

He—that he was coming back to the old town to persuade the kind old Mrs. Mayhew to return with him to his new home.

Some of the leading people put their heads together and concluded that something ought to be done.

Accordingly, as the train stopped at the station, Quip was astonished to hear the band rattling forth some lively air. As he stepped on to the platform he was greeted with a rousing cheer, and, after considerable hand shaking and other congratulations, he was further astounded by having a deputation from the Town Council present him with an address of welcome. After which the party proceeded up town, in two or three carriages, escorted by the band which played appropriate music.

A dinner had been arranged, in his honor, for that evening, and he said, in the course of his remarks in reply to the toast of his health, "this is the proudest moment of my life," and, doubtless, he spoke the truth.

For the next few days he had many callers, and he received numerous invitations to dinners.

A sardonic smile stole over his face as, one by one, he cast them aside and wrote a gracious declination to all except one.

This was from the Burtingtons.

The card remained in his hand very much longer than there was any necessity for. It was brief, but in it he could read volumes. As he continued to gaze upon it, the expression on his face went through a variety of changes, and a glimpse of his whole life seemed to pass before his mental view.

"Such is life," he said to himself at the conclusion of his reverie, and then he wrote out an acceptance of the invitation.

It was a large party, for the Burtingtons were very popular in their set. The Arundels, and the Spencers, and the Snythes, and the Sunnyfords, were all there, as well as a host of others whom it is needless to mention.

Quip was cordially received. He was arrayed in an elegant evening suit of the very latest cut, and, altogether, looked exceedingly well. His slightly reserved manner and his pleasant appearance generally, created a very favorable impression.

There was nothing ostentatious about him, however. He was, to some extent, the "chiefly observed," and he knew it, but the knowledge in no way incommoded him, nor did it interfere with the calm thoughtfulness of his countenance.

He shone in the drawing-room, took part in the dances, flirted with the ladies, and was everywhere accorded that deference which is usually paid to a young and handsome millionaire.

"I remember that day on the steamer, Mr. Hawthorn," said Miss Burtington, as she coyly trifled with her fan, during a little pause in a waltz, "when you plunged into the lake and saved that little child from drowning; I think it was very brave. Have you forgotten the incident?"

"I believe I have a slight remembrance of it, Miss Burtington," said Quip, carelessly, and then he added, "but I have a much more vivid recollection of a little lady smiling upon me, afterwards, and speaking a few words of approval. Do you remember that?"

Miss Burtington laughed and looked pleased, for she knew well whom he referred to. Then she said, shyly:

"That is a very little thing to remember so long, Mr. Hawthorn."

"I can hardly regard it as a little thing, Miss Burtington," said Quip, earnestly; "it was a kind word, and many an aching heart, in this uncharitable world, can testify as to the inestimable value of a kind and cheering word."

The remark made his lady companion feel just a little bit uneasy.

Later on, during a little conversation with him, Miss Sunnyford remarked, as her little hand rested lightly upon his arm:

"How strange it is, Mr. Hawthorn, that you should have lived here so long and we not have known you before."

"It is strange," replied Quip, dryly, and then he watched her face closely as he continued, "but I did not go out much in society."

During the evening Mr. Burtington and others expressed the hope that Mr. Hawthorn might be induced to continue to reside among them. To which Quip replied that "he was afraid that was hardly possible."

It was a very pleasant and agreeable evening, and everybody enjoyed themselves but one. That was Quip.

He did not go there for enjoyment; he went for satisfaction, and he had it.

A week later old Mrs. Mayhew had disposed of her little cottage, in which she had lived so long, and went away with Quip, whom, it is almost needless to add, she regarded with a motherly affection.

The day after their departure the *Observer* and *Despatch* contained an article entitled "Mummon Worshippers."

It was a clever satire. It ably bit off hypocrites, sycophants and a variety of other human shams, and eloquently portrayed the mockery of the world's professed friendship.

It was several days, however, before the people of it———learned that Quip was its author.

Quip and his motherly companion remained in New York, where he had previously secured a lucrative position on one of the great weeklies.

"Shute and Shute" was a clever-looking young fellow, and he had had several years experience in connexion with the press of that city.

He and Quip had been friends for some time.

