

been straining every nerve to better the condition and prospects of my poor little children, and you have ruined them!"

"Flo," she said, with passionate energy, "don't say that! I will give you every jewel I have, and they will more than discharge my debt to you; don't say I have hurt you by injuring your children. I have children of my own."

"You, Miss Cleveland!"

"I am not Miss Cleveland at all," she said, impatiently. "Listen, I said I would tell you my story, and I will tell it, however much it hurts me. When I came here, four months ago, I came full of hope, I go away full of despair."

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"In his grave," she answered, laconically. "I am not a runaway wife; my children are with his mother, poor little things; it was for their sakes that I did what my soul abhorred—played a game of systematic deception."

"When my husband died I was left with forty pounds a year, and four children to support on it. That is three years ago now, and at that time I believe I had beauty. At any rate I was told that I had, and I was sought for it, and for it only, I believe now, by a man who had been my husband's friend, and who then professed to be mine."

"I won't tell you his name, but I will tell you this, that he is a man well known in the legal world as one of the most powerful pleaders for women at the bar. I appealed to him for the sake of his old friendship for my husband, to get me a situation as a governess or a companion, or to help me to start a boarding-house—to do anything, in fact, that might help me to maintain my poor little children. And he affected to shrink with horror from the thought of my doing anything of the sort. 'It was not fitting,' 'it was incongruous,' he declared. And at last, about six months ago, when I was in very deep distress, he asked me to be his wife."

"He is a rich man, and I at once asked him if my children should be his, should share his property, should be educated as it behooved him to educate his children. And he said: 'Yes; when once we are married, everything in that way shall be as you will. But we cannot marry yet. I am engaged in a case in which I have employed all my eloquence to throw obloquy on a woman who takes a second husband. But these cases are soon forgotten, and then, dearest, your trials shall be at an end.'"

"I did not like his argument, but I was poor, miserably poor. Oh, Flo! you, who have a husband to fight for you and your children if the worst comes, don't know what I felt that day when he put me into a path of deceit, and bade me follow it for my little ones' sake. He engaged himself to me solemnly; he bound me to him, and then he counselled the strictest secrecy respecting our engagement. I was not to let it be known to a single member of my late husband's family, because 'they had prejudices, and were friends of his,' he said. And I swallowed that pill for my little children's sake."

"I was staying with my late husband's mother at the time, and my prudent lover at length objected to this arrangement. It placed him 'in a false position when he visited the family,' he said; he was afraid my looks and manner would betray me, and, for the sake of the future, there must be no quarrel. These and sundry other arguments he used with such effect that at last my mind was open to the reception of the suggestion that I should seek a home elsewhere for a time, in order that there should be no fear of our relative positions towards one another becoming known, until the recollection of the *cause célèbre* in which he was engaged had faded out of the public mind. Then it was that I advertised (under his orders), and then you answered me, and I came here."

"He supplied me with funds at first" (a scorching blush came over her face as she said this), "telling me that, as I was to be his wife, there was nothing in his doing so. And I came down here, my mother and sister-in-law all thinking that I was coming as governess to your children, and applauding me for my independent spirit—'my independent spirit,' when I was meanly deceiving them all at his bidding!"

"Well, I came here, as you know, came in a sort of dream, and left my babies with their grandmother; when I got here I wanted distraction, and as he had promised to pay the terms you asked, I felt justified in suggesting alterations and improvements that passed away the time. But only last week I had a shock—a letter from my mother-in-law, telling me in simple, gratified language, that he, the man whose wife I am pledged to be, is paying his address to one of her daughters!"

"Mrs. Forrester, often when I have found fault with things, and asked for them to be changed, I have been half wild with doubt and suspense, and have only found the fault in order to divert my own thoughts from that which they were always dwelling on. I have behaved miserably ill to you, I know; but think how I have been treated!"

"I wrote to him at once, on receipt of my mother-in-law's letter. I only wrote these words: 'Is it true?' I knew that his cleverness and his conscience would fill up the blank. And to-day I have heard that it is true; and my children wrote to me through their aunt in ecstasies about the kindness of their new uncle. Mrs. Forrester, which of us is the one most to be pitied?"

I was in deep household distress myself, but when I looked at the gray, haggard look which had crept like a cloud over her brilliant beauty

during the narration, I could not conscientiously lay claim to competing with her in misery. I still had Edgar to turn to.

"What will you do now?" I asked.

"Seek for a situation," she said curtly; "do anything—keep a shop if I can."

A bright thought struck me. I said to her; "Why should you not turn your bonnet-making talent to account? Take one room in the town for a show-room until your bonnets remunerate you, and stay with us till you can afford a house of your own."

"You won't turn me out—you'll trust me yet a little longer!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Indeed, we will."

