

Tommatoe fluttered over to a little cupboard that stood on one side of the room, and brought out a bottle and a wine-glass, and, pouring out some brandy, handed it to the old man.

He raised it tremulously to his mouth, and quaffed it off at a single draught; then, smacking his lips, he muttered, "Ah! the cognac is the soul to the old man like me!"

There was nothing disgusting in Baioccho's intoxication. The inebriety of the old musician was as cleanly as the tipsiness of a toymaker had such been possible. His little eyes only twinkled the brighter, and his nose seemed longer and sharper and thinner, and his lips moved rapidly; but that was all. His speech was not thick, nor were his ideas clouded. It was drunkenness idealized.

"What has my child to tell me of the day?" asked the old man, invigorated as it were by the *petit verre de cognac*.

Tommatoe drooped her eyelids, coloured a little, and did not reply for a moment.

"Some one has been here," she said, at last.

"Which was it, little one?"

"It was—it was——" And the little voice faltered.

"Diable!" cried the old man, leaping like an enraged cat from his chair, as if an idea had flashed upon him suddenly. "Ten millions of devils! was it not that brute Giuseppe?"

"It was, father," answered Tommatoe, soothingly. "Pray, don't fly into a rage. I could not help it."

"The wretch! the abandoned-by-God miserable fellow!" shouted old Baioccho, growing more and more excited each moment. "So he must place himself near my child, my angel, to steal her away from me! But we will see! What did he say to you?" he added, turning almost fiercely to Tommatoe.

"O, nothing more than he has said to you. He said he loved me very much, and if I would marry him he would take us all back to Italy, and that you should end your days in comfort."

"O, the serpent! His mother and his grandfather were snakes! You know not that man, Tommatoe! He is capable of roasting his father on a spit!"

"But, dear father, you know I hate him. I will never marry any one but Gustave, and not that until you wish it. I laughed at Giuseppe, and told him to go away." And Tommatoe made an ineffectual attempt to give some idea of her stern manner to Giuseppe; but if the reality was at all like the representation, I don't think that the descendant of snakes was very much crushed.

"Ah, child! you are as innocent as the flower that grows under our feet! and Baioccho looked down, but, finding no flowers, continued: "He will perform some mischief to us. I feel it in—the air!" and the sharp eyes seemed to pierce into the depths of the gloomy room, and fasten on some spectral misfortune. "Now Gustave is a boy. He will be a great man. His *Pancorno* shall be played in many universal cities, and the good fortune shall come to him. Thou shalt be the wife of Gustave, my small pet child!"

"But," said Tommatoe, with a half-smile, "I think he loves his *Pancorno* better than he does me."

"It is the love of the artist, *mignonne*! He loves it with his soul, but his heart—ah, that is thine!"

"Hark! there he is!" cried Tommatoe, hushing her father into silence as the liquid, delicious notes of the *Pancorno* stole through the house.

"Yes, let us listen. O heaven, how beautiful!" exclaimed the old musician, rapturously; then in a half-whisper added, "One little glass more of the cognac, *ma biche*."

And there they sat in the dusk of the room, the old man warming his veins with the cognac, the young girl dreaming of her lover, and both listening to the music that bore them far away, out of the old house by the stone-yard, into a delicious land, where the sea lay like a mistress on the broad breast of the beaches, and the breath of the orange groves wandered like unheard music through the slopes and valleys.

"I think so of my home," murmured the old maestro, and I know that a tear fell through the twilight as he spoke. "Of my dear, dear home, when I hear the music. Ah! why does not my brother—the brother of my youth—replace me in my dear Italy? He is more rich than a great many Jews, and yet he will not spare his poor brother one scudo, Tommatoe. O, if I were the rich Pietro, and he the poor cook Giulio Baioccho, I would not count my riches until he had what he wanted. If he would only promise to leave my little Tommatoe something when he died, I would not care for myself. Ah, the bad brother! *Mignonne*, one other little *verre de cognac* for the poor old cook."

"Shall I go and tell Gustave that you have come home?" said Tommatoe. "We must have supper soon, you know, father."

"Do, my beloved. Sweet as are the notes of the *Pancorno*, thy voice is sweeter still. Go and gladden the good Gustave with its music."

