

excitement of helping, if it were not for the appearance of the thing; to which Clara replied that that wouldn't deter her if her assistance was required; as it was, there was no lack of help. One end of the building was yet untouched when a woman rushed through the crowd shrieking and wringing her hands. "My baby! Oh, someone save my baby!" The crowd opened before her, but no one seemed to act. Cry after cry rent the air. "Oh, my darling! My child! He'll perish!" Clara, acting on the impulse of the moment, sprang forward, crying "Someone save the child! Which room is he in?" "I left him sleeping there!" and she pointed to the window of the room that was yet untouched, though the fiery tongues were fast working their way to it, and clinging like tendrils. At this moment a figure dashed by with a ladder on his shoulder, and quickly placing it against the wall, mounted it in a moment, and reappeared at the window with the babe in his arms before the gaping crowd realized what was the matter. But he had not placed his foot on the first step when some person below brushed against it, and it fell to the ground. The despairing voice of the young mother once more filled the air, and as the crackling flames reached the spot where the figure stood, for one moment irresolute, Edith turned faint and had to lean against a tree for support. Clara clasped her hands, and bending forward, said in a thrilling voice, "Jump, Alec! 'Tis your only chance!" Those around her scarcely heard her, but her words were fixed upon her as she stood with one arm supporting the frantic mother, heard and obeyed. The building was not high, and he reached the ground in safety, and laid the babe in its mother's arms. She, poor creature, in the ecstasy of her joy did not even thank its preserver, who before she had time to recover herself, gave his arm to Clara, and amid the cheers and shouts of the mob, made his way towards Edith who was pale and half-fainting where she still leaned against the tree.

"Oh, Alec, how could you! Such a dangerous action!" said she, as she clung to his arm. He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, what else was to be done? The child would certainly have been lost, while the stupid people stared and shouted."

"But the risk! You might have lost your life and done no good!"

"A possibility not to be considered for a moment under the circumstances." And he turned a wistful glance upon Clara.

There was an expression of scorn upon her face as she listened to Edith's reproaches, but it melted away as she turned to Alec with an eloquent eye, and trembling lip and said, "God bless you, Alec, in the name of the mother whose heart you saved from breaking!" He pressed her hand gratefully; she blushed and trembled. Edith withdrew her hand from his arm, saying "Clara, it seems, does not value your life as much as I—as others do!" and then angry at herself for the admission, she walked away and left them.

"Clara," said Alec, looking down at the little figure by his side, "I heard your voice amid all that noise, and there was something in its tone, and in the look of your dear face that made me hope that you had relented towards me. Speak, darling, and tell me I am not mistaken again!"

She bent her head, but did not answer.

"Will you not make me happy? Oh Clara, I love you so dearly, and have done so all along!"

"But I thought—I thought you had learned to like Edith!"

"Why, I never disliked Edith!"

Clara looked up, and seeing his look of surprise, laughed a little happy laugh. Then holding out both hands with a bright blush, she said, "I do love you, Alec! I always did, but it needed the 'Fire-Test' to prove it to myself. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, and thank you! I am glad now that you gave me the chance of winning you for myself. I quite agree with you in objecting to being robbed of the pleasure of arranging my own matrimonial affairs." Clara was happy and contented at last. "Come," she said, "I want to tell your mother what a hero she has for a son."

"And I want you to help me pay her a debt of gratitude we both owe her," and then, in answer to questioning look, he continued, "Why, if it had not been for mother, I would have returned to Europe on the very next steamer that sailed after that morning when you were so cruel—I mean, so sternly determined to do your duty!"

Clara turned a startled, grieved face, towards him and he cried, hurriedly. "Oh, forgive me, dearest! I did not mean to grieve you! I really meant what I said when I told you I was glad you acted as you did. That which we have to struggle for is doubly dear when gained." She smiled gratefully.

"What did your mother do?" she asked.

"Oh, I would not dare to tell you! You might think it was your duty to refuse the husband who won you by stratagem!"

"If you ever refer to that again, I won't—I won't love you, there! Tell me at once, sir, what you did, and if it was wrong, prepare to suffer the extreme penalty of Cupid's law!"

"I really couldn't—not yet! You must wait till after we are married, and if you are impatient to know, you can make the time as short as you like!" She asked no more questions and as they walked home, more in love with each other than ever, Alec blessed the author of that fire, even if it was an incendiary.

THE END.

THE GLEANER.

EX-Queen Isabella is announced to re-enter her good city of Madrid on the feast of the Epiphany, Jan. 6, 1876. That day is known as the day of Kings and Queens.

