

counted out what money I had left. There was five hundred and sixty dollars rolled up there, and I asked him if four hundred and eighty would fix it up.

"Let me see," he says, 'four hundred and eighty,' and then he began to figure again. 'Yes, that is more than enough with what I have. Four hundred and seventy-five will do. I need only keep enough to pay the theatre, because in the morning I shall go to the bank at once.'

"Waal, gentleman," he continued, addressing us all collectively, including the conductor and the boy that sold the cigars, apples, books, etc., on the train, "I counted out four hundred and seventy-five to that everlasting thief; and when he had jaw'd his thanks for my timely aid, and told me to wait a quarter of an hour while he paid the freight-bill at the dépôt, he went off. Wait! I waited, I guess I did. I waited, until I felt a kind of cold sweat over me when he didn't come back; and I went down, pale and trembling as weak as a calf just born, to the office, for I thought, 'If anything goes wrong with this here business, my gal's chance is busted.' I kinder staggered up to the office, and told the clerk I was afeared something had happened to my friend. Then he asked me the particulars, and got to looking mighty cross as I told him."

"I guess you'll not see him again," said the clerk. There's always some galoot going through the greenhorns in this hotel. Why, in thunder, they don't try the other house, I don't know.

"Here, put on your hat," said he, madder'n a Texan cow, "and come along with me."

"There was a bit of a crowd had gathered round the counter, and one of the boys wanted me to have a drink to set me up a bit, for I felt pretty bad, but I had'n't no heart to drink."

"He ain't got no time to drink now," said the clerk, as he came out of the side door. Here, hurry up, and we'll go to the dépôt first."

"Waal, gentleman, we tried the dépôt, and found there warn't no such wheat going through; we found the chief of police and told him, and he said he'd set his crowd on the tracks, but it was a pretty slim chance; and I went back to the hotel, and hauled myself up them stairs step by step, as if I'd lost the use of my limbs, and laid down on the bed and cried like a gal whose lover's gone back on her."

"In the morning I got that clerk to send the balance of the cash, after paying the bill to my gal; for I hadn't the heart to see her and tell her, and all the while she thinking I was coming with my pocket full of dollars. When she got the news she told her man, and he behaved like a yaller dog, he did, the blamed cur. He made excuses; said he couldn't leave his situation just then, and that his mother was ill East and he had to go to see her; and finally he backed out of marrying her; and she, poor critter, took to crying and sorrowing about it and got herself ill; and then she wrote to him to come and see her, and he writ back to say as he couldn't; and then she started out to find me, and got ill on the road and got worse; and finally the poor little thing passed 'em in, and they planted her way down here on the line."

The old man's voice got a little gruff when he told us so far, and he ceased speaking for a while, during which time the train began to slow up for the station, and several of the passengers, including the long man that had sat in the next section to us, rose, and prepared to leave the car. Then the old man suddenly broke out, in a harsh but somewhat suppressed voice.

"I've never met that man since, but when I do, by the powers—see here!" he added suddenly breaking off in his speech, and showing the handle of a navy Colt revolver underneath his deerskin shirt. "I've carried this here loaded for him ever since; and when we cross trails again, I'll end that sneaking, prowling, white-livered wolf on the spot where I meet him!"

The passengers were getting out to dine at this station, and some of those from our car were already on the platform. The long man was stepping off the car, when the train-boy, who had heard all the old man's story, pulled him by the sleeve, and said something to him.

"What's that you say, sonny? Him as was setting right there?"

"Yes," said the boy. "I noticed under his eye-shade a scar reaching right back from his left eye."

The old man said no more, nor waited to hear any more, but made straight for the door of the car. The same impulse that moved one moved all four of our party; for, seizing our hand-satchels, we all sprang from our seats and followed the old frontiersman, or rather three of them did; for, seeing a quicker way, I turned and got out of the door at the other end of the car, outside of which the car platform was quite clear. By this means I reached the station platform as the old man stepped upon it. I saw him look hurriedly round, as I did myself, in search of the long passenger with the green shade over his eye; but he did not at first see him. He had left the car hardly a minute before us, but he was not in the small crowd of passengers on the platform. Perhaps he had gone into the dining-room, before the door of which the waiter was striking a gong, while the proprietor was yelling, "This way for dinner! Twenty minutes for dinner!" The old man was moving excitedly about, looking first at one passenger and then at another, when the idea evidently struck him that the man he was seeking had gone to dinner. He had turned to go there, and was wearing the door where the waiter was still hammering the gong, when he saw, as I too saw, for I was fol-

