

Happily Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were not jealous. On the contrary, they admired Emily extremely, and were very grateful and affectionate.

Before the end of the week Evert came to himself.

'I have dreamed you were here,' he said, with a faint smile. 'Now I see it is you, and no phantom.'

The delirium had gone, but the doctor said nothing encouraging. Evert insisted on hearing the exact truth, and learned at last that he might possibly live a few days, but no longer.

Then, to Emily's wonder and dismay, Evert entreated that for the little time there was left, she would take his name. His heart seemed set on this idea, and he pleaded for what appeared to be such a useless boon, with a vengeance that seemed likely to hasten his last moments.

Mrs. Millburn and Hatty seconded the petition with tears and prayers that darling Emily would not refuse dear Evert's last request.

Emily did what nine women out of ten would have done in the same position—consented.

'What harm can it do?' she thought, 'it is only a mere form, but it gives me the right to be with him to the end, and will prevent any talk; and he is so good, and has loved me so well; and if it comforts him now to think that my name will be Millburn instead of May, why should I refuse? And then it crossed her mind that a widow's cap would be very becoming to her, and she hated herself because this silly notion had come upon her unbidden, and twisted her hair up tight, and plain, and went up to meet the clergyman in her old black mohair, which had become considerably spotted down the front in the course of her nursing.'

The rite was made as short as possible, and then Mrs. Millburn sent everyone away, and for two days the bride stood over the bridegroom, and fought against death till she was ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient entirely, and ceased to do anything; and as sometimes happens in like cases, he took a turn for the better, and slowly the balance trembled, the scale inclined, and life had been won.

'I'll tell you what it is,' said the doctor, 'your wife has saved your life.'

Evert turned his head on the pillow and looked for Emily; but she had slipped away into the next room, where she sat down, feeling for the first time, with a strange shock, that she was actually married. What could she do? What could she say? How could she tell Evert, after all, that she had only come to him as she would have gone to Pat Murphy if he had sent for her, and consented to that marriage rite as she had lent her silver candlesticks to hold Father Flanagan's blessed candlesticks when Judy Murphy died?

The doctor went down stairs, and presently Mrs. Millburn and Hatty came to her with embraces and gratitude, and a point applique set, and fragmentary talk about her 'things,' and proposals to send for her mother all mingled together. Emily resolutely put away thought for a time, but she could not help feeling in an odd surprised way that she was unhappy, and despised herself for having a kind of ashamed furtive interest in those 'things which Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were longing to provide.'

A week after that day, Evert was allowed to sit up in his easy chair, white and wan enough, but with a look of returning health and life. Emily was sitting almost with her back to him, looking out into the tossing leafless branches of the great elm.

'Emily,' said Mr. Millburn at last. 'Yes,' she answered quietly, but she did not turn her head.

'I know how much you must feel what has happened. Believe me, I will take no advantage of your goodness; I will set you free as soon as I can. My only wish is to spare you trouble; I will take all the blame on myself. I know you are longing to be away; and why should I delay what must come at last? I dare say Dick and Mrs. Macy, the nuns, can do all I need now.'

'Oh! if you prefer Mrs. Macy's attendance, to mine, I am sure, it is nothing to me,' said Emily in a remarkably cross manner.

'You are angry with me, but there need be no difficulty, dear. You came away from home so hurriedly that it would be perfectly natural for you to return to your mother now.'

But here, to Evert's dismay, Emily hid her face and commenced to cry in quite a passionate and distressful fashion. Evert rose with difficulty and went to her—it was not more than three steps.

'Do you want to kill yourself?' she said through her sobs, and she took hold of him and made him sit down, and then turned away and hid her head on the seat.

'What can I do,' he said, distressed. 'It's too bad! Oh! it's too bad!' she said in the most unreasonable way.

'I know it, Emily. You are free as though no word had ever passed between us. Do you want to go to-day? I will make it easy for you with mother and Hatty,' he said with a pang.

