

"Can't we all go this way?" asks she, glancing at him demurely, at which his countenance falls. A wild hope that she might be able to go alone with him is at once smothered in the bud. "Can't we?" she says again, appealing prettily to Monica; "see, it is so much nicer than the dusty road."

"So it is," returns Mrs. Desmond. "Yes, it will be quite a short cut to Coole."

"Fields are the homes of wild bulls," says Mr. Browne, as if reading from a book, "in more expressive language, their 'happy hunting grounds.' Bulls have horns; horns hurt. I can't bear running for my life in that weather; can you, Manneering?"

Mr. Manneering, who is short-sighted, having carefully creased a glass into his left eye, gazes apprehensively over the field.

"I don't see any animal anywhere," he says, complacently. "I think we may venture."

"You can't have known many bulls," remarks Mr. Browne, regretfully. "You can't have studied them, as I have, or you could understand their tendency to lurk."

They are lying in ambush now, somewhere, to catch us unawares. You won't know where they are," says Dicky, waxing confidential, "until you feel the horns. It will be a trifle late then."

"But where, my dear fellow, could they be hiding place in the bare fields?" says Manneering, impatiently.

"Behind those willows, down there in that far corner. Do you see it? That"—

propagately—"is a place where they would remain hidden for hours, waiting for their chance." Here he starts. "Eh? What? Did I see anything move just then?" he asks, in a tone of abject terror.

"Oh, nothing nothing," says Mr. Manneering, testily. Then, fixing his glass on the bushes, mildly, "The road isn't so very dusty after all, is it?"

"Not very," says Miss Beresford, hoping devoutly he may take to it. He is evidently at ease. Every moment of his life spent in the town has been heretofore spent in Paris or Rome, so that country lore is new to him; and he finds nothing worthy of disquiet in the idea of ten or more wild bulls congregated together in a careful corner, ready to rush out upon and devour the untutored passer by.

"What dreadful nonsense you talk, Dicky!" says Mrs. Desmond. "See, here is a stile: let us get into the field." It is nothing much of a stile, but still is of sufficiently intricate construction to render a good deal of help necessary to get the girls over it. There are, too, steps only on the road side, and nothing to be done when you get to the top of it but to take an energetic jump into the field below, or else trust oneself to somebody's arms.

Vera, springing lightly to its upper step with the childish vivacity that is so great a part of her charm, is taken down bodily by Mr. Burke, who lingers over this most congenial task as long as he dares.

The others follow suit. Doris (who is the last to enter the field), watching them, feels a strange dull pain at her heart. They all care for (or at least are cared for by) somebody; she alone knows no answering heart. She sees the light in General Burke's eyes as he looks at little Vera, and envies her with all her soul. She marks the tender lightening of Brian Desmond's arms around his pretty wife, as with gentle care he brings her to his side, lest her feet should come with undue force against the grassy ground. Over Kit she can see that Drabton and Mr. Manneering are having a polite but bitter wrangle, and now some little word from Monica decides the day in favor of Manneering, who walks off with his reluctant prize.

"May I help you?" says Lord Clontarf, differently, as she makes a step forward towards the stile. Even as he says this Dicky Browne, coming suddenly to her side, makes the same request. Some unaccountable impulse impels her to refuse the latter.

"Thank you, Dicky," she says; "Donat will give me his hand."

The moment after she would have given the world to retract these words, but it is too late. Dicky has turned and is running after Desmond, and Clontarf is left alone with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortune, of which all men have more.

The True History of a London Gamester.

Mr. Thomas Porter, one of the finest wits and most popular coffee-house loungers of the days of Queen Anne, was equally famous for his wealth and his insatiable love of gaming. In the prime of his short sad life, he possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, England, the fee of which, in less than twelve months, he lost at hazard.

The last night of his career, when he had just completed the wicked work, and was stopping downstairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of a well-known house, he suddenly went back into the room where his friends were assembled, and insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him.

His proposition was this:—That his carriage, trinkets, and loose money in his pocket; his townhouse, plate, and furniture, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and—lost! All eyes were turned upon him to see what he would do or say. Conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman that was his master, and heroically marched forth without house, home, or any one creditable source of support.

He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity; sometimes acting as the substitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as helper at a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities.

He expended five in procuring decent apparel, with the other five he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to White's (a famous club-house), set down with his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning next night he lost it all, and after subsisting many years in abject and sordid penury, died, a ragged beggar, at a penny lodging in St. Giles.

Human Trees.

A most ingenious device to escape capture is that known by the Bhool robbers of India. It often happens that a band of these marauders are pursued by mounted Englishmen, and, unable to reach the jungle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire, the only shelter in sight being the blackened trunks or leafless branches of small trees that perished in the flames. For men so skilled in posturing this is shelter enough. Quickly divesting themselves of their scanty clothing, they scatter it with their plunder in small piles over the plain, covering them with their round shields, so that they have the appearance of lumps of earth and attract no attention. This accomplished, they snatch up a few sticks, throw their bodies into a contorted position, and stand and or crouch immovable until their unsuspecting enemies have galloped by. When all is safe, they quickly pick up their spoil and proceed upon their way. The Rev. J. D. Woods writes of these marvellous mimics as follows:—"Before the English had become used to these manoeuvres, a very ludicrous incident occurred. An officer with a party of horse was chasing a small body of Bhool robbers, and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and, when the soldiers came up, the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorched and withered trees; and, the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing. The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bhool, who burst into a scream of laughter and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became metamorphosed into men, and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy."

About Tooth-Pulling.

