

tarily made Hazel think of those first days when she knew him at Gatskill.

"Do you want to buy anything, ladies?" said he then, setting on the table a bronze standish which Hazel had just freed from its wrappings.

"Will you tell us what all this means, Dane?" said Mrs. Powder.

"Santa Claus's spillings out of his sleigh." "Spillings!" echoed the lady. "What must the sleigh load have been?"

"O that's the way these people do things," said Josephine. "What I would like to know, is where the sleigh load went to."

"Down various chimneys, of course," said Dane.

"Do you know," the lady went on, "it is very mean of you, Dane Rollo, to have gone and married the only rich woman in our part of the country. You ought to have left her for somebody else."

"If you would like a basket," said Rollo coolly, pulling some of his wickerware into line, "you may have one. I can afford it."

"May I have one too?" queried Molly.

"Help yourself.—Mrs. Powder you are a housekeeper—are there none among all these varieties that would serve a purpose for you? Mrs. Charteris, aren't you fond of flowers? I will bestow upon you this big flower-holder."

It was one the best specimens of the poor basket-maker's work, being a delicate wicker stand, pretty enough for the drawing-room or a boudoir. Josephine silently accepted the gift, looking at it with strange eyes; while Molly set about a search for what might serve her turn. Mrs. Powder sat as a spectator, curious, and at the same time amused.

"We have got more than baskets here," Rollo went on, pulling off twine and paper. "Here is a tea-kettle. Who wants this article?—Here is an hour-glass."

"O let me have that!" quoth Molly Seaton. "I never saw an hour-glass before. What's this in it?"

"Minutes and seconds," said Josephine.

"No, but really. It would be dreadful to see one's minutes and seconds running away in this manner. What is this in the glass?"

"Did you never hear of the sands of life, child?" said Mrs. Powder.

"They were brought from the shores of time, too," added Josephine, "by an adventurous traveller."

"What is it?" cried a lively voice from the again opening door. "A reception at the opening of spring goods? I come in, because I hear sounds—" And Miss Kitty Fisher presented herself, stopping just inside the door. "I do love," she said, "What is it?—All for Love? or 'She stoops to Conquer'?" Katharine and Petrusino seems to be played out. Well, if I were a turtle-dove in a big cage!"

"You would do, I suppose," said Josephine scornfully. "Turtle-doves always do, and they are a great humbug."

"I should doubtless bob my head to the other turtle-doves," said Kitty, making a profound reverence to the gentleman present.

(To be continued.)

AN ICE-BRIDGE.

It was in January, 1877, when, with a large crowd of people, I stood upon the Durham Terrace, of the city of Quebec, and looked down upon the river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked fifty degrees below zero, and all around there was nothing but dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the basin of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its bleak waters from view. What could induce human beings in such an extreme atmosphere to pace up and down the exposed promenade, which in summer commands a view unrivalled in the whole world? The formation of the ice-bridge was momentarily expected, the ferry steamers, whose traffic would be put a stop to by the ice-bridge, had been prevented from leaving their wharfs, under penalty of heavy fines, and being fired into, by order of the authorities, were they to attempt to break it. Facing the bitter cold, all looked down upon the hidden stream, vigorously they walked the snow clad terrace, when suddenly a cry was heard, "It is taken!" instantly all rushed to the railing and anxiously peered down upon the waters; slowly the mist arose and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist nature had done the work, and in a few minutes had improvised a bridge, out of the power of man to construct, a glorious crystal bridge, as wonderful as it was beautiful. The opposite shore, which, up to within a few minutes, was almost unattainable, had been, as it were, in a moment of time, brought into a few minutes communication. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening, the intensity of the cold thickened the ice, and an hour afterwards, a boy in a sleigh, drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed towards the opposite shore, a sound as of distant thunder rose from the river, for the ice was as a sounding board; and even when the sleigh became but a speck, the rumbling sound continued, reverberating between the opposing highlands; then followed, as it seemed to me, fool-hardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped on in sweeping circles, hither and thither; then hundreds followed, and then the bridge presented the view of countless men luxuriating in the enjoyment of skating on virgin ice. It was barely more than an inch in thick-

ness, and it appeared mad temerity to trust such fragility, but still the crowd increased and its delirium grew wilder. Each moment, I knew added to the general safety, but each one had to keep separate from all others, and it was noticed, that when three or four approached the same locality, the India-rubber-like surface sank as if it were ready to engulf the reckless individuals. On the wharfs and quays along the river side, were collected hundreds of on-lookers and I descended after my bird's-eye view to have a closer inspection. Over the edge of a wharf was suspended a ladder, from the foot of which were planks laid on the ice, and by them the skaters gained access to the bridge; a continual row of people ventured down shod with skates and were soon eddying over the glassy surface. I watched one after another to see if there were any feeling of bravado in their actions, but there was none except the simple one of anxiety to join the river revel. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and on shore and on bridge a paralysis seemed to strike all; the ice was moving. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the shore, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders, many were immersed in the death-cold waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave; he was carried home to a disconsolate widow and helpless orphans. The bridge was broken up and a human being was ushered into eternity. The morning sun rose next day clear and bright and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as clear and smooth as any mirror; the first had descended with the falling tide but the works of nature are rapidly carried out and in its place another spanned the broad St. Lawrence. Even now upon its bosom the venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's grief, rushed wildly on the surface, and ice-boats in scores swept across it with the rapidity of race horses, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea gulls. It was a gala festival and men and women revelled in the rare enjoyment. From the city's height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of boats, of men, of vehicles. A bond of harmony and conviviality had been made between the old city of Quebec, Point Levis, the Island of Orleans, Beauport, and other villages, and representatives from each place met in unison on the river plain, from which, midst the sound of ever tinkling sleigh bells, rose the strains of music and the shouts and laughter of men and women. It was a mirage, for the ice bridge was as a glass and everything on its surface had its reflection, and the steep cliffs of Levis threw their shadows on the ice as on a peaceful lake. "We," that is, myself and two friends, were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this novel and exciting picture, and were carried away with enthusiasm and a desire to join in the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates and descended to the Lower Town, and soon found ourselves upon the smooth ice. Near by was an ice boat, waiting to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores, so we closed a bargain with the master and stepped into the cozy cabin whose roof was the cloudless sky. Voluminous buffalo robes were wrapped around us and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlor fire. Our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which soon carried our vessel, with the flight of a bird, over the shining surface. Meeting small boats was as a flash of lightning, and skaters and horses were distanced by us in every passing moment. Rapidly we passed up the river; on one side of us were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while, on the other, were the higher heights of Levis; anon we were beneath the plains of Abraham, rushing past the now desolate timber coves which in summer are crowded with vessels, and which now showed, at the foot of the cliff, the long line of the white-washed dwellings of the hard-working lumbermen. On the one side were the churches of St. Colomba de Sillery, and St. Augustin, and on the other of St. Nicolas, and then the Falls of the Chaudiere. We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat wheeled round with marvellous velocity, and we were on the home stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a winter frozen-in vessel; then Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorenci Falls threw their vapory column high into the rarified atmosphere; already the cone had begun to form and we could even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept past the villages of Beauport, L'Ange Gardien, and Chateau Richer, when again we turned and, doubling Le Bout de l'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St. Joseph de Levis and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence till we struck across to our starting point, after a wild ride of forty miles, accomplished with the speed of a mail train. Our limbs were a little stiff, and we put on our skates to revive the circulation of the blood. No sooner had the steel touched the clear brittle ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle and we swiftly glided over the silvery surface, seeming hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were madly rushing hither and thither, ice-boats with their white sails were sweeping upwards and downwards, and horses, as if in delirium were galloping in every direction. I remained with my lady friend, while her husband sped onwards; we followed him at a distance, for we were unable to keep up with his rapid movements. The bride of a few months glided joyfully by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the move-

