QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

Years ago Margery had seen Queenie in what she called her "moods," when her evil spirit had the ascendant, and she fought and struck at anything within her reach, but of late these fits had been of rare occurrence, and so she was astonished, on her return to the room with Mr. Beresford, to see the girl standing erect in the middle of the floor, her nostrils dilated and her eyes blazing as she had never seen them blaze before, as they flashed upon Mr. Beresford, whose heart was full of sorrow for his loss, and who went toward her to offer his sympathy. But Queenie repelled him with a fierce gesture of both hands, striking out upon the air as if she would have struck him had he been within her reach.

"Don't speak to me, Arthur Beresford," she cried, and there was something awful in the tone of her voice. "Don't come near me, or I may do you harm. I'm not myself to-day, I'm that other one you have never seen. I know what are here for without your telling me. You have come to talk to me of Phil, to say you are sorry for me, sorry he is dead, but I will not hear it. You, of all men, shall not speak his name to me, guilty as you are of his death. I sent him away. I murdered him, but you were the first cause; you suggested to me the cruel words I said to him, and which no man could hear and not go away. You talked of Sardanapalus, and effeminacy, and weakness, and lack of occupation, and every word was a sneer, because, coward that you were, you thought to raise yourself by lowering him, and foolthat I was, when he came to me and told me of a love such as you are incapable of feeling, I spurned him and cast your words in his teeth and made him loathe and despise himself and made him go away, to seek the occupation, to build up the manhood you said he lacked; and now he is dead, drowned in far off eastern waters, my Phil, my love, my darling. I am not ashamed to say it now. There is nothing unmaidenly in the confession that I love him, love him as few men ever have been loved, and I wish that I had him so that night upon the rocks; wish I had trampled down that scruple of cousinship which looks to me now so small. But I did not, I broke his heart, and saw it breaking, too; knew it by the awful look upon his face, not a look of disappointment only; he could have borne that, could have borne my rejection of him; few men, if any, die of love alone; but there was on his face a look of unutterable shame and humiliation as if all the manliness of his nature had been insulted by my taunts of his womanish habits and ways. Oh, Phil, my love; if he could know how my heart is aching for him and will ache on for ever until I find him again somewhere in the other world! Don't speak to me," she continued, as Mr. Beresford tried to say something to her. "I tell you I am dangerous in these moods, and the sight of you who are the first cause of my anguish, makes me beside myself. You talked some nonsense once about probation, you called it, waiting for my love. I told you then it could not be. I tell it to you now a thousand times more strongly. I would rather be Phil's wife for one second than to be yours through all eternity. Oh, Phil, my love, my love, if I could die and join him; but life is strong within me and I am young and must live on and on for years and years with that death-cry always sounding in my ears as it sounded that awful night when he went down beneath the waters with my name upon his lips. Where was I that I did not hear it and know that he was dying? If I had heard and joined him on his journey through the shades of death. But there was no signal; I did not hear him call, and laughed on as I shall never laugh again, for how can I be happy with Phil dead in the sea?"

She was beginning to soften; the mood was passing off; and though her face was pale as ashes, the glitter was gone from her eyes, which turned at last toward Margery, who had looked on in utter astonishment, wondering to see her friend so strangely affected.

"Oh, Margie, Margie, help me. I don't know what I have been saying. I think I must be crazy," she said, as she stretched her arms toward Margery, who went to her at once, and leading her to the couch made her lie down while she soothed and quieted her until a faint color came back to her face, and her heat beats were not so rapid and loud.

Across the room by the window Mr. Beresford was still standing, with a troubled look upon his face, and seeing him Queenie called him to her, and putting her icy hand in his, said to him very gently:

"Forgive me if I have wounded you. I am not myself when these moods are upon me. I don't know what I said, only this I know, you must never think of me again any more than if you had never seen me, for my heart is with Phil and Phil is in the sea. Now go away, please, and leave me alone with Margery."

Mr. Beresford bowed, and pressing the hand he held, said, in a choking voice:

"God bless you, Queenie, and comfort you and forgive me if anything I said was instrumental in sending Phil away. He was the dearest friend I ever had, the one I liked the best and enjoyed the most, and I never shall forget him or cease to mourn for him. Good-by, Queenie, good-afternoon, Miss La Rue."

He bowed himself from the room, and was soon riding slowly homeward, with sad thoughts in his heart of the friend he had lost and who seemed to be so near him that more than once he started and looked around as if expecting to meet Phil's pleasant face and hear his well-remembered laugh. Mr. Beresford belonged to that class of men, who, without exactly saying there is no God and no hereafter, still doubt it in their hearts, and by trying to explain everything on scientific principles throw a vail over the religion they were taught to hold so sacred in their childhood. But death had never touched him very closely, or borne away that for which he mourned with a very keen or lasting sense of loss and pain. His father had died before he could remember him, and though his mother lived till he was a well-grown youth, she had not attached him very strongly to her. He had been very proud of her as an elegant, fashionable woman, who sometimes came in her lovely party dress to look at him before going out to some place of amusement, but he had never known what it was to be petted and caressed, and when his mother died and her place in the household was filled by a maiden aunt who ministered to all his physical wants better than the mother had done, his sorrow was neither deep nor lasting, and in his maturer manhood, when the seeds of skepticism were taking root, he could think without a fancy that possibly there was beyond this life no place where loved ones meet again and friendships are renewed; nothing but oblivion—a long, dreamless sleep.

