

Scraps.

The United States is reckoned to possess 3,000 monks and 7,000 nuns.

The late Treasurer of Florida was charged with dishonesty, and a searching investigation revealed the fact that the State owed him nineteen cents.

Next year, Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, means to have his own reporters in the House of Commons, and to publish a daily report of the debates.

A new kind of stairs are shown at the Chicago exhibition which are warranted never to squeak when the gentleman of the house returns home late.

There is no truth in the assertion that the Queen will go to St. Petersburg for the wedding of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales will be present.

It is stated that the betting at Paris on the *affaire Bazaine* is 3 to 1 in favour of a conviction, and 3 to 2 on the Marshal being shot. The odds, it is added, are openly laid on the Boulevards.

There was recently on exhibition in the Paris Halles a stor-goon as large as two men, and weighing 350 lbs. He was escorted by a lobster measuring 31 feet from his claws to the tip of his tail.

The postmaster-general of Madras, India, has a very mean estimation of linguistic talent. He advertises for a clerk who can read, write and speak English, Hindustani, Arabic, Bohra, Gazo-rati and Marhatti, and for fourteen dollars a month.

The largest butt of Johannisberg wine of the famous vintage of 1861 was sold a few days back in the Metternich cellar on the estate. The price was the highest yet reached, the purchaser, who is consul at Moscow, having paid for the cask of about 1,100 bottles the sum of 25,000 florins, or £2 per bottle.

A man undoubtedly insane, recently entered a telegraph office in Detroit, and wrote the following message: "To the Lord in Heaven.—Where shall I go next? The world is going worse every day. There is not an honest Christian in America." He was informed that the Western Union lines didn't connect with the other world, and he went to see about mailing a letter.

Oddities.

A journal in Bordeaux "listens" with an attentive "eye" to M. Thiers says.

This is from the *Augusta, Ga., Chronicle*: "Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a while. There being so much due on it, there is danger of tak-ing cold."

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

A postal card was received at Portland, Me., recently, having a dollar bill sewed on one side of it, and directly above the bill was written: "If this is stolen, it will be after it leaves the Kit-terry post-office."

A man at Princeton College believes in having "a place for everything and everything in its place." He nails his slippers on the wall, four feet up, and then all he has to do on an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them.

A Chinaman came down one of the main streets in Millerton, Cal., on election day, in a state of inebriation and of joyful exaltation, and thus delivered himself: "Hoop! ho! me all same Heleian man. Hair cut short and drunk like I—! Hoop! ho!"

Old John Pierpont once said that he never appreciated the reason and wisdom of Paul's medical advice to Timothy until he travelled through that part of Asia and tried to drink the water found there. It was so bad that wine was a positive necessity.

A marriage between a Christian gentleman and Jewish lady, not long since, exercised the minds of some of their friends. "Pooh! pooh!" said a gentleman, "why in the world make such a fuss about it. After all, they will only be bound together like the Old and New Testament."

They have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Last week a young man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton, and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse trying to sell lightning rods to the crowd.

Rural journalists are addicted to pleasant figures of speech, drawn naturally from the charming objects with which they are surrounded. Thus, in describing a drunken man who had to climb to things for support, one of them says "he was last seen toney-sackling about a lamp-post."

A negro in Boston complained at a police station that a brother coloured man had broken a chair all to splinters over his head. Being told there were no marks on his cranium, he said: "Sol! didn't make no marks, but 'e smashed de chair all ter pieces, and de chair belonged ter me."

The man who advertised for an "epetarte" for his wife, who had "died," was served with this couplet:

"My dear wife Betsey Ann had a bad spell,
And the end of it is, she's now in hell."

But the next mail brought a more appropriate and comforting response:

"My wife Betsey Ann she coloured her hair,
And all that's left of her is buried here."

The freedmen are never more in their element at the South than when attending camp meeting. They have a peculiar in-tonation when they hold forth, which is enhanced by the addi-tion of the syllable "er" to the end of almost every word. A story is told of an old coloured minister who, in expatiating upon the horrors of everlasting condemnation, which those near the close of their terrestrial journey must expect, pointed to his own aged father, exclaiming: "Look at that ole man-er, with one foot in the grav-er, and the other all but-er!"

A negro minister widower, who married rather sooner than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused him-self as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the Scriptures from Gintsee to Revelations, and found plenty of promises to the widder, but nary one to the widderer. And so I took it that the Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and, having a first-rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so again. Besides, brethren, I considered that poor Betsey was just as dead as she would ever be."

A Detroit wife has demanded a divorce from her husband upon the following grounds: 1. He is inebriated on an average 27 days in every month; 2. He cut off her hair while she slumbered; 3. He is accustomed to awake her at daylight by throwing several pails of cold water over the bed; 4. He has attempted to force keosene oil down her throat; 5. He has also forced her to go without either shoes or stockings; 6. He put hot potatoes in her hands and then washed them by squeezing her fingers. It is thought by a majority of the best lawyers in Detroit that this singularly treated dame is entitled to a separation; but it is not a case upon which we should like to express an opinion until we hear what the husband has to say about it.