lowing closely, the other passenger moving quickly across an open space at the back of the station, in the direction of a small board house that stood away out by itself. He looked over his shoulder just as the old Indian trader had leapt from the platform in pursuit, and on the impulse quickened his pace to a kind of run. But the old man was running hard; and the other, seeing apparently that he could not gain the shanty before being overtaken, resumed his former step, and quickly moderated that to a leisurely walk. As his pursuer neared him he stopped, and then turned round, at the same time, as I noticed, quietly slipping his right hand behind him.

"Stop!" shouted the old man. "Lift that roof off of your eye."

"My shade?" said the other. "Excuse me, I have a sore eye."

"It's his voice," said the old man to himself; then aloud: "Sore eye or not, lift!"

"What do you want with me?" asked the other man.

"Want! you wolf-souled thief. I'll show you what I want! I want my daughter's life. I want what you can't give. I want your black heart out of you! I'll show you what I want; and as he spoke he pulled the heavy revolver from beneath his leather dress.

But the other was too quick to be thus dealt with, and his hand now grasping a revolver was round in a second, and as the intention of his enemy was beyond doubt, he levelled his pistol and fired. The bullet hit the old man, but was not fatal, for he raised his pistol and fired, and then rushed on the other, who had been brought by the shot upon his knees. Two more shots rang out almost simultaneously, and the old man staggered forward and fell dead upon the corpse of the swindler.

A number of people attracted by the pistol-shots, were hurrying to the spot, and among them were the two Englishmen and the bank-manager. The latter, as he reached the bodies, stooped and lifted the shade from the eye of the dead man, and after a moment's examination replaced it and remarked,

"That's my 'granger, sure enough. Well, he'll do no more hornswoggling now. I'm stopping over here till to-morrow, and I'll see them decently buried."

LITERARY FACILITY.

Ennius, the Roman Chaucer, wrote with astonishing rapidity, and Lucilius with such ease that he boasted he could turn off 200 verses while standing on one leg. Statius also appears to have been endowed with preternatural facility. In Cicero and Livy the faculty of eloquent expression resembled an instinct, though Cicero tells us that with him at least, it was partly the result of sleepless diligence during the days of his literary apprenticeship. In one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works, "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "The Religio Laici," and "Mac Flecknoe." He was only six months in writing "The Hind and Panther," three years in translating the whole of Virgil, and 12 mornings in composing his "Parallel between Poetry and Painting." The original draft of "Alexander's Feast" was struck off at a single sitting. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Sir Walter Scott's rapidity is one of the marvels of literature; he wrote literally as fast as the pen could move, and when he dictated, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with him. The original manuscripts of the Waverley novels may still be seen; they are frequently for many pages underformed by a single blot or erasure. Beckford's "Vathek" was composed by the unbroken exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unnatural vigil by copious draughts of wine, and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French. Mrs. Brownings, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a poem of great length in a peculiarly difficult metre, was completed in 12 hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. Sir Walter Scott tells us that Mickle—the translator of the "Lusiad," and the author of the beautiful ballad which suggested the romance of "Kenilworth"—frequently dispensed with manuscript altogether and "set up" his poems himself, "hot from the brain." Most of our Elizabethan dramatists were remarkable for the ease and rapidity with which they wrote. One of them, old Heywood, was the author, "part or entire," of 230 plays. It is interesting to know, as we know it on the best authority, that Shakespeare himself wielded a very facile pen. "His mind and hand," say the editors of the first folio, "went together, and what he thought uttered with that easiness that we have scarcely received from him a blot on his papers." Milton was at times distinguished by the same fluency, and when the fits of inspiration were on him, his amanuensis could scarcely keep up with the flood of verses which came welling forth. In Milton's case we may perhaps suspect that what he dictated with so much ease he had been long revolving, and that the breathless dictation was in itself an effort rather of memory than invention. "Paradise Lost" has all the appearance of being a highly elaborated work. Swift, Steele, and De Foe were all of them remarkable for their rapidity and ease, and to the same class belong Fielding and Smollet. Indeed, Steele and Fielding wrote many of their essays while the press was waiting. Johnson, like Gibbon, wrote at first with labor, but afterwards found that, with practice, a stately and highly finished style came as

