The Chess Board.

My little love, do you remember—
Ere we were grown so wise and wise—
Those evenings in the black December,
Curtained warm from the snow and weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering over our queen and knight.
Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double castles guard the wings;
The bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sliding through the fight.

Our queen touch—our glances meet
And falter; frain your rut-brown hair
Against my cheek—your breath sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your queen
Hides she her ere idly between
And checks me unawares.

Ah me! the little battle's done,
Disposed in all its obliviony.
Full many a move since then have we
Made life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with Fortune play'd—
What is it we have won?

This—this, at least! if this alone—
That never, never, nevermore,
As in these old still nights of yore
(Ere we had grown so badly wise,
Can you and I sit out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together!

WARMING APPARATUS.

How to Produce a Pure and Healthy Atmosphere.

The London *Times* in a recent issue says: The season has now arrived when the cold of winter has to be combatted in our houses by artificial heat, and a few remarks on this subject may be of interest. One of two methods is generally adopted. The first, that of the open fireplace in which coal or wood is burned, is by far the pleasantest and most wholesome, especially where the chimneys draw well, but it has the inconvenience of being more expensive than the other. The latter is the mode principally used on the continent of warming by a stove. It is true that those in use differ much in their construction, for chemists have found in the air wheated by some of them appreciable traces of oxide of carbon, a deadly poison. Consequently most hygienists consider the use of stoves, whether in cast or wrought iron, as dangerous, unless they are lined with fire-brick or clay, so as to prevent them from attaining a red heat.

An almost universal practice is to place on the stove a pan of water, with a view to purify the air by absorbing the carbonic acid contained in it. Dr. Polli, of Milan, who has long been engaged in investigations on this subject, is wholly opposed to this system. According to him, the water does not absorb carbonic acid, but, on the contrary, adds to it by the decomposition of the carbonate of lime contained in all drinkable water in greater or less proportions. The white incrustations found on the sides of the vessels are, in fact, formed by the deposit of subcarbonate and sulphates of lime, produced by the evaporation of the water, the principal part of the carbonic acid having been given off to the surrounding atmosphere. M. Polli proposes instead to place on the stove pans containing quick-lime, which after a few days augments in volume and is transformed into carbonate of lime by absorbing the carbonic acid in the air. By this means the atmosphere is constantly purified, and at the same time is rendered very dry. To obviate this inconvenience, vessels containing water may be placed about the room in positions where they are not subject to the immediate action of the fire, and they will give off by their evaporation sufficient humidity to render the air agreeable without adding to the quantity of carbonic acid already present.

Worth's Newest Fashion.

(Paris Correspondence Chicago Times.)

It is rather a refreshing amusement, nowadays, to drop in at Worth's when passing through the fine de la Paix, and to indulge at a glance at some of the models, whose artistic combinations of color and grades of shape are due to the inventive genius of his fertile brain. His graceful lady attendants are just "dressed" for the Prix du Jockey Club Winners, as is well known, furnishes to each of them a dress at the beginning of each season, which serves as a model to guide the selections of his customers. The chief among this bevy of damsels is Miss Mary. Next to her I should be inclined to place Mlle. Marie, who is the antithesis of her English namesake in everything but the name. She is a French blonde and looks best in tight-fitting velvets and heavy brocades. Her dress this year is a rich mauve silk, profusely trimmed with velvet of a dull bluish-purple hue. Miss Mary's dress is extremely elegant in its combination of hues and materials. It is not unlike in style the one just mentioned as having been worn by Miss. It was at her recent concert. It is composed of a corsage and long train of carcolier brocade, made princess behind and looped in a full puff just below the waist, the corsage in front forming a cuirass. The train is drawn back over a close fitting underskirt of ribbed velvet, of a rich olive hue, cut in squares around the edge, from under which a fringe falls over a narrow pinked flounce of carcolier satin. Around the skirt, just below the hips, is placed a scarf in cashmere, patterned Oriental material, whereof the prevailing tints are black and white and gold. The scarf falls in long ends at the left side, and is kept in place by a buckle of oxidized silver.

A TOUCHING STORY.—This touching story was told by Eastman Johnson to our correspondent in Nantucket: On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primitive customs still obtain, where the other goes about the streets by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of surplus meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go junketing together in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie B——. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old-fashioned fireplace. There she sits, a picture of peace and contentment. "Haven't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She dropped her knitting, and a dreamy look crept over her placid eyes. "Yes," she said at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dear dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the steamer. Oh! he could play beautifully. He came near our street, and my sister says to me: 'Let us go down to the corner and see him play.' Well, do you know, I didn't go, after all, but she said it was just splendid, and I suppose I shall regret not hearing that hand-organ to my dying day." And the dear old soul dropped a bear on the half-heeled stocking. —*Harper's Magazine.*

Within the past few weeks there has passed away another relic of the London of the days of Elizabeth—the residence on the western side of Aldersgate, commonly known as "Shakspeare's House." The local tradition goes that William Shakspeare lived in it when he was proprietor of the theatre in Golden Lane, toward the close of the fifteenth century. In Shakspeare's time the house bore the sign of the "Half Moon," to which mural inscriptions and hieroglyphics in the old wood work referred. It is recorded in "Ben Johnson's Life" that on one occasion the poet, feeling an inward craving for "sack," went to the "Half Moon" in Aldersgate street, but finding it closed took himself off to the "Sun," in Lone Acre, where he immediately sat down and wrote the following epigram:

"Since the Half Moon is so unkind
To make me go about,
The Sun my money now shall have,
The Moon shall go without."