Dr. Colby's Pills are recommended by Medical Men.

MYSTERY.

Wonder if oak and maple,
Willow and elm and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall.
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
Or know of the crimson spray,
That shall be when chill November
Bears all their leaves away?

Perhaps—beside the water
The willow bends, serene
As when her young leaves glistened
In a mist of golden green.
But the brave old oak is flushing
To a wine-red, dark and deep,
And maple and elm are blushing
The blush of a child asleep.

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the colors of gladness,
Until we pass away,
No eyes shall see us falter;
And before we lay it down,
We'll wear in the sight of all the earth,
The year's most kingly crown."

So, trees of the stately forest,
And trees by the trodden way,
You are kindling into glory,
This soft autumnal day,
And we who gaze remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together
May come through the opening frost.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Strangers and Pilgrims*," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"The young lady is the only daughter of Mr. Carew the pa-rish schoolmaster at Hedingham," said Sir Aubrey.

"The parish schoolmaster's daughter. Why that's the young lady whom young Standen was sweet upon. My daugh-ter Matilda Jane heard something about at the Hedingham Fancy Fair."

"I beg leave to suggest that 'sweet upon,' is not a phrase I care to hear in relation to my future wife," remonstrated the baronet stiffly. "I am fully aware that Mr. Standen wished to marry Miss Carew, and was rejected by her father."

"She rejected George Standen, of Dean House. That's cu-rious. However, if the young lady was engaged to you, Sir Aubrey, that explains matters."

"She was not engaged to me at the time of Mr. Standen's proposal. That young man's offer was rejected on its own merits."

"Indeed. Well, I hope my daughters may be as lucky when their time comes."

"You are perhaps not aware that Miss Carew is a young lady of exceptional beauty," said Sir Aubrey with ever increas-ing stiffness, "a lady who might have won the affections of a gentleman of even more exalted position than my own."

"She is very young, I suppose?"

"Between nineteen and twenty."

"I should have thought, whatever the merits of the lady, a somewhat longer engagement would have been advisable. Of course, I don't presume to offer my advice, Sir Aubrey."

"Sir," returned the baronet with a freezing look, "this is a matter in which I ask advice from no man."

Mr. Bain murmured an apology. Sir Aubrey recovered his temper. He felt elated even, for he felt that he had put down Mr. Bain. He had come to that office not without trepidation, had felt himself blushing as he rode along the empty lanes, and he was glad to think that he had been able to assert him-self thus boldly.

"Now, with regard to the settlement," he said, with his usual friendliness of manner, "I have come to the determina-tion to settle nothing upon my wife during my lifetime. If her affection for me be as sincere as I venture to consider it, she will be content to owe all to my bounty. She will not want to squander my money. To settle an income upon her for her own separate use would be in a manner to instil ex-travagance."

"True, Sir Aubrey," said Mr. Bain with approval, "but in that case I don't see that you want a settlement at all."

"You forget the disparity of years between Miss Carew and myself. I am bound to provide for her after my death."

"You could do that by a will."

"Certainly. But I prefer to make her future secure by an immediate settlement. I gratify myself by leaving her de-pendent upon my liberality so long as I live, but I wish to show myself capable of generosity."

"After death," said Mr. Bain finishing the sentence.

"My wife will look to me for all she needs, but I shall am-ply provide for the independence of my widow," returned the baronet.

"I understand. Then we have only to settle what portion of your estate you will charge with this provision. You would be able to leave Lady Perriam—how much?"

"I have been thinking that two thousand a year——" said Sir Aubrey, meditatively.

"A poor provision for a lady accustomed to the occupation of Perriam."

"I do not spend more than four thousand at Perriam."

"Perhaps not—but after your marriage things will be dif-ferent. Where you now spend four thousand, I dare say you'll spend ten."

Sir Aubrey shook his head.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "There will be no difference. A man doesn't change his habits after fifty. Were I to marry a fashionable young woman—accustomed to the dissipations of the London season—I might be expected to alter my mode of living—to launch out in some absurd manner—re-furnish Per-riam with your tawdry modern rubbish—set up a house in Town—and so on. But I marry a young lady who has no pre-tensions—who is simply the loveliest girl I ever saw—a violet which hides itself in the shelter of its leaves—as somebody once remarked of someone else. What Perriam had been in

the past, Perriam will continue to be in the future—until it passes to its next possessor."

"Your son, perhaps," suggested Mr. Bain, who had been thinking profoundly while Sir Aubrey expounded his views. That strong Saxon face looked almost handsome when the man thought. There was such strength of purpose in it. The clear, grey eyes clouded, as the man's gaze—no longer pen-etrating the surface of actual things—surveyed those impalp-able shadows which make the vision of things to be.

"My son. If God blesses me with children!" replied Sir Aubrey, reverently.

