

the teasing little woman. But as he relinquished her hand the captain's countenance fell. "When do we land?" she asked.

"In about an hour," he answered, shortly; and then she saw that he could look discontented. Just then some lady passengers who had made friends with Millie came up, and shook hands, begging her not to forget them but to write sometimes. They then went below to collect their things, and turning, Millie found the captain, who had been absent, again by her side.

"Don't trouble about your luggage," he said; "I will manage everything; and, as a favour to me, will you be the last to leave the ship? The ferry is leaving the shore now."

"I will do whatever you like," said Mildred. "Thank you so much for all your kindness; I shall never forget it."

"Kindness!" he repeated, scornfully, then added quickly, "But poor me I wish you would remember." Assuming a light tone he continued, "I don't know how we shall get along without you. All the crew are ordered to stand handkerchief in hand and, headed by their captain, will weep briny drops."

Millie's fancy was tickled by the ridiculous picture and she laughed outright; but when she looked up she saw a real sadness in his eyes.

"I will come back by the *Saracen*," she said, impulsively, and then she blushed and could have beaten herself for so doing.

"That's splendid!" he cried with a quick, glad look; "remember now you've promised, Miss Leslie."

The ferry came alongside now and hailed the captain, and he left her, but at the last moment he came back and once more held out his hand.

"Now, Miss Leslie, I'll help you down. Good-bye, but not for good, remember."

One long look he gave into her sweet, little face. There was a wild waving of handkerchiefs, a great cheer from those behind, and the ferry rowed away. Our captain watched it till it reached the land with a shadow upon his bright face.

"God bless her," he muttered under his breath. You see he was in love for the first time in his life, and a very good thing too when it was with such a woman as Millie.

(To be continued.)

#### SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

At this epoch General Burnaby was observed in position on the heights immediately to the left of the Speaker's chair. Having, with military instinct, observed the regulation that a reconnaissance in force should not be undertaken till nightfall was close at hand, it was only at this advanced hour that he was able to get into play. There was some difficulty at the outset in recognising the gallant General. He had been seen earlier in the evening in the neighbourhood of his more usual place on the front bench below the gangway. He was then in morning dress, with light-coloured trousers, perhaps a little short considering that he wore shoes. Now the General was not only in dinner dress, but, doubtless for strategic purposes, had abandoned his usual place on the plateau by the front bench below the gangway, and was now discovered in the centre of the third bench behind ex-Ministers. When the assembled hosts mastered his identity, and comprehended his intention to speak, they united in a roar of deprecation. But the advantage of having a good character presently became apparent. General Burnaby, though a new member, has frequently addressed the House. But his speeches have invariably been remarkable for their brevity. On one occasion, speaking in defence of his brother magistrates, he delivered an oration exactly five sentences long—a jewel worthy to sparkle for all ages on the outstretched forefinger of Time. In the circumstances of the hour the House felt convinced that the General would not go beyond his habit, and that, on the whole, time would be wasted in objecting to his communications.

So the uproar partially subsided, and the General proceeded as indeed it was evident he intended to proceed, whether the uproar subsided or not. Having reached the average length of his customary oration, he put his right hand in his breast pocket, and produced a sheaf of notes eight inches by six, surface measurement, and fully an inch thick. At sight of this, portending an address of unknown length, the House roared as a lion might roar having been deluded into passing through a doorway on pretence that it was escaping from imprisonment only to find itself in a smaller den. The General lacks many of the inches, but has much facial resemblance to his cousin, the famous "Fred," of Khiva, and the untrodden wilds of Asia Minor. He has the same pale face, soft and gentle when pleased or engaged upon pleasing, but capable of momentarily settling into a look of stony resolution. With such a look the General now regarded the uproarious assembly before him. Still, not wishing to give unnecessary pain, he masked his battery, as it were, by placing behind his back the hand that held the sheaf of notes. But the House was now alive to what was in store for it, and roared and roared without intermission. Through the undisciplined uproar the voice of the General could be heard, as, with shoulders squarely set, head thrown back, and eyes blazing with the light of battle, he emitted a series of short, sharp sentences, which, though they probably conveyed his view on the constitutional, legal, and religious questions before the House,

sounded suspiciously like the word of command on parade.