The London *World* speaks thus of a familiar nuisance at fancy fairs:—"Buyers at the Brighton Bazaar were very scarce, and required a lot of pressing. I saw an American millionaire being literally dragged across the room by a lady to her stall. The manner in which ladies insect themselves at these bazaars is simply disgusting, and defeats its own object, for it has come to this, men will not now go 'near the place.' If I had to organize a bazaar it would be on the distinct understanding that no person should be importuned, articles should all have their prices ticketed upon them in large characters, and lady stall keepers should only be allowed to invite buyers with their eyes."

EXTRAORDINARY RUMORS.—According to rumors, Gen Grant has been tendered the Presidency of the Erie Line at $50,000 salary annually; the Pennsylvania Railroad at $50,000; the Great Western and Grand Trunk Lines of Canada at $100,000; the Atlantic & Great Western at $60,000; and lastly the Texas & Pacific at $50,000. There is no truth in the rumors so far as the Canadian lines are concerned.

ALOES AS A DRESSING FOR WOUNDS.—Dr Millet, a French army surgeon, recommends powdered aloes as a dressing for wounds, both as a means of favoring cicatrization and for closing them. It is said to relieve the severe pain of wounds almost immediately, and requires to be renewed only at long intervals. —*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

The wives of men of sentiment are not always the most appreciative of sentiment. Walter Scott read one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and bated breath. As he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with "Dwat put on your left stocking to-morrow, dearie, I must mend the hole in it!"

FORGIVEN TRESPASSERS.

John Ashurst was "out of sorts."

That was his mild way of speaking of his own ill humor.

"As cross as two sticks!" muttered old Dinah—a servant who spoke her mind to her empty kitchen by right of a lifetime service. "Dat don't nothin' suit. An' he's altogether unbearable. Folks has jess as good right to shove nas' door as he's got to lib nas' door to 'em. Young Mass Fred," she said, as a young man stepped on the piazza, "I bah you larnt anything 'bout de new neighbors?"

"It's a widow, Dinah," answered the young man, in the tone he might have said, "It's a joke."

"De lawful sakes!" exclaimed Dinah. "An' Mass John hates widders like pizen. Is dat all?"

"Four children," continued the young man, as if the joke was increasing in magnitude.

"De lawdy massy!" ejaculated Dinah. "An' he dislikes chillen special."

"Three boys," volunteered Fred Ashurst, in the unmistakable tone of a natural joker who deals out his fun by piecemeal.

"Wese an' wuss!" muttered Dinah. "Boys am his special devotion. An' boys, too, wid dar father in heben—leastways it's to be hoped he am dar."

"And there is a baby."

Fred Ashurst gave the last item of news as a joker caps the climax with the best bit of all.

Dinah lifted both hands. "Mars John 'll move away. He can't abide babies. Jess to think ob de racket! Dar's come chickens to scratch up our garden, an' a guinea-fowl dat's de noisiest bird ebber libbed, an' a peacock dat screeches like a hurrykin, an' a parrot dat chatters like anudder hurrykin, an' a dog, an' a cat, an' dar's a widder an' three boys an' a baby yet fur to come. An' to think ob de pence an' quietfulness we hab had fur twenty year an' more. Mars John 'll move away shore!"

"Don't know," answered Fred Ashurst, meditatively. "Uncle John isn't migratory in his habits. Can't sell nor rent in these days either. I think he will have to face the music. It isn't in the course of nature," philosophized the young man, "for good quiet neighbors like Deacon Smith and his wife to live forever, and I must confess, for my own part, I am rather glad of a change, even if it involves widows, boys, babies, guineas, peacocks, parrots, dogs, cats, drums, Jew's-harps, tin horns, and a hundred possibilities for creating a Babel. It's pretty rough on Uncle John, I must admit. The old gentleman don't take to it kindly. I think there will be some fun."

"Now, Dinah," said John Ashurst, a little later, as he entered the tidy kitchen, "I don't want anything to do with these new neighbors. If they attempt to borrow, don't encourage it. Drive out any of the animals that trespass on our grounds, and the children as well. I will have my nephew paint a notice: 'No trespassing allowed on these premises.' They might as well know my sentiments first as last. You understand, Dinah?"

