Listowel Standard.

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All Sorts.

The "improved lamp post" is padded a about the height that a fellow wants to res his aching brow, and is becoming very popu lar.

A PERSON who had attended a stupid lecture being asked "if everything went off well," replied: "Yes, especially the audience."

WHEN their daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach; to put matches within their reach is their great anxiety when their daughters are older.

A WOMAN witnessed an earthquake in Venezuela last month, and when the upheaval had ceased and the reverberation stopped, she exclaimed, "Oh, how sweet! it's too lovely for anything."

A BEE-MASTER at Kerwick, England, wanting to sell his hives, advertised; "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than 140,000 head, with limited right of pasturage." The trick succeeded admirably.

A MAN and woman went into the office of a Vermont Justice, took an oath in this form: "What we say to each other shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and departed presumably to do the talking truthfully.

A GERMANTOWN gentleman has a dog that will not permit him to enter the house if his wife is out of temper. The animal foresees a time between his master and mistress, and out of consideration for the former he prevents his entrance.

AN officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

A HANDSOME young lady entered a draper's shop, and asked for a bow. The polite shopman threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "You! But I want a buff, not a *green* one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

A SLEIGHT-OF-HAND performer, named Wyman, astonished the people of Waco by his clever feats. He did many wonderful things, making things appear and disappear in mysterious ways; but his greatest trick was not known till after he had departed. It was found that he had substituted the village landlord's daughter for his wife and assistant, eloping with the former and leaving the latter behind.

ONE day lately a country merchant ordered a clerk, of about seventeen or eighteen, whom he had just received into his counting-house, to take off an account from the books with all dispatch. Soon after, hearing him scratching out something from the ledger, the merchant inquired what he was doing; to which he replied that he was taking off the account, but his knife was so dull it would take all the afternoon to get it off.

WHAT a vast amount of good can a family get out of one set of ear-rings! The mother makes her morning calls with the sparkling gems; the eldest daughter goes to a dinner with the same solitaires dangling from her ears; another daughter causes the opera glasses to be pointed in her direction, by wearing them at the matinee; they beautify another pair of ears at a tea-party, and the youngest of the family captures the hearts of all the young fellows with them at a grand ball in the evening. And we didn't say that the old gentleman had paid for them, either.

IT is given out that ladies will wear vests precisely like the gentlemen's this winter. When a married man goes to bed he will have to put a chalk mark on his vest, or next morning he may slip on his wife's and not discover his mistake until he inserts his thumb and forefinger in the right-hand pocket for a pinch of fine-cut and finds nothing but a piece of chewing-gum and a stub of a short black lead-pencil. Then he will suddenly remember that there was a roll of one-dollar green-backs in the left-hand pocket of his vest—that is, if he is an editor, he will—and he will rush back home in Rarus time.

"MIND your starboard helm," said a market apple-woman as an old salt reeled up against her stand. "(Hic) starboard, it is, and steady, old gal," replied the old tar; "but where the deuce (hic) did you learn to steer?" "Ten years a stewardess in the Liverpool trade, my hearty," replied the old woman, "and down to every wrinkle; but heave ahead, my lad, and save a tide, and let the gentleman in to buy some apples." "Aye, aye, my lass," said the old mariner; and as he staggered away he muttered: "(Hic) ten years a stewardess, and come to this; our com (hic) merce is all gone to grass."

A STORY told by Horace Smith is a good instance of a shock given to affected elegance. A town lady had read much of pastoral life, and once made a visit to the country for the purpose of communing with a real shepherd. She at last discovered one, with his crook in his hand, his dog by his side, and the sheep disposed romantically around him, but he was without the indispensable musical accompaniment of all poetical shepherds, the pastoral reed. "Ah! gentle shepherd," softly inquired she, "tell me, where's your pipe?" The bumpkin scratched his head and murmured: "I left it at home, miss, 'cause I han't got no 'baccy."

THE progress made in the use of torpedoes in naval warfare has already developed a new sort of vessel. The Hecla, of the British navy, is the first screw torpedo depot ship ever built. It is intended that this craft follow in the wake of a fleet, ready to launch her flotilla of torpedo-boats. She is built of iron, and her length is 390 feet. She is armed with 64-pounder muzzle-loading rifle guns, and is pierced with a broadside port on each side for discharging Whitehead torpedoes. There are facilities on board for making torpedoes. She will carry six second-class torpedo boats, a 42 feet steam launch, and a 27-feet steam pinnace. Booms and nets are to be extended for protection in case of an assault by torpedoes from the shore or from other vessels. In order to reduce the danger of sinking if she should be struck by shot, great care has been taken in constructing and arranging the watertight compartments.

