

remarked calmly, "it has also worked good. Fred has been saved to us; and now that you have returned, we shall be happier for it all."

Arthur explained that, after the night of the opera, the sense of his humiliating position so forced itself upon him, that he resolved to leave Thorden for awhile, if not altogether.

"Precisely what I said!" exclaimed Mr. Crossley, bursting into the room at that moment. "My dear Arthur, a merry Christmas to you! Where have you been? When did you come? How is your arm? How did you manage to elude Fred?" asked he, without taking breath, emphasizing each question with a thump on the back and a wring of the hand.

"I will answer your last question just now, and leave the rest for some future occasion. I have been ill, and for the last two months or so have been laid up in an obscure village in Switzerland, out of the usual route for tourists," said Ill, Arthur, and from home, with no one beside you!" said Rose, pressing his hand and giving him another reproachful look.

"He will have to answer for it all, to us by-and-by," said Mr. Crossley, shaking his head at Arthur. "But I must leave you now, to run down to the kitchen for a minute. You know, there's no use expecting anything to be done unless one looks after it himself. I will send Fred to you." And with another hearty shake of the hand, he was rushing out of the room, brimful of importance, when Fred came rushing in, and a collision ensued.

"Don't apologize, my dear sir," said Fred, with imperturbable countenance—"pray don't apologize! I am not much hurt. I forgive you on this occasion, so that it do not occur again."

"Ah, you young scapegrace," exclaimed the old gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "you have broken my spectacles, and you tell me not to apologize! But I suppose there's no use saying more about it."

And Mr. Crossley was right, for it was all lost upon Fred, who stood clasping Arthur's hand in both of his.

"It is all right between us, Arthur, boy, is it not?" said he, with an earnest look in his handsome, open countenance.

"It never was otherwise, my dear Fred," said Arthur, returning the cordial grasp of his hand. "I was as much to blame as you were—if not more so. Let us say no more regarding these mistakes, Fred, which both of us fell into, but rejoice that they have resulted in such a happy issue. And I know we shall not either of us forget the lesson of our past experience."

Nor did they.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

WESTERN TERPSICHORES.—A young lady in San Francisco had been dancing with a partner who evidently pleased her, and, wishing generously to share the pleasure, she introduced him to another lady, thus: "Miss Why, he whizzed me round the room so that my feet never touched ground, except when he quit his hold to take a new grab!"

HOW TO MAKE A LADY STICK OUT HER LITTLE FINGER.—The best way of securing this effect is to put on the finger in question a handsome diamond ring. The mere desire to display the diamond to the best advantage is sure to make the lady stick out her little finger in her most charming manner possible. When the effect begins to fall substitute another ring of greater brilliancy. Success must attend these repeated efforts.

DANGER FROM A COLD ROOM.—Fresh air is good always, but it may be too cool for health. Ventilation is important, but it will not be safe to secure it by opening windows in winter. People may be overzealous for an object, and push it to great extremes, as many think it unhealthy to sleep in a warm room in winter. Dr. Hall protests earnestly against sleeping in cold rooms, or opening windows in chambers during the winter.

A SCOTTISH minister being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of the contention within. After waiting a little, he opened the door, and walked in, saying with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house."—"Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee, we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.—A treasure of a husband—carries the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the funds. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother; if anything, a little older. A treasure of a servant—runs to the post-office in less than half-an-hour. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb its "dear papa" in the middle of the night.

WHEN the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of one of the ships, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. Such an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid?" answered the sailor; "no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers!"

DISPERSING THE LADIES.—At Boulogne, during a Royal reception some years ago, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see every-

thing, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line that the latter were forced to give way, and generally were—to use the expression of policemen—"hindered in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, observing the state of affairs, called out, "If they don't keep back kiss them all;" after the first sound of the drum the ladies took the flight. "If they had been French," said a Parisian journal, "they would have remained to a woman."