Jamaica had no charm for Quip, but, were it not that his conscience pricks him occasionally, he could add his testimony that "Revenge is sweet."

Hamilton, Ont.

W. F. McM.

SOME FEBRILE SENSATIONS.

I awoke into life one morning after an absence from earth, so far as my own consciousness went, of I did not know how long. My wife says a week. It might have been five hundred years, and I would have been none the wiser. The last sensation I recollected was a dull miserable headache, following a weary day in the office—many weary, sick-headed days of self-dissipation with work that I knew to be imperfect, and yet which had to be produced as regularly as the day came round. There was also a dim remembrance of soft hands bathing my head, and then a blank.

I was astonished at myself that morning when I woke into consciousness. I tried to lift my hand, but there was no power. To turn? Impossible. All capability of independent activity was gone, and I found myself as close a prisoner as though I were in the *poggi*. I, who before that long blank, must I call it? had been so strong and self-reliant! There I lay, a log, listening to a wail that told me baby was no better, and a quick patter of feet that told of Violet's vivacity. By-and-by, as I was wondering what the mischief was the matter and what had brought me into such a condition, my wife came in softly and looked at me. "Why," she said, "you are awake and alive again. Do you know that you have been asleep for twenty-four hours?" I tried to answer her, but it was horribly difficult to get a tongue, ordinarily fluent enough, to discharge its accustomed duties. I believe I said that I was totally ignorant of what I had been occupied with.

"Ah, well," she said, "you are very ill, and you mustn't talk or be talked to; and you must lie perfectly still (there was no danger of my doing otherwise) and be alone."

So with cautious, soundless footsteps she left me, and I sank to sleep again. Waking I was given a drink of milk, and in a little while the doctor came. He told me what a desperate character I had been for the past week; how I had been in delirium, and had kicked up a rumpus sufficient to alarm the entire neighborhood; had frightened my own family out of their wits, and worked havoc among sections of the furniture. I listened to the narration with sad interest, particularly to that portion relating to the furniture wrecking era of my exploits, and expressed the contrite hope that the remainder of my disease, whatever it was, would not expose me to any risk of an obligation to destroy my surviving chattels. The doctor smiled the smile of the discreet and went on his way.

Oh, the weak weary days of fever, the lonely miserable days and nights, the restless feebleness, the impatience of the deadly control that holds one in a grasp more pitiless than iron,—for one can at least chafe at a chain—the longing, the almost insatiable craving for a change of posture, for a breath of fresh air, the mad envy of those who enjoy the pleasures of active life! One lies helpless and alone, though surrounded by the tenderest friends and tended with the most loving care; alone because isolated from the pulsing life of the world by a merciless barrier, and I fear all too ungrateful to the untiring hands that strive to make the prison-couch less hateful.

I chafed under confinement like a caged lion. I had never been really ill before, and the long succeeding days made me hate myself and the world, and especially the milk-cup that stood beside me. Nothing but milk was in sight, and three quarts daily were poured into me. How, I do not know, but I shall never look a cow in the face again with any degree of innocence. At last it became unbearable, and one day I made a mighty effort, rose, walked a few steps, and—

The doctor's face was very stern. A kind, sympathetic *gentilhomme*, his coming was the quotidian beam of sunshine, barring of course, the steady beam of the unwearied, uncomplaining face of a nurse such as money never hires, and I was surprised to see him frown upon me such a gaze as a judge generally favors a hardened offender with.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of yourself now?"

I articulated that my egotism was about up to its usual standard.

"All very well to talk that way. Here, after I had got you to a most favorable stage of your confounded typhoid, you behave like an ass, get up, shake yourself and my treatment to pieces, have a relapse and walk through the Valley of the Shadow, all because you have not patience enough to let yourself get well. If you hadn't had the constitution of an elephant, you here would have had a chance of getting a step-father!"

And then, with warm solicitude, he proceeded to narrate to me the danger of me making an ass of myself again by walking out of bed without his permission. He left a prescription

when he went away, and I fell asleep. I was weaker than when I awoke after the first delirium, and I am sorry to say, as irritable as a Cabinet Minister. I had lengthened my imprisonment by two weeks, and possibly injured my system seriously.

