

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

A Legend of Good St. Valentine.

St. Valentine at Peter's gate Did knock with might and main, Let me out for once, ere 'tis too late; My time has come again.

Then Peter slowly turned the key, And let the good saint go. It was the fourteenth of February, And the ground was white with snow.

His teeth gleamed clear and pearly, For he actually hadn't been out in broad day Since in the third century—early.

"But love," thought he, "and life and youth Are surely the same as of yore. I'll just go around and discover the truth, And make things as nice, if not more."

He really expected to be amused When he paid his first morning call; But the ladies "begged to be excused," They'd been all night at a ball.

So the saint in wonder turned away, And bravely tried once more; But here they all had visits to pay, And the footman shoved him the door.

But he still kept on, and tried all kinds— The good, the grave, the busy; He saw all sorts of brains and minds, Till they fairly turned him dizzy.

For one was practising Mendelssohn Alone in her maiden bower; Another was carving an old dry bone, While a third read Schopenhauer.

A fourth in water and oils could paint All things beneath and above; A fifth in good works was a perfect saint; But they'd no time to love.

Sadly St. Valentine floated back To the gate of good St. Peter. "Alas!" cried he, "of girls there's no lack, And I must say I seldom saw sweeter."

"They're good and pretty, gay and wise; They're nothing if not pedantic; They know what they like and what they despise, But they don't seem to be romantic."

Then St. Peter changed the brazen gate, And let in the dear saint again; Who'd been up early and stayed out late, And probably wanted his dinner.

MORAL. I pray, sweet maids and youths, beware, And mind what you're about; For now the saint's around, take care, Don't let him "in" and "out."

The Ae Geyden Link. (By John Abercrombie, Bridgeport, Conn.)

I'm wae, wae, tae see ye, my bonnie wee boy, The pride o' my heart and yer fond mither's joy; I'm wae, wae, tae see ye, my bonnie wee girl, The pride o' my heart and yer fond mither's joy.

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ing. The probability of Jeremy's stopping the beast at that distance—they were quite sixty yards off—was infinitesimal.

There was a second's pause. The snapping tip touched the retreating trousers, but did not get hold of them, and the contact sent a magnetic thrill up Ernest's back.

"Boom—thud—crash!" and the elephant was down dead as a doornail. Jeremy had made no mistake; the bullet went straight through the great brute's heart, and broke the shoulder on the other side. He was one of those men who not only rarely miss, but always seem to hit their game in the right place.

Ernest sank exhausted on the ground and Mr. Alston and Jeremy rushed up, rejoicing.

"Near go that, Ernest," said the former. Ernest nodded his head in reply, he could not speak.

"By Jove! where is Roger?" he went on, turning pale as he missed his son for the first time.

But at this moment the young gentleman hove in sight, and, recovering from his fright when he saw that the great animal was stone-dead, rushed up with yells of exultation, and, climbing on to the upper tusk, began to point out where he had hit him.

Meanwhile Mr. Alston had extracted the story of the adventure from Ernest.

"You young rascal," he said to his son, "come off that tusk. Do you know it it had not been for Mr. Kershaw here, who courted almost certain death to save you from the results of your own folly, you would be as dead as that elephant and as flat as a biscuit? Come down, sir, and offer up your thanks to Providence and Mr. Kershaw that you have a sound square inch of flesh left on your worthless young body!"

Roger descended accordingly, considerably crestfallen.

"Never you mind, Roger, that was a most rattling good shot of yours at his knee," said Ernest, who had now got his breath again. "You would not do it again if you fired at elephants for a week."

And so the matter passed off, but afterward Mr. Alston thanked Ernest with tears in his eyes for saving his son's life.

This was the first elephant they killed, and also the largest. It measured ten feet eleven inches at the shoulder, and the tusks weighed, when dried out, about sixty pounds each. They remained in the elephant country for nearly four months when the approach of the unhealthy season forced them to leave it—not, however, before they had killed a great quantity of large game of all sorts.

It was on the occasion of their return to Pretoria that Ernest made the acquaintance of a curious character in a curious way.

