

do, George Morely told her plainly enough that she was behaving very badly, and that he would give his countenance to nothing of the sort.

Mrs. Morely, however, persisted, and one morning started off to Farnham on foot for her husband would not drive her there, to give information to Mr. Bingley's solicitor where the missing young lady was likely to be found.

But scarcely had Mrs. Morely left the home-stand on her inhospitable errand, when George Morely told Laura the whole story, offering, at the same time, to drive her, if she wished it, to a distant railway station.

We can understand how gratefully this offer was accepted.

When Mrs. Morely returned to Southdale, Laura was gone, and the farmer's wife was thus unable to demand the full reward.

But her information proved two things clearly to Bingley. One was, that Laura was alive and well; another, that he knew where she had now gone.

She had told George Morely that she was going to London, and Mrs. Morely, of course, repeated this to Bingley and his solicitor.

So she got something, after all, for her trouble, but not enough to repay her for the very serious quarrel which took place between herself and her husband on the subject. And after all, she loved him better than money, and was thus a loser by the transaction.

Bingley again went to London, with renewed hope, to search for Laura. He knew all about the notes now which had brought such trouble on the poor girl, and how they had come into her possession.

But it suited him to keep the secret; but when he found Laura lying in a London hospital, he knew what would certainly have weakened his power over her if the truth had been told.

After her arrival in London, Laura took a little room in an obscure street, and tried to earn a livelihood, but had no chance among professional workers.

Penniless, half-starved, and utterly weary and disappointed, she was run over in the streets, and carried to an hospital.

And on this visiting day, when Bingley and the detective officer had left the ward, the house-surgeon bent down and said in Laura's ear, "You had better tell me your story, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

She fixed on him a frightened, appealing look, and the cold, practical doctor felt a strange and unaccustomed emotion stir in his heart.

"Keep quiet now," he added, "and do not be afraid. No one shall take you away from here without your own consent. I will come and see you in the evening, and if you like then to tell me your story, I will do what I can for you."

Laura decided to tell Doctor Hay everything.

Bitter experience had come to her since she had fled from Farnham. She knew now that to struggle on in London without friends or help of any kind would be a hopeless effort. And she knew now, also, that she would rather stand before a criminal bar than marry Bingley.

(To be Continued.)

SCENE—A COURT.

"Do I understand, Mrs. Sloan," said the magistrate, "that you make a charge of attempted infanticide against your husband?"

"Well, not exactly that," replied Mrs. Sloan.

"You see, I—"

"One minute—permit me to explain," exclaimed Mr. Sloan. "Your Honour, the situation is this. We have one baby, a year and a half old, and then we have twins just two months old. Little cherubs both of them. Their mother's turn-up nose, perhaps, but my eyes, and my amiable expression."

"His hair, too, your Honour," said Mrs. Sloan, "his hair—red."

"Before we were married, may it please the court," said Mr. Sloan, "she was fond of alluding to it as autumn. But no matter. She went yesterday to a Women's Suffrage Convention. I stayed at home with the children—three of them, your Honour. I have only two arms. When two of the little folks cried I would set down a silent one, and carried those that screamed. Then the one I put down would begin, and I'd have to pick him up and lay down another, and then it would scream. I tried to carry the odd one pig-a-back, but it was no use—he would slip down and bump his nose on the floor. Imagine the situation. It was hard. I was nearly wild—only two nursing bottles, too, and the third baby yelling like a Crow Indian while the twins were feeding."

"Couldn't he suck his thumb?" asked the magistrate.

"Mrs. Sloan won't let him. She closed the gate of joy, so to speak, against her own offspring! Absolutely prohibiting the child from sucking its own thumb! Nero, in his worst days, never went that far, I imagine."

"The historian forgot to mention it, if he did," said the justice.

"Precisely. Well, I got on as well as I could, when in comes a boy with a note from Mrs. Sloan saying that Mrs. Gibbs, the Vice-President of the Convention, wanted her baby out of the way while she was conferring with the Select Committee on ways and means, so in came the sergeant-at-arms with Mrs. Gibbs' baby for me to take care of. That made four. Your Honour, if Mrs. Gibbs' baby grows up and becomes a missionary, he can preach to the heathens in Africa without leaving home. He has

a voice like a fog horn. So he turned in and cried, and the other babies cried for sympathy."