IN the late fight at Stolan between the Austrians and Bosnians, the combatants came to close quarters, the bayonet and yatagban were used and no quarter was asked nor given. An Austrian stated to the editor of the *Neue Pester Journal* that as his regiment approached the enemy, a Turkish woman was observed in its ranks firing with great rapidity. In subsequently fighting hand to hand she showed great skill with her yatagban, distributing blows right and left, and parrying bayonets with surprising quickness and ability. She at last fell, severely wounded, and at the close of the struggle, as the ambulances arrived to collect the sufferers, she was found pale, a doctor felt her pulse, she opened her eyes and, as she spoke, withdrew her hand angrily, and pointed at him with the other the revolver which she had been tightly clutching. It was quickly snatched from her as she cried: "Get out, you Christian dogs. I don't want your help. You killed my husband; let me die." She soon after expired. She was a very handsome young woman of about 23 years.

WRITING of the Governor-General of India and his wife, the London *World* says: "Indian society is happy in the possession of a lady who is pre-eminently qualified to be mistress of the Calcutta palace. With a natural dignity, increased in effect by a tall and stately figure, Lady Lytton combines brightness, grace, as well as a marvellous sweetness and courtesy. No better or more thoughtful hostess has ever been known at Government House, and she has her reward in the admiration and homage of all who come under her influence. Large official parties are not the occasions on which Lord Lytton principally shines. There is about him a sympathetic quickness, an innate tendency to accommodate his manner to that of the guests whom he receives, a sensibility to all external influences, which are not without their difficulties and dangers to a man who has to play the part of chief in court ceremonials. But none who have sat near him at small and intimate parties can forget the brilliancy of his conversation, or will come away without a strong impression of the geniality of his manner and the warmth of his nature. After dinner he naturally retires early, and often works on till the early hours of the morning. When at some future time his minutes and state papers see the light, and persons can realize, as they can not now do, the extent and variety of the topics he has treated, the breadth of view and the grasp of subject shown in every case, the indomitable courage and perseverance with which, through good repute and evil repute, he has grappled with every question, however complicated, or however delicate, that has come before him, never turning aside or leaving it, because too troublesome, as a legacy to his successors, justice will be done to him."

FOUR GLIMPSES.

I caught one glimpse of a child
With sunny golden hair,
At a game of romps with her kitten—and I
Ne'er saw such a merry pair.
The sun beamed in through the lattice,
And danced on the cottage wall,
As if to shew his approval
Of child, and kitten, and all.

One glimpse of a youthful maiden,
Beneath the old oak-tree,
Plighting her troth to a lover,
Ever true to be.
And I knew that youthful maiden
I saw with her lover that day,
Was she I first saw as a little child,
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a bright young wife,
Peeping out from the window pane,
Watching and waiting there
For her husband home again.
And I knew that bright young wife,
Looking so happy and gay,
Was she I first saw as a little child,
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a still white form,
With her babe upon her breast—
Both in that darkened chamber,
For ever and ever at rest.
Ah me! for too well I knew
That life had passed away
From her I first saw as a little child,
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

A HIDDEN TREASURE

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

The winds of March were still sweeping around the shoulders of the great hills, and rushing through the limitless forests that crown the highlands of North Carolina; but there was a breath of spring on the gusty air, the trees had put forth their buds the streams sang a song of rejoicing that their fetters of ice were gone, and in the woods the arbutus bloomed, as a first herald of the wealth of flowers to come.

These things struck the observant eye of a stranger who was journeying slowly upwards through one of the gaps in the mountain chain which encircles this elevated region. It was a comparatively unfrequented road along which he was traveling, and its roughness made the ascent peculiarly laborious and slow. A Jersey waggon, drawn by two mules, contained the traveller and his trunk, and a half-grown boy who was driving him. The mules did all that could reasonably be expected of them, but, what with rocks and ruts unnumbered, and two feet of mud besides, their rate of progress was not great.

"How much farther have we to go?" asked the traveller presently, after a long interval of silence.

"About eighteen miles," the driver replied.

"And do you expect to make eighteen miles before night?"

"Well, it ain't very likely. I don't think we'll get more than five miles further afore dark."

"A pleasant prospect! And is there any good house on the road where we can spend the night?"

"There's a house about five miles from here, if we can get there."

"There is no if in the matter—we must get there. Why, it is only four o'clock"—glancing at his watch—"do you mean to tell me that you can't travel five miles before dark?"

"Five miles in the mountains ain't like five miles anywhere else," observed the boy.

The gentleman by his side—a fair, graceful man of thirty-three or four—had abundant cause to realize this in the course of the next two hours. The progress which they made was of the slowest possible description, and at six o'clock Larry (the driver) reported that they had gained exactly three miles. Mountains, both near and remote, bounded their vision on all sides; and behind the violet crest of a patriarchal peak the sun had gone down to his golden bed some time before.

