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Discontent a Duty.

We never remember to have heard a sermon on the duty of being discontented. We have had homilies enough on contentment, but there are always two sides; and since clergymen will preach the duty of contentment, let a secular newspaper, humbly picking up little shreds of neglected moralities, enforce the solemn obligation resting upon us all to be dissatisfied. Perhaps, however, we have done the clergy injustice. They have preached effectively in favour of discontent, but without recognizing it. For a minister preaches discontent when he tells us to grow in grace. The very first step toward progress of any sort is a thorough dissatisfaction with the present stage of perfection or accomplishment.

It is he who can never know enough of mathematics, who can never play and sing with sufficient excellence, who can never paint the vision his imagination sees, who can never give expression to the poetry to which his soul listens, that must succeed. All great and genuine success is founded on a perpetual and thorough dissatisfaction with one's self and one's present attainment. We recall a man of talent and wide reading. He was a marvel to every one who knew him. He never knew enough; and so, from sheer discontent that he could not know everything, he kept on striving to know more. And so he became a marvel of attainment. We have known men of equal ability who had just one obstacle to their success. They were contented. How many brilliant boys expend their emulation in college classes, and are forever satisfied to have been a valedictorian or a prize declaimer? It is hard to tell what it is that makes them so self-satisfied—too little of aspiration, too little imagination, or perchance a trifle too much of what the doctors call the subcutaneous-adipose-cushion.

We say of such men that they lack energy. But they seem to have energy enough in certain directions. They are satisfied with their cup as life gives it to them. How we long, sometimes, to drop just one bitter drop of discontent in it! Not for the sake of making them unhappy. One does not thrust a rowel into a horse for the sake of making him uncomfortable. But that the discomfort may make him go along.

There is a sort of discontent, then, that is a virtue. There is another sort that is indeed a deadly sin. How shall we distinguish them? The discontent that spends itself in fretting and fuming like the destructive energy of a kicking horse, is criminal. The discontent that goads us to renewed efforts is indispensable to any right living. Discontent of the right sort has made the desert places of the earth to blossom, has covered the seas with commerce, has created literature, and given birth to art. All the greatness of nations and of individuals has grown out of it. And yet it is often a placid sort of dissatisfaction, which never preys upon itself, but husbands all its forces for the work before it.

GENERAL

GUSTAVE DORE, the great painter, will visit this country soon. He wants to see Niagara. He will have a splendid chance to draw his purse while there.

THERE is something soothing and delightful in the recollection of a pure-minded woman's affection; it is the oasis in the desert of a worldly man's life, to which his feelings turn for refreshment when wearied with the unhallowed passions of this working-day world.

LET every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting of the sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself.

PAUPERISM in Berlin has been steadily increasing since 1875. Communal relief was given in 1875 to one person in 82, in 1876 to one in 80, and in 1877 to one in 74. For the current year the number will be still larger. The revenue of the institutions for the poor not in receipt of communal relief is exhausted for this year, and demands can no longer be satisfied.

THE present King of Holland was not to be found upon the death of his father, William II. Depatches were sent to all the Dutch Consuls throughout the world to make inquiries regarding him, when suddenly it was recollected that the Prince had become enamoured of an actress in an English travelling company. This was in 1840, and he was then 32 years of age. The troupe was found in a small city of Scotland, and the Prince for a month had been acting as prompter.

A RICH old Marquis recently died in Naples in a house that he had rented from five very pious sisters. Upon visiting the premises to get possession of his riches, his sole heirs, who were a couple of nephews, found such trifling amounts lying around that they instinctively felt that somebody had been there before them. They reported their suspicions to the police. The five sisters were duly sifted, and half a million of dollars was found secreted about their petticoats.

THE last survivor of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt has just died at the Invalides in Paris. This veteran, Darrey by name, who had almost attained his hundredth year, was fond of relating how he was on duty in Egypt on the day the murderer of Kleber was executed. Kleber was assassinated at Cairo in June, 1800, by a fanatic named Soleyman, who, after having been condemned to death, had his right hand burned off, and was then impaled. Tortured by thirst, he called for something to drink, and Darrey, touched with compassion, gave him a glass of water. Darrey had been for more than half a century at the Invalides, which now contains very few old soldiers.

SEVERAL years ago a pressmen of one of our prominent daily newspapers was accidentally killed by the fall of a roll of paper. His wife had been accustomed to bring his lunch every night to the press-room. On that fatal night he was not there to meet her, and when she went home she found his dead body. The shock made her insane, and she still harmlessly and hopelessly keeps up a search for her husband. Almost any night a neatly dressed, white-haired woman may be seen lingering about the City Hall Park, even until after midnight, with an anxious look upon her face. It is the poor insane widow searching for her husband.

OF the late Bishop Dupanloup it is said that for so elegant and courtly-looking a personage he led a very abstemious life. He never slept in his gorgeous bed-chamber, in that way imitating Pio Nono, the whole furniture of his apartments being an iron bedstead, a table, and two chairs. His room had not even a fire-place. In the Versailles Chamber his neatness of attire was remarkable, yet he spent little on clothes, but he made them last. And although the income of his diocese was large, he died poor. His money was spent in his latter years in relieving the families of his diocese orphaned by the Franco-Prussian war, and in the renovation of churches.

FROM present appearances there is no great likelihood of the speedy extinction of the coal mines of the world, whatever may be the apprehensions in regard to those of Great Britain and other well-known countries. Beds of coal have lately been brought to light in China, and are being rapidly developed. In Japan, too, the mines are undergoing thorough investigation. Quite recently Mr. G. W. Stow has discovered a thick seam of coal in South Africa near the Vaal River, in the north of the Orange Free State. This bed is said to be twenty miles long and six miles wide, and is roughly estimated to contain 350,000,000 tons of coal. If this is correct, there will sooner or later, no doubt, be new mines brought to light.