The time came when the tenderest consideration for the feeling of the House must be disregarded, and the notes produced. So the General brought them round with a half salute, and, holding them squarely in front of him, began to deal with the contents. Gradually it became clear through the now subsided uproar that the General had performed a feat unexampled in Parliamentary debate. Whilst members had been talking he had been working. He had put a girdle round the earth, and in something more than forty minutes had obtained the opinion on the matter at issue of a most remarkable collection of Church dignitaries. From what source of information he had made himself acquainted with the names and addresses of the ecclesiastics, who were presently introduced to the notice of the House, was a matter for subsequent surprise. At the moment members were so enchanted with the idea of the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards communicating by telegraph to right reverend bishops, and with pistol at their head demanding their views on the Bradlaugh controversy, that they gave themselves up with mad delight to the enjoyment of the joke. To the General it was clear it was no joke. It had been a brilliant idea, flashing across his mind in some moment of absorbed thought, and he had carried it out with soldierly promptness and cultured attention to detail. Such a collection of bishops with unfamiliar names was never heard of in the House of Commons. The titles read like a page from one of Anthony Trollope's novels, and their recitation gained immensely by the odd way in which their Lordships, having been captured by the General, were made to "number off" in view of the House of Commons. "What says the Bishop of Raphoe?" the General cried in sharp, stern tones, which brought up to the imagination the spectacle of a bishop standing in the guard-room between two soldiers, and interrogated by an irate orderly officer. The House, now understanding and entering fully into the spirit of the joke, roared with laughter as the General read out from the first sheet of his notes the opinions of the Bishop of Raphoe. "The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles!" shouted the General, at the top of his voice, and the House relapsed into another fit of laughter that threatened to create vacancies in the representatives of more than one constituency. "Well, now, the Chief Rabbi," said the General, encouraged by his success to lapse into a conversational tone. Hereupon certain ribald members on the Opposition benches called out "Well, now, the Shah!" and "What says the Sultan?" But the General took no notice of these interruptions, but went on reading from his notes, and gravely placing the House in full possession of the opinions of the Bishop of Ossory and the Bishop of Galway. At this stage the Speaker interposed, apparently under the impression that the General was reading his own speech, and pointed out that such a course was a breach of the rules of debate. Hereupon the General, fishing in his coat-tail pocket, produced a tightly-bound bundle of telegrams of the thickness of a conductor's skin, and, amid roars of laughter, unfolded them and strewed them about the floor, explaining the while that these were the original documents received from his right reverend correspondents, and that what he was reading were simply extracts written out for greater convenience.

The Speaker thus appeased, the General went on as if nothing had happened, next announcing "the Superior of the Greek Orthodox Church," which was received with shrieks of laughter. The Premier Minister, who had been sitting restlessly attentive all through the long night, and who at this hour presented an appearance of piteous exhaustion, woke up under the spell of the General's eloquence. Mr. Forster, stretched at full length, with his head on the back of the bench, emitted a series of gigantic chuckles that shook the Treasury Benches, whilst the Premier literally rolled in his seat with unrestrained laughter. All this while not a smile flickered over the pale face framed in fringe of coal-black hair, upon which all eyes were turned. "Mr. Spurgeon!" the General next announced, much as if he were the proprietor of a waxwork exhibition, and now invited the attention of the audience to the counterfeit presentment of a celebrated and particularly popular personage. Mr. Spurgeon, it appeared, had been at home when the General's message had arrived. There was also, owing to the continuous shout of laughter, some uncertainty as to whether "His Holiness the Pope!" had made due response. But it was characteristic of the sense of honour habitual to a Burnaby that, having received from "an eminent Presbyterian" a reply not at all in accordance with his own views, the General read it at length. Even whilst he spoke a telegram arrived, and was passed from hand to hand along the crowded benches. It might have been from the Patriarch of Antioch or from the medicine man of an African potentate, the views on the subject of either of whom would have been deeply interesting. But the General was surfeited with telegrams, and, in spite of entreaties, declined to open this fresh arrival. He had saved till the last the opinion of the Bishop of Peterborough; but this proved not nearly so attractive to the House as that of some of the less familiar dignitaries of the Church. Moreover, the extract was exceedingly lengthy, and the General abruptly resumed his seat before he had reached the "Amen!" But his purpose was effected. He had handled his forces with the skill and courage

proved a quarter of a century earlier on the field of Inkerman. The enemy was too strong, and the recoil from the shock of his gallant attack was brief. The Ministerial majority was fifty-four; but who can say what it might not have been had not the House been compelled to hear unanswered the question, "And what does the Bishop of Raphoe say?"