Tommatoe tripped to the door, perched for a moment on the threshold like a bird hovering on the edge of its cage, then, after looking back into the dusky room with a radiant smile that seemed to illuminate the twilight, she vanished, and in a few moments the notes of the *Pancorno* ceased, and there were light, pattering footsteps heard in its stead.

(To be continued.)

CARLSBAD.

The season at this popular Bohemian spa is this year very prosperous, if one may judge by the number of people who are here, and who have been lately arriving at the rate of two hundred a day. Such a crowd of visitors at a German spa I have never before seen, and I have rather an extensive acquaintance with the Continental "cure" resorts. The scene at the springs in the morning is a most extraordinary one. Look at the Muhlbrunn, for instance, at 6 a.m. Such is the crowd that one is obliged to take one's place in a long queue, and, moving slowly along as one of a double file, it is at least fifteen minutes before one reaches the drinking-fountain. Quite an array of young girls are on duty at this point. One receives your drinking-cup as you pass, she hands it to another who fills it, and a third in her turn hands it back to you, and are still moving on; for nobody is allowed to stand still for a moment, otherwise the great army of water-drinkers would be thrown into confusion. This all takes place under a long colonnade; and meantime the orchestra, which is so placed that all may hear it as they slowly progress towards the spring, plays at brief intervals enlivening and excellent music. A number of police are on duty to preserve order.

And this animation is not confined to the early morning hours. All day long the Alte Wiese, lined with its pretty shops, is crowded with people, who troop up and down before the *cafés*, inspecting each other and noting the new arrivals; while along the Haupt Promenade and in the pretty and nicely shaded *café* gardens of the environs there is always to be found a goodly number of loungers of all nationalities and of every rank and condition in life. A prominent feature among the promenaders, from their strange dress and still more remarkable faces, are the Polish and Bohemian Jews, who are always numerous at Carlsbad, but this year especially so. To those unaccustomed to the sight, these Jews, with their swallow faces, sharp black eyes, and a corkscrew curl by the side of each ear, their long black coats, tall peak-shaped hats, and Hessian boots, are at first a source of wonder; but one soon becomes used to meeting them, and in fact Carlsbad would be unnatural without them. The various nationalities which go to make up the Austrian Empire are also well represented here; but of them all the Hungarian element is at once the best dressed, the handsomest, and altogether the most attractive. From Buda-Pesth come two young ladies, known as the Hungarian Sisters, who may rank as at least among the belles of the Carlsbad season. England and the United States are in good force and good form, as usual. Their rendezvous is at the König's Villa, which is unquestionably the best situation in the town.

The music, of which there is plenty, is excellent. We are favoured with two grand orchestras, one of them led by Labitzky from Vienna, whose reputation as a leader and composer is by no means local. The selections at the daily concerts are, however, sometimes very funny. For example, last evening, in the attractive garden of the Sans Souci *café*, the programme included what was called simply *Potpouri*. And it was indeed a *potpourri*. It was rather startling to hear a bit from *Lucie de Lamoricière*, followed instantly by the American air, "Yankee Doodle," and that in turn by the "Swan Song" from *Lohengrin*. I can picture to myself the indignation of Wagner at this incongruous but amusing association of his masterpiece with "Yankee Doodle."

Life in Carlsbad is in many ways quite distinct from that of other well-known German spas. Here the *table d'hôte* system is not vogue, everything *à la carte*. One lodges in one place, takes breakfast at another, dines at another, and sups at a third. The hotels are little frequent, except for dinner. One breakfasts at the *cafés*, of which there is an infinite number, the majority in the environs—all with cool and shady gardens—and one returns to them for supper. The food is good, and coffee as perfect, if not as cheap, as in France. One is quietly, quickly, and deftly served by comely waitresses (women do all the work here); and if everything is very, one overlooks it for the sake of the quiet, the garden, and the delightful music.