As long ago as 1806, a writer in the London *Mirror* wrote concerning Gretna Green marriages: "The Gretna Green forms are equally unnecessary and ridiculous. . . . The ceremony by the blacksmith (who performed the marriage service) is an impertinent piece of mummery, even to a degree criminal, as it is a mockery of the ecclesiastical forms of the country, which can neither make the marriage one whit the less irregular, nor can the want of it render the engagement less valid or legal. Yet I was assured on the spot that this scandalous impostor has in some years drawn above 1,200 guineas. . . . . Of late, however, two interlopers, one of them a disbanded soldier, the other a mason, threaten to deprive him of half his trade." Yet these marriages continued for forty years later. The last notable one was that of Lady Adela Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, with Capt. Ibbetson, a cavalry officer. Lady Adela, by the connivance of a maid, eloped from Brighton, where Lord and Lady Jersey were then staying. It was a nine days' wonder. All that was really necessary to make a runaway match from England valid in Scotland was for the parties to call upon the landlady and chambermaid to witness that they declared themselves man and wife, and occupied the same bedchamber.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"Wenn du voruberwandelst."

If thou dost but pass before me,
And I feel but the touch of thy dress,
My heart leaps, and follows in rapture
The track of thy loveliness.

Then thou turnest about, and bendest
Those great eyes of thine on me.
And my heart is so stricken with panic,
It scarcely can follow thee.

"Ein Fichtenbaum steht einzam."

A pine tree stands alone on
A bare bleak northern height;
The ice and snow they swathe it,
As it sleeps there, all in white.

'Tis dreaming of a palm-tree,
In a far-off Eastern land,
That mourns, alone and silent,
On a ledge of burning sand.

"Mein susses Lieb, wenn du im Grab."

When thou shalt die, my darling, low
In the dark grave, where they hide thee,
Then down to thee I will surely go,
And nestle in beside thee.

Wildly I'll kiss and clasp thee there,
Pale, cold, and silent lying;
Shout, shudder, weep, in dumb despair,
Beside my dead love dying.

The midnight calls, up rise the dead,
And dance in airy swarms there;
We twain quit not our earthly bed,
I lie wrapt in your arms there.

Up rise the dead; the Judgment day
To bliss or anguish calls them;
We twain lie on as before we lay,
And heed not what befalls them.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.—CONTINUED.

"Why does he not give it up at once?" she thought. "I cannot understand why he should trouble about it *now*."

From which it may be inferred that she had learned to believe that the attraction which had so long kept the young mineralogist was to be found in herself rather than in the mountain which looked with calm disdain upon the pygmies burrowing into its heart. When she chanced, one day, to reveal this opinion to Thyrle, he did not undeceive her.

"I came in search of one treasure, and I found another," he said, with a smile.

Then a question, which had trembled on her lips for some time, passed them quickly:

"If you have found one treasure, why are you not satisfied?" she asked. "Why do you still persevere in trying to find the other?"

He looked surprised.

"Do you mean that you, too, are losing heart about the mine?" he said. "I am sorry for that."

"I mean that I do not care about it as I did," she answered. "Why should I? It was my only hope *then*, but now"—with a flitting blush—"I do not feel as if it mattered at all. And I cannot help wondering why it should matter so much to you."

"Yet the reason is very plain," he said, quietly. "Whether the mine is worked successfully or not, matters very much to your father as well as to the company which sent me here. Hence I cannot be content with having secured *my* treasure; I must still endeavour, by every means in my power to wrest from the mountain the treasure which it holds."

"But could not some one else do so?" she asked. "Surely there is no need for *you* to spend time and labour in such a manner."

The expression of surprise came again to his face.

"I have the same need which every other man connected with the work has," he said. "It is my profession, and my means of support."

"Your—means of support!" stammered Annot. Her amazement was so great that she forgot that there was any reason why she should not betray it in excessive degree. "I do not understand," she said. "I thought—that is, I was told—that you worked in this way only because you like it."

"I do like it," he replied, "as every man must like the profession of his choice, but it is not optional with me whether I shall work or not. My fortune is a small one, and not likely ever to increase very greatly. I should perhaps, have told you this before," as he saw the blankness of disappointment which settled on her face, "for it is no brilliant future that I can offer you. I am only a professional man with fair prospects and a moderate income."

Annot would have said again, "I do not understand," if she had been able to utter the words; but she was literally stricken dumb by astonishment and consternation. She hardly knew what dreams of gorgeous fabrics she had reared until they were shattered by those few sentences.

It chanced that they were interrupted at this point, so the conversation went no further; but Thyrle found himself thinking of it afterward, and wondering over the surprise which had been so apparent on Annot's face. It seemed impossible that she could have heard anything of his circumstances, and yet there was no other means of accounting for her belief that he worked in this way "only because he liked it." For a time he was deeply puzzled, but suddenly a light broke upon him, and he sought Mr. Murphy straightway.

"See here, Murphy," he began, at once, "have you been talking of my affairs to these people?"

"What affairs do you mean?" asked Murphy, who perfectly knew what he meant.

"I mean my private affairs," replied Thyrle, rather sternly. "The amount of what is supposed to be my fortune—anything of that kind?"

"I've got something else to do, besides talking of anybody's private affairs," answered Murphy, "but I may have mentioned to Lawlie that it's odd to see a man worth as much as folks say you are, working here as if you wasn't worth a dollar over and above what you make."

"And how do you know that I am worth a dollar over and above what I make?" demanded Thyrle, with unusual heat. "What people say is no authority, and a man of your age ought to know as much."

He walked away then, conscious that there was little good in losing temper over what was done; but he realized fully that the mistake seriously affected his relations with Annot. He did not suspect her of being entirely mercenary, but he did understand that she was counting on a very different position in life from any that he was able to give her.

"I will tell her the exact truth," he thought, "and then she must decide whether or not she cares to marry me as I am."

The day on which this "exact truth" was told was one that Annot never forgot. By Thyrle's request she had accompanied him to the summit of the mountain in which the treasure that had so deeply influenced both their lives—and through them other lives again—lay hidden. But, even though it had represented a kingdom's wealth, it could not have equalled the other treasure of loveliness unsurpassed which lay outspread beneath them, "from the orient to the drooping west." At their feet the green coves and valleys nestled in the folds of the splendid heights, while afar countless mountains stretched in azure fairness until the most remote mingled their form and colour with the bending sky. Of the majesty of form, the ineffable delicacy of tint, and the abounding glory of verdure in these noble highlands, words can give no adequate description. To stand as Thyrle and Annot stood that day, and overlook its wide beauty, with the lucid atmosphere melting in the distant to radiant haze, is to realize an exultation of feeling beyond mere pleasure. East, west, and north, mountains, girt by farther mountains still, bounded the horizon of their view; but southward the gaze passed over chains of intervening heights, and from the greater elevation beheld far off a wide, plain-like expanse, steeped in a magical blue light. This was what mountaineers call "low country"—the land of cities and railroads, of rushing life and energy. The dreamer in the clouds is apt to turn his eyes and his thoughts from all that it suggests; but Annot, now as ever, clasped her hands, and looked thither with wistful, longing gaze.

