

suppose that the *elegance du billet* can be diverted into successful novel-writing. A note to a confidant may be quite a perfect composition in its way; the gravest critic may read it with approval, wondering how it is done, how anything so graceful and piquante can be made out of such small material; and yet it may have no kindred whatever with the fancy and observation that go to a readable work of fiction. If every young woman does not know this, it is often as much her friends' fault as her own.—*Saturday Review*.

ARCHERY.

Judgment in every shot is demanded, and it is not too much to say that these ladies, descendants, no doubt, of gentlemen who drew good bows at Hastings and elsewhere, would, with a little practice, prove themselves formidable antagonists at Wimbledon. One archer says: "Our real archer celebrities would any of them at once step forth as full-blown rifle shots, since rapid electric sympathy betwixt eye and hand is indispensable to both." He then proceeds to show that the rule does not apply inversely. This, no doubt, is just a trifle *entre*; but then every archer is an enthusiast of his art, and long distant be the day when he shall be otherwise. It won us glory before the days of saltpetre and Whitefort, and now that it has been superseded by what Carew quaintly call the "Hell-born murderer," it affords us one of the most enjoyable and beautiful amusements. And if any one wishes to know how useful it is, let them go to the next meeting and see the glowing cheeks and the beaming eyes, the straight figures and the muscle (I hope I may be allowed to refer to a lady's bicep) it makes. The vice-like grip, the power to draw a bow of 28lb, the steady nerve, and the "stout heart," are not these useful elsewhere than in front of the targets? And archery, of all exercises, promotes these. It is a deadly foe to consumption and rheumatism. I spoke just now of the peculiar grace observable in the archery field. Is it not attributable to the fact that the ladies practise archery? An hour a day through the summer spent in drawing a good yew bow is calculated to raise the physique of a lady in a wonderful degree. Hence the everywhere observable fact that the ladies to be found at archery meetings are more "apple-sauce" tall, and strong than their conspecifics. But there is one condition upon which the whole utility of archery on this point rests. It is that the strength should not be overtaxed by the use of too powerful a bow. It is necessary that this should be everywhere repeated, for it is the growing practice among archers to make use of bows by far too powerful. The results are as disastrous and melancholy as they are natural. There is always a point at which one grain more will break the canker back. This fatal tendency for "wrestling with their gear," as old Ascham calls it, dates back from the earliest annals of archery, and is, I am afraid, as prevalent to-day as ever. The object is to shoot into the bull's eye, and that from a distance of only 100 yards. There can, therefore, be no justification for the use of a bow of more than say 60lb pull. This is a point of so much importance that I may quote the great modern authority:—"One of the great mistakes young archers commit (and many old ones too) is that they will use bows too strong for them. . . . The question is not so much as to what a man can pull as to what he can lose. How many a promising archer has this mania for strong bows destroyed (in an archery sense of the term)! I call to mind one, at this moment—one of the best and most beautiful shots of his day; a winner, too, of the first and second prizes at the Grand National Meetings two successive years—whose accuracy was, at one time, completely leaving him and dwindling beneath mediocrity, owing, as I firmly believe, to his infatuation, on this point. Another, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, brought himself to death's door by a violent illness of nearly a year's duration through injury to his physical powers brought on by the same thing, only carried to a much greater excess."—*London Society*.

A NEW REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.

While on this hackneyed subject I may as well place on record a singularly successful experiment made at the instance of her physician, who himself had prospered with it, by a lady, who, two years since, crossed the Straits, exempt from even the slightest sensation of uneasiness, though so incapable, in general, of remaining long on the water, even in a row-boat on a river, as to change colour if the little vessel swayed; and the preventive lay simply in her drawing a long breath at every inspiration [three times in a minute] throughout the hour and three quarters of a sea passage, during which many individuals suffered the extreme of indisposition. I was witness of this fact, and saw her about half-an-hour afterwards preparing to continue her journey into the Netherlands by the next train, instead of remaining, as she had fully expected she would have been obliged to do, for twelve or fifteen hours (to recover) at Calais.—*Ten Days in a French Parsonage*. By George Musgrave.

THE DICE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded.)

After such scenes sleep was not to be thought of; and Rudolph resolved if possible, to make trial of his dice this very night. The ball at the hotel over the way, to which he had been invited, and from which the steps of the waltzers were still audible, appeared to present a fair opportunity. Thither he repaired; but not without some anxiety, lest some of the noises in his own lodgings should have reached the houses over the way. He was happy to find this fear unfounded. Everything appeared as if calculated only for his senses; for when he inquired, with assumed carelessness, what great explosion that was which occurred about midnight nobody acknowledged to having heard it.

The dice also, he was happy to find, answered his expectations. He found a company engaged at play, and, by the break of day, he had met with so much luck, that he was immediately able to travel back to the baths, and to redeem his child and his word of honour.

