

had caused the broken surface to gather a dark green mould, while the rest of the wall was yellow, thus making the letters stand out in bold relief.

The writing, when deciphered, read as follows:

"I, Millicent, the daughter of Simon Berkeley, founder of this house, feeling that death is near, write these words:

"I am the first person born in the Berkeley mansion, and in it I lived, seeing no one but the two old servants and my father for nineteen years. I never saw my mother to remember her, for she died when I was a babe. I was never allowed to go beyond the orchard wall, and did not do so until I was nineteen years old. Then one day I rambled into the wood north of the house, and there met a young man.

"He said that his name was Harold Mortimer, and that he was a distant relative of our family, my father being at enmity with his people. He had come to see him, to try and make peace, but had been coldly repulsed. During his visit he had seen me, and he determined to speak to me.

"He was very handsome, and very kind, and we met frequently after this. Then he told me of love, and spoke of going away, and I found that his presence was dearer to me than life, and that I loved him. We knew that my father would never consent to our marriage, and plighted our troth in secret. We could get no one to marry us, he being a stranger, and there was no minister near, so I took my mother's bible to the woods, and with our hands clasped on the sacred book, we knelt and swore to be husband and wife from that time, till God should part us by death.

"I had a happy week, meeting my husband every day, and then my father found us together. He said some hard and cruel words, and I fainted. When I grew conscious again I was in this room, and here I have remained ever since. Where my husband is I do not know, though from some strange visions that have come to me, I think that he is dead. Were he alive he would find me, for love can unlock all prisons.

"Nine months after I was brought here my baby came, and for one year I was happy. My father was the only person I saw. He attended me when sick, never speaking to me, but bringing food and clothing. At the end of the year he took my baby away, and I have never seen it since.

"That is more than eight years ago. I have kept the time by marks on the wall. My father has visited me every day until five days back, and I have had no food since then. He has never spoken to me, though I have prayed for his forgiveness, and he has seen that I was growing weaker all the time.

"I feel that I am dying of hunger and thirst, and am too weak to call for help with any hope of being heard. I do not know why he should so cruelly let me perish here; but if I die, I shall see my husband and my baby. May God bless them and my father, and forgive me if I have sinned.

"MILICENT."

Simon Berkeley had died five days before this was written. When his daughter died cannot be told. Doubtless God ended her sufferings very quickly after she wrote out the record of her sad story.

The hard old man, who had kept her a prisoner, had not intended that she should die thus, but death chilled his heart ere he could reveal her secret prison.

Beneath the writing stood a heavy oaken chest. The iron of the lock was rusted away, and when Simon had finished reading the first Millicent's story, he stooped and opened this. It contained caskets and little sacks falling to pieces from age, and these held gold and jewels, the fashion and coinage being centuries old.

When these lay revealed, the strange feeling that had led them on slowly faded away, and the wind that had raged outside the building began to die away.

"It is the dowry of the dead Millicent, and she has given it to you," said Simon. "There is more than enough to redeem the land, and make Berkeley House the grand old home it once was."

She clung closer to him.

"It will help you, too, for we have no need to wait to be married now," she said, "and we will be so happy that the sad soul who lived so lonely here may grow glad from our joy."

As she spoke, she took up a tress of the golden hair lying on the bed.

"This shall be an heirloom that must never leave the house," she continued, as they turned away and went slowly back to the room they had left to begin their search.

The wind had changed when they reached the apartment. The storm clouds were rolling eastward over the wild sea, their great masses edged with a rich silver light. The moon was sailing high in the heavens, and a sweet restfulness pervaded the room.

On Christmas day they were married, and when spring came workmen repaired the old house, the encumbrances on the land were cleared away, and the Berkeley mansion was once again the manor of as fine an estate as the country possessed.

One wonder that perplexed the people of the neighbourhood was the appearance of a heavy granite shaft in the Berkeley burial-place, on which was cut this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
HAROLD AND MILICENT MORTIMER.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

SEVERAL articles in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March are noticeable alike for their timely interest and their fine illustrations. "A Day with Hudson's Bay Dog-sledges" gives a vivid picture of winter travel over frozen wastes. The "Pottery and Porcelain at the Paris Exposition" are described with thorough knowledge and discrimination by Jenny J. Young, author of "The Ceramic Art," whose paper is embellished with cuts of some of the choicest specimens of the different schools. The mournful career of Richard Realf is recounted by his friend Rossiter Johnson, and a portrait of the handsome and unfortunate poet strengthens this appeal to the reader's sympathies. Edward King concludes his sketches of Hungarian and Austrian scenes with a sparkling and well-illustrated description of Vienna. "Live Wood in our Whipping-Post," by Howard M. Jenkins, may be commended to the attention of all who are interested in the subject of criminal legislation. Under the title of "My Village in the South," Miss Annie Porter begins what promises to be a very entertaining series of pictures of Southern life. "Monsieur Pampalon's Repentance," an amusing story of French manners; "Joseph's Adventure," which is a glimpse of the ruder and more adventurous life of California; "Women's Husbands," of which the opening tale is concluded in this number; "Through Winding Ways," and many shorter contributions preserve the usual variety and piquancy of the Magazine.