A man was standing in front of a dentist's office the other day, with an anxious, unhappy look in his eyes, and twelve yards of flannel round his lower jaw. He cast sorrowful glances upwards to the dentist's sign, and in a hesitating sort of way placed his foot on the lower stair, then came out to the street again, as if he had forgotten something. Col. Solon came along at that moment, and with a thoughtful interest in the man's welfare said:

"Toothache, eh? Goin' to have it pulled? Ever had a tooth pulled? No? Well, you'd better go right up afore your courage fails you. Worst thing in the world is pullin' a tooth. I've been through the war, had both lungs shot away, fifteen bullets in my head, and doctors run a probe through my body to my toe—thought it 'twould kill me. But, man alive, I never know what pain was till I had a tooth pulled. Maybe you think the toothache is horrible. It is! It's awful. But wait till the dentist runs them iron tongs in your mouth, pushes the tooth right down through your jaw-bone, and then yanks away as if he was pulling on an old hand engine, and yer'll think the toothache ain't no more to be compared to it than a flea bite is to a railroad accident. Yer had better go right up through, and have it out. Don't let anything I said cause yer to back out. I merely want to prepare yer mind for it. An' don't take ether. Knew a man once, about your complexion and build, who took ether an' he died. It's dangerous. Jest go right up an' have it out. I'll go up with yer, and see how yer stand it when he begins twistin' the bones round. Yer won't sleep a wink to-night if yer don't have it out; an' maybe yer won't anyhow, for sometimes the tooth breaks the jaw inflammatory rheumatism strikes the whet-its-name nerve, and the whet-its-name call-it sets in."

Just at this moment, a young man practising on a French horn in one of the upper rooms blew a long, ear-piercing blast, like the yell of a man in agony, and as the last sound echoed through the hall, the colonel said, "That's it, there's some one gettin' a tooth pulled now, an' the dentist hasn't any more than just given the first twist either. Come right up an' have yours pulled. Whoop! there he goes again!" as another terrible blast from the horn came down the staircase. "Hold on, hold on!" yelled the colonel—but he wasn't quick enough to stop the man with the aching tooth, who rushed out of the doorway and down the street so fast that his two yards of flannel became unwound and streamed behind him like signals of danger—while the old colonel sat down on the lower step and laughed till his eyes ached.

White and Red Meats.

White meats contain a smaller percentage of nitrogenous substances than the red ones, and are therefore less nutritious. They are, however, as a rule, more digestible, and so are well suited for invalids. The flesh of the common fowl and turkey are examples among birds. The flesh of reptiles, as that of the turtle—which is esteemed an article of luxury—of the batrachia, as frogs, and of fishes, except the salmon, of crustacea, as crabs, lobsters, shrimps, etc., of molluscs, as oysters and mussels, and even of lower animals, as sea-anemones, is included under this head. The flesh of most fish is very digestible, the chief exceptions being fish like the mackerel and eel, of which the flesh contains a considerable proportion of fat. Generally speaking, the flesh of fish is more digestible when boiled or broiled than when fried, on account of the fat used in the latter process. The flesh of crabs and lobsters is so hard and closely packed to be easily digested; while oysters, if eaten raw, are exceedingly digestible, though when cooked they form a hard leathery mass which resists the action of the gastric juice. Mussels, for some reason or another, occasionally have poisonous qualities; and the eating of almost any shell-fish in excess is apt to produce disorders of the digestive apparatus, frequently accompanied with nettles rash on the surface of the body.

One Touch of Nature.

What strange creatures men are! Take John Howson, for instance. He is, probably, the most finished artist in American comedy; he is a high-salaried man, and is accustomed to applause and compliments wherever he appears. Yet he was going around yesterday exhibiting a crumpled sheet of paper with as much delight as if it had been a certified check for \$10,000 instead of an incoherent letter written in the hieroglyphics of a little boy. The letter read in this wise—only the characters were rude and ill-proportioned, some as lean as Pharaoh's kine and others as plethoric as an ideal alderman's paunch:

M Y—DEAR—P A
PAP—I A M A T H
OM—M R—HUNT
LEY—BROOG H T
ME—"WO—WHIT
E—MICE—IN A C
I G A R—B O X .
S N O O K S A N D
D O D Y—IS W E L L .
G O O D B Y—G U S S I
E—H O W S O N .

In addition to these printed words there were curious designs scrawled on the sheet of paper—such designs as could have been born only in the imagination and executed only by the unskilled hand of a child; there were pictures of sea-gulls, dogs, cats, ships and horses, and last, but not least, the genius of the little artist had fairly lavished its wealth upon a marvellous portrait of one of the white mice he had written about. The strange part of it all was that, while other people might not have recognized these objects, Mr. Howson knew them at a glance, and his eyes could read between the lines of the letter and all over the white spaces around the quaint pictures, and there was pathos and tragedy in it all, and it was the old, old story of the parent heart and the baby hand.

Mr. Howson's little letter is not the only bit of pathetic comedy of this kind. Every great railway train that goes thundering across the continent carries a burden of these precious missives. What hearts they cheer, what lofty purposes they sustain, what better and purer lives they inspire—who can say? Women's trunks are full of such tender solaces, to be wept over when the heart aches and to be kissed when the house seems dark and lonesome; men carry them in their pockets, and treasure them, and feel the good expand in their souls all the while. It is all very strange, but there are sweet, subtle things about these human hearts of ours we are content to know and do not understand.

A soft cotton called China crapo, with tiny raised figures, will be worn next season.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

In the new cotton fabrics intended for Summer wear, light colors predominate.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

For silk and wool dresses a little velvet used as collar and cuffs is a great improvement.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N.S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Stripes of all widths will again be worn, but not so fashionably as plaids and checks.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunu, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.