

Mrs. Theophilus, will be well off with such a coadjutor in her plans, if she only cures the young thing of the perverse habit of daring to differ from the Burnish creed. But I advise you, my boy, to come to me of an evening, or go anywhere in the meditative twilight, rather than consult as the stars of your destiny the bright eyes of this damsel.

"I have already told you your advice on that subject is superfluous, Shafton."

"Well, say as you will; I see breakers ahead, and I warn you. My aunt, in her quiet way, would like nothing better than to embroil you with your father; and I leave you to judge whether anything would more completely give her that satisfaction than an imprudent love affair. My poor mother's case has served the family for a substantial slandering dish, a *'pièce de résistance'*, ever since it occurred, which is now one year before the world was enriched with the presence of Shafton Keen."

"Ah! but that was truly a sad affair. I never look at that sweet picture at Draneton Manor, of my father's only sister, your poor mother, but the thought of her having, as Lady Burnish says, married a man who broke her heart, and spent her fortune, seems like an impossible outrage on one so pure and good; and you too, Shafton, you have been most deeply injured."

"A common case, Delamere," was the reply, with a forced laugh. "My father took to the consuming instead of the producing department. He was the victim of logic."

"Of what, Shafton?"

"Of logic—the right use of reason, or the rules by which to regulate reason, as the books have it."

"The victim of anything rather than reason, I should say," remonstrated Delamere.

"No. He reasoned thus—If good and honorable men establish a certain highly respectable trade approved of all, and grow rich, and become the praise of all sorts of people—win, absolutely, golden opinions everywhere—it must be right and wise to patronize them—to help to build their fortunes—to swell the triumph and partake the gale." Only you see, in this case, the gale bore these great ships into a deep current, where they floated famously, and drove my father's little barque upon the rocks, where it broke up, and I only have escaped to tell the tale."

There was a touch of rough pathos in Shafton's voice as he spoke that made Delamere silent; indeed, he had been trained to a sort of patronizing pity for his cousin, which the latter often resented, and it might be that his sensitiveness detected some emotion of the kind in Delamere's look, for he added in a minute,—

"But the blast has blown—laid low the fair young mother, and, a few years later, to the great joy of every heart but one, the father, with his faulty logic. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and here I am, ready and able to work, and not likely to want employment as long as my uncles, and others like them, benefit the world, by manufacturing the means of breaking heads, and limbs, and hearts, *ad libitum*. But, rough fellow as I am, no philosopher nor philanthropist—I'd rather mend the fractures they make, than share their gains."

"You were not forced in the choice of a profession, you might have studied for the church if you had chosen," said Delamere.

"No, no, my boy; I'm bad enough,—a cross-grained bit of stuff, no doubt—but the shameful enormity of professing to deliver God's awful message, and putting the devil's paraphrase in its place, is an ingenuity of profanity that I leave to Mr. Septimus Veering, and go content to my bone-setting."

"You are too bad—too severe; I don't like Mr. Veering and his smooth ways, but you put it in too strong a light."

"You should hear a patient that I have just now in Middlesex Hospital," said Shafton. "It's refreshing to hear that man talk. He has been a great drunkard, and is ill of an incurable disease. When I spoke to him of his habits, the fellow said,—I never drank anything but Christian gin and orthodox beer; and when I asked for an explanation, the names of my two uncles were given as guarantees for the excellence of the beverages he had quaffed. I was glad, Delamere, that I bore my poor dead father's name, despised as it is among you, rather than that quoted by this poor wretch in his agonies. When the chaplain spoke to him about his sin, he asked, 'Whether poisoning on Christian principles was murder?' and puzzled the clergyman, who is really a good man, terribly. He has been a literary man, very clever, I should think; but there he is, dying by inches, and one of his amusements is counting up the great religious meetings my uncles have presided over, this Spring, the times they have spoken or voted on questions of social morals in the House, and then making a calculation of the cost of what he calls Distillers' and Brewers' Philanthropy."

"'Tis a diseased mind, Shafton, and, I should think, contagious, by your perverse humor."

"I wish it were contagious—'twould be capital to inoculate with that virus. If people, before they sink, could reason as they do when they are in the slough, Burnish & Co.'s Entire would be entirely superseded, and Burnish's Old Tom would die of decrepitude."

At this point of the conversation, Delamere's patience or convictions gave way, and with a hasty adieu, he left the cousin alone to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.

(To be continued.)

## Our Casket.

### BITS OF TINSEL.

The man who had no music in his sole—The chap who wears rubber boots.

Men can by no possibility become female clerks; but there is nothing to prevent women becoming mail clerks.

Sometimes when a man falls down he is said to have slipped up. Such are the inconsistencies of our language.

In good old Bible times it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, but nowadays nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.

Life is like a harness. There are traces, cares, lines of trouble, bits as good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one, "He was nailing on his last foot."

"I don't like these shoes," said a lady customer, "because the soles are too thick." "Is that the only objection?" blandly asked the shopkeeper. "Yes," was the reply. "Then, madam, if you take the shoes, I can assure you that that objection will gradually wear away."

"Halloo!" shouted one boy to another whom he saw running wildly down the street. "Halloo! are you training for a race?" "No," called back the flying boy, "I'm racing for a train."

A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft, but keep him there too long and he hardens."

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Lord Erskine, observed he was afraid he was intruding on his lordship's ear—"Oh, not at all," observed Erskine; "I have not been listening."

"You ought to put a sign over that hatchway," said a policeman to a storekeeper, "or some one may tumble into it." "All right," replied the merchant; and he tied one of his "Fall Opening" placards to the railing.

A story is told of an Anglo-German printer, who having worked a job for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der job is not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

"Why," he pleaded, "our very circumstances bind us together: our similar tastes, our friendship, long acquaintance"—"Yes," she replied, "Even age could bind us together." "What age, dearest?" he asked. "Mucilage," answered she, gleefully. A minute later, as he paste up and down the room alone, he realized that his failure was complete.

"My son," said a Boston man the other morning as the milkman's boy entered just at breakfast time with the supply of milk. "My son, I have noticed a singular appearance about the milk recently. It appears to be covered with a thick, yellow substance after it has stood for some time. Can you explain this phenomenon?"

"Tain't no phenomenon; it's cream," said the boy, "that's all the best of the milk, sir."

THE PATHFINDER.—A manual of helps for the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Ordered by the National Temperance Convention, held in Detroit in 1883. Edited and compiled by Mrs. E. G. Greene, President of the W. C. T. U. of Vermont. 12mo, 183 pages. Price 25 cts. It contains forms of organizations for local Unions, together with election of officers, committees and their duties, delegates to conventions, plans for institution, list of departments, with a full description of each, list of Superintendents, together with their duties, etc., etc. It gives full description for forming local Unions, and how to conduct them. It also contains an introduction by Miss F. E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and will be found valuable to every member of the Union. Published by and for sale by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, J. N. Stearns; Publishing Agent, 53 Reade Street, New York.