But now that Phil was dead—Phil, who had been so much to him—Phil, whom he loved far better than the cold, unsympathetic elder brother who had died years ago, he felt a bitter sense of loss and pain and loneliness and as he rode slowly home in the gathering twilight of that wintry afternoon, and thought of that bright young life and active mind so suddenly blotted out of existence, if this theory was true, he suddenly cried aloud:

"It cannot be; Phil is not gone from me forever. Somewhere we must meet again. Death could only stupefy, not quench, all that vitality. There is something beyond; there is a rallying point, a world where we shall meet those whom we have loved and lost. And Phil is there, and some day I shall find him. Thank God for that hope—thank God there is a hereafter.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MOURNING FOR PHIL.

It was very, very bitter and deep, and all the more so because the blow had fallen so suddenly, without a note of warning. At the knoll there was a small and select dinner party the evening the letter came. Some friends from Boston were visiting in the house, and Mrs. Rossiter had invited a few of the villagers to meet them, and in her evening dress of claret velvet, with diamonds in her ears and at her throat, looked as lovely and almost as young as in her early girlhood when she won the heart of the grave and silent Paul Rossiter. Dinner had been over some little time, and she was standing with her guests in the drawing-room, when the fatal letter was brought to her. She saw it was from Madras, and the handwriting a stranger's; and though it was directed to her husband, who immediately after dinner had wandered off to his conservatories, where he spent most of his time, she opened it unhesitatingly, feeling sure that it contained tidings of her son, and feeling, too, with that subtle and unexplainable intuition which so often precedes dreadful news that the tidings were not good. But she was not prepared for the reality—not prepared to hear that Phil was dead; and when she read that it was so—that he would never return to her again, she gave one long, agonized shriek which curdled the blood of those who heard it, and who gathered swiftly around her as she dropped upon the floor in a faint so nearly resembling death that for a little time they feared she was really dead. Fortunately the family physician was among the guests, and so relief was immediate, or she might never have returned to consciousness, so terrible was the shock to her nervous system. For hours she passed from one fainting fit into another, and when these were over lay in a kind of semi-stupor, moaning sadly at intervals:

"Oh, my boy! my boy! my Phil, my darling—drowned—dead—gone away from me forever—my boy, my boy!"

If Mrs. Rossiter had a weakness it was her almost idolatrous love for her son. Phil had been her idol, and if her husband and both her daughters had lain dead at her feet and Phil had been spared to her, she would not have felt half so badly as she did now when she still had husband and daughters, but Phil was not. Nothing availed to soothe or quiet her, and the house which had heretofore been so bright and cheerful, and full of gayety, became a house of sorrow and gloom. The servants trod softly through the silent halls, and spoke only in whispers to each other, while Ethel and Grace, with traces of weeping upon their fair, sweet faces sat from morning till night with folded hands, looking hopelessly at each other as if paralyzed by the awful calamity which had fallen upon them. They were of no use to their mother, who lay in her darkened room, refusing to see any one except her husband, whom she kept constantly with her, and who gave no sign of what he thought or felt. Quiet, patient, all enduring, he sat by his wife's bedside and listened to her moans, and did what she bade him do; left her when she said so; returned to her when she sent for him, and if he felt pain or grief himself uttered no word, and never mentioned Phil's name.

Of Mr. Rossiter, or Colonel Rossiter as he was frequently called, we have said comparatively nothing, as he has but little to do with the story, except as the father of Phil. He was a very peculiar man. Silent, unsocial, undemonstrative, and, save his love and admiration for his wife, of whom he was very proud and fond, apparently indifferent to everything except his conservatories, of which he had four, and what they contained. Had he been poor and obliged to earn his own living he would unquestionably have been a gardener, so fond was he of flowers and plants of every kind. He had walked miles through the tangled glades of Florida, hunting for some new specimens of ferns or pitcher plants, and his greenhouses were full of rare exotics, from every clime. Here, and in the room adjoining, where he kept his catalogues and books of pressed leaves and flowers, he spent most of his time, and if beguiled away from his favorites for a few moments he was, as he expressed it, "in a dused hurry to get back to them." With nothing to do he was always in a "dused hurry," and this saying of his had passed into a proverb in Merrivale and wherever he was known. It was in one of his conservatories that the news of his son's death reached him. After dinner was over he had asked his gentlemen guests to go with him and see a new kind of fern, gathered the previous autumn in some of the neighboring swamps, and he was talking most eloquently of its nature and habits when his wife's shriek reached him, and the next moment a servant rushed in, exclaiming:

"Oh, sir, come quick, Mrs Rossiter has fainted, and Mr. Philip is drowned."

