hogs and twenty-five sheep. After the feast the people danced and listened to political speakers.

It is about six centuries since the Cathedral of Cologne was founded, and the approaching conclusion of the great work is at last announced in the German papers. During the last few years it has been pushed on with surprising vigour, the voluntary subscriptions coming in apparently in greater profusion in proportion as the number and privileges of the Roman Catholics decreased in North Germany.

It has been proposed in Paris to place tablets on the house in which both Camille Desmoulins and Danton lived while members of the convention. *Figaro* says the notion is a good one, but in order to give historic completeness to the inscription on the tablets they should read: "Guillotined as Moderates and Reactionaries, April 5, 1794, at the instigation of Robespierre."

The British regiments in Afghanistan are:—Cavalry—6th Dragoon Guards and 9th Lancers. Infantry—1st Battalion of 15th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 7th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 8th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 9th Foot, 1st Battalion of 12th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 14th Foot, 1st Battalion of 25th Foot, 51st Regiment, 59th Regiment, 2nd Battalion 60th Rifles, and the 66th, 67th, 72nd, 85th, and 92nd Regiments. This is exclusive of the native regiments.

A PORTLY man registered at the Merchants' Hotel, Philadelphia, and insisted upon getting the best room in the house. He laid down a travelling-bag and a glittering watch, and said to the clerk: "I wish you would let me have £20. I'll leave these as security. It's too late to draw any money from the banks. I'll get a draft cashed to-morrow and make it all right with you." The clerk lent the money, and the stranger never came back for the brass watch and bag full of old papers.

A NEW religious sect, known as the Keolikovskaya, has made its appearance in Russia. Its members hold that the Holy Church of Russia was taken to heaven three centuries ago, when the patriarch Nikon made corrections in the Bible and other church books. Since then there have been false priests and a false church. These sectarians perform what is called "tearful purification" over infants, instead of baptism; that is, the parents and friends shed tears over it for six weeks, and so purify it from original sin. They never assemble for common prayer, but everybody prays at home.

THE Empress Eugenie's return to England was welcomed in a kindly fashion. Princess Beatrice boarded the steamer off Yarmouth from the yacht *Alberta*, and remained with the Empress until they reached Southampton. A British knight presented a bouquet to Eugenie, accompanied by some extremely poor verses written by his daughter; and the ex-Empress in a very pretty and graceful fashion thanked for their courtesy all the steamship officials who had attended her upon her journey.

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and marvellous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs" in another column.

DOCTORS AND NURSES.—While it is necessary to make a firm stand against a matter of such vital importance as the encroachment of nursing bodies on what must ever be the business of medical men, it would indeed be a calamity to lose the services of ladies altogether from general hospitals. It is not too much to say that nursing could never have reached its present pitch of excellence and refinement except by the co-operation of women from the higher and more educated classes of society. And if modern nursing is to retain its position as a refined art in the institutions where it has already become firmly planted, and is to gain a footing where it has as yet failed to do so, the presence of ladies in its ranks will be an essential condition of success. Ladies, however, must not suppose that it is necessary or even desirable that the business of nursing should become obsolete among women in a lower scale of social life. They and the ladies both have their appropriate duties and positions in a hospital. A judicious mixture of the two is what is wanted, and not a one-sided monopoly. In a hospital ward, which is the nursing unit, there are, as a rule, three grades of nurses—the "sister," the staff-nurse, and several under-nurses. The "sister" has the supreme authority there, both over nurses and patients, and is responsible to the hospital authorities for her conduct of the ward. It is evident that such a one requires to be not only a person of ability and tact, but also of education, knowledge of the world, and refinement.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A FITTING opportunity—The visit to the dressmaker.

THEY toil and they spin and wash dishes and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like—a coloured girl at a dress ball.

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

AN Aberdeen woman has applied to be appointed constable, despairing of catching a man any other way.

A PERSIAN proverb says, "Ten measures of talk were put down upon the earth, and the women took nine."

A LITTLE girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

MARRIAGE is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a woman or an intimate man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.

"I WONDER," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies that he likes them as well for my part. I was just as good as dead for a' the lassies e'er I saw."

SOME crusty, rusty, fusty, musty, dusty, gusty cumulate of a man gave the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted!"

THE term "old maid" is generally applied to a nasty, snappy, disagreeable woman, who has allowed old age to sour her. Maiden ladies who are amiable and good are never called "old maids," no matter what their age may be.

"SHALL the husband keep a wife informed of his business affairs?" asks an innocent. There is no necessity, she will find out five times as much as he knows himself without the least trouble.

A YOUNG lady remarked that she should like to have bicycles so arranged that she and her beau could both ride. Being asked where her fellow should sit, she emphatically remarked, "On the little wheel behind, of course." And still the young men go on marrying.

GIRLS, when your mothers attempt to give you tally by coaxing you to learn to cook, think of that young lady of Chicago who took cooking lessons, and the night before she was to be married tried to shell crabs for her Adonis. The hot fat splattered in her face, and she had to be painted before she could be married.

"THIS is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who returned from a walk at 10 o'clock. "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not allow me out later than 7 o'clock." "Oh, you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jule," said the mother, "a nicer mother than ever you had."

"FATHER, I really must have a new muslin dress for this summer," Annie, dear, I would like to get you one if I could afford it; but it costs \$5 every time it is done up, and you will have to wear your silks, I am afraid." "It is expensive, father, I admit, but Charles thinks it is awfully cheap, and I never shall catch him unless I play economy. Don't you see, it will pay in the end?"

Down Broadway the other day there was an entanglement of carriages, and an old lady in an omnibus squealed like a peacock: "Oh, we shall be killed!" "Pardon, madam," said another of the passengers. "What can you fear? Don't you see that our omnibus is so much heavier than the carriages that it is we who will crush them?" "Ah, yes, that's so," said the lady smiling, reassured.

THE latest and worst case of lover's revenge comes from Australia. A young man whose affianced went back on him and let her off their engagement received a note from her asking him to return the lock of her hair which he had. He looked over his trunk, he collected a heap of tresses, culled from various sources during his love-making career, and forwarded them in a bundle to his late lady-love, inclosing a note to the effect that he had really forgotten which was hers, but she might select it from those forwarded, and return the rest at her earliest convenience. The story got out, and the neighbourhood felt so warm for her that she went on a prolonged visit to her country cousins.

THERE is an American custom which is wholly at variance with Parisian fashion, and which hardly commends itself to the dispassionate observer, either for its reasonableness or its beauty. It is that adopted by young ladies in the United States of carrying to balls a number of bouquets, each being presumably the offering of some male friend or admirer. In Paris nobody ever carries a bouquet to a ball or party, and it must be confessed that in this instance the French fashion is the wiser one. No Parisian beauty would ever consent to load herself with ten, fifteen or twenty bouquets. She would consider herself as aping the doral triumphs of some favourite prima donna or ballet dancer, did she consent to so encumber herself.