"It was hard," said the magistrate.

"Hard! well, I'm an accommodating man, so I put one twin in one cradle, and rocked it with my right foot, and I put the other in another cradle and rocked it with my left foot; then I set Gibbs' baby on one knee and Johnny on the other, and by a peculiar action of my legs kept all four in motion at once. You understand? Well, sir, just as calmness began to prevail, in comes the sergeant-at-arms again with the secretary's baby. Said Mrs. Sloan had sent it while the secretary wrote up her minutes, and wouldn't I look after it for a while?"

"Was it asleep?"

"Well, no. Now I don't want to exaggerate, your Honour. I am under oath, and I shall try to state the facts mildly. But I am sadly mistaken if you couldn't blow a church organ with the secretary's baby's left lung! It whooped and hallooed in such a manner as to alarm me. Then Gibbs' baby joined in and they gave a duet. Pretty soon our three turned up for a chorus—and—well, suppose a whole orphan asylum should suddenly have a spasm of stomach-ache, and you can form an idea of the racket."

"Continue: you quiet them by singing to them?"

"No, sir; you couldn't have heard a bass drum in that room."

"What did you do?"

"I gave the family Bible to one twin, and put Webster's Unabridged Dictionary on the lap of the other, merely to play with. I thought I'd go downstairs and get some milk for the whole crowd. I did. When I came up, as I had only two nursing bottles, I emptied a bottle of hair restorer which Mrs. Sloan uses—"

"I don't," exclaimed Mrs. Sloan.

"And a castor oil bottle. I put the milk in those and in an old paregoric bottle, punched holes through the corks, and handed them round. When I came to the twins they had the Bible and Dictionary lying right on their bosoms, and they were blue in the face; too heavy, your Honour! So I had to pick them up and scold them a couple of times in the bathtub to bring them two, and when I got back into the room with them I found Gibbs' baby in spasms from the taste of the hair restorer, and the secretary's baby had swallowed the cork, and the other child looked as if the castor oil bottle had not agreed with it. A minute later in came Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Gibbs, and they hustled me out. I don't know what happened after that, but I believe it was old Gibbs who put up Mrs. Sloan up to charging me with murder."

"The case is dismissed," said the judge, and the Sloans withdrew.

Mrs. Sloan has hired a nurse.

—Scottish American.

HEARTH AND HOME.

WHITE satin shoes may be cleaned by rubbing them with blue and stone flannel, and afterwards cleaning them with bread.

COLD boiled potatoes used as soap will clean the hands, and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not overboiled are the best.

TEA-LEAVES, when used for keeping down the dust when sweeping carpets, are apt to stain light colours; salt is best in the winter, and new mown hay in the summer.

RUSTY black Italian scape may be restored by dipping in skimmed milk and water, with a bit of fine glue dissolved in it, and made scalding hot. It should be clapped and pulled dry, like muslin.

THE white of an egg, into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a jelly, is a capital remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain upon a piece of lint, and be changed as often as it becomes dry.

A LUMP of fresh quinine, the size of a walnut, dropped into a pint of water, and allowed to stand all night, the water then being poured off from the sediment and mixed with a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, forms a good wash for scurf in the hair. It is to be applied to the roots of the hair.

CELERY FOR RHEUMATISM.—There is no definite limit to the quantity of celery that should be taken in severe cases of rheumatism or gout. Too much cannot be eaten while it is digested. The cause of rheumatism or gout is a deficiency of alkalies in the blood and an excess of fibrin; both caused by flesh-eating, and consequently a deficiency of oxygen in the blood. The whole evil is certainly and completely remedied by ceasing to eat flesh at all, and eating fruit and vegetables. But celery, of all vegetables, does the work required more effectively and rapidly, cooked for meat for dinner in milk. Another way: Boil whole sticks of celery; when soft take out, cut lengthwise in slices and dip in butter, then fry in olive oil. It may be eaten raw as long as digestible as well. In severe cases of rheumatism it is to be drunk as well as eaten; the water celery is boiled in, as above, to be drunk. Or a stick a day, boiled down until all is dissolved except a little stringiness; remove it, add the juice of one lemon, and drink it. Such a thorough plan of eating and drinking celery will remove rheumatism or gout in a month or two. Of course, no flesh should be eaten, or alcohol drunk. More, it is certain—indeed infallible—if attended to as above.