"I don't think two thousand is enough for a man in your position to leave his widow," said Mr. Bain, presently.

He was to some extent a privileged person, and could speak as plainly as he chose to Sir Aubrey. He had frequent occa-sions to demonstrate that he knew the baronet's interests a great deal better than the baronet himself understood them, and had thus acquired a certain empire over the weaker brain of his employer.

"Two thousand a year is a large income for Mr. Carew's daughter," said Sir Aubrey, thoughtfully.

"But a paltry pittance for Sir Aubrey Perriam's widow," re-turned the other. "Why should you stint this lady? You love her; and if she brings you no children, all you do not leave to her will go to your distant relative—a man for whom you don't care two straws."

"Not one," said Sir Aubrey.

"The bulk of the estate is entailed, and must go to Mr. Per-riam—after your brother's death that is to say—and his life is not so good as your own. But there's a large remainder that is not in the entail—all the land bought by Sir Andrew and the Warren estate, which you inherited from your mother. Why not act handsomely towards this lady in the matter of a future provision? Why not leave her five thousand a year, chargeable on the Warren estate and the Coppice Farm?"

Sir Aubrey opened his eyes in a blank stare. He had ex-pected all kinds of opposition from Shadrack Bain, and most of all had he expected to be opposed in the matter of the set-tlement, and here was Shadrack Bain pleading the cause of the future Lady Perriam, a person he had never seen, if his own statement were to be trusted.

"Five thousand a year for a schoolmaster's daughter," said the baronet feebly.

"Five thousand a year for Lady Perriam," replied the steward. "If she is worthy of your confidence and your affec-tion, she is worthy of your liberality. Most men in my posi-tion would look at this question from the solicitor's point of view, and counsel meanness. I recommend liberality. If you have no children, strangers—or those who are no nearer to you than strangers—will come after you. Why should you pinch the wife of your choice to fatten strangers? You cannot be too generous to Lady Perriam—after your death."

"True," murmured Sir Aubrey, impressed by this mode of argument, "I shall be none the poorer. It will make no dif-ference to me in my grave whether she have two thousand or five thousand. But, if the dead are capable of thinking about the world they leave behind them, it would vex me to think that Perriam had everything."

"Of course it would. Shall I draw up a draft of the deed of settlement, and bring it to Perriam Place this evening?"

"Yes, bring it this evening. Mr. Carew and his daughter are to dine with me, by the way. Don't say anything about it before them. I might change my mind as to the amount. After all it would be always in my power to provide for my widow by will. The settlement is only a matter of form, to satisfy the father, who no doubt wants to see his daughter's future secured."

"If you doubt the lady make no settlement," said Mr. Bain decisively. "If you believe in her make her a handsome one."

(To be continued.)

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE PHANTOM WARNING.

BY KATE LIVINGSTONE.

I.

Picture to yourself, dear reader, the close of a stormy au-tumn afternoon in the Northern Highlands of Scotland. Pools gleaming along the road show that the rain has ceased but re-cently, while the black masses of cloud piled in the western sky, indicate more to come. In the foreground is a stream, which a few days ago was a gentle "burn," but which from the heavy autumn rains, has swelled to a turbulent torrent, rushing from the high gloomy mountains in the back ground, and carrying all before it. Over this stream is an old wooden bridge, on which, such an afternoon as I have described, two gentlemen were standing. The tallest, a handsome man, with dark hair, moustache, and whiskers and pleasant grey eyes, was leaning against the railing of the bridge, with a rather melancholy expression on his face, absently picking off bits of the rotten railing, and dropping them into the dark water be-low, when they were immediately swirled under the bridge. This gentleman, Hugh Raeburn, is the young minister of Glenderavon, while the other, who appears rather impatient, is shorter, about the same age, and moreover is myself, Charlie Mackenzie, assistant and successor to Dr. Gordon, and engaged to his daughter Mabel, the dearest, sweetest, tenderest rosebud of a girl that ever blessed a man's life with the deepest love of her heart. The only borrowed description which at all suits me, is contained in the following words "He has red-dish hair and very sweet blue eyes." (Here two young ladies who are sitting in the room with me, as I am copying my ma-nuscript, and occasionally looking over my shoulder, osten-sibly for the purpose of correcting my spelling, but really to gratify their curiosity, interrupt me, and one, saying the while, "Did you ever see such a storyteller, Marion?" takes the pen out of my hand, and writes the following words: "My husband is the very best looking gentleman in the parish, ex-cept Marion's; that part about the eyes will do, only inserting the word 'dark,' but as for his hair being red! why, it's dark brown, and he has the dearest nose and the pleasantest smile in the whole world.") Well! I'm not proof against such flat-tery as that, but it would spoil the MSS. to cross it out, and I don't want to copy it over again, so I guess I'll leave it, though it's not true. As I before remarked, ever so far back, my firm friend and college chum, Raeburn, and I, were stand-ing on the bridge, and after fidgeting about in my usual man-ner for awhile, I shook him by the arm, and said impatiently,