Night came. I shall never forget that first night of consciousness. The darkness was intense. The dull, heavy pain in the head which had become familiar enough to be disregarded, and the sensation along the spine that made one feel as if his backbone was composed of a succession of red-hot bed springs, intensified. I felt as if my head were encircled with the white-hot iron crown that we read of, and that it was burning into my brain, while my back rested upon the teeth of a saw. My medicine was administered and sleep came. With the sleep a dream. I may say, in order that no break may occur, that the dream lasted an entire week; that is, while I awoke to consciousness every morning, the dream was renewed as often as I fell asleep, either during the day or at night, and its continuity was never disturbed by the intermission of consciousness. It ran along like a serial story, and a good deal more unsatisfactorily.

And behold I saw in my dream that I was in a great plain, solitary and beyond the reach of all human assistance. I was weak and incapable of motion, seated as I never had been seated before, that is cross-legged, and upon a confoundedly hard stool. My position was that of the Mikado of Japan as he sat in state serene centuries ago. The engraving in Mr. ——'s book on Japan will convey an idea of the luxury and ease of the posture. I sat still and was held in a power beyond my own control. Suddenly I perceived a motion, and I felt myself being lifted slowly, almost imperceptibly upwards. My body left the ground, there was no question about that; and I mounted slowly, retaining my hard seat. I found that I was being elevated, Simon Stylites like, on a pillar, and the motion was gradual and without sensation of any kind. The duration of the movement was enormous; days passed into weeks, weeks into months and months into years, and still the upward motion was continued. The horizon expanded as I ascended, until that which was beneath my feet and upon which I had originally rested, disappeared from my sight, and I perceived growing in extent belts of ocean and continent. I was convinced that my lofty seat was in the midst of the old world. Indeed, at my feet, rose in silent grandeur the Pyramids, while far away stretched the Mediterranean, and through the gap bounded by the Pillars of Hercules I obtained a glance of the Atlantic. Motionless and incapable of any effort I sat, receiving as it were intelligence of all that was passing in the world beneath. I lived through the bondage of the Hebrews and heard the wails the morning after the Destroying Angel had done his work. I saw the flight of the chosen people, the pursuit and the overwhelming of Pharaoh and his hosts. I saw Jason depart with his Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece; saw the countless ships gather together for the invasion of Troy and the recovery of Helen, and seemed to hear the pants of Hector as he compassed the walls of Troy in flight before the implacable Achilles; saw the rise of the great power and its eclipse by the grandeur of the Roman, and its downfall before the crushing forces of the impetuous barbarians of the North. In fact, to be brief, the whole history of the world as I had studied it passed before me, I was a spectator, calm, passionless, of the actors as they toiled out their portions of the deeds going to make up reality and romance, and the time appeared to be infinite. The millions were born, lived, died and went back again into the soil; nations rose, grew, prospered, warred, decayed and disappeared; the conflict of the mystery of mankind and life went on interminably, presenting continually the same phases and in every changing relation, never much better nor very much worse at the end than at the beginning. Thousands of years passed away with change to all but me. Fixed and immovable I remained upon my lofty perch, the world sometimes hidden from me by clouds, in thunder and storm and heat and cold; insensible to outward conditions, in passionless repose. When my stock of history, which I suppose was bounded by the extent of my reading, gave out, I had narrations of experiences of the most extravagant order. A fight between millions of cranes and yellow-headed monkeys occupied some eight hundred years. The monkeys were worsted, but as the survivors were transformed into an exaggerated base-ball team they got fighting among themselves and disappeared into nothingness. Toward the end of about a quarter of a million of years, as near as I could judge, all faded away. It appeared as if the end of time had come and I was the sole remaining relic of a dissipated Kosmos. All was motionless—quiet—and pale haze until suddenly my pillar seemed to disappear from under me, and I fell with swift, steady motion into space illimitable. I continued falling for days, weeks, years, with a sensation as if all breath were gone, and needles were pricking their way into my heart. I was not alone this time; there seemed to be a shadow with me that was the spectre of my own intelligence or will, and was about as cheerful a companion as a skeleton at an Egyptian feast. We struck earth together after a very long voyage aerially. It offered no resistance to our passage. We pierced the crust as if it had been of paper, and penetrated to the innermost secret recesses of the globe.