"We've got about the wust piece of road we've had yit just ahead of us," Larry further remarked, by way of cheer. "I hate to go over it at the best of times; but it'll be a hard pill to git through it now."

"I'll relieve you of my weight," said his passenger, with the air of one prepared for the worst.

He sprang over the wheel into the muddy road as he spoke, and plodded along behind the waggon as it entered a narrow pass, where the deep, black mud was little better than a treacherous bog, and the road was made of deep descents and abrupt ascents. At one of these last, a shout of distress from Larry informed his passenger—who had taken to the shelving hill-side, and was now some distance ahead—that the threatened misfortune of a break-down had at last occurred.

Retracing his steps, he found the waggon in a very bad plight; and Larry, half up to his knees in mud, taking the mules out.

"I don't know what we are go'n' to do," said the latter, in a despairing tone. "We may splice things together so as to git out o' here, but it's a bad chance to go two miles further afore dark."

"Is there no house nearer than two miles."

"There's one over the hill there—but it's the place of a widow, who won't never let nobody stop."

"At any rate, if you'll tell me how to get there, I'll go and ask her to let us stay. She must be uncommonly hard-hearted if she refuses when she learns our condition."

"There's no harm in trying, I'spose," said Larry; but he was plainly not sanguine of success as he gave the direction.

The gentleman started off at a brisk pace, and, having emerged from the defile, followed a patch which led around a projecting shoulder of one of the great hills. Winding farther and farther among the heights, it presently brought him to one of the small sheltered valleys which abound among the folds of the hills. Here a low, plain farm house stood, through the windows of which a cheerful glow offireight shone.

As he entered the yard, a dog started up and ran barking toward him; immediately upon which the door opened, and a child's voice said:

"Duke be quiet! What is the matter?—Oh! do you want anything?"

The latter words were addressed to the stranger, whom she now perceived. He, on his part, saw by the light of the fire behind her the dainty figure of a little maid of eight or nine years, with a curl crowned head.

"Yes," he replied. "I want to see the mistress of the house, and ask if a belated traveller cannot stay here to-night."

As he spoke, he saw on the wall of the room within the shadow of a woman's figure—a figure that suddenly started and clasped its hand at the sound of its voice. In what subtile things do memory and recognition dwell! The figure would probably have suggested no association to his mind, but the gesture of the clasped hands had something so familiar in it that his heart for an instant seemed to stand still. As if fascinated, his eyes remained in the shadow, which, in turn, was perfectly motionless, with the head bent in a listening attitude. Meanwhile, the child turned and said:

"Mamma, a man wants to know if he can stay here to-night."

The answer was so low that it was not audible to his ear, but in the shadow he saw the quick, nervous movement in which the head turned, and—was he dreaming, or did he know the outline of that profile?—while he still gazed at it, the child addressed him again:

"Mamma says no—you can't stay: but what is your name?"

He saw a quiver of suspense pass over the shadow as the childish tones asked the question, and he answered with clear distinctness:

"My name is Julian Thyrle."

Instantly—as the last words left his lips—the clasped hands were flung into the air, and then the figure turned swiftly and was passing from the room.

There was no time to lose. It was a moment's work to put the astonished child aside and push open the door. A few quick strides carried him across the apartment, and he laid his hand on the retreating woman's shoulder.

"Helen," he said, "what reason have I ever given you to fly from me like this?"

She turned with a low cry, and they faced each other in the firelight—he inwardly agitated, but outwardly pale and calm; she quivering like a captured deer, with a mobile, passionate face, trembling lips, and large, dark eyes.

"How have you found me?" she asked. "I thought, I hoped, that nobody would ever find me again!"

"It is only by accident that I have found you," he replied. "When I approached this door, you were the last person on earth whom I should have expected to meet. But though I saw only your shadow, I knew it for yours at once. My cousin! my dear cousin! do not tell me that you are sorry to see me—at last?"

He was holding both her hands, and as he spoke, she looked up in his face with a gaze that touched his heart to its depths.

"Sorry?" she repeated. "I should be unworthy to live if I were sorry to see you, the truest friend I ever had; but it is best that I should live as if I were dead—alone and unknown."

"It is not best," he said, "and so I will prove to you. I have been searching for you for months—searching vainly in all directions—and when I was thinking of you least, I walk in upon you in this remote spot—for which thank God!"

"Oh, thank him for something better than for finding me who have done you so much harm," she said, with a sudden burst of tears.

"I could thank him for nothing better," he said quietly. "But you must compose yourself—try to believe that I have come not to disturb but to comfort you. You can give me hospitality to-night, can you not?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with the air of one recalling the mind by an effort to common things. "There is a man here—an old farmer who takes charge of matters for me.—Meta, speak to Mr. Harris."

"Meta has not yet been introduced to her cousin," said Thyrle, bending to look at the child with eyes which were sad as well as kind just now.

