

and Adelina dropped down on her friend, as Darcy afterwards put it, like a hundred of bricks, with the question she had evidently been saving up for a long time:

'Are you engaged to Dollie, Mary?'

'Adelina, what a question! But since you ask it, yes, I am,' she added, bristling up and assuming all the dignity of which she was capable. 'What, then, pray?'

'So am I, that's all.'

'I don't believe it, you—'

'Don't let's quarrel. Read that,' and she tossed her a pink billet dated the same morning, and breathing immortal affection.

'I won't quarrel—at least not with you,' she said, tossing Adelina a fascimile. 'Read this.'

It was, I regret to add, word for word a duplicate. Why should I exert myself up to the point of original composition when the *Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage* supplied such excellent models?

They emptied their pockets and desks. There were reams of rose-coloured composition, all in duplicate, and all transcribed *verbatim et litteratim* from the shilling volume.

When Adelina was recovered from her pique, she said they felt exactly like Box and Cox, as they kept on throwing sixes, and turning up heads or tails in pair simultaneously.

'Mary let's be confidantes, for we have both been "done." Tell me,' she added, adopting quite a forensic tone, a sort of nineteenth century Portia, 'did he ever say you were Heloise and he Abelard?'

'Often and often,' replied Mary, and groaned aloud.

'Did he admire your hands? Did he ever call them "pretty little daddies"?' She went on multiplying her questions as Mary nodded assent. 'Did he say he didn't care half as much about the face as the hand?'

'Yes, oh, yes! And tell me, Adelina, did he ever deny his love for me? Adelina, he said you were a lamp-post over and over again, and once compared you to a pump!'

'The wretch! But did you ever tax him with being engaged to me?'

'Once, and he said it was all a myth; but he dreaded the consequences of breaking with you. You would be so piqued.'

'The very expression he used of you, Mary. Shall we organise a conspiracy of marriageable spinsters, and duck him in the Round Pond? Shall we be two Dalilahs and shear the whiskers of this Samson? What shall we do, Mary?' She was stamping her pretty foot and asking the question, when Darcy and the Watsons came in; and Mary, like a practical party as she was, said, 'Tell the boys.'

And they did. There was a row. Jack Darcy called at my lodgings a good many times with the avowed intention of kicking me; but I always happened to be out. My lady was incorruptible, or else I bribed higher than Jack. He married Adelina soon after, and took her down to Aldershot. She had officers and firing enough there, and, I heard, never went to a church, having foresworn 'the cloth' altogether.

I am conceited enough to believe dear little Mary Watson felt something more than pique; but she soon found a curate mate to her liking—a gaunt lad in an alpaca coat, short trousers, and gray worsted stockings—who clung to his gingham umbrella like a drowning man to a spar. She has, I doubt not, realised her pretty *château en Espagne*, though the cottage is down in Somersetshire.

As for me I agreed with my respected father that the climate of England was warm, and Tyburnia especially hot. So one fine evening, when Jack Darcy and all the Watsons had called at frequent intervals during the day, I really went out for good and all; sent a little note to the rector, who I do not think will break his heart at my absence, and dropped down the river by a night boat to Boulogne.

I am sitting in the Etablissement Gardens under the shadow of a cavalry moustache, and smoking an excellent cigar.

I feel I need rest, and shall not resume active clerical duty just at present.

VALUE OF CHESS PIECES.

Some interesting results were given by Mr. H. M. Taylor, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, in a paper "On the Relative Values of the Pieces of Chess," read before the British Association at Bristol. He found by a mathematical process that if a knight and king of different colors were placed on a chess-board at random the odds against the king being in check were 11 to 1; if a bishop and a king, 31 to 5; if a rook and a king, 7 to 2, and if a queen and a king, 23 to 13. If, however, we consider only safe check (*i.e.*, check in which the king is unable to take the piece) the odds are respectively 11 to 1, 131 to 13, 5 to 1, 107 to 37. From these numbers we can obtain a fair theoretical measure of the relative values of the pieces. Thus, if we take as our measure the chance of safe check, the values of the knight, bishop, rook, and queen are in the ratio 12, 13, 24, 37, while the value of these pieces in the same order as given by Staunton are 3.05, 3.50, 5.48, and 9.94, the value of the pawn being taken as unity. Mr. Taylor remarks that the value of a pawn depends so much on the fact that it is possible to convert it into a queen that the method does not appear applicable to it.

THE GLEANER.