"Drowned! My son drowned! Did you say Philip was dead? It will go hard with his poor mother," he said very calmly, as he put the pot of ferns carefully back in its place.

But the hands which held the pot trembled and the palms were wet with great drops of sweat, as he went slowly to the room where his wife lay in a swoon. He was a small man, and weak, too, it would seem, but it was he who lifted the fainting woman up and bore her to her chamber and loosened her dress, and took the diamonds from her throat and ears, and the flowers from her hair, as quickly and skilfully as her daughters could have done. There was a good deal of Phil in his nature, and he showed it in his womanly and quiet manner at the sick bed.

"Poor Mary, I am so sorry for you," he said once, and pressed his lips to the forehead of his wife, who sobbed convulsively, and clung to him as a child in pain clings to its mother. But there were no tears in his eyes,—no change in his manner, as he went about his usual avocations and watered his ferns and tended his orchids and picked off the dead leaves from the roses and carnations, and smoked the lilies and roses on which insects were gathering.

"Where have you been so long?" his wife asked him once, when he came to her after an absence of more than an hour.

"Been watering my ferns," was his reply, and with a half reproachful sob his wife continued:

"Oh, Paul, how can you care for such things with Philip dead?"

"I don't know, Mary," he answered apologetically. "I am so sorry if I have done anything out of character; the little things seem so glad for the water, and if I was to let every dusted fern, and orchid, and pitcher plant die, it would not bring Philip back."

Had he than no feeling, no sorrow for his son? Mrs. Rossiter almost thought so; but that night, waking suddenly from a quiet sleep, she missed him from her side, and raising herself in bed, saw him across the room by the window, where the moonlight was streaming in, kneeling upon the floor with his face buried in a pillow he had lain upon a chair, the better to smother the sobs which seemed almost to send his soul from his body, they were so deep and pitiful.

"Phil, Phil, my boy, how can I live without him? I was so proud of him and loved him so much. Oh, Phil, they think me cold and callous, because I cannot talk and moan as others do, but God knows my bitter pain. God help me and Mary too. Poor Mary, who was his mother, and loved him, maybe, more than I did. God comfort her and help her to bear, no matter what I suffer."

This was what Mrs. Rossiter heard, and in a moment she was beside the prostrate man,—her arms were around his neck, and his bowed head was laid against her bosom while she kissed his quivering lips again and again, as she said to him:

"Forgive me Paul, if I have been so selfish in my own grief as not to see how you, too, have suffered, Philip was our boy, Paul; we loved him together, we will mourn for him together, and comfort each other, and love each other better beause we have lost him."

Then Paul Rossiter broke down and cried as few men ever cry, and sobbed until it seemed as if his heart would break, while his wife, now the stronger and calmer of the two, supported him in her arms and strove to comfort him. There was perfect accord and confidence between the husband and wife after that, and Mrs. Rossiter roused herself to something like cheerfulness and interest in the world about her for the sake of the man who, except to her, never mentioned Philip's name, but who grew old and grey and bent so fast and sometimes even forgot to water his ferns and let them dry and wither in their pots where they might have died but for his wife, who took charge of them herself, and gave them the care they needed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRENCH AND AMERICAN LIQUORS.

The whiskey trade of the United States received a great impetus, about twenty-five years ago, by the wide publication of the fact that a large proportion of the French brandy imported into this country consisted of American pure spirits, exported to France, doctored with oil of cognac, and returned to us in French packages. Prior to this discovery brandy, in one form or another, was the fashionable drink in most of our eastern cities, but the publication referred to caused a stampede, so to speak, from brandy to whiskey, and the latter acquired and has maintained the supremacy. Since the ravages of the phylloxera have greatly reduced the production of French wines, complaints of the adulteration of wines in France have become frequent. It has recently come to light that the process known as *platrage*, which consists of sprinkling the grapes with plaster of paris, as successive baskets of them are thrown into the crushing machine or the fermenting vats, is now a general practice in France. The effect of the plaster is to decompose the tartrates of potash existing in grape juice, forming calcium tartrate, an insoluble salt, which is a drastic and dangerous purgative. This process is said to give wines a fictitious ageing effect, and it is resorted to by wine producers to get their wines sooner to market, and economize in cooperage and interest. The French Government has taken measures to restrain the practice, but it is doubtful if they will be effective. Doubtless many people in the United States are in the habit of enjoying this drugged wine, while they turn with affected loathing from our pure native wines, which the French are now glad to buy.—*Bradstreet's.*

—Good for "touching up the leaders"—Editors. The place for squash pi(e)—In a printing office. An easy way to get rich—Marry a poor girl of that name. Cobblers! When the fiddles sound start your pegs, right and left and awl hands round. One of the one-ders of the deep—The sea-serpent. The name for a ferry-boat—Shakes-pier. For what particular State should the members of all parties keep a sharp look out?—The state of their health.—*Boston Traveler.*

—The Port Hope *Times* man says a mule is out of place at a prayer meeting. And he never attends one.

CRUSOEING.

A Life on a Deserted Island—Some Instances of Where it has not Been so Pleasant as it Used Down in Romance.

The delights of solitude have been fervidly extolled by writers who took good care to keep themselves within hail of the busy hum of men; but its fancied charms have soon palled upon unfortunates condemned to a silent fate, either by their own whim, the tyranny of others, or circumstances over which nobody had any control.

Alexander Selkirk tried the experiment of living in solitary independence of his own option and under very favorable conditions. The island whereon he elected to abide was one of the fairest spots upon earth, blessed with a delicious climate and grateful soil. He was well provided with clothes to cover him, arms to protect him, books and tobacco to solace him. His larder was well supplied kid flesh, fish, seal and sea-lion meat, which he could season to his liking with pimento-pepper; while cabbages, turnips, radishes, parsnips, parslain, parsley and water-cress were at his command. Still it took eight months to reconcile Selkirk to his self elected lot, and after enduring it for four years, he gladly bade adieu to his Eveless paradise.

A YOUTHFUL CRUSOE.

Three weeks experience of crusoeing sufficed to bring an unwilling solitarian to death's door, but he was a mere lad, wanting three years to be out of his teens, when letting separated from his messmates, while seeking wood and water on one of the Gallipagos Islands, he lost himself in the forest. After passing an uncomfortable night there, daylight saw Lord roving in quest of what he might devour, and finding nothing save a big snake, unavailable for staying his appetite; and when night came round again, he was still wandering in a maze of trees, weary with walking, and faint for lack of food; fearing to sleep on the ground lest he should intrude upon the privacy of some deadly serpent. This difficulty he surmounted by climbing a tall tree, and roosting in its branches, unaware that he had a fellow-lodger in a big owl, until, on leaving his airy chamber in the morning, he knocked the bird down, and turned the accident to account by breakfasting upon the owl, without any further preparation than stripping it of its feathers.

That night Lord was out of the wood, but was not much better off, for, sleeping at the foot of a mountain, he was drenched with rain, and when morning broke was in anything but a condition for climbing. Climb the mountain, however, he did; from the summit beholding the bay in which his whaler had been, but was not. He saw a brig there, but she was making her way out. Madly he dashed down the mountain side, to gain the beach all to late, and become oblivious of his disappointment by going off in a dead faint. When he recovered his senses hunger got the better of despair, its pangs being none the less bitter from the knowledge that there was abundance of food in the waters washing his prison, and that he had neither hook to bait or bait to hook, and must, perforce, live as best he might upon berries and seal-flesh.

So the dismal days dragged on, the only event breaking their monotonous misery being Lord's nearly coming to grief altogether in grappling with a great seal, rolling into the sea with it, and scrambling out alone as quickly as his weakness allowed. After this bout he contrived to crawl up the mountain again, and to his joy descried a large ship making for the island. The sight gave him new strength, and he managed to get down to the beach just as the entered the harbor. Soon a boat was lowered, and he knew no more, until he opened his eyes upon a little crowd of friendly faces. He cried out for water, and drank till he swooned again, when kindly arms carried him to the boat, and he was soon safe in the care of the famous explorer of the seas, Capt. Cook.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

In 1818, an American sailor was taken off a desolate rock in the South Seas by a boat's crew belonging to her H. M. S. Queen Charlotte, whose attention had been drawn to the spot by the smoke of a seaweed fire. He had, three years before, been left there with three companions, all of whom had quickly succumbed, while he had lived on, sustaining life by feeding upon the flesh of birds, and drinking their blood.

THE FLEMISH CRUSOE.

The find of the Queen Charlotte's men was not so surprising as that of the Flemish seaman Pickman, when in 1616, his ship grounded near a small island-rock between Scotland and Ireland. Some of his men going in search of eggs, come upon a black hairy creature, who by signs entreated them to come to close acquaintance; and finding the strange object to be really a man, they took him on board with them to tell the skipper his story. It was a melancholy one. He and two others, occupants of the passage boat between England and Ireland, had been captured, and afterwards cast off, by a French privateer. Having nothing eatable, save a little sugar, with them, one of the three soon died of starvation, the others lived to be driven on the island, where they built a hut out of what was left of the boat, and for six weeks lived upon sea-mews, sea-dogs, eggs and water. Then the partners in misfortune parted company, one of them disappearing, leaving his forlorn friend in utter ignorance of his fate; he could only surmise that he had fallen into the sea while searching for eggs. Months passed, and the poor fellow lost all hope of deliverance. Winter came, and found him clotheless. Compelled to keep within the hut for days together, he only kept starvation at bay by catching sea-mews, as hungry as himself, by sticks thrust through the opening in the hovel's walls. So he kept himself alive, until the accidental advent of the London-bound Flemish timber-ship released him from his dreary durance.