She went on crying, and then, in a minute she said in a most incoherent fashion: 'I—I didn't think I was so very disagreeable.' The words dropped out one by one between her sobs.

'But, of course, if you don't want me—'

'Emily! What do you mean? Will you stay? Will you really try to care for me?' he asked with a sudden light in his eyes.

'I don't know. I—did think—as matters are we might try to make the best of it,' she said in the faintest whisper, while the color ran to her finger ends.

'You will?' 'I will if you will,' said Mrs. Millburn, with a sweet shy smile. And she kept her word.

ENTHUSIASM AND HAPPINESS.

It is time to speak of happiness. I use this word with extreme care, because, for almost a century, especially, it has been placed among pleasures so gross, in a life so selfish, in calculations so narrow, that even the idea of it is profane. But we are able to say, nevertheless, with confidence, enthusiasm is of all the sentiments the one which gives the most happiness, the only one which gives it truly, the only one which knows how to make us bear with human destiny in all situations were fate places us.

It is in vain that one wishes to reduce himself to material joys; the soul revives happiness in all places; pride, ambition, self-love, all these are yet of the soul, although a poisoned breath is mixed with it. What a miserable existence, however, is that of so many men, crafty with themselves as with others!

What a poor existence, also, that of so many others, who do not content themselves with doing bad, but treat as folly the source from which is derived beautiful actions and great thoughts! They enclose themselves by vanity; they condemn themselves to that mediocrity of ideas, to that coldness of sentiment, which lets days pass which reap neither fruit, nor progress, nor remembrance; and if time furrowed not their features, what trace would they have of his passage? If it were not necessary to grow old and die, what serious reflection would ever enter their heads?

Some reasoners pretend that enthusiasm dislikes common life, and that, not being able to remain always in that disposition, they wish never to prove it. Why, then, have they accepted to be young, to live, even, since that ought not always to endure? Why, then, have they loved, so much is ever happening to them, since death could separate them from the objects of their affection? What sad economy that of the soul! It has been given to us to be developed, improved, lavished, even, in a noble end. The more they blunt life, the more they reproach material existence itself, the more they diminish, if one may say so, the power to suffer. This argument reduces a large number of men; it places a strain on life. However, there is in degradation a sadness one does not consider; and which follows, without ceasing, in secret; the care, shame and fatigue that it causes, are clothed with forms of impertinence and disdain by vanity; but it is very rare that one establishes himself peacefully in that dry and limited fashion which is left without resources in itself when exterior prosperity forsakes us. Man is blessed with consciousness of the beautiful as well as of the good, and the privation of the one would make him feel the void, even as the deviation from the other overwhelms him with keen remorse.

Some accuse enthusiasm of being passing; life would be very happy to retain emotions so beautiful; but it is because they disperse easily that it is necessary to occupy ourselves to preserve them. Poetry and fine arts serve to develop in men this happiness. If enthusiasm intoxicates the soul, by a singular charm it sustains us in misfortune; it leaves after it a luminous and profound trace, which permits not even absence to efface us from the hearts of our friends. It sets us also an asylum for ourselves against the most bitter troubles, and it is the only sentiment which can calm without evolving.

TO QUENCH THIRST.

Water, even if salt, imbibed through the skin, appeases thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. Captain Kennedy, the sailor and author, alludes to this fact. He says, 'I cannot refrain from making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although, from seeing the good effect produced, they afterwards practiced it twice a day, of their own accord. To this discovery I may with truth attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes, became inactivated by the heat of the sun and that of our own bodies, lacerating our skin, and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time.' After these operations, we uniformly found that the violent drouth went off, and the parched feeling was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes; and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptom.'

A FATAL TIGER HUNT.

A fatal tiger hunt, whose details are worthy the graphic pen of a Cumming, occurred recently in Chulderghout, India. The victim was Mr. Jos. Gay, a young man connected with the English Public Works Department. A man-eater had been infesting the region where he was stopping, and many had fallen victims.