The child in turn looked at him with curiosity.

"*Are* you my cousin?" she said. "I am glad of it."

"Glad enough to give me a kiss? Thank you. Now we will go and find Mr. Harris."

When these two people, whom chance had so strangely brought together, met again, it was very much as ordinary friends might have done. It was true that they did not exchange any of the greetings which long-parted relations usually reciprocate; but the presence of strangers may have accounted for this reticence, since it was only after supper that they were left alone.

Then the changes which time had wrought could not but occur forcibly to both, and as Thyrle's glance wandered over the room, with its humble appointments, and returned to the sad-faced, black-clad woman before him, he found it difficult to realize that this was indeed the same creature whom he had last seen glowing with beauty, among surroundings of wealth and luxury. She divined his thoughts readily, and her lips covered with a mournful smile.

"Do you feel as if it were retribution, Julian?" she asked. "I have felt so for a long time."

"I feel as if it were almost more than I can bear to see you like this, and to know what you have suffered," Thyrle answered. "Tell me how it is that I find you here."

"You can believe that because is the most remote spot to which I could go, and therefore the safest place for me to be in. Since I have been here I have felt for the first time a measure of peace. "I am buried," I have said to myself; "in this wild region no one will ever think of seeking me—no one can chance to find me.' Yet see!—you have come to my door, and why may not that presence which I most dread on earth follow you?"

She trembled as she uttered the last words and her dark eyes dilated as if from sudden fear. With the gesture which Thyrle had recognized, she lifted and clasped her pale, slender hands.

"Before *that* comes, may God grant that the hills may fall and cover Meta and me!" she said.

Thyrle leaned forward and laid his hand gently on hers.

"Do not fear," he said—and the very tone of his voice was reassuring. "I will stand between you and all annoyance from that which you dread, Helen; it would have been better if you had sought the protection of your friends at once, instead of burying yourself like this."

"My friends!" she repeated. "What friends had I? Who was there who would not have bidden me—as I felt that I ought to—reap what I had sowed?"

"You have surely forgotten your father."

"No, I did not forget. But what right had I to trouble my father after disregarding his wish, and defying his commands?"

"He would have forgiven you if you had gone to him. He did forgive you before he died."

She turned her face toward him with a low cry.

"Before he died!" she repeated. "Do you mean to tell me that my father is *dead?* And I—I left him to die alone! O my God!" she cried, lifting her passionate hands again, and bursting into tumultuous sobs, "I have been a sinful creature, but this is punishment for all—all!"

Thyrle knew that there was nothing to be said until the storm of grief was spent, so he remained silent. At last, having in a measure regained control of herself, his cousin lifted her face.

"No doubt you wonder why I should weep," she said. "I wonder myself. Death can make no wider separation between us than my act had made already. Yet it is terrible to think of one whom we have wronged as gone forever beyond the reach of our repentance or regret; but I cannot think, I dare not think—" She broke off, as the sobs began again to rise. "I must not distress you more than I can help."

"There is no need to think of me," he said, in the gentle tone which had a tranquilizing effect upon her. "I am only anxious that you should believe your father forgave you before he died, and that his last words were of you."

"I am grateful for it," she said, brokenly; "and grateful that you were with him to take the place that I left vacant—for, after all, he loved you best, and he was right to do so."

"You are mistaken," he said—"you were always mistaken in that. God knows how often I have reproached myself that I should have been one of the forces which drove you to the fatal step which wrecked your life. If you had trusted me, Helen, I would have served you as your brother; and I feel that I owe you any reparation which it is in my power to make."

"You *owe* me a reparation—*you!*" she said. "Is this irony—or generosity beyond all bounds? I knew long ago that, if I had trusted you, my life would be a different thing from what it is! To look back and consider how little would have changed its whole meaning is the bitterest thing I have to bear. But I must not think—it is useless, hopeless, utterly wretched! Has it been long since my father died?"

"It has been nearly a year, and with his last breath he bade me find and care for you. Ever since then I have been seeking you; but my utmost efforts discovered no trace of you until to-day."

"And were you coming *here* in search of me?"

"No. I never dreamed of seeking you here. I have been sent to this region by a mining company to examine and test a gold-mine which is offered to them, and I am on my way to meet the owner."

"But I do not understand," she said. "Why should you need to work in this way when my father's fortune—"

"Your father's fortune," he interposed, "belongs, as it should belong, to you—and you only. You have reaped a bitter harvest, my poor Helen, but I hope the worst is over, and peace, at least, is before you. Your husband is in Europe, a fugitive from justice, and cannot, if he wished to do so, trouble you again. There is no further need that you should bury yourself in these wilds. You can re-enter the world to-morrow if you like, and take your old place in it."

She gazed at him, with steady incredulity in her dark eyes.

