

ing this paper!" enquired Clara, more than half suspicious lest some trick was being imposed on her.

"God forbid that I, who have just escaped from death through your interposition, should seek to impose upon you. Heaven has spared my life again to try me, and should my first act be one of villainy toward my deliverer? Pardon me, madam, but Fred Holman was never dishonest toward any but himself.

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Clara. "Are you Fred Holman, formerly of the 'Larches'?"

"At your service."

"Then, pardon my suspicion, for I had no thought it was you."

"Time and circumstances have changed my appearance," he replied, with a sigh.

Without seeming to regard this remark, Clara proceeded:

"How happy I feel, even for old acquaintance sake, that I have saved your life."

"Not more happy than I am grateful, and I trust the document I have placed in your hand will set your mind at rest that he who wrote it is still alive."

"He is living; this writing tells me so; it is his own effort in the moment of his greatest trial."

"There can be little question but Charles Freeman wrote that note."

"But how could it get to lodge in the cliff?"

"This is the theory I formed on finding it, that the bottle, being washed ashore, became broken on the beach, and as the tide receded, the paper getting dry, was carried by the wind and deposited where I found it."

"Precious treasure!" exclaimed Clara, and, regardless of his presence, she pressed the paper to her lips.

The heart of Fred Holman, as tender as a woman's, was melted at this simple act of affection, and in this manner, being in some measure able to repay the obligation he was under for his safety, his countenance became more radiant than it had been for months.

"Happy discovery!" continued Clara; "never shall I be able to express my gratitude for placing in my possession this document. How mysterious that your danger should result in such joy to me!"

"Human life is inexplicable," he replied, speaking more to himself than to his companion; for the thought that it was not the danger he was in, but the necessity to which he was reduced that led to the finding of the paper now flitted across his mind. This brought the former shadow to his countenance, and again filled his mind with sorrow.

Clara observed the shade pass across his aspect, and in the kindness of her heart would have gladly elicited from him the details of his condition, which she knew from his appearance must be wretched, as well as from the fact of employing himself as a sample-gatherer.

Fred Holman guessed the design, and turned aside with adroitness every attempt she made to ascertain the fact of his circumstances. Her most cunning questions she found courteously, and yet certainly, baffled. What could she do? She saw that he was in the deepest distress, and she longed to afford relief to his condition; but she also saw that he had made a rampart of his pride, behind which he so subtly entrenched himself as to defy every attempt to approach him with an offering of kindness.

"Madam," said Fred Holman, as he coiled up his rope and placed his basket on his arm, ready to take his departure, "will you permit me, in parting, once more to offer my grateful feelings for saving my life?"

"Pardon me, sir; but I am the greatest debtor."

"Then let our mutual kindness be considered as one of those mysterious incidents in human affairs, which lie beyond the range of our intelligence."

"I am not content it should be so considered, unless you will also admit my indebtedness to you."

"The obligation rests with me."

"I cannot think so. Your condition was truly one of great peril, but the rope which sustained you on the face of that frightful cliff might not have broken, and it is only probable to suppose that the diseased brain of the idiot would have led him in an instant to forget you, and to have gone quietly on his way; but this dear document, which I prize more than gold, could not have been recovered but for you. I am certainly, then, your debtor; and as a token of my gratitude to God for his kindness, permit me to place in your hand this humble gift as a thank-offering, to be disposed of as you shall consider most prudent."

"Am I to understand this offering of money is being made to myself for unintentional service? If so, I pray you not to tempt me to receive what, on reflection, I should blush to acknowledge."

"The offering is made to Heaven, and I pray you to be good enough to become my almoner."

The earnest manner in which Clara uttered these words, and the anxious look she cast on him as she pressed into his hand a well-filled purse, prevented Fred Holman from returning an immediate reply, and before he could recover himself sufficiently to do so, she had departed.

Having the money he held in his hand forced on him by such an act of delicate kindness, and being left free in his office as the almoner of Clara (Chillington), he felt that the claims of his own family demanded his chief consideration, and deserved from him his first attention.

(To be continued.)

HANDWRITING.

CHIROGRAPHY OF VARIOUS LIVING CELEBRITIES.