WHOLESALE ASSASSINATION.

No better exemplification of the immutable decrees of an overruling Providence, or, in other words, no better confirmation of the truth of the French proverb "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*," can be seen than in the failures of the attempts at wholesale assassination which from time to time we see occurring in Europe. The societies which have resorted to this infamous expedient in the hope of serving their cause have invariably failed to gain their object or to destroy their intended victims. They have only succeeded in every instance in damaging their cause. The feelings of abhorrence with which such proceedings are regarded by all right minded people are intensified, and are also shared by the most apathetic and indifferent on hearing of such outrages as what is known as the "Clerkenwell explosion" the nihilist explosions in Russia, and quite lately, the attempt to blow up the Salford barracks in England, when again a number of innocent victims were sacrificed. It is difficult to imagine the amount of prejudice and bigotry that seems to exist, and leads some people (happily a minority) to sympathize with such murderous bungling and cowardly miscreants. Murderous and bungling they have proved to be, while I also use the word "cowardly" advisedly, because although some of those implicated in the Russian conspiracies met their death with firmness, I am inclined to attribute their fortitude to the influence of fanaticism rather than bravery.

The "infernal machine" of the notorious Fieschi in 1832 is a case in point. He showed it to his mistress and accomplice Nina Lassave, who at once emphatically denounced the project. "I am only a girl," said she; "but did I want to shoot Louis Philippe I would shoot him boldly and then shoot myself." Notwithstanding this expression of her disapproval, Fieschi determined to carry out his diabolical intention. As it is now almost a forgotten incident the recapitulation of the circumstances may prove interesting.

It appears that Fieschi, a Corsican, strongly imbued with Republican principles and a hatred of Monarchy, believed he would be serving the ends of his party and advancing his own ideas by the destruction of King Louis Philippe and his family. He and his confederates were aware that on the 25th of July, 1845, a review would take place in commemoration of the three glorious days of the revolution of 1830, and that the king with some of the Royal Family would be present. Accordingly they hired a house overlooking the Boulevard and planted their "infernal machine" at an open window on the third story. Its construction was very simple. It consisted of an oblong table of a little less width than the window, and a little shorter than an ordinary musket barrel. The top of this table had twenty-five grooves of about an inch wide, running from end to end. These twenty-five grooves served as beds for as many musket barrels, loaded each with a heavy charge of powder, two balls entire and a third ball divided in four quarters. The barrels having been placed in position, one of Fieschi's accomplices red-past the window on horseback, in order that the necessary a gle of depression might be obtained. Fieschi himself undertook to fire off the machine by means of a lighted fuse and a train of gunpowder laid over the touch-holes of the musket barrels. He did so just as the king and his three eldest sons, the Duke of Orleans and Nemours, and the Prince of Joinville, surrounded by the staff and officers of the highest rank, were passing in range of the deadly instrument. A tremendous explosion was heard—a shower of bullets and slugs fell amongst the cortege surrounding the king whose arm was slightly grazed by a ball, while his horse was shot in the neck. His sons escaped unhurt. But the brave Marshall Mortier (Duke of Trévise) fell dead, splashing Tuilers with his blood. One General, a Lieutenant Colonel, a Captain and a Lieutenant of the Staff were instantly killed also by the discharge. The Duke of Broglie received a bullet in the collar of his coat. Numbers of spectators—men, women and children—were killed or severely wounded. The nature of the jagged wounds caused by the split bullets was such as in many cases to necessitate amputation. The National Guard guided by the cloud of smoke issuing from the window, rushed up to the room, where they found the author of all this carnage and suffering lying speechless on the floor, severely wounded about the head and face. He had intended to make his escape immediately after applying the light to the train of gunpowder, but, so heavy were some of the charges, that five of the barrels burst, the fragments injuring him so as to prevent his seeking escape in flight.

He was tried, convicted and executed as a patricide (that is to say, he was conducted to the scaffold bare-foot, his body covered with a shroud, his head and face with a black crape) along with two others whom he implicated in his confession. A third, also implicated by him, was on account of his youth not executed, but condemned to twenty years imprisonment.