As soon as they got to the boundaries of the Transvaal Ernest bought a horse from a Boer, on which he used to ride after the herds of buck that swarmed upon the high veldt. They had none with them, because in the country which they had been shooting no horse would live. One day, as they were travelling slowly along a little before mid-day a company of bull vildbeests galloped across the wagon-track about two hundred yards in front of the oxen. The vortlooper stopped the oxen in order to give Ernest, who was sitting on the wagon-box with a rifle by his side, a steady shot.

Ernest fired at the last of the two galloping bulls. The line was good, but he did not make sufficient allowance for the pace at which the bull was travelling, with the result that instead of striking it forward and killing it, the bullet shattered its flank and did not stop its career.

"Dash it!" said Ernest, when he saw what he had done. "I can't leave the poor beast like that. Bring me my horse; I will go after him and finish him."

The horse, which was tied already saddled behind the wagon, was quickly brought, and Ernest mounting told them not to keep the wagons for him, as he would strike across country and meet them at the outspan place about a mile or so on. Then he started after his wounded bull, which could be plainly discerned standing with one leg up on the crest of a rise about a thousand yards away. But if ever a vildbeeste was possessed by a fixed determination not to be finished off, it was that particular vildbeeste. The pace at which a vildbeeste can travel on three legs when he is not too fat is perfectly astonishing, and Ernest had traversed a couple of miles of great rolling plain before he even got within a fair galloping distance of him. He had a good horse, however, and at last he got within fifty yards, and then away they went at a merry pace, Ernest's object being to ride alongside and put a bullet through him. Their gallop lasted a good two miles or more. On the level Ernest gained on the vildbeeste, but whenever they came to a patch of ant-bear holes or ridge of stones, the vildbeeste had the pull and drew away again. At last they came to a dry pan or lake about half a mile broad, crowded with hundreds of buck of all sorts, which scampered away as they came tearing along. Here Ernest at length drew up level with his quarry, and, grasping the rifle with his right hand, tried to get it so that he could put a bullet through the beast and drop him. But it was no easy matter, as any one who has ever tried to do so will know, and while he was still making up his mind, the vildbeeste slipped round and was untraced. Had his horse had his inside ripped out by the crooked horns, but he was an old hunter and equal to the occasion. To turn was impossible, the speed was too great, but he gained on the vildbeeste, and instead of

had been living, through and through. He wandered on aimlessly, till suddenly his tired horse put his foot in a hole and fell heavily, throwing him to his head and shoulder. For a few minutes his senses left him, but he recovered, and, mounting his worn-out horse, wandered on again. Luckily he had broken no bones. Had he done so, he would probably have perished miserably in that lonely place.

The sun was sinking now, and he was faint for want of food, for he had eaten nothing that day but a biscuit. He had not even a pipe of tobacco with him. Just as the sun vanished he hit a little path, or what might once have been a path. He followed it till the pitch darkness set in; then he got off his horse and took off the saddle, which he put down on the bare, black veldt, for a fire had recently swept off the dry grass, and, wrapping the saddle-cloth round his feet, laid his aching head upon the saddle. The reins of his horse he hitched round his arm, lest the animal should stray away from him to look for food. The wind was bitterly cold, and he was wet through; the hyenas came and howled round him. He cut off a piece of the raw meat and chewed it, but it turned his stomach and he spat it out. Then he shivered and sank into a torpor from which there was a poor chance of his awakening.

How long he lay so he did not know, it seemed a few minutes, it was really an hour, when he was suddenly awakened by the hand of somebody shaking him by the shoulder.

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City of Rest, and my wife and I, we must journey on, on, on, till we find it."

"Where do you come from now?" asked Ernest.

"From Utrecht, from out of the east, where the sun rises so red every morning over Zululand, the land of bloodshed. Oh, the land will run with blood there. I know it; Wilhemina told me as we came along; but I don't know when. But you are tired. Good! You shall sleep with Wilhemina; I will sleep beneath her. No, you shall, or she will be—what you call him—offended."

Ernest crept into the cavity, and at once fell asleep, and dreamed that he had been buried alive. At dawn he emerged, bade his friend farewell, and gaining the road rejoined the wagon in safety.