"Then I have an additional incentive to be up and doing," she said, rising up and throwing up her arms as if she were throwing off a weight of care; "if you had turned against me it would have crushed me, I believe; but, as it is, I will work so well, and I will work at once—what will your husband say?"

"Being a man, he won't say that he always told me so," I said, laughing; "but he did think that a man would have gone to work in a more business-like way than I did."

"And if you had gone to work in a business-like way, as you call it, I should have been disengaged from my web of deception all the sooner," she said thoughtfully; "it's too late now to tell you that honesty is the best policy, but for your future guidance, Flo, let me tell you that it was the touch of pretentiousness in your manner that misled me. I shouldn't have put you to such expense if I hadn't fancied that expense was no object to you."

My tale is told now. "Miss Cleveland" was put on her mettle to redeem herself in our eyes, and as she had no fancy to be regarded as an adventuress, she did it nobly. Her millinery establishment is the first in the town, and people who are not in our secret wonder how it is that she always takes care that quietly I have the prettiest and newest of her bonnets and mantles. Her children are under her own wing now, and she looks back with a shudder to the time when "for their good," as she thought, she was ready to sacrifice herself and their father's memory to the heartless man who led her into a

As for ourselves, we have never answered any more advertisements: and as the children are growing up, I am able to decrease my establishment, and work harder at my art. I have sold off the Persian rugs, and reinstated the Venuses and plants, and my drawing-room is again the delight of my eyes and the pride of my heart—the head centre, so to say, of all manner of unconventional congruities. Whatever my difficulties with my bills are now, I refrain from mentioning them, for fear of Edgar counselling me, with a laugh, to take a short cut to fortune by looking out for a young lady who wants a home.

THE GLEANER.

AN Encyclical letter by the Pope condemning divorce has been published in Rome.

EMIGRATION from Italy has assumed the extraordinary proportions of an annual average of 130,000 persons.

THE Rhode Island Assembly has passed a bill punishing tramps with a year's imprisonment.

THE estate of Dornden, in Kent, belonging to the Marquis of Lorne, has been sold to Mr. James Harrison.

It is expected that the Queen will go to Germany soon, and probably visit the tomb of the late Princess Alice.

THE Duke of Devonshire has purchased a large quantity of champion seed potatoes, to be supplied to his tenants at 1s. per stone—cost price.

UNDER the ancient Maison Dieu, at Dover, has just been discovered a crypt, and in this crypt there has been found a chalk coffin, containing human remains.

THE great fire in Chicago in 1871 left only one church standing in the city. There are now, according to a recent enumeration, 213 churches there.

RUSSIA is said to be busy rebuilding Sebastopol. Sixty steel cannons of the largest size, and many armour plates, have recently been ordered in European foundries.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are said to have made up their minds to establish a fashion of 7 o'clock dinners, instead of those given at the absurd hour of 9.

THE Czar's body-guard is on duty day and night. Anybody entering the bedroom or the library of the sovereign would have to pass 200 Cossacks. Two soldiers sleep at the foot of his bed every night.

It is announced that Prince Leopold will visit Canada during the spring, leaving London in April. He will make a tour through the Western States, and probably engage in a buffalo hunt on the plains. He expects to be absent about a year.

A DEPUTATION of Dublin workmen has waited on the Lord Mayor, who expressed his disgust at the selfish language in which the men had urged their pleas for assistance. In the country the people were barely keeping soul and body together, and he would not deprive them of their meagre assistance to supply the men of Dublin with comforts.

VARIETIES.

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT ISANDLANA.—A letter from Natal gives some description of the thanksgiving services held throughout the colony, and especially at Isandlana, on December 9:—

The Bishop was accompanied by Archdeacon Usherwood, the Rev. G. Smith (acting chaplain to the forces, just made a chaplain), and Mr. C. Johnson, of the Basuto mission. The Bishop was met by the Bishop resident (Mr. W. D. Wheelwright), Mr. F. H. Fynn (resident magistrate), and more than a dozen English and Dutch gentlemen, and by Hiubi, the chief of the district, and fifteen of his chief men. The burial office was first said, and then the Holy Communion was celebrated, the Bishop preaching and explaining that he had three objects in view in holding that service:—(a) That the bodies of dear Christian men should not be left without one word of peace and love said over their graves; (b) that the protecting hand of Providence might be recognised; and (c) that a practical outcome of the work might be the establishment of a mission. The wooden slab used for the celebration of the Holy Communion forms the pedestal of a handsome iron cross, which was then firmly fixed upon a mound of earth and stones to mark the spot where the services had been performed, and where it is hoped a church will be built.