BARONESS Burdett-Coutts, in presenting prizes to the school teachers of Exeter, England, for essays upon the treatment of animals, expressed her belief that teachers formed the best medium for the spread of humanitarian principles.

MANY very good people are annoyed by sleepiness in church. The following remedy is recommended: Lift the foot seven inches from the floor, and hold it in suspense without support for the limb, and repeat the remedy if the attack returns.

KING Victor Emmanuel has a big project on hand, viz.: To reconcile France and Germany. His first step for this purpose was to advise the giving of a French ballet at the gala representation in the Scala Theatre for the edification of his august visitor.

THE two great express companies of the United States, the Adams and the American, employ about 8,000 men, 1,990 horses, 1,200 wagons, and use 3,000 iron safes. Their agents travel more than 100,000 miles daily, or more than 32,000,000 miles annually.

A custom observed in many old French castles at this epoch is the *fête* of the first fire. After dinner, an immense bowl of punch is introduced, and the hostess invites her guests to sit round it; it is set on fire, and the blue flame serves to light a piece of paper, which in turn is applied to the logs, and soon the chimney takes the bright aspect it will retain for seven months.

FATHER MARTIN EGER, a Tyrolean Jesuit priest, is reported to have taken out a patent in Vienna for an electric motor which makes the electro-magnetic current as available for driving purposes as steam. The Vienna Academy of Sciences have admitted the practicability of the invention, and have agreed to assist the inventor till his machine is completed. It will be sent to Philadelphia.

A burglary of unusual importance has been committed at the Château of Andreey, belonging to the Comte Lepic. The thieves, in addition to several hundred pounds in money and various rare objects of art, carried off a bundle of important letters exchanged between the Comte Lepic and Napoleon I., King Joseph Murat, and Napoleon III. The police are making great efforts to regain possession of this correspondence, which, we are told, contains curious and instructive revelations concerning the Bonaparte family.

SIMEON BOUFFARD, the famous rag-pickers' banker at Paris, is dead. He was over 80, and for more than 40 years had pursued his calling of lending money to rag-pickers at fifteen per cent. interest, taking whatever rags they might possess as security. In this way he had amassed a fortune of several thousand pounds. His only companions were a cat and a monkey, and when found dead the cat was playing with his head and the monkey had on his cap and spectacles. Having no relatives, Simeon's fortune goes to the State.

THE origin of the phrase "printer's devil" is said to be as follows:—Aldus Manutius was a printer in Venice. He owned a negro boy who helped him in his office; some people were superstitious enough to believe him an emissary of Satan. He was known over the city as the "little black devil." Desiring to satisfy the curiosity of the populace, he one day publicly exhibited his boy, and proclaimed, "I Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood come and pinch him."

ACCORDING to the Swiss papers, Mr. Gladstone has addressed to Père Hyacinthe a letter approving his recent publication, "L'Eglise Catholique en Suisse," and declaring that, as there is no excuse for the excesses of Ultramontanism, so there is hardly more for those of the opposite schools of Erastianism—in other words, for the ultra-liberal Catholics. Mr. Gladstone declares himself in accord with the opinion expressed by Père Hyacinthe, that the two extreme parties in the Church are unconsciously playing into each other's hands by striving to sweep away all moderate opinions in order to clear the ground for their own final duel, in which each makes sure of being the victor.

THE Bank of England clips every light sovereign that comes into the bank. Three thousand are weighed in an hour with one machine. Last year the bank weighed coin to the amount of \$115,590,000, and rejected \$4,200,000, or about 3.6 per cent., as being light gold. For the last amount the bank paid the value, making a deduction for the deficiency of weight, which is generally about six or eight cent per light sovereign. Mr. Hodgson, M.P., a bank director, says that in a box of 5,000 sovereigns the number which will be found to have turned the point of light weight will generally be about eight, if they have not been disturbed, and he adds: "You are not aware that the sovereign which is in your pocket at 8 o'clock in the morning is not the same sovereign at 12 o'clock at night." After this rather alarming announcement it is satisfactory to find Mr. Hodgson stating also that the charge for light weight on the eight deficient sovereigns would be about four cent per coin, making only thirty-two cents on the box of \$25,000; so that "it really amounts to nothing."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"UNMANNED by the loss of her husband," is the latest style of indicating a widow's grief.

IDA LEWIS, the heroine of Lime Rock, is as frank as she is self-sacrificing and brave. She says it always worries her a good deal to see a man drown.

GATHERING autumn leaves was formerly a fashionable amusement, but since the irruption of the pinch-back dress the gathering has been confined to boys.