Nobody has yet succeeded in getting any large part of mankind to believe that a man's character can be foretold from his handwriting; but a work on this subject, recently published in England, has considerable interest from the free and caustic observations it contains on the autographs and manuscripts of well-known men of the present period. Although it has for its title the words "The Philosophy of Handwriting," it has in reality very little to do with the subject as a matter of philosophy, and is confined exclusively to comments on the handwriting of individuals. The author, who calls himself Don Felix de Salamanca—evidently a nom-de-plume—prints first at the top of a page the autograph of a celebrated person in facsimile, and then comments upon it to the length of a page or more, just as he likes—usually in a very spicy way. In a preface he states that the articles were first printed in an illustrated English periodical and that they excited some interest and amusement at the time, the idea being "frequently plagiarized." Much correspondence came of the comments. "One of the most distinguished scientists of the age," in acknowledging the justice of strictures which had been passed upon his writing, regretted that he was "too old to mend." Other well-known personages desired a niche in the chirographic pantheon. The series was finally brought to a close by certain unavoidable circumstances, and rather than resume the original scheme it was thought best to publish the whole of the sketches in book form. There are in all 135 autographs. Below are given extracts of some of the more interesting of Salamanca's comments:

Matthew Arnold's autograph typifies his literary character, if an author's ever did. It is "clear, classic, cold, and as neatly penned as one could wish," making it easy to believe its writer to be a man of taste and of talent, but "scarcely a genius, and not without a slight suspicion of dogmatism."

Lord Beaconsfield's writing has changed in character "as often as its author's fortunes have changed." Generally it may be described as "bold and flashy," but it changes its style even more rapidly than the semi-fabulous chameleon its hue. "Sometimes an entire note has been decently written—especially when intended to be complimentary in tone—and upon other occasions scarcely a single letter has been well formed, and only the autograph upon which extra carefulness is invariably lavished—has been presentably finished." Its shifty and changeable character "does not inspire much confidence in the writer's stability of purpose, although self-esteem may safely be predicated upon it."

Gen. Beauregard's writing, although not so pleasing to critics as Gen. Johnston's, is "the clearest and most legible of the confederate chieftains." It indicates "a straightforward person, having nothing to conceal, but not ill-disposed toward the pomp of office."

As for Rosa Bonheur, some of her strokes are "most artistic and picturesque." While her flourishes are "veritable lines of beauty," they are no "handwriting." Only a few letters are legible, and these are not correctly formed. "An intense love of bold design and of a somewhat defiant *beverina*," is all the author ventures to say of her character from her penmanship.

John Bright's autograph "is one of unpretentious strength and simplicity." Of grace and picturesqueness, it has little, but it indicates "a straightforward, decided temperament not quite unalloyed with a spice of self-esteem."

Robert Browning "writes as a poet should write." And his manuscript is "thoroughly emblematic of his poetry." He punctuates carefully and his words are neatly finished. "Were his beautiful chirography placed before us as that of a stranger we should at once pronounce it not only that of a distinguished man but also of one who never did things carelessly."

Mr. Bryant's writing is severely censured. For a young clerk seeking a situation "it might prove a recommendation," but for the poet who wrote the lines on June "it is most disappointing." Late in life it assumed "a more manly and decided style," but during the larger part of his career "it was simply horrible and did not intimate the slightest scintillation of genius." The letters sloping in different directions, the array of flourishes and the looping of words on to each other give his manuscript "an execrable appearance." Indeed, "these calligraphical fanfaronades in a literary man are heart-rending, and cast grave doubts on his genius." Finally "there is no beauty and nothing but commonplace about every specimen of Bryant's correspondence that has yet come under our ken."

Carlyle's hand is not a very commendable one, although it is not conventional. There is "too much evident effort at effect for it to pass current as pure inspiration." "Eccentric and spiteful-looking little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways." As for the autograph, "its crabbed look is not very significant of amiability."

Charles Darwin's writing is so illegible that he has certainly never carried out his idea of "Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest" in the choice of his letters. They are "without form and void." The only inference

the author draws from them is "immense labor that allows of no leisure."

In the writing of celebrated confederates there is "a certain family likeness," while their signatures are clearer than those of most European statesmen. "As a rule they do not appear to have paid so much attention to handwriting as did some of their Northern opponents."

Jefferson Davis writes a fairly good style, "somewhat too free, however, though legible." Its manner "is dictatorial, not to say, so far as our experience of his correspondence extends, tyrannical."

