AN UNDERGRADUATE'S RING

My large gold signet-ring was nowhere to be found. It was given to me by my father on the night before I left the paternal roof to commence life as a freshman at All Saints' College, Cambridge. 'My dear George," said he that evening

over his wine, "you are now going to begin life as a s a man."

I assumed an air of great seriousness and responsibility and readily acquiesced. My father went on in the most orthodox and pa-

perhaps you know, in your struggle through the world; but Idon't think you are like the general run of young fellows, and your mothe and myself have decided to do a thing which we would not be warranted in doing unless we had perfect confidence in you."

Here he paused for a few moments and

sipped his wine. This," I thought, "means that the dear old governor is going to double my allow-ance." So I assured him of my intentions of ance." So I assured him of my intentions of rendering myself fully worthy of any unlimit ed amount of confidence that he might care

hestow on me. "Yes, my dear boy," continued my father. putting down his glass, "I believe you will do your best, and in the meantime I will e in you: hands the old signet-ring of our

family. Here it is—be careful of it, and it may perhaps remind you that on you depends not only your own success in life, but the reputation of an ancient family."

I was rather crestfallen, I must confess. From the flourish of the paternal trumpet I had expected nothing less than a double allowance, However, I concealed all traces of disappointment and thanked my father very energetically, promising never to let it depart from my keeping. And now, after depart from my keeping. And now, after only a month's possession, the ring had disappeared.

I had first became aware of the fact in the

hall while engaged in dissecting the leg of what must have been in his day a most athletic turkey. I happened to glance at the little finger of my right band, and to my horror no ring was there. I don't know why I had not noticed its absence before. I had rushed late into the hall from the Union, and so perhaps that might account for it. As it was, I let my knife and fork fall into th plate and stared stupidly at my finger.

I felt in my pockets and brought out a huge handful of silver which, in my nervous nes. I dropped, to the great discomfort of the waiter, who had to go on his hands and knees was nowhere to be found.

I fully remembered having it with me when

I left my rooms; in fact I noticed it on my hand when I "sported my oak." or, in plainer English, when I shut my outer door. Be-tween then and dinner I had only been to the

Union to wash my hands.
"It must be there," I thought, and leaving the leg of the aforesaid athletic bird to remain in its pristine unsevered state I rushed out of the hall. In the lavatory of the Union it was nowhere

to be seen.
"No one had found a ring of any sort," the olerk said, but I had better put up a notice. So a notice was accordingly put up, and I fettred in a thoroughty dejected and dispirited

state of mind. I went to my rooms and searched in the vague idiotic way common to everyone on such occasions. I believe I even looked in the coal-box and under the grate; but, need less to say, with no success. At length, in the hopelessness of despair, I gave up the search and settled myself with a pipe in front

of the fire.

A couple of days passed without any tidings of the ring. I gave it up as lost, and wrote a penitential letter to my father, which I posted with a heavy heart on my way to hapel one evening.

As in all college chapels, the seats in All

Saints' were ranged longitudinally in three tiers down the building. In the first two tiers sat undergraduates of the first and second years, and the top row of stalls-was reserved for dons, bachelors, and

hird-year men.

My favourite place was a corner of one of the seats in the second tier, at the end of the building. By turning half round, which, owing to the nature of my improper thing to do, I could obtain complete view of the Rev. Jonathan Minchin, dean of the college, whose stall was situated above mine and just a little to th

He was a tall, lean man, with dull, caver nous eyes and thin brown hair confusedly straggling over half of his head and nearly the whole of his face. The colour of the la ter was nearer that of a healthy mummy than anything else, saving the end of his nose, which seemed to have assimilated the colour of a red pocket handkerchief which he was continually applying to it. His manner was on the whole kind and courteous, though excessive nervousness sometimes got the bet ter of his judgment, and obtained for him certain amount of unpopularity, especiall efforts to catch all the summer that we could out of the flying terms, must have vexed his soul very much indeed.

While standing up in chapel my attention used to be divided between this interesting personage, the various carvings in wood and stone, and, of course, my prayer-book. used to gaze-when he was not looking-o should become like that when I was a don. I am not a don yet, by the way, nor is there any likelihood of my ever attaining to the privieges of the high table; but these were dreams of my first freshman's term, when the tripos was a vague idea, hidden in the distant future, and when everything else was bright

and hopeful. No; everything was not bright and hopeful that evening when I went into the chapel after posting the letter. I had violated the confidence that my father had reposed in me, and I had the prospect before me of a tre-mendous outburst of wrath on his part for so doing. I was in no humour to attend to the Psalms, or even to my friend Dollman's facetions remarks, which he artfully made during tions remarks, which he artfully made during the responses; but I put my hands in my pockets beneath my surplice and commenced my usual investigation of the dean. My eyes fell upon his white hand, doubled up on the cushion beside his prayer-book, and also, to my intense bewilderment, on a signetring adorning his little finger.

It was my ring!

I literally gasped for breath. That it was my ring there could be no mistake. My eyes were only a few inches off from it, and I recognized every familiar mark. There was the curiously chased thick rim and the large blood-stone seal : and there carved on it, was the crest of the Sherwood family—a shaggy-maned fabulous animal, a griffin, I think, with a serpent's sting protruding from its mouth, and a castle tower round its neck by way of a collar.

The more I looked the more impossible I

felt it was that I could be mistaken. Suddenly Mr. Minchin caught my gaze fixed on the ring, and hastily drew his hand under the sleeve of his surplice. His other hand fidgeted nervously with the tassel of the cushion; and until the end of the Psalms he custion; and until the end of the realms he kept his eyes steadily on his prayer book. After the first lesson, when we all rose for the Magnificat, I saw that both of his hands were visible, but the ring had disappeared. I puzzled over the matter for the whole of the evening, and took Dollman into my confidence; but Dollman chose to be what he

ed, "to have him up—detectives, handcuffs, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Next morning we'd have in the papers, 'Alledged Fradulent and Daring Robbery by a Dou,' or 'Shocking Conduct of a Dean; Barefaced Outrage—"
"Do be quiet, and don't talk nonsense," I

said testily. "Can't you see that I am in a

rings and guilty surpliced deans, one of the most amusing of which was a vision of the Rev. Jonathan Minchin struggling hard with a castellated collar which seemed to have been changed from the griffin's neck to his. l rose late, and was just finishing break-lest when my gyp, a little bald-headed, bandy-legged old man came in.

