Listowel Standard.

VOL. I.—NO. 52. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, JANUARY 24, 1879.

HAWKINS & KELLS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Brother Linkhaw's Singing.

Devout, but Unmusical.

When "The State versus Linkhaw" was called, the Commonwealth of North Carolina appeared as the plaintiff, and an earnest Methodist brother of Robeson County responded as the defendant. The latter had not broken any of the Ten Commandments, nor had he violated any written law of the land. His moral character was above suspicion, his piety was unquestioned, and it was conceded even by his persecutors that he was a law-abiding citizen, a member of the church in good standing, and a man of exemplary deportment. Yet he was indicted by the Grand Jury of Robeson county, found guilty of a misdemeanour by twelve of his peers, and the Supreme Court of North Carolina was called upon to determine whether the majesty of the law demanded that he should suffer punishment. It appears that Brother Linkhaw took a leading part in the congregational singing in the church of which he was a member, and that while he laboured with fervour to produce harmony in the rendering of the hymns, he contrived, unfortunately, (but unintentionally, all do him the justice to say,) to create a great deal of discord in the congregation. In fact, it was his fervid singing that finally brought him to grief, as it had previously been a cause of grief to many of the brethren and sisters. The truth is that shortly after Brother Linkhaw had been received into good fellowship and the communion of the church, and as soon as his voice was heard in tuneful praise, it became painfully evident to many that his part in the service of song was not calculated to give unmixed pleasure to the devout of the congregation, nor to promote the good ends of divine worship which all had at heart. Gentle hints of this unwelcome truth were first thrown out, and when no notice was taken of these it became necessary to bring the delicate matter openly to the attention of the brother in fault. As this did not have the desired effect, the members first expostulated and afterwards reasoned with him, then tried to move him by prayer, and finally appealed to him as a man and a Christian to have a little consideration for the feelings of the congregation and some respect for the sacred cause of religion. When all these efforts had failed to have any perceptible effect in abating the hymnal fervour of the determined brother, the congregation with one accord voted that his singing was a nuisance which the church would not and could not tolerate, and resolved that, unless a compliance with their demands was promised, the circumstances would justify a resort to extreme measures. To all of which Brother Linkhaw calmly but firmly replied that "he would worship his God, and that, as a part of worship, it was his duty to sing." No course was now left to the society but to appeal to the law. Accordingly, legal proceedings were begun, and the misguided brother, whose only sin was his excess of ardour, was indicted and brought to trial, charged with misdemeanour in disturbing the peace of the congregation.

What were the specific criticisms on Brother Linkhaw's vocal performances, whether it was that his tuning-fork was wont to deceive his ear in the pitch, or he invariably struck the wrong key, or was never in time; whether it was that he persisted in rendering the psalms in long metre while the rest of the congregation laboured to give them in short, or that the nasal was so dominant in his tones as to mar the general effect of the singing—these are critical matters, in which the musical public will be interested, but which, unfortunately, do not appear in the official report of the case. It is clear, however, that in the opinion of the majority the singing complained of was decidedly more fervid than was called for by even the strictest requirements of divine worship and that there was altogether too much of it. The complaint of the church, as far as it appears in evidence, though sweeping, was general. It was charged that Brother Linkhaw was wont to sing in such a way as to disturb the whole congregation and to make the sacred services ludicrous; that at the end of every verse of the hymn, his voice was heard loud and long after all the others had ceased; that the annoyance was great and grievous; that the effect of it was "to make one part of the congregation laugh and the other mad;" and that the "religious and frivolous enjoyed as fun, while the serious and devout were moved with righteous indignation." It was also in evidence that the pastor often became so disturbed that he lost control of his temper, refused to sing the hymn, and shut up the book in disgust; that the presiding Elder could not be induced to preach in the church unless Brother Linkhaw would covenant to absent himself from the services or to refrain from taking any part in the singing; and that on one occasion the Senior Deacon, observing the profound solemnity which pervaded the congregation in consequence of the sermon just closed, and fearing that this effect would be lost in ridicule when Brother Linkhaw should open his mouth to start the singing, was obliged to hasten to the latter's pew and beseech him, "for heaven's sake, to keep quiet."

At the trial in the lower court the State did not attempt to show any intention on the part of the defendant to disturb the congregation. On the contrary, it was admitted that he had been conscientiously taking part in the religious exercises. The court was asked, but refused, to instruct the jury that the accused was not guilty unless he *intended* to create a disturbance. The question was, said the judge, whether his singing had that effect, and whether he intended to do the singing. On this point there was no room for doubt. If the testimony of the pastor, the deacons, the leader of the prayer-meetings, and the whole roll of members had been impeached, there was one witness whose evidence alone was have convinced the jury and saved the State from defeat. Being asked to describe the peculiarities of the obnoxious singing, he responded with a hymn given with such perfect imitation of Brother Linghaw's voice and fervid manner that it "produced a burst of prolonged and irresistible laughter, convulsing alike the spectators, the Bar, the jury, and the court." The devout defendant alone was unmoved to levity. This settled the matter and Brother Linkhaw, but only for the time being. The latter, as determined to assert his rights in law as he had been to exercise them in religion, appealed to the Supreme Court of the State, which reversed the judgment of the lower court, remarking that the defendant was "a proper subject for the discipline of his church, but not for the discipline of the courts." Thus in the end did Brother Linkhaw triumph over his enemies.