Carlsbad lacks sadly, however, a general promenade to serve as afternoon rendezvous. It is the one thing wanting in this otherwise charming resort. The *café* gardens are large, but it is impossible for any one of them to accommodate a tenth of the people here; and the ladies must be often vexed at lack of opportunity to display effectively the elegant toilettes of which one catches a glimpse now and then, but which can never be seen in one grand *ensemble*. Papp's is perhaps the most fashionable *café* for afternoon tea or coffee, and out of the town the popular Schönbrunn; and as a result they are often disagreeably crowded. For the lovers of serious music there are classical concerts three times a week at Café Posthof, about fifteen minutes' walk from the town, and they are most fashionably attended. Indeed, I may say that, if one wishes to see the representatives of the truly upper ten thousand, a visit to the *matinées* at Café Posthof is indispensable. It is even whispered that Labitzky's orchestra only really play their best at these concerts; a less degree of perfection is considered good enough for the early morning. At the last concert I noticed the famous excavator, Dr. Schliemann, who has just arrived here from Athens to take the waters.

The name of the sympathetic Belgian Princess, who has become Crown Princess of Austria, seems to be a shibboleth here. Every new thing is called "Stéphanie." Of a morning the band gives us "Stéphanie" waltzes, quadrilles, etc. On the *café menus* the new dishes have received the now popular name, and the new shape of drinking-glass has the same appellation. Whichever at a loss for a name, the Carlsbad people say "Stéphanie." It is at least a simple way of settling matters.

A system is in vogue at the post-office here, which I hope is not extended to the whole Austrian Empire. For every newspaper received, either at the post or at one's lodgings, one must pay a tax of about a penny. For one who receives daily a number of papers this is a serious tax, and reminds one of the old Papal days in Rome, when the postman demanded a penny for every letter or paper he delivered.

The Carlsbad Kuraal is an exceptionally comfortable and handsome one. The bath in it are the best in the place, the restaurant is good, and the reading-room well supplied with English and Continental papers. So if any reader who glances at these lines should unfortunately be tortured by that troublesome organ, the liver, he cannot do better than try Carlsbad, where, besides the certainty of good results from the waters, a month may be agreeably and pleasantly spent.

MUHLBRUNN.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

There is no accounting for the likes and dislikes of men and women. The following anecdotes will make this apparent. It is said of the Duke of Schomberg, for instance, that, soldier as he was, he could not sit in the same room with a cat; and someone else had so great a dislike to this harmless domestic animal that he would not even pass under a signboard with a cat painted on it. It will hardly be credited that though the valorous Peter the Great built a fleet, he yet, from his sixth to his fourteenth year, could not bear the sight of either still or running water, especially if he was alone. He did not walk in the palace gardens, because they were watered by the river Moskva; and he would not cross over the smallest brook, not even on a bridge, unless the windows of his carriage were shut close, and even then he had cold perspirations. La Mothe de Vayer could not endure any musical instrument, although he delighted in thunder. Grebry, the composer, and Anne of Austria, were identical in their dislike of the smell of roses.

The learned Dr. Beattie tells us of healthy, strong men who were always uneasy on touching velvet, or on seeing another person handle a cork; Zimmerman, the naturalist, of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the velvety skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the panny an abomination, and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses, and neither he nor Peter Abano could ever drink milk. It is said of Cardan that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant soldier fleeing from a sprig of rue. An author tells us that, provided he had but a sword in his hand, he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark. William Matthews, son of the Governor of Barbadoes, had, like the above, a great aversion to the harmless spider. One day the Duke of Athole, thinking his antipathy somewhat affected, left him and his friends in the room, and came back with a closed hand. Matthews thought he had a spider concealed there, and becoming furious, drew his sword, and would have done damage to the Duke or himself had not friends interposed.

We hear from the philosophic Boyle that the sharpening of a knife or the tearing of brown paper never failed to make the gums bleed of a servant he once had. Chesne, secretary to Francis I., always bled at the nose on seeing apples; a gentleman in the Court of the Emperor Ferdinand had the same indisposition on hearing a cat mew. In the *Universal Magazine* for October, 1762, we read of a woman who on handling iron of any kind was immediately bathed in perspiration, though never otherwise affected in this way. There is also related an account of a young woman at Schelestat, Germany, who for sixteen years had such an aversion to wine that she could not touch anything of its nature without perspiring profusely, though she had previously been accustomed to drink it. John Peckmann, a learned divine, never heard the floor swept without being immediately uneasy, and feeling as though he were suffocated. He would run away or jump out of a window at the sight of a brush, the association with it and the noise was so intolerable. We read of a young man who was known to faint whenever he heard sweeping; and in a Roman Catholic magazine we are told of a monk being served with a dish of craw-fish, at which he changed colour, grew pale, stared prodigiously, while the perspiration poured down his face, and he appeared in so languid a state that he seemed inclined to fall from his seat. He afterwards declared that he had no idea of anything that had happened, but at the same time related that as he was one day preaching, he observed a boy at the church door with a craw-fish in his hand, on which he instantly felt the strongest emotion, and that he should have become speechless if he had not quickly turned his eyes from the object. M. de Lancre

