

## BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

"Hast thou a lover,  
Maiden so shy?  
Wouldst thou be true to him?  
Never would I.  
Love is a fantasy,  
Love is a snarl,  
Love is a cankerworm  
Gnawing the heart."

No; like the butterfly,  
All the bright day,  
Stealing from flowers  
Their sweetness away.  
As o'er each blossom  
He wantonly plays,  
Feeding on nectar,  
As I upon praise,

So would I wander,  
And sip of the best,  
But never a passion  
Should conquer my breast;  
Setting no value on  
Vows I had spoken,  
Counting up cheerfully  
Hearts I had broken!"

"But, like that giddy  
Ephemeral thing,  
The dust of its beauty  
Brushed from its wing,  
When thou hast fallen,  
As butterflies must,  
Crushed on life's thoroughfare,  
Prone in the dust;

No one will sigh for thee,  
None will regret;  
No one will pity thee,  
Heartless coquette.  
And when departing hence—  
Passing away,  
Oh! for one loving heart  
Near thee that day!"

Where then the cooling hand  
Laid on thy brow,  
Or the dear gentle voice,  
Whispering low?  
Where then the tender eyes,  
Hummed with tears?  
Where the protecting arm,  
Faithful for years?

Who by thy deathbed  
Will lighten its gloom?  
Who weep regretfully  
Over thy tomb?  
Love is no fantasy,  
Love is no snarl;  
Love is a paradise  
Filling the heart."

Montreal.

MARY J. WELLS.

## THE LOVER'S WRAITH.

"Now, girls, if you want any beauty, you had better go to bed," said Mrs. Conway.

Mrs. Conway's house was decorated with festoons of evergreen studded with scarlet berries.

The great wedding-cake, with its columns of spun sugar and wreaths of frosted roses, was already set in its place of honour in the middle of the table, and the chandelier, an old-fashioned affair, with glistening silver chains and pendants of cut glass, was wreathed with princess-epine and "velvet run," for Katie Conway was to be married the next day.

She stood before the fire, a tall, sweet-faced girl of nineteen, her golden brown hair coiled in rippling waves around her head, and her large blue eyes shining like azure jewels, while the three bridesmaids, old schoolmates, who, in accordance with an ancient compact, had been summoned to this first wedding in their ranks, clustered around her like maids of honour about their queen.

"Dear me," said Rosa Finlay, "it's past 11."  
"And my hair not crimped yet," said Josey Dale.

"And I've got the blue bows to sew on my white muslin dress," added Lucilla Wharton. "Good night, everybody."

And so the merry little group scattered to their various rooms.

Katie Conway herself went last of all, but she did not go immediately to bed. Was there not Robert Falconer's last letter to read over, once again, in the glow of the fire, while Bessie, the maid, who was waiting to brush out her young lady's hair, glanced askance at Katie's face, and thought how nice it must be to have a lover.

Suddenly Katie started up.

"How selfish I am!" she said, apologetically. "I forgot that Bessie was waiting."

And in five minutes the maid was dismissed, and Katie was all alone, with the lamp burning softly on the table and the firelight glancing on the gilded arabesques of the Chinese folding screen, that shut all draughts away from the hearth.

Almost at the same time Robert Falconer, just arrived in the late train, was standing out in the frosty moonlight by the stable-yard of the "Bolton Arms," and close to him stood a tall, handsome man, leaning against the gate-post, and smoking a cigar.

"Well," he said, angrily, "this is a surprise!"

"I don't see why it should be," returned Falconer. "I am to be married to Miss Conway to-morrow, and I decided to come on to-night instead of waiting for the morning train. I shall give them an agreeable surprise," and his face brightened at the thought. "The wonder is that you should be here, Karl Porter."

"I?"

The young man's eyes turned evasively away from the other's frank glance.

"Oh, we lawyers are here and there and everywhere. I've had a libel case in the town, and it has brought me down occasionally."

"Who was that woman you were talking to

when I first came in?" carelessly questioned Falconer. "She seemed annoyed or angry."

Porter laughed again, this time more constrainedly than before.

"It's only a woman from the other end of the town," said he. "I've paid her pretty daughter a few passing attentions, and she wants to take the matter *au sérieux*. These country people are so desperately in earnest. Here comes the hostler; now you'll be off."

But fate had ordained otherwise.

The only horse left in the stables was hopelessly lame.

"But if the gentleman could wait an hour or so—"

"Wait an hour!" echoed Mr. Falconer, "and it's after 11 already! No, thanks, my good fellow. It's an easy two miles. I could walk it in less time than that."

"But it's a bitter night, sir, for all the moon shines so bright," urged the man, "and you'll be famished with the cold."

"No matter. My friend here will lend me his fur-trimmed Ulster—eh, Porter?" laughingly demanded Falconer.

"With all the pleasure in life," Karl Porter languidly made answer; "that is, if you are actually determined to commit such an eccentricity."

"Wait until your wedding-day comes, and see how you will feel about it," retorted the bridegroom elect, as he buttoned the long wrap about him and turned up the fur collar to protect his neck from the cold. "Well, *au revoir*. I shall expect to see you at the wedding-breakfast to-morrow, remember." And with the long, swinging stride of a practised walker, he disappeared down the road.

All this transpired at about 11.30, and the little alabaster clock on Miss Conway's mantel pointed to 12 precisely, when, still brooding over Mr. Falconer's letter, something like a tremulous quiver of chill air across her made her start instinctively and look up. The lamp illuminated only a small portion of the room, but the silver radiance of the full moon, shining in through the casement across which Katie had forgotten to draw the crimson draperies, made all as light as day. And there, standing leaning against the long French casement, Katie Conway saw her lover, wrapped up in a long, fur-trimmed coat, a seal-skin cap on his head, and a face as pale as marble, save one scarlet spot on the left temple. She started up with a low cry, and at the same instant he seemed to beckon to her to come to him. And even as he beckoned the bell in the old church-tower struck 12.

Katie ran to the casement, but when she reached it the moonlight and glistening snow of the untrodden lawn, and the moving shadows of an immense old tree that grew close to the house, were all that could be seen. For an instant she looked with wild, startled eyes out upon the snowy silence, and then, wrapping her dressing-gown about her, she ran to her mother's room.

"Mamma wake," she cried, stooping over Mrs. Conway's pillow. "Robert is here! Robert is outside in the cold. Call Michael to unbolt the doors. Quick, mamma, quick." And in five minutes Michael, the old man servant, had unfastened the ponderous front door and was looking out.

"Did you say it was at this window you saw him, Miss Katie?" he asked.

"Yes; close to the glass—beckoning me to come."

"But it couldn't be, miss," protested the man. "Look at the smooth snow. There's naught on it for three yards around your window, let alone the sparrows' tracks. Sure there's never a foot-print touched it since the snow fell three days ago."

"For all that I saw him," she said, lifting a blanched and haggard face towards her mother. "I saw him. Oh, mamma, mamma, put away the flowers and the bridal veil. I shall never be married now."

"Darling," soothed her mother, "you are nervous. It was only a dream. Go to bed now and rest."

But Katie kept on saying, "I shall never be married now."

Early the next morning old Michael set off to the florist's for the freshly-cut flowers which had been ordered for the wedding breakfast. But he had scarcely reached the gates when the outline of something dark lying in the snow caused him to pause abruptly. It was the figure of a man, his white face turned upwards towards the sunrise, and a tiny crimson spot on his left temple—the spot where a bullet had snuffed his life away with deadly aim. And the prostrate figure was wrapped, as if in a shroud, with a long, fur-trimmed coat.

"God bless me!" cried out old Michael; "it's Mr. Falconer, just as Miss Katie saw him last night." It was quite true. Robert Falconer had been assassinated on his way to the house of his bride elect on that moonlight midnight. And a veil and a tattered shawl caught in a bush near by led to the almost immediate identification of the assassin.

"I didn't mean to do it," said Margaret Hull, sullenly. "It wasn't him as I meant to hit when I fired the shot. He had Karl Porter's fur overcoat on, and I supposed he was Karl Porter. I did mean to kill Karl Porter," she added, with a savage light in her eyes. "So, if that makes murder, I'm a murderer. I followed him on the sly, all the way from the 'Bolton Arms,' an' when I saw him cross the moonlit space by the gates, the church clock began to strike 12, and I says to myself: 'Now's my

time.' And I fired and see him drop; and all the time I supposed it was that false-hearted villain who has made love to my Peggy, and left her like a cast-off toy. Let him look out for himself, for I'll kill him yet."

The poor half-crazed creature was committed to jail, and there was a funeral at the Conway House, instead of a wedding.

"Mamma," wailed poor Katie, "did I not tell you so? His spirit came to me at the moment in which it was set free from the body."

Whether it was a dream or a reality no one ever knew. Katie Conway persisted to the day of her death that she actually did see Robert Falconer's wraith. And every year when the sad anniversary came round she watched at her window for another glimpse of her lost lover. But the spirit of the murdered man never came again.

## VARIETIES.

Most people know that light colors make rooms look larger than dark ones, though it is probable that few can entirely realize the wonderful difference between them until the have seen walls painted dark or the reverse. A light picture by the same law makes a room look larger, and a picture darker than the wall it is hung upon will reduce the size of the room, unless lightness of the frame is sufficient to compensate for the difference. Perhaps the present decided taste for light pictures is partly due to this. A rule in the arrangement of interiors may be deduced from these observations, which is, that when a room is smaller than we should like it to be, we ought to hang very light pictures in it, and when it is uncomfortably large we should reduce it with dark ones. But there are other things to be considered. Pictures which represent narrow interiors do not enlarge rooms much, because they convey a feeling of confinement; but landscapes with vast distances enlarge rooms immensely. In engravings and water-colors the margin has an important effect.

A PARISIAN MODEL.—A favourite model with Paris artists is an old actor named Briand. He appears in both of Vibert's Salon paintings, once as the proprietor of an apothecary shop, and in the second, called the *Serenade*, as a servant shivering in a corner holding the guitar case; and in Lauren's painting he weeps over Mareean. Briand is full of anecdotes of the old actors and old Paris, gives an interesting description of the court of the Tuileries as it used to be, filled with small houses and shops, and tells how he missed an engagement to play one night before the quays were built, because the water rose in the river, flooding over the Place de la Concorde, making it impossible for him to reach the theatre in time for the performance. Briand was a comrade of Fechter at the Francais, years ago, and is fond of speaking of his talent, assuring his listener, although Fechter has been long absent from Paris, should he now return he would have great success, for he created characters and the public have not forgotten him. Briand also boasts of the honour of signing the register as a witness at the occasion of the birth of Fechter's daughter Marie.

THE FLAG OF THE PROPHET.—The best authorities state that it was originally of a white color, and was composed of the turban of the Korish captured by Mohammed. A black flag was, however, soon substituted in its place, consisting of the curtain that had hung before the door of Ayesha, the favorite wife of the Prophet, whose affection for her was so strong that he was wont to say that she would be the first of his wives to whom the gates of Paradise would be open. The Sanjak-Sherif is regarded by the Mohammedans as their most sacred relic. It came into the possession of the followers of Omar, the second Caliph of the Moslems, and generally regarded as founder of the Mohammedan power. The Flag of the Prophet passed from the followers of Omar at Damascus into the hands of the conquering Abbasides in the middle of the eighth century; next into those of the Caliphs of Bagdad and Kahira. It was brought into Europe towards the close of the sixteenth century by Sultan Amurath III., with whom Queen Elizabeth made a treaty of commerce in 1579. It was deposited in Constantinople, where, covered with forty-two wrappings of silk, it was kept in a chapel in the interior of the seraglio, where it is perpetually guarded by several Emirs with constant prayers. It is known, however, that the banner unfolded by the Moslems at the beginning of a war and likewise carefully preserved is not the same which Mohammed had made out of the white turban of the Korish. The Moslems believe that it is, and will fight bravely under it.

OLD POMPEII'S "DIVES."—A wine-shop was lately found at Pompeii roughly ornamented with imitations of marbles and frescoes. Over the podium of the front room runs a band of stucco, with four groups of scenes painted on a white ground. The first on the left represents a young man kissing a woman dressed in yellow garments, with black shoes. She says: "Nolo cym Myrtalis." ("I don't want to be kissed; go to your Myrtalis.") The second scene represents, very likely, the same woman talking to Myrtalis, who says, "Non mia est." They both point their fingers at a third female, bringing in a wine-jar and glass. She says, "Qui vol synnat, ocaene, veni, bibe," an invitation to partake of the drink. The third scene represents two gamblers seated, having the chessboard on their knees, on which several latroneuli are seen disposed in rows of different colors, yellow,

black, white. The one on the left is just throwing the dice, and says, "Evisi." ("I won.") The other answers, pointing to the dice, "Non tria, days estis." ("You have got two not three.") Both fight in the fourth scene. One says, "Non ita me, tria. ego. fva." ("I did not throw two, but three; I have won.") The other answers, "Orte fellator ego fvi." ("You —! I have the game.") At this moment the shopkeeper comes in and pushing them outside, says, "Itis, foras, rixatis." ("Go out to quarrel.")