OMNIBUSES originated in Paris in 1827. The other kind of busses, which are specially desired by young men and maidens, were discovered some years previous.

WHEN a couple of young folk, writes an American critic, get so that they want to waltz all the time at a ball and have no quadrilles, that's a sign that they are never going to stop until some man with furniture is made happy.

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATES."—Young ladies who receive the degree of A.B. have a decided advantage over the young gentlemen. One, who married when she took her degree, was MA in less than a year from her graduation.

COPY was out. The devil picked up a paper and said, "Here's something 'About a woman'—must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor, "the first disturbance in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

A Clergyman, being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

SAYS the Burlington *Huckeye*: Briefly stated, our financial views are these: Tiebacks are better than greenbacks. They are in greater demand: they are more constantly in circulation: they are always boyant, dreadfully boyant; they are always good for their face, and are always quoted above-Par, or mar either.

FORMERLY it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters. If the old custom were enforced there would not be a wedding for, say, many a day, but the girls would all have learnt to spin in a month, and upset that calculation.

Quite recently a short-sighted husband saw a large bouquet of flowers on a chair, and, wishing to preserve them from fading, placed them in a basin of water. When his wife saw the "bouquet" half an hour afterwards, she gave one piercing scream, and fainted on the spot. Her defective-visioned husband had mistaken her new sunnier bonnet, with its abundance of flowers, for a freshly-culled bouquet.

EACH had long viewed the other as a rival, and when they met at a picnic the other day, Jane took occasion to say, very frankly:—"Mary, Harry told me last week that he didn't really love you." "Indeed, Jane," replied Mary, with great dignity, "and he also told me that the most you could expect, if you ever married, would be to make some man a comfortable widower." Women are only a little lower than the angels.

WE do not know how the world would get on without "aunties" and old maids. When every one else is hurried and heated about his own affairs, the old maid of the family—dear, kind, sympathetic auntie, with nothing more important in her own life to occupy her than a change of maids or a rebuke to the man—comes in fresh as a daisy to take a turn at the mill, as a relief from of some one else. With plenty of leisure and inexhaustible love, what may she not do in the way of help? And, to her honour be it said, she generally does all she can.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON THE FASHIONS.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* of a recent date says: Brigham Young preached on the fashions last Sunday, and here is an extract from his sermon. "Now, then, leaving the useless things which the brethren use—tea, coffee, tobacco, beer, whisky, &c.—I will allude to some that the sisters use and wear, such as tea, coffee, snuff, tobacco, opium, and then the ruffles, bows, puffs, trimmings, and this, that, and the other they wear on their dresses that are useless. What shall we do in regard to these things? My senses tell me that the children of Zion should forsake every needless fashion and custom that they now practise. My wives dress very plainly, but I sometimes ask them the utility of some of the stripes and puffs which I see on their dresses. I remember asking a lady this question once, and inquired if they kept the bedbugs and flies away. Well, if they do that they are useful, but if they do not, what use are they? None whatever. Now, some ladies will buy a cheap dress, say a cheap calico, and they will spend from five to fifteen dollars' worth of time in making it up, which is wasting so much of the substance which God has given them on the lust of the eye, and which should be devoted to a better purpose. I have had an observation made to me, which I will relate; I have never done it, but I believe I will now. It has been said to me, 'Yes, Brigham, we have seen ladies go to parties in plain home-made dresses, but every man was after the girls who had on a hundred dollars' worth of fol-de-rol, and they would dance with every woman and girl except the one in a plain dress, and they would let her stay by the wall the whole

evening.' It may be in some cases, but should not be. It adds no beauty to a lady, in my opinion, to adorn her with fine feathers. When I look at a woman I look at her face, which is composed of her forehead, cheek, nose, mouth, and chin, and I like to see it clean, her hair combed neat and nice, and her eyes bright and sparkling; and if they are so, what do I care what she has on her head, or how or of what material her dress is made? Not the least in the world. If a woman is clean in person, and has on a nice, clean dress, she looks a great deal better when washing her dishes, making her butter or cheese, or sweeping her house, than those who, as I told them in Prevo, walked the streets with their spanker jibs flying. It adds no beauty to a lady or gentlemen to have a great many frills on their dresses or coats; beauty must be sought in the expression of the countenance combined with neatness and cleanliness and graceful manners. All the beauty which nature bestows is exhibited, let the dress be ever so plain, if the wearer of it be only neat and comely. Do not fine feathers look well? Yes, they are very pretty, but they look just as well on these dolls, these fixed-up machines which they have in stores, as anywhere else: they certainly add nothing to the beauty of a lady or gentlemen, as far as I ever saw."