Hearing of his depredations, Mr. Marrett, English engineer in the place and a keen sportsman, started in pursuit, accompanied by Mr. Gay, who was staying with him and anxious to witness a tiger hunt. Armed each with a rifle, and assisted by four shikarees, also armed, the party soon collected a batch of beaters and tom-tom wallahs, who were set to work to drive the tiger out of his hiding place.

Mr. Marrett and one of the shikarees took up their position under a tree, while Mr. Gay, who, by the way, was a novice in such matters, with the other shikarees climbed a tree. All were now eagerly on the look-out, when suddenly the man-eater, with a terrible growl, made a spring from an adjacent thicket at Mr. Marrett, who had just sufficient time to drop on his knees and fire, the ball striking the animal on the lower jaw, which it completely shattered.

Before Mr. Marrett could rise the tiger was upon him. A desperate struggle was the consequence, and the tiger, Mr. Marrett and a shikaree all rolled over each other in the melee.

Mr. Gay, who was perched upon the tree exactly overhead, while trying to change his position in order to have a better shot at the tiger, lost his footing, and fell straight upon the back of the infuriated animal, which immediately turned upon him most savagely, attacking him with his claws alone, as his under jaw was rendered useless from the shot he had received from Mr. Marrett's rifle.

On Mr. Marrett regaining consciousness, he found he was deserted by all except the shikaree who was 'knocked down with him in the encounter, but was not much hurt; and a few paces off was the man-eater, still engaged in mauling and mangling his helpless victim.

His first impulse was to seize his rifle; but this was found to be perfectly useless, it having been considerably damaged during the struggle with the tiger. The brute now seeing Mr. Marrett move about, left Mr. Gay and retired a short distance, apparently waiting to see what his intentions were.

Mr. Marrett—who, strange to say, was only slightly wounded—and his faithful shikaree ran up at once to the rescue of Mr. Gay; but no sooner had they approached the prostrate form than the monster made a dash at them, and once more took possession of his victim, standing right across the almost lifeless body and looking around with an air of conscious strength and defiance, and challenging as it were any one to approach him.

The beaters and others who had all this time remained inactive and silent spectators of what was being enacted at a distance, now gradually approached, and after a great deal of persuasion, Mr. Marrett induced them to charge the brute in a body, and with the aid of tom-toms, &c., succeeded in frightening him away to a neighboring hill, where he was soon lost sight of.

Mr. Gay was taken home and after a short time seemed to progress favorably, but a choking sensation at last seized him and he expired, a victim of his first tiger hunt.

PRISON LITERATURE.

First among those works stands the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' written by good John Bunyan in the dingy jail at Bedford. 'The Consolations of Religion,' by Boethius, was also written in prison. Centuries later, when Chancer was imprisoned in London for advocating the doctrine of John Wycliffe, he remembered the 'De Consolatione' of Boethius, and resolved to follow his example. Then he wrote his prose work, 'The Testament of Love,' in which his 'Lady Marguerite,' his 'faisse daisie,' is supposed to be the embodiment of 'heavenly grace,' which the poet set higher than the wisdom of the philosopher. Over two centuries later another poet and scholar sought to beguile the weariness of the prison by absorbing himself in books. The elegant figure of Walter Raleigh, for so many years the chief ornament of Elizabeth's court—now for twelve years confined in London Tower—sits bowed over the pages of his 'History of the World.' How vast an undertaking this was let the first folio of the unfinished work testify. It begins, like Genesis, with the creation, and is only brought down to the Roman Empire under the Consulate. Tradition says that Raleigh finished the whole work, and had a second volume ready for his publisher after the first was printed. One day the shopman came to the Tower to see the author, who, with natural interest, asked how his book had sold. The printer replied, 'It has sold so slowly it has quite undone me.' On this Sir Walter went to his desk, took out the pile of unprinted manuscript, and putting his hand on his heart, said, with a sigh, 'Ah, my friend has the first part undone thee.' The second shall undo no more. The ungrateful world is unworthy of it. And going to the blaze, he set fire to it, and held his foot on it until it was consumed. So the world lost a valuable effort of genius.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

A LITTLE IN ARITHMETIC.