naturally as ordinary expression comes to ordinary people. We learn, for example, that some of the best papers in the "Rambler" were penned as easily as a letter—that 48 octavo pages of the "Life of Savage," a singularly polished work, were completed at a sitting, and that the "Lives of the Poets" cost him no more trouble than a slipshod article costs a professional journalist. But Johnson was, we may add, indefatigable in revising. Ben Johnson tells us that he wrote "The Alchymist" in six weeks; Fenelon that "Telemaque" was produced in three months, and Brougham that his *Edinburgh Review* articles averaged a few hours.—*Temple Bar*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE leaders of Russian society in Paris have decided upon observing three months' deep mourning, during which they will see no company. The ladies are to wear coarse black stuff dresses with very long square trains, and long thick veils.

As everything possible has been made in plush, it is not at all surprising that we see some lovely opera cloaks of plush in all shades, from the darkest to the lightest, and trimmed with bands of fur, or with tinselled marabout feathers.

PATIENTS at the Paris hospitals will henceforth drink their broths and tisanes in Sèvres china. M. C. Lauth, director of the celebrated porcelain works, has sent to the different hospitals fourteen hundred pieces of spoilt china for the use of the sick.

PARIS has taken up the fancy for Greek costume, and makes it in pink satin fastened by Greek clasps and embroidered with Greek frets. The thing which the French milliners call a tunic has a square opening at the front and back, and is draped by a scarf ornamented with gold embroidery, and underneath it is worn a mass of pink gauze and gold trimming, arranged as a petti-coat.

THE hair-dressers are inflicting upon ladies just now styles uglier than anything invented since the time of the Bourbons. One style is to arrange the hair in two crimped locks on the temples with a fringe on the forehead, and to place two bows of hair on the top of the head with two curls falling at the back. Another style is that called the victim, with two long curls reaching to the waist.

ONE who has studied Dumas tells us that the secret of Dumas's power, ever since his boyhood, has been confessing women. There is hardly a *grande dame*, a little actress, or a famous *cocotte* in Paris whose secret Dumas does not know. Wherever he meets a woman he confesses her. In the *salons* of society he insinuates himself into the souls of the duchesses and marquises; he learns their secrets, their ideal, their desires, their sufferings. You have only talk with any woman who has met Dumas, to compare the evidence of several witnesses, and you will find that he has a regular system of confession perfected by the experience of a lifetime. He is not, either, always soft and gentle with women; he is, on the contrary, often bitter, sarcastic, coarse, even; but you will not find a woman who dislikes him.

M. JULES CLARETIE gives some details about the *chic* in matters of grief which will interest posterity as much as they interest contemporaries. One would think that the simple and silent grief was the most profound; *chic* prescribes a ceremonious gravity on such occasions. Then in the middle of the *salon* where every widow receives her visits of condolence, figures, draped generally in violet, the chair on which the deceased was wont to sit. If the chair with its draperies were left in the study or cabinet, in its usual place, bearing the signs of grief, all would be well and good. But it is brought out into the *salon* and placed between two Japanese *poufs* or two Louis XV. arm-chairs. If some visitor, unfamiliar with the signification of these violet draperies, makes as if he were about to sit on this new-looking chair, there is an exclamation like a scandalized sob.

AN allusion is made by Alphonse Daudet in the *Nabob* to the "white satin corsets" of the male guests at the Imperial fêtes at Compiègne. A gentleman, who points out this item, says:—"The writer was educated at one of the best private boarding-schools in Vienna, Austria, remaining there from the age of twelve to that of seventeen. In common with all my fellow pupils, who were sixty in number, I wore corsets during the whole of my five years' stay at the school. I was informed by my teacher that Viennese gentlemen, as a rule, wore corsets, and that the discipline was naturally enforced on all their scholars. My stays were very tightly laced my waist, during my last year at the school being but eighteen inches in circumference; yet I never experienced a day's illness, and used very much to enjoy the sensation caused by tight lacing. When I left the school I discontinued the practice, partly from the fear of being ridiculed by my friends, and partly because it seemed too effeminate a custom for a young man engaged in an active business life, but I have retained some interest in the matter, and I understand that many gentlemen wear corsets, and that the practice of tight lacing amongst them is becoming very general in Europe."