He deposited his old top-hat, with his handkerchief inside, in a corner of the room near the door, and advanced toward the

breakfast table.
"Good mornin', sir," said he. "Very strange thing, sir, but beggin' yer pardon, sir, I think I saw a ring yesterday very much like the one you lost, sir," and he held his head on one side just like an old parrot. "Did you really, Juggins!" I exclaimed "Where did you see it?"

"That's where it's strange, sir," answered Juggins pausing, with the coffee-pot in his hand. "I told you afore, sir, that I waits upon Mr. Minchin, sir; and—and—sir—"
"And you saw the ring in his rooms?" I interrupted, with a judicial air.
"Yes, sir; that is what I was agoin to

say, sir," replied Juggins, looking rather re-lieved; "very strange thing, sir. Never seen any joolery in Mr. Minchin's rooms afore. Peculiar, ain't it, sir?" and Juggins went on clearing away the breakfast things. Now, all this happened in my first term when my ideas of the race of dons and thei vague. I might venture to say without much exaggeration that I knew more about the or dinary South Sea Islander than about a col lege don; and my own tutor filled me with greater awe than the king, queen, and all the royal family of the Cannibal Islands could possibly have done. I have since learned that the average don is a man like anyon else, and that, far from spending his life in feasting at the high table, or drinking old

port in the common-room, he does more work in the course of the day than any six average undergraduates, and judging from my gyp's account, our dean's daily labours must have equalled those of the whole undergraduate part of the university put together. Among the other gentlemen on whom my gyp waited, the only don was the Rev. Jona-than Minchin, and thirsting for ethnological information, I used, very reprehensibly to en-

courage him to gossip about the ways and habits of that reverend gentleman. Juggins, being of a loquagions disposition, was never averse to a friendly chat, especially if there was any chance of its leading up to a quart of ale which, in defiance of our dean's Blue Ribbon precents, it not infrequently did. this way therefore it came about that I established confidential relations between my-

self and my bandy-legged attendant.

Hitherto all the confidences had come from him to me, and now I thought there would be no harm in reversing the proceedings; so in the fulness of my heart, I told him all knew concerning the disappearance of the ring. This course of action, I confess, was rather infra dig.; but again I must bring for-

ward my freshness as an excuse.
"Werry peculiar. sir," said Juggins, when
I had finished. "Perhaps Mr. Minchin picked it up in the Union."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed suddenly, jump

ing up and pacing the room in a frantic man ner. "How foolish! how on earth could I have forgotten? I see it all now; of course "Have you found it now, sir?" asked Juggins, evidently astonished at my vehemence.
"No!" I replied; "but I remember now

-how stupid not to have thought of it before —that while I was brushing my hair Mr. Minchin came into the room and rinsed his hands in the very next basin to the one which I had been using. He only remained a moment or two, so that I forgot all about it un-"That don't look much like findin', do it

sir?" said Juggins in an alarmed manner; more like-"Stop Juggins, we must not be too rash

and mind you, for goodness' sake don't say a syllable to anyone."

So Inggins promised, and I fully believe he kept his word.

A morning or two afterward I was smoking my after breakfast pipe and reading over again a letter from my father; he seemed to be in a state of furious wrath, and prophesied for me a future compared with which the career of Hogarth's idle apprentice would simply be noble and honourable in the highest degree. I had proved myself utterly undegree. I had proved myself utterly undegree when the condition of the industrious apprentice would not have held a candle to me.

I left Cambridge, and convinced my father of Mr. Minchin's nefarious ways. My carelessness in losing it was excussed, and I was commended for my vigilance in securing it again; and in fact, the industrious apprentice would again; my after-breakfast pipe and reading over again a letter from my father; he seemed to be in a state of furious wrath, and prophesied

He experted shor ly to hear, &c. My father is a dear old governor, but he has a temper of his own, which sometimes, especially when it is directed toward myself makes me quite sorry for him. I was gla over this epistle in front of the fire, meditating a reply, when my door opened, and Jug-gins made his appearance with a scrap of paper in his hand. He did not put his hand lown, as was his unvaried wont, but stood in a nervous way turning it round and round. There was evidently something out of the

mmon in question. Anything the matter?" I asked. "Mornin', sir," replied Juggins, in a hesi-tating manner; mornin', sir. I think I have done something I didn't ought to, sir, but I found this 'ere paper, sir," and he handed me what seemed the remaining end of a burned

I took it lazily from him, but no sooner had my eye fallen on the writing than my attention was painfully concentrated on it. It ran as follows :

"- need you make such a fuss about the ring? Why not have the old seal taken out and a new one put in? No one would be a bit the wiser. Yours. "AMELIA GI-

Juggins had found it, when he was making the dean's fire that morning, lying on the trivet. He would scorn-so he said-prying into a gentleman's letters; but his eye caught the words "ring" and "seal" on this scrap paper, and so he had brought it to me. He implored me not to say anything about it, as he would lose his place if found out, and he had a wife and family to support. I felt inclined to say that the less Mrs. J. was supported the better; for she was my

bed-maker, and a more unintelligent creatur am sure never harassed the soul of man. A human being who could put methylated spirits into my lamp instead of kerosene oil, and then be cross when I gently expostulated with her, does not deserve support. I did not tell him this, but assured him magnificently that he should not suffer and con oled him with a quart of beer.

