

**Good Night.**  
Down the long lane the lowing cattle come:  
The workmen from the fields are turning home:  
The birds are chirping farwells to the sun  
Who blazes from the western goal he won:  
The children, tripping gaily home from school,  
Peep with rosy faces through stream and pool  
To catch the last of their mother's ear;  
With all the tales a mother needs must hear:  
The pedlar stops his painted cart before  
The ever-open hospitable door:  
And strikes him up a thrifty bargain there:  
Exchanging goods for honey, wholesome fare:  
The horses whinnying loud the stable by:  
The fowls to roost in cackling chorus fly:  
The crickets sing the lullaby to the grass below:  
And all the scene is dimmed in hazy glow.  
There is no time so full of calm delight,  
When all things murmur low a soft "Good night."

**MAJOR RANDALL'S WARNING.**

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.  
PART I.  
One wintry evening, Major Mark Randall, of the 14th Regiment of Hussars, home on leave from Madras, descended from the train bound to York at a small station on the line to Boston, Lincolnshire. Although a tolerably fine day when he left London, it soon after began to rain, and increased to a steady downpour. In the retired country district it was dark as if late at night. The Major, carrying a small portmanteau in one hand, a stout stick in the other, was well protected by a thick ulster; and lighting a cigar, he set off on a cross-country walk he had known well enough in bygone years. He was bound to an old mansion at about four miles' distance, on a few days' visit to his maiden aunts, whom he had begged not to send a carriage to meet him at the station, as, having business matters to transact in London, the hour of his arrival would be very uncertain. Probably he now repented of this decision, for, after proceeding some yards, he turned back towards the station.  
"I suppose it would be impossible to procure a conveyance over to Cressing Hall," he called out to the porter, who was watching him from the door.  
"Yes, sir. Unless bespoken, you'll not get nothing on wheels to-night. If you're bound to the Major's, you'd better not go by the footpath. We've had so much rain of late, the drains is overflowed, and the waters is out."  
"But the road takes such a turn; it is nigh three miles longer," said the Major.  
"Better go a long tramp than take a short-cut to get drowned," returned the porter.  
Major Randall laughed; but having lived too long in the world to despise local advice, he took the road. Even that was by no means safe; the drains, as they are called in the country, are in reality very deep canals, skirting the roads, with unprotected sides, and very easily walked into by a person ignorant of the locality.  
The officer started at first briskly; but the rain fell so fast that the atmosphere was blinding as a curtain, and he deemed it most prudent to proceed at a footpace. Even on a black night, there is a faint light on country roads; it was just sufficient for him to see the stones in their courses. He often lighted a fusee, but, unfortunately, they were soon exhausted. Occasionally, he saw the glimmer of a distant light, probably from a cottage window; but knowing that he was in the Fen county, he did not venture to seek it. The roads were perfectly open and unsheltered; if trees bounded them, they were tall poplars, affording no shelter at all, and now the rain descended like a water-pour.  
"A pleasant night this to be out in," exclaimed a voice at his elbow, and he heard feet splashing through the slush beside him.  
"Perhaps we may reach a road-side cottage," said the Major.  
"There are none. But I'll tell you what there is a little farther on—Bertoff's old chereh; it has a porch."  
"That will do," said the officer; and the two quickened their pace.  
"Here it is," cried the newcomer, presently darting to a lighthouse, that, being printed white, stood out ghostly through the gloom. A short gravel path led across the ancient churchyard, bordered with tombstones, to the ample porch, with oaken seats on either side, and well protected from the rain.  
"This is a famous shelter," said the Major. "If you have a fusee, I will offer you a cigar." "I replied his companion; "I never smoke.—Listen! There is the cry of a bittern; this must be the clearing-up shower; they do not cry unless the rain is going off. I shall not be sorry to get home, for I missed my train, and have a long walk to reach Boston."  
"If you know the roads well," said the Major.  
"By heart," answered the other. "It is a pity that we have so much water in these parts; it gives Lincolnshire a bad name; and there's not a nicer county in England in summer-time; it smells of nothing but hay and the variety of grasses is wonderful to the old as understands them."  