A CHURCH SERVICE AT SEA.—One of the most comical spectacles, says Dickens, I have ever seen in my life was "church," with a heavy sea on, in the Cunard steamer coming out. The officiating minister, an extremely modest young man, was brought in between two big stewards, exactly as if he were coming up to the scratch in a prize fight. The ship was rolling and pitching so that the two big stewards had to stop and watch their opportunity of making a dart at the reading desk with their reverend charge, during which pause he held on now by one steward and now by the other, with the feeblest expression of countenance, and no legs whatever. At length they made a dart at the wrong moment, and one steward was immediately beheld alone in the extreme perspective, while the other and the reverend gentleman held on by the mast in the middle of the saloon—which the latter embraced with both arms as if it were his wife. All this time the congregation was breaking up into sects and sliding away. And when at last the reverend gentleman had been tumbled into his place, the desk (a loose one, put upon the dining table) deserted from the church bodily, and went over to the purser. The scene was so extraordinarily ridiculous, and was made much more so by the exemplary gravity of all concerned in it, that I was obliged to leave before the service began.

THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—This was made by Messrs. Rundell & Bridge in 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwt. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the crown by His Majesty King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward the Third, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130, brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses, are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, and 87, rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; 32 pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table, 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendants pear-shaped pearls with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 224 brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants and 108 smaller brilliants.

THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.—The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which was on view last year at the Paris exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only five centimetres long by three and one-half centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, thirty verses occupying a space of somewhat less than eight square centimetres. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and reviser being so enormous that the attempts were given up time after time, no one being able to continue the work. In 1873 a fresh attempt was made to "set up" the "Commedia," and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the work occupied no less than five years in its completion. The text is that of Fraticelli, the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Busato, and the compositor Giuseppe Geche. The eyesight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, from whose article this notice is extracted, states that he is unable to form a judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the best magnifying glass he is unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been christened "La Dantina," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies of it are to be struck off, and will shortly be out upon the market, after which the type will be at once broken up.

LEARNING TO WRITE.—We believe that there is no single system of *écriture* for writing, and that a child, belonging to the educated classes, would be taught much better and more easily if, after being once enabled to make and recognize written letters, it were let alone, and praised or chidden not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold his pen as he likes, and make his strokes as he likes and write at the pace he likes—hurry, of course, being discouraged—but insist strenuously and persistently that his copy shall be legible, shall be clean, and shall approach the good copy set before him, namely, a well-written letter, not a rubbishy text on a single line, written as nobody but a writing-master ever did or will write till the world's end. He will make a muddle at first, but he will soon make a passable imitation of his copy, and ultimately develop a characteristic and strong hand, which may be bad or good, but will not be either meaningless, undecided, or illegible. This hand will alter, of course, very greatly as he grows older, it may alter at 11, because it is at that age that the range of the eyes is fixed, and short sight betrays itself; and it will alter at 17, because the system of taking notes at lecture, which ruins most hands, will have cramped and temporarily spoiled the writing; but the character will form itself again, and will never be deficient in clearness or decision. The idea that it is to be clear will have stamped itself, and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude, and angle, and slope, which the very irritation of the pupils ought to convince the teachers are, from some personal peculiarity, inapplicable. The lad will write, as he does anything else that he cares to do, as well as he can, and with a certain efficiency and speed. Almost every letter he gets will give him some assistance, and the master's remonstrance on his illegibility will be attended to like any caution given in the curriculum.

LITERARY.

BUCKLE at one time possessed 22,000 volumes, and, though he frequently sold parts of his library, the collection was seldom short of Milton, Burke, and the dictionaries. Of pipe and tobacco he was as fond as Carlyle.

LONDON *World*.—"Newman will live in the national memory, not only as a theologian, but as a writer who has made the English a more varied, subtle and sympathetic instrument than almost any other single master of prose."

It is stated that the life of the late Prince Imperial which is now being written by Paul de Cassagnac, is objected to by the ex-Empress Eugénie, notwithstanding this there is every probability of its being published in several European languages.

AN Italian priest and philologist, Bernardino Peyron, has discovered in the binding of a Greek manuscript from the ancient library of St. Ambrose, on Mount Athos, two fragments of St. Paul's Epistles in the Greek text. Similar fragments in Paris have long been highly valued.

At length, Edgar Allan Poe is to receive full justice at the hands of Mr. J. H. Ingram, of London, who has just ready for the press two volumes, treating of his whole career and its vicissitudes with great fullness, and with materials said to have been furnished by those who were in the closest relations to him and not heretofore known to the public.

AN agent of D. Appleton & Co., has been visiting Jeff Davis at Beauvoir, a station between Nashville and New Orleans, La., that firm being credited with the coming publication of the ex-President's memoirs. These will consist of two large octavo volumes, illustrated with the portraits of the officers of the Confederacy immediately under Davis. A large part of the first volume will expose the views of Mr. Davis as to the causes which led to the war.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly natural action to these two organs.