

room, drew a chair to the table, and sat down.

"Mr. Glynford," he said, addressing the master of the house, "I ought to apologize for asking a young lady to leave your table, to have a private interview with me; but I wished to see Miss Keane upon a very serious matter."

"Well, may we ask what is that serious matter, Bingley?" said Mr. Glynford.

"I came to receive an answer to a proposal of marriage which I had made to her," answered Bingley, with a little nervous break in his voice.

"A proposal of marriage!" echoed Mrs. Glynford.

"A proposal of marriage, eh?" said Mr. Glynford. "Come, then Bingley, you must tell us what was the young lady's answer."

"It was favourable," said Bingley, looking down as he spoke.

(To be continued.)

A CENTURY AGO.

THE FINE COOL WEATHER ENJOYED IN 1779 AND 1780.

The weather of 1779-80 began as the present one did, and before the slight moderation in the atmosphere on Sunday many of the older residents, whose fathers and mothers had told them many tales of that terrible winter, were speculating as to whether the present one would resemble it in other respects. In 1779-80 the cold set in about the middle of November, and continued until the middle of February. During that long period there was not enough warmth in the sun's rays to melt the snow on the ground, nor to affect in the least the fetters of ice that bound the creeks, ponds, and rivers. One snow storm followed another, until finally the ground was so covered that it was difficult to go from place to place, and the ice upon the rivers at all convenient points was used by men and teams and animals in the place of roads. The cold winds were so piercing that wild turkeys were found frozen to death in the forests, and domestic fowls fell frozen from their roosts. The deer and buffalo sought shelter from the blasts around the cabin of the settlers, and all kinds of wild animals perished in the forests for want of food, which was buried beneath the snow. The fierce wolf and panther, which usually skulked about the boundaries of the settlements only by night, now came near in broad daylight in search of the bones and offal thrown from the cabins of the settlers. No rain fell, and the pioneers were compelled to obtain water for drinking, cooking etc., by melting snow and ice. The northern and western rivers were tightly bound by frost, and even as far south as Nashville the Cumberland was frozen over with ice thick enough for the safe passage of emigrant trains. The Delaware, at Philadelphia, had ice three feet in thickness, and Chesapeake Bay and Long Island Sound were frozen over. Another similarity between the present winter and that of 1779-80 was the mild autumn weather that preceded it. When the cold began, in November, 1779, the leaves had hardly fallen from the forest trees, and many of the trees and shrubs were putting forth new growth. The same condition of things was witnessed last fall. The winters of 1783, 1784, 1785, 1788, 1792, 1796 and 1799 are all reported to have been very severe. It is stated in Hildreth's Pioneer History that on the 26th of December, 1788, the Delaware and Ohio rivers were both frozen over, and navigation was suspended upon them until the 15th of the following March. In 1792, when the soldiers were sent to the disastrous battlefield of General St. Clair to bury the dead, they encamped where Cincinnati now stands, January 13th. The snow was reported two feet deep upon the ground, and the Ohio was so strongly frozen that soldiers rode their horses across from Kentucky on the ice. The 7th of February, 1807, was known for years as cold Friday, and was the groundword for many a grandfather's tale. On the evening of the 6th the weather was mild, and rain began to fall as night set in. In a few hours the rain changed to snow, which fell to the depth of six inches, after which a hurricane swept over the land. It grew colder and colder as the night progressed, and the next morning the trees in the forests were cracking like the reports of guns, and everything was bound in fetters of ice. There was no thermometer to register the cold, but the day comes down in history and tradition as cold Friday.—*Industrial World.*

THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

Gallagher was the president of a dramatic club and wrote a piece for them. It called for nine persons, and everybody in the cast except Gallagher considered that he or she had the worst part and that it was made so on purpose. At first they didn't propose to play, but finally decided to do so and connected to play to punish Gallagher. He played the hero, and in the first act said farewell to his mother and went off to sea, and when she parted with him she contrived to wrench his head and scratch his nose on a pin fixed in the shoulder of her dress for that purpose. That eased her mind and disturbed his. But he submitted.