"At this instant the church clock in the old tower above deliberately struck the quarters and then the hour of seven."  
"It's getting late," continued the stranger, whose voice was cheery and pleasant. "I suppose I must be going on, but as it is I've had nothing but ill-luck to-day. It did not rain when started to call on a person at Holywell, I intended to see but he was out. Then I missed the train; and am almost drenched to the skin; though that can't hurt me; we Lincolnshire folk are said to be half-frogs, you know," and he laughed merrily.  
"If I remember rightly," said the Major, "this road divides into two."  
"Yes, Omgost to Boston, the other to Spalding. We are about a mile from the village. Bless you! water is it hereabouts, it's nothing to what it was once. In this churchyard they only dug the graves just in time for the funerals, for they filled with water directly; and as for Bertoff, I've heard my grandfather say he of you men, walk quickly to the gate and his splashing foot-prints die away in the distance. The darkness was such that he never saw him, therefore, had no idea of his appearance. The conversation they held together was short and trifling, yet destined to be words of intense importance for the time. Only last week after waiting some little time, the rain abated, and the Major resumed his journey reaching his destination at half-past eight o'clock, tired with his long tramp, and very wet. His arrival caused quite an excitement, for the Miss Ingestres had given him up.  
How familiar yet how different did these ladies appear to him—welcoming the bronzed, bearded soldier with the same voices, in their former affectionate manner, standing in the identical places in the entrance hall as in bygone years, when he visited them regularly at the vacations. Nothing had changed saved themselves; the fine middle-aged women he had left were now two thin, wrinkled, old ladies—kind as ever, but more fussy so. As for himself, the gay heedless youth was now the tall experienced soldier of many battles, who had more than once been wounded.  
After the first surprise at his changed appearance was over, they soon forgot it, and he was the dear boy of former years. Seated at the hospitable table, where an admirable impromptu dinner was got up for him, adorned with its silver and crystal, also flowers brought in from the conservatories, surrounded by luxury, a splendid fire on the hearth, the red velvet curtains closely drawn, the carved oak furniture as he remembered it, and old family portraits on the walls—it was difficult to realize that he had been absent seventeen years, living what seemed a lifetime of change and peril. Here was unaltered peace. All he missed were the silver-haired butler, who had served his maternal grandfather, and the old housekeeper Toby who had been his companion in many a ramble.  
"And have you been going on the same life all these years?" he asked.  
"Yes, dear boy—as you left us, so you find us. We have been several times to London just to get food for the mind, as I may say—new books, new music, to hear famous preachers, and to attend a few lectures at the Royal Institution, and a concert or two. But there is no place like home. When we are away, things go wrong and the poor people miss us. We lead quiet lives. Your letters were a great delight to us, and sometimes caused us much anxiety, for we have followed you all through your career, dear Mark."  
"I feel as if I had never been away; and awakened from a long sleep full of dreams," said the Major.  
"You will not know Caroline when you see her," said Aunt Lydia. "She was a bride when you left; now, her eldest boy is at Eton; and as for her husband, who was such a waltzer, he cannot get a hunter strong enough to carry him."  
"Time brings its changes," said the Major.  
"I have a few visits to pay when I leave you; then I shall run down to Worcester-shire and have a look at them."  
"This referred to Major Randall's only sister, after whose wedding he had left for India.  
There was no rain the following morning; and the Miss Ingestres, well wrapped up, insisted upon marshalling their long-absent nephew about the grounds to see the improvements. On returning through the garden, they were met by the head-gardener, who stopped touching his hat.  
"Beg your pardons, ladies, but there's such shocking news."  
"Indeed," cried Miss Ingestre, looking startled.  
"Yes, mum. Mr. Twyford, the miller at Roby, was shot dead as he was riding home from Mersotoke last night."  
"What! Old Mr. Twyford shot?"  
"Shot! A dreadful thing!" cried Miss Lydia.  
"He was coming home along the high-road, it seems, on Gray Dobbin, an old horse as could find the way blindfold. It was a bad night, we know; but through the noise of falling rain, a woman in a cottage heard two shots fired. She ran to the door just in time to see the horse galloping away sketched; so she fetched a lantern, and found Mr. Twyford lying in the road. She got help; but the poor old gentleman was dead—shot through the heart."  
"Was he robbed?"  
"No, mum. That's the strange part of it; his purse and pocketbook was untouched. There's a regular hue and cry through the country to find the murderer, folks is so sorry. Old Mr. Twyford was as well known as Boston Stump."  
"You remember him, dear Mark, do you not?"  
"I had forgotten his name; but I recollect going several times with the Vicarage boys to be weighed at the mill. He was a tall man, I think. His wife used to bring us out oswalp wine. There was a daughter too—a young, timid, slip of a girl," said the Major, turning his thoughts backward.  
"Ah! she grew up the beauty of the county. People would ride past the mill to try and get a peep at her. I have seen many beautiful girls, but never one so perfectly lovely as poor Elizabeth."  
"Why do you say poor? Is she dead?"  
"She may be; there has been no news of her for some years. Mrs. Twyford died, though; and perhaps Elizabeth has long been of her own way. She went on a visit, and became acquainted with a showy man who called himself a gentleman. No doubt he was an adventurer, for it was well known the miller's daughter would have a good fortune. He paid his addresses to her; but Mr. Twyford forbade him in the house. Said to Mrs. Twyford, "I'll never see him."  
"No doubt the unprincipled man counted on the father's forgiveness, for he doted on his daughter. She might have married well, for all the young men in these parts were in love with her, she was so amiable. Anyhow, the miller defeated him, for he disinherited Elizabeth. He often loved her, though, for he seemed to become an old man all at once," said Miss Lydia, taking up the thread of the narrative. "It was very unkind of her; but I suppose she was led away by the man's good looks."  
"The old, old story," remarked Major Randall. "I wonder how often it has happened, and will happen again."  
"I will be the same as long as there are serpent tongues," said Miss Ingestre with asperity.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**THE SHADOW OF HERSELF.**

A Sketch of the Last Napoleon's Widow as she Appears To-day.

Farnborough Station is a lovely village with the old-fashioned cottages nestling in a valley, the recluses of ex-Empress Eugenie and the burial place of Napoleon III. and Prince Louis.  
A servant in livery of the Countess Marie Eugenie Pierpont, as the ex-Empress calls herself now, was waiting at the depot for the mail, newspapers from London and her beloved Paris. Entering into a conversation with the French valet I learned that visitors who wished to see "her majesty's" present home were quite frequent, and that there would be no objection whatever to my going over the grounds.  
A few minutes' walk along a dusty, hilly road brought us to the gate of Farnborough Hall. It is a magnificent structure in the early English style, surrounded by groups of stately trees and huge patches of lawn that show a lavish display of landscape gardening. The picturesque, comfortable-looking building is of red brick, with granite ornaments in the lower part, while the upper stories are cemented and embellished with wood-work.  
Farnborough hall is the model of an English country seat. It can boast of the most recent improvements. All the gas used is made on the estate, the entire house is heated by a huge heating apparatus, the water is supplied by steam from a neighboring lake, and all possible measures of precaution have been made in case of fire. The adjoining park is most skillfully laid out; there are ornamental lakes with both houses and fishing cottages, terraces, walks, vineyards, lawn tennis, and croquet grounds. A kitchen garden, three acres in extent, with magnificent hedges and a couple of stables are not failing.  
What a cheerful life could be led in such a place. And yet the lady of the house passes her days in quiet sorrow and monotony, and nobody wonders who hears her past, a story of life, of triumph, and defeat that is not rivaled by the experience of any other woman in this century. She is a doubly wretched cause of her own downfall; her reckless extravagance and capricious frivolities could not last forever. And yet her dazzling career was not void of kindly deeds. She was one of the first to recognize Daudet's talent, and it was she who decorated Rosa Bonheur with the Legion of Honor.  