It is a well known fact as remarked at the commencement of this sketch that such attempts weaken the cause they are intended to serve; nay, more than that, they even have a tendency to strengthen the cause of the opposite party. Fieschi's advocate was completely of this opinion, and had the unparalleled effrontery to adduce the fact of Fieschi's having strengthened the monarchy by his crime, as an extenuating circumstance! The defence of his client amounted in substance to this:—"I admit the enormous

guilt of his crime, but I submit to the Court that there are extenuating circumstances. He was in extreme poverty, and his consequent sufferings unsettled his mind. He made many victims, but he served the monarchy by his act. Those ill-fated victims have by their death preserved the constitutional monarchy of France. Could their manes revisit the earth, they would demand mercy for their penitent assassin." So far from influencing the Court in the prisoner's favour by this insidious appeal, a shudder went round at the idea that the constitution had derived any advantage from forty murders committed by Fieschi. The other plea—poverty—was preposterous. The money he laid out on his criminal designs would have kept him from starving. With regard to that, we see a parallel nearer home, and of a later date. We see the great part of a nation complaining of dire distress and poverty, receiving outside help with one hand—with the other paying out large sums to a Land League, a skirmishing fund, and for the purchase of arms. However, let us hope for more enlightenment for that portion of Ireland, and, as a consequence, "better times."

J. W. I.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE *Charivari* has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation.

THE *Gaulois* persists in talking about "Lord Gladstone." What what the French say if we spoke of the Marquis Grévy and Viscount Gambetta!

MELE SCHNEIDER purposes having a sale of all her jewels, works of art, bronzes, &c., before leaving her hotel in the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, recently sold to M. Elie Leon, a Paris share-broker.

LADIES who are recognized leaders in the fashionable world wear red feathers on red plush hats, and at the châteaux during the recent festive gaieties, red cloth mantles enlivened the ladies' promenades. Plaid plush is also employed, this being even more gaudy than red.

ONCE a week each pupil of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand gives one sou to certain pupils who are charged with collecting this subscription. The sum thus collected is devoted to the education of a poor boy whose situation is enveloped in the greatest mystery. He receives the same education as his companions, subscribes his sou as they do. The *promoteur*, the *aumônier* and one other person are alone in the secret of this discreet charity.

A SEALED packet, bearing the inscription, "Only to be made public in 1910," that is to say, thirty years hence, was recently sent to the National Library. The packet contains the papers of M. Paul de Musset, with curious revelations concerning the intimacy between his brother, the poet, and Madame George Sand, recently deceased, so that its secrets will be revealed only when a veil of silence shall have been thrown over the moving drama which is alluded to in *Elle et Lui*.

THERE is a spot in Paris which for loveliness may well challenge the whole world. It is the Parc Monceau. Anything more delightful than this spot cannot be imagined. It scarcely covers half a dozen acres, but these are laid out in the most extraordinary manner. Here the banana-tree may be seen in blossom; the rhododendron flourishes its ever-green leaves; the aloe, the palm, and the bread-tree mingle their graceful foliage; while every exotic seems to display its rare beauties as if it were indigenous. Well-shaded and beautifully laid out, this choice garden—for it can scarcely be called a park—attracts many females of the upper class, who here spend their hours during the summer in reading and working. They may safely count upon resorting here without molestation. Those who respect flowers seem fully to estimate the value of a sex of which they are the prototype.

HUMOROUS.

A NEW astronomer contends that the moon is fat. It will be round at the proper time all the same.

A GENTLEMAN was wondering why there are so many bad reputations, when a friend said, "It is probably because every man has to make his own."

THERE is one class of people who always have leisure to entertain you, and that is those who know more about your business than you know yourself.

OBSERVING little brother's remark before a room full of company—"I know what made that red mark on Mary's nose; it was the rim of John Parker's hat!"

AN Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, saying: "He jabbers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse!" Then, he jabbers, said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat!"

"CIPHERING."—School-boy (kept in).—"Let's see—one t'm's ought's ought—one t'm's two oh must be something—stick it down one."

FERTILITY of resource must always command admiration. A gentleman advertising in the *Kensington News* asks: "Can any lady (Church) with means love a gentleman, 20, at present penniless by unavoidable misfortune?"