False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

Mother (noticing her son's greediness): "George, you should always have the table feeling that you could eat a little more." George: "I do, mother."

There are ten shades of red this season in women's toggery, and 347 shades of blue about the husband and father who foots the dry-goods and millinery bills.

A Pittsburg school-teacher had just taught her scholars to say "ither" and "nither" and "fe-nance," when she died. No one can tell when their life's work will be cut short.

The Turkish Government, by advice of Baker Pasha, is to erect a dozen forts between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, which will connect with a chain to Gallipoli, which is to be strongly fortified.

Miss Made-up Oldgad: Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when—" Young Foodle: "When you—ar—planted it."

Just while we think of it, why didn't the individual who invented button-holes get up something equally durable to fit them? We have yet to run across the first button that would hold out with half the persistency that the hole would.

The superintendent approached a youth of colour, who was present for the first time in Sunday-school and enquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. The good man tried in vain to preserve his gravity when the answer was returned: "Well, massa calls me Cap'n, but *maiden name* is Moses."

There must be some mistake in this last extract. It is altogether too high a compliment to be deserved by any merely human beings:

"An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's more strange, the neighbours tell us,
He brought back borrowed umberrellas."

There is no simpler or better remedy for frost-bites than the following: Extract the frost by the application of ice-water until the frozen part is pliable, avoiding all artificial heat; then apply a salve made of equal parts of hog's lard and gunpowder, rubbed together until it forms a paste, and very soon the frozen parts will be well.

A COUP D'ETAT.

If little seeds by slow degree
Put forth their leaves and flowers unheard,
Our love had grown into a tree,
And bloomed without a single word

I reply bit on six o'clock,
The hour her father came from town;
I gave his own peculiar knock,
And waited slyly, like a clown.

The door was open. There she stood,
Lifting her mouth's delicious brim,
How could I waste a thing so good!
I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on and awful brink—
Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear;
And then, "O, Robert, don't you think
That that was rather—*cavalier?*"

London Society.

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER V.

A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

It was gone half-past three in the afternoon when young Langton stepped briskly out of the great warehouse of Ferris & Halkett, buttoning his coat across his chest. There was good reason that it should be buttoned tightly, because in the breast pocket he had a bagful of notes and gold, which it was his duty to take to the bank—this tolerably important trust being, as every one knows to be the custom in our mercantile houses, confided to the youngest, and therefore the least trustworthy, clerks. In his own desk was a book in which were entered the numbers of the notes and the amount in gold. The bank was in Lombard Street, the warehouse of Ferris and Halkett in one of the narrow streets which lie between Cheapside and the new thoroughfare of Queen Victoria Street. There was thus a short walk of ten minutes between the office and the bank.

Will Langton did not look happy on this November afternoon. Like many an older, and consequently worse man, he was in debt, and being dunned for money which he had not; like many an older and more foolish man, he had been living in a fool's paradise. That Cassandra should win the Cambridgeshire Stakes; Cassandra, Kugel's straightest and most trustworthy tip; Cassandra, on whom, by Kugel's advice, he had laid, when the odds were twenty to one, the last sovereign that was left of Mr. Pomeroy's allowance and his sister's gifts; Cassandra, who had been rising steadily day after day till she stood at six to one, and backers were plenty at the price—had been to him for the last three weeks a "moral;" nor did it come home to him until that day, the very day of the race, that there was just a chance for Cassandra to come in somewhere after the first. And all day long he had been trying to realize his position in case of that disaster actually happening.

Of course that disaster was bound to happen. Did any one ever hear of a single case where a bankrupt man rested his hopes upon a prize in a lottery, the winning of a horse, the accidental determination of a chance in his favour, and of that lucky chance turning up? It is certainly open to say that no sane man would so ground his hopes; it is also open to say that the line between sanity and insanity is a good deal confused, and also, if that goes for anything, that there is much humanity in man.

Will Langton was that bankrupt and that fool. The winning of that one horse seemed to him the one thing which stood between him and a most unpleasant scrape. Let us not be too hard upon him—first, because he was very young, only seventeen years of age; and secondly because he was the only brother of Lettice.

Will had been brooding all day long over the state of things. To a seasoned vessel, the mere fact of owing more than one can pay, of receiving letters which dun for money and remind of broken promises, of meeting tradesmen who make unpleasant remarks about gentlemen's words of honor, and so forth, have no annoying or worrying effect at all. Quite the reverse. If it were not for the little excitement, caused by their letters, rencontres, and remarks given them, and the opportunities which they offer to conversation, many gentlemen would be hipped in their daily life, and at a loss for their daily toil. When you are young it is different. To a boy of seventeen a debt of five pounds is a bugbear, a letter from a disappointed creditor is humiliating, and a threat of legal proceedings maddens. We get used to such things as we grow older.

No more anxious or miserable boy was in the city of London that afternoon than Will Langton. Besides the notes and gold which lay safely buttoned up in his breast pocket, there was a letter, now twelve days old, from the artist who had made the very pocket, to the effect that, unless within a fortnight Mr. Langton redeemed his promises, it would be necessary for him, the too-confiding creditor, to seek a personal interview with the head of the firm of Ferris & Halkett, or, worse still, with Mr. Pomeroy, of Great St. Simon Apostle.

To go to Mr. Halkett—the great Mr. Halkett—to inform that magnificent leader among city merchants, that one of his junior clerks, at a salary of forty pounds per annum, owed a tradesman ten pounds for garments supplied, would be, Will Langton knew, too ridiculous and absurd. The man could not even get so far as Mr. Halkett's private office; he might certainly tell a chief clerk, which would lead to private remonstrance, and that was all. On the other hand, Will reflected with terror, suppose the man were actually, as he threatened, to go to Mr. Pomeroy! Suppose he came to say, this revengeful creditor, that Mr. Pomeroy's protege, to whom he allowed forty pounds per annum, the exact amount of his salary, spent his evenings—and he could tell Mr. Pomeroy so much from his own personal observation—at music-halls, smoking pipes, and drinking gin and water, and at public-house billiard-rooms, losing at pool all he could get out of his patron and his sister! Suppose this were done, what would be the attitude and action of Mr. Pomeroy? Will Langton was actually so young that he felt ashamed to think of the truth being known, independently of the possible results in loss of money, and his sister's sorrow.

By this time the race was run, and his fate—for everything at seventeen is full of fate—was decided. He looked up and down the streets for an Echo boy; none was in sight. But as he walked quickly in the direction of Lombard Street, steps came running after him, and a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

It was his German friend, and at the sight of his gloomy face Will knew that the race was lost.

"She must have been got at," groaned Kugel. "Nowhere at all—not in it—not even placed. Oh, if we could only find out how it was done! A hundred pounds lost—cheated out of a hundred pounds."

Will felt sick and faint.

"Cheer up, young un," said his advisor; "the game isn't over yet, though we have lost this time. What's a sovereign, after all? That's all you've really lost, though you feel as if it was more. It's worse for me; I feel as if I had lost a hundred. I thought that hundred was certain."

"It can't be worse for you than for me. I made sure of that twenty, and I've got no money, and I shan't have any, except the weekly pay—fifteen shillings every Saturday—for three months more. How am I to pay up? And he threatens to go to Mr. Pomeroy and tell him what sort of a life I've been leading."

"What if he does?"

"You don't know Mr. Pomeroy. If he were to find out that I go about with—with——"

"With me?"

"Yes, with you and your set, I should hear the last of my allowance. And poor Lettice! Kugel, you must help me out of the scrape."

"It's deuced unlucky for both of us. As for me, my landlady doesn't know where my office is, and I don't mean to let her know. I owe for three weeks now—rent, and coals, and breakfast. Promised to pay upon Saturday; I rather think, Langton, my boy, that when she sends up her bill on Saturday morning, she will find the bird flown. How much do you really want?"

"The bill is fifteen pounds, five shillings, and sixpence."

"Phew! You must ask for time. It's your only chance."

Just then the city clocks struck four. Will started.

"Four o'clock! And now I can't pay in."

"Were you going to the bank? Well, that does not matter. You can take it back for to-night."

It did not greatly matter; only when Will went to give back his bag, the clerk who should have received it was busy. And when he tried again at five, the clerk was gone. So that, when he left the office a few minutes later, he had with him still the bagful of notes and gold.

"You can slip out to-morrow at ten and pay it in first thing," said Kugel.

"It is ridiculous," said that worthy, presently, over a glass of gin and bitters; "it is ridiculous to make a fuss over debts. If you can't pay them, say so, and let them do what they like. A gentleman wants all the coin he can get for his amusements. Hang debts!"

Certainly Will Langton was in the way of becoming the first gentleman in Europe, for he had spent during the last twelve months every farthing in his amusements, if we count his daily shilling dinner as an amusement, and I do not know what else it was.

"But if he goes to Mr. Pomeroy, and lets out about things——"

"There will be a row, that's all. He will blow up and pay up, and you will go on the same as before. Come, Langton, have a glass of something."

Will shook his head. Then he hesitated. There was still a shilling in his pocket—enough for the next day's dinner.

"Devil take to-morrow," said his friend.

Then Will Langton took something; and then they both smoked a pipe and took something more.