LITERARY.

MISS YONGE has written a Christmas novel, "My Young Alcides."

OLIVE LOGAN, whose eyes troubled her during the summer, has entirely recovered her sight.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, the writer of many novels, has been under the care of an oculist for some months.

MISS BESSIE TURNER, notorious in the Beecher-Tilton trial, has written a book, entitled "A Woman in the Case."

AN addition to the materials for the history of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 has been recently printed in Dublin—the "Memoirs of Mrs. Goff, of Haretown House, county Wexford."

MORTIMER COLLINS has a good word for the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." He says Tupper is equal to Joaquin Miller, Artemus Ward, and Julian Hawthorne all put together.

THE New York Herald has fitted up, in elegant style, some rooms adjoining the Splendide Hotel, Paris, for the convenience of American visitors. Papers from all parts of the world can be found there.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH is living in literary retirement near Hollywood, North Carolina. Her pen is busy, both with verse and prose, and reflects, in an admirable degree, its wonted power and charm.

M. THIERS is said to fairly begrudge the time he bestows upon sleep, and as soon as the first hint of daylight is in the sky he is at his desk. His powers of concentration are said never to have been greater than now.

EX-Judge Tourge of North Carolina has written a novel entitled "Tourette," the heroine of which is a negro girl, and the hero an ex-colonel in the Confederate army. The author's aim is to popularize miscegenation.

MISS BLANCHE HOWARD, the author of "One Summer," is said by a Washington correspondent to be a Bangor girl, divinely tall and most divinely fair, after the style of New England blondes. "A bashful and a belle" is the way she is referred to.

JOAQUIN MILLER paid a tribute to Walt Whitman in his Washington lecture. He said: "Grand old Walt Whitman! He shall live when you mighty dome of the Capitol no longer lifts its rounded shoulders against the cycles of time."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, the eminent sociologist, has been compelled to announce by a lithographic circular that he is so deeply engaged in special studies that he can no longer answer inquiries, requests for autographs, and other miscellaneous demands made upon him.

ALFRED TENNYSON, being unable to attend the Balaklava banquet, sent a check for \$5 towards the expenses and wrote: "I will drink a cup of wine on the 25th to the health and long life of all your fine fellows, and, thanking yourself and your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me, I pray you all to believe me, now and ever, your admiring fellow-countryman."

JOAQUIN MILLER, having lectured in Washington, is duly "catching it" from the correspondents. One of these gentlemen, after saying that a peculiarity of the eyes was the only thing in J. M.'s whole appearance that might in any way justify his wife in calling him wicked, declares that each sentence was "lost in Alexandrine drawl, tipped with a regular Dunderberg—ah—ah!"

IN the *Athenaeum* Julian Hawthorne corrects an amusing mistake made by an English reviewer of Mr. Southworth's "Four Thousand Miles of African Travel," who supposed that "Mr. Gouverneur Morris" is an old compound of a mispelt title and a surname. "Gouverneur," pronounced "Govvener," is a common name in New York, and has no connection with any title of Governor.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to pleasantly surprise those persons who derive their idea of him from portraits in *Punch*, or from having seen his profile from the Strangers' Gallery during the stormy period of debate, by the mellow and ingratiating tones of his voice and the winning smile, the gracious amiability, and the almost child-like aspect of kindness which a full front view of his face discloses.

THE committee of the Byron Club have issued an address to the public, in which they state that they have determined to make every effort to set up a memorial yielding a higher and a better homage to the immortal poet than any monument of mere stone or marble whether in or out of Westminster Abbey. They believe that the most useful form and character such an institution could assume would be that of a club (named after the bard), of which the constituent elements, as well as the objects, should be of a nature to revive the influence of his life.

A CURIOUS document left at the Tuileries when Imperialism fled from the palace has just been made public. It is a running comment upon literary men who were proposed as guests to enlighten the gatherings at Compiègne, as Prosper Mérimée and Edmond About did. The comments are not very flattering to the gentlemen concerned. M. Vitu, an Imperialist scribe and clever theatrical critic, is described as honest, but too old; Paul de Saint Victor as brutal and unpopular among his confrères. Theodore Barrère, the witty dramatist, is a man of talent, a gentleman, but too much of a Bohemian decorated. Victorien Sardou is alluded to as talented but odd, living an irregular life, and being married to a dressmaker. Belot who has written very obscene novels, was at first objected to, but afterward he appears to have found grace in the sight of the Imperial Court.