ments of her husband, as he skillfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice—her loving eyes did not lose sight of him for a moment, and in human sympathy I rejoiced in her seemingly unalloyed happiness, and the glad expression in her brown eyes showed me that love and life were to her synonymous. As I watched her I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I looked in the direction and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot and loud cries, but my attention was taken away from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to prevent her from falling and was holding her in my arms when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, under its cruel surface, in the cold, cold water, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping to break through the icy fetters; as he passed beneath us, he gave one despairing look upwards and was then swept away forever from our sight. Fortunately his young bride had fainted and was mercifully spared that despairing anguished look, which shall never be forgotten by me through life's longest day. I conveyed to her home the young widow bride, who that day had been so happy, so loving, so loved, who that night lay on her couch, and for many a succeeding day and night, the helpless prey of brain fever and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an asylum.

Quebec

T. J. O.

FASHION NOTES.

Seal, which has been steadily advancing in favor for some time past, still retains its eminent position as the leading fashionable fur, and saques manufactured from the finest English dyed seal will undoubtedly prove to be the most desirable garments offered by the more prominent furriers in all of our large cities. Parties desirous of damaging the reputation of seal have been busily circulating reports to the effect that its present popularity could not be maintained for another season, and that seal-skin saques would not be accorded the same degree of favor as formerly, particularly by ladies wearing the goods of superior quality; but the rumor is without any foundation in truth, as seal has never been more highly appreciated than at the present time. The great beauty and intrinsic merits which it possesses insure a present and future popularity beyond doubt. Its acknowledged durability, and the reduced prices at which it is being sold, are favorable considerations regarding the economy of seal, as compared with other fur.

Saques this season are cut so as to fit somewhat more closely to the figure of the wearer than they did last season, and are from thirty-two to thirty-four inches in length. Plain and fur-trimmed saques will be equally fashionable for the coming winter. Except in special instances, and in the lower grades, the trimming will be slightly wider than heretofore, and the furs employed for the purpose will include plucked and unplucked otter, natural colored and silvered beaver, sea otter, black marten, grebe and genet. Seal-skin covered buttons and crossbars with ornamental seal pendant will form the more stylish fastenings for saques and cloaks. Muffs of seal, sable, mink, black marten, and a variety of other fancy furs, including silver fox and chinchilla, have been made a little larger than usual. Brown satin gree, of fine quality, is the preferred material for lining, and plain ribbon or bows of ribbon having either fringed or embroidered ends constitute the fashionable trimmings. In some instances the muffs are made up perfectly plain, no trimmings of any kind being used. Muffs of the tails of the Russian and Hudson's Bay sables are among the attractive novelties of the season.

In style, bows remain about the same as last year—the flat shape of two yards in length being the most desirable.

Ladies' seal-skin hats and caps, for which there is a large demand, are, according to the tastes of the wearer, either quite plain or richly trimmed with ostrich plumes or other dressy feathers. The popular Gainsborough hat is one of the leading shapes, and round hats and turbans will also be worn extensively. The newest style of hat introduced this season may be worn either as a bonnet, skating, or riding hat.

Furs for gentlemen have been provided in liberal variety of styles and material, and the seal-skin coats, both for walking and riding purposes, are especially worthy of mention. Caps, with or without bands or visors, are made of seal, beaver, otter, nutria, and several other furs usually employed in the manufacture of caps. The round cap with a deep band is the shape most in favor. Gloves have been manufactured in an equal variety of furs, and with a cold winter the demand for these will undoubtedly be very great, as they are offered at reasonably low prices.

The assortment of children's furs embraces saques of gray squirrel, muffs and boas of gray kimmer, coney and similar furs and caps in a variety of tastefully designed styles. There is an increasing tendency to dress children in furs, and it is very probable that this commendable taste upon the part of parents will be more generally indulged during the ensuing winter than ever before.

Considerable attention has been devoted to the importation and manufacture of the fashionable styles of elegant silk cloaks, which are being made of the very best qualities of

French silk, sicilienne and plain and figured poplin. These cloaks are lined with ermine, gray and white squirrel, and furs of a like character. Dolmans, which are now cut with flowing sleeves and made nearly long enough to reach the bottom of the dress, and fur lined silk cardinals, appear in both Parisian and original designs, and are meeting with marked appreciation and success.