At eight the boy's cheeks were flushed and his speech a little thick. Kugel had been paying for a good deal more.

"How much money have you got in your pockets?" asked Kugel.

"Two hundred in notes, eighty-five in gold."

"Eighty-five in gold," mused the elder clerk. "And the notes; I suppose they"—he pointed over his shoulder to an imaginary office—"they know the numbers?"

"I took them down. They are in my desk."

"Ah! in your desk. Well, old man, take care not to lose that bag. Eighty-five pounds. Eight—y—five pounds! What a flutter we could have, you and I together, if we had that money to spend! Pay our bills and all. Start us fair again. It would be a good joke, wouldn't it? Let us see? Let us see: you might say that it had been pulled out of your hand as you walked along, eh? You were afraid, you know, to tell them till the morning. I wonder how that would wash?"

He leaned forward to whisper this evil suggestion.

"Tell them I lost it?" asked Will. "But I haven't lost it."

Which was quite true, because it was in his pocket.

"Let us have another go," said Kugel, and ordered it. "Don't you see, my boy, all you've got to do is just to pretend that you lost the money—carried it in your hand, so: left it accidentally on a post. Lord, it's been done a dozen times—and there's no danger. Come, what do you say?"

It was unfortunate that the honest German had just overdone the temptation of drink. Will was past the stage of comprehending the nature of the innocent little deceit which the honest clerk was suggesting. The "something" had got into his head and was clouding his brain and making his tongue thick. This is not an unusual result with seventeen-year-old lads who make beer and tobacco do the duty of afternoon tea.

Kugel, a seasoned vessel, who drank beer like water, and was as sober as when they began, forebore to pursue the subject, and taking the boy by the arm, he led him away.

It was half past eight: the cold air of the October evening partially restored the lad the rest of that evening—how an hour in a music hall with more beer and pipes and bad air, led naturally to an hour or two in a billiard-room with more beer, more pipes, and worse air; how Will went through the various stages of heavy, sullen defiance of his destiny—you cannot possibly get light-hearted defiance out of adulterated beer—of maudlin cheerfulness, of dull stupidity, and of final complete and prostrate intoxication—may be passed over. When he arrived at the last stage, his friend Kugel, who was still perfectly sober, and had been dividing all the pools, put him into a cab and drove him to his own lodgings.

These consisted of a single room—the ground floor back of a house in Soho, let off entirely to lodgers such as Mr. Kugel, who for economical reasons, preferred one room to two. A young Frenchman, who spent his whole days in the reading-room of the British Museum, had the front-room on the ground-floor. In the first floor front was a lady who had seen better days. She lived by painting photographs. In the back lived an elderly man, who was a dresser of shop windows. His work was over very early in the day, and in the afternoon he used to go out and admire the effect, not above taking a wrinkle from the production of other artists in the same line. An ephemeral form of art, it is true, but, after all, to the eyes of the true artist, what does it matter for how short a time he labours? On the second floor were an assistant hair-dresser and his wife—a pair of love birds cooing in one cage; and at the back two young ladies of the stage, who clubbed their slender resources and lived in the same room.

Kugel, with the help of the cabman, carried the boy into his room and laid him on the bed. By this time poor Will Langton was quite gone. His eyes were open and he rolled about his head, but he could no longer speak.

Now the two rooms on the ground floor had, in their earlier and more honourable days, been connected by folding doors, which were now permanently closed and locked, so as to insure the privacy of either occupant. It so happened that the tenant of the front-room, feeling himself unable to sleep that night, was sitting up in bed smoking a pipe and reading—a most dangerous practice, which one would like to see entirely confined to foreign climes. At eleven o'clock he was startled by the most unusual fact of a cab driving up to the house. Who in that place could afford to drive a cab? Not the old lady who painted photographs; not the shop-dresser; not the two young ladies of the stage. The cab certainly stopped at the door, and immediately afterwards the listener heard heavy steps in the passage, as if two persons were carrying something heavy, who finally found their way to the room behind. Then one man went away, the door was shut, and the cab drove off. And then he heard a voice—that of his fellow-tenant—in low tones, speaking to some one else in a tone of remonstrance. This excited his curiosity and his wonder. Here was sleeplessness, for once rewarded. He slipped out of bed, put out his candle, and applied his eye to the key-hole, gathering a blanket over his shoulder for warmth.