In the baths he now made as many new acquaintances as the losses were important which he had lately sustained. He was reputed one of the wealthiest cavaliers in the place; and many who had designs upon him in consequence of this reputed wealth, willingly lost money to him to favor their own schemes; so that in a single month he gained a sum which would have established him as a man of fortune. Under countenance of this repute, and as a widower, no doubt he might now have made successful advances to the young lady whom he had formerly pursued, for her father had an exclusive regard to property, and would have overlooked morals and respectability of that sort in any candidate for his daughter's hand; but with the largest offers of money, he could not purchase his freedom from the contract made with his landlord's daughter,—a woman of very respectable character. In fact, six months after the death of his first wife, he was married to her.

By the unlimited profusion of money with which his second wife sought to wash out the stains upon her honor, Rudolph's new-raised property was as speedily squandered. To part from her, was one of the wishes which lay nearest his heart. He had, however, never ventured to express it a second time before his father-in-law, for, on the single occasion when he had hinted at such an intention, that person had immediately broken out into the most dreadful threats. The murder of his first wife was the chain which bound him to his second. The boy whom his first wife had left him, closely as he resembled her in features and in the bad traits of her character, was his only comfort, if indeed his gloomy and perturbed mind would allow him at any time to taste of comfort.

To preserve this boy from the evil influences of the many bad examples about him, he had already made an agreement with a man of distinguished abilities who was to have superintended his education in his own family. But all was frustrated. Madam von Schrollhausen, whose love of pomp and display led her eagerly to catch at every idea of creating a *fête*, had invited a party on the evening before the young boy's intended departure. The time which was not occupied in the dining-room was spent at the gaming-table, and dedicated to the dice, of whose extraordinary powers the owner was at this time availing himself with more zeal than usual, having just invested all his disposable money in the purchase of a landed estate. One of the guests having lost very considerable sums in an uninterrupted train of ill-luck, threw the dice, in his vexation with such force upon the table, that one of them fell down. The attendants searched for it on the floor, and the child also crept about in quest of it. Not finding it, he rose, and in rising step upon it, lost his balance, and fell with such violence against the edge of the stove, that he died in a few hours of the injury inflicted on his head.

This accident made the most powerful impression upon the father. He recapitulated the whole of his life from the first trial he had made of the dice; from them had arisen all his misfortunes; in what way could he liberate himself from their accursed influence? Revolving this point, and in the deepest distress of mind, Schroll wandered out towards night-fall, and strolled through the town. Coming to a solitary bridge in the out outskirts, he looked down from the battlements upon the gloomy depth of the water below, which seemed to regard him with looks of sympathy and strong fascination. "So be it then!" he exclaimed, and he sprang over the railing; but instead of finding his grave in the waters, he felt himself below seized powerfully by the grasp of a man, whom, from his scornful laugh, he recognized as his evil counsellor. The man bore him to the shore, and said, "No, no! my good friend; he that once enters into a league with me, him I shall deliver from death even in his own despite."

Half crazy with despair, the next morning Schroll crept out of the town with a bag of money, a spring was abroad in his veins, spring breezes, and nightingales. They were all abroad, but not for him or his delight. A crowd of itinerant tradesmen passed him, who were on the road to a neighboring fair. One of them, observing his dejected countenance with pity, attached himself to his side, and asked in a tone of sympathy what was the matter. Two others of the passers-by Schroll heard distinctly saying, "Faith, I should not like, for my part, to walk alone with such an ill-looking fellow." He darted a furious glance at the men, separated from his pitying companion with a fervent pressure of his hand, and struck off into a solitary track of the forest. In the first retired spot he fired the pistol, and behold the man who had spoken to him with so much kindness lies stretched in his blood, and himself is without a wound. At this moment, while staring half unconsciously at the face of the murdered man, he feels himself seized from behind. Already he seems to himself in the hands of the public executioners. Turning around however, he hardly knows whether to feel pleasure or pain on seeing his evil suggester in the dress of a grave-digger. "My friend," said the grave-digger, "if you cannot be content to wait for death until I send it, I must be forced to end with dragging you to that from which I begin by saving you,—a public execution. But think not thus, or by any other way, to escape me. After death, thou wilt assuredly be mine again."

"Who, then," said the unhappy man, "who is the murderer of the poor traveller?"

"Who? why who but yourself? Was it not yourself that fired the pistol?"

"Ay, but at my own head."

The fiend laughed in a way that made Schroll's flesh creep on his bones. "Understand this, friend, that he whose fate I hold in my hands cannot anticipate it by his own act. For the present, begone if you would escape the scaffold. To oblige you once more, I shall throw a veil over this murder."

Thereupon the grave-digger set about making a grave for the corpse, whilst Schroll wandered away,—more for the sake of escaping the hideous presence in which he stood, than with any view to his own security from punishment. Seeing by accident a prisoner under arrest at the prison-house, Schroll's thoughts reverted to his situation. "How happy," said he, "for me and for Charlotte, had I then refused to base life on such terms, and had better laid to heart the counsel of my spiritual adviser!" Upon this a sudden thought struck him: he would go and find out the old clergyman, and would unfold to

wretched historical affairs required!

But, say what accompanying!

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