

was also a lot of pipes, and on the right of the French clock, which held the place of honor on the mantel, a deck of cards. One noticeable thing about these was that the topmost card, with face up, showed either the queen of hearts or the jack of spades. If the former, it was one of the boys who had put it there. If the latter, it was one of the girls. A last detail. On the wall, to the left of the mantel, hung a magnificent tobacco pouch of scarlet flannel wrought with glass beads and porcelain ornaments of every hue. It belonged to Uncle Louis, and was a token of the early days of St. Louis, when the Indians pressed closely around the infant colony.

I was delighted to find all things thus in their place. It seemed as if I had been thought of in my absence; as if, when I departed last year, Valmont had resolved to remain just as it was in order to offer me a more pleasant welcome on my return.

I hurried back to the front porch and from its high position swept my eye over all the surrounding landscape—so beautiful, so varied, so familiar. I then took off my cap and flung it on the floor; pulled off my coat and waistcoat; unfastened my necktie, undid the collar-button of my shirt, and thus disencumbered, cut a tremendous caper on the gallery with my feet, and sent forth three wild whoops, such as Uncas himself would not have disowned. It was the shout of liberation. I was a boy again—free to roam, to lounge, to wake, to sleep, to do absolutely as I pleased for two whole months, and these the loveliest of the year.

At that moment I heard my Aunt Aureole calling:

"Carey!"

"Here!" I exclaimed, hastening to her.

"Why, my dear, what have you been doing? The children are waiting for you this half hour."

"Doing? I don't know what I have been doing, aunty. All I know is that I am back at Valmont and I feel glorious."

"Well, never mind your coat or cap. Go as you are. You must be hungry. Eat plenty, and we'll see afterwards what you will all do to amuse yourselves."

Thus was it the first day. The following days resembled this in their rounds of amusements. I should willingly linger over a thousand incidents of the long vacation, but the march of my story requires celerity. I shall therefore refer to only one or two episodes.

V.

MIMI.

I have already mentioned Mimi Raymond. She was one of my many cousins-german. She, too, had gone to Valmont to spend her vacation, and, as we have seen, went out there the same day as I did. She had recognized me at Big Fork bridge, in the midst of my meditations, and would have taken me in, but that I appeared to be waiting for somebody.

She was sixteen years of age and had attained her full development. She was tall, delicate, yet strong. The fullness of her cheeks, the roundness of her shoulders, the plumpness of her wrists, and the dimples on the back of her hand showed that she had that amplitude of flesh which nature destines as the complement of vitality.

Her hair was of the usual auburn shade, but very abundant and very glossy—two infallible signs of good health in a girl. Combing out her hair, she could sit on it, a feat which would be phenomenal in these days of flax and hemp head-dresses. It was one of Mimi's peculiarities to take great pains with her hair, having been taught to regard it as a glory and protection of womanhood, intended to accustom the female to habits of cleanliness, neatness and regularity. She learned this from a nun whose own locks had been clipped to the roots. She never issued from her chamber, no matter at how early an hour, unless perfectly combed.

Another trait of Mimi's was that she rarely smiled. Her way of expressing gratification was a half closing of her brilliant hazel eyes, a slight dilatation of the nostrils, and faint lines at the corners of the mouth. In other words, her whole face smiled, not her lips. Beautiful at all times, she was particularly handsome when her countenance thus beamed.

It must not be inferred that she kept her lips pressed or pinched. She was anything but a *precieuse*. And, besides, she could not hide her double row of large white teeth. Indeed, when she spoke these showed conspicuously, and, more than anything else, gave her an air of artlessness and, therefore, of extreme youth. I often talked to Mimi just to see her teeth. Once, and once only, during this summer I spoke to her for another purpose. It was after hay-time, when we had been thrown together every day for several weeks. Strange that though my reason told me from the first she was fair, it was not until this particular morning that her beauty struck home to my heart. Hitherto she had been only my cousin. I took in her just that pride and self-satisfaction which one takes when he has a lot of handsome female relations. If any one praised her in my presence I would merely say with a careless vanity, "She is my cousin."

But this day she appeared quite other to me. Suddenly she assumed a new beauty, and there was attraction in her very form which I could not withstand. By a change brought about mysteriously in a single night I was in love with Mimi. And so violently in love that I could not let the morning pass without telling her of it.