As he smoked in bed, he had been building in a not too fertile brain that Chateau de France, in which the dreamer becomes—not a hero of romance, not a Monte Cristo of wealth, not a Victor Hugo of fiction, but—a successful dramatist. To be a dramatist is the dream of every young Frenchman of literary tastes; to hang about theatres and try to discover the secret of success, the elixer of immortality, is his nightly amusement. Young Henri de Rosnay—whose real real name was Fancois Longlois—was one of the dreamers. He admired and envied Sardou beyond all men. To write such plays; to win such applause; to enjoy, in his own lifetime, such glory, was to him a thing beyond all posthumous glory; all renown among posterity. What has posterity done for me, Henri de Rosnay might have said, that I should try to please posterity? Rather let me stand upon the boards, when the author is called, and receive the plaudits of living men and women. No greater rapture, he would have added with truth, than to look round on the crowded *parterre* and *stalles d,orchestre;* to see the people laugh and cry; to lean back with the glow of an approving conscience; to say to myself *ipse ipsissimus feci;* and when the curtain is dropped to go to the front, and bow to those who are simple enough to admire, and receive the congratulations of those who belong to the craft and are maddened with jealousy and envy.

To-night his thoughts had been particularly turned in the direction of stage ambition. He lacked, he felt, the power of conceiving strong situations, but he thought he could fit a situation with dialogue, if only the situation could be found.

Might not this be a situation? Midnight; two men secretly—he made sure it was secretly—bearing a burden into the room behind his own! that burden a human being! Man or woman?

So he stepped out of bed, threw the blanket over his shoulders, and peeped—what will not a man do, incited by natural ambition—through the key-hole.

Then that young Frenchman saw some very strange and curious things.

First, the tenant of the room was not alone; it was a human burden. With him was quite a young man, lying on the bed, with flushed cheeks and half-closed eyes, breathing heavily. A very handsome boy, with delicate features and curly brown hair. But he was drunk, that was certain. What had the other brought him there for? Henri de Rosnay thought of strange stories which he had read of Paris, Cario, Naples, and Rome, and began to rub his hands with delight. Behold, here were materials for a sweet situation; boy drugged; brought home insensible to be—murdered, perhaps; robbed, perhaps; and he there, the unseen witness. As good as any play. As good as anything he could think of, although not entirely original, in the whole melodrama of Paris.

The first thing his fellow-lodger did was not altogether in accordance with melodramatic tradition; it was to pour into a tumbler some compound, which might, he thought, be another drug. At the same time his heart failed him, because it was quite clearly another thing altogether. As a matter of fact it was gin and water; a mixture which, if taken on top of a plentiful cascade of beer, is more certain than any known combination of spirits and water to stupefy persons already partially intoxicated. He lifted the boy's head and put the glass to his lips. Young Langton had just strength enough left to drink off the contents. Then his head rolled round; his eyes closed; he fell into the deep sleep of drunkenness, absolute and complete. If his sister had only seen him!

The Frenchman saw them. Now the lad thus forced, so to speak, into a profound slumber, the respectable Ernst Kugel—whose name, however, he did not know—sat down and began to think, looking at the sleeper. After a little he drew out a pocket-knife and opened it slowly, still gazing at his victim. What he, then, going to murder the boy? Henri de Rosnay drew a long breath, and began to consider.

This was a very delicate and difficult juncture. To shout and run into the other room might prevent the murder, and spoil the dramatic situation; to stay where he was and look on might produce a splendid tableau, and yet allow a blood-thirsty murder. Henri de Rosnay was a kind-hearted young fellow, though his love of art might seem to override his dislike to manslaughter, and it must be owned that for a moment he wavered.

Happily he was spared the necessity of the choice. Ernst Kugel, it appeared had no design whatever of murdering the boy. All he did with the knife was to cut, not his victim's throat, but his coat buttons; not to stick the murderous weapon in his windpipe, but to gash and cut the button-holes. What did he do that for?

Then M. de Rosnay observed that the boy's coat was tightly buttoned across the chest; so that the buttons cut off and the button-holes gashed, the coat would have the appearance of having been cut open by violence. Then he chuckled to himself.

And he was not at all surprised after this, when the respectable Kugel, whose name and face he did not know, put his hand into the inside pocket and drew it out with a bag—a bag of coarse sacking, which M. de Rosnay's slight experience told him was used to carry money backward and forward between an office and a bank.

There was a table at the foot of the bed, also very fortunately commanded by the key-hole, on which the robber, if he was one, quietly poured out the contents of the bag. There was a small bolster of notes and a quantity of gold. The Frenchman saw the man separate the gold into little piles of ten pounds each. There were eight of them and one smaller pile. Then he saw him tie up the gold tightly in a handkerchief, so that it made a small and tight rouleau. The notes he folded and put in an envelope. He looked about him next, as if for a hiding-place. Beside the fire-place, after lifting the carpet, he found a loose plank—no doubt he knew of it before—one of those planks which are taken up when anything goes wrong with the gas. This he took up, and deposited in the space below it his stolen goods. The Frenchman rubbed his hands—he saw his way to a really effective situation.

All this took time, but at last it was done, and the operator began leisurely to undress. The Frenchman saw that he covered the boy over with a blanket, without removing any of his clothes. In a few minutes M. Kugel was ready for bed, and, in fact, went there as quietly and naturally as if he had been doing a noble and honourable action. Going to bed with calm and untroubled mind is too often associated by us with the possession of virtue. That, however, is an error. Ernest Kugel, after robbing his friend, laid his head upon the pillow, and without a thought of repentance fell asleep.