The Hebrew Educational Society Schools of New Orleans, has been the scene of a very rare if not wholly unexampled performance in arithmetic. The problem was too multiply 9 by 9, and 81 by 81, and so on, using each succeeding product as its own multiplier until the operation should be performed nine times. How stupendous and discouraging the work becomes after a few steps are taken in the process, any one will find who makes the trial. For several years a handsome premium has been offered the patron of the school just named for the pupil who should first succeed in accomplishing this feat of multiplication. At last the task was completed, and the prize, a splendid silk dress, won by Miss Sallie F. Solomon, sister of Mrs. A. Dalsheimer, after a patient labor of three months. The work comprises 268 numerical compounds and 90,000 figures, and the whole covers four or five square yards of paper.

THE PAST.

How delightfully the heart sometimes leaps forth from its latent state, to associate itself with the mind, which, in an instant, travels back with unaided efforts to its infant scenes, to imbibe therefrom the unalloyed sweetness and pleasure which are rarely or ever found upon the stage of maturity.

'Oh, give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning. Her tears and her sorrows are worth evening's best light.'

Who is there among us who has not wished himself a boy again? and why not? how miserable the contrast between manhood and boyhood! With the former, the worldly necessity of self-reliance surrounds him, and he finds himself in the busy mart of competition and excellence, which, in many cases, produce such miserable consequences as a shattered constitution, an indifference towards the course of religion and morality which he ought to pursue. Those misfortunes, and his associations with men, who, from the obnoxious habits which they have contracted of smoking, chewing, drinking intoxicating beverages, together with other vices, very often hurry him to an early, and sometimes, a dishonored grave.

How different the recollections of that happy, sunny period of innocent boyhood, when life's first 'charms' stamp themselves upon our memory! Oh, to think of the sweet loving affection with which our mothers have tended us—many of us, perhaps, in long sickness—is indeed nectar to the soul; and balm to manhood's weary heart, even though it only exists in fancy.

THE COMPASS IN IRON VESSELS.

Captain R. B. Forbes, of Boston, Mass., states that the compass in iron ships is specially affected in certain localities on the coast of Nova Scotia, which accounts for the loss of steamers in that region. He further says that, in spite of corrections, applied in England, whereby iron ships may be safely navigated in a given course approximately west-south-west and east-north-east, when they come to head more to the north or south by several points on the American coast, their corrections, good on the coast of England, are valueless in some ships. It is well known that the heeling of the iron ship, the rolling the pitching, the concussion of the waves, have an important effect upon the compass—hence, nothing but constant observations of the sun at noon and the north star can insure a correct course.

PAPER.

In the manufacture of paper new experiments are constantly tried. In France, it is manufactured from the hop stalk. A textile fibre is obtained possessing those qualities of length, suppleness and delicacy of texture which makes rags so valuable, and which are not found in wood, straw, esparto-grass and various other vegetable products that have been pressed into the service. Paper is being made in Scotland from jute. The Dundee Advertiser is now printed on jute paper. At present, though the yield is 20 per cent. more than from esparto, the process is more expensive. Dundee furnishes an inexhaustible supply. Various premiums are offered for improved processes of manufacture.

At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain of — College at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. 'I was there,' said the interrogator, 'and knew you by your limp.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching.' 'Ah, doctor,' was the reply with ready wit, 'it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation.'

LIKE YET UNLIKE.—Might not the new Spanish Constitution be dubbed a monarchical republic, if such a paradox can exist? It is the American system, simply with only three important changes. The president cannot be re-elected, but he can suspend the guarantees of liberty which needful, and he is absolute over all means of communication. In fact, a king for the nonce, we should say.