I wrote to my father, informing him of the proof I had against the dean. It was a clear case. I leave my ring for a moment on the ledge above the row of basins in the lavatory of the Union. The dean comes in, catches sight of my property, and immediately walks off with it. I see my ring two days afterward on his finger, and my gyp also sees it on his dressing-table. He is evidently nervous, and takes some person of the fair sex into his confidence. She in a letter, part of which is found, advises him to have the seal changed, and no one would know anything about it In the olden days it was quite evidence enough

to hang him.

My father's reply was characteristic.

"The idea of Mr. Minchin being a thief," he wrote, "is simply preposterous. As to your seeing it on his hand, and as to the mysterious burned letter—to read which was informatike on your post. nfamously ungentlemanlike on your part-al that I can say is summed up in one word,

and that is—bosh!"

This was decidedly depressing for me. I could expect no help from home, and I determined to take the matter into my own hands. What was I to do? I could not act upon that idiot Dollman's advice and go to the dean and say: 'Please, sir, you've got my ring, and pleas

sir. I want it. Neither did I feel inclined to drag the police into the affair; in fact, such a course would be out of the question. I saw no method of pursuing any definite course of action; so, with a prudence worthy of Scotland Yard, I determined to let the thing drop

for the present. "It would be an awful joke," he continued; and I could get nothing else out of him for the rest of the evering.

I passed an unsettled sort of night. My alumbers were disturbed by nightmares of The uneventlul days passed on, and the term

was drawing to its close. The "little go"—which, as everybody knows, is an ordeal that must be gone through by all undergraduates except a privileged few—was at hand, and I was reading violently in order to pass it. But mingled with Pailey's Evidences and Euclid's Elements, vague, sinister ideas as regards my ring were continually passing through my brain.

One morning these ideas were brought together into a definite form. Juggins was as usual clearing away the remains of breakfast and talkative as ever, "Do you know, sir." he remarked casu "I saw that ring this mornin' agen,

"Dear me!" I replied from the depths on yarm-chair. "Where was it?" "On Mr. Minchin's dressing-table, sir." "H'm!" I said, and went on with my reading. Juggins disappeared into my bedroom, and left me in possession of a daring

"Juggins." said I again when that worthy reappeared, "could you manage to let. have a look at that ring? Come now!" a I stood up and laid my hand on his shoulder.

Juggins looked positively aghast. I never imagined that his muddled-up features could have assumed so vivid an expression.

"That would cost me my place, sir."
"Chut! Who is to find it out? You can put it back again. I'll give you a sovereign f you let me have a look at it."
Juggins hesitated. He was an honest man, but an English sovereign is a sovereign all the world over, and it exercised its due sway

upon his prejudices.

"Very well, sir," he said at length, "I'll try, but if I lose my place I'll come to you, sir," and he retired gracefully from the The next morning I was roused from my lumbers by Juggins entering my bedroom.
"I've found it, sir," he said in a hoarse

"The dean's at morning chapel. I "In his breeches pocket, sir," he replied

tragically.
This was rather comic, but I restrained all signs of amusement, and gravely examined I was not mistaken; it was the identical

ring which my father had given me. I had it now in my own hands, and resolved to make grand effort.
"Look here, Juggins," I said calmly, "I've got the ring now and am not disposed to let it go again. This frightened my gyp to such an extent

that he could hardly speak. He stammered out somethisg relative to his ruin and his wife and family; but I preserved my stern demeanour, and continued: "I'm going to keep the ring now, and you an doone of two things; you can either re

port the matter to the dean, or you can go back this moment, force a hole through the ocket of the trousers in which you found the ing, earn five pounds, and never know anyhing at all about the matter. Juggins was in an agony of despair. He mplored me to give him back the ring—even engaged himself to claim it from the dean as my property; he would do anything if I would only give it him back. But I was stern as the villain in a three-volume novel,

and had Juggins in my power. With a sor-rowful air he pocketed the bank-note, and left me to continue my slumbers. But sleep did not visit my eyelids again that morning. I was delighted at the success of my scheme, and in the exuberance of my feelings, I a once got up and, regardless of the untidied and fireless state of my sitting-room, wrote a long flowing letter to my father. Nevertheless, with all my triumphs, cer

ain fears arose within me as to the warrantableness of my proceedings, and I was very much relieved when Juggins informed me later on in the day, that the dean had taken he loss very quietly.

He merely asked the gyp if he had seen a

ring anywhere about the rooms, and hearing that he had not, simply remarked that he must have dropped it, as he had discovered a hole in his pocket. So nothing more was heard of it that term.

I left Cambridge, and convinced my father

The two succeeding terms passed in their uneventful way. The "little go" was already a nightmare of the past. The May week with all its gaiety, had been danced and and boated away long ago, and the long vacation was offering me all its delights. One of the chief of these was the pros pect of a visit to an old friend of my father's

-a widower, with a delightful old country use in Devonshire, and the sweetest and prettiest of daughters in charge thereof. When, in the fulness of time, I arrived there, the house was full of visitors. So full

that, on the first evening at least, I found no opportunity whatever of saying any of those pretty, tender, little speeches which I had prepared long beforehand for the benefit of awest Lucy Underward, my host's only daughter. If I did repeat them, they were wasted on the desert air, as exemplified by the blank minds of two simpering, common-place young ladies, and the unromantic heart of an elderly strong-minded spinster, whose conversation though learned, was most femininely illogical, but whose looks suggested the complete works of Jevons, Mill, and

Aristotle put together.
She was one of those ladies who always suggest to me the whole essence of boarding-scnool, or a Complete Child's Guide to Know-ledge, with anappendix for adults thrown in. She had exhausted all my stock of ready in formation, and was taxing my invention to the utmost, when to my great relief, my worthy host came up. He brought with him a fresh victim to be offered up to Miss Mc-Frinder's encyclopedic thirst, and liberated

I was departing from my late opportunity when Mr. Underward caught me by the

'I want to introduce you to Mrs. Gibbons," he said. "She is awfully nice, and you must know her." "Delighted, I'm sure. Is she that pretty woman sitting on the sofa?"

'Yes," he returned, as we were cro "I want you to know her, as she is soon going to be married to a Mr. Minchin lean of your college, I think."
'What!" I exclaimed, rather recoi But there was no getting out of it, and I was

duly presented.

She was a handsome woman of about fiveand-thirty, with a bright complexion and grey eyes that insisted upon being lively in spite of a certain expression of sadness in them. Her manner was charming and naive; and although my introduction to her was against my will—recalling, as it did, such unpleasant reminiscences—she put me at my ease at once. After a few minutes I was quite enchanted with my new acquaintance, and found myself talking to her as if I had known her for years.

"Are you one of the Sherwoods of Derbyshire?" she asked apropos of my mention ome incident occurring in that my native "I have the honour to be the eldest son of the present representative of that family."]

d, smiling. How very odd-"Oh, Mrs. Gibbons, every one has com sioned me to ask you to play something," exclaimed Lucy Underward, coming up and breaking in upon our conversation. "Your playing is so lovely, and we don't often get

"I'm very sorry for you," replied Mrs. libbons rising. "You must be in a bad way Gibbons rising. "You must be in a bad way my dear; but I'm always happy to make my "And were it not so hackneyed, I should

and ornamental, if I can be allowed to say so," I remarked as I led ner to the piano.
"They don't teach you such pretty speeches up at Cambridge, I'm sure," she returned with a bright smile, and settled herself in front of the instrument.

She played with an exquisite feeling, some of Chopin's charming little ctudes, and I turned over the pages almost in a dream.

A subdued chorus of "thank you's,"

"This is a pleasure I never dreamed of,"

said I in a low tone. She took no notice of my tribute to her pow ers, but, running her fingers lightly over the keys, turned to me, and said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Sherwood—I hope you won't think it strange—but is that a family

won't think it strange—but is that a family ring you have on your finger?"

I was taken by surprise. What on earth could she have to do with my ring? However, I remarked that it belonged to my father as head of the family, and I politely handed it to her to look at She examined it How very remarkable!" she replied.

now very remarkable!" she replied, giving it back to me. "A most strange co-incidence. Do you know, I sent a ring, the facsimile of this, last October to Mr. Minchin, of All Saints' College, Cambridge, which he lost in a most mysterious man My heart gave a big thump. My whole inner man seemed to be about to emulate the Scriptural devils, and leap out of my mouth.

The whole room was turning round.
"What!" I exclaimed; and then added in confused, stammering fashion, "You don't near to say that you sent this ring to—" "Of course not," replied Mrs. Gibbons, smiling. "How could I? But I sent a ring the exact counterpart of this."
"But how did you get it?" I asked re overing a little self-control with a great

effort.
"I suppose that appears strange to you. I was just going to tell you, when Miss Underward claimed my services, how odd it was that I should meet you, a I think I am a very distant cousin of yours.".

I bowed and smiled in a vague and feeble way, mumbling out my delight at discovering so fair a relative.

Mrs. Gibbons continued:
"My mother's maiden name was Sherwood, and she, on her death, left me a family signet I stuck manfally to my galvanized smile, but my brain was whirling round and round. At that moment Miss Underward came up to

the piano.
"You are not going to leave off so soon, Mrs. Gibbons? "Why WILL you use such awful formal-

"Why will you use such awtil formative?" replied that lady turning round.
"Why not call me Amelia?"
Amelia! I could wait no longer. What apologies I made or how I left the room I know not to this day. I got out somehow. and rushed madly upstairs, almost frighten

ing to death on the way a servant with a tray full of crockery.

I heard a confused smash of cups and saucers behind me, and fled into my

What an utter and complete ass I had been making of myself. I opened my pocket-book and took out a burned piece of note-paper. There was the signature—"Amelia Gi—"—and down stairs was the writer thereof—

Mrs. Amelia Gibbons.
The whole mystery was solved—Mr. Minchin had no more committed a theft than-gracious Heavens! But 1 had been a thie all the time. I had committed a felony in the eyes of the law. The bare idea filled me with horror, and the cold perspiration stood in big drops upon my forehead. What was I to do? Apparently nothing but to rail against my fate. It was all Juggins' fault, I concluded, after the first few cool minutes of reflection; and I made use of very bad language indeed with reference to that estimable personage. Could I explain matters amicably? was my next thought. Could I give Mrs. Gibbons back the ring and treat the whole affair as an amusing misunderstanding?
If I did so what would everyone think of
me? I shuddered at the idea. I am a hamed
to confess that I lacked the moral courage to

My own ring was lost entirely, without a doubt, and no one would be a bit the wiser doubt, and no one would be a bit the wiser if I remained in possession of the one at present on my hand.

With this resolution L went down again to the drawing room. There I explained my hasty flight by the investion of an important letter which was obliged to go by the last

tal exertion on my part, and the evening passed away with no further incidents. night. "A quiet conscience makes one so erene," says Pope ; and having no conscience at all must be quite as good ; but a conscience fraught with guilt, and a chance, moreover, of that guilt being found out, is a decidedly

inplea ant thing.

I was extremely vain next morning of the air of self-possession I assumed. I explained my general air of seediness by means of a fictitious toothache. I talked to Mrs. Gibons in an airy way about the connection between our families, and even heard without between our ramilies, and even neard without flinching a muscle an announcement from my host, that the Rev. Jo athan Minchin, dean of All Saints' College, Cambridge, was coming down next day to make a short visit. I had resigned my, all to fate. Circumstances prevented my taking an abrupt leave of Mr.

Underward, and compelled me to prolong my visit to the bitter end. Mr. Minchin made his appearance on the norrow, and two or three days passed very for the younger ones at a later period.

pleasantly.
Although, in his nervous and bashful wa he monopolized nearly all Mrs. Gibbon's at tentions, I did not grudge him his opportunity. For he showed himself to be as pleas ant and unassuming a companion as one could wish, and besides Miss Lucy had a little shining quarter of an hour now and then to spare, which I improved to the best of my advantage. None but a passing reference to the ring

had been made, and I came near to erasing the unpleasantness of the subject from my mind altogether. I have little doubt that I should have succeeded eventually had not an event occurred which, were it not necessary for the completion of this story, I should lock up in the cupboard in company with the rest of my family of skeletons.

On the fourth morning of Mr. Minchin visit Mrs. Gibbons, the dean, and mysel were alone in the breakfast-room, the rest of the household not having yet descended. Mrs. Gibbons was sitting in an arm-chair near the fireplace, looking shyly up at her affianced, who was standing on the hearth rug reading his letters. I was standing or he other side of the table engaged in the

same occupation. I had just come to the end of an affection ate, ill-spelled communication from a younger brother, and was putting it in my pocket, tea and coffee service from one of the Baronwhen my eye fell upon a small packet which I had not hitherto noticed. It was enclosed in a registered envelope, and bore the Cam bridge postmark.
I opened it with some curiosity, and dis-

covered a small cardboard box, containing a letter and a vast quantity of cotton-wool. At this moment Mr. Minchin sneezed loud-ly, causing me to start and drop the box, cotton, wool, and everything on to the floor. I heard somethining hard roll across the room, and was just going in search thereof, when the dean

stooped down and picked it up.
"Here it is, Sherwood," said he, handing me something. "But—but—wait a minute—goodness gracious! How did you get this? Gibbons. "I made the same mistake myself. Mr. Sherwood has a ring exactly like yours." "But this one came by post, and he has

two !" cried Mr. Minchin, noticing the one

on my hand.

Mrs. Gibbons looked from him to me in unaffected astonishment.

I tried to speak, but my tongue refused to do my bidding. I have had one or two extremely mauvais quarts d'heures in my life; but for real genuine, concentrated essence of end me to those few seconds nisery, recommend me to those few seconds.

I stared blankly at the dean and the dean

regarded me with equal amazement.

"There is some mystery in this, Mr. Sherwood," said he relapsing into into his most academical tones.

"Will you have the goodness to elucidate?" "One is yours and one is mine," I replied.

stammeriug, and forcing a ghastly attempt at a smile.
"I don't understand you. Will you kindly step out on to the verandah with me and
explain?"

There was no getting out of it now. In the schoolboy phrase, I was "in for it;" and, with a beating heart, I followed him out of

he room.

Never shall I forget his kindness and consideration when he had heard my story.

He condemned severely the course my gyp had taken in the matter, but owned, in a pleasant way, that evidences were very strong against himself. He also owned freely that he had been rather bashful about the ring, which Mrs. Gibbons had sent him as a keepsake. So many other dons had got married, and chaffed all round accordingly, that he was very sensitive on the point. ne was very sensitive on the point.

We then returned to the breakfast-room,

ran as follows: Dere Sir : I send you your ring, which my wife found it in one of them old weskits you sed I might have. We have made a great misteak, and I am very trubbled about it.] emane, sir, yours respectfully, PETER JUGGINS.

where I found the whole household.

I read the letter inclosed in the packet. It

"Don't be too hard on Juggins, Jonathan dear," said Mrs. Gibbons after breakfast, when she had heard the story, "He must be an honest fellow to send back the real 'Well, for your sake, Amelia, I won't,'

said the dean, and he put his arm round her waist, whereupon I discreetly retired.

My father, when he heard of my fiasco, conjured up the gallows as a likely end for me. He has since changed his opinion, and at present I believe I am going to be Lord Which of the two fates will be mine I can-not say. But of one thing am I certain—and it is that my unfortunate and wretched signet-ring shall never bring me into trouble again.

-London Society.

A NEW STORY.

Next week will be published the first in stalment of a new story, entitled "Pride and Prejudice; or, Thorns and Orange Blossoms, written by the authoress of "Romance of a Black Veil." which will be a sufficient recommendation, as that story was one of the most popular that ever appeared in our columns.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Love, Letters If thou, Miss, would'st L E V 8
My woes with X P D N C,
And me no more M A C 8
Say thou are not mine N M E, True love in its M N C T
My boldness must X 10 U 8;
So let no N M R C T
My daring hopes L M N 8. Thy beauty & X L N C
My efforts will X L R 8,
And always O B D N C,
To thee from me shall M N 8, ler as he returns to the counter—"happy to inform you that the original price was \$75, For thou art my F N E T, I hail thee as my D E T; And if I love with N R G, Ascribe it to my X T C.

Fashion Notes All fashionable breakfast gowns are nov made either with a Watteau plait or in prin

cesse form. Swiss bodices and white girdles of velvet pointed back and front, are worn with grand mother dresses of cashmere or surah. Gloves worn for evening are very long-a least one yard, and oftentimes one and a half. They are worn much wrinkled, and extend to

The tournure is reaching quite prominent proportions; but, let us add, the old-time hoop is not restored to favour, not is there a prospect of its being so.

Velvet dresses are handsomest when made all of one kind of velvet and trimmed only with a little lace, black or white, or both, or tinted to match the colour of the dress. Pekin velvet with chocolate ground and

velvet. Mutton leg sleeves have been adopted by French modistes, and are now coming to us in imported toilets, after a prolonged snubbing, which they encountered when the esthetic element first introduced them. A favourite dress is the front and sides of

empleted by a long pelisse of plain brown

one material; the waist or corsage, as it is termed, and train of another. The waist may have a tiny basque skirt, or may curve to a peak, and be edged with lace or a ruching of the fabric. For entirely, black dresses for the early spring the handsomest sating are being provided for the greater part of the dress, to be enriched by a vest and skirt front of ela-

borate embroidery done on satin, or else on net that is laid upon satin. Few alterations have taken place in the present fashions for children-a matter of ne importance to mothers of large families -for the stylish dressy costumes of elder sisters worn one season can easily be adapted

Ladies with very high broad foreheads yould do well to adopt a fringe to relieve the height, this giving a more feminine appearance a classical head may wear wavy Grecian bands and the coil or braid, low behind, seen on old statues which should be our models of grace and beauty, especially in this respect.

For and About Women. Mrs. Webb, the widow of Capt. Webb. has had employment till now in one of the departments of the Foreign Exhibition in

Mary V. Young, Brigham's seventeentl wife, died a few days ago. There are still sixteen widows of the worthy left, all but two of whom live at Salt Lake. A lawyer, trying to browbeat a female wit-

ness, told her she had brass enough to make a saucepan. The woman retorted, "And ou have sauce enough to fill it." Miss Maud Ely-Goddard, of New York, tall, graceful, brown-eyed and golden-haired young lady, well known in the Newport cir-cle as a remarkable horsewoman, is about to marry Prince Poniatowski. Among the wed ding gifts is a coronet of diamonds from the Princess Katherine Poniatowski, a tieara and ecklace from the Princess Louise, and a gold

ses Rothschild. A woman always wants to be a man bsolute strain of having to keep pure and repectable is so great on a man that he never ireams of wanting to be a woman. There would be a nice row in the world if a man had o stand the same judgment as a woman and uffer the same penalties for offences against ocial rules. And yet I believe that if women had all the privileges of men they would de-cline to make use of one-half of them. If their curiosity were satisfied once, their taste would rise against indulgence.

In a recent English magazine there is a pretty story of Harriet Martineau's lawn at She could get no turf for love or noney; but one morning she found a cartload of turi lying on the gravel, which had been pitchforked over the wall. On a bit of paper, pinned to a slab of the surf, was scrawled: "To Harriet Martineau, from a lover of her 'Forest and Game-Law Tales.'— Poacher." Archbishop Whately, A Poacner. Aronoisnop whately, who hated Miss Martineau, happened to be a guest at Dr. Arnold's house at Loughrigg at guest at Dr. Arnold's house at Loughing at the time. When he heard the story he shook his head. He was asked whether he doubted the genuineness of the letter. "Doubt it? Of course I doubt it," was his answer; "the woman wrote it herself."

How to Become a Housekeeper. "Bread!" exclaimed a Vassar college girl.
"Bread! Weil, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere and

transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure, and thenwhat is the plastic material you speak of?"
"Oh! that is commonly called the sponge." "But how do you make the sponge"
"Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table

The Care of the Hair.

The Care of the Hair,

The hair is the covering of the roof of "the homeofthought and palace of the soul. Where baldness, which sometimes occurs in quite young persons, is hereditary, it is doubtful if anything can be done to prevent or remedy it. Avoid "restoratives" and other nostrums and, as a rule, do not use pomatums or oils upon the head upon the head. A certain hair "balm" was very popular

many years ago and did wonders, if the directions were followed. The "balm" was to be used night and morning, first rubbing the scalp with a stiff brush for five minutes before applying the stuff. The thorough use of a moderately stiff brush will greatly pro-mote the health of the scalp and prevent the falling of the hair without a "balm" or other preparation. The hair should be occasionally washed, and if there is much dandruff, the yolk of an egg will be most efficient in re-moving it. Work the egg with the fingers well into the hair, a little at a time, to brit it in contact with the scalp; then wash it out thoroughly with water, and the hair will be beautifully clean and soft. Avoid all sham-pooing liquids; those used by barbers are strong potash solutions. They call it "Salts of Wormwood" and "Salts of Tartar" and of Wormwood" and "Salts of Tartar" and use it without knowing its real nature. It is very effective in cleaning, but ruinous to the hair. If the falling of the hair is not prevented by thorough brushing, some stimulating application may be made. Cantharides is most commonly used. Half an ounce of the tincture of cantharides added to a quart of bay rum will answer better than most

Stood by the Customer.

"Did they cost \$45?"

'Anything I can show you to day?" asked the jewler.
"Well, ahem, yes," replied the young lady s she placed a package on the counter. these ear-rings come from here?

"And are they solid gold, with real pearls?"
"Um!" "They were a Christmas present you see." And the jeweller retires to the rear of the

store and whisperingly inquires:
"Joe; who bought these?" "A young dude who is probably that girl's

'What was the price?" 'And what were we to say if she called?" "Forty-five—solid gold—real pearls."
"Yes—ahem—you know," says the jewel-

> but as the purchaser is one of our best customers we let them go for \$45. Bring 'em in any time you want \$70 in cash."
>
> Exit young lady looking tickled to death.

> A Wife's Secret. I called on a bride of a few months early ne morning and found her pouring the break-ast coffee for her husband. She was fairly fast coffee for her husband. She was fairly submerged in the foamy billows of a sea-green robe, and on her head was a cap of more in-tricate construction than I could describe in half a column. After she had kissed he spouse good-by for the day and we were alone n her boudoir, she threw off the head dress.

and changed the elaborate gown for a plain one.

"Goodness me?" I said, "is it possible that you achieve such a careful toilet simply for your husband?"

"Safe to bet on it, Clara," was the reply.

"You mean to marry some time? Well take my advice. When you have once taken a husband keep him. Don't let the charm of faccinates by heaven the same of the same of

fascination be broken through your own care-lessness. The greater danger, don't you see, and full skirt of elegant costumes that are | is that the sameness of one wife, right along, will tire him on you. Now, you can't effect any actual changes in yourself. Whatever ovelty of person you present must be ex-

raneous. Isn't that so "I guess it is."
"Well. I came to the conclusion that the time to show myself in new aspects to my hubby was in the morning. Nightgowns can't be varied much, and one can't fix her hair to any extent for the bed; so I have made it a point to get a great number of odd toilets to appear in before him at breakfast. This captures him anew every morning makes him think about me all day, and

brings him back to me at night an ardent I quote this advice for what it is worth. Anyhow, it seems reasonable, doesn't it?"

Children's Fashions, People who have the dressing of little girls, especially those who can take the time to make their clothing, and who are not re

stricted in the kind or quantity of material ind a constantly increasing source of pleasure n the pretty ideas which seem to have no nd, and the charming suggestions, revivals and appropriations from all sorts of sources, which make the girls and boys of to-day more like the figures in a story book than the practical outgrowth of a practical age. The most stylish outdoor garments of the season have been and are the pelisses with capes, or the cloaks with dolman sleeves and plaits in the back, which the cape-sleeve, beginning at the shoulder, discloses. A very handsome cloak of terra cotta red plush is made in this fashion, and trimmed with gray fox fur. A checked pelisse, fawn colour in tone. with lines of black, gold and brown, made with a cape, and trimmed with black made with a cape, and trimmed with black (dyed) fur, in very narrow bands, round the edge of cloak and cape. For small girls, of from 6 to 12, the blouse dresses are almost universal in dark red, navy blue, or gray cashmere. These dresses are made with shirt fronts, kilted skirts, and princess or plated backs. Very stylish little dresses are made of eashmere, with embroidery finish put on as border. They are made of the "trobe" dresses no longer fashionably worn "robe" dresses no longer fashionably worn by ladies, and a single pattern will make two frocks for children between 8 and 12. The front of these is finished jacket-fashion, and simulates a vest, which closes with small buttons matching the colours. A charming little dress for evening wear is of cream surah, the flounces trimmed with insertion and frills of cream lace, the pattern of small ivy leaves and buds being well displayed on a network ground. The gathered bodice is drawn in at the waist, and continued as a deep, flounce-like basque to about half the length of the skirt. Rows of insertion form a wide collar at the neck, let into the material with good effect. A sash of crepe silk of dark red, the ends finished with a self-coloured berry" fringe, looks well with a dress of grey twilled cashmere, the ends crossed behind and passed under a group of gathers placed below the waist at the back of the skirt. Charles I. suits for boys' evening wear, or for "pages" costumes at weddings, are made in all rich shades of navy blue, myrtle green, and deep Bordeaux velvet, the close-fitting babit and trim knee breeches ornamented with cut-steel buttons; the deep collar and cuffs of pointed guipure, of bold autique design. Of course it is very seldom that real velvet is employed, velveteen being equally as rich looking and more durable, become so easily "rubbed up."

Dr. Crawford, of California, says': "Consciousness may remain to the dying almost to the diasolution, but generally they lose the power of thought long before actual death. In cases of death in which there seems to be suffering, the writhing and spasms are due to reflex muscular action. Fear weakens the nervous system, and, consequently, hastens death; and the reverse of fear may prolong life."

A CAPTAIN SAVED.

How a Member of Her Majesty's Service Escaped Destruction—His Graphic Ac-count,

Hamilton, Ont., Spectator. Some little commotion was occasioned sev-

eral months ago regarding the experience of a gentleman well known in this city, and at the time the matter was a subject of general facts bearing upon the matter, a representa-tive of this paper was despatched yesterday Slightly damped, sprin to interview the gentleman in question, with the following result :Captain W. H. Nicholls, formerly in her

Majesty's service, is a man well advanced in years, who has evidently seen much of the world. Endowed by nature with a strong onstitution, he was enabled to endure hard ships under which many men would have suche preserved his constitution unimpaired. A imber of years ago, however, he feel a strange undermining of his life. He noticed that he had less energy than formerly, that his appetite was uncertain and changing, that he was unaccountably weary at cer ain times, and correspondingly energetic at others; that his head pained him, first in front and then at the base, of the brain, and that his heart was unusually irregular in its action. All these troubles he attributed to some passing disorder and gave them little

attention, but they seemed to increase in violence continually. To the writer he said:
"I never for a moment thought these things amounted to anything serious and I gave them little, if any, thought: but I felt myself growing weaker all the while and could in no vay account for it.' "Did you take no steps to check these

symptoms?"

"Very little, if any. I thought they were only temporary in their nature and would soon pass away. But they did not pass away, and kept increasing. Finally, one day, after more than a year had passed, I noticed that my feet and analyse. my feet and ankles were beginning to swell and that my face under the eyes appeared puffy. This indication increased until my body began to fill with water, and finally swelled to enormous proportions. I was afflicted with acute rheumatic pains and was fearful at times that it would attack my heart, W. L. M.—Will you kindly points upon Plymouth Rock never been able as yet to find to points on these fowls in an I consulted one of our most prominent physicians and he gave me no hope of ever recovering. He said that I might live several months, but my condition was such that Perhaps some of our reade neither myself nor any of my family had the than an ordinary interest answer the above. During slightest hope of my recovery. In this condition a number of months passed by, during Plymouths have rapidly which time I had to sit constantly in an eas chair, not being able to lie down, lest should cheke to death. The slight pains who make a business of ra largely in them. They are g fine table birds, and suitable to most terrible agonies. My thirst was intense and a good portion of the time I the farmer. was wholly unconscious. When I did re-cover my senses I suffered so severely that my cries could be heard for nearly a mile. No one can have any idea of the agony I en-dured. I was unable to eat or even swallow INTERNAL IRRI

duids. My strength entirely deserted me, and I was so exhausted that I prayed day and night for death. The doctors could not relieve me, and I was left in a condition to die, and that, too, of Bright's disease of the kidneys in its most terrible form. I think I should have died had I not learned of a gentleman who had suffered very much as I had and I resolved to pursue the same course of treatment which entirely cured him. I ac-cordingly began, and at once felt a change for the better going on in my system. In the course of a week the swelling had gone from my abdomen and diminished all over my body, and I felt like another man. potash one drachm, and half a dracham. continued the treatment, and am happy to say that I was entirely cured through wonderful, almost miraculous, power of Warner's Safe Cure, which I consider the

most valuable discovery of modern times. "And you feel apparently well now?"
"Yes, indeed. I am in good health, eatheartily, and both the doctors and my friends are greatly surprised and gratified at my re-markable restoration, after I was virtually in the grave. My daughter, who has been terribly, troubled with a pain in her back, caused by kidney trouble, has also been cured by means of this same great remedy, and my family and myself have constituted our selves a kind of missionary society for sup-plying the poor of our neighbourhood with

As the writer was returning home he reflected on the statements of the noble old man with whom be had conversed, and was impressed not only with the truth of his assertions, but also with the sincerity of all his acts. And he could not but wish that the ands who are suffering with minor roubles which become so serious unless taken time might know of Captain Nicholls' experience and the manner in which he was aved. And that is the cause of this article.

By the way, says a New York correspond dent, the fashionable name for ladies' dresses is now "gown" or "frock." Worth no longer fabricates dresses, but frocks and gowns, and the sound falling upon unaccustomed or long disused ears is quaint and rather pleasant. A famous dressmaker here is making some marvelous "gowns" and "frocks" for Mrs. Gen. U. S. Grant and Mrs. W. Vanderbilt, and Christine Nilsson. Patti oes not affect American modistes and brings all her dresses along. One of Mrs. Grant's dresses is of rich black silk, with the front breadth embroidered by hand in passion flowers and leaves. The stamens and pistils are in small steel beads, while the flowers are worked with black twist and in raised pat terns. The court train is lined with pale pink satin. The corsage is square and the sleeves come to the elbow. With this will be worn as head-dress an aigrette of pale pink feather and a jet buckle mixed with steel. One for Mrs. Vanderbilt is of heavy sating

He Was Certain the Boy Would Improv An old negro and his son called on the editor of a newspaper. "I wants my son ter work in yer office.

and embossed velvet. The petticoat is of

cream-coloured satin, hand-embroidered with

shaded brown flowers and foliage. The court

train is of ultra-marine blue, lined with the

palest blue. The corsage is low. No sleeve

to speak of.

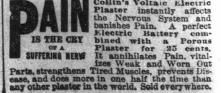
boots an' sweep de flo'.'

"What can he do?" "Oh, at fust he kaint do nuthin' much, but perhaps edick yer paper, but arter awhile, when he learns mo' sense, he ken black yer



Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds. Watery Discharges from the Nost and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved. Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste, and hearing restored and rayages checked. and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste, and hearing restored, and ravages checked.
Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strenth and Flesh. Loss of Sleep, etc., cured.
One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catsrrhal Solvent, and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for Sandrors's Radical Cure, a pure distillation of Witch Hazel, Am. Pine. Ca. Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.



AGRICULTI

We will always be pleased of enquiry from farmers on ing agricultural interests, a

given as soon as practicab DRY OR DAMPEI

DELORAINE—"Please information of the preferable to feed chop, whether cattle, horses, &c."

WARTS ON A CHESTERVILLE .- "I have a that has warts on it. If yo through the columns of yo prescribe a cure I would be Apply calamine ointment

The ointment is composed onate of zinc to four parts

INDEFINITE LA

You must endeavour to

the complaint that causes

it is a strain apply a linin equal parts of tincture of c ture of arnica.

PEAS AND O ROCK PRAIRIE, WIS., much fed to hogs in Canin your next week's Marker field peas to sow in when nearly ripe, also quired to sow an acre, we Some years ago C nadian cultivated peas for fodder, b almost gone out of date, peas mix them with oats.

mixing with oats is to supp field peas will do for seed. PLYMOUTH R

ROTHSAY .- "I have a value years old in spring, who is loo is scoured a good deal, and is the bowel passage. Her feed And I gave her a physic think And I gave her a payor the the scouring. I think the passage. She drops a pin-v She is all right when on grass black matter comes form her Your colt is suffering from result of teething, or it ma parasites you ailude to. raw linseed oil and one ou and repeat in three days. oats with a little flaxseed, night a powder composed

LIVE STOC

The Breeders' Gazette says tween English Shire and Class slight that they should no different breeds. A young colt can have no

good, sound timothy hay a hay will surely produce hear encourage all sorts of infla of the limbs and joints, bees ing and has not sufficient terial. Mistaken feeding s Barley is perhaps the mo bian horses, and until recen grain fed to European cavals American corn has been su some extent, and has been

cheaper than corn, and not e thing by feeding it wholly which have not been used t Some time ago there was a advocacy of oats for horses. had discovered avenine in t a strong nerve stimulant, attributed its good effect on had long before discovered only they hadn't given suggested now that this av equally stimulating to milk Well, we know that oats

way. They are especially and flesh-forming material, undoubtedly good for fav duction. Curb is generally an in but it may also be caused blow. It appears on the ba below the hock joint, and by looking from one side as the legs, where a bulge wil below the hock. The swe puffy, and is caused by in ndon which plays over The treatment is to apply ings to reduce the inflamm ward use blisters. The expe ably inherit the blemish any

is no no need to delay the foal's account. Young pigs are exceeding digestion from swallowing hastily, or from overfeeding, food. As a rule, pigs are fe centrated food, as grain, wi as potatoes or turnips, or ev corn fodder cut up small, wo them. When this happens t taken at feeding time in fit and linger a short time, Sometimes an immediate dos the pig, but not often, as the of tongestion of the brain or only prevention is to feed and never permit them to g especially upon meal. A fa of 100 pounds weight is thre food a day, or two pounds it

quarts of milk or bran slop.

Vermin on St Unless the stock is kept and cleanly, vermin are far cumulate in winter than in a not only the case in refers (Acari), which swarm in and by their attacks on birds worry their victims out of improvement, but certain ot tophagi) attacking the legs and sheep, often suspend ascend upon the hairs a no irritation during the and it is only on the return they return to the skin and characteristic form of mange the filthier the barn, the m will be these pests; while c wash with a weak solution usually put a period to thei is with lice and ringworm, proportion to the closeness of the buildings and poor animals. Animals with t usually harbour the greates sites. which speedily maining vigour of constitutional Live Stock Journal, Ci

A Delicate but Success A correspondent in East following, which proves the tario some of the most such ans on the continent:—
"In the summer of 1881
son, of Whitby, purchased in
young entire horse whose at