"Down there is *life!*" she said, as if speaking to herself. Then she turned abruptly to Thyrle. "Are you not tired of these mountains, which are so lonely and still?" she added. "Do not you feel as if you wanted to be there"—she made a motion of her hand toward the distant plain—"where there is something besides stagnation and weariness?"

He looked at her and smiled.

"It is you who are weary of Arcadia," he said, "not I. Perhaps I have had too much of the tumult and fret for which you are so eager. But a soldier cannot drop out of a fight because he is weary of it, and so I must, before long, go back to the world which lies so far and misty yonder. Do you think you will be willing to go with me?"

"I thought I had answered that question," she replied, with some surprise.

"Yes," he said, "but I have begun to fear that you answered it under a mistaken impression. Annot, do you think that I am a rich man?"

The direct question startled and confused her—she blushed crimson, and the truth impulsively slipped from her lips:

"Mr. Murphy says that you are."

"Mr. Murphy has no knowledge of my affairs," said Thyrle. "I am very sorry that such an idea was suggested to you, for I fear you will be disappointed when I tell you that it is a mistake. The truth is simply this: my uncle died a year ago, leaving his fortune in my hands for the use of his daughter. It was apparently bequeathed to me, but in fact is not mine at all—it is merely a trust which I hold for another. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," she said, slowly; "but it seems very strange. Why did he not leave it to his daughter?"

"Because she had married very unhappily and he did not wish her husband to derive any benefit from that for which he married her."

"And have you given it to her?"

"I have not yet made it over to her, but I will do so whenever she desires."

Annot was silent for a minute—looking not at him, but at that distant, shadowy plain where her heart and her hopes were set. Presently she said, impetuously:

"I do not think it was treating you right to do such a thing! Of course, everybody thinks the fortune is yours—and all the while you are bound to give it up!"

"What everybody thinks is not a matter of any importance," he said, quietly; "but what *you* think does concern me greatly. I recognize that this may change everything between us. When you accepted me you did so under an entire mistake with regard to my worldly affairs. Now that you know the truth—now that you are aware that if you marry me you will be the wife, not of a rich, but of a poor man—I shall not blame you if you decide differently."

Silence for another minute—a minute which both felt to be fraught with the fate of their future lives. Still Annot gazed at the far blue world, which spread until it melted into the sky. The strife of thought is lightning-like, and in that moment she debated and decided the whole question within herself. She *was* horribly disappointed by the assurance she had just received, and for an instant she was tempted to think that she had made a great mistake—for were not Kane's rich acres lying in their green beauty below?—but then the recollection came to her that it would be better to reach the distant elysium of her dreams even with a comparatively poor man than to enjoy prosperity in her present life. Unconsciously she was acting upon the axiom that it is the first step alone which costs. "Let me once get there," she thought, watching the distant cloud-shadows shift and play over the misty expanse—"that is all I want." Furthermore, there can be no doubt that it would have cost her a pang to resign Thyrle himself. She was not—it is doubtful whether under any circumstances she could have been—in love as unselfish, tender-hearted women understand that term: but he was the only man who had ever touched her fancy, or pleased her taste.

So, after what seemed a long interval of silence, yet which was in truth very short, she answered his last words without turning her eyes.

"It is strange that you should say such a thing to me. How can you think I would be ready to change because you are not rich? Of course I am sorry that the fortune is not really yours, but—but it can make no difference unless you wish it to do so."

"Do you think that likely?" he asked, with a smile. "I have but one regret connected with it—and that is for your disappointment."

It was a regret which Annot keenly shared, but she said to herself, when reviewing the matter afterward more cooly, that she had gone too far to turn back. Day by day the success of the mine seemed more uncertain, while Kane was absolutely estranged. This fact, however, was rather pleasing than otherwise. Her dread of his reckless character was not dead, and she devoutly hoped that he would remain estranged to the end.

VIII.

As the days went on, deepening in beauty as summer approached her meridian, Thyrle did not relax his efforts with regard to the mine. A little encouragement had come, in the shape of a slight increase in the yield of gold, but it wasn't sufficient to stop the grumbling of Murphy, and the opposition of the latter became so great that Thyrle was finally forced to agree that if a large blasting operation which they were planning did not result, as he hoped, in laying bare richer veins, he would advise the company to abandon the work.

"Don't be startled if the noise of an explosion seems to bring the house down on your head," he said, in leaving Annot one morning. "We are going to blow off an enormous piece of the cliff to-day. I don't know what the mountain must think of us, but we are determined to have its hidden treasure, whether or no."

"I don't know what the neighbours must think," said Annot. "The last explosion was heard for miles—and this will be greater than it, will it not?"

"Much greater. This will be really tremendous. I am doubtful myself whether it may not be too great—but Murphy thinks not."

"And this—this will decide everything, will it not?" she said, going close to him, and beginning to pin a flower in his button-hole.

"It will decide whether the work shall be continued or abandoned for the present," he answered. "Do you wish us good luck?"

"What do you mean by good luck?—that the work shall be continued?"

"Certainly. Could I mean anything else?"

"Then I *don't* wish it," she said, lifting her eyes with an appealing look to his face. "I am so anxious—oh, you can't tell how anxious—to go away from here! I should be glad of anything that would take you away—for you would take me, would you not?"

"There is not much doubt of that," he answered—and with the touch of her hands upon his arm, the wistful fairness of her face uplifted, he did not heed at the moment the absorbing selfishness of her words. "If you are anxious to go," he went on, "you shall do so whether the work is abandoned or continued. I can go at any time, and for your sake I will leave—shall we say next week?"

A swift wave of colour leaped into her cheek, a swift light of gladness into her eyes.

"*Next week?*" she said. "Will you really go, and—and take me?"

"I will really go, and take you," he answered. "Tell me when I come back what day it shall be."

He kissed her as he spoke, and went away—saying something about the necessity of his presence at the mine.