"You are kind—you are generous—but you cannot deceive me, Julian," she said. "If my father's fortune was mine, it is only so in the sense that you would give it to me. He was no man to indulge in idle threats, and he told me, not once, but many times, that on the day I married Edward Huntley he would leave everything which he possessed to you. I am sure that he must have done this, and it is *you* would give me what you think should be mine, but which I cannot take, for I forfeited all right to it."

"You will take it because it was your father's wish that you should do so," Thyrle answered, quietly. "Listen to me: I have no proof of what I am about to tell you, but I am sure that you will ask no proof beyond my word. When your father was on his deathbed he told me that he had made a will leaving his fortune to me; but he simply intended that I should hold it in trust for you and your children. If he had left it to you openly it would have been left to your husband as well, and that—for your sake, chiefly—he would not do. It is nominally mine but it is really yours; and, whenever you think it safe that it should be settled on you it shall be done. Meanwhile I ask that you will use it as if it were legally, as well as morally, your own."

Before he could imagine what she was about to do, she caught his hand and raised it to her lips.

"Was ever folly and madness like mine?" she cried. "O Julian! if I gave you pain, believe that I have suffered, suffered, suffered in expiation of it! For Meta's sake, I will take whatever you choose to give me; but I do not deserve anything."

"It is not I who give, but your father," he replied. "His last words were, 'Find her—care for her—say that I forgive—'"

"And do *you* forgive?" she asked passionately. "I wronged you deeply, and you have been untiring in your kindness; but kindness is not always forgiveness. Tell me, can you forgive?"

"I forgave long ago," he answered.

But, even as he spoke, something—was it the touch of her lips on his hand?—waked such a rush of old memories, that he was forced to turn and pass quickly away to the calm majesty of the outer world, where the radiant stars and steadfast mountains kept watch together.

II.

The sun had sunk behind the great peaks, leaving the cave at their feet almost in twilight shadow though a glow from the golden west still rested on the crests of the eastern heights. The evening air had all the purity and freshness of a mountain atmosphere, together with the chill keenness of early spring, but Annot Lawlie did not appear to heed the last as she stood leaning over the low gate of her father's home, with her eyes fastened on the faintly-outlined crescent of the moon which hung in the pearly sky above the summit of one of the mountains which inclosed the little valley known as "Lawlie's Cove."

In this attitude she made a pretty picture, for her figure was charmingly rounded, and her face, without possessing any particular grace of feature, was exceedingly fresh and fair. A blooming complexion, a piquant nose, a mouth which, with its cleft scarlet, was so ripe and tempting that few people paused to consider that its expression was not altogether pleasant; large blue eyes under sunny lashes, and an abundance of auburn hair so much inclined to curl that the shorter hairs made golden-tinted rings and tendrils on the white forehead and neck.

Thus endowed with personal gifts, it was no wonder that Annot was the belle of the neighbourhood, as far as belleship was possible in the secluded mountain-region where inhabitants were few, and social customs, generally speaking, of the simplest possible description—as far, too, it may be added, as she would accept the admiration which every eligible man was ready to offer her. She had been brought up in a highland country in her early childhood, but she had never learned to like it, and the tradition of other things—of another life, to which she felt she had been in a manner born—was so strong with her that, as she grew older, her spirit rose in rebellion against the simple forms in which her life was cast, and the mountains that in solemn repose lookeddown upon the scenes where her childhood and youth had been spent wore to her the aspect of prison walls.

She had not yet taken her eyes from the crescent, which was momentarily growing brighter, when the tramp of a horse's feet broke the stillness which reigned over the scene. A moment later a horseman rode out of the forest-arched road, which, together with a small river, came through a pass of the hills.

A better type of the handsome, stalwart mountaineer than Ellis Kane it would have been difficult to find. His athletic figure, with its broad chest and firmly-knit limbs, had not a pound of superfluous flesh; and his frank face, with its strongly-marked features and clear, brown eyes, indicated honesty and daring in equal proportion. It was a face which won liking and inspired trust, yet which conveyed warning as well; for no one could look on it and doubt that, under provocation, the man would prove a dangerous foe.

As he emerged from the shadow of the forest, and saw the girl leaning over the low gate, his eyes brightened with an expression of pleasure, and riding up to her, he sprang from the saddle.

"Good evening, Annot," he said. "I am glad to find you here."

"Good-evening, Ellis," she answered. "Where do you come from?"

"From the post-office, and I have your father's mail," he replied, drawing a newspaper and two or three letters from his pocket. "None of them are for you," he added, as he glanced at the last.

"I did not suppose they were," she said, carelessly. "Nobody ever writes to me and I am glad of it. Letters must be a nuisance, I think."

"Do you?" said the young man. "I think they must be very pleasant, when one cares for the person who writes them."

"Oh, I suppose so, *when* one cares for the person who writes them. But, you see, I don't care for anybody—who is away."