CHAPTER XXXII. ERNEST ACCEPTS A COMMISSION.

A young man of that ardent, impetuous, intelligent mind which makes him charming and a thing to love, contrasted with the young man of the sober, cautious, money-making mind (infinitely the most useful article), which makes him a "comfort" to his relatives and a thing to respect, avoid, and marry your daughter to, has two great safeguards standing between him and the ruin which dogs the heels of the ardent, the impetuous, and the intelligent. These are, his religion and his belief in women. It is probable that he will start on his erratic career with a full store of both. He has never questioned the former; the latter, so far as his own class in life is concerned, are to him all sweet and good, and perhaps there is one particular class who only shines for him, and is the sweetest and best of them all. But one fine day the sweetest and best of all throws him over, being a younger son and marries his eldest brother, or a paralytic cotton-spinner of enormous wealth and uncertain temper, and then a sudden change comes over the spirit of the ardent, intelligent, and impetuous one. Not being of a well-balanced mind, he rushes to the other extreme, and believes in his sore heart that all women would throw over as he and marry eldest brothers or superannuated cotton-spinners. He may be right or he may be wrong. The materials for ascertaining the fact are wanting, for all women engaged to impetuous young gentlemen do not get the chance. But, right or wrong, the result upon the sufferer is the same—his faith in women is shaken, if not destroyed. Nor does the mischief stop there; his religion often follows his belief in the other sex, for in some mysterious way the two things are interwoven. A young man of the nobler class of mind in love, is generally a religious man; his noblest affection lifts him more or less above the things of earth, and floats him on his radiant wings a day's journey nearer Heaven. If a man's religious belief is emasculated, he becomes suspicious of the "sweetest and best," he grows cynical, and no longer puts faith in superlatives. From atheism there is but a small step to misgony, or rather to that disbelief in humanity which embraces a profounder constituent disbelief in its feminine section, and in turn, as already said, the misogynist walks daily along the edge of atheism. Of course there is a way out of these discouraging results. If the mind that suffers and falls through its sufferings be of the noble order, it may in time come to see that this world is a world not of superlatives, but of the most arid positives, with here and there a little comparative oasis to break the monotony of its general outline. Its owner may learn that the fault lay with him, for believing too much, for trusting too far, for setting up an ideal as a goal, and exacting like himself, only several degrees lower, to be a proof; and at last may come to see that though "sweetests and bests" are chimerical, there are women in the world who may fairly be called "sweet and good." Or, to return to the converse side of the picture, it may occur to our young gentleman that although Providence starts us in the world with a full inheritance of indoctrinated belief in a given religion, that is not what Providence understands by faith. Faith, perfect faith, is only to be won by struggle, and in most cultivated minds by the passage through the dim, mirage-clad land of disbelief. The true belief is he who has trodden down disbelief, not he who has run away from it. When we have descended from the height of our childhood, when we have entertained Apollony, and, having considered what he has to say, given him battle and routed him in the plain, then, and not till then, can we say with guileless hearts, "Lord, I believe," and feel no need to add the sadly qualifying words, "help Thou my unbelief."

(To be continued.)

Various Odd Trees.

A "Kentucky coffee-tree" bears a broad, flat pod, something like the tamarind pod, and is said to make a fair sort of coffee.

The Cornelian cherry, from Italy, has a flat seedling about as large as an old-fashioned ox heart cherry.

Gerris oaks, from Turkey, keep their green leaves late. These outlast some of the green English oaks, and have even now only reached the falling stage that most of our indigenous trees reached more than a month ago. This Turkish oak bears a huge acorn, it is long, and grows on a long stem like a cherry, and is a very beautiful tree in this country. The pea is in a little pod not bigger than the pod of the sweet pea, but its yellow bloom in spring, on a tree near the lake, makes one of the charming sights of the park in May. Bad boys break off its branches in winter for use as "shiny" sticks in their games on the ice, and thus mar the symmetry of the tree.

The "inko" is a tree of the same family as the "Kentucky coffee-tree," and is said to make a fair sort of coffee.

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JOTTINGS FOR THE LADIES.

Latest Fashion Notes.