I met her at the spring, where she was sprinkling a basketful of flowers which she had just gathered. I began by a compliment on the poetry of her occupation, to which she answered pleasantly and in excellent taste as might have been expected of her.

I next ventured to remark on her rosy cheeks, ruddier for these healthful rambles in the dells of Valmont. She blushed, thus setting the seal to her loveliness. Stooping there, with the basket of flowers on her knee, her sun-bonnet fallen back so that the blue ribbon encircled her throat, her eyes full of illuminations and her cheeks tingling with conscious blood, her beauty was irresistible. I ran forward, threw my arms around her neck and kissed her. She quietly allowed herself to be kissed. This, I must confess, surprised and disappointed me. I had expected that she would struggle, shriek and scold. I withdrew my arms, feeling and doubtless looking very sheepish. Mimi was nowise disturbed, but kept on assorting her flowers.

I soon rallied, however, and determined to be more explicit.

"Mimi," I said.

There must have been something unusual in the sound of my voice, for she looked up vivaciously and asked:

"What is it, Carey?"

"Mimi, I love you!"

She gazed fixedly at me, her eyes sparkling with fun, as she replied:

"I hope you do. I love you, Carey. Are we not cousins?"

"Yes—yes—but—"

She seized a little bunch of nasturtiums and scoured my cheek with it. I mistook this play for one of the usual tricks of love and tried to speak again, growing very red in the face. But she promptly checked my impertinence.

"Come, come, my dear boy. If you don't stop I'll tell aunty on you, and you'll be the laughing stock of Valmont for the next week. Love, indeed! How ridiculous to think of such a thing. You and I have something else to do besides worrying our minds with these fooleries; get along."

I walked away abashed and disappointed: not answering a word. The incident may appear trifling, but the sequel will show how momentous it really was. However, I was not altogether unhappy. I had a reminiscence to feed on. I had tasted the sweets of a first love.

VI.

LITTLE FORK.

One day as we were standing on the front gallery of the farm-house, a drove of a dozen horses belonging to Valmont, having found the gate of the enclosure open, trooped into the yard. Among the many animals thus grouped, a fine stud for a Landseer or a Rosa Bonheur, my eye singled out a handsome sorrel colt, to which I called my uncle's attention.

"A good breed," was the reply. "The colt is yours, Carey, if you can break him."

I was delighted, of course, and set myself at once to put the animal under my control. I was told afterwards that I had a knack at training horses, but whether that is so or not, I was surprised to find that, at the very first trial, I was able to bridle the colt. I next broke him to harness in a heavy tumbail prepared for the purpose. Breaking him to the saddle was a more arduous feat, but I accomplished that too. Within a fortnight I was so far his master as to ride him to and from the city quite pleasantly and without the least fatigue. Altogether the colt proved very accommodating. Having made up his mind to quit his wild life, he resolved to go further and be social. He became the pet of all the children. He ate from our hands and allowed himself to be mounted by anybody. Mimi was particularly fond of him and rode him frequently. As she was to remain at Valmont for some time after my departure, I bequeathed the colt to her.

A few days before the close of my vacation, I had gone early one morning on a shooting excursion along with the Beauport boys, sons of Uncle Louis and Aunt Aureole. We had scoured the country with only slender success, and were returning, about the middle of the afternoon, quite exhausted with our long tramp. Somehow, when in the vicinity of the Forks, we separated, and I found myself on Big Fork bridge alone. There I sat down to rest. The day and night before it had rained in torrents, so that I was not surprised to find the stream unusually swollen and chafing with thunderous noise over the rocks. From the height of Big Fork bridge I could see the Little Fork, which was also flooded and driving in a tremendous current. Little Fork in ordinary weather was easily forded, but after a storm was more dangerous than its larger companion.