Now she is all alone. The queen who spent 500,000 francs a day for her toilet, the revived the wanton splendor of Louis XV. times in her festivals of unheard-of luxury at the Tuileries and Fontainebleau, who dreamt of might, conquests that would make her the Empress of Europe and had the entire aristocracy of France at her beck and call has now to be satisfied with a force of attendants and two lady friends of her former household, that try in vain to make her life more cheerful.  
She likes solitude best, and though high visitors are frequent, but few are admitted. Only Queen Victoria, who drives over from Windsor, is always welcome.  
Most of her time she spends in meditation and prayer. As she suffers from insomnia, she keeps up a steady stream of prayer. After the night's rest she attends to her correspondence and writes a few pages of her memories that are to be published after her death. Before luncheon she drives to the village to visit some one who is ill, and on her return pays her daily visit to the mausoleum, where she prays for the souls of her two lady friends of her former household, that try in vain to make her life more cheerful.  
Sometimes the Empress goes to London or the sea coast for a brief visit, but she seldom makes any visits except upon her most intimate friends, whose number grows smaller with every day, and she rarely goes out to visit her. She is still fond of France and often visits Paris, though no one cares for her in the gay city. In former times the mob hooted the "fatal woman," as they have called her, but now nobody takes notice of her. During the winter she sometimes goes to Italy or to the southern coast of France. At present she has a villa built on the Mediterranean sea, between Monaco and Mentone.  
Watching some gardeners arrange some flower beds in the front of the house, I saw a dark robed figure emerge from the entrance hall. It was Eugenie heavily leaning on two crutch-like canes, and carefully picking her way along the private path that leads from the mansion to the church.  
How she has changed. If the picture of Winterhalter was ever true, who depicted her as a resting beauty, pure, fresh and lovely, wrapped entirely in a mist of lace, with jewels of fabulous value in her golden hair, and strings of pearls around her swan like neck, and a statue bust.  
Now her figure is quite full and stooping, her neck has lost its graceful curved hues, her face is pale and wrinkled, and her hair black and white. She is over 69 now. And yet in her black cashmere cloak, trimmed with ermine, her black gloves, her widow's bonnet with its long veils, she is still a striking figure. And at an advanced age she still retains the luster of former days, when all France knelt at her feet. No tears could wash away their marvelous beauty.  
The way to the church leads through a row of majestic yew trees. As the queen approaches the church, which stands on the crest of a hill, with a superb view of the loveliest spots of rural England, old, white-robed monks steps up to her and respectfully bowing hands her a bunch of violets, which she accepts with a gentle nod. It is her favorite flower, and around the white church violets have been planted by the monks, who reverse her as does everybody in Farnborough. In her old days she has become a philanthropist who gives liberally the interests of the laboring people for miles around her country seat.  
The monk accompanied the Empress to the entrance of the church, turned the key, the doors swung open, and she entered. What memories may pass before her as she sits alone in that chamber of death.  
The monk, who had guessed my business, seeing me follow at a respectful distance, kindly told me that I could visit the place ally to charity. Majesty had left. In the meantime he invited me to a chat and a glass of wine in the adjoining monastery, and an hour quickly passed, when the Empress returned in the same slow way that she had come.  
Then we repaired to the mausoleum. It is a little chapel with tiled floor laid out in mosaic, containing a few chairs and praying stools of dark velvet, and an altar where the monks say mass and where the only other person present on such occasions is the ex-Empress. To the right of the other is the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the unhappy Emperor. It is of brass, very massive, weighing several tons, on the inscription plate the words "As a mark of affectionate sympathy by Victoria R." are engraved. The remains of the Prince, who died so unfortunately in the Zulu war, rest on the left in a huge granite sarcophagus. In both tombs many of the loose violets have been heaped. The most noticeable is an artificial wreath of immortelles tied with artificial ribbons, laid there by Eugenie, and an artificial wreath of ivy sent by Queen Victoria, tied with a white, long satin bow, bearing her signature.  