ST. NICHOLAS for March opens with a capital Arctic story, by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, vividly describing "An Adventure on an Iceberg; the illustration forms the frontispiece of the number. Mr. Horace E. Scudder relates a story of "The Obstinate Weather-cock," and its dealings with an Unterrified Colorado Beetle. For this story Mr. Alfred Kappes furnishes two pictures. Julian Hawthorne's continued fairy-tale, "Rumpty-Dudget's Tower," illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, is completed in this number; and the serials by Susan Coolidge and Frank R. Stockton have bright, fresh and fully illustrated instalments. Sarah Winter Kellogg briefly recounts a tale of the curious blessing in disguise which a Western school-boy "Wanted"; Kate Foote tells of some "Pets from Persia,"—beautiful white cats; and Mary Bolles Branch records the episode of "Nannie's Little Muff." "An American Mardi-Gras" describes the Carnivals of New Orleans and Memphis, and is accompanied by numerous and striking pictures of their queer masks and grotesque scenes. An illustrated article on "Oriental Bottles and Wells" gives an insight into the habits and customs of Arabia and the East. There are a brief and simple artpaper, making plain the meaning of the term "Renaissance," and a description of experiments with the electric light and "A Wonderful Candle." Of the poems in the number, J. W. De Forest contributes the "Plaything Sky," which has two pictures; Palmer Cox gives a funny dispute between "The Wasp and the Bee," with an illustration by himself; Mrs. E. T. Corbett, with the aid of comical silhouettes by Hopkins, describes the confusion caused among astronomical persons by "Dick's Supper"; and in some verses entitled "Calling the Flowers," Mary Mapes Dodge gives voice to the spring-time feelings of boys and girls. The four large-type pages given to the "Very Little Folk," and the space occupied by "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Letter-Box" and the "Riddle-Box," are crammed full of dainty prose pieces, pictures, stirring items, letters and puzzles.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March is in every way a remarkable number. It gives a new poem by Longfellow, "The Chamber over the Gate," one of the most graceful, sympathetic, and every way charming poems he has ever written; and Whittier contributes some beautiful memorial verses on Bayard Taylor, and a spirited poem, "The Landmarks," in which he pleads with all his old-time fire and earnestness for the preservation of the "Old South." In "The Ballad of Christopher Aske" Rose Terry Cooke tells a story of the Catholic Rebellion of 1536, and there is besides a charming little poem by Lucy Pleasants, "Faint Heart." The closing instalment of the delightful "Lady of the Aroostook" will be eagerly read. Mr. Howells has never done better work than in these last chapters, which bring the story to a conclusion which must satisfy the most exacting reader, though all will regret that the end has come so soon. H. B. K. has another collection of "Ghost Stories," and Katharine Carrington's "Rosamond and the Conductor," original in conception and clever in execution, is the short story of the number. Mark Twain's account of "The Great Revolution in Pitcairn" is irresistibly humorous, and yet the humour but partially conceals a somewhat serious intent on the writer's part. The concluding portion of W. W. Story's pleasant account of "A Roman Holiday Twenty Years Ago" is given, and Richard Grant White continues to discuss "Americanisms." There is a brilliant unsigned article on "Presidential Electioneering in the Senate," and important papers are given on "The Natural History of Politics" by N. S. Shaler, and "Our Land Policy" by George W. Julian. The Contributors' Club is even more bright, varied, and entertaining than usual. The reviews of Recent Literature are, as always, admirable.

SCRIBNER for March contains the first of the illustrated papers on the drama which were lately announced by the publishers. The subject is

Modjeska, incidents of whose life and career on the stage are related in a biographical-critical manner and with greater fullness than in any sketch heretofore printed. The text is accompanied by three portraits of Modjeska, one as Juliet and the other as Cleopatra, the latter an impersonation which has not yet been seen in this country. Other illustrated papers are: "A College Camp at Lake George," with illustrations, both humorous and serious; "The Old Mill at Newport," by R. G. Hatfield, an architect who makes a new and complete study of this problematical structure, which he claims was built for another purpose, the writer's array of plausible arguments being reinforced by reference to plans and drawings; "A Buffalo Hunt in Northern Mexico," with drawings by the younger Innes, Kelly and Bolles; "The Passes of the Sierra," by John Muir; "Lawn-Planting for Small Places," practical suggestions by an authority on landscape gardening. The serials, Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's" and Mrs. Boyesen's "Falconberg," are also illustrated. The latter will be succeeded in the May number by a novelette by Miss Trafton entitled "Achsah." An important contribution to financial literature is Professor Sumner's paper on "The Commercial Crisis of 1837," which is brief but full and clear, and includes an account of the disastrous "Pennsylvania experiment." A paper on "The late George Rapp and the Harmonists" will reveal to many for the first time the peculiarities of this interesting and now moribund colony of Millenarians, who, under the dogmatic government of Father Rapp, adopted celibacy and relinquished their right to vote. "Some Western School-masters," by Edward Eggleston, is similar in character to the recent papers on the clergy by the same writer. "A Glance into the 'Sumner Alcove,' Harvard Library," reveals some of the most unique bequests of Mr. Sumner. Prominent in the number are a paper on taste in manners and art, with the caption "De Gustibus," and another of the Joll Rudder Grange stories, by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "Pomona's Bridal Trip." The poetry includes tributes to Bayard Taylor by Sidney Lanier, C. P. Cranch, Paul H. Hayne, and Marie Mason; and other poems by G. P. Lathrop, Emma Lazarus, Amanda T. Jones and Maurice F. Egan. In his department of "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland writes of the late I. Blair S. Rimer and Bayard Taylor, and discusses "Social Drinking." "Home and Society" contains something about the "Duties of a Man-servant" and "A New Aid to Housekeeping." "Culture and Progress" has the usual quantity of book-reviews. "The World's Work" follows up the subject of the "Electric Light," of which it is keeping record, and records a number of improvements and new appliances. "Bric-a-brac" completes the number with verses and sketches in a vein of sentiment or light satire.

THE GLEANER.

THE name of Mr. Gladstone has been added to the list of candidates for the throne of Bulgaria.

THE new President of the French Republic, M. Grevy, will have an allowance of \$50,000 for household expenses, in addition to his salary of \$100,000.

THE freedom of Berlin having been presented to a Prussian officer in a gold snuff-box, a French writer said there was ample room in the snuff-box for all the freedom there was in Berlin.

POPE LEO XIII. is gradually removing the restrictions placed by its predecessor on the study of art in the Vatican galleries. Under Pius IX. it was difficult to get at the master-pieces, especially the Apollo Belvedere and the group of Laocoon.

A NATIVE of Marseilles has purchased the right of extracting chlorate of potash from the Dead Sea, which he expects to be able to offer in London at 72s. a ton, whereas the present price of that article is 104s.

STORIES of Shere Ali are to be heard by the score, but people don't seem to be aware that this name is as common in the East as Smith or Robertson in the North. It was a Shere Ali who assassinated Lord Mayo.

"THE DOG OF ALCIBIADES," which happens to be nearly the only object of art rescued from the flames at Lord Feversham's mansion in Yorkshire, is believed to be the work of the Athenian sculptor Myron, about 400 years before the Christian era.

MR. ALMA TRADEMA has just finished a picture representing a Roman bath, in the centre of which a sculptured group of a youth and a dolphin in dark green bronze rises aloft, while a jet of water issues freely from the nostrils of the dolphin and pours fast on the naked back of a lady, who, with two companions, is disporting in the bassin; one of the trio holds a strigil and a sponge, another uses a strigil on her own arm. Those who have seen it speak of it in the highest terms.

SPEED is becoming everything nowadays. Mr. de Hars, American Consul at Alexandria, has recently made the *tour du monde* in sixty-three days. Starting from Alexandria, he reached New York, *via* Brindisi, Paris, London and Liverpool in twenty days. From New York to San Francisco, Yokohama, and Hong Kong occupied the same period. Ten days were taken up in the voyage to Ceylon, and twelve days in the voyage from Galle to Suez, whence a journey of a few hours was sufficient to complete the circle to Alexandria. It would be interesting

to know how Mr. de Hars's temperature stood during the short time he was thus rushing through the air over land and sea.