"Yes, mars," replied Dinah, meekly. Then she dropped into a meditative soliloquy as her master left the kitchen. "'Twill be mighty queer for Dinah to say 'no' of a neighbor comes fur to borrer a little rise or salt, or starch; an' as fur drivin' off chillen, 'twill be mighty hard to tramp 'em off. I don't mind sayin' 'small' to a cat; but to a child! Lud! was a chile his own self, an' as nice a chile as de good Lor' ebber made. It's my opinion de Lor' don't make bachelors; dey makes themselves, an' dey jess spiles themselves. Now of Mars John had a wife an' little chillen, dar wouldn't be a better man on de face ob de airth. Such a pig 'bout Miss Russell!"

"Come, Dinah," said Fred Ashurst that night, as he stood before a large board on which he had painted, in large letters, "No trespassing allowed on these premises"—"Come, Dinah, tell me about Uncle John's lady-love. It's a family tradition he had one. Was she a beauty?"

"Not such a beauty as her cousin Miss Edit," answered Dinah. "Miss Amy was tall and slender, an' ebbery inch a lady; but it war her sweet way, mose'n her face, dat made folks worship de groun' she walked on. She war a Quaker, you know. Mars John an' she come an' went, an' come an' went, jess like two weddiners; an' Miss Edit an' a Southern man—Carroll war his name—dey come an' went jess like two odder weddiners; an' den dey got to changin', an' Miss Edit went wid Mars John, an' Mars Carroll went wid Miss Amy, an' it war plain as de nose on your face dat he war extreme fond ob her; an' den Mars John backed right down, fur he war mighty spunky, an' Miss Amy's pieter war took out ob his room, an' all de little baby frits' in de house made him wuss took away, an' he nebber went wid gals any more at all—more's de pity."

"What became of this Quaker girl?" asked Fred Ashurst.

"Oh, she went away, somebody tole me, to England, an' dey nebber got to be weddiners, any ob 'em, so far as I knows on. Such a pity fur Mars John! He nebber cared much fur nothin' till your mother died, an' he brought you up. He war extreme good to you, Mars Fred, an' dat shows de heart dar is in de man. But he's sot as a meetin'-house in his way. I jess do what he says, an' fur gen'ral he says right. S'pose he's done forgot Miss Amy? If he had, he wouldn't act in dis unchristian manner. Don't de Bible say, 'Lub your neighbors?' An' here he sets himself again 'em like dey come, an' says, 'Don't lend him a scrap, an drive off de chillen,' an' den puts up dat big board warnin' 'em off, jess as if dar war a legion in our yard would smash 'em to pieces. An' de sweet little chillen wid dear fader in heben will jess b'lieve Jack de Giant killer libs here. Serves him right, too, fur harborin' such unchristian feelin's!"

The next morning three little children—two boys and a girl—stood before the wooden board that lifted its warning above the hedge that divided the Ashurst lawn from its neighbors. With difficulty the oldest boy spelled out the words.

"What does it mean?" asked the little girl, curiously. "Trespassing! trespass! that's what the prayer is about. Don't you know—'Forgive us our trespasses'?"

"Don't mean that at all," replied the eldest boy, sagely. "Mamma says that means for God to be good to us 'cause we are good to folks who have been naughty to us. We haven't done anything to the folks next door, 'cause we've just come."

"Maybe he's afraid we will," replied the little girl, shrewdly. "I'll ask mamma."

Fred Ashurst, sitting on the piazza, heard this conversation, and reported to his uncle.

"Humph!" ejaculated that individual, moodily. "I hope the woman will have sense enough to take a hint."

A week elapsed, and John Ashurst was, to use his own expression, "more out of sorts than ever."

"Crosser dan two sticks," was Dinah's version of his mood, as she addressed her pots and kettles."

"I won't stand this any longer," he exclaimed, testily. "The baby cries all night, and the older ones raise Bedlam all the day. When the guinea stops, the peacock begins. When a drum is at rest, a blast comes from a tin horn. The hens have scratched up my seeds, the dog has—I might as well tell my grievances to her."

Forthwith he sat down and wrote:

"MADAM,—Patience ceases to be a virtue. I cannot think by day nor sleep by night. Would it be possible for you to change your nursery to the other side of your house? Could your children exist with a smaller allowance of drums, trumpets, Jew's-harps and tin horns? Your chickens have pulled up my seeds. Your dog tore my door-mat into bits yesterday. Your boys stone my fruit trees and your girl bothers my cook. Your guinea, peacock and parrot I protest against as nuisances. If you can effect an abatement of all these nuisances, you will greatly oblige

"Your neighbor, JOHN ASHURST."

He rang the bell—"Fred, take this next door."

"Yes, sir; but I am late for the baseball match; I'll stop on my way home. I guess it will keep; gunpowder is apt to," he said, with a meaning smile.