SHAKESPEARE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.—It is said that one day when the Queen was in the theatre, Shakespeare mimicked royalty so well that Elizabeth who was always ready to have a little fun with a clever man, even though he was a poor player, whispered to her ladies that she would try if she could not make this pretended monarch turn into an awkward enough at a moment's notice. Accordingly, at a critical point in the scene, the Queen, who was sitting just over the stage, which was then held to be a place of honor, let her handkerchief fall at the feet of Shakespeare, who was just then standing close below her. Her mischievous majesty expected to see the actor start and reddish, and lose his cue. Instead of that he finished his speech with all his usual power, and without seeming to notice the handkerchief. Then stooping and picking it up, he gave it back to the Queen with a bow, in which there was an indescribable mixture of dignity and homage, saying, as he did so, these words to his train of courtiers:

But ere we get to horse and ride away,  
Let us pick up our sister's handkerchief.

A DISGUSTED ACTOR.—Olive Logan relates the following concerning David C. Anderson, a well-known Californian actor: He was always particular about his line of business, and being asked to play the Duke in *Lucretia Borgia*, he refused. Mrs. Hayne and Frank Mayo, the stars, showed him the necessity of his playing something in the piece, and he chose the shortest part, one of the fine young cavaliers. Mayo lent him a dress, made him look nice, and all seemed at rehearsal to promise well. His part was Apostolo. At the end of the first act he has to cross the stage to Lucretia, and say to her with great fire and haste: "Madame, you be-headed Don Francisco Gazello, maternal uncle of Don Alphonso of Arragon, your third husband, whom you caused to be murdered on the grand staircase of St. Peter's. I am cousin of one victim and son of the other." Anderson rushed over to La Borgia, shouting: "Madame, I am Catherine and Petruchio, mother of one and sister of the other, and nephew to the Elephant of Siam—you bet, and I'll never play such a part again." The miners never knew the difference between Anderson's text and Victor Hugo's.

## KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

This is a nation of enlightened freemen. Education is the corner-stone and foundation of our government. The people are free to think and act for themselves, and that they may act wisely it is necessary that they should be well informed. Every individual gain increases public gain. Upon the health of the people is based the prosperity of a nation, by it every value is increased, every joy enhanced. Health is essential to the accomplishment of every purpose; while sickness thwarts the best intentions and loftiest aims. Unto us are committed important health trusts, which we hold not merely in our own behalf, but for the benefit of others. In order that we may be able to discharge the obligation of our trusteeship and thus prove worthy of our generous commission, it is necessary that we study the art of preserving health and prolonging life. It is of paramount importance to every person not only to understand the means for the preservation of health, but also to know what remedies should be employed for the alleviation of the common ailments of life. Not that we would advise every man under all circumstances to be his own physician, but we entreat him to acquire sufficient knowledge of his system and the laws that govern it, that he may be prepared to take care of himself properly, and thereby prevent sickness and prolong life. In no text book will the people find the subjects of physiology and hygiene, or the science of life and the art of preserving health, more scientifically discussed or more plainly taught than in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, New York. It is a volume of over nine hundred large pages, illustrated by over two hundred and eighty-two engravings and coloured plates, is elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, and is sent, post-paid, to any address by the author at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents a copy. Nearly one hundred thousand copies have been sold, and the present edition, which is revised and enlarged and more especially adapted to the wants of the family, is selling very rapidly. It treats of all the common diseases and their remedies, as well as of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, human temperaments, and many other topics of great interest to all people, and is truly what its author styles it, "Medicine Simplified."

## HUMOROUS.

AFTER a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, nothing seems to rest him more than to dig over a few square rods of green sward in search of bait.