Theophile Gauthier's hand is "one of the most singular to be met with." Sometimes it was most exquisitely fine, again it was larger, after the manner of the sixteenth century, "but it was always beautiful and most original. The author of such a hand could never by any possible chance be an ordinary person." In the paragraph on Gauthier, Edgar Poe is alluded to as the supreme prince of manuscript.

The introduction of postal cards has demoralized Mr. Gladstone's handwriting. Previous to them it was of the usual parliamentary type—"clear, undemonstrative and readable." It had, however, a chief defect—"uncertainty," but since the postal innovation it has "fallen into chaos." The fac-simile which Salamanca gives is from a signature "prior to that lamentable descent."

The writing of no American pleases Salamanca so much as that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Like his verse, it is sometimes old-fashioned, but it has "the polish of a man accustomed to good society, and is indeed that of a gentleman." It indicates enough independence to preserve him from doing a shabby act, without any trace of those flourishes which betoken offensive egotism.

As for Victor Hugo's, no one could glance over it "without arriving at the conclusion that it was the production of an illustrious personage."

Lowell's is far more slightly than that of Longfellow's and would prognosticate greater wealth of imagination and more terseness of style than its author has yet given evidence of. It is distinguished by no vain-glorious flourish, nor affected straining after originality, but is "just what one would wish a poet's to be."

George Sand "indited a more manly hand than did most of her manly compatriots." Hers was "a very legible and noble style, replete with frankness and originality."

Swinnburne exercises the presumed prerogative of genius, and "writes a wretched hand." It has much picturesque vigor, but no beauty, and gives one the idea of having been written by a pen that, having served several generations of authors, its owner deemed sacrilege to cut. Something of his originality might be derived from it, "but nothing of the voluptuous beauty and unparalleled music of its author's verse."

M. Zola's is not very commendable. It possesses a few negative virtues—being legible and without flourish—but "it is not free from vice." There is "a general lack of elegance and deficiency of artistic taste." The signature is "utterly preposterous."

Longfellow's hand is not very much to the author's taste. In the signature the flourish of the "L" is "very unsightly" while the "H" is "simply preposterous for a man of genius—while the author of 'Hiawatha' undoubtedly is." There is little natural fluency about the hand; "it is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought and is a manufactured style, more significant of the length of art than the fleetness of time."

Salamanca finds Whittier's manuscript "very vexatious; it varies so wildly, and gives very slight indications of any character at all."

When Walt Whitman uses a steel pen "he never writes decently," but when his chirography is indited by a flexible pen, although neither pleasing nor intellectual, it is not without a certain grandeur. With all his failings however, "it must be confessed that far more vigor, real, unadorned originality, and even masculine beauty, is discovered in one short, hasty note of Whitman's than in fifty folio pages of Bryant's or Whittier's conventional manuscript."

Wagner's letters are "miserable, straggly, scratchy creatures, utterly devoid of grace or vigor. Neither beauty nor imagination is shown in his manuscript."

Tennyson's writing at first seems illegible, but on inspection it is found to be "singularly distinct—at all events, for a genius." It has a certain "quaintness, almost bordering on the grotesque, that proclaims the writer to be anything but an ordinary man." No commonplace character could write as he does, and his calligraphy is "almost all that one would wish that of a first-class poet of the age should be, and from it one can easily divine the beauty, elegance and completeness of his works."

THE Princess Stéphanie, of Belgium, the future wife of the young Crown-Prince Rudolph of Austria, is only sixteen years old, and is one of the most beautiful princesses of Europe. She is accomplished, her tastes being highly artistic and musical. The Crown-Prince first met her two years ago. The betrothal was celebrated privately in the family circle, after the Crown-Prince asked the royal parents for the Princess Stéphanie's hand. The Princess has hitherto led a secluded life, having been seen very seldom, even in Brussels. The wedding will probably not take place for a year. Hungary is particularly pleased, as Stéphanie is the granddaughter of the much-loved Archduke Joseph, for half a century Palatine of that country.

THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

(Translated from Alfred De Musset.)