"I don't want any delay," replied John Ashurst, sternly. "This thing must be stopped."

That afternoon John Ashurst sat in his office writing, when he heard a stealthy step pass his window, followed by the rustling of leaves. "It's that plagued neighbor's children," he said, excitedly. "They're at my cherries again."

A few hasty strides brought him to the tree, where a boy was scrambling down. "You young scoundrel!" exclaimed John Ashurst; "I've caught you now, and I'm going to take you straight in to your mother. Don't belong there? None of your tricks. Come, march along, and we shall see where you belong."

Dragging the culprit along, John Ashurst rang his neighbor's door bell.

"No trespassing allowed!" screamed the parrot in its unearthly tones.

John Ashurst was very angry. To have his warning cast into his teeth by this ugly green bird was not pleasant.

"I want to see the lady," he said curtly, to the servant who opened the door.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk into the parlor?"

"Will you walk into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly;
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.

In spite of his anger, John Ashurst held this to himself as he glanced about the dainty room, such a room as he had not seen for many years. There was no disorder, neither was there in his own stiff parlor, but the air of comfort and simple elegance was something unattainable by all the rules of arrangement he knew. John Ashurst was a critical man. When he was younger he had been called artistic. Invariably his mood changed. On a little table stood a vase of lilies-of-the-valley. On the wall hung in water-colors lilies-of-the-valley. On a bracket in wax-work were lilies-of-the-valley. They were flowers he had avoided for years, for they stirred a memory of his lost youth. Now there flashed upon him a memory of his own room years ago, with lilies-of-the-valley on table, bracket and wall, and their subtle fragrance recalled the perfume of flowers worn in a woman's hair above the sweetest face he ever knew.

The door opened and a lady entered, followed by two boys and a little girl.

"I am glad to see thee," was the gracious reception given this ungracious man. "Thou art our neighbor, I am told. Wilt thou be seated?"

John Ashurst was almost powerless to speak. Years ago this quaint Quaker speech had thrilled him as no other speech had done, and he had dreamed of a lifetime with such music in his ears.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a confused, hesitating way; I have brought your boy home."

"Not much!" exclaimed one of the boys in the rear of the beautiful woman, for John Ashurst said to himself that she was beautiful.

The mother gave the boy a look of smiling reproof, as she said, "Thou hast made a mistake. I have only these three children and their baby brother, who is asleep."

"Told him I didn't b'long here, but he wouldn't b'lieve me," explained the boy, sullenly.

"I beg your pardon," said John Ashurst, with deep humility; I am afraid I have wronged your boys—and you," he added, still more humbly, thinking of the note he had indited that morning.

"Do not mention it," said the lady, politely. "I am fearful we have disturbed thee. Thou art aware we have had a great grief. I have allowed my children to have whatever pets they choose and amuse themselves in every innocent way, that their minds might be diverted from their great loss."

John Ashurst's face was sympathetic, and troubled too, for he was thinking of his note. "A heartless thing, under the circumstances," he said to himself. Had Fred forgotten to deliver it? That were a lucky slip of the memory, he thought.

The sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Quakeress continued: "My baby has been very ill. I have been obliged to keep on this side of the house, as it is cooler. When he is better I shall change my nursery."

John Ashurst's face fell. After all, she had read his note. "I beg your pardon," he said, with real trouble in his tone. "I did not know your baby was ill. I beg you will not change your nursery on my account. I was mistaken about the boy"—turning to see that the urchin had made his escape. "I may have made other mistakes. Perhaps they were not your chickens. It may have been some other person's dog."

"Chickens! Dog!" asked the lady, in a puzzled way. "I do not understand."

John Ashurst's face brightened. She had not received his note. "It does not signify," he replied, carelessly. "I thought you might have heard complaints about your chickens or dog—from—my cook—or my nephew—or somebody," he said, desperately.

"My cook has been extremely kind," answered the lady. "We were obliged to borrow some brandy one day when the baby was very ill, and we could not get at ours in the confusion incident to moving. Thy nephew has won the heart of my boys by teaching them how to shoot arrows, and Lucy—this little girl—thy neighbor's are great friends. My children were puzzled about the sign board in thy hedge, but thy nephew told them it was to warn off tramps."

"He is a good boy. Fred is an uncommonly good young man," exclaimed John Ashurst, fervently. His failure to deliver that note was a mark of superior judgment, he thought.

The servant entered. "I hope you will excuse me," she said, addressing her mistress; "but a note was left this morning, and as you were getting the baby to sleep, I did not disturb you."

John Ashurst stopped forward eagerly. "I am the writer of that note," he said, extending his hand. "As I have come myself, it will be quite unnecessary for you to read it. I can do my errand without taxing your patience to read my illegible writing."

"Certainly," answered the unsuspecting Quakeress. "Thou art very kind to trouble thyself about us."