THE STORY OF JORGENSON.

Less happy was the ending of a wonderful adventure that befel Hans Jorgenson, a Swedish whaler belonging to the White Wave, a California schooner employed in seal and other fishing in the North Pacific. On September 18, 1879, the schooner being within sight of the Aleutian Islands, a boat was sent on shore for water, the crew consisting of Hans Jorgenson and two other seamen. Hans, having his rifle with him, had no sooner landed than he went off in search of game, and, as he took no heed of the signal of recall, his mates returned to the ship without him. A furious gale sprang up, and for four days it was impossible for the White Wave to come anywhere near the island. At the end of that time a landing was effected, and Jorgenson was found to be alive certainly, but most strangely altered in appearance. The spare Swede of five feet seven, with a bald pate, and a thin straw-colored moustache, was transformed into a man apparently six feet high, so stout that his clothes would scarcely contain him, with his head and face covered with a crop of fluffy hair, and seemingly ten years older than the Jorgenson who had been left behind but four days before.

His explanation of the mystery did not make the matter more intelligible. Having started some wild animals, he followed the chase, all unsuccessfully, for miles before thinking of returning to the boat. When he did think of it, he began to look about him, and was mightily surprised with his surroundings. The country was bleak and barren, nothing but volcanic rocks, without a single tree or shrub. Here and there were rents in the earth, at the dark bottom of which small but rapid streamlets sped tortuously along through masses of lichen, while heavy volumes of steam, impregnating the air with sulphurous odor, rose from other ravins; giving the Swede the impression that he was looking upon a piece of the earth as it must have been before ever a living creature put foot thereon.

Finding that his shipmates had departed without him, Jorgenson camped out for the night. In the morning he sought for something to breakfast upon; a fruitless quest taking him to the top of a hill, when falling backwards, he rolled down a gulch on the land side, the stock of his rifle striking against and breaking one of a number of pebble-like objects, which examination showed to be a thin shell of lime or sulphur or something he could not tell exactly what, covering a quantity of jelly of a light rose-color, composed of an infinity of minute cells, through which stretched, a number of flossy ligaments. Taking a small quantity on his finger, he applied his tongue to it and swallowed some, but was so disgusted with the taste that he pitched the shell away, and went back to his post, to watch for the White Wave. After watching for some hours the hungry fellow fell into a deep sleep from which he was awakened by a sensation similar to that he had experienced years before when pulled, half drowned, out of one of his native fjords; but his hunger had gone, he felt refreshed, and found he could walk without fatigue, and naturally gave the nauseous jelly the credit of it.

Next day he visited the gulch again, and took another taste of the jelly; again came a deep sleep, from which he awoke, as before, free from hunger or weariness; but to his astonishment his clothes had become so tight that he could hardly move in them, his seaboots seemed a few sizes too small, and the sleeves of his knitted jacket were almost up to his elbows. Stooping to pick up his rifle, he found that too had shrunk, or rather that he himself had stretched and grown under the influence of the wonderful food, and that his physical powers had increased with his bulk. While testing the latter by flinging pieces of rock into the sea, Jorgenson beheld the White Wave bearing down the coast, signaling with the small brass piece she carried. He replied with his rifle, and after filling his pockets with the mysterious pebbles, made for the beach, and soon was welcomed by his puzzled messmates.

Should our readers discredit this strange tale, which reads like a forcastle yarn it must be confessed, here is the sad end of it, "literally transcribed," says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, from the log of the White Wave: "October 3, 1879.—Lat. 57.47 N., Long. 144.10 W. Jorgenson is dead, and I don't know what to make of it. Ever since he came aboard from the island his health has been good, but the remarkable swelling has gone on until yesterday we were obliged to bring him up on deck as he grow'd so that I was afeared we should not be able to get through the companion-way. I was sitting beside him when he died, and had just ask him how do you feel now. He said all over pins and needles like. I said no pains besides? He said no, but I feel like as if everything was a stretching and growing inside of me. Guess I'm poisoned. I said I guess so, too. Just then I heard a crack inside of him, then another and another, three in all. He clasped his hands to his heart, his chest, his stumick, gave one groan and died."

THE INHUMAN CAPTAIN.

Involuntary Crusoes have mostly become so from pure accident, but there are some instances to the contrary. Seaman Jeffrey, of H. M. S. Recruit, venturing to help himself to the captain's spruce beer, was punished by being set on shore on the uninhabited Island of Sombrero. Doubtless Capt. Lake repented the deed, when, on his return to the same latitude some two months afterwards the boat sent to bring the offender on board again returned with the report that he was nowhere to be found. At any rate the captain had good cause to repent it a little later on, for, upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the Admiral on the West Indian Station, Lake was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service. At home Sir Frances Burdett brought the case before Parliament, and a search was instituted for the missing man, resulting in his being brought to England, in October, 1809. He had lived on the Rock of Sombrero for nine days, subsisting upon limpets and birds' eggs, when luckily for all concerned, he was taken off by an American schooner and landed at Marblehead, Mass.

ADVENTURE OF A BOAT'S CREW.

Capt. Barnard, a victim of ungrateful mistrust, found companionship in misery more troublesome than comforting. He commanded an American ship in 1813, and happened to be at New Island, in the Falklands, when an English ship was wrecked there; the crew and passengers, numbering thirty, getting safely to land. Capt. Barnard took them aboard board, intending to leave them at a Brazilian port, and to obtain sufficient supplies, went on shore with four men on hunting excursion. While he was so engaged, the English sailors, fearful of being carried to America prisoners of war, cut the cable, and made off with the ship. The astonished skipper took the matter philosophically. He set his men to work at once to build a house of stone, strong enough to withstand the storms of winter. A small plantation of potatoes, supplied the party with a fair substitute for bread; and by storing up albatross eggs, and catching a pig now and then, they contrived to live tolerably well, all things considered.

His companions, however, soon showed symptoms of insubordination, and at length, tired of the life they led, departed in the boat. Alone in his glory, the captain spent his time preparing clothes from the skins of seals and collecting fuel for the winter, never omitting to ascend a hill once or twice a day on the chance of descrying a ship. After dwelling thus in solitude for some months Bernard was rejoined by the runaways, who had found they could not get on without him. Their return was not an unmitigated blessing. One of them planned his murder, for which the captain had him conveyed to a small island in Quaker Harbor, and left there, until three months of his own society brought him to express penitence for his purposed crime. After this things went smoothly, until an English whaler took the party off, and ended their two years' trial of Crusoeing on New Island.—*All the Year Around.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(Truth.)

AN ANECDOTAL PARAGRAPH.

"Consider how great he is," said Mr. Bright of the Heir Apparent; "not Cæsar, not the crowned Macedonian reigned over so wide an empire as that which he will one day be called to rule." This is a fact which must not be lost sight of in estimating the character of the Prince, any more than the fact that he has a pedigree of some fifteen centuries in length, and descends (beyond all cavil) from such heroes as Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror. Hence it is not strange that a leading feature of the Prince's character (which immediately strikes any one brought into contact with his Royal Highness) should be a strong sense of his own personal dignity.

THE PRINCE'S GOOD NATURE.

Perhaps the most striking instance of his good nature that I know of consisted in the circumstance that he one day bore a good deal of chaff with admirable composure. For some reason or other his equipage did not seem quite up to the mark to the daughters of a certain wealthy Duke, who proceeded openly to twit his Royal Highness with the deficiencies thereof. The Prince did not seem particularly amused, but he contrived to smile, and never for a moment lost his temper. This could hardly be expected from "Royalty." He is very popular amongst his personal friends, and he has shown in numerous instances that he is not inclined to give them up readily. His enmities, if strong, are of short duration, and he would never have obtained Dr. Johnson's approbation as a good hater.

HIS POLITICAL VIEWS.

The Prince is a Tory in politics, and a sort of Broad High Churchman in religion. Some time ago he presented a couple of beautiful altar candlesticks to the Church at Sandringham. But the friends of Dean Stanley would not be likely to go too far in this direction. His Toryism, too is of that kind which is open (on certain questions) to conviction. Thus the only vote he ever gave in the House of Lords was in favor of the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. His brother of Edinburgh voted with him, the Duke of Cambridge being in the majority which threw out the bill. Generally speaking, however, the Prince is good humoredly Conservative on political questions. *Console* Gladstone, he would laughingly express his doubts as to whether he should ever ascend the throne; now he takes a more hopeful view of the future. He was always, however, on excellent terms with Mr. Gladstone; while Lord Granville is almost a personal friend of his. Apropos of this subject, I remember hearing the Prince address a somewhat tart little speech to a gentleman whose opinion he had asked on some question of the day. The gentleman replied that he was wholly ignorant of political matters. "Yes," said the Prince, "but not ignorant, I hope, of your duty as a loyal subject of the Queen." I think the question was one relating to a "Royal" annuity. On another occasion he jokingly asked a Radical M. P., who was airing certain extreme opinions, whether he really thought that a member of the Royal family ought to drawn his children when they come into the world, like young puppy dogs? The Prince, it should be mentioned, is an excellent father, and very desirous that his sons should receive a substantial education, "and be taught to do something with their hands," as he puts it. He is also a good son, and sets the example of treating the Queen's slightest wish as a command. It is out of deference to her will that he never attends horse races on Sundays whilst traveling abroad. He once begged by letter that this rule should be relaxed so as to enable him to accept Marshal MacMahon's invitation to see the "Grand Prix" run; but a negative answer was returned by telegraph, and the Prince did not go to the race.

HIS TASTES AND AMUSEMENTS.

Mincra canamus. The Prince is a *bon vivant*, and very few Englishmen know so much about philosophy of dining as their future king. He has, indeed, very great taste in this most important matter, and has labored with some success to reduce the inordinate length of modern menus. He has all the First Napoleon's horror of interminable banquets.

Of the Prince's literary tastes there is not so much to be said. Like most modern princes he is, by mere force of circumstances, a good linguist, speaking French and German as perfectly as English. What is more, he can make an after dinner speech in French, and he can joke in the same tongue.

He is fond of late hours, but no matter how late he may go to bed he rises early the next morning. He is a keen sportsman and a very fair shot. At whist he plays an excellent hand. And whether the occupation of the moment be whist, sport or dancing he enters into it with a hearty relish which contrasts strangely with the *blase* airs of the golden youths of the day. His constitution is an excellent one. He rarely has a day's illness, and he is a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body. I believe he was the inventor of the now popular drink, "lemon and soda."

HOW HE WAS EDUCATED.

His education, by the wsy, was about as serious as can be the education of a man who is born to everything worth having on this earth, who becomes a Colonel at eighteen and a General at twenty one. The Queen made a brave effort to bring up her sons in Spartan simplicity. Their table was of the plainest kind; they were make to do a fair amount of work, and they were required to take out-door exercise every day in wet as in sunny weather. But once at Oxford, the Prince was virtually his own master, and he certainly distinguished himself more by a universal urbanity than by too exclusive an attention to the classic authors.

It has been often said that there is no Royal road to learning. Let any one who believes this talk half-an hour with the Prince of Wales, when he may perhaps ask himself whether this goody proverb is so very true after all. There is a Royal road to knowledge, though few have the privilege of treading it. What most of us must gain from the study of books the Prince of Wales can gain from the living conversation of the greatest men of his day, from travels under the guidance of the most delightful of cicerones, from the best places at all the most famous sights and shows, from early conversance with reason of state and questions of policy, from assisting at (and taking part in) the making of history. The Prince is admirably informed on an extraordinary number of questions. Of late, too, he has shown a taste and capacity for work from which one augurs that he will scarcely be the *Roi fainéant* which certain persons have prophesied and hoped he would be.

HIS FOREIGN SYMPATHIES.

There is no doubt that on questions of foreign affairs he will insist on having a voice. His interest in them is, of course, of a two-fold nature. He is a thorough Englishman, and very enthusiastic about the necessity for the maintenance of our prestige; he is also a German Prince. His German sympathies, however, did not carry him so far as to enable him to approve of the spoliation of Denmark; and he then expressed himself with unwonted bitterness on the subject. But this feeling was rather personal than political. A member in his household who spo ke incautiously about the matter to the Princess, received what is vulgarly called "a rigging" for his pains. When the war of 1866 broke out, the Prince was at pains to establish special elegraphic communications between Marlborough House and the seat of war. Similar arrangements were made in 1870. Nevertheless, beyond the expression of some very decided opinions, the Prince can scarcely, as yet, be said to have taken a serious part in politics. The Royal traditions of most countries exclude the Heir Apparent from the active exercise of power. Like the last Prince of Wales, too, the present Prince has in vain demanded military employment. If he is a Field Marshall without ever having seen a skirmish, that is not his fault.

THE COUNTRY OF THE KURDS.

Among those who seem to be prepared to do their best to upset the quiet of the times the Kurds threaten to be prominent. The country they occupy is just such as had bred so many races of hardy warriors, and there are features of their military system which must always render them formidable to the inhabitants of any country in which they have become settled. The land of the Kurds is not very clearly defined. They run more or less wild over a stretch of territory, one part of which is nominally subject to Persia and the other to Turkey. Altogether it is reckoned that Kurdistan may be said to comprise about 40,000 square miles of country, the greater part, if not the whole, of which is of a mountainous character. It is broken up by ranges, among the peaks of which Mount Ararat is the most famous. The higher mountain ranges and peaks are clothed with magnificent forests of oak. Lower down equally splendid forests of walnut abound, while the valleys, wherever cultivated, yield bountiful supplies of corn, hemp, flax, tobacco, mulberries, melons, pumpkins, fruits of various other kinds, as well as a profusion of flowers, the most famous of which is a gigantic rose. All writers on Kurdistan mention one very remarkable product of the region. That is a kind of manna, or, as it is called in the language of the country, the "Divine sweetmeat." The natives go out before sunrise, lay cloths beneath the trees, and shake down the manna from the leaves. It abounds chiefly on the oak trees, but is found on some others, and also to some extent on the rocks. The Kurds do not devote much attention to the cultivation of the land, much of which seems capable of yielding such splendid results. The tending of sheep and goats seems to be more to their taste, as it falls in to some extent at least with their roving proclivities. They have splendid sheep and often own large numbers of them.