But if this necessity had been great, it was hardly likely that he would have loitered so slowly through the green forest which led to it. In the fair sylvan shade he took off his hat and walked bareheaded along the path, with softly flickering shadows falling over the pale gravity of his face and the deep sadness of his eyes. For many days a settled depression had rested upon him, the cause of which he would not acknowledge even to himself, but which, on the contrary, he had steadfastly striven to ignore. To-day, however, he could ignore it no longer, and his spirit rose up to meet and overcome it as if it had been a material foe. The bitterness of such a conflict is known alone to the soul which suffers it—"for who can read or understand another's mood?"—and no token of it passed Thyrle's sternly compressed lips until at last he uttered half aloud these words:

"'Say unto all kinds of happiness, "I can do without thee"—with self-renunciation life begins.'" Then he added gravely, "Amen."

Annot, meanwhile, after parting with him on the piazza, had turned blithely into the house. *Her* heart was lighter than it had been for a long time, for the shadow of Kane's resentment hung over her so constantly that of late her nervous desire to escape beyond his reach had increased day by day. She never saw him, but, whenever she heard of him, she seemed to listen again to the passionate tones of his voice, and meet the passionate light of his eyes, as he said that no woman should ever jilt him with impunity. She had not the vaguest possible idea of what form his retaliation might take, but she felt that she could not know rest or peace until safely married to Thyrle and gone away.

"An—not!"

It was the shout of one of the boys from the gate, and Annot answered it carelessly.

"Well, Tom, what is the matter?"

Tom's answer—delivered in the same loud key—was unexpected.

"Here's a lady wants to see Mr. Thyrle, and mother's out, and father's away, so you must come and see her."

That a lady should be wanting Mr. Thyrle was such surprising intelligence that Annot rose quickly, dropped on the floor the sewing of which her lap was full, and, without even a glance toward the mirror to observe her appearance, went hastily out of the house.

At the gate a carriage was drawn up, while beside it—having evidently descended with the intention of entering the yard when met by Tom, who was emerging from the gate—stood a tall, graceful lady dressed in deep black.

She looked around as Annot approached, and the latter saw what seemed to her the most beautiful face on which she had ever gazed—pale, delicate, clear-cut, with large, dark eyes of wonderful lustre.

"Good-day," said the lady, speaking courteously, yet with the indefinable tone of one who addresses a person of lower rank—a tone which Annot instinctively felt and quickly resented. "This young man tells me that Mr. Thyrle, whom I wish to see, is not here just now?"

"No," answered Annot. "He has gone to the mine."

"And is the mine far? Can I not go there?"

"You can, if you are very anxious to see him," Annot replied, "but I think you had better come into the house and wait till he returns."

"Thanks," said the lady, with the slightest possible accent of *hauteur*, "but I prefer to go to him at once if I can do so. What is the distance to the mine?"

"About half a mile," replied Tom, for Annot could not speak. All in an instant jealousy, undefined but passionate, seized in her grasp. Who was this woman—so beautiful, so graceful, so far above her in refinement of manner and appearance—who had come to seek Thyrle, upon whom it was plain that she had some more than ordinary claim of relationship and friendship? Of late her sense of the gulf between herself and the man who had asked her to marry him had been diminishing in Annot's mind; but the appearance of this stranger seemed suddenly to make her conscious again of all its width. She felt inclined to cry peremptorily: "Who are you?—what do you want with him? I have a right to know!" But there is something in the reserve of the high-bred which even lower breeding is forced to respect; and so she remained silent, while Tom went on.

"If you follow the road that turns into the woods there to the left, you can drive to within a hundred yards of the mine—and then get out and ask the first man you see for Mr. Thyrle, and that's all."

"Thank you," said the lady. She turned to re-enter the carriage, but with her foot on the step hesitated a moment. "Am I likely to disturb him?—is he very busy?" she asked.

Still Annot did not speak, so Tom again responded:

"I don't reckon you'll disturb him—he's not what *I* call busy, any time."

"Then I will go," said the lady, with a smile. She entered the carriage as she spoke, said a few words to the driver, and the equipage rolled away, turning into the green forest and vanishing from sight as if it had been part of a dream—a most unwelcome dream, it seemed to Annot as she stood gazing blankly after it.

The surprise which she had felt at this unexpected appearance was hardly greater than that of Thyrle when he learned that a lady was inquiring for him. He left the mine at once, and, descending to the foot of the cliff, found the slender, beautiful figure seated on a pile of stones, with graceful foliage drooping overhead, the debris of the work in front, and the enchanted greenness of the solemn woods behind.

"Helen!" he exclaimed, in overmastering astonishment, as she rose and advanced toward him with both hands outstretched. "What possible chance brings you here?"

"No chance at all," she answered, with a tremulous smile. "A deliberate resolution is not a chance, is it?—since you would not come to me, what resource had I but to come to you? You are not sorry to see me, surely?"

"Sorry—no!" He spoke cordially, but the expression of his face was not of unmixed gladness. "I only regret that you should have taken such a journey, when of course I should have gone to you if you really wanted me."

"And have you doubted that I really wanted you? How could I fail to want my best, my only friend? Have I not begged you to come to me, and you—have you not failed to do so? I do not blame you; but I feel that I must see you, and so—I have come to *you!*"

There was that in her voice, in her face, above all in her eyes, which thrilled to Thyrle's inmost heart, waking passionate emotions which he had fancied dead—having fought them as a man fights the mortal enemy whom he must conquer or die—and bringing over him a sense of the irony of Fate. When he spoke, his voice, though still gentle, was almost cold.

"Tell me what I can do for you," he said. "I am sure you must have had some purpose in coming, apart from merely desiring to see me."

"I would have travelled a hundred times as far merely to see you," she answered impetuously, "but I had a purpose, moreover. I have heard tidings—of my husband."

Thyrle started, and the whole expression of his face changed.

"Tidings of what kind?" he asked, quickly. "Has he been troubling you again?"

"No," she answered—and there was a strange, solemn gladness in her manner, which was almost startling—"he will never trouble me again. The agent whom you advised me to put on his track has brought me proof that he died abroad, more than a year ago. I have tried not to rejoice—I endeavour not to thank God, for I fear that it may be wicked to do so—but to feel that I am free again, that the haunting dread of him is lifted from my life, is a relief which words can poorly express. You do not blame me for feeling so, do you?" she asked, fixing her lustrous, wistful eyes upon his. "*You* know what I have suffered and endured—*you* know what freedom means for me. Tell me, Julian, am I wrong to be happy?"

