

I had had a week of it ; it was a terrible week. If I could have had but a scintilla of hope I could have borne it ; but Dr. Herbert had been precise : " three months—or less ;" those were his very words. I was in my bath chair. I was being wheeled slowly, very slowly, to avoid that dangerous jolting, when—could my eyes deceive me ?—I saw Ball, Dr. Ball.

" Good gracious !" cried the old Doctor ; " Tremlett, what the deuce is the matter ?" He held out his hand, which I took in my loose lined fur glove (it was August, but " the extremities cannot be kept too warm").

" Matter," I replied reprovingly ; " hasn't he told you ?"

" Hasn't who told me ? Told me what ?" cried Dr. Ball.

" Doctor, I'm an auriculo ventricular regurgitator !" I said, with the calm of one who knows that he is condemned to die, but who is at least determined to meet his fate like a man.

" A hwhat, a hwhat ?" cried Ball ; he is an Irishman, and he says " hwhat" when he is excited.

" That is, I believe, the professional expression," I said ; for I was hurt at his rough manner. " I had it from Dr. Herbert a week ago."

" Ah, Herbert—ah, poor fellow !" said Dr. Ball ; and then he whipped off my glove, he put his finger on my pulse, and he laughed aloud in the most unfeeling manner. " Get out of that chair," he said, " you're as sound as a roach. I'm awfully sorry, Tremlett," said Dr. Ball in a lower tone, as he led me to a chair and waved the chairman off, out of hearing : " Herbert, poor fellow, is as mad as a hatter. He's told all my patients the same thing, and I was summoned back in haste. He's in Hanwell now, poor fellow ; sad case."

" But, Doctor"—I began.

" Don't but me, sir," cried Dr. Ball. " I tell you there's nothing wrong. I can't do it in the park, but jump into my carriage (fancy telling an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator to jump), and I'll sound you, if it's any consolation to you, as soon as we get to Queen Anne-street."

He was right. I've no further use for " Mopes on Diseases of the Heart." I'm to be married next month. If Ethelinda's mother has any nonsense about her I shall lend her my copy of Mopes.

SERVED HIM OUT.—One day while a trial was going on, an old gentleman of eighty, Mr. William King, sought admission, but was told that he could not enter. Going to the office of one of the court officials, Mr. King explained that he was an old friend of the judge, and he was sure the judge would let him in if he knew he was there. He was told that the court room was full, but that he would try to find a place for him. In a few moments the two entered the court room.

" Sit down," said the judge sternly.

" My lord," explained the official, " this is an old friend of yours."

" Sit down," cried the judge, louder and more sternly.

Mr. King looked as if he would like to have a big hole come up through the floor and swallow him. There was no place for him to sit down, and still the judge kept calling for him to do so. He looked appealingly at his old friend, but the old friend only glared on him savagely and repeated the awful command, " Sit down !"

When the old gentleman had succeeded in reaching the seats set aside for counsel, some one got up and gave him his seat. When the court was adjourned the judge came down from the bench rubbing his hands together gleefully and laughing immoderately.

" I made him sit down, didn't I ?" he said in Mr. King's presence to one who had been an interested spectator of the proceedings. " I'll teach him not to beat me at whist as he did last night. I wish I had had half a chance, I would have put him out," and seizing Mr. King by the arm he took his old crony out to lunch with him.

In a country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms, and the latter had to do with a new hymn-book. Owing to an accident, he inverted the order, and gave out as follows :—

" I am requested to give notice that the new hymn-book will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next ; and I am also requested to call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptized ; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies."

" And for the information of those who have none," added the rector, in gentle, kindly tones, and who, being deaf, had not heard what had been previously said, " for the information of those who have none I may state that, if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to-day. Limp ones one shilling each ; with stiff backs, two shillings."

MANY Goal Chaplains are, I am confident, exemplary Christians, but there are unfortunate instances to the contrary, and one, not the least conspicuous, is to be found at Maidstone. The Secretary of the Howard Association, being desirous of sending a copy of the Association's Reports to the Roman Catholic priest ministering at Maidstone Gaol, addressed it to " The Roman Catholic Chaplain," the title by which the Minister in question is ordinarily known, and to which he has as much right as Cardinal Manning to that of " Archbishop." Shortly afterwards Mr. Tallack received the following precious communication :—

H. M. Prison, Maidstone, November 24, 1889.

SIR.—The postman has delivered to me two copies of Howard Association Report, *one* addressed to the Chaplain, which I opened. The other copy I have much pleasure in returning to you. If you consult the Prison Act, you will find there is only *one* Chaplain, and he belongs to the Established Church of England. The Prison Act recognises a " Prison Minister," but no Chaplain save the one mentioned above.—Faithfully yours,

WM. JACKSON, Chaplain.

Mr. Tallack, Howard Association.

As the Prisons Act does not authorize a Church of England Chaplain to intercept and return to the sender documents sent by post and manifestly intended for somebody else, Mr. Tallack very properly returned the report to this Reverend Jackson, politely requesting him to hand it to the Catholic minister. To this the Chaplain replied :—

I return your enclosed Report, with the hope that you will remember that I am not a common messenger.

There are doubtless many exalted posts in the Established Church which the Rev. Jackson is highly calculated to adorn. For the lowly office, however, of messenger of the Gospel to the population of a prison, I would suggest to the Home Secretary that some one with a little more of the common messenger about him would be much better suited.

It may interest women to learn that the islanders of New Guinea are married according not to their own inclinations, but to those of their parents. They are most frequently affianced at a very tender age but are afterwards forbidden to associate with each other. Indeed, this is carried so far that the girl may not even look at her future husband. Both must avoid all contact with the members, both male and female, of the family into which they are about to enter.

Their wedding ceremonies are characterised by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted at night in a torchlight procession through the village. One woman carries her on her back, while another binds her arms, as though she were a captive, and leads her by the rope to the house of her betrothed. This is a symbol of slavery—a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class has preserved. There is nothing of this in the procession of the poor.

On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives.