

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!  
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"What an idiot I have been."

An agonized cry is her only answer; and again she sinks into insensibility.

Once more, by the application of the two ladies' remedies, her senses appear to be returning; but again, at the sight of Seymour, she falls into unconsciousness.

The ladies then suggest that perhaps she may be less agitated if left alone with them, and Seymour and Fitzgerald retire, utterly miserable, though from entirely different reasons.

On the return journey Miss Fairchild is driven home in the Clifford sleigh.

It is not necessary to watch by the bedside of Mabel Fairchild during the long illness which followed the shock she sustained nor to listen to her pitiful wanderings in delirium, which showed how very keenly she felt the cruel blow under which she had been prostrated.

As soon as he learned that she had passed out of the delirious stages of fever, Seymour begged for an interview with Mabel, but this he was refused. He called again and again, but met with a similar result. How cruelly he suffered under this treatment. But what was his pain compared with the anguish Mabel felt. How could she dare look in his face again, knowing how her father had injured him? He could never have known she was a daughter of the man who had ruined him. How would he ever really believe that she never knew the circumstances attending her father's death? And then the horror of explanation; the pain of referring to the harrowing subject. No,

she could never see him more, though she still loved him. Her life was crushed; the joy of existence had departed. As soon as she began to recover her strength Mabel announced to Mrs. Clifford her intention of leaving Tappington.

It was then that Mrs. Clifford took upon herself to interfere in a love affair with which she had never meddled, but in which she had always taken an interest. Tenderly she talked to the broken-spirited girl of her sad story; eloquently she set forth the far greater injury than her father had inflicted on him she would be doing Seymour if she persisted in her attitude towards him. Seymour had authorized her to say he knew all before he proposed to her, and that nothing, not even her present cruelty to him, would ever diminish his love for her.

Mrs. Clifford exercised sufficient influence, tact and eloquence to so far overcome Mabel's resolution as to obtain her consent to an interview with Herbert.

Why should we be asked to describe what happened at this meeting? We were able to discern what occurred during the sleigh drive to the Templeton's dance, but our eyes are too dim on this occasion to see distinctly.

It is sufficient to remark that in the following summer there was a quiet wedding at Tappington Church, and that the Reverend Henry inserted another advertisement for Mrs. Clifford in the *Church Times*.

[THE END.]

With most of us, the keeping of a diary is a weariness of the flesh. At first one thinks otherwise. One is fascinated at first by all the prospective entries his mind's eye conjures up; and he thinks it will be so handy for reference, you know. Therefore, to begin a diary forms one of the standard good resolutions for New Year's Day. A good beginning, however, often leads to a very bad ending. With most of us, the episodes are too few and far between to make a very satisfactory or continuous narrative; and even "reflections" (which have padded out so many diaries) would have as a rule to be spread exceedingly thin, I fear. With actors, authors and public men generally, the episodes may be presumed to come thick and fast; and the reflections to accompany them can not be wanting. Such people frequently manage not only to keep a diary, which is a great thing; but to keep such a good one as to be deemed worthy of publication. There is, indeed, a suspicion afloat that in many cases they are kept with a sole view to publication. Mention must also be made of the fairly successful attempts of young ladies, especially of fashionable young ladies and coquettes, at keeping a diary. Episodes and reflections in number their young ladyships may be presumed to have: albeit of a somewhat romantic and transcendental character perhaps. "Why," I am asked, "do you not keep a journal or diary? It would help you so much in getting up your points." The history of a diary which I once commenced, it would be mortifying to relate; and I shall spare my feelings. Suffice it to repeat that with most of us, the keeping of a diary is a weariness of the flesh.

\* \* \*

There is a mean man near Pembroke. One of the Incorporated Company of Mean Men must be spending a holiday in that neighborhood. Recently a wedding was about to take place in that vicinity, and elaborate preparations were made for the wedding banquet. But that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, soon became painfully apparent; for lo and behold, the night before the wedding some one stepped in and stole the banquet! And the prospective hosts underwent the experience of Old Mother Hubbard; inasmuch as they went to the cupboard, and when they got there the cupboard was bare. It is said that the culprit made off with "a bag of bread, a turkey, a lot of chickens, fourteen pounds of butter, a bag of cakes, a pudding, and a lot of other things." In short, to put it vulgarly, he seems to have made a hog of himself. Sometimes it is one of the contracting parties that proves delinquent and causes consternation; but one can usually depend on the banquet for being on hand. In this case, however, it was otherwise. The wedding, we are informed, came off all the same; exhibiting a striking instance of the power of true love to overcome obstacles, though the course of it proverbially never runs smooth. The guilty party must certainly be a very mean man, who would retard or interfere with wedding festivities. And we can picture him proposing toasts, and responding to them, and drinking to them all by himself; thus entirely monopolizing the banquet.

\* \* \*

Dr. E. Stone Wiggins is to the fore again. The learned doctor, finding that predictions even of the most celestial weather meet with but an indifferent reception at the hands of an incredulous public, has decided to assume an entirely different role. This time he is dabbling in fiction; it is perhaps not the first time he has done so, but it is probably the first time he has done so professedly. In other words, he is engaged upon a philosophic novel, somewhat on the lines of "Looking Backward"; one of the chief features of which will be direct communication with the planet Jupiter. Should the expletive "by Jove" occur in the book, it would therefore be invested with a new and unique force. Stargazing is of course to be expected from one of such astronomical proclivities as the doctor. Although I do not profess to be a prophet myself, I venture to prophesy a large sale for his book; owing to his wide celebrity and well known ability.

All the steamers formerly owned by the State Line Steamship Company, sailing between Glasgow and New York, are now commanded by captains who have been in the service of the Allan Line for some years.