What could Thyrle say? It was a question of moral casuistry quite beyond his power of answering; but he spoke his honest conviction when he replied:

"Right or wrong, it is simply impossible that you could feel otherwise. You might profess regret—that could easily be done—but I do not think it would help matters in the sight of God, and, so far as the judgment of man is concerned, you are more than justified in being thankful to be free, I do not hesitate to say that I rejoice for you! Now my cousin, my dear cousin, you can take your place in the world, and live the life for which you are fitted."

"I have outlived all desire of that," she said. "My suffering has taught me wisdom—of one kind, at least. I have learned that there are only a few things worth valuing in life—chief of them, Julian, is such a heart as yours."

"Don't!" he said, sharply, lifting his hand with a gesture of warding off a blow. "The time is past for such words, Helen—do not utter them!"

"It is not past!" she cried, passionately. "It has only come. Do you know why I have travelled here to seek you? It is to tell you that I am ready to make all amends for all the past—if you will let me: it is to put my heart, my pride, everything that a woman holds most dear, at your feet—as long ago you laid your faithful and tender heart at mine, and I madly turned away from it. Julian"—what softness and sweetness her voice took as it uttered his name!—"is it too late?"

Ah, the irony, the cruel irony of Fate! Thyrle's brain seemed on fire, and his pulses were beating madly; but, through all the whirl of passion—for he knew with terrible distinctness that the woman bending toward him, and offering him all that she had to give, all that in days gone by he would have periled his soul to win, possessed his heart now as she had possessed it then—through all the strife of thought and feeling—he did not lose his consciousness that there was but one thing to do. He had buried his face in his hands when she began to speak; now he lifted it, stamped with a pallor that was almost ghastly.

"Forgive me that I have let you speak like this," he said, slowly, as one who utters his words by a supreme effort. "If I had imagined that your generous desire to atone for any pain you gave me in the past would have carried you so far, I should have told you before what I must tell you now—I am engaged to be married!"

It is not too much to say that he could not have amazed her more if he had levelled a pistol at her breast and fired. She gazed at him for an instant with dilated eyes, then growing white—white to the very lips, sank back on the pile of stones from which she had arisen.

In the absolute silence which followed, it seemed to Thyrle as if he had lived an eternity of pain—pain the keenest which he had ever endured. He felt like one around whom the bonds of Fate had tightened hopelessly; but, while it was possible to bear this for himself, it appeared to him almost impossible that he could bear it for her. Yet what was to be done? what remained to be said?

How long the silence lasted, neither knew; but it was the woman who recovered self-control first, and spoke—in a voice which hardly sounded like her own, so tense and full of effort was it:

"You may think it very strange that I—I did not consider that such a thing might be. But, in thinking much of one's self, one grows narrow-minded; and then, though I had no right to your confidence, I fancied you would have told me—"

Her power of speech failed; but Thyrle, knowing what she intended to say, answered the unfinished sentence.

"If such a thing had been when I saw you, I should have certainly told you. It is since then that I have become engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Miss Lawlie—the daughter of the man at whose house you probably stopped before coming here."

She looked at him with astonishment, which was akin to consternation.

"To *that* girl!" she said. "O Julian! what does it mean?"

"It means," he answered, "that I lost utterly—lost long ago, Helen—all care for my owe life, all hope of my own happiness, and that there seemed a prospect of my being able to bestow happiness on her. That is all."

"Do you mean, then," she said, quietly, "that you do not love her?"

Their eyes met in a glance, which to the day of her death Helen Huntley was destined never to forget.

"I never loved but one woman," Thyrle said, quietly, "and she told me, ten years ago, that she cared nothing for me."

"But she has learned wisdom since then, Julian," the woman before him cried, entreatingly, "and she tells you now—"

He made a gesture which, almost against her will, stopped the passionate words on her lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOUBLING CAPE HORN.

From a Sailor's Log-Book.

About midnight, when the starboard watch, to which I belonged, was below, the boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by the shrill cry for "All hands take in sail! Jump, men, and save ship!"

Springing from our hammocks, we found the frigate leaning over so steeply that it was with difficulty we could climb the ladders leading to the upper deck. Here the scene was awful. The main deck guns had several days previously been run in and housed, and the port holes closed; but the lee carronades on the quarter-deck and forecastle plunged through the sea, which undulated over them in milk-white billows of foam. With every lurch to leeward the yard-arm ends to dip in the sea, while forward the spray dashed over the bows in cataracts and drenched the men who were on the foreyard.

By this time the deck was alive with the whole strength of the ship's company, 500 men, officers and all, mostly clinging to the weather bulwarks. The occasional phosphorescence of the yeasty sea cast a glare upon their uplifted faces, as a night-fire in a populous city lights up the panic-stricken crowd.

In a sudden gale, or when a large quantity of sail is suddenly to be furled, it is customary for the First Lieutenant to take the trumpet from whoever then happens to be officer of the deck. But Mad Jack, the Second Lieutenant, had the trumpet that watch, nor did the First Lieutenant now seek to wrest it from his hands. Every eye was upon him, as if we had chosen him from among us all to decide this battle with the elements by single combat with the Spirit of the Cape—for Mad Jack was the saving genius of the ship, and so proved himself that night. I owe this right hand that is this moment flying over my sheet, and all my present being to Mad Jack.

The ship's bows were now butting, battering, ramming and thundering over and upon the head-seas, and with a terrible wallowing sound our whole hull was rolling in the trough of the foam. The gale came athwart the deck, and every sail seemed bursting with its wide breadth. All the quartermasters and several of the forecastle men were swarming around the double-wheel on the quarter-deck, some jumping up and down with their hands upon the spokes; for the whole helm and galvanized keel were fiercely feverish with the life imparted to them by the tempest.

It blew a hurricane. The spray flew over the ship in floods. The gigantic masts seemed to snap under the world-wide strain of the three entire topsails.

"Clew down! clew down!" shouted Mad Jack, husky with excitement, and in a frenzy beating his trumpets against one of the shrouds; but owing to the slant of the ship the thing could not be done. It was obvious that before many minutes something must go—either sails, rigging or sticks: perhaps the hull itself, and all hands.

Presently a voice from the top exclaimed that there was a rent in the main topsail, and instantly we heard a report like two or three muskets discharged together; the vast sail was rent up and down. This saved the mainmast, for the yard was now cleaved down with comparative ease, and the topmen laid out to stow the shattered canvas. Soon the two remaining topsails were also clewed down and close-reefed.

Above all the roar of the tempest and the shouts of the crew was heard the dismal tolling of the ship's bell (almost as large as that of a village church), which the violent rolling of the ship was occasioning. Imagination can not conceive the terror of such a sound in the night tempest at sea.

"Stop that ghost," roared Mad Jack; "away, one of you, and wrench off the clapper."

But no sooner was this ghost gagged than a still more appalling sound was heard—the rolling to and fro of the heavy shot, which on the gun-deck had broken loose from the gun-racks, and converted that part of the deck into an immense bowling-alley. Some hands were sent down to secure them, but it was as much as their lives were worth. Several were maimed, and the midshipmen who were ordered to see the duty performed reported it impossible until the storm abated.

The most terrible job of all was to furl the mainsail, which at the commencement of the squalls had been clewed up, coaxed and quieted as much as possible with the bunt-lines and slab-lines. Mad Jack waited some time for a lull ere he gave an order so perilous to be executed; for to furl this enormous sail in such a gale required at least fifty men on the yard, whose weight, superadded to the weight of the ponderous stick itself, still further jeopardized their lives. But there was no prospect of a cessation of the gale, and the order was at last given.

At this time a hurricane of slanting sleet and hail was descending upon us; the rigging was coated with a thin glare of ice, formed within the hour.

"Aloft, main-yard men, and all you main-top men, and furl the mainsail!" cried Mad Jack.

I dashed down my hat, slipped out of my quilted jacket in an instant, kicked the shoes from my feet, and, with a crowd of others, sprang for the rigging. Above the bulwarks (which in a frigate are so high as to afford much protection to those on deck) the gale was terrible. The sheer force of the wind flattened us to the rigging as we ascended, and every hand seemed congealed to the icy shroud by which we held.

"Up, up, my brave hearties!" shouted Mad Jack; and up we got, some way or other, all of us, and groped our way out on the yard-arms.

"Hold on, every mother's son!" cried an old quarter-gunner at my side; he was bawling at the top of his compass; but, in the gale, he seemed to be whispering, and I only heard him from his being right to windward of me. But his hint was unnecessary. I dug my nails into the jack-stays, and swore that nothing but death should part me and them; until I was able to turn around and look to windward. As yet this was impossible; I could scarcely hear the man to leeward at our elbow; the wind seemed to snatch the words from his mouth and fly away with them to the South Pole.

All this time the sail itself was flying about, sometimes catching over our heads, and threatening to tear us from the yard in spite of all our hugging. For about three-quarters of an hour we thus hung, suspended over the rampant billows, which curled their very crests under the feet of some four or five of us clinging to the lee yard-arm, as if to float us from our place. Presently the word passed along the yard from windward that we were ordered to come down and leave the sail to blow, since it could not be furled. A midshipman, it seemed, had been sent up by an officer to give the order, as no trumpet could be heard where we were. Those on the weather yard-arm managed to crawl upon the spar and scramble down the rigging; but with us, on the extreme leeward side, this feat was out of the question; it was, literally, like climbing a precipice to get to the windward, in order to reach the shrouds; besides, the entire yard was now incased in ice, and our hands and feet were so numb that we dared not trust our lives to them. Nevertheless, by assisting each other, we contrived to throw ourselves prostrate along the yard, and embrace it with our arms and legs. In this position, the stun'-sail booms greatly assisted in securing our hold.

Strange as it may appear, I do not suppose that, at this moment, the slightest sensation of fear was felt by one man on the yard. We clung to it with might and main; but this was instinct. The truth is, that in circumstances like these, the sense of fear is annihilated in the unutterable sights that fill all the eye, and the sounds that fill the ear. You become identified with the tempest; your insignificance is lost in the riot of the stormy universe around. Below us our noble frigate seemed twice its real length—a vast black wedge, opposing its widest end to the combined fury of the sea and wind.

At length the first fury of the gale began to abate, and we at once fell to pounding our hands, as a preliminary operation to going to work, for a gang of men had now ascended to help secure what was left of the sail. We somehow packed it away at last, and came down.

About noon the next day the gale so moderated that we shook two reefs out of the top-sails, set new courses and stood due east, with the wind astern.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

THE tenderest heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

LABOUR OMNIA VINCIT.—"Labour conquers all things." There are few difficulties which will not yield to persevering labour. Continuous toil surmounts every difficulty. It makes the wilderness of nature blossom as the rose.

IF you go fighting imaginary woe, you will not be prepared to grapple with it when it comes; if you keep looking for misfortune, you will become exhausted and have no strength to battle with it should it overtake you.

THERE is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it: and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

NEVER be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there is no shame about any honest calling. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had.

SIR HENRY BULWER, who was British Minister at Washington in 1849, was late in life an invalid, and this amusing story is told of him by his nephew Lord Lytton, Governor-General of India. Sir Henry had for some months fancied himself affected with paralysis of the limbs. He refused to put foot to the ground, but was wheeled in a chair by his servant. At last, one day the Rhone steamer on which he was travelling caught fire, and the captain having run the boat ashore, a plank was thrown out by which the passengers might land. The first person observed on this new bridge, and stepping nimbly down, was Sir Henry. When fairly safe upon the shore he remembered himself, and called out to his servant, "Carry me, Forster." But it was too late. Forster refused to hear more of his master's folly, and Sir Henry had to walk, and he walked very well to the day of his death.

A SAD CASE.—A policeman, who had offered his hand to a lady and been refused, arrested her and took her to the station-house. "What is the charge against this woman?" asked the Lieutenant. "Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply. She was discharged, and so was the officer.

The Seat of the Argylls.

The Lordly Castle where our new Governor General of Canada is at Home.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes from Inverary:

Formerly the family which is now seated amid its semi-regal domains in Argyllshire lived at Castle Campbell, near the village of Dollar, in Fifeshire, and later they were at Ardchonnel castle, on Loch Awe. "The first foothold of the Campbells on the banks of the Aray is said to have been obtained by a stratagem which bears a suspicious resemblance to a well-known classical legend. The story goes that, in the time of the first Stuart king, one of their most powerful chiefs, Colin Iongataich, the thirteenth knight of Lochow, who had obtained from the crown considerable holdings on the east of Loch Fyne, but had as yet got none on the western shore, bargained with the chief of the MacVicars, to whom the lands in that quarter belonged, for as much space as might be covered with a foal's skin, to erect a residence for himself on the banks of Loch Fyne, and that, having then cut the skin into a single thong, the black knight and his followers measured off and took possession of a goodly extent of ground."

