

A woman with a nut-cracker visage smoking a pipe on the pavement, yelled to a ragged child in the kennel: "Mercedes! Mercedes! come here you devil's imp." The child came and had her ears boxed. Monte Cristo half-drew a Malay dagger and said to the little one: "Is your name Mercedes? The child replied: "yes-sir, please." He put his hand in his pocket and gave her two millions."

He thoughtfully pulled out a box made of a single emerald and took a chew of *hasheesh*, then sung out in a commanding voice: "Furus a-hoy!" At the word a sixteen-oared gig shot out from the yacht's side and flew towards the shore, the sixteen gold tassels of the sixteen rowers' red caps all wagging simultaneously like a chime of bells, while the sixteen rowers rose as one man to the stroke and their sixteen bottoms came flop down again with wonderful unanimity. Monte Cristo took his seat in the sternsheets and was soon on board his ship. The crew prostrated themselves on the deck, oriental fashion, with all their pigtailed pointing aft of their persons, while he himself walked aft of the ship where the beautiful Haidee awaited him.

The beautiful Greek was habited in a strictly yachting costume modified by her own exquisite taste. Her reefer was of heavy dreadnought pilot cloth with very large buttons, trimmed with a lace fichu with bullion fringe and moonlight jet. Her wide Turkish trousers were of maize canvas flouced with real valenciennes. Large sea-boots of the softest leather came up to her shapely knees, with straps of diamond and ruby. Her tiny hands were *ganties* in delicate lavender kid, and a veil of blue illusion embroidered with silver stars shaded her classic face. On her head was a tarpaulin hat, around which was a ribbon bearing the word "Eurus."

The gaily attired crew sprang aloft and shook out the sails.

The eyes of the owner of this princely craft were fixed angrily on the *Chateau d'If*. The captain approached respectfully and enquired in what direction he should steer? "Go to Blazes!" said Monte Cristo. The Captain touched his hat and said to the men at the wheel, "to Blazes. Sou-sou-west-and-by-south. Keep her full."

Haidee gazed long and earnestly on the perturbed countenance of her lord. Her grand Hellenic eyes filled with tears. Then the beautiful Greek clasped her ivory arms around his neck and looking up with a seraphic smile, softly murmured: "Zoe mou sas agapo."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A human skull sert through the mails reached its proper destination—the Dead Letter office. There is enough dead-heading in the mails without sending skulls.—*Norristown Herald*.

We should think the clerks in the Dead Letter office ought to be good skullers to be able to decipher some of the addresses. By the way, if the letter D were expelled from the alphabet, would it be considered a "dead letter" because of its being D ceased?

A young man who dislikes law suits should never get married. "Why?" Because as soon as he does he gets further-in-law.

WHO IS THY FRIEND?

BY FRANCES BROWN, THE "BLIND POETESS OF DONEGAL."

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pleasure

In banquet hall or beauty's witching bowers; He that will dance with thee to folly's measure,

And make no reckoning of the squandered hours,

To whom the revel and the game is all? These are the friends that help men to their fall.

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pride,

Thine hour of glory, or thy day of gain; Who stands in every triumph by thy side, And never finds that triumph false or vain, But shapes his doctrine as thy humor goes? These are the friends misfortune turns to foes.

Who is thy friend? The man that for his winning

To power or place hath need of thine or thee; Who will not fear thy risk, or blame thy sinning, So it but speed his fortune's growing tree; Whose praise is large, whose promise larger yet; These are the friends that fail us and forget.

Who is thy friend? The man of truth and trust, In gladness near, in sorrow nearer still, To thy faults generous, to thy merits just.

Thy help to every good, from every ill, Whose love for the world's hate might make amends? Alas for it! this life hath such few friends.

Who is thy friend? The best, the least regarded

In faith unfailling, and in love unchanged Through all the changeful years, though ill rewarded,

Give Him thy heart, so long and far estranged; And from the broken reeds of earth ascend, To seek in heaven thine everlasting friend.

BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, May 14, 1878.

We need now to look forward to the Spring and wonder when the trees will "leave" (though of course one really wishes them to remain). For Spring is now an established fact, and though the weather is perhaps a trifle chilly for the season, yet all vegetation breathes of the coming summer. Our Public Garden presents a beautiful sight. Many flowers are now in bloom, but especially the thousands of tulips, in their first season, attract attention. It can not strike one that these tulips were a wise investment, for they cost the city but about two cents apiece, and who can estimate the pleasure they contribute to the multitude? One is well repaid for an hour spent in the Garden, viewing the flowers and admiring the groups of children playing around, or sailing over the pond in the gay painted boats.

A walk through the market reveals the fact that, while fancy prices are still attached to many fruits and vegetables for the tables of the wealthy, the more modest purse may find all the comforts and many luxuries at a moderate cost. Already the buckster has begun his tedious cry, "Strawberries—two quarts for a quarter!" and soon, if only a drought would come so that the milkman might be less tempted to—well, we won't say what, strawberries and cream would indeed be a reality.

The latest wonder here is Edison's Phonograph which is now exhibiting in Horticultural Hall. Numbers have visited the Hall to listen to it, and it fulfills every expectation. It certainly is a most wonderful thing, and it makes one stop to wonder what will be invented next. One of its very amusing performances the other evening was the repetition of "Yankee Doodle," with variations, which had just been whistled into it.

The Great London Show begins its exhibition on the Coliseum grounds to-day. Its advertisements certainly present most wonderful attractions, among them the little boat in which Capt.

Cr po and his wife sailed across the Atlantic. And the boat may be very useful to some folks in showing them what fools people can make of themselves.

The various theatres offer attractive bills. The Globe, which will be closed this week, has just been presenting "Katy, the Hat-Coin Girl," with Mabel Leclard, the little favorite, as Katy.

Several of our popular singers and pianoforte players are giving farewell recitals and concerts preparatory to departing for Europe, among them Madame Sculler, whom all Bostonians are sorry to lose. Some of these birds of passage will return in the fall, in even better voice, prepared for the winter campaign. LEAH.

LONGEVITY.—Last Saturday's Boston Traveler contains the following remarkable list of aged persons who died during the week:—

"Jas. Dickson of Canada, 119; Mary Davis, New York city, 104; Mrs. Hannah Solleck, Danbury, Conn., 99; W. Neman, New York city, 100; Capt. R. Anderson, New Hartford, 95."

The five make a sum total of 518 years, or an average of 101 years each. If the old folks keep on dying at this rate we will soon have no "oldest inhabitant" (excepting Susan B. Anthony) left.

Trees appear much relieved now that the weather is warm—*Hugh Moore*. Yes, they are about starting a branch business. Do you twig?—*N. Y. News*.

On reading the above, the *St. Louis Democrat* will say "This is a good item, let's prig it."

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

We intend offering a number of first-class Prizes, to be drawn for by subscribers according to the English Art Union rules.

1st Prize—An Oil Painting called "Moonrise on the Coast"—value \$30.

2nd do.—"The Passing off Shower"—value \$20.

3rd do.—"The Evening Song"—value \$10.

4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.

5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Lecture Yawcock Strauss, and other Poems," by Chas. F Adams.

6th do.—"Evenings in the Library," by Geo. Stewart, Jr.

7th do.—Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's last book, "Silent and True."

The oil paintings are being painted by our talented townsman, John C. Miles, Esq., whose well earned reputation as an artist is sufficient guarantee that the pictures will be valuable works of art.

When finished they will be placed in the window of Mr. A. C. Smith's drug store, on exhibition.

The drawing will take place on the 1st of August.

Remember that for One Dollar you will receive a copy of the TORCH for one year, and have a chance for one of the prizes.

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Knows, Esq., Barrister, &c., in Y. M. C. A. Building, or by letter addressed to "Editor of TORCH," St. John, N. B.

Specimen copies sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO CANVASSERS.—A cash prize of \$10 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.