A NEW Parisian bonnet has the back brim turned up, and the front shades the forehead. They can be worn either way.

THE Greek journals announce the death of Mrs Black, Byron's "Maid of Athens." She was seventy-six years of age.

THE Princess of Wales will spend a few weeks with the Queen at Windsor, and then make a prolonged visit to her parents at Copenhagen arriving there in season for the holiday festivities.

AN ingenious adding card has been invented by Mr. Gustavus Frankenstein. It does away with the labor of adding long columns of figures, the result to any amount being found with rapidity and certainty.

A LETTER will go the round of the world, it is found, in 88 days. An enterprising gentleman has achieved a certain distinction by demonstrating the fact. The route was *via* Yokohama and San Francisco.

THE largest horse in Europe is now in Paris with its master, a wealthy Russian Count. The horse is jet black with a white spot on one shoulder, measures a yard and three-quarters round the withers, and boasts a speed of three-quarters of a mile per minute.

GEORGE Fordham, the jockey, who is now getting on in years, is to have a testimonial. The president of the committee is Sir John Astley. On the committee are the Duke of Beaufort, Admiral Rous, Lord St. Vincent, and Count Lagrange. The subscriptions are limited to three guineas.

A THOUGHTFUL and affectionate interest in the happiness of the family circle is evinced by the conduct of the Prince of Wales in leaving behind him at Marlborough House presents in the form of heart-shaped lockets, each bearing the motto "sans-adieu," as farewell surprises for his sisters.

THE French Government are considering a project for constructing a canal by which the vineyards of the Rhone may be flooded as a remedy for the phylloxera. The canal will cost 20,000,000, but it will bring into fruitfulness 60,000 acres of vine lands, which will yield \$40,000,000 annually.

MUCH concern is felt by the young men of Prussia about the operations of the new military service regulations. Nineteen out of every twenty who reached the high physical standard last year were taken. Apart from the slight prospect of escaping the service, there is much alarm about the large number of men who go into the hospitals after the severe autumn manoeuvres.

THE *Messenger Official* of the Russian empire publishes a note recommending the use of mineral fuel for locomotives and steamboats instead of wood, the great demand made on the forests for fuel having already had a very disastrous effect. American railways are rapidly destroying the forests, the wood for ties alone requiring the levelling of 250,000 acres of forest annually. The same waste exists in Canada.

A CENSUS just taken of the beggars of Paris gives the total number at 65,250. Of these 25,480 are women, 14,500 men, 13,060 girls, and 12,210 boys. They are catalogued under several heads: the men who play on instruments; the disguised beggars who sell matches, pins and buttons; and the beggars of the Barrière, who are always dying of starvation, looking for their parents, moaning the loss of their employer's money, &c.

As workmen were excavating the foundation of a shop in High street, Shoreditch, England, a chest six feet long, three feet deep, and three and a quarter wide was disclosed. On opening it a vast collection of ancient ecclesiastical plate was found. In pre-Reformation times a large convent stood on this ground, and as many objects of art disappeared after the dissolution of the monasteries, it is thought that the plate had been buried there for preservation and then forgotten.

BERGER, the great billiard-player, died last month. He is said to have made 1,200 at one break. The Emperor Napoleon III. sent for him to give him some lessons, but Berger was so excited that he could not play, and oddly began to talk politics, and gave His Majesty the benefit of his ideas. The Emperor listened quietly, and at last said, "Berger, I will give you a lesson in billiards." The billiard-player was surprised, more so when the Emperor continued, "You first place the ball on the red spot, and you then try to knock it into a pocket, or else make a baulk. *Commence!*" "Of course," exclaimed Berger. "*Commence!*" repeated the Emperor, with a sly wink, and Berger understood what he meant.

THE condition of the female iron workers in England has lately been shown by an inspector's report to be distressing. Terrible social chaos prevails in their communities, and education, moral, physical, intellectual, and spiritual life are all set at defiance. England is not so strong in the bodies and souls of her people individually or in her numbers collectively that she can afford this wholesale degradation. It is pointed out that the only remedy for the evil is an extension to nail, chain, and brickworks of the principle of the act by which women were removed altogether from mines and coal pits; an act which has during the thirty years it has been in operation, wrought nothing but good both to the workers in the industries affectable and to the community at large.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"MANKIND," once said a preacher, "includes woman, for man embraces women."

BISMARCK's daughter is thirty-eight, and he has succeeded in getting her married. Bismarck is a great—a very great man.

How a woman can keep on talking while she twists up her back hair, and has her mouth full of hairpins, is a mystery not yet explained.

A FAIR ONE says she knows what she's talking about, and that it just doubles the value of a kiss to have to steal it from under a big moustache.

There are pretty women who are very particular to adjust their features when they speak—more careful of the action of their lips than of what shall come from them.

Some young men in Louisville have formed an "anti-lift-your-hat-to-a-woman society." Now let the Louisville young ladies form an "anti-bow-to-a-puppy society."

A Brooklyn girl is engaged to be married to an Italian Count, and in the course of four or five years she may be looked for on the street with a hand-organ playing the usual tunes.

SPEAKING of the sentiment, "She who rocks the cradle rules the world," a Milwaukee journal says:—"In this place she is generally a coloured girl, and we don't believe a word of it."

THE model husband lives in Philadelphia. He never allows his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up all the canned fruit in the summer, and he puts it down in the winter.

SAID a young man to his bachelor uncle, "what advice would you give to a young man who was contemplating matrimony?"—"I should advise him to keep on contemplating it!"

An Indiana gentleman buried one wife on Tuesday, married another on Thursday, and was divorced on Saturday, and he wants to know if a bigger week's work was ever performed by any one man before the panic.

"MADAM," said a trance-medium, "your husband's spirit wishes to communicate with you."—"No matter," said the widow; "if he's got no more spirit in the other world than he had in this, it's not worth bothering about."

"Henry, why don't you keep a supply of gloves in your pocket?" said an Albany young lady to her escort at the Opera House recently; "you wouldn't then have to run out after every act; and I don't see why you are so fond of gloves, anyhow."

BRIGHAM YOUNG says that a woman who can't make a dress out of eleven yards of cloth will find Heaven's gate too narrow for her to enter. However, Detroit women will use from eighteen to twenty-eight yards, and run the risk of squeezing through the gate or of finding a ladder to go over the walls.

A country girl near Utica mistook the meaning of a young man who was looking up pickers for his father's hop yard, and when asked if she was engaged, sweetly said: "Not yet, but always thought it would be pleasant." The young man rode home quickly, and dreamed all night of "breach of promise trials."

Look here, gentlemen, why this howl against ladies' striped stockings? It is your solemn duty as a respectable citizen to walk along the street with your eyes on a level with second story windows, and it's none of your business what kind of stockings are shown on the cross walks. Anything is preferable to a barefooted woman.

Two young ladies of New York were conversing the other day, and one said that her heart was really broken. Charles had proven fickle. "Was he rich?" asked the other.—"No," was the reply; "but he was so nice." "Well, my dear," was the consolatory response: marry old Jones who is after you, and mend your heart with diamond cement."

THE SERPENT CHARMER.

A writer in *Appleton's Journal* thus describes a work of Fortuny entitled "The Serpent Charmer," now in the possession of Mr. A. T. Stewart: A long, lank Moor, or East-Indian, lies prone, stretched on a high-colored mat, and beside him at a little distance a skinny-armed, skeleton-handed old man is watching him. The Moor has a little wand in his hand, and with it he makes passes and slow motions, which exasperate, at the same moment that they subdue, an immense adder, which is reared before him with flaming eyes and his thin tongue twisting like a flame. We have spoken before of the adaptedness of our own negroes for pictorial delineation and of the superstitious, half-animal instinct of religion that belongs to them. Many of the Spanish and French artists, such as Regnault and Fortuny, seem to have caught this aspect of tropical life and of character, and to have translated it into their work. "The Serpent Charmer" has it in an eminent degree, and, lying on his belly, with his long, muscular arms writhing slowly about, his grace and his cunning scarcely raise him above the slimy level of the reptile his enchantment subdues. A few other queer figures beside the old man, gaunt and uncanny, watch the serpent-charmer. A long-legged crane or stork, with tall, scaly legs, and eyes half-closed, contemplates the scene, much in the manner of Barnaby Rudge's raven, and one or two dirty, ragged paupers linger on the outskirts of the picture, but so vague and shapeless are these latter that the spectator scarcely knows whether to recognize them as men or as beasts.

HOUSE DECORATION.

May the fair housekeeper be strong to resist that abomination, an oil chromo! One thoroughly good engraving or two good photographs of fine pictures bring more beauty to a room than do twenty highly-colored chromos. Water-color chromos are not included in this criticism, for many of them are really beautiful and valuable. Those representing bits of foreign streets, holding perhaps a noble old cathedral or bridge, make delightful islands of color on the wall. But even these should be taken in moderation; one is usually enough or ought to be—it may be placed over the mantel—the place where the most warmly-colored and consequently cheerful picture should always be hung. Valuable engravings are to be accumulated slowly, and those who do not know how to select them judiciously should ask some more cultivated friend to do it for them. It is always better to buy the print unframed and have the framing done in accordance with one's means. Joan should remember that one of the best points of a well-framed engraving is an appropriate "mat"—inner frame of pasteboard which immediately surrounds the picture. With a deep and handsome "mat" a less elaborate frame is required, and in some cases when the print has a clear, broad margin, and the impression is very dark, an inch-wide frame of ungrooved, oiled walnut is sufficient without a "mat." It is well, always, to spend most money on the print and least on the framing, which can easily be simple without having a vulgarly cheap look.

Plaster casts, when they are good copies of fine antiques, are handsome and not expensive. The white of plaster is somewhat trying to the eye and it is therefore better to have it colored a delicate pale gray. A piece of warmly-tinted velvet or broadcloth thrown carelessly over and hiding a light wooden framework makes a very effective background for an artistic cast. Excellent diminished copies of some of the more famous antiques may be bought for from \$5 to \$18. These casts are sometimes bronzed, but it is hardly advisable to indulge in this very cheap imitation.

There are countless small things which are not costly, but which help to make a room delightful and homelike. The nearest carpenter will make for little money a water-tight wooden box, which, painted green and filled with growing plants, will, with little care keep Summer in a sunny window all Winter. A pot or two of English ivy placed on brackets, the vines being trained around pictures or doorways, give beauty and cheeriness at very small cost. A tall vase filled with dried grasses, oats, and autumn leaves with wire-lengthened stems inserted in sand, will make a dim corner lovely; a graceful little training bunch of pressed ferns, leaves, and bitter-sweet berries, fastened lightly on a picture cord, will brighten the faded engraving under it. A quaint bit of old china, photographs of famous places and peoples, scattered carelessly about one's tables—all these trifles and more help to make, without much expense, a very cosy and charming room. The last requisite is of course that it be lived in—any room which is left to silence and darkness more than half the time—the fate of too many parlors—can never be really cheerful.

ARTISTIC.

MR. ALMA TADEMA, the London artist, accompanied by his wife, has started on a long tour of Italy.

CANOVA chose five hundred beautiful women from whom to model Venus, and among them all could not find a decent set of toes.

Six Imperial Roman busts discovered at Markouna, near Lambese, Africa, have been presented to the Musée des Antiques of the Louvre.

MEISSONIER's celebrated painting of the "uirassiers de Reichschoffen" is said to have been sold to an American gentleman for six thousand dollars.

A fine portrait of the poet Longfellow has been produced by the artist, J. E. Baker, and published in lithograph by the Atlantic Monthly, for a premium to its subscribers.

LEWIS WINFIELD is said to have a studio adjoining his house in Maida Vale, London, which is as noble in proportions and as fascinating as a dainty *bric-a-brac* shop. The wainscoting was procured by buying out an old English church. The walls are lined with the pews.

ONE of the English R.A.'s has improved upon Mrs. Crawshaw's "lady helps." He has trained his children to wait upon his guests at dinner. And a charming waiter and waitress they make in their picturesque dress, and hair arranged in true artist fashion. There is this advantage in the arrangement, that you can talk to these children helps, and you must not to lady helps, if they are pretty.

VANDYKE's long lost "Madonna with the Child," of which countless copies exist in various parts of Europe, has at last been discovered in the original. The picture has formed the altar piece of the chapel of an obscure German cloister, and was found there by the Flemish painter, George Van Haanen. After slight restoration it is now to be seen entirely uninjured, and in its pristine condition.

THE painter Meissonnier is building a princely residence in the most fashionable quarter of Paris. The panels of one of the saloons will, it is stated, be decorated by M. Meissonnier himself. M. Meissonnier owns a large country-seat at Poissy, about twenty miles from Paris. The grounds are very extensive, and comprise a very fine park, and several dwelling houses belonging to M. Meissonnier and his family. The Abbaye was formerly the property of a rich sisterhood, where many rich ladies of rank sought refuge from the pomp and vanity of the world outside. Numerous statues, and other works of art, were discovered while the park was being transformed into its present state, some of which were accordingly appropriate to grace the precincts of a monastery.