John Ashurst thought of himself "Hypocrite," and yet he was glad, glad as if he had seen an enemy in the act of applying a match to gunpowder, and suddenly he found himself in possession of match and gunpowder. What should he say, for the Quakeress was looking in an expectant way, as he had not told his errand.

"We have a great many cherries. Send for them whenever you like," he said, as awkwardly as a school-boy.

"We are grateful for thy kindness," replied the Quakeress, pleasantly.

"Do not change your nursery on my account," pleaded John Ashurst, his mind reverting to that dreadful note. "Let the children come over when they please. Fred will amuse the boys, and the cook will be pleased to spoil the girl."

John Ashurst went home with a light heart. He clutched the note as if it had been a prize. "To think," he said to himself, "how near I came to wounding that grief-stricken, sensitive woman!"

He drew the note from his pocket to read the cruel words before destroying them, and found, instead of his note to his neighbor, his last month's gas bill.

"Fred is a young man of superior judgment, as I told our neighbor, Mrs. Gurney," he said, with a smile. "This would have been quite harmless had she opened it."

"It was dreadfully careless of me to leave the wrong letter," apologized Fred Ashurst, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, as he drew the offensive letter from his pocket that night. "Baseball makes one lose his wits," he added, in self-justification. "Set it down, uncle, to profit and loss."

"Dinah," said John Ashurst to the colored servant that night, "be very kind to our next-door neighbor. She is an estimable woman who has seen much trouble. You need not drive the children away, or anything," he added, as he walked away.

"Sho!" exclaimed Dinah, addressing her unwashed dishes. "What's de meanin' ob dis somerset ob opinion? Guess she's a widder indeed, as de good Book says. S'posin' he should—"

Dinah did not finish the sentence, but all the evening as she worked about her kitchen she exclaimed ever and anon, "S'posin' he should! An' all dem chillun come to han'!" Then she shook her head. "Tain't de way fur him. Lor'! What a power widders has got, to be shore!"

Weeks passed, and John Ashurst paced his room, with trouble on his face. His nephew knocked at his door. "Anything wrong, uncle?" he asked, kindly.

"I believe I am a little out of sorts," answered John Ashurst. "In fact, Fred, I was thinking of you."

"Of me? Don't worry about me; I am happy as a lark," answered Fred, carelessly.

"The fact is, Fred," said John Ashurst, stopping in his nervous walk, and looking attentively at his nephew, "I am a little worried about you and—our neighbors."

"The Gurneys?" asked Fred, in amazement.

"Yes," answered John Ashurst, gravely. "It has just come to my ears that people are talking about our going there. I have been very kind to Mrs. Gurney because I was unjust to her, at first and wished to make atonement. She is a charming woman—more than that, a good woman. To my mind, there is no woman so attractive as these sweet-voiced Quaker women, with their quaint speech and gentle ways; so I realize your danger."

Fred Ashurst's eyes twinkled. "Folks talk about us, do they? If I were a man with your age and your means, I'd make them talk to some purpose. If I were in your place, Uncle John, I would marry the widow."

John Ashurst bent a searching glance on his nephew. "It would not hurt you in the least if I loved and wedded Mrs. Gurney?" he asked.

"Not in the least. I would congratulate you with all my heart," answered Fred, earnestly.

"That is enough," said John Ashurst, with a satisfied smile. "You don't love the woman if you are willing to see another win her."

"You needn't fear a rival in me," replied Fred, laughing.

"Oh, Fred, that is all nonsense!" exclaimed John Ashurst, impatiently. "I shall never marry. Unfortunately there is a memory of the past that would always come between me and a new love. I tell you this much that you need not speculate or plan about my future."

"Mrs. Gurney might make you forget the past," thought Fred Ashurst.

"On the contrary, the mother reminds me of her," replied John Ashurst, half to himself.

That night, in the widow Gurney's house, the children were excited about a new pet, whom they called Cousin Lily. In a corner, in the conversation she said, addressed by Mrs. Gurney:

"Pray tell me, who these new found relations are. They talk of Fred and Uncle John as if they were his."

"They are our neighbors," answered Mrs. Gurney. "I want thee to meet them. When we had lived here about a week, our neighbor called. He had made a funny mistake, and brought a boy who was stealing his cherries, thinking he belonged here. Think of it, Lily—one of my boys stealing fruit!"

"I would have been very angry," said the visitor.

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Gurney. "I was sorry for him. He was so gentlemanly and so humble, really contrite, as if he had offended me and was sorry for it. He was a little incoherent, too, and I could not quite make out what he meant. A school boy would not have been more embarrassed; and like ourselves, Lily, he is no chicken. Then a note came in he had sent me, and there had been delay in giving it to me. He took it quite eagerly and said he would do the errand himself, and offered us all the cherries we wanted. That was the beginning of our friendship. Since then Fred Ashurst and his uncle have been frequent visitors. This uncle has the most wonderful mind in the world. He is big in his whole face. But he is not a man given to smiling. A judge he has had some great trouble. What ails thee, Lily? The blood has all gone from thy face."