In the next act he appeared on shipboard and had to be kicked down by the cruel captain, who hit him so earnestly with a belaying pin that it nearly killed him. And then when he headed the mutiny and cried to the mutineers,

"Follow me!" somebody opened a trap and he ignominiously fell through it, and got terribly grieved by the audience. He was awfully mad, but determined to conquer in spite of the disaster, and so came up and went on with the play. In the third act he was to have a terrible combat with the villain of the play and whip him. Mr. Hancock Smythe played the part. He was satisfied he had the worst part in the piece, and that Gallagher made it so to spite him. Gallagher, as he clinched him, cried: "Villain, I'll beat your life out in about two seconds." But he didn't. The villain was the strongest man, and the way he lathered Gallagher about the stage was awful. When it came to the part where the villain had to cry: "Let me up! I'm crushed!" he had Gallagher jammed under the table and was beating him with a chair-leg, and of course his speech and Gallagher's reply: "I will not spare your life!" sounded absurd.

Before the villain consented to be overcome he had got the audience to shrieking with laughter and had beaten Gallagher black and blue. Gallagher went home terribly enraged and the rest of the company were delighted. The piece was to be played the next night and Gallagher reported himself too ill to appear. But he sent a substitute. That substitute was a prize-fighter, under an assumed name. He hugged the mother so, in the parting scene, that he nearly killed her and pulled her false hair off, accidentally. He threw the cruel captain down the trap. He hurt all the other actors, and, in the fight with the villain, mopped the whole stage with him and hurled him clear through the back flat. The company and scenery were completely wrecked, confusion reigned, and Gallagher sat in the front and laughed till he nearly died. Revenge is sweet! —*Boston Post.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Vicomtesse d'Haussonville has just returned to Paris. She will shortly resume her literary Thursday teas, which last year were as much frequented by the members of the Left as by those of the Right.

"YESTERDAY the wife of the massacreur of the Republicans was buried." Such is the terse and elegant paragraph that Rochefort's journal devotes to the funeral of Madame Thiers, who not a little contributed to the fall of the Third Republic, and secure for the Communists the right even to be abominable in thought, word, and speech.

BRIEF-A-BRA collectors, anxious to find a new and effective style of cabinet for their treasures should take a hint from Paris, where it is now the fashion to fit up old sedan chairs with shelves for the display of ancient china and other "objets de vertu." These sedan chairs look particularly well in the halls of country houses, and their spare corners can be filled up with antique fans.

MME. LA MARQUISE DE POILLY, one of the leaders of fashionable Paris society, gave, the other evening, a most successful fete, at which more than two hundred guests were present. The supper was an original feature of the entertainment; it was served on a large number of little separate tables, placed in all parts of the Marquise de Poilly's apartments, and this innovation was considered a very happy one.

M'LE. OZY, an actress, received the following original declaration: "Mamemoiselle, I am only a poor worker, but I love you like a millionaire. While waiting to become one I send you this simple bunch of violets. If my letter gives you a wish to know me, and to answer to the sentiments of my soul, when you are on the stage to-night lift your eyes to the cock-loft, my legs will have over."

A GRAND FETE is being organized at Lausanne for the 9th inst. The principal feature of it will be a procession in which will appear costumes of all kinds worn in olden times by soldiers and persons notable in history; there will be, also, several allegorical chariots, representing some of the principal events during the past year. The fete will include a musical entertainment, in which a chorus of 100 voices will assist. The subscription for the affair are in charge of the students of the city and will be used for benevolent purposes.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

IT is just fifty years since the foundation of Kings College, London, and the governing body propose to celebrate the event by a movement in connection with the higher education of women.