"Rolla divides his fortune into three parts, and tells his friends that at the end of three years, having spent each portion of his heritage in a twelvemonth's fit of pleasure, he will kill himself. At the close of the three years, when the means of life are exhausted, he meets in a place where we should least expect it, that which he had denied and scorned and blasphemed against—the spirit of Love. On this catastrophe De Musset has exhausted all the resources of his genius. In spite of its essentially morbid nature, it leaves an ineffable impression of pathos on the mind. The picture is wonderfully vivid, and the feeling, though perverted, is intense. Rolla dies, as he had fore-determined, by his own hand, having for a moment loved, and therefore for a moment lived."—*North British Review*, December, 1868.

Marie then, smiling, looked into the glass: There she saw Rolla, but so pale, alas! That she grew faint, and paler still than he. "Ah!" she said trembling, "what doth trouble thee?" "Trouble!" said Rolla, "Hast thou not heard tell That I am ruined utterly, *ma belle*? I came to see thee, and to say 'good-bye': Men know that I am ruined—I must die!" "Didst lose at play?" "My ruin is complete. And all is over—ask no further, sweet." "Ruined!" she cried; and, like a statue, gazed Downwards, with eyes dilated and amazed. "Ruined! Thou hast no mother, then, alive! No friends! no kin! no comrades that survive! And thou wilt kill thyself! Oh! wherefore die!" The fond sweet gaze grew fonder in her eye.

More she scarce dared to question—so she laid Her lips to his, and kissed him, half-afraid. "One thing, however, more I would be told," At length she said: "Ah me! I have no gold—E'en when I have, my mother takes it all—But here's my necklace. True, it is but small, Still, it is gold, dear: tell me, shall I go, And sell it for thee? Nobody will know. And thou canst take the money for thy play." With a soft smile grave Rolla turned away.

Draining a small dark phial, no word he said; But kissed her necklace, bending down his head: She raised it tenderly—the man was dead!

His soul departed in that one chaste kiss, And for a moment two had tasted bliss. Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"You look good enough to eat," said he, looking over her shoulder into the mirror. "Food for reflection," she replied without a smile.

WHEN a girl is twenty she feels very easy on that score. It's only when she scores another that she begins to wonder who invented wrinkles.

"Now, Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny—"A snuck."

WHEN ladies meet they always greet with kisses heard across the street; but men, more mild, don't get so wild; they meet, then part, when both had "smiled."

"Ah, me," said a pious old lady, "our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word of God among us he banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

THE other day a father said to his five-year-old boy, who came in late to dinner from school: "Robbie, why are you late? Didn't you hear the bell?" "Yes, father," replied Robbie, "but I couldn't hear it plain."

"Oh, mother, may I go play fifteen?" "No, no, my dearest daughter; it's the biggest fraud that ever was seen. Go draw the washing water"—and the length of the fair daughter's countenance was expressive of the great length of time it would take to solve the puzzle.

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead, Who never to his wife has said, When she has laid her little head Upon his wecket for a bed: "W'y, there's yer sky-blue bombazine, I'm sure it's nicer'n any seen. A sweeping muddy crossings clean; W'y won't it do to turn?"

When lovely woman hears strange news, What form of speech so efficacious, To give expression to her views, As this plain English—"Goodness gracious!"

And when she hears a tale of woe Of friends who've lost good name or money, How can she sorrow better show Than remarking—"Ain't it funny?"

William goes a courtin', With her silent sit, Both engaged in sortin', Wood in little bits, Not a word they utter— "Curious kin o' courtin'— Now and then they mutter: "Thirteen—fifteen—fourteen."

FAIR PLAY.

Dear little May sat grieving alone, With a pout on her lip and a tear in her eye. Till kind old grandmamma chanced to pass, And soon discovered the reason why. "The children are planning a fair," sobbed she, "And 'cause I'm so little they won't have me!"

So grandmamma thought of a beautiful plan, And whispered a secret in little May's ear— Something which brought the dimples and smiles, And scattered with sunshine the pitiful tear. Then off to grandmamma's room they went, On something important very intent.

Well, the fair came off on a certain day, And what do you think was the first thing sold? A beautiful pair of worsted reins. All knit in scarlet and green and gold. The "big girls" wondered how came they there— "The prettiest thing in the children's fair!"

Then out stepped May, with her cheeks so red: "You said there was nothing that I could do, 'Cause I was little; but I made those. And now, I guess, I'm as big as you!" So little May at the fair that day Was the reigning queen, it is fair to say.

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Ed.