When the man at the key-hole saw the candle put out, he removed his eye—which was, in fact, of no further use in that position. And then, perplexed, but much elated, for here was his situation, he went to bed too.

In the morning he was awakened by voices in the next room, and instantly springing from his bed, resumed his old position.

"Aha!" he said, "now for the next act."

Kugel was dressed, and the boy was sitting on the edge of the bed, awake and looking dazed.

"It's a terrible thing," said the former. "I don't see any way out of it at all. You would leave us last night; nothing would keep you. I thought you were sober enough to get home, and when I came out, a quarter of an hour later, there you were on a curb-stone, sound asleep, with your coat open, like that. So I just brought you home as you were."

Will Langton groaned. As yet he could only half understand. Then he pressed his hands to his head.

"I can't remember anything about last night at all," he said. "And my head is splitting."

"Poor old boy! Never mind. I'll stand by you—to the last I will. Look here, Langton. They won't believe at the office that you were robbed of that money; nobody would be such a fool as to believe that."

"Won't believe that I was robbed?"

"Most certainly not. There was a similar case last year of a fellow pretending to lose money. They charged him with it, and he was tried and found guilty. Five years he got."

Mr. Kugel forgot to mention that the two cases were not exactly similar, because in the former case it was clearly proved that the clerk had not lost the money at all, but had made use of it.

Will fell back on the pillow, and buried his face in his hands.

"No; what you've got to do is this. I will go to the office and say nothing about you. You will stay here till I come home. The landlady will bring you up some breakfast at twelve. You go to sleep again now. At four or five you shall have a chop; and you take good care not to stir from here till I come home again. And that may be latish. Don't stay up for me, but go to bed when you are sleepy. There's plenty of gin in the bottle, and there's the tobacco. And so now, old man, you stay here and be comfortable. Perhaps things will blow over, you know, after a bit, and then you can come out and look round again."

Langton acceded. He was so miserable, so ill, that he would have acceded to anything; and at the moment it seemed as if sleep was the one thing which he wanted. The misery before him, bluntly put by his adviser, fell with a dull pain upon his racking head, but he was too ill to understand. Lying down again, he fell asleep in a few moments.

Kugel covered him with a blanket, went out, gave some directions to his landlady, and left the house.

M. De Rosnay, still watching the case with a lively interest, hastily pulled on his boots, snatched his hat, and stole out after him, following on the other side of the street. Mr. Kugel, stout, composed, and upright, walked quickly, with the business stride of a city clerk; the Frenchman, with long legs, clad in black, and lean, spare figure, round which was buttoned a long frock-coat, walked behind with uneven steps, swinging his arms like a villain in a melodrama. Yet he was not the villain; he was only going through the mental exercise of fancying himself that villain.

Through the streets of Soho to Holborn, along the stately Holborn to Newgate, from Newgate to Cheapside; then, turning down one of the narrow southern streets, the office of Ferrit & Halkett. There the prey was run down; the sleuth-hound watched him enter, and then, going boldly straight in after him, called a porter standing at the gate, and asked him the name of that gentleman, pointing to the clerk.

"That is one of our German gentlemen," said the man; "Mr. Kugel his name is."

"Kugel! Ah, I was wrong. Pardon," said the Frenchman, with a strong foreign accent. "I am deceived. I thought I used to know him. That is not so."

He had learned what he wanted to know—the name of this man of mysterious habits, and the place where he was employed. He retraced his steps slowly, thinking. The robber was a clerk in a city house, that was ascertained. Good; he could run him down whenever he pleased. Next for the boy.

This time he did not use the friendly key-hole, but boldly opened the enemy's door and looked in. The lad was still, still as he expected, sound asleep—heavily asleep; so steeped in slumber that he did not awake when the Frenchman put his hand into his coat pocket and drew forth a letter, the creditor's missive, and read the name.

"Aha! Mr. William Langton, Messrs. Ferrit & Halkett. It becomes complicated, this affair. Situation: two clerks in one bureau. Good! Ze young clerk gets dronk, ze more older clerk he r-r-rob him." He threw up his forefinger with a gesture of explanation mingled with disgust. "Tiens, tiens—what next? Next he did seize money. Where? In sous le plancher—in ze ground. Bien, bien."

He went on his hands and knees and began to examine the planks beneath the window. It was quite easy to throw back the carpet and find the loose one; and beneath it there lay the rouleau of gold and the packet of notes.

And as Frenchmen generally ask themselves questions in French, he made no mistakes. "What to do?" he asked himself. "What to do? If I leave the packet, he will perhaps come home and take the money and go. If I take the packet, one might suspect me. Bah! that is impossible—suspect Henri de Rosnay? That is foolish; that is absurd. I will take the money; I will watch for to-day and to-morrow. Aha! to-morrow I will go to his office and denounce the true robber. End of act three, with fifth grand tableau."

