

SCOTCH PROVERBS.

A're nae thieves that the dogs bark at.
A dirty han' mak's a clear hearth-stane.
A guld name's sunner tnat that won.
A' complainin' o' want o' siller, nane o' want o' sense.
A' man may be kind an' hae little to gie.
A' are nae maidens that wear bare hair.
A' wee thing puts yer beard in a bleeze.
Bend the back to the burden.
Be a frien' to yersel' and sae will ithers.
Better be alone than in ill company.
Better be deid than out o' fashion.
Come in and taste the tangs till the herrin's ready.
Do weel, an' dried nae shame.
Drink little that ye may drink lang.
Do the likeliest, an' God will do the best.
Every man ken's best whar his ain shoe binds him.
Fear God an' keep out o' debt.
Fules mak' feasts, an' wise men eat them.
An' wise men mak' proverbs, an' fules repeat them.
Fair words ne'er brak a bone, foul words may.
Feed a cauld and hunger a colic.
Gie a dog an ill name, ye may as weel hang him.
God never sen's mouths, but he sen's meat for them.
He that teaches himself has a fule for his maister.
Hae God, hae a.
He has ae face to God an' anither to the deil.
Ika blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.
It's an ill cause that a lawyer thinks shame o'.
It's an ill bird that fyles its ain nest.
Kindness canna be bought for gear.
Law's costly, tak' a pint an' 'gree.
Mak' the best o' an ill bargain.
Mony irons i' the fire—pairt main cool.
Muckle water rins by that the miller wats na o'.
Naething should be done in a hurry but catchin' fleas.
Nae man has a tack o' his life.
Ower again's no forbidden.
Right wrangs nae man.
Raisie nae mair deils than ye're able to lay.
Set a stout heart to a stey brae.
Sharp stomachs mak' short graces.
There was ne'er enouch whar naething was left.
The langer here, the later there.
Tak' a man by his word, an' a coo by her horn.
Wealth mak's wit waver.
Wink at wee faults, yer ain are muckle.
Words are but wind, but dunts are the deil.
Ye're maister o' yer ain words; but, once spoken, yer words may maister you.
Ye canna see wood for trees.

GIANETTO: A STRAY.

CHAPTER I.—TRUSTED.

It was as pleasant a house to look at over the low wall as any within ten miles of St. Paul's, and no sign of well-ordered prosperity and comfort was wanting to make the passer-by feel that the place was not as perfect as it is in the nature of things human to be.

Within, similar fine taste and order reigned. Everything was good, elegant, and appropriate. If, without seeing the people of the house, you had judged of them by their residence, you would, if possessed of ordinary perception, have decided that Orchid Lodge belonged to very comfortable people, who had been accustomed to all the charms of life, and who maintained as much of their old rank as was wisely consistent with their then circumstances.

This was exactly the case. Allen Ossary, its master, was one of those genial, if not very wise men, who are laughed at by all clever and dashing women, but who generally manage to find the best of wives, to whom they become equally good husbands.

He had been taught by a sensible mother that worldly distinction and social success, however well in their way, were scarcely worth the charm of domestic life and happiness.

Thrown upon his own guidance early in life, for his mother died when he was twenty-one, at that comparatively early age he sighed for a happy home, the result of the wise schooling on his mother's part; and finding a pretty girl whom he thought, and rightly, pure and good, he married her without one question as to her future, which he knew could not be much, or her family, which naturally he assumed could not be very important.

Do not laugh when it is said—as it should be—that he first met this poor young lady—for lady she was—in an omnibus.

There was no romance or nonsense about the matter. She sat opposite him, and he fell honestly in love with her. Nor had she tempted him, for it is doubtful if she once looked at the stranger.

He left the vehicle, followed her cautiously, and learnt—pray do not laugh again, for it is very common-places—that she was a cashier in a large place of business in the western part of London.

It is needless to tell how he made her acquaintance, courted, and won her. It is sufficient to say that seven years have passed away when the reader is invited to look over the low wall towards little Orchid Lodge, at Kilburn, and that neither wife nor husband has repented of the bargain.

He was then twenty-eight, she two years younger, and their only child, a boy of six, Charlie, was their mutual delight and happiness.

It was only after their marriage that he told her how rich he was, and that she told him her secret. He was quite wealthy, and he had hidden the extent of his means because he feared (as he came to know her, and to discover her worth) that she would decide not to marry him, on the plea of the great disparity of their fortunes.

Her secret was of a very different nature. It ran to the effect that her father had not been Mr. Westville, but Lord Harry Westville, son of an English earl. He had married for love, died in debt, and left his widow little beyond a daughter. Her mother, much like Allen's, had taught her to look forward to domestic life as the aim and end of existence.

She had but one near relation, an aunt, a Lady Agatha Balsbar, her father's sister, who had married an enormously wealthy City man, and borne with him for twenty-years, when he preferred to

die. She was left alone, but for her husband's money-bags.

The first, almost the only, error of Allen Ossary's early married life, was the suggestion that this rich aunt should be informed of the marriage.

From the moment that Lord Harry, her brother, died, Lady Agatha had positively forgotten the existence of her sister-in-law and the daughter Mattie. She had borne with her brother after his and her marriages, and becoming rich through her union with "the man Balsbar," as she called him, she had never turned a deaf ear to Lord Harry's incessant entreaties for money. But her brother dead, she dropped Lady Harry, and elected to live her lonely life, unaccompanied, undomesticated, and unsweetened by any love for any human being, or by human happiness, or consolation.

It was an evil day when Allen induced his wife to write to Lady Agatha, announcing the marriage, and holding out the olive branch.

In the dozen years which had passed since her brother died, Lady Agatha, though as heartless as ever, had made the discovery that her existence was intolerably lonely. At least too honest to obtain a false fidelity by a promise of ultimate reward, she offered no inducement to bad servants to flatter her, while good ones would not stop in the house.

No; when she received her only niece's letter, she was not gentler than she had ever been, but she felt her niece and nephew were the nearest human beings in blood with whom she could claim some association, and, to use her own fashionable slang, she "claimed and took up" her niece and that lady's husband.

When she saw them, upon their obeying her order to appear at her house, she received them frigidly enough; but began to unbend as she found the husband civil and yielding. Yet not five minutes had passed before she said, "I suppose, Mr. Ossary, you married my niece for her fortune?"—you could not have chosen her for her fortune!

"No, Lady Agatha," he said calmly, "I did not marry her for her family—for she did not call herself, as she might have done, the Honourable Miss Westville; and I did marry her for her fortune."

"Why," cried hard-mouthed Lady Agatha, "she was a pauper!"

"Oh dear, no!" said Allen, with another pleasant smile; "her face was her fortune!"

"Yes, sir, she said," replied Lady Agatha, with cruel meaning, as she looked at her niece.

"Oh, no, Lady Agatha!" urged Mattie sweetly; "I did not know he was rich until after we were married. He was afraid that I should refuse him, if I learnt how much superior his fortune was to mine."

"Upon my word," said Lady Agatha, showing an exceedingly unpleasant cast of countenance, "a very pretty Darby and Joan affair, with your little surprises and loves and doves! So, sir, you are rich, are you?" she added, and biting together her lips after putting the inquiry.

Her City husband had taught her to put inquiries about people's fortunes as coolly as though asking them what o'clock it might be.

"From your point of view," said Allen, "I daresay we are poor; but we find our two or three thousand a-year quite a gold mine!"

"Poor young people!" said her ladyship, shrugging her shoulders. "With such a mite, don't dream of a family!"

That same evening, after the interview with Lady Agatha, Mr. Viteris—Tigg Viteris he was called—dropping in for the two days and a night he now and again passed with Allen and his wife, found his friend dull, for the first time since the marriage.

He was a sharp-brained man, and a pleasant, though belonging to the body of British barristers; and, after obtaining the information that their newly-visited aunt had at a blow induced them to doubt their happiness, he said, "Avoid this woman—believe me, she is a danger to both of you; and if she comes to Lustre Court she will shadow it."

But how is it, the reader says, if this young couple lived at Lustre Court immediately after their marriage, that they found themselves in seven years in a small, if convenient and elegant, house at Kilburn, near London?

The answer is very simple. They followed Tigg Viteris's advice until their little boy was born, and then, like eleven out of a dozen fathers and mothers, they desired fortune for their son, albeit they themselves were quite contented with their place in life.

Lady Agatha, as sharp as most women, quite understood the theory of their conduct; but it can scarcely be supposed that she wilfully tempted them to risk their fortune. She could not know that water would break into the mine, and nearly ruin them.

"My good people," she said, "why not increase your income! I am part proprietor of a wonderful new mine in Cornwall. Risk your fortune in it. You may lose your money; but on the other hand, you stand a chance to make thousands!"

After some hesitation they followed the rich woman's advice (for we are prone to believe the rich) as far as three-fourths of their riches were concerned, and the sea broke into their mine, and Lustre Court was to be let, and upon the interest of what money remained, they settled at Orchid Lodge.

The household consisted of the husband and wife, two female servants, an English boy, and Gianetto, who gives a title to this narrative.

They lived upon one-fourth even of their income, that the child should have a good start in

life, despite the wrecked mine and loss of fortune. And nobody contributed more to the economy of the household than Gianetto—Netto as he was familiarly called.

As his name suggests, he was an Italian; but he had been so many years in England, it required a sharp ear to detect a foreign accent. He was about sixty years of age, and was a waif picked up by Allen's grandfather fifty years before. He had been found, then about eight or nine years of age, shivering, and even dying, one winter midnight on the principal bridge across the Ouse, at York, and he had been brought back to life.

Nothing would ever induce him to leave the man who had saved him. All he could say was that his mother, an Italian, had come to England to find his father; that she had died in a country work-house; and that he had run away from the place after they buried *la madre*.

The then Mr. Ossary had been quite willing to start the stray in life, and even went so far as to compel him to try a trade, some years after he was rescued from the streets. But a despairing attempt at suicide induced his patron to take him back into the house. From that moment he never left the home of the Ossarys. From father to son, and then to grandson, and until he was sixty years of age, this earnest, strange man had paid the act of saving his life with a gratitude which, from certain points of view, was almost pitiful.

No money—he would never take wages, and could with difficulty be persuaded to accept even pocket-money. When the crash came, he was far more distressed than either Allen or Mattie; and it was then and then only, he proposed quitting the house to earn money for "my people," as he called them. He could have done so, for he was one of the cleverest cooks between York and London.

His joy, when he learnt things were not quite so bad as he thought, nearly killed him. But he was soon up, and thereupon he commenced such prodigies of economy that the tradespeople and servants were reduced almost to despair. His finger was in everything, and not a penny was wasted. He constituted himself house-steward, and curbed the cook; he would have no gardener but himself, and was stableman to the pony bought for the son Charlie.

Between this boy and the stray Netto the most admirable good understanding existed. They were inseparable; and even the mother and father frequently found the boy preferring the old man's company to theirs. It appeared to be a natural attraction between the old man and the child. Netto would go creeping through the night to the child's door to listen if he slept peacefully; and every atom of food prepared for the boy was cooked by himself.

It was he who taught the boy his letters; taught him little short Italian airs; to do little dances. In fact, they were a couple of children; and when they were laughing, their merriment was so much alike that it brought tears into kindly eyes that were looking on.

Upon a certain July morning, in a pleasant morning room overlooking the gay garden, the boy was to be seen lying on his back, half upon a sofa, half upon Gianetto's lap, listening to some wonderful fairy tale the soft-voiced old man was telling, and playing as he listened, with some bright-looking cut-glass toys, with which the old man had surprised him.

"And what became of the wicked old fairy?" asked the boy.

"They shut her up in a well for ever," said the old man, with remarkable promptitude and some warmth.

"But how did it happen that the wicked old fairy was just like Aunt Lady Agatha?" "Was she?" asked Netto.

"Yes—just like her."

The old man smiled drolly. In fact, he had sketched Lady Agatha as the wicked old fairy.

Lady Agatha treated Gianetto savagely, and he abhorred her equally. In fact, there was a natural antipathy between them, just like that between the crow and the nightingale. Exactly as one crow will silence a whole grove of nightingales, exactly as a crow will show signs of anger when the nightingale trills, so Lady Agatha's voice would in a moment silence the old man's flowing Italian airs; while his voice would cause Lady Agatha to flutter and snap like an old raven.

Netto looked up suddenly, and even brightened—bright as he was—when a well-known footstep approached.

It was that of Ossary himself, going out, and looking into the room for a moment.

"Happy?" asked the good fellow.

"Ay, excellency," said the old man, "we are both happy, except that—"

And he pointed to a door in the garden wall.

The child laughed, but a shade of anxiety momentarily crossed the features of the father.

"You see," said the old man, "the child hates her, too."

"No, no, not hate. The truth is Lady Agatha is harsh."

"Hate!" said Gianetto, in the eager, wilful, but Italian voice.

"Hate!" laughed the child.

The father turned away with rather an anxious look upon his face.

The "door" in question was one of communication between the small villa, Orchid Lodge, and Lady Agatha's magnificent house. With strange perversity, shortly after her nephew's losses, and upon his removal to London, she determined to take a house near him, and actually built the great place which almost overshadowed Orchid Lodge.

It was then she began a system of small torturing such as cruel women only can imagine, and became the curse of Allen Ossary's little household.

It was pity, not self-interest, which kept him from ordering her never to darken his doors. He knew her to be quite alone in the world, but for one cousin, the then Earl, a hopelessly bad man, with whom she had quarrelled, and by whom in her early days she had been shamefully ill-treated.

Another story had been commenced, and both teller and listener were equally absorbed, when they were interrupted by a harsh, cruel laugh, and the next moment a shadow from the trellised window fell upon the old man and child.

It was Lady Agatha, who came into the room sneering and insolent.

"What, putting nonsense into the child's head, my good *mendicante*!" she said, calling the poor Italian by her favourite name—beggar. Then, turning to the son, she said, "Boy, come and kiss me."

"No," said the child.

It was the first time he had resisted his relation.

"No!" she said. "Come this instant!"

"No."

"This is your doing," she said, wrathfully turning upon the stray—"it is you, my *mendicante*, who sets the child against me."

"I, *madammina*?" he said, humbly, "No, no, no, no!"

"Make him kiss me."

The old Italian drew himself up.

"*Madammina*, I am not your slave, neither is Carlotta mine. If he will kiss you, he will; and if not, not."

"Do you know that if I do not leave my money to him, he will be poor?"

The Italian here started affrightedly.

"You would not hurt your own blood, Contessa," he said, humbly.

"Bid the boy kiss me."

"*Mio angelo*," he whispers to the child, "go and kiss thy aunt."

The child was running to obey, when he was stopped by the woman's harsh cry.

"Ho!" she cried; "I knew you schooled him to hate me, or why should he run to kiss me when you bid him?"

"What?" asked the Italian, wrathfully; "have you laid a trap for me?"

"Why, what is all this noise about?" here said a pleasant voice; and at once the child ran to his mother, who now came into the room. Mattie Ossary was looking very pale and anxious.

"Niece," cried the stern old lady, "you must send your Italian fellow packing. He is like his tribe—a liar and a hypocrite. He tutors the child to hate me, and does his work well. Truly a pretty thing, to set the boy against me, without whom he will be a pauper! Recollect, I have not yet made my will, and I am at liberty to leave my millions as I think fit. Do you hear? The *mendicante* must be turned out of the house!"

"It is for Mr. Ossary himself, Lady Agatha, to decide upon such a subject. I think he would be loth to send Gianetto away. Netto, surely you do not set my son against his aunt?"

"Ah, princess mine," cried the old man, "'tis not my doing—'tis the child's instinct."

"There! what say you to that?" cried the vicious old woman. "But perchance he shall not be the only one to leave poor Mr. Ossary's house. I have news for you and for you alone. As for you, niece, take the child away."

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.—Put on half a pint of water; when it has boiled, put in a table-spoonful of chocolate, scraped up. When half done, put in half a cupful of fresh milk, and sweeten to your taste either while cooking or when served on the table. This is only the quantity for one cupful.

STIR-ABOUT.—Oatmeal is excellent, stirred gradually into boiling water with a stick, having a little salt sprinkled into it. Boil it ten minutes after the oatmeal has been put in, and stir it the whole time to keep smooth. If well done, it becomes a solid, stiff pudding. It should be eaten with a little milk or treacle. This is an excellent wholesome dinner or supper for children. The cottager should always have a clean bag, or earthen pan, full of oatmeal at home. It keeps well in dry places and so do rice and dried peas; a good store of these articles on a shelf or in a box, would be economy in the end. The peas he might grow, and "broken rice" can be bought equally clean and good as the very highest priced rice. A tea-cupful of rice goes a great way in cooking.

TRIFLES.—1. A very good trifle may be made by laying macaroons and ratafia drops at the bottom of a dish, pour on them as much raisin or other sweet wine as they will soak up. When this is done, pour over them cold rice custard, made with rather more eggs than are generally employed, and with a little rice flour. Let this custard stand on the cakes about two or three inches thick; then lay on it about the same thickness of raspberry or any other fruit you possess. Cover the whole with a very high whip of reach cream, made the day before, the white of two eggs well beaten, sugar, lemon-peel, and some more of the same wine used at the first. The whole of these must be well whisked before pouring over the jam. This trifle is best if made the day before it is wanted.—2. *Rice Cake Trifle*.—Bake a rice cake with a mould. When the cake is cold, cut it round about two inches from the edges, but do not cut within two inches from the bottom. Remove the middle of the cake, and put in a thick custard, and a few spoonfuls of raspberry jam; then put on a clean whip as for other trifles.—3. *Apple Trifle*.—Scald as many apples as, when pulped, will cover the dish you design to use to the depth of two or three inches. Before you place them in the dish, add to them the rind of half a lemon grated fine, and sugar to your palate. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolk of an egg; scald it over the fire, keeping it stirring, and do not let it boil; add a little sugar, and let it stand till cold; then lay it over the apples, and finish with the cream whip. *Gooseberry Trifle* is made the same way, substituting a little nunging for the orange-peel.