Overcome by fatigue and perhaps lulled by the sound of the water, I had fallen asleep, when I was suddenly aroused by a loud cry in the direction of the Little Fork. I rose at once and looked over in that quarter. There was no immediate repetition of the cry, but I fancied I heard the patter of hoofs in full career. A moment later I was struck by another scream of terror, followed by a splash in the water and the loud snorting of a horse in distress. Though I saw nothing as yet, I hurried in the direction of the sound. When I reached the bank a sight of horror met my eyes. Mimi with my colt was struggling in the current. The horse was on his side and she had fallen over him with her foot or dress entangled in some part of the saddle. Fortunately the horse's feet were turned

away from her or she would certainly have been bruised to death in their convulsions. I threw down my gun, slipped off my shoes and, without one moment's hesitation, plunged into the stream. By this time the two had floated far down from me and into the widest part of the creek where the water was deep. They were borne off so fast that I despaired of overtaking them. Mimi had ceased calling; she was probably already insensible. The moment was critical. If they got into the rocky portions of the torrent, the danger would be extreme. Being a good swimmer, I made superhuman efforts to reach them. All at once the saddle-girth burst and the horse floated away, leaving his rider alone to her fate. Until then, the buoyancy of her garments had held Mimi up, but now, with the weight of the saddle attached to her, she would be sure to go down. Putting forth all the strength and all the skill of which I was master, I finally succeeded in overtaking her. Holding up her head gently with one hand, with the other I conveyed her safely to the shore. As I did so, several of my companions came up, having been attracted by my outcries. With the aid of two of them, I bore Mimi to a grassy spot under the shelter of some trees, where we gave her all the assistance which instinct more than knowledge prompted us to render. One of our band, who had run up to Valmont for succor, returned with a close carriage in which were both Uncle and Aunt Beauport. We all went back to the farm together, leaving the poor colt to get out of trouble as he might. For my part I never expected to see him again. What was my astonishment, on reaching Valmont, to find him waiting at the gate for admittance, and looking hardly the worse for his adventure.

Beyond a painful shock to her nervous system and a few superficial bruises, the condition of Mimi was not such as to inspire uneasiness. She was speedily restored to consciousness, and her first inquiry was into the particulars of her rescue. She attributed the accident to a random shot from the rifle of one of our party, which so startled her horse that she lost all control of him, as he dashed at full gallop in the direction of the Little Fork.

My last days at Valmont had now arrived, and I was obliged to depart before Mimi had fully recovered or could even quit her room. On taking my leave, I was surprised to find her a prey to strong emotions which she took no pains to conceal.

"Well," said I, "I am going, Mimi. When you return to town you will come to the college to see me, will you not?"

I then added with a smile:

"But before I go, I have a little question to ask you."

"What is it, Carey?" she inquired gravely.

"Will you still regard me *only* as your dear boy?"

She paused awhile, as if not understanding; then looking up with tearful eyes, she held out her hand and said:

"You are my hero, Carey!"

I was satisfied. There was something of a reparation. I quitted Valmont and returned to College for my last year with a hopeful heart.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

If you desire to make a friend of her for life, pretend to mistake her for her daughter.

It is better to dwell upon a housetop than in a tent with a woman who wants a new spring bonnet.

A DUTCH judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He hash bunishment plenty; I lifts him mit one!"

Two children talking of their parents: "Which do you like best—pa or ma?" "Pa. Which do you?" "Ma, then."

"Give me your hand," said the school-master sternly. "And my heart, too," she replied meekly. Being pretty, her soft answer turned away his wrath.

The dear girl who read the thrilling essay, "How to Get Along in Life," when she graduated last summer, is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.

WHENEVER a woman does a wicked or a foolish thing the newspapers designate her as beautiful and accomplished. Perhaps that is the reason why some good, homely women become bad.

Boy: "What are you crying for, Sally?" Girl: "Cos I got the toothache." Boy: "You go round to my grandmother; she'll show yer what to do; she knows how to take hers out and put 'em back whenever she wants."

"JOHN, I'll give you a good slapping if I ever see you do that again," said his mother. "The easiest way you could make a slapped Jack," and Johnnie kept right along in his course, but he missed his slapping. His mother thought he was too sweet, already.

"MARION," he asked, in that style which a big brother assumes when patronizing a little sister. "Marion, do you know that the earth turns round?" "Of tos I does," answered Marion, resenting the imputation of ignorance; "that's the reason I tumbles out of bed."

A NEW boy at school diverted the minds of the other pupils from their books by munching peanuts, whereupon the teacher relieved him of his edibles and reprimanded him. Next day

the "master" received a note from the new scholar's mother, which conveyed this information: "If mi Boy can't eat Pee nuts out loud in Skule, I'll edikate him myself at home."