"My journey has been a little exhausting, that is all," replied the visitor, carelessly. "By-the-way," she said, with affected indifference, "is the family name Ashurst?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gurney. "Is the family known to thee?"

"We know Ashurts years ago," replied the visitor. "Depend upon it, this man made a change of base when he called. It is like the Ashurts to be hasty and unjust. I know nothing of their penitence."

Mrs. Gurney looked at her visitor curiously. To herself she said, "I never knew my husband's cousin so near being bitter in all my life."

Fred Ashurst the next morning at the breakfast table was in exuberant spirits. "I think I am in love, uncle," he said gaily. "I know you won't approve, for my charmer is not a day younger than Mrs. Gurney and one of these dangerous Quaker women."

"Where did you meet her?" asked John Ashurst.

"At our neighbor's," answered the nephew. "Birds of a feather, you know. But this is a finer bird, with finer feathers, than our neighbor even. I don't know what mess have been thinking of to let such a specimen go unengaged."

John Ashurst laid down his knife and fork and listened.

Thus encouraged, his nephew continued: "She is tall and slender, as graceful as a wand. Her face is like a Madonna's, but its beauty is in expression rather than feature. She wears lovely white dresses, with a few worldly touks and ruffles, and her throat and shoulders are beautiful to behold."

John Ashurst's face was very grave. "Be careful, Fred," was his warning reply.

"Such women are not false, surely," said Fred, watching his uncle closely.

"They may be fickle and unjust," replied John Ashurst, sternly.

"I would swear Miss Russell is neither," exclaimed Fred Ashurst, passionately.

John Ashurst's lip twitched, and he bent his foot nervously on the floor.

"Miss Lily Russell," explained Fred Ashurst, emphasizing the first name.

John Ashurst resumed his usual manner at that. "Be careful, Fred, my boy," he said, kindly. "I don't want your ships to go down as mine did."

That day John Ashurst was restless and nervous, "almost out of sorts," he said of himself. He could not forget his nephew's description of the woman next door. "Nonsense!" he would exclaim, half aloud, in an impatient way. "This is a woman with another name. The other one forgot me years ago. Suppose she had not forgotten?"

John Ashurst's face was lighted with the wonderful smile of which Mrs Gurney spoke; then it faded out, and the man's restless mood came on.

There came a child's tap at the door, and a moment later Lucy Gurney entered. "See I have a lot of books," she said with great glee. "I have come over to study with you, where the boys won't bother. I took them out of Cousin Lily's trunk when she went with mamma. This is verses," and she laid down a volume of Tennyson; "and this—" As she lifted the book there dropped some withered flowers, lilies of the valley and a cluster of forget me nots.

John Ashurst took the book eagerly. It was a Bible. On the fly-leaf was the name "Amy Russell." As he turned the leaves he came to more withered flowers, and on a slip of paper the prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"I must always pick up trash, mamma says," remarked the little girl, as she stooped to gather the withered flowers.

Trash! John Ashurst touched them reverently, and put them back in the book. His face was radiant with that wonderful smile. She had not forgotten.

"Is your cousin Amy home?" he asked of the child.

"Tain't Cousin Amy; it's Cousin Lily," answered the child.

John Ashurst looked puzzled; then he put on his hat, and walked straight to his neighbor's.

"Is Miss Amy Russell in?" he asked of the servant as he gave her his card.

"Miss Russell is in; I think it is Miss Lily," answered the servant.

"I would like to see her," said John Ashurst. To himself he was saying, "She must be a relative. If Amy is dead, I will have the Bible and the faded flowers."

But she was not dead. The sweet-faced Quaker woman, with just a touch of worldliness about the tucked and ruffled dress, who entered the room, held out her hand to John Ashurst as an old acquaintance. Her face was very calm, but her hand was trembling. John Ashurst took it in both his, as he exclaimed, "Forgive me, Amy; I was unjust to you, and cruel to us both. You have not forgotten me. By this token I know it; and this prayer makes me bold to ask forgiveness."

He opened the Bible to the faded flowers and prayer for forgiveness.

Tears filled the eyes of the Quaker woman as she said, "I forgave thee long ago. It was a miserable mistake," she added, sadly.

"But there is no reason why I may not spend the rest of my life in making atonement?" pleaded John Ashurst, eagerly.

"I have never ceased to love thee, John," was the simple, earnest answer.

Such a romantic notion in the houses of the two neighbors! Old Dinah's equanimity was quite upset. "I declar I don't know wedder I'm standin' on my head or my feet. Dey look jess like weddiners, fur shore an' sartain. An' jess to think it all come fru de new neighbors. 'Don't hev anything to do wid de new folks; don't lend 'em a scrap, Dinah; drive off de chillen,' an' all sich!"

