

how piquant it was to wait for the unveiling of the real Eleanour, as bit by bit she came out of herself when no one was by. All the grandmotherly airs flew away, and the charms peeped out one by one. Bless you, my dear girl, you don't know Eleanour! You wait till we have been married a few months, and your eyes will be opened!"

"It was her own wish, her own doing," murmured Cecil.

"Her own doing, certainly; that was the droll part of it. I have seen many a woman laid on the shelf against her will; but never before saw one systematically cling to it of her own accord. It was all I could do to dislodge my fair Eleanour. She gave me a buffet for my pains—metaphorically—at the first suggestion; and last night I had to argue and entreat for half the evening, before I could obtain a hearing at all! Oh no, she had settled it entirely in her own mind. She had her father and sisters, and you and Alexander and the children, to care for; and she had done with marriage, and all thoughts of the kind. But I found the soft spot at last. No, you need not think you are going to get it out of me; my conduct was quite shabby enough at the time, without betraying my sweetheart afterwards."

"She would be old, and was so young," he went on, musing. "That excess of sober solemnity, and all the impetuousness beneath! Those black gowns too!"

"Pray, what had they to do with it?"

"Showed off her figure to such advantage as no others could have done. On our wedding-day I suppose I must submit to white, or whatever is proper, but afterwards she must return to the robe in which she won my heart!"

Eleanour on her part, could not find one half so much to say.

She wept, and blushed, and begged their forgiveness, as if she had done them all an injury. She who had been so particular with them all, and so earnest that the proprieties should be observed, even to the minutest particular, to have been caught in her own trap! And to be sure, it was on Anthony that her attention had been chiefly fixed, resolved that whatever she and Cecil might in private dare to do for, there should be no attempts to engage his notice; no meetings without surveillance; nothing whatever inconsistent with severe decorum. Her vigilance had relaxed only when it became so palpably unnecessary as to make continuation of it ridiculous.

And that off her mind, she had given herself up to the pleasure of his companionship,—had allowed herself to listen, untroubled by any sense of danger, to the modulations of his treacherous voice. As long as he kept only to her, no cares could burden her conscience; she was free to enjoy; and keenly had she enjoyed, deeply had she drunk of the intoxicating cup.

Then came the awakening. Only on the previous evening, only when he came out to her under the pensive tower, while the others were dancing within, and said that which burst in upon her dream like the blast of a trumpet,—only then she had guessed what all this was leading to.

And could they not, one and all, bear witness to her unwillingness to go on the water the next night? Could they not testify that it was only because she had been compelled to do so, that she had yielded at last? See what had come of it!

"If you had but let me do as I said," cried Eleanour, "twixt laughing and sobbing," "if you had only allowed me to stay behind, he would never have had the chance of speaking a second time!"

She was subdued thenceforth beyond recovery. In the interval before the marriage took place, if ever a controlling frown crossed her brow, or a diabolic word escaped her lips, it was the signal for a jeer, a taunt, a smile of derision.

Eleanour was Eleanour no longer. Even the prospect of there being no successor to the throne she was quitting,—no one to prize as she had prized, to judge, to censure, to punish, and pardon,—did not move her to grasp the reins of government whilst she could. She threw them down then and there, acknowledging her failure.

She was once more a bride ere the leaves were off the trees; and this time, of her complete and entire happiness no hearts were entertained by anybody.

In Anthony she found equality of mind, congeniality of temperament, and the concentrated affection of a man who loves neither easily nor often. In her he experienced the charm of being united to an intelligent companion; of being subjected daily to the influence of a cheerful unselfish disposition; and of being looked at across his own table by the finest eyes in the world.

The manuscript which was contraband at Crichton, was openly sent into the world from Blatchworth; and it may confidently be affirmed that it owed no small portion of its merits and its success to the assistance of its first critic. The attention it attracted, added to their own superiority of intellect and amiability of temper, soon obtained for Anthony and his wife any society they chose among the learned, the gifted, and the witty; but having thus unexpectedly distinguished themselves before the world, it is clear that they can no longer claim to figure under the title of "non-performers."

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY will give next year to concerts and then retire from the stage.

HEARTH AND HOME.

RESOLUTION.—An ivy branch, finding nothing to cling to beyond a certain point, shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he have any vigour of spirit, and be not in the bodily debility of childhood or age, will begin to act for himself with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.

THE WIFE.—The true wife not only has the confidence of her husband, but the affairs in her exclusive care flourish like a garden. Her presence is so natural and unassuming, and her willingness to benefit so real, that there is nothing affected in her manner. She loves the praise of her husband, but does not exact it. She is desirous to have him know how pure her affectionate attentions are; but is not officious. To be permitted to share his life-work and his confidence is the only reward she seeks.

THE MODERN PRECEPT.—"There is a piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against," writes Sydney Smith—"the foppery of universality—of knowing all sciences, and excelling in all art—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, and natural philosophy. In short, the modern precept of education often is—Take the Admirable Crichton for your model, 'I would have you ignorant of nothing.' Now my advice, on the contrary, is to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything."

THE CRITICAL EVENT OF LIFE.—Many of the errors of life admit of remedy. A loss in one business may be repaired by a gain in another; a miscalculation this year may be retrieved by special care the next; a bad partnership may be dissolved, an injury repaired, a wrong step retraced. But an error in marriage goes to the very root and foundation of life. The deed, once done, cannot be recalled. The golden rule is broken and the wine of life is wasted, and no tears or toils can bring back the precious draught. Let the young think of this, and let them walk carefully in a world of snares, and take heed to their steps, lest in the most critical event of life they go astray.

OCCUPIED LIVES.—Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady stimulating aim—a tend toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, or for a long period healthy. Said a rich lady to a gentleman still labouring beyond his means, "Don't stop; keep at it." The words that were in her heart were, "If my husband had not stopped, he would be alive to-day." And what she thought was doubtless true. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies, or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die.

IDEALITY.—Ideality is a strong guardian of virtue, for they who have tasted its genuine pleasures can never rest satisfied with those of mere sense. But it is possible, however, to cultivate the taste to such a degree as to induce a fastidious refinement, when it becomes the index of more pain than pleasure. Over refinement is apt to interfere with benevolence, to avoid the sight of indecent distress, to shrink from the contact of vulgar worth, and to lead us to despise those whose feeling of taste is less delicate and exact than our own. If the beautiful and the useful be incompatible, the beautiful must give way, as the means of the existence and comfort of the masses must be provided before the elegances which can only conduce to the pleasure of the few. Selfishness, though refined, is still but selfishness; and refinement ought never to interfere with the means of doing good in the world as it at present exists. It is not desirable to appeal early to this feeling, or perhaps ever directly to cultivate it. If the other faculties are well developed and properly cultivated, this will attain sufficient strength of itself.

THE SILENCE OF FRIENDSHIP.—Only real friends understand silence. With a passing guest or casual acquaintance you feel under an obligation to talk; you may make an effort to entertain him as a matter of courtesy; you may be tired or weak, but no matter, you feel you must exert yourself. But, with a very dear and intimate friend sitting by you, there is no feeling of the kind. To be sure, you may talk if you feel able, pouring out all sorts of confidences, relieved and refreshed by the interchange of thoughts and sympathies. But, if you are very tired, you know you do not need to say a word. You are perfectly understood, and you know it. You can enjoy the mere fact of your friend's presence, and find that does you more good than conversation. The sense of that present and sympathetic affection rests you more than any words. And your friend takes it as the highest proof of your friendship and confidence, and probably never loves you so vividly as in these still moments. No matter that twilight is falling, and that you cannot see each other's faces—the presence and the silence are full of brightness and eloquence, and you feel they are enough.

GOOD TEMPER.—Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an

unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent, beforehand, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness—the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness"—ill-temper.

MORALITY OF GOOD LIVING.—A man of the kindest impulses has only to feed upon indigestible food for a few days and forthwith his liver is affected, and then his brain. His sensibilities are blunted; his uneasiness makes him waspish and fretful. He is like a hedgehog with the quills rolled in, and will do and say things from which in health he would have recoiled. Sydney Smith did not exaggerate when he affirmed that "old friendships are often destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has often led to suicide." Even so intellectual a man as William Hazlitt, writing to his lady-love, could say: "I never love you so well as when I think of sitting down with you to dinner on a boiled serafend of mutton and hot potatoes." • • • Justly did Talleyrand inveigh against the English that they had one hundred and fifty forms of religion and but one sauce—melted butter. The celebrated scholar, Dr. Parr, confessed a love for "hot lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope would lie in bed for days at Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would rise instantly and hurry down to table. Handel ate enormously, and when he dined at a tavern always ordered dinner for three. On being told that all would be ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den bring up the dinner, prestissimo! I am de company."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WOMEN are the funniest when they say nothing; but women are so seldom funny.

WHEN a young lady says she has two strings to her bow, she means that she has two beaux to her string.

FRANKLIN is reported to have said that rich widows are the only second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.

WOMEN detest a jealous man whom they do not love, but it angers them when a man whom they do love is not jealous.

THE newspapers of the far West are confident that fifty good-looking girls will do more towards civilizing a mining camp than all the preachers in Christendom.

TWO little Illinois girls raised chickens and sold eggs, and after making a considerable amount of money they purchased a monument for their grandmother's grave.

INDIANA has a woman who weighs 510 pounds, yet she ran a tramp over three fences and across a meadow and pounded him until he had to be taken away in a wagon.

KANSAS girls walk seven miles barefooted to trade a dozen eggs at a country store for a spoon of thread. Nothing stuck up about girls who are cut out for No. 1 wives.

THE New York Commercial Advertiser says that one great drawback to the female sex during to swim is the fact that a woman's elbows get cold just as soon as she enters the water.

AN old widower says, when you pop the question to a lady, do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very good; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

A DEALER in hosiery in Chicago marked a pair of stockings, "Only \$1.00," and more than one hundred ladies stopped at the window and cried out: "Dear me! how cheap!—I'll ask my husband to buy them!"

A STONE-CUTTER received the following epistle from a German to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine wife Susan is dead; if she had lived till next Friday she'd been dead about two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stand."

AFTER much discussion the school authorities of Hudson, N.Y., have determined to introduce education in the schools of that city. The sexes have heretofore been taught in separate buildings. Coeducation has just been forbidden by the school board of Louisville, Ky.

A CHICAGO lady was trying on a bonnet, when she said, "Are these rights?" "No," said the clerk. "Have they work holes?" she asked. "No," said he, "but you can wear the ribbons and flowers on the near side." "I knew these bonnets were rights and lefts," said she.

A WRETCH of a husband told his devoted wife that he didn't see any use of her paying three dollars for a bonnet when all she had to do was to take her little lace work basket, turn it upside down, run some gilt braid through the holes and perch a scarlet poppy and a yellow sunflower on one side.

THERE can hardly be a more mistaken kindness—in reality a greater cruelty—on the part of a mother towards a daughter than for her to relieve her from all active participation in household duties. To keep her hands fair and delicate, to spare her all care and trouble—this will work very well for a few months and a few years, but what will the after consequences be?

A BILL OF FARE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Almost anything that one looks for can be found in Shakespeare, and that the immortal bard foresaw the requirements of a modern dinner is manifest from the following bill of fare, presented to the Alumni Association of St. John's College, for their annual feast at the Metropolitan Hotel recently.

MENU.

"He which hath no stomach to this, Let him depart!"—[King Henry V.]

Little Neck Clams. "Here in the sands Thee I'll rake up!"—[King Lear.]

SOUP—Consomme printanier royale. "Master, if you do, expect spm in meat."—[Comedy of Errors.]

FISH—Kenebec salmon a la Normande. "A fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday."—[Winter's Tale.]

Potatoes a l'auzlaise. "We should take root here."—[King Henry VIII.]

Cucumbers. "Slice, I say! slice! that's my humour."—[Merry Wives of Windsor.]

RELIEF—Saddle of lamb, mint sauce. "In peas was never gentle lamb more mild."—[King Richard II.]

New green peas. "Peas, ye fat kidneyed rascal."—[King Henry IV.]

ENTREES—Tender loin of beef larded a la Hussarde. "As 'twere a kind of tender."—[Merry Wives of Windsor.]

Canflower a la creme. "Where's then the saucy boat?"—[Troilus and Cressida.]

Timbale of sweetbreads a la Providence. "Might have kept this calf-bred."—[King John.]

Tomatoes au gratin. "You are full of heavenly stuff."—[King Henry VIII.]

ROMAN PUNCH. "We'll mend our dinners here."—[Comedy of Errors.]

ROAST—Spring chicken farcie en demi place. "I doubt some foul play!"—[Hamlet.]

English calves on toast au cream. "This was well done, my bird."—[The Tempest.]

Lettuce salad. "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!"—[The Tempest.]

PASTRY AND DESSERT. "Set thee on to this desert!"—[Cymbeline.]

Pudding soufflé a la reine, Champagne jelly. Assorted cake, Ice cream en pyramide. "Here we wander in illusions." "Some blessed power deliver us from hence."—[Comedy of Errors.]

Pineapple cheese. "Why, my cheese! my direction!"—[Troilus and Cressida.]

Fruits, Coffee. "For we have stomachs."—[The Tempest.]

"A most delicious banquet, And brave attendants."—[Taming of the Shrew.]

"We can afford no more at such a price."—[Love's Labour Lost.]

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI is sixty-seven years of age.

MR. TOM KARR is rusticiating near Rochester, N. Y.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY is spending the summer in Switzerland.

It is said that Emma Abbott will take her English Opera Company to England next year.

THERE will be one hundred musicians in the New York Philharmonic orchestra next season.

The permanent fund of the Boston, Handel and Haydn Society now amounts to nearly \$5,000.

FIFTY thousand dollars has been offered Richard Wagner to come to this country and conduct a series of concerts.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S "Demon" was played in Moscow nineteen times to crowded houses. His "Nero" is now being at the Royal Opera House, Berlin.

THE scene of Anna Dickinson's new play is laid in Russia, and the time is supposed to be fifty years ago. Fanny Davenport plays the part of a Jewess.

MME. MARIE ROZE stipulates in her engagement with Messrs. Strakosch and Hess that she shall sing only three times a week. The season will open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Nov. 1, "Aida" and "Carmen" will be included in the repertoire.

CHARLES READE, the novelist, announces that he abandons writing for the stage in consequence of his conversion by Dr. Graham, the Hammersmith Congregational minister. He is a constant attendant at Bible classes and prayer-meetings, and contemplates preaching.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is reported to be engaged in the composition of another comic opera for production in this country next season, the libretto being by Mr. Gilbert. If these two accomplished writers will only profit by experience and take to heart the lesson afforded by the comparative failure of the "Princess of Pezzance," they will in all probability make a success of their new opera. The conditions of management in this country are not influenced by the traditions or customs of the English stage.

FACTORY FACTS.

Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languor, miserable feeling, poor blood, inactive liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.