The old castle of Colin the Singular was much more picturesque than the present sham Gothic edifice, erected by Archibald, the third duke, in 1744, close to its site. The Inverary estate of to-day consists of a massive battlemented square building, having round towers at each corner; in the centre rises a square "keep" higher than the rest of the building. The material is a grayish green slate found in the neighbourhood, soft enough to be scratched with the finger nail, turning a dark colour when wet, but becoming light again when dry—scarcely the ideal walls for a "castle;" but the general effect of the mass from a distance, and especially from the loch, is imposing. The chief beauty of the place lies in its grounds, which are finely wooded, the best timber having been planted in the seventeenth century, by the great marquis of Argyll and his son, who both lost their heads on the block. More than a million and a half of dollars have been expended on the castle and grounds.

Just now the castle is in the hands of contractors, who are making good the damage caused by the disastrous fire of last year, and adding a third story to the main building. It is not, therefore, allowed to be seen, and the grounds are dotted with white boards inscribed with the legend, "Private—No person allowed this way." The rule is not enforced, however, in the case of very illustrious strangers, for the *Herald* correspondent passed through the portals of the castle without being dragged off to instant execution. The disastrous fire completely gutted the great central tower. Early in the morning of Oct. 12, last year, a man standing on the little pier of Inverary, looking toward the castle, saw what he thought ta be a chimney on fire, and he gave the alarm. Almost the whole family were in the castle, including the marquis and Princesse Louise, and they were soon roused out of bed. The townspeople quickly gathered, and the hose was got into order and played upon the burning tower. By 7 o'clock the flames were checked, but the glory of the castle, the lofty central tower, was a wreck, and almost the whole of its contents were destroyed. In this tower, which formed in the interior a lofty hall of ninety feet in height, were formerly armorial achievements displaying the heraldy and alliances of the great house; the walls were hung with weapons—Highland targes, Lochaber axes, halberts, and scores of the Brown Bess muskets used by "Argyllshire fencibles" at Culloden; here hung also the banners of the 91st (Argyllshire) Highland regiment, now called the "Princess Louise's Own," which were handed over to the duke for custody after having served with the regiment twenty-six years; facing the well-worn flags were the colours of the fencibles borne at Culloden; many valuable pictures also decorated the walls, and the whole of the fittings and arrangements were grand and elegant, as became the home of the great Highland chief. Now the whole of the interior of the tower is bare, and is filled from bottom to top with scaffolding. Nothing remains of its decorations but a few panels of wood painted in oil, with grasses, reeds, and flowers, by Lord Archibald Campbell, the youngest son. All the rooms, including the suit occupied by the queen during her visit to Inverary, in 1875, are shut up and nailed up. The family have scarcely been near the place since the disaster, having no habitable home or abiding place on Loch Fyne until the restoration is completed, and are now en route, some to the south of France, some to Canada. Inverary will not see MacCailean Mor nor the marquis of Lorne and his royal wife for many a day; nor for a long time will the princess resume her favourite sketching tours in the neighbourhood or walk about the little town "as though she were a common person." Lord Archibald's flowery decorations are suspended. When the ring of the workmen's hammers and the grating of the stone saws shall have ceased it will be almost a new Inverary, which will be ready for the house-warming, but the consort of the MacCailean Mor will not be here to see the festivities, for she was laid to rest not long ago in the ancestral burial-place at Kilmun. Still, the ruined home and the lost wife and mother apart, the fortunes of the head of the great clan flourish as of yore. On the roadside, near the mouth of the river Shiray where it falls into Loch Fyne, close to the ancestral castle, stand the hawthorn tree of the Campbells, mysteriously connected with the fortunes and destinies of the house, for prophecy says that as the tree flourishes or decays so will the family of Argyll. Just now the tree is healthy and vigorous, and well it may be, for has not the young heir, besides espousing a royal princess, almost assumed the mantle of royalty himself in being assigned to rule as the queen's representative over the great Dominion across the Atlantic?

PERSONAL.

SOME folk think that it is the Princess Louise instead of the Marquis of Lorne that has been appointed Governor of Canada.

THE authoress of Adam Bede has recently purchased an estate for $200,000. She and Mr. Lewes, however, still live in St. John's Wood, and may be seen on almost any fine day walking in Regent's Park.

THE young King of Spain is said to be far less nervous in regard to assassins than the old Emperor of Germany. The first has been fired at only once, while the Emperor—counting his imperial experience only—has been fired at three times, and hit once.

MADAME CAZAMJOU, the eldest sister of "George Sand," has just died in France. The death is also announced of the Comtesse de Saint Andres, the widow of the celebrated Spontini. She was a woman distinguished both for her wit and her beauty. Chateaubriand spoke of her as a "woman who of all others best knew how to say amiable things with grace and noble familiarity."

THE remarkable canary-coloured diamond the late Duke of Brunswick guarded with such vigilance is now the eye of a superb peacock's feather at the jewellery store of Tiffany & Co., N.Y. The feather contains over six hundred other diamonds. The duke used to wear this stone under a high-buttoned vest, and only revealed it in short glimpses to the jealous diamond merchants of Europe.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS having been asked to write a creed for a union church, prepared the following; "I believe that God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life." Added to this is a covenant pledging the subscriber to "to befriend the poor, to guard the tempted, to uplift the outcast, to be tender in treatment of all meek and endangered souls."

LOPEZ ALVAR of Alvar, the first swordsman of the Carthagena, Spain, bullfights, has been accused of plunging his sword in prussic acid, in order to insure the immediate death of any bull he might stab. Alvar indignantly replies, through a newspaper, that he has killed 403 bulls in a legitimate manner, and invites his detractors to enter the ring and furnish him with a sword of their own.

A CONVENT SCANDAL.

A Pretty Young Nun Seduced and Betrayed by a Married Doctor.

[*Rome Correspondence of the Manchester Examiner.*]

A rather curious trial terminated last night at the correctional tribunal of Rome. The prosecutor was Prince Paolo Borghese, who had brought an action for libel against the editor and the responsible agent of the radical journal, *La Capitale*. It appears that for some time past one of the doctors who assist the sick at the hospital of Santo Spirito had been rather too attentive to one of the Sisters of Charity, a young and pretty French girl. One fine morning the young nun had disappeared. As the Sisters of Charity who assist the sick in the hospital of Santo Spirito are not allowed to leave the place without a special permission of the local managers, people wondered how the young girl could have made her escape. The rumour was at once spread that the Sister of Charity had fled with the too courteous doctor. Prince Borghese, a young and handsome man, who though a clerical, has been appointed by the provincial council of Rome to superintend the direction of the hospital, lost no time in informing Signor Balis, the questor, or head of the police, of the disappearance of the nun. The necessary inquiries were at once made, and the police discovered the new abode of the nun. Dr. De Pedis, the assistant at the hospital, though a married man himself, had seduced the young Sister of Charity, and had induced her to escape. As it was impossible for her to leave the convent in her costume, Dr. De Pedis contrived to procure an elegant, worldly costume, in which the nun only looked better. Pretending to be some lady who had come to Santo Spirito to have a tooth taken out, and leaving the hospital in the company of the doctor, the young lady soon disappeared in a closed carriage, and was conveyed to private lodgings. The *Capitale*, in reporting the scandal, affirmed that the young nun had been carried off by Prince Borghese's orders, and that Dr. De Pedis had only acted in accordance with orders received from his *chef*. Prince Borghese lost no time in bringing an action for libel against the *Capitale*, and the trial ended last night with the condemnation of the editor of the journal to 500 lire of fine, six months' imprisonment, and the insertion of the sentence in the columns of the *Capitale*. As it was expected that the nun and the new Don Giovanni, the enterprising doctor, would appear in court, the hall was densely crowded. But no doctor and no nun made their apperance. Prince Paolo Borghese, who was first questioned by the president, said that he only heard of the case two days after it had taken place, and had lost no time in informing the authorities of the matter. He had scarcely ever seen the young Sister of Charity, and could hardly belive that such a man as Dr. De Pedis, whom he had known since childhood, would have committed such a thing. He learned from the questor that the young lady had been seen dining at restaurants away in the country, and there could be no doubt as to the doctor having seduced the poor girl. The commendatore placidi, one of the members of the board, was instructed by the prince to visit the young girl, who appeared much grieved for what she had done, and requested that she might be shut in some convent. According to her own desire, this unfortunate nun was carried to the Lauretane. Her parents in France have been informed of the whole case, and an answer is expected from them. Prince Borghese has proved himself innocent and may be satisfied with the fair dealing of the judge. He is not the first Roman prince belonging to the clerical party who has applied to Italian courts for justice, and has obtained it. But public opinion is now, and justly too, furious against the doctor. Several journals ask whether it would not be right to punish a man who so ruins the moral character of a poor girl. Young girls may be induced by romantic freaks to enter a monastic order. That same passion for romantic adventure which has led them to enter an order that places them in continuous contact with suffering humanity may even lead them to amorous adventures. But it is frightful to think that poor girls should be exposed to seduction. The young nun, weeping and sobbing, confessed to the commendatore placidi that she would never have left the hospital had she not been assured by the doctor, whom she loved passionately, that he was unmarried, and that he would place her in a house where she might live comfortably and respectably until her family in France had approved of their marriage.

ALL SORTS.

ON the rail—a scolding woman.

OFT in the stilly night—somebody snores.

THIS y-eastern question is forever rising.

THE King of Siam has 3,000 wives. He is bald.

DID you ever see an Indian Pawnee's overcoat?

UNEASY sits the youth astride the first saddle.

THE eel is right in fashion, with his eelskin coat.

A BRILLIANT future—When we have the electric light.

IN the editorial profession many are called but few are chosen.

A DROMEDARY is a camel that has "got his back up" twice.

THROW physic to the dogs; ile none of it; and it was castor away.

THERE is more active fun in an ounce of kitten than in a ton of elephant.

THE New York *Herald* tells of "an American young lady of 18 springs." Probably her name is Sofy.

AFTER the *bark* of a dog take his *bite*, and if that does not give tone to the system, we don't know what will.

AMELIA sends us some "Lines to an Empty Cage," dedicated to "Willie." Willie has broken jail, we suppose.

STRANGE.—Miss Flirtington says she has one ardent admirer who is so awfully hard up that he can not even pay his addresses to her.

THE man who goes to church simply because he has nothing else to do, may not be a heathen, but he is certainly an idle worshipper.

A YOUNG printer, who parts affectionately with his young lady at the garden gate, refers to the tender occasion as "up to the time of going to press."

A GENTLEMAN lately heard an Irish labourer grandly informing two comrades that "a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles."

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," answered the valet, with great innocence; "The butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

THE best way to test friends is to try to borrow a dollar towards the close of the week.—New York *Express*. We know a way twice as good as that. Try to borrow two dollars.—Boston *Traveller*.

A FRENCHMAN, eight days after marriage, and while on his wedding-trip, receives a telegram announcing the death of his mother-in-law, and with touching sincerity writes her epitaph: "To the best of mothers-in-law."

CLINTON JONES is a wholesale sort of fellow. He not only eloped with the wife of Henry Sisson, of Washington, but took his six stepdaughters as well. Henry's friends are congratulating him, and much sympathy is felt for poor Jones.

A FULL BEARDED grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner-table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eye, and finally ejaculated: "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

A MAN going out of a fashionable place of worship was heard to make the remark: "I brought a Bible with me, so that I might turn down the passages that might be referred to in the sermon, but I find I have brought the wrong book, for a dictionary would have been of more use to me."

POPE LEO is literally up to a lark. He delights in the Italian sport of lark catching, and when Archbishop of Perugia had a rocolo. This is formed as follows: A sloping piece of ground is selected and round this a quantity of brushwood is placed. A number of nets about 15 feet high are placed round the brushwood, and at one end a small hut is erected to conceal the bird catcher. A number of worms and insects are put upon the ground, and also some larks, which are tied by the foot, and the presence of which attracts others. When a large number of birds have alighted the bird catcher rings a bell, which startles them as they are feeding, and before they have had time to fly away a string is pulled and the nets fall to the ground. Many are thus caught. A rocolo has been ordered for the Vatican.