The assortment of sleigh and carriage robes for the season is extra large and varied, and in addition to buffalo robes, which are always in good demand, there is a superior collection of grizzly, black and white polar bear, natural and colored beaver, wolverine, Hudson's Bay wolf, red and white fox, lynx, genet, prairie wolf, wildcat, and Angora and Japan goat robes are finished with heads of the polar bear, genet or wildcat. Some of the black genet robes are handsomely lined with gray and white squirrel; and a limited number of beautiful sable and mink robes are exhibited and are very attractive. The materials principally used for robe linings are felt, plush and cloth of very fine texture. A carefully selected assortment of mats is displayed, including those made of deer skin, wolf, bear and other robe furs, many of them being finished with a border of Angora goat hair and the full-sized heads of the animals.

LITERARY.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL, the author of "The Gentle Life," has been ill and suffering for many weary months.

LONGFELLOW considers Thackeray the master of English prose and Esmond the best written English fiction.

THERE will be published before long a novel, entitled "An Innocent Sinner," from the pen of the daughter of the late Mortimer Collins.

THE scene of Mr. Black's new story, "Mac-leod of Dare," which will begin in *Good Words* in January, is laid purely in the Highlands, but mostly in London.

MR. SWINBURNE's forthcoming volume will contain a selection from his translations of Villon's poems. It will also contain some of Mr. Swinburne's Latin verses.

CARLYLE once told Charles Sumner that the £50 he received from American publishers for his "History of the French Revolution" was the only copy-right it had yielded him.

THE poet Shelley had a morbid taste for turpentine and other resinous matter. He would eat the exudations from fir trees with much relish whenever he happened to find any in his rambles.

MR. GLADSTONE has in the press a collection of "Essays, Letters and Addresses." They will be divided into the following sections: Personal and Literary, Ecclesiastical and Theological, European and Historical.

THE author of "Blue Roses," the scenes of whose stories have hitherto always been laid abroad, with their interest depending more or less on great public events, is now engaged on a tale of middle life in Scotland.

It is more than possible that early in the new year the *London Figaro*, which is now issued twice a week, will appear as a daily. In that event, it will be the first illustrated daily paper published in England. It will have an evening edition, and in size will be similar to the *Globe*.

It is announced that the word "Dublin" will be omitted from the title of the *Dublin University Magazine*, so as to make the title correspond with the character of the periodical. It has borne the title for thirty years. For seven years past the magazine has been published in London.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A ROYAL Decree subjects the Basque Provinces to the same direct taxes as the rest of Spain.

MACMAHON has accepted the resignations of Ministers de Broglie and Fourton.

THE assault on Kars, fixed for the 13th, has been indefinitely postponed on account of bad weather.

ORDERS have been issued by the Russian Minister of War for stores, preparatory to the mobilization of the rest of the army.

THE army appropriation bill, with an amendment prohibiting recruiting beyond 25,000, has passed the United States Senate.

A COMPANY has been organized for the construction of a Trans-Pacific cable from San Francisco to Japan, by way of the Hawaiian Islands.

DE BROGLIE, speaking in the French Chamber, distinctly stated that MacMahon would not choose a Ministry from the Left.

A TERRIBLE explosion of fire damp occurred at Jermyn Colliery, near Scranton, Pa. A number of men were killed and others frightfully injured.

IT is asserted that Germany is urging Belgium to accept a German protectorate, and to make her military system conform to that of Germany, accepting in return territorial compensation, and a guarantee of her independence.

THE chief of the new Catholic Hierarchy of Scotland is to be styled Archbishop of St. Andrew, and reside in Edinburgh. There will also be Bishops of Glasgow, Lismore, Aberdeen, Whitehouse and Dunkeld. At the consistory, in December, the following will be created Cardinals: the Papal Nuncios at Vienna and Paris, and the Archbishops of Venice and Palermo.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, on all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.