gives an account of a brave officer so frightened at the sight of a mouse that he dared not look at one without a sword in his hand. We read of another case of an officer who was only troubled with fear in the presence of a smothered rabbit. Another man was seized by a cold shoulder of mutton.

Barton, the traveller, tells us that a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell ill if he but looked upon a woman, and that an anchorite was seized with a cold palsy under similar circumstances. In the *Universal Magazine* we read of a woman of Namur who fainted whenever she heard a bell ring. The medical pioneer, Hippocrates, mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell when that flower was in bloom. Sculiger mentions one of his relations who experienced a similar horror on seeing a lily. Henry III. of France fainted whenever he saw a cat. The Duke d'Eperon swooned on beholding a leveret, though a hare had no effect upon him. Tycho Brahe, the superstitious astronomer, was similarly affected on seeing a fox, and Marshal D'Albert at the sight of a pig. We hear of a French lady who swooned on seeing boiled lobsters; while Ambrose Paré, a celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentleman afflicted with the same weakness when he saw an eel. M. Vaugheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, felt dizzy and fainted, or, if he had time, he would run away, when he saw a roasted pig.

The credulous Doctor Mather records an account of a young lady who fainted if any person cut his finger nails in her presence; but if done with scissors, she was indifferent. Boyle, the philosopher, himself tells us that he never conquered his uneasiness at the sound of water running and splashing through a pipe, and that he sometimes even fainted. We are told of French people particularly partial to the odour of jonquils, or tuberoses, who will swoon at the smell of ordinary roses. Orfila, the distinguished French physician, furnishes an account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo and swooned when there were roses in the room.

HEARTH AND HOME.

DIRECTION OF OTHERS.—Other things being equal, the leader of men or women who has himself borne all their toil and discipline will be far more successful than one who has not. He knows by personal experience what the real difficulties are and how they can be surmounted. He has but to draw upon his memory to realize the situation, and to decide how much can reasonably be expected. Thus, wherever it is possible, it is certainly safer to gain a thorough knowledge of the business in hand by actual work before assuming the direction of others. In some employments this is absolutely indispensable.

TOIL.—Toil is the inheritance of all by a law that is universal and inexorable and that fearfully avenges its violation. It is the command of God, and, like all His mandates, is wise and merciful. Do not grieve because others seem more favoured than yourself, for such appearances are often deceptive. With all the varied cares and duties and strange inequalities of life, we are largely, if not wholly, moulded by our own efforts, and sunshine or shadows will predominate as we may decide for ourselves. No community was ever prosperous where "wealth accumulates and men decay;" no church ever advanced in vital piety when indolence prevailed among its worshippers; no social circle ever improved in morals, intelligence, or happiness when labour was rejected as wanting in respectability, and no individual idler ever made himself useful or gladdened a home with the wealth of content.

THERE are some things which you had better not believe, my friend. When a man advertises for a partner, and wishes a young man to put in a small investment of one hundred or five hundred pounds, and promises to him a realization of fifty or one hundred per cent. profit, don't believe it. When a man offers to give gold watches or jewellery worth twenty-five or fifty pounds for only one pound, don't believe it. When a man offers to give away knowledge of the utmost value for the cure of consumption, and any and all other diseases, by merely sending so many stamps to prepay postage, don't believe it. When a man proposes to do his utmost to make everyone else rich, and looks to other people's interests more than his own, don't believe it. When a man offers to give you something of great value for nothing, don't believe it. People who advertise in this alluring fashion generally have an axe to grind, and I confidently count on the assistance of simpletons to turn the grindstone.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using Electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.