He placed Will's letter and the packet in his own pocket and left the room, the boy still breathing the heavy sleep of intoxication.

It was pretty certain that his victim would not return till the evening—late, he had told the boy. M. de Rosnay, therefore, proceeded with his own business. First he went to the British Museum, where he wrote part of his letter to the Parisian paper. In it he threw out hints about being engaged in tracking to its end a dark and mysterious affair, which, in the hands of one less skilled in the tortuous workings of the human heart, would infallibly be a work attended with failure. "Let my readers of the fair sex," he said, "be reassured; this country is not Persia, nor is it France. It is money, not love, robbery, nor jealousy, which lie within the plot of which I speak. And yet I promise for all a new, an original, a piquant story."

He went home at seven, for safety. No one was in the room but the unlucky boy, sitting with his head in his hand, a picture which would have moved the heart of the youthful Lacedæmonian far more effectively than a mere common Helot. But no one else.

It was weary work, passing that long evening waiting for a man who did not arrive. But what would deter a French correspondent in the pursuit of something exciting? At dawn he got tired, however, and went to bed, with the resolution of waking up when he heard steps in the next room.

It was past two when the steps did awaken him. But there was nothing to see, because Mr. Kugel on getting home, proceeded straight to bed.

[TO BE CONTIN UED.]

PERSONAL.

The Khedive has been cut down to $1,500,000 a year for household expenses.

At eighty-six, Lucretia Mott still lives and flourishes. She still sounds the trumpet for woman's rights, and was recently elected president of the Pennsylvania Peace Society. She has been a *bon Mott*, as the French say.

Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins, the revival preachers who have been supplementing the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, have closed seven weeks of successful meetings in Fall River, Mass., and have begun services in Providence, R. I.

Samuel Ptesanwicasa, who is represented as descended from the loins of Sitting Bull, has been converted to Christianity at the Cheyenne agency. The youth should be sent as a missionary to the old man, who, as he becomes infirm and no longer able to wield the tomahawk, may fall an easy prey.

There has been the greatest difficulty in inducing the Duchess of Edinburgh to go over and take up her abode in England even for a few weeks, though the Queen had intimated the propriety and reassuring effect of such a measure. She idolizes her father, and does not love the English court. The latter fully reciprocates this sentiment.

Sara Bernhardt, the famous French actress, has her bed draped as black as night. Opposite the actress's bed is a large mirror, and directly in front of the mirror stands the skeleton of a man who died for love. The skeleton was found in Italy. There it for ever stares and grins ghastly at Bernhardt as she lies in bed. And she loved the skeleton dearly—so she says.

Mr. Whistler, I hear, intends to contribute the farthing at which his damages against Mr. Ruskin have been assessed to the fund which is being raised to re-coup that gentleman the costs of the action. I like to see traits such as this, for they prove that although differences of opinion may exist between the representatives of literature and art, they do not engender any hard feelings.—*Truth.*

Sham Invalids.

Of social nuisances one of the most tormenting is the individual who always labours under the impression that there is something wrong with his physical system. One day he tortures us with newly disoovered symptoms of dropsy; the next he is quite sure there is something wrong with his liver; he is cursed with sleeplessness or drowsiness, or the two alternately; his teeth give him untold agony; he is sure he is going to lose his hearing; and when he cannot think of any more definite malady his nerves are shaken. All the while we are satisfied that he is quite as healthy as we ourselves are or as it is the lot of men in general to be. We are shame-stricken with the sense of hypocrisy as we tender the mock invalid our sympathy and recommend this and that remedy (generally the thought of the moment) for the disorder of the day. It restores us somewhat to complacency to reflect that no mortal has the right to humbug us with bogus miseries when there are so many real and grievous ones in the world.

Glances Into Mirrors.

Ten Minutes with the Many who Stop to Look at Themselves in Broadway.

In Broadway, just across from the main entrance to the Metropolitan Hotel, four large mirrors stand out nearly at right angles with the sidewalk—two of them facing up the street, and two in the opposite direction. Yesterday afternoon was observed there the figure of a fine looking, well dressed gentleman. He noticed that the neck scarf was slightly awry, and he halted in front of one of the mirrors to adjust it. While he was doing so, a young man who had just come from the barber's occupied the other half of the mirror, to ascertain the extent of a small gash on the left side of his long red neck. Three persons were occupying the mirror that faced in the other direction. It reflected the ample person of a mature woman, who was arranging the puffs of hair on either side of her face. At that time of the day it was still the sunny side of the street, and many men, women, boys, and girls were passing. A large proportion of those who passed, both sexes included, glanced at the reflection of their figures, many stopped and surveyed themselves, and not a few did things that were still more noticeable. The majority of

THE MEN

pressed down their collars, adjusted their neckties, and gave a tug at the lapels of their coats. Many of the youngish men examined their chins; and while it would seem that those having the most chin would naturally occupy the most time, the contrary was true—those who were nearly destitute of chin lingered the longest.

