

all the time, and she looked so pretty and so happy. And I said, 'My dear,' I said, 'I hope you have both thought it well over. I'm not ashamed to ask if you really and truly love each other better than all the world beside, for I'm sure nothing but love that "many waters cannot quench" can give the power to act up to the beautiful words in the marriage-service. And, sir, though we never looked for our Sep to marry a gentleman like you, me and her uncle too had rather see her in her grave than marry for marrying's sake.' Then she told me he loved the child dearly; and Sep, she says in her grave steadfast way, 'Aunt Martha, I couldn't do that.' I thought 'twas my poor Charlotte speaking; and I up and told the Major that her father was an officer too, and that the O'Haras of O'Hara could hold their own with the best-born though they did leave the children to me, and I couldn't do more than treat her like my own; and she's been a good girl, and crying like anything in my room now.' And, after this incoherent speech, Mrs. Damer cried heartily herself.

Bell and Sophie whispered that white tulle over satin would look lovely, and after a while retreated to their sanctum above to "fit" a polonaise. Jack departed to his singing-class at the Oaklands; uncle Damer went out, and the Major also.

Twilight deepened, night came on apace; and Mrs. Damer, taking Sep's hand in hers, said—

"Promise, child—promise never to say a word, even to your husband, of my trouble. It would kill us if— Promise; and, when you give your word, child, I know you cannot break it. Think, Sep, what might happen if—"

Aunt Martha's eyes were full of such anguish as the mothers of erring sons alone may know.

"I promise, auntie," said Persephone, in the lilac-scented April gloaming; and as she did so there fell on her a shadow of sadness that her married life should begin with a secret that might not be told to her husband.

Fair as a poet's dream looked Sep O'Hara, on her wedding day and seventeenth birthday, in her robe of clinging muslin, with a knot of frail white roses at her breast—Roland's gift, and her sole ornament. The O'Haras of O'Hara, on being informed by Mr. Damer of the marriage of their granddaughter, had made an offering of dazzling carbuncles—"heirlooms"—which Sep steadfastly refused to wear. Very tenderly aunt Martha kissed the birdie who was leaving her nest; only the night before Sep had fetched a letter from the post-office addressed to "M.D.," and on the same evening Ned Elton, the one little boarder, had been reading to his master of the Irish judge who had condemned his own son to death, and there came into the old man's face just such a look as the Galway lawgiver might have worn; and he muttered, "Ay, ay, blood for blood; it is right!" The mother learned on that day that the brand of Cain lay on her firstborn, and that men sought him to slay him. Sep knew it as they threw over her the bridal veil; and on this, the happiest day of her young life, the child's heart was sore for the aunt who had taken the place of a mother.

As the sunlight, streaming through the stained windows, fell upon the young wife's head in a flood of painted gold, Sep, kneeling, thanked Heaven fervently for the wondrous happiness vouchsafed her.

Major Ashton had not acquainted his "people" with the precise date of his wedding. He would introduce the girl to his mother as the granddaughter of General O'Hara, knowing well the value of a name.

As soon as Sep found time to don her simple travelling-dress of brown silk shimmering with a golden tint, just the colour of her hair, Roland took her away from Octagon House out into the wide world; and by-and-by Sep found herself alone with him in a railway-carriage, with the first kisses of her husband on her lips.

The Damers made a little feast in the evening. Bell was proud to exhibit "Arry" in a state of devotion, Sophie danced till her feet ached, old Damer ate enormously of cold beef and pickles, talking of the "momentous and auspicious occasion" which had given rise to these rejoicings within the walls of Octagon House; whilst aunt Martha, alone, sitting on Sep's little bed in the darkness, prayed earnestly for strength to bear her lot.

In what a mantle of bliss was tender-eyed Persephone folded as she wandered through picture-galleries or cool dim cathedrals with her tall handsome soldier-husband, or made pleasant excursions to quaint flower-bedecked, leaf-embowered spots famous in song and story!

Once Sep, standing on the verge of a deep grassy dell where cup-mosses flowered and through which shining waters made melodious music, actually pinched her own plump white wrist to see if she really were a flesh-encumbered mortal or some spirit of happiness which might melt away at human touch, some supernatural creature hailing from that mysterious "somewhere where is never no rain, never sorrow in the air," and, the pain eliciting a smothered "Oh!" R. land exclaimed—

"Darling, what is it?"

"My bracelet hurt me," replied Sep; when he answered by caresses which sent the girl deeper into Dreamland than ever.

Aunt Martha and Octagon House and the old life seemed to have floated away as a vision. In these days of delight Sep scarcely found time to write to her aunt. She was living utterly and entirely in her golden present, and, when at

rare intervals she found herself alone in some gilded salon, she became lost in blissful reveries of the wondrous inheritance of joy which had fallen to her lot, only to be roused by her husband's step and voice.

Coming late one summer night into a little German town, they found great festivities going on in honour of a foreign prince who had wedded an English princess; and there Major Ashton took his wife to a public ball, the only gathering of the kind Sep had ever seen. But on that never-to-be-forgotten night there fell into the golden stream of her wedded happiness just one drop of alloy.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AT A MEXICAN HACIENDA.

A week's visit at the hacienda of Tepenacasco proved one of the most agreeable experiences of my whole tour. The house was approached from the main road by a long lane through fields of the purple-flowering alfalfa, a larger and hardier clover; past a dark-walled corral, or cattle-yard; a very long, step-roofed barracks for laborers' quarters; and by a pond embowered in willows. From a distance, with its numerous out-buildings, it had the appearance of a ducal residence. It is plainer when reached, the space immediately in front having a farm-yard appearance, and containing in the centre a very large stone threshing-floor of the kind in which it is customary to thresh out grain, just as in the *patios*, by troops of running horses. It is of rubble stone, plastered and neatly whitewashed; a single liberal story in height, the part devoted to the residence having large windows, covered with gratings, and a belfry on top. To this are added, on the flanks, such a collection of granaries and corrals that a façade is made of probably six hundred feet in length. Some fountains project from the wall beside a door opening to the family chapel. Over the main entrance-door, is an inscription: "*En aqueste destierro y soleado disfruto del tesoro de la paz.*" (In this retirement and solitude I enjoy the treasure of peace.) Each principal granary or barn (called *troje*) is inscribed also with its title. They are built to keep the contents cool and of an even temperature, with walls of great thickness. Butressed without, and with columns or piers of a yard square, running down the centre of the long dim interiors, they are more like basilicas of the early Christians than one's preconceived idea of a barn.

The buildings in the central clump, not counting those detached, cover alone between four and five acres of ground. The estate of which they are the focal point is eighteen miles in one dimension by six in the other, and contains not less than forty thousand acres. There are seventeen hundred head of neat cattle, and other things in proportion. On the pay-roll, in the week in which I was privileged to witness the operations, were laborers to the extent of eighteen hundred and fifty, men and boys. I confess to a fondness for country life, and with such a novel domain to explore, one must be difficult indeed not to be pleased. One day we mounted on horseback to go to visit the corrals, where portions of the animals are kept at night according to their changes of pasture; another, to the Ojo de Agua, a lovely spring, made mention of by Humboldt; again, to examine the different crops; again to various white hamlets that, like the city of Tulancingo, farther in the distance, dot the plain. At Acatlan is a most charming dark old ruined convent, with the green bronze bells yet hanging in the steeple. One day the household ensconced itself in a large wagon covered with willow boughs, and we drove to Zupitlan, a ruined hacienda, church, and hamlet on the estate itself, and held a picnic.

A high grassy hill, the Cerro, behind the house, affords wide views. We are in the midst of a level valley, with gently sloping mountains on all the boundaries. The leading crops are maize, barley, and maguey. The *tlachiquero* goes around every day, with his donkey carrying wine-skins, collecting the sweet sap from the maguey to make the *pulque*. He pours it into vats of skin in his department to ferment, treats it in his practised way for a fortnight or more, and then it is ready for sale. We see sometimes forty ploughmen come in and unyoke their teams of an evening. The agricultural implements of the larger sort in use are American, but ploughs, spades, picks, and the like are manufactured at Apulco, near by, more cheaply. There are interesting home-made wooden forks and shovels yet remaining. Among the rest, the veritable Egyptian plough, of wood, with but an iron point, is much more in use than the modern sort. And for its purpose of turning shallow furrows and ploughing between the rows of maize it appears, to tell the truth, not ill adapted. The ground is treated by irrigation, no less than eleven large dams, one of them creating a lake two miles long, being formed for this purpose. The portions of land used for cultivation are taken irregularly in various parts of the estate, according to their proximity to these. Each has its name, as Las Animas, San Antonio the Larger, San Antonio the Less.

But it is a grazing country, and the chief industries are the raising of animals and the making of butter and cheese. The greater part of the cattle are hornless, which is effected by a simple process of searing the tender horn when sprouting, after which it does not increase. The idea is worth attention by American farmers and those who have to do with the transportation of

cattle. The calf here remains with its mother under all circumstances. It is a quaint sight at milking-time to see it lassoed, waiting, by no means patiently, the conclusion of the ceremony. Each of the departments is under the command of its own chief, and an accurate supervision and record is made of the whole. The book-keeper, "Don Angel," a taciturn young man, native of old Spain, with a talent for minutiae, fills out weekly, in a blank form, a statement going into the closest detail. For keeping the tally of revenues which amount to \$20,000 a year his own salary is \$400 and "found." The administrator, "Don Rafael," is paid \$1000, and has, besides, various lands and *casitas* of his own—a person of substance, in fact. He is a steady-going man of middle age, with a prominent scar on his forehead. I imagined some interesting story. No, he said it was got in breaking a vicious horse. A sensible man lets fighting alone; there are enough at that already. The Americans have excellent ideas. They all work; all wish to improve and make money. Without money a person might as well take himself off to the cemetery at once.

The butter and cheese-making is under control of "Don Daniel." He is a large, handsome young man, with rosy cheeks, coal-black hair and beard, and excellent teeth—a picture of health. He is of a lively turn of mind, assembles around him congenial spirits, and the trumming of a guitar, and such choruses as,

"Amarillo el, amarillo no,
Amarilla y verde me lo pinto."

may be heard from his room long after the sedate and the fatigued have gone to bed. Another inmate of the household is a youth of eighteen, a very voluble young person, Salvador, who profits himself often as a guide. He is a cadet learning the business of conducting a hacienda; or, as some think, a young scapegrace of good connections put here to be kept out of mischief. Outside the household are the *mayordomo* and the *sobresaliente*, chief aids of Don Rafael; the *pastero*, who looks after the pastures; the *caporal*, who has principal charge of the stock. These are officials of a humble order, dark, blanketed men, bandit-looking enough on horse-back, but in reality as gentle as need be wished for. The *peons*, or day-laborers, live in about as poor a condition as the Irish pea-ants—except for having the advantage in climate—receive from six to thirty-seven cents a day for their labor, and seem without either chance or ambition to better themselves. There is a prison-room at the mansion, where one is occasionally locked up for a couple of days. Not that this is permitted by law, but "they are not civilized," as the proprietor explains, in English which still leaves something to be desired. "Nobody makes any disturbance about it, and otherwise they would not work."

The family spends a small portion of the year here, in an informal style of living. Servants and all call the young mistress Cholita, a diminutive of her name, Soledad. There is no expectation of receiving or paying visits in the neighborhood. Social life, owing to the distances and the scarcity of neighbors, does not exist. It must have been lonely indeed for the young American girl who had been employed as governess of small children in the adjoining hacienda shortly before. The dogs swarm in and out over everything. The place is kept as a big, generous farm-house, and not as a villa. It has been designed for greater state in its time. The old furniture, of the style of the First Empire, would command a premium from bric-a-brac dealers. The rooms are large and finely proportioned. There are an actagou chamber, with beds in columned niches, and another having the bed raised upon a platform of highly palatial effects. The first proprietor is said to have been a man, finally ruined by his extravagances, who had half Tulancingo at his table; and it he were inspired by a sudden notion to go to the capital, one hundred and thirty miles, say, distant, he rode his horses till they dropped dead under him.—W. H. BISHOP, in *Harper's*.

HE USED TO BE A BOY HIMSELF.

The other day a show came to Little Rock and was shamefully imposed upon by Uncle Isom. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of low spirited boys grieving on account of financial depression.

"Does yer youngsters want to go der show?" he asked.

The boys responded in noisy chorus.

"Well, come on, den. I ust to be a chile myself, an' unlike the most of men, I haint forgot it. Count dese boys," he added, addressing the door-keeper. The man began counting, and by the time the boys had passed in Isom was walking round, talking to acquaintances from the plantation.

"Here," said the showman, "give me twenty tickets."

"What for? Does yer take me for a lottery agent?"

"You passed in twenty boys, and I want the tickets or the money."

"I doan owe yer no tickets, and I doan owe yer no money. I didn't tell yer ter pass dese boys in. I said count 'em. I always heard that showmen is good on rithmatic, an' I wanted to satisfy myself. You say dat der was twenty boys. I doan 'spite your word, case I ain't no mather-tisian. Sposen I take a lot ob boys ter de cashier ob a bank and axes him to count 'em, does dat signify dat the cashier is going ter pass 'em into de money room. No sah. Go back ter yer tent. I sees a crowd going in."

The showman, remembering that he had left the entrance unguarded, turned and Isom walked away.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE celebrated pistol-shot, Mr. Ira Paine, has been frequently matched against the crack Paris marksmen, and has thoroughly defeated them.

A PILGRIMAGE on a grand scale is being organized for a visit to the holy shrines at Jerusalem. Every facility is offered to the faithful for the voyage.

It appears that *Lohengrin* will not be performed at the Théâtre des Nations until next winter, and in *Italian*. In this way it is hoped all difficulties will then be avoided.

At the Porte St. Martin Theatre the lions in *La Biche au Bois* do not attract an audience, and it is said the poor beasts have got home-sickness from seeing a desert nightly before them.

It has just been discovered that the number of persons present at the Opera Ball on the 14th ult., was 3,968, composed of 2,239 gentlemen in evening dress, 688 men in costume, and 1,041 women in costume or domino.

THE Jeunesse des Clubs has been very hard hit by the recent Stock Exchange panic. A Princess in print (reading the golden youth a lecture) says that in former times when twenty-five ruined itself, it was for pleasure, not for pelf. True old-fashioned French ideas.

THE Paris Gun Club has a lawn tennis court attached, which boasts of some first-rate French players. An English player, a Mr. William Dowel, we are informed, has arrived to snatch the laurels from the brows of the two crack players, M. Bringuand and M. Gaspard Errazu.

Mlle. JEANE BECKER was astonished on her arrival at Monaco, to play in *La Mascotte*, by a bouquet of orange flowers, which took three men to carry it. But there was a provoking part to the pleasant part, namely, not a note nor a card to say whence it came.

MAGNETISM is all the rage in Paris at present. Donato sees a new rival springing up every day. From England, Italy, Belgium, America the magnetizers arrive, and "subjects" are in great demand. Some of the curled and scented gentlemen of the Faubourg Saint-Germain are elaborating a new figure for the cotillon, to be called the figure of magnetic sleep.

THE anti-Semitic agitation which has so ravaged Germany and Russia has not as yet broken out in France, but the hatred of the Hebrew race has long smouldered, and they who have failed to perceive this feeling may find themselves walking *per ignes suppositos cereri doctos*. A journal called the *Anti-Jew* has been established here for the propagation of this prejudice, and has already attained much support; and it is more than probable that were the red fool fury of the Seine to pile its barricades with dead again, as Tennyson says, the treasures heaped by the Jews in their many gorgeous palaces would not pass through the ordeal scathless as they escaped during the Commune.

SOME years ago several prominent families in the American colony were much annoyed by receiving showers of anonymous letters, written in a grossly insulting and vulgar style. The services of a Parisian detective being called in the author of these missives was speedily discovered, and only escaped punishment by a prompt flight from the city. The *Continental Gazette* says that the annoyance has commenced again in a different quarter, and the same remedy will be resorted to which proved so effectual in the former case. The peculiar combination which can induce a man or a woman (it is generally the latter) to indulge in the petty emission of venom involved in the sending of an anonymous letter is seldom united with sufficient cleverness to enable the writer to elude the researches of a trained detective.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-o-w