The pause before the last words was full of coquetry, and so was the upward glance which accompanied them; but Kane was well used to such glances, and did not derive great satisfaction from this.

"I wonder if you care for anybody who is near!" he said. "I've heard that it takes a wise man to tell what a woman thinks, but I think it would take more than one wise man to tell what *you* mean, Annot. However, I have some news for you—I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to Georgia to look after some property which has come to my mother through the death of a brother."

"Indeed!" cried Annot, with an accession of interest. "How nice to be going away!—and to look after property makes it still nicer."

"I can't say that I think it nice," Kane answered. "It is not convenient for me to leave home, but it can't be helped. Only—I did think that you might be a little sorry Annot."

"Of course I am sorry," said Annot, promptly. "I don't know how I shall get on without you—but then, you won't be gone long?"

"That depends on what you call long. There will be other heirs, and the property will have to be sold and a division made, so that it may be a month or so before I get back."

"So long!" said Annot—and now her face did fall a little. "I am sorry."

"Are you?" said Kane, in a tone of pleasure. "I wish I could hope that it would be sooner. I'll make it sooner if I can. And now about the letters—you'll write to me, won't you?"

"I don't think so," she replied. "What is the good of it? You can hear of me, and I can hear of you, through your mother; and when we see each other again, we will have all the more to tell."

Kane's face grew darkly overcast.

"If *that's* how much you care for me," he said, "it's high time that I said good-by to you for good, I think. If it is enough for you to merely know I am alive, I'll not trouble you with any further news of me, you may be sure."

With this he was turning away, and it is probable that he would have mounted his horse and gone, had not Annot laid her hand on his arm.

"Now you are angry," she said, "and because you are angry, you are unjust. I did not mean to vex you—I only meant that I have never written any letters, and I do not at all know what I write about; but if you insist—"

"I don't insist," he interrupted. "If you cannot do it of your own will, I had rather you did not do it at all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Rothschild Chateau.

With princely liberality Baron Rothschild admits any one to his Fairyland who takes the trouble to write for permission: and however much we may have been thinking of Haroun al Raschid, King Solomon, and the *Thousand and One Nights* beforehand, we always be disappointed. The very name of romance fills us with awe and bewilderment. We prepare ourselves to be dazzled with gold and gems, to tread on carpets gorgeous as peacocks' tails, softer than eider-down; we pass through jasper and porphyry columns into regal halls where the acme of splendour can go no further, where the walls are hung with tapestry and crimson satin, where every chair looks like a throne, and where on all sides the mirrors reflect the treasures collected from all parts of the world. And we are not disappointed. Quitting the railway at the cheerful, wealthy little town of Lagny, we drive past handsome country houses and well-kept flower-gardens, and then gradually ascend a road winding amid hill and valley up to the chateau, a graceful structure in white marble, or so it seems, proudly commanding the wide landscape. The flower gardens are a blaze of colours, and the orange trees give delicious fragrance as we ascend the terrace; ascend, indeed, being hardly the word applicable to steps sloping so easily upward, and so nicely adjusted to the human foot, that climbing Mont Blanc under the same circumstances, could be accomplished without fatigue. It is impossible to give any idea of the different kinds of magnificence that greet us on every side. Now a little Watteau world in tapestries having for background sky-blue satin and roses; now a dining-hall, sombre, gorgeous, and majestic as that of a Spanish palace; now we are transported to Persia, China, and Japan; next we find ourselves amid unspeakable treasures of Italian and other marbles. To come down to practical details, it might be suggested to the generous owner of this noble treasure-house of art that the briefest possible catalogue of his choicest treasures would unspeakably oblige his visitors. There is hardly a piece of furniture that is not interesting, alike from a historic and artistic point of view, while some are *chefs d'œuvre* both in design and execution, and dazzlingly rich in material. Among these may be mentioned a pair of chimney ornaments thickly hung with pendants of precious stones; a piano—which belonged to Marie Antoinette—the case of which is formed of tortoise-shell richly decorated with gold; a cabinet set with emeralds, sapphires, and other jewels; another composed of various precious stones; chairs and couches covered with exquisite tapestry of the Louis Quinze period; some rare specimens of old *cloisonne* work, also of Florentine mosaics—these forming a small part of this magnificent museum. The striking feature is the great quantity and variety of rich marbles in every part. One of the staircases is entirely formed of different kinds of rare marble, the effect being extraordinarily imposing. Elsewhere a room is divided by Corinthian columns of jasper and porphyry, and on every side is displayed a wealth and splendour quite unique. Without doubt, nothing lends such magnificence to interiors as marbles, but they require the spaciousness and princeliness of such a chateau to be displayed to advantage. Next in importance as a matter of mere decoration must be cited the tapestries, of which there is a rare and valuable collection, chiefly in the hall, so-called, and where they are arranged about the running gallery surmounting the pictures. What this hall must be worth would perhaps sound fabulous on paper; it is here that some of the most precious cabinets are found; treasures of ivory, ebony, gems, gold, and silver; and the pictures alone represent a princess' dowry. Examples of some of the great masters are here—Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Bordone, Reynolds; lastly, among moderns, Ingres and Hippolyte Flandrin. Much might be said about the pictures if space permitted, but they alone are worth making the journey from Paris to see. But the *creme de la creme* of Baron Rothschild's treasures is not to be found in this sumptuous hall, in spite of tapestries, pictures, marbles, and rare furniture, nor in the state *salon*, but in one of the dining-rooms, a marvellously rich and gorgeous apartment, where the wealth of gold and splendid colours is toned down, and the eye is rather refreshed than dazzled by the whole. On the walls, reaching from base to ceiling, are hung a series of six paintings on leather, known as the *cuirs de Cordoue*, or leather paintings from Cordova. They are historical and allegorical subjects, and are painted in rich colours with a great abundance of gold on a brown background, the general effect being that of a study in gold and brown. When looked at narrowly we find great dramatic interest in the subjects, and a uniform masterliness of execution, but without a catalogue it is impossible to give any accurate idea of these gorgeous paintings. The entire department of Seine et Marne perhaps offers no greater rarity than these paintings on leather from Cordova, of which we would fain know the history.