#### ADVICE TO BRAIN-WORKERS.

In attempting to give a few words of plain and homely advice to brain-workers, I am really addressing a larger section of my readers than might at first be supposed. With an ever-increasing population, a gradual rise in the price to be paid for the bare necessities of life, and a consequent lessening of the value of money, the struggle for existence—in this country—is indeed a hard one, and becoming apparently year by year still more hard. In some measure, however, the fault is our own. We are not a contented race; we seem constantly to forget the fact that a contented mind conduces to longevity. We are unwilling to begin as our fathers began, in order to end as our fathers ended. The march is ever onward, the cry forever "forward." Hence we harass our brains, weaken both heart and nerves, and thus age ourselves in the race for wealth or position, which very often we cannot enjoy when we obtain. It is often said, and with a great deal of truth too, that the abuse of vinous stimulants helps to fill our lunatic asylums; but the excitement inseparable from many forms of business sends its thousands annually to fill the dreary cells and wards of those institutions; and it is sad to think that some of our most hard-working and successful men fall victims, at the very prime of their lives and height of their ambition, to some obscure form of brain-disease.

Now, before going on to mention any of the more common affections to which the brain is liable, let me say a word or two about the organ itself, and the nervous system generally. The brain is situated within the skull, and is surrounded by and rests upon several membranes, which not only give it support mechanically, but feed it and supply it with food and nutrition in the shape of oxygenized blood. The spinal cord is, so to speak, a continuation of the neurine or brain matter: from the two proceed the nerves of voluntary motion and sensation, in the brain residing the ruling and guiding power that controls all our actions, and in it too the powers of intelligence, will, and emotion.

It is in the gray matter of the brain that nervous force is said to originate. This, when in a state of health, contains nerve-cells in abundance, and it is in it that impressions from without are stored up, considered, and acted upon; it is the seat of memory and of will. From it there branch off to every part of the body the nerves of sensation and voluntary motion. Connected with the brain and spinal cord is another set of nerves; that is called the sympathetic or ganglionic system, because it consists of a series of knots, or ganglia, placed on each side of the spinal cord, but joined to each other and to the brain by nervous filaments, etc. The system supplies branches to the heart, the lungs, and the internal viscera generally, these branches governing the motions of the organs to which they are supplied; they are called, therefore, the nerves of involuntary motion. Over them we have no control of mind; they act independently of all thought; the heart goes on beating, and the lungs breathing, even when we are fast asleep. But this we must remember, viz., that there is an intimate connection between even those nerves and the brain itself; so much do they act and react on each other that the one cannot be affected for good or ill without the other participating. We cannot be happy or feel well unless the brain is in a healthy condition; and wholesome impressions, supplied through lungs, or liver, or skin, contribute to happiness. The nerves are toned and braced up by pure air, fresh water, and healthful exercise, and through the nerves, the brain and mind; while, on the other hand, every pleasant sight, or sound, or impression, tends to calm and soothe the involuntary nervous system, and regulate the flow of the secretions over which they preside. As, too, these secretions are used in the animal economy to change the food we eat into healthy life-giving blood, we cannot wonder that quiet, freedom from care, and cheerful society should tend to increase the appetite.

We all are familiar with the term "congestion of the brain," most men of business are, at all events, and most hard-working writers. For a long time the members of my profession had an idea that the amount of blood in the brain never increased to any great extent, that the blood-vessels could be full, but never overfull. We know now, however, from experiment, that this was a mistaken notion, and that the arteries and veins may be so overcharged with blood as to exert a very deleterious pressure on the brain matter. That kind of headache which some speakers, clergymen, or actors suffer from after their official duties may be cited as a temporary form of congestion. Rest in the recumbent position, a little sal volatile, and subsequent sleep are usually all that is required to remove it. But long continued congestion of the brain, or daily recurring congestion, whether produced by hard work, worry, or the abuse of stimulants, can hardly take place without evil consequences. One of them

is called *oedema*, or dropsy of the brain. The turgid veins exude the watery portion of their contents, with this the brain matter becomes infiltrated, and very gradually, perhaps, the sufferer begins to feel that he is not the man he formerly was; he becomes drowsy and inactive during the day; is subject to fits of somnolency, which he tries to throw off, but in vain; his appetite is capricious; his pulse often irregular; he suffers from depression of spirits; the intellectual powers become dulled, and memory fails; and if apoplexy does not carry him off soon, his general health breaks up, muscular weakness comes on, and he dies, very gradually, perhaps, but surely.

