

ready more than man could bear. He was intoxicated with her. He got through the next day as best he might. His host and hostess brought a first mortgage upon him, and Doctor Zay was hard at work. She was early at breakfast, late at dinner, and apparently took no tea. He saw her once struggling through the snow to give an order to Handy, who seemed to have added a number at his latter's for each degree of severity in the thermometer. Handy had private views, which no man could fathom, relative to Mr. Yorke's unexpected appearance; but they were not of a nature which improved his temper, and, under the present climatic conditions, he was denied the resources of the sawdust heap. Handy wore blue mittens and a red tippet tied over his ears. He drove with the doctor that day, to watch the pony, who was uneasy from the cold, in her extended "waits." Doctor Zay was wrapped in her furs, and had long seal-gloves. She looked a trifle pale. Yorke watched the brave girl ride away into the deadly weather. She drove slowly, battling with the unbroken road. She carried a shovel to cut their way through drifts. In the evening, as soon as might decently be, he went to her rooms. She was alone, and welcomed him with unexpected self-possession. She had a feverish flush on her cheeks. She began to talk as if nothing had happened. She inquired about his health, and the medical items of his recovery. She spoke of his mother, and his life in Boston. Indulgently, he let her go on. He experienced an exquisite delight in all this little parrying and playing with fate, and in the haughty consciousness that he could put an end to it when he chose. He occupied himself in noticing that she wore a woolen dress of a ruby color, with a plush jacket and white lace. "I have ventured at work myself, this winter," he ventured to say. "Did I tell you?" "No. What have you done?" "Sat in my office and prayed for clients." "I approve of that. Didn't you get any?" "Oh, yes; some wills and leases, and that kind of thing. Greatness is not thrust upon me. But I've sat there."

"I wish I had never said it." "Do you wish to take it back?" "Alas," she said, below her quickening breath, "I cannot! It is too late." "You admit as much as that? It was not a mood, nor a—but you are not capable of caprice. Then you have admitted everything," he said ecstatically, "and all the rest is clear." She smiled drearily. "Nothing is clear, Mr. Yorke, except that we must separate. We have both of us lived long enough to know that a man and woman who love each other and cannot marry have no choice but to turn short round, and follow different roads. You and I are such a man and woman. Let us bring our good sense to the thing, at the outset." "I am destitute of power to see why we should not marry," said Yorke, with a sudden faint sinking at the heart. She was without the tinsel tissue of coquetry. He knew that he had to deal not with a disguise, but a conviction. She had not that indigence of nature which could have offered irreverence either to his feelings or her own. "I told you long ago," he went on, "that you should not be expected to surrender your profession. I should be ashamed of myself if I could ask it of you. I am proud of you. I feel my heart jump everything you achieve. It is as if I had done it myself, only that it makes me happier, it makes me prouder. I want you just as you are,—the bravest woman I ever knew, the strongest woman and the sweetest. Do you think I would take your sweetness without your strength? I want it all. I want you. There is nothing I will not do to make you feel this, to make it easy, to help you along. I could help you a very little in Boston. That has been a comfort to me. Why, what kind of a fellow should I be, if I could approach a woman like you, and propose to drink down her power and preciousness into my one little thirsty life,—absorb her, annihilate her,—and offer her nothing but myself in exchange for a freedom so fine, an influence so important, as yours! I shall never be a great man, but I am not small enough for that!" She had listened to him attentively, and now lifted her eyes, which seemed again to retreat from him with that sacred timidity. "I never heard a man talk like that before," she said softly. "It is something even to say it. I thank you, Mr. Yorke. Your manliness and nobleness only make it—harder—for me"—Her voice sank.

uttered the passage would have been impatiently, perhaps disrespectfully, listened to by the company. But nothing is more natural than that Shakespeare should a hundred times have thought "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" that he should, at a leisure moment, have expanded the thought, and, pleased with the picturesque piece of work, should have taken the first opportunity of giving it permanence in a play. Another such instance is the Queen Mab speech, which the gay, volatile Mercutio rather delivers as a lecture than flings off as one of those passing thoughts which form the fleeting populace of his airy brain. The irrelevancy of such passages is best seen on the stage, where the speaker takes up a position in which to address himself to the audience, while the rest of the characters stand idly and awkwardly by.

prayer, must have been doubly impatient to commence operations on Antonio. Nevertheless, orthodox playgoers listen to all this with what they fancy to be intense admiration, though entirely irrelevant to the object, and faulty in itself. But we hold such believers in honor, and will say no more. Purposely have we kept this example to the last, so as not to frighten them earlier in the paper; and, having said only this much, we still feel as an ancient Greek might have felt who had been heard to speak ill of Apollo at Delphi.

THE LYONNESE.

One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art. The drama of "Antony" was acted before a numerous audience, and, as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front box. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the contrary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last act burst into a passion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, "Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense." "Ah, papa, it is not my fault," replied the poor girl, quite confused, "forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous."

A HARD EGG.

"I had my misgiving, boss," the waiter said to the landlord, who was questioning him about his conduct towards the tall gentleman in blue clothes who sat at the door—"I had my misgiving when he sat down that he was carrying moah whisky dan was good for 'im, but he was puffedly quiet and behaved hisself well enough, an' I didn't pay no attention to 'im until he picked up a baked potato and held it carefully o'er the aig glass wid his left hand and begun to bit the end of his potato wid the end of his spoon. He hit it quite hard three or four times, and den he whacked it once or twice on the edge of de plait, and den, looking as solemn as an owl all de time, he calls me up to him and says, as polite as a president: "Wattah," he say, "I wish you would fix this boiled aig for me, if you please. I lost a good deal of sleep last night, and I'm a little narvous dis morning," he say.

HUMOROUS.

THE difference between man and butter.—old age makes the former weak, the latter strong.

HE AND SHE.

Red as a rose is she; Just such a nose as he— Blue as a summer sky Is the tint of her bright eye— While beneath his eye is fixed An arc where black and blue are mixed. Long and curly is her hair, While his pate is bald and bare. Lite and graceful is her form, His is bent by many a storm. Like a princess is she clad, While his clothes are no end bad. In winter she resides in Rome, The sea-shore is her summer home. He drinks whiskey, beer and ale, And when he's broke, he goes to jail.

HAMISH.

SLIPS IN SHAKESPEARE.

One of the most enthusiastic of the idolaters of Shakespeare asserts somewhere that not only may every speech in his plays be assigned to its proper character, but even every line. The absurdity is evident when it is considered that to assert this is equivalent to saying that no two characters of Shakespeare could have conceived the same idea, or expressed it in the same way. Far from sharing this opinion, we have often fancied that certain passages, even famous passages, had been noted down when they occurred to the poet, and had subsequently been assigned, thus ready-made, to some character during the writing of a play. The "Seven Ages" (not, for Shakespeare, of first-rate excellence perhaps, as giving a compendium of human life) have no special fitness for the place given to them, except that they fill the interval while Orlando is gone to fetch Adam; there is little in the scene to lead up to them, and the philosopher who

the staunch Hebrew—who has already told Bassanio, "I will not eat with you, drink with you nor pray with you"—irritated by having it imputed to him that he joins in the Christian's