Dinah's hearty guffaw at the remembrance might have been heard next door.

"Was allus s'pectin' suthin was comin' from de day Mars John drug de boy dar," continued Dinah. "Miss Gurney's a nice woman, but dis is heaps better. Couldn't be better. It's de genuine old ish. Talk about young hubbers! Land! Dey can't hold a candle to de lub ob half a lifetime."

Mrs. Gurney went about with tears in her eyes and a smile at her mouth. The tears were for her past romance, the smile for her cousin's present and future romance.

The children were discussing it. "Our cousin's name will be Ashurst," said the little boy "'cause women change their last names when they're married."

"There first names too," said the little girl. "She used to be Cousin Lily, and now we call her Cousin Amy."

"You little goose!" laughed the eldest boy. "Her right name was always Amy; but they called her Lily in England, because she was fair and wore lilies so much. Lily was a pet name. Don't you know the song,

"'Call me pet names, dearest; call me a—'"

"Goose!" added the little girl. "That's what you called me."

Fred Ashurst came in on tiptoe. "I have a secret, youngsters. They are to be married next month. Come along and see me make kindling wood of this 'onchristian warmin,' as Dinah calls it. Uncle John is like the blustering month of March—he went in like a lion, but comes out like a lamb."

Mr. Fred W. Jarvis, son of Mr. Jas. Jarvis, of Ottawa, a former pupil of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, has further added to the laurels he has already won. A late issue of the Edinburgh *Scotsman* says that in a competitive examination for bursaries in arts, recently held in that city, Jarvis came out third on the list out of a large number of competitors and has been awarded a bursary of $100 per annum for three years, which, added to the $500 from the Gilchrist scholarship, makes $600 per annum.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Latest Interesting British and Foreign News.

The hour for dinner in Paris is at half past seven p.m.

The Irish of County Westmeath are likely to return a Tory.

Mr. Gladstone writes that the next election will be the most important of the twelve in which he has taken part.

Martin Luther was the hero of a play lately produced in Paris to a delighted audience, and Boston's latest piece has spiritual conflict for its theme.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts narrowly escaped shipwreck lately off Jersey, in her steam yacht Walrus. The vessel struck a reef, knocking a hole in her side.

According to Mr. Lowe, the cost of bringing the 7,000 Scports to and from Malta last year, at the time of Lord Beaconsfield's grand coup, was $765 per man, or a gross sum of $6,555,000.

Three kittens have died of diphtheria in Ogdensburg, N. Y. They contracted the disease from children affected with it. The post mortem examination showed plainly the diphtheritic membrane in the kittens' throats.

The Egyptians built the Pyramids, the Greeks created the Parthenon, Christianity raised the Gothic cathedrals, some uncertain architects gave Ireland the round towers and the people of the United States have enriched the earth with the great hotels. So says the London *Daily News.*

The Cologne *Gazette* says that it is still doubted whether the Duke of Cumberland will renounce his rights to the throne of Hanover, and thereby take possession of the 16,000,000 thalers put aside in the Palace of the royal palace at Berlin. When the old Duke of Brunswick dies, the Duke of Cumberland will be among the richest of princes

On Nov. 8 the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new medical school of the Bartholomew Hospital. The London *Standard* says luncheon was afterward served in the great hall, and it was interesting to observe a strong likeness between the Prince of Wales and a portrait on the wall of Henry VIII., who granted the hospital its present charter.

It is hard that not only the bread stuffs, but the wine stuffs of France should fall short this year. In Champagne the failure of the latter is total, the grape not ripening—a disaster without parallel since 1820. Yet it will cost weigh heavily on all foreign drinkers of so called champagne wine, since much of this has no connection with France, and only a faint connection with grapes.

According to the investigations of a Russian professor, Dr. Monasein, singing is an excellent means of preventing consumption, and for the development and strengthening of the chest it is more efficient than even gymnastic exercises. The professor has examined 300 singers varying in age from nine to fifty-three years, and found that the chest is greater and stronger among them than among persons of any other occupation.

In England one Harding and his wife, while drunk, resolved to drown themselves. She was rescued and charged with murdering her husband. Her counsel urged that she acted under coercion, but the Chief Justice ruled it established law that if two persons agree to commit suicide, and one lost life, it was murder on the part of the survivor. The only question was whether they were not overpowered by drink. The jury took this view and recorded not guilty.

Elephants have sold as high as $15,000 apiece, and such animals as are now exhibited with Forepaugh's or the London circuses are well worth $10,000 each. Mr. L. B. Lent once paid $6,000 for a baby elephant that died while being trained, and before it had been exhibited to the public. There are at present no very noted elephants in the country, but the largest and most valuable is Bolivar, a huge and very intelligent animal, 9 years old, and owned by Mr. Hyatt Frost of the Van Amburgh show.