But more fascinating than any of these are the loose violets that are scattered about the little chapel. Day after day, often plucking them herself, she strews with trembling hands, a handful of violets on both graves. Most visitors ask the favor to take a small bunch of these violets along with them as a souvenir, which is willingly granted.  
At the foot of each tomb is placed an arm chair, and there the Empress sits, alternately for a time, alone with her sorrow, and when her prayers are done she will rest for a time in a niche just back of the prince's tomb, where she will rest when her troubles are over.  
The Weather is Warm.  
The coming of warm weather brings with it the necessity for refrigerators, wire screens and all the paraphernalia of the store-closet and the kitchen, used as a protection against heat and flies. Before the summer and care can give should be taken to remove all debris of decaying vegetation or animal matter, not only from the precincts of the cellar and kitchen, but from the yard and the vicinity of the house. If proper precautions are observed, even in the hottest weather there will be little trouble from flies. The fly is a useful scavenger, who performs with absolute faithfulness his thankless task of trying to save careless and thoughtless people from the legitimate effects of their own negligence. The year when there is a scarcity of flies is marked by fevers and pestilence. You are troubled with an abundance of flies, yet exercise every care and precaution in your power, you may be sure there is some cause for them which you have not discovered.  
The farmers who insist on living for convenience in close proximity to the stable and chicken yards will be troubled with flies, no matter what precautions are exercised in the house, for the reason that these vile little creatures are at work destroying the animal effluvia which might otherwise be dangerous to human life. Never allow flies to appear suddenly in a house without looking about to detect a reason for their coming. They may mean a neglected garbage-pail, a forgotten cesspool, which has become dangerously choked up. They always mean something. Instead of attempting to kill them with fly-paper, look about for the reason. Like all other vermin, they are one of nature's warnings that you are not living in the right way, or that a near neighbor is not, which unfortunately means the same thing to you.  
It is doubly necessary in summer that the tables be cleared and the floors be swept as rapidly as possible after meals. For the least debris of food left in a corner will fester in the warm atmosphere in a few hours, and attract a little horde of scavengers. If the tables are quickly cleared, and the rooms neatly swept and darkened during the heat of the day, there should be little trouble with flies. If there is any reason for the presence of flies near your house, it may be necessary to use fly screens. Do not resort to powders and poisons, but remember that an ounce of prevention in this case, as in all others, is worth a pound of cure, and that some amount of energy applied to keeping the premises strictly clean will accomplish more than if directed to the destruction of the fly, who simply comes to remind us, in a very disagreeable way, it is true, that we have been derelict or living in unwholesome surroundings.

**ENGLAND'S SPEAKER.**

An Interesting Figure in Imperial Politics.

(BY EDGAR WAKEFIELD.)  
One of the most interesting figures in English public life, and of late years a very important factor in English politics, though he himself is no politician, is the Rt. Hon. Arthur Wellesley, Earl of Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons. It seldom happens that a distinguished man has sons who rise to distinction, but the late Sir Robert Peel, the famous Conservative statesman who repealed the corn laws and paved the way for free trade and all the other reforms which have made Great Britain the foremost commercial and maritime power on earth, was an exception. He was killed by a fall from his horse before he had time to consolidate the fortunes of his family, and, indeed, he never showed any eagerness to advance his relatives. But he gave his sons a splendid education and they have proved quite able to do the rest for themselves. The eldest, Sir Robert, who succeeded his father as third baronet, was a well known diplomatist in his youth, and represented Tamworth in the House of Commons uninterruptedly for thirty years, a very unusual experience. He rose to be a lord of the admiralty and chief secretary for Ireland, but sacrificed his whole political future by siding with Mr. Gladstone and home rule in 1886, when he lost his seat in Parliament and retired into private life. He is a member of the privy council and a grand cross of the bath, and holds all sorts of other honors; and if he had not had a propensity for getting into scrapes about ladies and fighting duels, he would probably have filled his father's place as his father. His next brother, Sir Frederick Peel, has also had a conspicuous parliamentary career, and has held such important posts as under-secretary for war and secretary to the treasury. He, too, is a member of the privy council. The youngest son is the Earl of Peel, who is a member of the privy council ex-officio, being the official medium of communication between the sovereign and the elected representatives of her people. This is probably the only instance of one family furnishing three brothers to the privy council at the same time, and it must be said for the Peels that each of them has fairly earned his position by his own peculiar merits. What those merits are, in the case of the speaker, it would be very hard to explain at all precisely. It used to be said of Sir Robert Peel, the elder, that he played on the House of Commons as if he were a child, and his youngest son's elevation is due to that same indefinable instinct for discerning the tempers of men and knowing how to lead them without letting them feel they are being led.  