Sawdust and Chips.

An editor says that the only reason he knows of why his house was not blown away the other day, during a severe gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

Very some mans slaps me on der shoulder, und says: 'I was glad to hear you was so val,' und den sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I hef my opinion of dat veller.

A student in a veterinary college being asked, 'if a broken-winded horse were brought to you to cure, what would you advise?' promptly replied, 'sell him as soon as possible!'

That was a happy editor who wrote that 'White pique costumes are now popular,' and was gravely informed by the proof next morning that 'white pine coffins are not popular.'

A Nebraska judge sat like a statute for nine long hours and heard a lawyer argue for the conviction of a prisoner, and when the lawyer sat down the judge simply said, 'The prisoner is discharged.'

Visitor to mamma: 'I have some sad news to tell you my dear; your doctor, Mr. Crushbone, died this morning.' Jimmy, (one of six): 'Then we shan't have any more babies, ma—shall we?'

'Pretty bad underfoot,' said one citizen to another as they met in the street. 'Yes, but it's fine overhead,' replied the other. 'True enough,' said the first; 'but then, very few are going that way.'

A very absent-minded individual being upset from a boat in the river, sank twice before he could remember that he could swim. He fortunately remembered it just before he sank the third and last time. A great invention is memory.

An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweller that he would—ah, like to have—ah, something engraved on it—ah, to denote what he was! Certainly, certainly, said the tradesman. 'I'll put a cipher on it.'

A Sunday school scholar, only six years old, was asked by his teacher 'Why they took Stephen outside of the city to stone him to death?' The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when brightening up suddenly, he replied: 'So they could get a better crack at him.'

There's a moral taught by the following conversation, which needs to be learned by many fathers: Said a little four-year old, 'Mother, father won't be heaven with us—will he?' 'Why, my child?' 'Because he can't leave the store.'

From Athol we hear of a good Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric, and an excellent singer, exclaiming to a portion of the congregation who always spoil the melody. 'Brothers and sisters, I wish those who can't sing would wait until you get to the celestial regions before you try.' The hint was a success.

A professor of physiology, in explaining to a class of female students the theology according to which the body is renewed every seven years, said, 'Thus, Miss B., in seven years, you will, in reality, be no longer Miss B.' 'I really hope I shan't,' demurely responded the young lady, casting down her eyes.

I think that love is like a play,
Where tears and smiles are blended;
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended;
Like Coldbrook pavement, rather rough;
Like trade, exposed to losses;
And like a Highland plaid, all stuff,
And very full of crosses.

The queerest object in nature is a Spanish beggar, for these beggars beg on horseback; and it is an odd thing to see a man riding up to a poor foot passenger asking alms. A gentleman in Valparaiso, being arrested by one of these mounted beggars, replied, 'Why, sir, you come to beg of me, who have to go on foot, while you ride on horseback?' 'Very true, sir,' said the beggar, 'and I have the more need to beg, as I have to support my horse as well as myself.'

When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing round the premises. One day in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey: 'Well, what is your name my old friend?' 'Harry, sir, ole Harry,' said the other, touching his seedy hat. 'Old Harry,' said Biddle, 'why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?' 'Yes, sir,' said the colored gentleman, 'sometimes old Harry, and sometimes old Nick.'

A young man was riding in the horse-car, accompanied by three young ladies, friends of his, whom he desired to please as much as possible. He was engaged in peering an orange, which operation being finished, he generously divided it among the ladies, reserving only a small piece for himself. Observing how little each one got, and the small share retained by the man, one of the ladies remarked, with mock gravity, 'Way, Mr. F., you are too generous.' 'Oh, no,' replied the simpleton, 'I have three or four more in my pocket.' That young man has not been seen in company with any of those young ladies lately.