#### S. O. A. P.

One of the most offensive nicknames ever applied to a man in high ecclesiastical position was that of "Soapy Sam" to the late Bishop Wilberforce. In a recent sketch Lord Houghton gives an excellent portrait of the bishop, whose friends always seemed to doubt whether he had not mistaken his vocation. It is evident that he was held to be a most secular prelate, and tested by the standard of some of the older dignitaries of his church and other churches—with Latimer and Ridley in his own communion, for instance, or with Fénelon and the Canadian Jesuits, or with Asbury and the early Methodists—Bishop Wilberforce undoubtedly more resembles the witty, polished, and accomplished French abbé of the last century.

The origin of the familiar nickname Lord Houghton states as follows: "The students of Cuddesden College, wishing to celebrate both the bishop and their principal, Alfred Pott, on some festive occasion, placed on one pillar the initials S. O. [Samuel, Oxford, the name of the Bishop's see], and on another A. P. The combination was taken up in a satiric spirit, and the bishop himself said it was owing to the alliteration with his unfortunate Christian name. I do not know whether the excellent retort that the name was given him because he was always in hot water, and always came out with clean hands, was his own or some defender's; but to those who understood his character the *soubriquet* was by no means appropriate; the charm of his persuasiveness was its natural and cheerful character, and, supposing any insincerity, it never showed itself upon the surface."

Once, indeed, when Lord Chancellor Westbury made a vulgar and insulting allusion to the nickname in the House of Lords, the Bishop repelled it with great dignity, rebuking the Chancellor very effectively. Lord Houghton, however, evidently doubts whether a Bishop ought to shine as a wit at breakfast parties and club dinners, and with just that suspicion of a sting which was formerly said to characterize the comments of Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, he says, "It will be difficult not to confront the question whether the mode of life in which he was eminently successful was consistent with his prelatical position."

#### HUMOROUS.

TANNER is making the fastest time on record.

CHAMPAGNE frappe is called a frozen smile.

SPARKING across the garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.

GOETHE says a man must be either an anvil or a hammer; yet how many are nothing but bellows.

If you want correct information about any kind of business, ask the individual who has never engaged in it.

It is said Bob Ingersoll is growing old and tedious, and his friends are urging him to study up some newer and brilliant blasphemies.

Those people who sit in second and third story windows to sleep always secure more or less space in the daily papers and have as big funerals as anybody.

A LITTLE boy tamed an alligator, and the ugly reptile began to like the little fellow—*and, however, until the little fellow was all gone.*

No less than thirty pearl divers in the Persian gulf fell victims to the sharks during the last year. This low rate of mortality would hardly be noticed in Wall street.

If Dr. Tanner succeeds in proving that man can live forty days without food, the diamond pin of the hotel clerk will lose half its lustre.

WHEN an Ohio man gets into the woods for a couple of days, on a fishing excursion, the first question he asks on his return is: "Have I been nominated for any office while I was gone?"

SCIENTISTS claim that smoking injures the eyesight. But this is not true. The boy with a stump in his mouth can see his father ten squares away.

IN the matter of going to the legislature and making laws, the farmers demand that men of their pursuit be elected every time; but when they want an address at an agricultural fair they call on a lawyer every time.

EITHER we must make the ocean wider or the steamships narrower. Something must be done to enable two ships to pass without going through each other. Society kind of demands it, and the comfort of the passengers secures the demand.

A LAWYER once rushed up to Jerrold in the street and said, with a flushed face: "Mr. Jerrold I've just met a secondarily barrister." Jerrold looked at him with a bland smile and simply answered: "What a coincidence!"

THE inventor of that discordant sometimes called accordion is well known, and his heirs still receive a pension from the satirical government of Lombardy; but the name of the man whose modish planned the great monument of Thebes is lost beneath the waters of oblivion. The evil that men do lives after them.