THE WOMEN

most frequently stood in a position to obtain a side view of themselves, and gave their attention to their back hair. Young women touched the tips of their fingers to their lips and pressed them, with a twist of the wrist, against the little circles and scallops of hair that adorned their foreheads and temples. Usually when a person noticed that another was looking at him or her the self-inspection ceased, and the person passed on with the conscious look of one having been detected in something not quite in place. Those who were least disturbed by the glances of others were

MATRONS OF MATURE ASPECT.

They finished what they were doing, contemplated the completed work with serene satisfaction, and then majestically swept away. It was wonderful how much of their toilet some of them made. On the average women lingered longer than men and the women who would have to be changed most to be beautiful stopped longest of all. A young man with a quill toothpick in the corner of his mouth marched up to one of the mirrors, removed the toothpick, opened his mouth, and began an inspection within—perhaps the latest improvement and addition by his dentist.

A SMALL BOY

in scant attire, and with a blue, cold look about his features, shied up to the glass and pulled the upper corners of his coat front together, looked into his sleeves, and then closely scrutinized himself as though he would ascertain whether the fact of his having no shirt on was visible to the public. A coloured woman with a market basket on her arm smiled benignly on herself and noticed in the glass that her celery-tops were working over the edge of her basket. She crowded them down, smiled on herself once more, and passed on. A police officer stepped up and surveyed his figure; then he strode away, looking at his white gloves. An ample and blooming young woman undulated up to the mirror, leading by a blue ribbon a poodle that looked like a crumb brush without any handle. After looking at herself, slowly turning her head from side to side, she hauled up her poodle by the ribbon, and the ill-favoured brute had an indifferent glimpse of himself while dangling near the foot of the mirror. A newsboy went into violent contortions while endeavouring to get into a position where the back of his ear would be visible to himself.

SEVERAL YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

with very gorgeous neckties stopped to jerk the bows of the same and spread the ends out. They usually passed the palm of one hand upwards over the chin before moving on. One young man stuck his cigar close up to the glass and puffed away with great energy, at the same time regarding with absorbing interest the reflection of the growing spark on the ashen end of the weed. Then he removed the cigar and looked at the end as though he would make sure that the mirror had not deceived him. A very little girl, done up in a blue cloak and hood, peeped around the edge of the mirror, patted her pink cheeks and smiled, and then laughed to see the pretty picture answer her smile. Among those who tarried longest was a middle-aged man with very black moustache and goatee. He took a side view of himself, tried to get a profile of his features, pulled his goatee, stepped back and dusted the bottoms of his pantaloons, then stepped upand looked at the picture before he tore himself away. A telegraph boy dodged in front of one of the glasses, counted his bright buttons with his forefinger, and then vanished up the street as though he was making up lost time.

A VERY PRETTY SCHOOL GIRL

glanced at herself in a shy way, and then looked around as though to see whether anybody had noticed her. She might have been pardoned for taking a longer look at herself. A fellow with much collar and a bright red necktie looked into all four of the glasses before he got away. A trio of pretty girls stepped before one of the mirrors, bowed with mock gravity, and then went up the street, chatting and laughing at what they had done.

A YELLOW DOG

looked into the bottom of a mirror, put up his fore paw toward the image, sneezed, and ran away, looking back over his shoulder.

New Year's in New York.

There was as much, if not more, drinking than usual. Appeals "to banish wine from the New Year's table" were made by the usual number of temperance associations, and, as usual, were profoundly and generally ignored. Fashionable society in general pays little heed to the requests of social reformers. "What business has any one dictating what we shall eat or drink?" was the general sentiment. Brandy, sherry, port, and Madeira were liberally dispensed among the old-time Knickerbocker element. Bourbon and rye whiskey were kept on the sideboards of western and southern families, and egg-nogg of the richest and raciest kind was dispensed by hospitable exiles from the Old Dominion. Eating was a secondary consideration, important in its way, but not to be attended to until the cup of kindness had been quaffed. Boned turkey, cold ham, jellies, frosted cake, fruits, and a host of other inviting indigestibles were spread in numberless back parlours, and, as a rule, were done ample justice to before the hour of closing.

Probably one-half of the ladies of Fifth Avenue kept open house for their friends during the day. Christmas stars and wreaths hung in almost every window, and trailing vines and exotic plants were liberally displayed. The cabmen had their hands full all day, and the panting of their perspiring horses, passing at a jog trot, was heard on all sides. Singing and blowing on tin trumpets, penny whistles, and even cornets was practised. The usual number of pledges were made and broken, and the usual number of heads sank to rest with aching brows and inward resolves of reformation—next New Year's.

An old darkey who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud and some isn't—'pends on w'at you axes fo'; just arter the wah, we'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culled bredden, I 'bearved dat whenebber I pway de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse