

her to silence by giving her a thousand reals, and making her promise to go off to Barcelona as soon as she had fulfilled her task—and she did so.

"You can imagine the surprise of this woman whom I adored from afar when, suspecting that her maid had stolen from her, on account of her hasty flight, she found those magnificent jewels in her desk. 'Who could have divined my desire?' she cried. Who, indeed, could have suspected that she still thought of those gems with a faint sigh of regret?"

"Time passed on. I knew that she had kept my gift, and that she had endeavored to discover whence it had come, but she never wore them. Did she despise my offering? Ah, I reflected, if she only knew the sacrifice it had cost me! If she knew that I was almost equal to that lover who pawned his winter overcoat to buy a bouquet of flowers for his lady-love! Does she think that it has been sent by some high-born love, who will present himself some day to claim his reward? What a mistake she has made! Even though she were free to love another than her odious husband, I was much too far below her in station to think of claiming her hand!

"One evening, when she attended a ball, I stood outside of the palace, to watch for her, and I saw her as she alighted from her carriage, radiant with beauty, while a murmur of admiration burst from the crowd as she passed by. The women gazed at her with envious eyes, the men admiringly, while an involuntary cry of astonishment burst from my lips. She had on my emerald necklace. That night I went to bed without any supper, for I was so agitated I could not eat, but I felt happy. During my sleep I imagined that I could hear the music from the ball, and see her pass before me, and I dreamed that I danced with her.

"The affair of the emeralds had leaked out, and was the theme of conversation among some high-born ladies. After they had seen the stones there was no doubt that the occurrence had taken place, and the idle gossips began to comment upon it. My idol enjoyed an unblemished reputation. In spite of her husband's dissipation and his indifference toward her, calumny had never been able to attack her, but now the venticillo Don Basilio sings of in the opera began to make itself audible. One day, while I was chatting with a number of young men, they spoke of the emeralds, and a simpleton finally made a sneering remark about the woman.

"The idiot's words aroused my ire,

especially because the rest agreed to them. But I restrained myself. What right had I to defend that woman? But before a quarter of an hour had elapsed I found occasion to pick a quarrel with him, and I contradicted him so flatly, and was so aggressive, that a duel was the upshot of the affair.

"My friends were astonished that I had sought a duel for such a simple cause, as well as that I would not listen to any explanation. I fought, but I cannot say whether successfully or not, for though I saw my opponent fall, yet I felt at the same moment that my own eyes were dazed. My ears buzzed, and I also felt dangerously wounded in the breast. They carried me to my humble dwelling, where I was seized with a raging fever. I do not know all the time I spent in bed, calling wildly for her. I should have had fortitude to suffer all my life, just to obtain a grateful look from her, on the brink of the grave.

"But it was sad to die without a single word from her. These thoughts troubled my brain, and one night, while I was tossing restlessly about on my couch, burning up with fever, the portieres were drawn back, and I saw a woman standing at the threshold. I thought I was dreaming, but no, for she drew near my bed, where I was tossing about in distress, and as she raised her veil, I saw a tear gleaming on her cheek. It was she!

"I raised myself up with staring eyes, and—just at that moment arrived at Duran's jewelry establishment."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted as my friend diverged in this manner from his story. "Were you not wounded, and lying on your back in bed?"

"In bed! What nonsense! I had forgotten to tell you that this was what I had been imagining from Samper's, where I really saw the set of emeralds, and heard the exclamation I have told you of, to the Carrera of San Geronimo, where a porter jostled against me, and aroused me from my reverie, as I was gazing in Duran's shop windows at a book by Mery with the title: 'The History of What Has Never Happened.' Do you understand it now?"

As I heard the "denouement," I could not help laughing. In fact, I do not know what Mery's work refers to, but I am sure that many books might be written under that title.—From the Spanish of Gustavo Becquer.

#### A TOOTHsome PARADOX.

Each careful artist in his way

A reputation gains:

But with the dentist, strange to say,

The patient takes the pains.

#### CITY ITEMS.

The usual New Year's ball at Ravenscrag was held on Monday night. As usual there was a good deal of grumbling among the mothers who were not asked and young ladies whose parents believe in chaperones were in some cases unable to attend.

Mr. Thos. Coristine, who has been suffering from a bad attack of pneumonia, is recovering.

Mrs. Binmore and Miss Binmore have gone on a visit to Ottawa.

Mr. Frank Fisher, of Toronto, has been in town on a visit to Mr. Edward Neild, Hutchison street.

Mrs. George Drummond, who died at the residence of her son—Mr. George Drummond, Manager of the Bank of Montreal at Toronto, was the mother of Mrs. Hague Sims.

Madame (Judge) Mathieu, her daughter Madame Bruneau and Madame Desjardins will hold a large reception in the St. Lawrence Hall on Monday evening from nine till twelve.

Mrs. (Mayor) McShane had an afternoon reception for ladies on Tuesday. About two hundred ladies attended.

On Wednesday Mrs. McShane had a children's party in honor of little Kathleen's seventh birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. George McKinnon of Pointe Claire have taken rooms at the Windsor for the winter.

#### A SPRINKLING OF SPICE.

##### A GENIAL GLOW.

Rogers—"What makes your nose so red Mr. Reilly?"

Reilly—"It glows with pride, sir, at not putting itself in other people's business."

##### HUGO'S MIXED METAPHOR.

Victor Hugo wrote to a "fraternal banquet" of workmen that he could not be present, but sent them a shake of the hand from the bottom of his hear.—London Million.

##### A DRY SUIT.

Dashaway—"What do you think of my new pepper-and-salt suit?"

Jagway—"It makes me thirsty to look at it.—Roselaf.

Many a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.

##### TENNYSON AND SOPHOCLES.

Carlyle once begged Tennyson to translate Sophocles. "He is a wonderful man for dovetailing words together," he said afterwards in speaking regretfully of this entreaty, "but Alfred wouldn't bite."