SPANISH GIPSIES.—It is impossible not to be struck by the originality and cleverness of the gipsies even in their vices. A gipsy-man was at confession one day; and, whilst he was confessing, he spied in the pocket of the monk's habit a silver snuff-box, and stole it. "Father," he said, immediately, "I accuse myself of having stolen a silver snuff-box." "Then, my son, you must certainly restore it." "Will you have it yourself, my father?" "I? Certainly not, my son!" "The fact is," proceeded the gipsy, "that I have offered it to its owner, and he has refused it." "Then you can keep it with a good conscience," answered the father.—*Wanderings in Spain.*

A FOOL'S MISTAKE.—No man in the world less knows a fool than himself. Nay, he is more than ignorant, for he constantly errs in the point, taking himself for, and demeaning himself as towards another, a better, a wiser, and abler man than he is. He hath wonderful conceits of his own qualities and faculties; he affects commendations incompetent to him; he soars at employment surpassing his abilities to manage. No comedy can represent a mistake more odd and ridiculous than his, for he wonders, and stares, and hunts after, but never can find nor discern himself, but always encounters a false shadow instead thereof, which he passionately hugs and admires.

DIAMONDS THAT ARE HISTORICAL.—Of the diamonds of historical size the potentates of Europe are the possessors of almost all, the following being the names of the more celebrated:—The Sultan of Matan, 360 carats; the Regent, 135 carats; the Koh-i-noor, 186 carats; the Orloff, 195 carats; the Sancl, 54 carats. The last mentioned has survived adventures enough to merit a detailed account. Nurtured on the breast of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, from him it passed to the Saneels, and was christened. It next turns up among the crown jewels of France, assisting at the coronation of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., and disappearing at the sack of the Tuilleries. Ferdinand VII. of Spain afterwards became its owner, his queen giving it to Godoy, Prince de la Paix, from whom it passed to several unimportant hands, until an East India nabob, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Bombay, secured it by purchase for £20,000.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—An extremely sharp and intelligent American gentleman from the West once walked into the office of Doctor C. T. Jackson, the chemist. "Doctor Jackson, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir." "Are you alone?" "Yes, sir." "May I look the door?" And he did so; and, having looked behind the sofa satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow bandanna, on the table, and opened it. "There, doctor, look at that." "Well," said the doctor, "I see it." "What do you call that, doctor?" "I call it iron pyrites." "What!" said the man—"Isn't that stuff gold?" "No," replied the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites." And, putting some over the fire in a shovel, it evaporated up the chimney. "Well," said the gentlemanly man with a woebegone look, "there's a wicker woman up in our town has a whole hill-full of that, and I've been and married her."

A WORD ABOUT MARRIAGE.—A physician writes the following sensible advice:—"My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that God never gave man a greater proof of his love than to place woman here with him. My advice is:—Go—propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she says yes, tell her how much your income is—from what source derived—and tell her you will divide the last shilling with her, and love her with all your heart in the bargain. And then keep your promise. My word for it she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Gentlemen, don't worry about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her, love her sincerely, and throw it up to her frequently, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you never meet anywhere. You won't deceive her, I know, but she will never see it. Now throw aside pride and selfishness, and see what will come of it."

A FORTUNE IN ITSELF.—Civility is a fortune in itself; for a courteous man generally succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasure to be denied a favor by his Grace than to receive a favour by most men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of every country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we may recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to strangers, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in behalf of, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Lay the gloves on a clean folded towel. Dip a piece of clean flannel into some milk and rub well with brown soap and scour the glove towards the fingers. When thoroughly rubbed lay them on the grass to dry.

PAINT AND GREASE.—An excellent recipe for removing paint or grease spots from garments may be had by mixing four tablespoonfuls of alcohol with a tablespoonful of salt. Shake the whole well together, and apply with a sponge or brush.

FURNITURE POLISH.—An excellent furniture polish is made with one pint of linseed oil, and about half a gill of alcohol, stirred well together and applied to the furniture with a linen rag. Rub dry with a soft cotton cloth, and finish with an old piece of silk.

TO WHITEN FLANNEL.—Flannel which has become yellow with use may be whitened by putting it for some days in a solution of hard soap to which strong ammonia has been added. The proportions given are one pound and a half of hard curd soap, fifty pounds of soft water, and two-thirds of a pound of strong ammonia. The same object may be attained in a shorter time by placing the garments for a quarter of an hour in a weak solution of bisulphate of soda, to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added.

A REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.—One ounce of tannic acid is to be dissolved in about a pint of water, and four scruples of iodine in a sufficiency of concentrated alcohol. The two solutions are then mixed together, and enough water is added to make up two pints of fluid. The best time for using the remedy is on going to bed. The solution is placed on a slow fire in an earthen or china vessel; the part affected with chilblains is then introduced into the fluid, and is to be kept there until the liquid becomes too hot to be withdrawn, and to be dried by being kept near the fire. When chilblains are ulcerated it is best to diminish the quantity of iodine.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

TWENTY-SEVEN Nashville ladies determined to practise economy, vowed not to wear anything more expensive than calico dresses to church; and they stuck to it, as none of them have attended church since.

THERE are seven ladies on the staff of the Chicago Balance a monthly paper, and their remarks only cover eight pages. It is wonderful how they keep their balance with so little scope for the expression of their feelings.

AN absent-minded man entered a shoe-shop the other day, and wanted his boy measured for a pair of shoes.—"But where's the boy?" asked the shopman.—"By George!" exclaimed the man, "I've left the boy at home. I'll go and get him," and off he started for his home, six streets away.

EXTRAVAGANT DRESS.—"Speaking of extravagance in dress," writes Captain Crossree, "the most expensively dressed man I ever saw was an African chief on the Gold Coast. His wives had anointed him thoroughly with palm-oil, and then powdered him from head to foot with gold dust. You never saw in your life a man go up so utterly regardless of expense."

DOCTOR AND PARSON.—A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, how it happened that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age. To which question the clergyman replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

ILL-BOUND.—A celebrated had Scotch divine, just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in the front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. The whole pack was scattered over the floor of the gallery. The minister could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage.—"Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill-bound!"

BY THE CARD.—It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback in the evening, which was pretty dark. Just before he reached a neighboring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that condition he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

A HERO.—A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed:—"Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?"—"Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, April 4th, 1874.

All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 47.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

White. Black.
1. B to K B 4th 1. Any
2. Q mates.

Correct solution sent on by L. S., Quebec.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 48.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

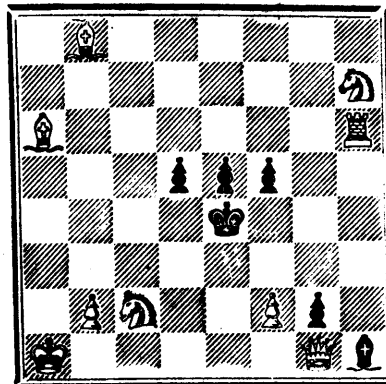
White. Black.
1. R to Q Kt 5th 1. Any
2. Mates acc.

Correct solution received from L. S., Quebec.

PROBLEM No. 55.

By F. W. MARTINDALE.

BLACK.



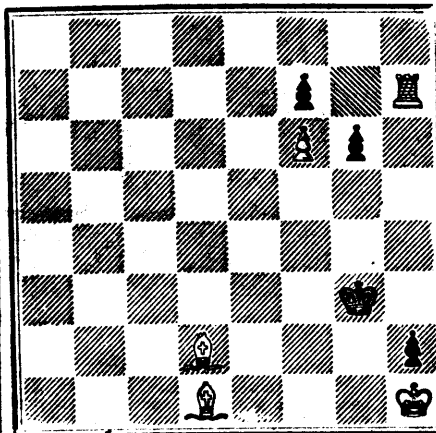
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 56.

By JACOB ELSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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