THE concession for a railway up Vesuvius has been granted for thirty years, and it now seems that the plan is about to be carried out. The railway will be constructed on a metallic frame-work about a metre above the ground, and the train will consist of eight cars attached to a steel cable. Each car is to be furnished with two automatic breaks. The cable will be double, in case of accidents. The actual tension on it will be 3,000 kilos., but it will be made to support a tension of 33,000 kilos. A small station with a restaurant will be constructed on the old cone and another at the foot of the mountain. The ground has been chosen where there is least danger from an eruption, and all the material is movable, so that it can easily be taken up and stored up in the observatory in case of eruption. It is expected that the railway will be completed before the summer of the present year.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A GERMAN version of Mr. Byron's "Our Boys" has been produced at Munich.

In 1839 Beaconsfield wrote "Count Alazoom," a tragedy, but never had it played. "Try me," says one of its characters, "this Cyprus wine; an English Prince did give it me returning from the Holy Sepulchre." These utterances seemed to partake of prophecy.

ON February 24, the veteran English actor, Mr. Chippendale, who has been sixty-eight years before the public, will retire from the stage. A farewell benefit will be tendered him on this occasion, at the London Lyceum Theatre, when he will receive the gross receipts of the evening.

W. S. GILBERT, the English dramatist, has three plays by his pen running at the New York theatres, namely, "H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Fifth Avenue and the Standard, "Engaged!" at the Park, and "The Sorcerer," at the Broadway.

A PAPER at Bridgeport, Conn., having provoked a libel suit by its criticism of a dramatic performance, the manager proposes to file a duplicate of the performance in evidence, giving a representation for the benefit of the court and jurors precisely like that of which the critic fell foul.

THEY have an educated seal in the Westminster Aquarium which plays the guitar, beats a tambourine, climbs a flight of steps and takes a "header" from the top, smokes a pipe, fires a revolver and draws a boat to which it is harnessed, entering eagerly into the fun.

A DRAMATIC version of M. Emile Zola's somewhat notorious novel, "L'Assommoir," has been produced at the Paris Ambigu Theatre. On the first night the most intense excitement reigned, and the famous "Hernani" conflicts were recalled to mind. The piece is condemned by the critics, but it seems to be a great popular success. In this strange work the coarse life of the lower orders is depicted without any disguise or tinging down.

FRANK FRAYNE, who calls himself a "shooting star" actor, has devised a way of endangering two lives at once in his stage rifle feats. He shoots an apple off his wife's head, and the bullet hits his mechanism attached to the trigger of a second rifle, from which is shot a bullet piercing an apple suspended close over his own head. Mrs. Frayne has only one thumb. The other was popped off by her husband last winter.

MR. GLADSTONE is a pianist of no mean merit, and has a sweet and powerful voice, which he loves to exercise. When he was Prime Minister it was his habit, and is still, on quieting the stormy arena of debate, to soothe his vexed spirit on one of Erard's grandes. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home, he was never too tired to sit down at the piano and with some sim le strain shake off the toil of party strife as he warbled to it. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special affections.

JUST before Wilhelmj's recent visit to Columbus, Ohio, a lady died who was a passionate lover of music, and had been impatiently anticipating the pleasure of hearing him play. The day of his arrival was the day of her death. A message was sent to Wilhelmj stating the circumstances, and that night he knew well the reason why so many reserved seats were unoccupied. The next morning he, with an accompanist, visited the house and requested the privilege of playing a requiem, as was the custom in his own home in Germany. It was, of course, granted by the sorrowing family.

THE arrangements for the programme of the inaugural festival of the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon are nearly completed. The Council has met with a cordial response from several of the most eminent Shakespearean actors. Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) has consented to take the part of "Beatrice" on the opening night. Mr. Barry Sullivan will play "Benedict," and has offered to assist during the whole of the festival. In all likelihood two of Shakespeare's plays only will be produced, in order that they may be represented as perfectly as possible. These will be repeated two or three times. Tickets of admission for the reserved seats will be allotted by a carefully regulated ballot.

THE London *World* calls for a translation of Von Hartmann's curious pamphlet on the subject of the Veronese lovers, called "Romeo and Julia," in which he declares that he can see nothing to admire in the ideal of love as presented in the Romeo and Juliet of Shakespeare. He blames "Juliet" for having fallen in love with "Romeo" at first sight, and declares her to be an undutiful daughter for having consented to marry her lover without her mother's permission. "Romeo" he considers a more despicable character than "Juliet," and he points out that if "Romeo" had lived under the Prussian law he would have been heavily fined and subjected to a term of several months' imprisonment for having taken from her parents' custody a girl who was not yet sixteen years of age.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.