Grains of Gold.

EXPERIENCE is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

IN trivial matters second thoughts are always the best.

LET your recreation be manly, moderate, and lawful; the use of recreation is to strengthen your labour and sweeten your rest.

How e'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
TENNYSON.

EVERY day brings its own duties and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after.

IF you have great talents, industry will strengthen them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency.

PRIDE.—It has been well said that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder is to see a proud man. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities; it is like the boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

CHARLES DICKENS said that "the first external revelation of the dry-rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to do nothing many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

THE engagement of the King of the Netherlands and Princess Emma of Waldeck-Prymont was solemnly announced at the Court of Arsolen on Sept. 29. The King was born in 1817; his affianced bride in 1858. The engagement follows closely upon the marriage of Prince Henry of the Netherlands with Princess Marie of Prussia, aged respectively 57 and 34, whose issue, if there should be any, might ascend the throne, the two sons of the King not being expected to marry.

IF Edison will invent a paste which will not rise in the night and bury the brush half way up the handle, he will confer a favour on a certain unappreciated class of society.

General.

The way to make a child take to its bath—throw a morsel of sugar into it.

When the master calls the housemaid an "angel," it is time for the wife to make her fly.

The Russians, to keep the feet warm, wrap a sheet of paper over the stocking, and then draw on the boots.

THERE are two comforts in owning a saw-horse. You can either borrow your neighbour's saw or loan him the horse.

AMONG the scholarly men in London is Mr. Trubner, the publisher, who is not only an authority in Sanskrit, but is familiar with several modern languages, and a zealous philologist.

THE fund for purchasing an annuity for Mario, once peerless as a tenor, has reached the sum of $15,000, which enables the committee having it in charge to obtain for him an annuity of thirty dollars a week for life. In his palmy days $1000 for an operatic appearance or a concert was not at all an unusual occurrence.

THE extraordinary persistency with which unsuccessful candidates present themselves year after year at the Chinese competitive examinations is curiously illustrated by certain edicts in the Pekin *Gazette* of last year, in which honorary degrees are conferred on 42 candidates who were finally plucked at the age of 90 and upward, and on 136 who gave up the struggle when between 80 and 90.

THE war estimates of the French Government for 1879 have been prepared, and the Chamber will be asked to vote the petty sum of 554,043,150 francs, or more than $110,000,000. The strength of the Army is set down at 446,442 men and 124,279 horses The military and naval forces of France, including the permanent Army and Navy and all those liable to be called into service in case of war, are said to consist of about one-tenth of the population.

AMONG the pleasant people one meets with in the cars the palm must always be awarded to him who relates *pro bono publico* all the little occurrences at his home—how the girl broke another dish, and what his wife said on the occasion, and especially what he said; about his new frying-pan, and how much it cost, the particulars of the way the fire is made, and table set—in short a full history of his domestic economy. Verily, he is a blessing in disguise; so well disguised, that we sometimes lose sight of the blessing.

AN educated Chinaman, Kwang Chang Ling, is writing letters to California journals, in which he contradicts many current ideas about China. He says that the population is only 100,000,000 or 120,000,000, instead of 450,000,000; that the country has reached the limit of agricultural development; that the population and prosperity have been decreasing since 1761; that unless improved machinery and methods are adopted the people will not be able to support themselves; that the wealth of the empire is in the hands of the few, and that with a diminishing population and increasing wages at home, there can be no great tide of emigration to this country.

A young Greek residing in Alexandria, Egypt, lately asked the hand of a Greek girl of seventeen from her family. It was refused, and the man told the parents that unless they consented the girl would in a few days become crazy. He was laughed at, but within a week, as predicted, both she and her younger sister had hysterical attacks which rendered them delirious. They had eaten some sugar plums which the young man had given them. He was arrested on a charge of having inserted certain Arab drugs in the sugar plums which produced the effect realized. As the sweets had all been eaten they could not be analyzed, and the doctors were not positive as to the cause of hysterics.

MME. PATTI has signed an agreement by which she will be paid at a rate considerably higher than any yet recorded in the annals of operatic history. Quite lately $1000 a night had been looked upon as the very highest figure to which so eminent a vocalist as she could aspire. Last winter, however, Mme. Patti and Signor Nicolini were engaged at Milan for the carnival season at salaries which yielded them together 10,000 francs, or $2,000 for each performance. A series of concerts has now been arranged for, at which Mme. Patti will in fact receive $2,500 a night. These concerts are to be given at London, Liverpool, Manchester and elsewhere, and the first of the London concerts will take place in November.

MANY years ago in England there arose a boy, George Parker Bidder, who achieved great fame as the Calculating Boy. He was considered one of the wonders of the age, and his skill in solving intricate arithmetical questions seemed almost miraculous. George III, and Queen Charlotte had him at court, and were delighted with his precocious skill. He was withdrawn from public exhibition and educated at Edinburgh, after which he studied engineering under Henry Robertson Palmer, founder of the Institute of Civil Engineers. He became connected with the Stephensons in the early days of railways, and the government constantly consulted him on pressing and important matters connected with his profession. In 1866 he gave a lecture before the British Association on calculation, in which he naively accused himself of "irritability of temper." Mr. Bidder has just died, at the age of seventy-two.

THE House of Romanoff, which has filled so large a place in European history, narrowly escaped extinction in the very year of its rise, owing its safety entirely to one of the very peasants whom it has so often persecuted. After the expulsion from Moscow, in 1612, of the Polish usurper Vladislav, it became necessary to elect a new Czar, the line of Ruric having ended with Feodor Ivanovitch, the son of Ivan the Terrible. The choice fell upon a Russian noble named Michael Feodorovitch Romanoff, who was then at Yaroslavl, in North Russia, with a few attendants. The Polish King, hearing of this, sent a band of men to surprise him. On their way hither they halted at the cottage of a peasant named Ivan Susanin, giving themselves out as foreign soldiers on their way to take service with the new Czar. But, as one of them dismounted, he happened to stumble, and in his rage uttered a Polish oath, which Susanin's quick ear overheard. The peasant instantly divined their purpose, but could find no better way of baffling it than to offer himself as their guide, while he secretly despatched one of his sons to warn the Czar of the meditated treachery. Then guiding the traitors into a gloomy defile of which he alone knew the outlet, he boldly avowed what he had done, and fell beneath their swords, defying them to the last. The heroic self-sacrifice was not made in vain. The timely warning enabled the Czar to overtake and destroy his intended assassins, and Susanin's devotion was rewarded with the permanent exemption of his family from taxation and the erection of a statue to his memory. This statue is still to be seen in his native town of Kostroma, which, by a singular coincidence, was also the birthplace of the peasant Oisip Komisaroff, who saved the present Czar from assassination in April, 1856. The story of Susanin has furnished material for one of the most popular of Russian operas, "Life for the Czar."

Human Nature.

People have usually three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first, they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and when they have been careful not to mistrust everyone, and not to put the worst construction on everything. Later in life they learn that the greater number of men have more good in them than bad, and that, even where there is cause to blame, there is more room to pity than to condemn.

LOOMING AHEAD.—Cotton lords not only leave their sons and heirs the heir-looms of the family, they leave them the steam-looms as well very often.

Some men actually sell iron, and steal for a living. It must be hard-ware on their conscience.

Personal.

JAMES GORDON BENNET made his sister a wedding present of $500,000 cash. That's a "big brother" for you.

THE personal estate of Mr. Martin, a London banker, was lately sworn under $2,500,000. The firm dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth.

MISS Celeste Winans, daughter of the late Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, is said to be the richest heiress in America, very handsome, and only twenty. The fortune she inherited from her father is said to be $20,000,000.

Mr. RUSKIN is one of the few fortunate authors whose works rise in price. A Birmingham second-hand bookseller offers a collection of his entire works, sixty-eight volumes, bound, and all his pamphlets for $550. Separately, the works would fetch even more.

M. CASTELAR, Spain's most brilliant orator, recently attended a banquet at Tarbes, in France, and spoke eloquently in defence of the French republic. "You have," he said, "a government strong without being arbitrary, order without monotony, liberty without licence, democrac