

## THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The Duke of Orleans was the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, and the inheritor of whatever rights his father could transmit. He was a very noble young man—physically noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited a few of his companions to a breakfast, as he was about to depart from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour, he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated—he was not in any respect a dissipated man—his character was lofty and noble—but in that joyous hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass he slightly lost the balance of his body and mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage; but for that one extra glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from his carriage; but for that one extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop near by and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

## STRANGE DRINKING CUPS.

Hattie was travelling with her papa among the mountains. One day when they were riding in one of the large mountain wagons, with quite a party, they came to a beautiful, clear spring. Several persons, when they caught sight of the water, wished for a drink, but no one had thought to bring a drinking cup. The driver said he had something to drink out of, and goodnaturedly reining in his horses, took half of a cocoanut shell from under his seat, and filled it with water from the spring, several times, until all had drunk.

"What a funny thing to drink out of," said Hattie to her father.

"I had a drink once, from something stranger than that," said her father.

"What was it papa? do tell me."

"It shall be a bed-time story for you, to-night," answered her father.

"Now for the story, papa," said Hattie, at night, just before going to bed.

"Yes," said the father, "I will tell it to you. I was travelling in Cuba at one time. One day in company with a native I was walking in one of the beautiful forests of that Island. About noon, I became very thirsty, and began to look about for some water, but there had been no rain for several months, as is sometimes the case there, and the springs and the brooks were quite dry so that I could find none.

"Presently we came to a curious looking vine which was climbing from tree to tree. It looked something like a dead grape-vine. 'Ah,' said the man who was with me, 'now you can have a drink.' I did not understand where the water was to come from, for I saw no sign of a spring. Taking his knife from his pocket, the man cut a notch in a branch of the vine as high as he could reach, and then severed the branch entirely from the vine. Placing the end to my mouth, he said, 'Now draw, and you will get a drink.' I did as he told me, and was soon refreshed by a small stream of cool, delicious water. The water had been gathered from the earth, and stored away so that it might feed the plant in the dry time."

"How wonderful!" said Hattie.

"Yes, it shows the wisdom, power, and goodness of our heavenly Father. Now, I will read you a story about a man that had a drink out of a very queer place," said her father, taking up the Bible and reading from the fifteenth chapter of Judges, after which he bade his little girl good night.

## A FEW ODD PLEAS.

Brougham, defending a rouse charged with stealing a pair of boots, unable to gainsay his client's guilt, demurred to his conviction because the articles appropriated were half-boots, and half-boots were no more boots than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. The objection was overruled by Lord Estgrove, who, with befitting solemnity, said: "I am of opinion that boot is a *nomen generale* comprehending a half-boot; the distinction is between a half-boot and a half a boot; the moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon." Had Brougham proved the boots to be old ones, his man would probably have come off as triumphantly as a tramp tried at Warwick for stealing four live fowls. The fowls had been "lifted" in Staffordshire; still the indictment was declared good, it being held that a man committed felony in every county through which he carried stolen property; but when it came out in evidence that the fowls were dead when the thief was taken, he was at once set free, on the ground that he could not be charged with stealing four live fowls in Warwickshire. Such hair-splitting was common in the good old days—not such very old days either—when the law compounded for its cruelty, by providing plenty of loopholes for the escape of offenders. It has mended its ways since, but all the holes are not yet stopped. In the matter of embezzlement, for instance, such nice distinctions are drawn, that theft is not always theft, but at times merely helping oneself to one's own. Liberal as our judges are in defining what is a man's own, they have not gone quite so far as their Neapolitan brethren, who directed the acquittal of a knavish rent-collector, because the money belonged to the people, and as the collector was one of the people he was part owner of the money, and could not be punished for stealing what was his own. Law and justice parted company then, as they did when a female receiver experienced the very tender mercy of a Hungarian court. The accused, a woman owning to forty-four, did not attempt to combat the evidence, but simply pleaded infancy. Just six months before, she had renounced Judaism and been baptized a Christian, and as in Hungary the date of baptism is taken as the date of birth, she contended that she was only six months old in the eyes of the law. The bench agreed with her, and the ingenious infant was set at liberty, licensed to set all laws at defiance for a score of years.

A plea, bad in one sense, may be good in another. A man lent another a ladder. After the lapse of a few months he wanted it back again, but the borrower flatly refused to give it up. He thereupon sued him for the value of the ladder. The defendant pleaded that the ladder was borrowed on an express condition—that he was to return it as soon as he had done with it. He had not done with it, and therefore no action would lie; the plaintiff was nonsuited. Impudence is not always so successful. The court might smile at the burglar's pleading it was so easy to break into country houses, but it sentenced while it smiled; and the Scotch prison-breaker vainly urged that the prison was weak, and he had sent a message to the gaoler that, if he did not get him some more meat, he would not stay another hour. Not a wit more satisfactory was the defence made by an Irish relieving-officer for neglecting to open the polling booths at the proper time, and for allowing the ballot papers to be shown about, when he pleaded that the voters had no reason to complain about the non-opening of the booths, since they were equally unready;

and, for the other matter, he had acted with the strictest impartiality, and permitted any one to examine the voting papers who wished to do so. Even more important was the answer of a Welsh railway company in an action brought by a gentleman for the cost of a conveyance he had taken, after waiting in a station until twenty minutes past one for the departure of a train advertised to start at five minutes past twelve, by which the company contended that punctuality would be inconvenient to the public, and that the plaintiff had no business to trust to their timetables, as the irregularity of the train service was notorious. The latter plea was ingenious certainly, but not so daring in its ingenuity as that advanced by certain grocers, who accounted for the presence of iron filings in the tea they sold, by averring that the soil of China was strongly impregnated with iron, and the iron must have been blown upon the leaves before they were gathered—a statement as likely to be credited as that of the thief in Glasgow, who, when stopped by a policeman with, "What have you got in that bundle?" replied, "I have lost my powers of speech, and consequently can't tell you anything about it!"—*All the Year Round.*

## OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE.

A young man was explaining to a little sister some beautiful lesson about the structure of a wild wood flower she had found, and which gave her great delight. "That lesson I learned from dear Aunt Jenny," he explained, "in that summer when she walked and romped with us in the country; I shall always love her for that."

Though gray hairs were on her brow, that mother felt a jealous twinge that her boy should remember her friend with so much pleasure for lessons and companionship which, at the time, she might just as easily have given. But she had persistently put aside all entreaties to share in this out-door life that summer in the country, that she might busy herself with the endless ruffling and stitching, which she then regarded as much more important. That work had perished long ago, but the golden memories which her children had gathered, and which were all associated with another, were still bright and beautiful.

Many mothers this summer will make a similar mistake, when they go with their flock into the country. Instead of living out-door lives with their children, sharing their walks, and teaching them precious lessons, never to be forgotten, from every page of God's Great Book, which opens before them, they will leave them to chance companions, and shut themselves up to the company of a crowded sewing basket.

We cannot live over one of these precious years to rectify its mistakes, and the children are growing away from us so rapidly. Soon the world will claim them, and our seed-time will be over.

Let us try in one summertime to share more in these out-door sports and lessons, and see if all parties are not gainers by it. Let us brush up an old-time knowledge of Botany and Geology, that we may explain intelligently many curious things to be met with in our daily walks. A little knowledge is not half so "dangerous" as no knowledge at all. If we can only trace out one or two constellations, as we sit on the steps on a summer evening, it will help the children to look up at the sky with a new interest ever after, and an interest with which we shall always be associated.

If there be tossing and doubting, beloved, it is the heaving of a ship at anchor—not the dashing of the rocks.