"The telegraph wire," says the London *World*, "is equal to wonderful vagaries, we all know; but it has attained its extreme expression of eccentricity at last. The following sentence was dispatched from Winchester in Lord Carnarvon's spoken essay on sermons at the Diocesan Conference: 'The worst-paid country curate is expected to preach twice on Sunday with the persuasiveness of a journeyman-tailor and the eloquence of a barrow! For journeyman-tailor read 'Jeremy Taylor,' and instead 'barrow' with a capital letter, and all is right."

Notwithstanding the general distress in the agricultural and manufacturing districts in England, a large number of persons there are laying by money. The amount of deposits in British savings banks—post-office and private combined—was, at the close of 1873, £58,986,919. This was the most prosperous year of the country. Nevertheless, at the end of 1878, these deposits had risen to £74,704,948. This exhibits an increase of 26½ per cent. in the surplus earnings of the working masses and the small farmers. These are the classes that generally use the savings banks.

The condition of Ireland, says the London *Examiner*, is attracting great attention in Russia and the newspapers contain numerous articles describing the disturbances in the Emerald Isle. *Novoe Vremya* affirms, on the strength of advices from Ireland, that the Irish are only waiting for a rupture between Russia and England to rise *en masse* and declare their independence. That this is seriously believed by many Russian politicians is shown by the intelligence from Moscow that Aksakoff and several other noted Panslavists have promised to give subscriptions toward the cause if applied to by the promoters of the Irish revolutionary movement.

The late Duke of Brunswick's sealed pocket has been found. The document reads: "To M. de Manchhausen, to my Marshal of the Court, Superior Councillor of State—I wish that after my death I may be put into a coffin of which this is the description: Let it be of a similar form to that of my father's, only larger still; let it be made of the finest wood, lined with the best dark red Genoese velvet, abundantly garnished with gold lace and fringes." The document continues in a similar strain throughout, except that at one passage there is a paragraph ordaining that the lid should be constructed "so that in case I may not be quite dead I may be able to open it myself from the inside."

The sunflower is turned to extraordinary account in Lithuania. The seeds yield at first pressure excellent salad oil, and the residue forms excellent oil-cake for cattle, who also relish the leaves and stalks chopped up. The flowers a little short of full bloom are, when cooked, nearly as good as artichokes and are in the garden very attractive to bees. The leaf well dried is used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are made into blotting paper, and the inner part of the stalk is manufactured into a fine writing paper. The more woody portions of the plant, which attains great size, are used for fuel. The best seed is obtained in the Crimea. As an antimalaria agent the sunflower is most valuable.

The London correspondent of the Liverpool *Post* says: "Rumors have been current all day that the meeting of the Cabinet next week will be followed by a *denouement* of a most extraordinary and startling nature. This is nothing less than the resignation of the Prime Minister. It is reported that Lord Beaconsfield has been advised by his physician to take an early opportunity of withdrawing from public life. That such advice has been given is possible enough, but that it will be followed is quite another matter. If Lord Beaconsfield contemplates retiring from public life, he will hardly give effect to his inclinations on the eve of a dissolution of Parliament. The direct consequence of such a step would not be favorable to the prospects of the Conservative party at the poll, and the Premier is not the man to jeopardize the interests of his followers on an occasion like that."

Prince Gortschakoff's retirement has been prematurely announced almost as often as his death; but even when it has taken place he will none the less be the moving spirit of Russia's policy while his life and mental powers continue. The recall of Count Schouvaloff from London has, of course, pointed him out as the Prince's probable successor, but although thirty years younger, he is no match for his great master. The Count's gifts are those of a sharp detective; the Prince's are those of a far seeing statesman. Born on the 16th of July, 1798, Gortschakoff has figured in every great political movement from the congress of Vienna, in 1815, to the treaty of Berlin, in 1878. In 1855 he saved Russia from the heaviest blow of the Crimean war, and in 1870 he restored what that war had taken from her. Such a man is not to be replaced; and although he may retreat, he cannot retire.

A singular case of recovery from insanity through an injury occurred recently in the N. Y. Homœopathic State Asylum for the Insane. A male patient, 34 years old, when in a state of violent irritation, sprang up to the gas fixture, caught hold of a slender tubing, and swung himself with considerable force. The fixture gave way and the patient fell, striking his head upon the stone pavement. Instantly he arose, walked out of the ward, and gave a clear account of the accident he had met with. He had, in fact recovered his mind, though he suffered greatly from the external injuries to his scalp. This case is not alone of its kind. Some physicians have seriously tried to raise the question of the application of sudden and violent striking of the head to the treatment of insanity; but as the question of the dose is one of great difficulty, this heroic method remains optional with the patients themselves.

ALLAN LINE.

Important New Steamshipping Contract

(From the Liverpool Journal of Commerce, Monday, 10th November, 1879.)

Referring to a recent announ