A LADY just returned from a protracted stay in Paris says: I was thoroughly astonished, in visiting Worth's, to find all the newest costumes made short. In fact no fabric was too costly to cut up into dresses of walking length. Only dinner costumes and ball dresses were made long. House dresses, carriage dresses, promenade dresses, are all made of one length. A Parisian lady does not pretend to be seen on the streets holding up her skirts.

"WHY do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so, but he insisted. "I beg your pardon, but it's this eye, is it not?"—lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, my dear lady, that eye won't do you any harm; it's a glass eye, madame—only a glass eye. But I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The compliment delighted her, and she married him soon afterwards.

SEVERAL weeks ago the little sister of baby died, and baby could not understand what had become of her. She asked where she was. "She is in heaven, my child," replied mamma. The last day of the old year baby was amusing herself with one of those little toy balloons. "Mamma, if my balloon should get away where would it go to?" "Up in the air." "Only in the air?" "Maybe to heaven." Baby went to play again, and after a while came back without her balloon. "What have you done with your balloon?" "It has gone to heaven. Little sister will have it for my New Year's gift."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES READE'S adaptation of L'Assommoir is to be called *Drink*.

MARIE ROZE has conquered San Francisco with her realization of Carmen.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE is preparing a new legendary play for John T. Raymond.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, of "Mrs. Brown" fame, is to appear at the London Gaiety Theatre as "Falstaff" in King Henry IV.

PLANTAGENET POTTER, in Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy "The Girls," is as much talked about in London now as "Old Middlewick" was during the run of "Our Boys."

"THE Banker's Daughter" brought \$125,000 into the treasury of the Union Square, of which Mr. Howard got \$5,000 as royalty, and Mr. Palmer \$45,000 as profit.

MISS NELSON has of late suffered more frequently from off recurring temporary indispositions than at any previous period of her eventful life, much to the regret of herself and manager.

THE salaries of the vocalists in the Grand Opera, Paris, were \$0,000 francs in 1777; in 1877 they were \$2,494 francs. In the former year the expenses of the orchestra were \$3,382 francs, in the latter \$79,500, while the authors' fees were 4,000 and 1,95,317 francs respectively.

GLUCK'S Iphigenia in Tauris has reached the hundredth year of its existence. It was first performed in Paris on the 28th of May, 1779. The great composer's first opera, "Arminio," was written for the Ducal Theatre, Milan, in 1742, when he was only twenty-eight years of age.

LONDON has been having another great Wagner festival in the Albert Hall, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, Kapellmeister of the Vienna Opera. There was an orchestra of 110 instruments and the festival was a great success. Selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann and other great composers were also given.

SPONTINI'S "Olympia" has been selected for the gala performance at the Royal Opera House at Berlin, in honour of the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress, on the 11th of June. The opera was composed for Paris, where it was brought out in 1819, after nine months' rehearsals, and proved a complete failure. Two years afterwards it was a success in Berlin.

A COMIC drama called "The Strange Gentleman," which Charles Dickens wrote when he was known as Boz, and which was played in September, 1836, when Pickwick had only reached its sixth monthly part, has been republished in London in fac-simile. The original edition is now rare, and as much as \$42 has been given for a copy of it.

G. S. CLARKE, as "Toodles," in the pump-handle scene, has to kick his hat off at the wings. While playing the part in London lately, to his own horror, and to the intense amusement of his audience, he kicked his hat into the centre of the royal box, where the Duchess of Edinburgh was sitting. By command of the august personage, a lady in waiting picked it up and threw it at the actor.

THE revival of the *Muette de Portici*, at Paris, will be inevitably postponed until next month, as it is intended to give to Auber's *chef d'œuvre* the character of a musical event. The scenery painted by the distinguished artists who are employed at the Grand Opera is unusually magnificent, particularly the one representing the market place of Naples, where the immense proportions of the stage and the movable background will permit the arrangement of a perspective never before even attempted. More than 500 choristers and supernumeraries will be employed in the piece, and the old-fashioned *décors* of the market-place has been turned into a ballet, in which we shall see the *premiers sujets* of the National Academy of lyric and choreographic art.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.