But what the Kurds pride themselves on especially is their breed of horses, of which they seem to be as fond as the Arab is reputed to be. They have oxen for beasts of burden, the roughness of the country forbidding the employment of the camel to any very great extent. The horse, however, is the pride of the Kurd and the source of much of what little wealth they can boast. Their horses are small, but are said to be wonderfully active and enduring, and have long been in great demand for the armies both of Turkey and Persia. It is the great number of horses the Kurds possess and the dashing, adventurous nature of the warfare they wage when mounted on them that render them so troublesome for neighboring people to deal with. Moreover, the Kurds themselves are so given to internal strife that they are always well practiced in the use of arms. The various tribes are under despotic chieftains, each of whom has his own fortress among the rocks, and between whom wars, on some pretext or the other, are continually being waged. They are given, too, to brigandage in many parts of the country, and this, of course, tends to develop the reckless, unscrupulous daring for which these mountain warriors are famed. At the same time they are described as hospitably disposed toward those who go among them and are fortunate enough not to arouse their curiosity or cupidity. This hospitality is due to their Mohammedanism, one form of which they profess in a certain loose, unorthodox fashion. Their women enjoy, as a rule, liberties which are altogether opposed to the teaching of the Koran. A few of the women, those of the very highest rank among them, are scrupulous to wear the veil, but the middle and lower classes do not do so. They are often extremely beautiful when young, but are apt to wither and fade in appearance very early in life. As for the men, they are among the finest fellows in Asia. They have light complexion, animated expression and dark, flashing eyes. They have, as a people, full foreheads and finely cut features, small and handsomely formed hands and feet, and their incessant activity affords them muscular development and strength, which has rendered them at all times formidable foes. Almost every man is mounted and carries a spear about four feet long, a bow nearly six feet long, together, of course, with a quiver of arrows, and very often a sling.

VARNISH ON THE CHURCH PEWS.

There was the queerest scene at one of the churches last Sunday. It seems that during the vacation the seats had been varnished, and somehow the varnish was not right, as it was terribly sticky. You know when you pull anything off sticky varnish that it cracks. Well, the audience had all got seated, when the minister got up to give out the hymn, and as the basement of his trousers let loose of the varnish on his chair there was a noise like killing a fly on the wall with a palmleaf fan. The minister looked around at the chair to see if he was all present, and that no guilty man's pants had escaped, and read the hymn. The choir rose with a sound of revelry, and after the tenor had swallowed a lozenge and the bass had couched up a piece of a frog, and the alto had hemmed, and the soprano had shook out her polonaise to see if the varnish showed on the south side, the audience began to rise.

One or two deacons got up first, with sounds like picket firing in the distance on the eve of battle, and then a few more got up, and the rattling of the unyielding varnish sounded as though the fight was becoming more animated, and then the whole audience got on its feet at once with a sound of rattling musketry. The choir sang "Hold the Fort." When the orchestra had concluded, the people sat down gingerly. The services were short, and all went home praying for the man that painted the seats.—*Peck's Fun.*

—A Brantford young lady is already disgusted with the new post-office. She says she can't get any more letters at the new place than she could at the old one.

—That telegraph pole at the corner of James and Stuart streets ought to be arrested for disorderly conduct. It is continually trying to tie itself in a knot.

—The man was drunk, or he wouldn't have said that it didn't pay Tecumseh for to see such poor a-moose-ment.

—Gough took a hough and went ough.

THE "DESAVING WIDDY."

How Peter Mulrooney Married Her.

Some twenty years subsequent to my parting with Peter Mulrooney I chanced to fall in with him again in rather an unexpected manner. Business of some importance having taken me to the city, I was traversing pretty rapidly one of its meaner streets, when I heard myself suddenly hailed by name in an accent peculiarly Irish; and, turning round, discovered Peter approaching me with his usual loping gait. He was so altered in his habiliments from the picture I vividly retained in my memory of the blundering, blarneying Irishman who took my cow to market, that if had not been for his voice I dare say I should have passed him without recognition. But the voice—that voice—it was Peter's peculiar shibboleth.

Mr. Mulrooney, whom I only remembered in a bluish-gray coat, a light, flexible hat, and thick brogans, was now dressed in a threadbard suit of black, a silk hat with the crown sunk in and well worn at the edges, and a pair of thin dress boots elaborately patched. With his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his greasy hat thrust jauntily on one side of his head, he reminded me more of one of those needy actors, whose personal appearance is so often stereotyped as of this fashion in the novels of the day. My words naturally took the color of my thoughts.

"Why, Mulrooney," said I, "is that you? What are you playing now?"

"Faix, Mr. Urbin," he replied, "it's little ye'd be afther guessin' if ye thryed ever so much. Sure it's a grate gintleman I am since I left sarvice an' set up for myself."

"A gentleman! What sort of a gentleman, Peter?"

"Misther Mulrooney, if ye plase," said he, correcting my familiarity with one of his droll looks. "Och, but it a rare country this is, anyway! Beyant the wather it was Pether here an' Pether there, till sorra a bit I know'd of any other name but Pether. But here the conversation of the ladies an' gintleman is illigant in the extreme, and the grate politishuners, in their corresponderce wid me, write the beautifullest letters, shupercribin" them, 'Misther Mulrooney, Esquire' Faix