THE fund which it was proposed to raise for the late Mr. Mechi is now to be applied for the benefit of his widow and two daughters. The Duke of Bedford has subscribed £200, and the Earl of Leicester a like amount.

It is stated that an influential committee is to be formed in London to publish to the world the doings at Monte Carlo, and to make an appeal to the French Republican Government for its early suppression.

INDISCREET persons who have concealed woful secrets in the agony columns of the *Times* should tremble. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are about

to cry those secrets on the housetops. A lady who has studied the column for the first seventy years of the century and has found a key to most of the cyphers, has written out her discoveries in full, and they will be published shortly under the title of *The Agony Column from 1800 to 1870*. It is surprising that this thing has not been done before.

MR. AGNEW may yet recover his lost Gainsborough, the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, for which he gave £10,000, and then lost. A picture is about to find its way into the National Gallery which was supposed to be gone as irreclaimably as the beautiful Georgiana. Da Vinci's "La Vierge aux Rochers" has been bought for the nation for £9,000 from the Earl of Suffolk. Some years ago it disappeared. Search was made for it in every European city. All the time it was lying in a garret of the Earl's own mansion, having been stolen by a servant, who, after he had seized it, found that he dared not dispose of it. Nor did he dare to confess the crime until, finding himself dying, he made restitution when beyond the reach of punishment.

YEARS ago, when Mr. Foster was in America, he met the Hon. Carl Schurz, the Minister of the Interior of the United States. "You have," said the American Home Secretary of to-day to the Irish Secretary of to-day, "three difficulties to deal with in Ireland." Mr. Schurz, as American Home Secretary knows well the Irish people. "Two of them," he continued, "you will set right. The Church question will give you little difficulty. You may settle the lands question. But when you have arranged both church and land, another and the greatest difficulty will still remain with you. You will still have to settle the difficulty of the Irish character." Mr. Foster in these days recalls the words of Carl Schurz.

THE Salisbury Club is a great success. Within the short space of nine months applications have been received from no less than 284 candidates for admission to the club, and about 700 have been elected. At the present time there are 134 candidates on the list waiting admission. Encouraged by this success, the proprietor has secured the freehold of the public-house from the Duke of Marlborough, and has determined upon making important additions thereto. The present dining-room will be converted into the ladies' dining-room, and a new room (35 feet by 35 feet) will be built for the members on the ground now occupied by the stables. In addition, a conservatory (56 feet long) will be constructed, and two of the existing rooms will be set aside for private dinner parties. The regulations for the introduction of visitors to the club have been eminently successful.

REGENERATING THE BRAIN.—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labour, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they gorge the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

NATURE AND ART.—"There are abundant facilities for the exercise of the most luxurious and expensive taste in the selection of the accessories needed for transforming into a 'fern Paradise' either dwelling-house or garden. In the drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms of the houses belonging to the rich it is not by any means uncommon to find plant cases or flower-pots of an ornamental kind. Sometimes a number of these may be found in one room, and the fact is an indication that the owner or some member of his household possesses a taste which is strongly appreciative of the beauties of nature. Sometimes the plants are ferns, more frequently they are flowering plants. But even in cases where this taste for introducing plants into the dwelling-houses has been exercised more freely than usual, it is seldom that the effect produced is striking. The conservatory—when an adjunct of the drawing-room and immediately contiguous to it—supplies in some degree the requirements of a refined taste; but dwelling-rooms are mostly subjected to the despotic sway of a system of conventional ornamentation. Even rigid conventionalism, however, pays homage to nature by calling artistic effort into requisition in order to produce petrified imitation of leaves and flowers. The high art of the painter and sculptor, and the ruder arts of house-decorating, are employed in this work of imitation; but the result—often beautiful and striking as an artistic success—pales before the exquisite reality of Nature itself. Why then do we not sweep away from our dwelling-houses the rigid conventionalism which is content to represent nature in stereotyped lines in places where she is only ready to come herself, in all her chaste and simple yet inimitable loveliness? Her image may still be preserved in stereotype where she

cannot come herself; but away with the folly of setting up lifeless imitations where the charming reality can exist, and smile upon us in its pure and dewy freshness."—*The Fern Paradise.*

VARIETIES.

A TORONTO gentleman has just returned from a visit to some friends near Brattleboro', Vt., and tells the following story about a sign-board which came under his notice in the Green Mountain State. A small creek divided the farms of two tillers of the soil, and the little stream was said to be always full of excellent trout. One of the farmers displayed a sign-board on his side of the creek, warning people "not to fish here, or they would be prosecuted according to law." As an offset to this mandate, the other farmer hoisted a sign-board bearing the following inscription: "Fish here, and be—d. Worms behind the barn."—*World.*

THERE has been a great outcry because a number of people lost their lives at the burning of the Madison Street tenement house through the alleged carelessness or ignorance of a plumber. The fact is, that many more lives than were here lost are sacrificed every week through the ignorance and carelessness of men called plumbers, and yet some people doubt the propriety of attempting to legislate to control those who work at this trade. More bodily injury is caused in New York city alone from defective plumbing than is produced in the whole United States from steam boiler casualties, and yet engineers must be licensed, and plumbers are free from any control. The inference is plain.

PROFESSOR TAIT, of the University of Edinburgh, is having a pleasant tilt with Herbert Spencer in the pages of *Nature*. He quotes the famous formula of Mr. Spencer: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," and translates it thus into plain English: "Evolution is a change from a hohowish, untalkabontable, not-allalikesness, by continuous something-sifications and stick-togetherness." Tait declares this to be no formula at all, but a definition precisely like Mr. Kirkman's recently-discovered expression for universal change: "Change is a perichoretical synecdoche of pampallagnatic and horroteroponumatical differentiations and integrations."

PRESERVING THE BALANCE.—Old Captain Stanley, who lives down in the middle of Kentucky, was a good old Hard-shell Baptist, who occasionally would tell a story at the expense of some of the brethren. Many years ago they were not so conspicuously orthodox on the temperance question as they are in our time. "On one occasion," said the captain, "the brethren down in my region were about to have a grand church gathering, and all the faithful in the neighbourhood were expected to exert themselves to entertain suitably and hospitably the visiting brethren. Two of my neighbours met each other just before the grand gathering, one of whom said,

"What are you going to do?"

"Well," replied the man, "I've laid in a gallon of first-rate whiskey."

"A gallon?" retorted his neighbour, with a look of contempt; "why, I've got a barrel; and you are just as able to support the Gospel as am I."

In those days you could always tell a hard-shell by looking at him from behind; one of the skirts of his coat would hang lower than the other—the one in which he carried his bottle. But the captain said there was one old brother down there whose denominational views couldn't be ascertained in that way: his skirts hung even—a bottle in each pocket.—*Harpur's Magazine.*

WORDS AND WORD-MAKING.—There are three spelling reform societies in Germany, one in England, one in Switzerland, one in India, and a half dozen more or less in the United States. Württemberg, Bavaria, and Prussia have introduced improved spelling in the schools by government direction. The German reform movement as a whole shows still some disposition to multiply differences in details, but, like the government of the Fatherland, it must eventually come to unity. All transitions from old institutions to new scientific forms require a certain margin for free invention and action, for through their exercise alone can the best, which is the aim of change, be discovered. The first stage is that of suggestion and invention, producing a multiplicity of schemes; the second is the critical period when the diverse methods are compared and the best selected; the third is the executive devoted to establishing the new standard and clearing away the ancient obstructions. The English-speaking people have passed nearly through the first and are entering upon the second. Just at present England seems to be very fertile in new inventions—more so than America, which passed through that stage some time ago. In both countries are to be found numbers who have sifted the many theories and projects and established themselves on the solid basis of common-sense and the method of gradual, safe, practical, simplifications.

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision; at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.