HUMOROUS.

It is not always by any means the early bird which catches the worm. For example:—

"Come little pet," the old bird said,
In most endearing term,
"You must be early out of bed
If you would catch the worm."

The smallest of the feathery herd—
A puny little thing—
Out sprang the tender baby-bird,
To grub for worms and sing.

And lo! she found an early worm—
It was a monster, too—
She chirped, "Oh, you may write and squirm,
But I will gobble you!"

That birdling's chirp, the rest affirm,
Was never after heard,
And it's surmised it was the worm
That caught the early bird.

THE most disinterestedly good.—Those who are good for nothing.

"My wedding trip," said the groom, as he stumbled over the bride's train.

A NEW broom may sweep clean, but it is not of much use unless it sweeps dirt.

GEORGE WASHINGTON couldn't tell a lie. Charles Lamb could, but he stammered so badly that he never attempted it.

THE young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket stated that she had no hand in it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. LAUDER, a Canadian, is with Litz in Germany.

MIDLE. MINNIE HAWK has departed for Holland and Germany.

OCTAVE FEUILLET is preparing a new comedy for the stage.

JOE Jefferson is on his plantation in Louisiana, where he will rest until next season.

LEO Delibes is writing a new opera in three acts, destined especially for Mlle Marie Van Zandt.

THE "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles will be performed in the original Greek at Harvard University, May 17, 19 and 20.

THERE is evidence that the harp is beginning to resume its place in the drawing-room as a fashionable musical instrument.

GOUNOD's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora," was produced last month in Paris, the composer conducting in person.

THE latest production of the San Francisco Minstrels is entitled "Billy, the Tailor; or, All I've Eat."

MR. Frederic Boscovitz, the pianist, well known to Montrealers, has settled in Chicago, where he is now giving a series of *soirees musicales*.

Two organ-grinders in England travel with the following sign: "We are English musicians. Please encourage home talent. Don't let the Italians have it all their own way."

THE New York Musical Festival, for which elaborate preparations have been made, will be held in the first week of May at the Seventh Regiment Armory, which, it is said, has room for an audience of ten thousand people.

PATTI, before leaving San Carlo, gave a concert for the benefit of the poor of the principality of Monaco. She received 124,000 francs for singing four nights at San Carlo and three nights at Nice. A front seat in the parquet cost forty francs.

IT is said that during Mr. Edwin Booth's appearance at the Lyceum Theatre with Mr. Irving next month, Otway's "Venice Preserved" will be revived, with the parts of Pierre and Jaffier alternated by the two eminent tragedians, and Miss Ellen Terry as Belvidere.

MR. DION BOUCAULT announces in the *Era* that "While residing in London next summer, he proposes to form a company, mainly composed of youthful aspirants to the stage (not children of precocious merit), but those who have shown abilities susceptible of cultivation and production."

During the late debate in the English House of Commons the following interchange of pleasantries passed between Sir Wilfred Lawson and Mr. Wharton.

Dear Wharton: Verse is in your line;
I send you something, then, of mine.
What think you of it? pritheee tell.
Yours sincerely, W. L.

An ancient adage warns us wisely thus:
"If you would find the Tartar, scratch the Russ."
Our own experience gives us straight a tip:
"Just scratch the Speaker and you'll find the Whip."

Dear Lawson: Charming in its kind;
Worthy your all-accomplished mind,
With this slight effort might I trouble you?
Yours sincerely, C. N. W.

In regulating our debates
The Speaker should have care
That clearly he discriminates
Twixt fair play and Playfair.
—*St. James's Gazette*.

CARE for your live stock would seem an almost superfluous piece of advice to farmers, cattle raisers, horsemen and o hers, whose capital is largely invested in quadrupeds. Yet how often are the diseases and sanitary requirements of horses and cattle disregarded; how often are they left to the care of the ignorant and brutal, and irrationally treated when unwell? No stock yard, farm or stable can be said to be properly equipped where an efficient remedial agent is not provided. The best and most highly approved by veterinarians is Thomas' Electric Oil, which besides being a thorough remedy for lung complaints, bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, sores and hurts of the human race, remedies with certainty Galls, Contraction or Cracking of the Hoof, Distemper, Scours, Curb, Corks, scratches, sore teats and other disorders and troubles of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by NORTON & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.