After many days of a downward descent

through material that was unpleasantly yielding, we found ourselves in a vast gloom. Jagged rocks loomed upon every side, and at our feet rolled silently a dark sluggish river. Figure to yourself a realization of some of Dore's more gloomy illustrations to the *Inferno* of Dante, and you will have some conception of the scene to which febrile fancy had conducted me. My demon conceived at once that we were in the infernal abodes. I saw it written on his brain which was exposed, or his body was transparent, I forget which. We had reached there but a little while when we became aware of company on the other side of the river, and had no difficulty whatever in recognizing Ulysses and his train. We knew all about him of course, and what was his business. He had just come away from the luxurious year of ease he had been putting in with Circe, and was about to invoke the shades of Tiresias.

How vividly the whole scene, as described in Book XI of the *Ulysses*, rose and was enacted before me. The sturdy toil-worn warrior at the head of his followers advanced into the gloomy shade, leading with them the black sacrificial sheep. Arrived at the bank Odysseus stopped and hewed with his falchion a trench in the ground into which was poured wine, milk, water and the sacred flour of wheat. Then followed the invocation to all the Tartarean powers, the sacrifice of the sheep, and the appearance all along the dusky coasts of the shoals of spectres shrieking for the blood. Ulysses, standing guard over the trench, waves the ghosts away, when uprises the form of his friend Elpenor, whose feet unfaithful with wine betrayed him and humbled him unto death; he told his story, craved to have his remains honored, and pressed toward the blood. To the wonderful gaze of the King next arises the shade of his mother woe and changed, and her too must he wave away from the sanguinary draught. Then uplifts the majestic form of the Theban seer, Tiresias. We saw him eagerly quaff the horrid draught and prepare to foretell Ulysses his fate. How long this lasted I cannot remember; be it sufficient to say that the visit of the Ithacan king to the infernal abodes was placed before me as if I had been an invited spectator. There was a little incongruity about the business toward the end, for somehow the crowd of "supes" who accompanied Ulysses at first disappeared, and their place was supplied by Virgil. I got Homer and Dante mixed up in some way or other, and it seemed to me that the atmosphere was growing most unaccountably hot. In a moment I felt myself encircled with fire, and was about believing that my place in that region was no longer to be a spectacular one, when I heard a yell.

It was my own. Advantage had been taken of my slumbers to apply an immense linseed poultice in the region of the waist. Intense solicitude for my well-being dictated a scalding hot one. With it this week-long dreaming ended, and with it came the reassuring certainty that my sufferings from heat were not fated to be eternal, or at least commence so soon.

I have narrated but a portion of my experiences. I can now easily account for the extraordinary nature of the mental activity in its exaggerated form from the fact that I was accustomed to read a great deal and be read to, and being in a receptive condition, the fancy transformed when asleep into a spectator of or actor in the remembered history or whatever it might be, through complete subjection of the will. As one curious effect of the fever, facts which long ago had disappeared from memory have been recalled, especially names and dates, and studies over which, taking no particular interest in, I had to spend a good deal of time long ago to forget them. Whether this is a general experience I am not aware.

W. LESLIE THOM.

Montreal, April 17, 1877.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GEORGE L. FOX is recovering his health. He is visiting his sister at Cambridge, Mass.

It is related of Gounod that not long ago he was leaning out of his box at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, in Paris, at the first representation of the *Timbre d'Argent*, and was following the music so intently, with his eyes fixed on the score, which he held in his hand, that the audience began watching him. Suddenly a voice in the gallery said, "That fellow in the box wants to make us think that he can read music."

MANAGER FRANK UFFNER offers Kate Claxton \$100 a night and her expenses to star through the country as "The Daughter of the Flames." But considering her three escapes from the fire, people will begin to be superstitious, and, possibly, may not care to run the risk of going to see her act. It is said that her grandfather was one of the victims of the Richmond Theatre fire in 1811. Her grandfather Cone was an actor, but after the Richmond fire became a preacher. Perhaps Miss Claxton's wrestle with the flames will be her conversion.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cent, each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal are agents for Canada.