The Speaker of the House of Commons is elected by the vote of the majority at the beginning of each Parliament, and holds office for the duration of the Parliament, that is, seven years, unless a dissolution occurs earlier, which is usually the case. Almost invariably, however, a member is proposed for Speaker by the government of the day, who is known beforehand to be acceptable to all parties, and is elected by unanimous acclamation. If the ministry were to propose a member for Speaker and he was rejected in favor of some other member proposed by the opposition, that would be regarded as a vote of want of confidence, and the ministry would be compelled to retire from office. But such a thing has never occurred during the present century, and it has very rarely happened that a rival to the ministerial candidate has been proposed. As a rule, a Speaker once elected is re-elected in office as long as he pleases, being formally re-nominated and re-elected as the first business of each succeeding Parliament. The election of Speaker is rather an interesting ceremony. The member proposed remains seated in the body of the house until the vote is declared, when the leaders of all the political parties, have eulogized his character and expressed their desire to support his authority, he proceeds to the steps of the chair and submits himself to the House, begging them to consider well their choice before deciding. No dissenting voice being heard, he accepts the office and seats himself in the chair, flanked by all sides. Some nominal business having been done a short recess follows, after which the Speaker-elect reappears in court dress, black cloth coat, with lace frill and braided buttons, black kerseymere breeches, black silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and over all a richly braided black silk gown with a long train, and a full-bottomed curled white wig falling on his shoulders. He is preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, in full court dress and sword, bearing the gold mace, and followed by a retinue of ushers and other officials. In the meantime word has been sent to the Queen of the election, and a few minutes later the royal messenger arrives conveying her Majesty's pleasure that her "faithful Commons" should present their speaker to her at a certain date and hour. When the time comes the Speaker and his officers drive in state to the palace, followed by his proposer and as many other members as choose to go. The party are seated into the Speaker's presence and the Speaker, kneeling, claims for the House of Commons a renewal of their ancient privileges and for himself free access to the sovereign and all rightful favors. The Queen greets him graciously, congratulates the members on their choice, promises to uphold and sustain their rights, and dismisses them to their homes. Thereafter the speaker ceases to belong to any political party or to take any party in debates or divisions, unless compelled to exercise a casting vote, which he always gives on that side which allows of further consideration of the question. His duty is to preside over the proceedings of the House and to decide on all questions of order or procedure, and his authority in every case is final. Of late years, his personal power and responsibility have been vastly increased by the rules of "closure," which authorize and require him to use his discretion in cutting short debates when the willful obstruction takes place. He has the power to suspend members or even to commit them to prison for gross misconduct, and his warrant is as powerful for the punishment of persons found guilty of contempt of the house. On the other hand he himself is exempted from arrest, or any other legal process of action, in his official capacity. At any time when he chooses to retire from the speaker's office, or fails to secure re-election, he receives a peerage with hereditary descent to his heirs male. The Speaker receives a salary of \$25,000 a year, and a retiring pension of \$12,500 for life; and he has the control of patronage and expenditures, independently of the government, amounting to \$150,000 a year. He has a very handsome residence and suite of offices at the House of Commons, and his official dinners and other entertainments are among the choicest festivities of London society. Each day he labors with his sergeant, chaplain, and ushers, the lace skirts of his long robe held up by train-bearers, to hear prayers read and open the proceedings—a quaint

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