

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," Wally suddenly exclaimed, interrupting the conversation; "nobody need pray for me; I can do it myself!"

"But it seems to me you don't!" Afra replied.

"I don't need to say my prayers so often as the rest of you! I have my own property, and am not obliged to beseech the dear God like a poor maid-servant, who must repeat a *patenoster* for every shoe-string she wants."

An angry flush crimsoned Afra's face. "Oh! a shoe-string for which we pray may bring more happiness than silver ornaments worn with a sinful heart."

"Yes, yes," said the landlady, "Afra is perfectly right."

"If my silver ornaments sting your eyes, go behind me, and you needn't see them. It isn't seemly for the *Hochstbauerin* to walk after a maid-servant."

"It would do you no harm to follow in Afra's footsteps, if you only knew it," retorted the hostess of the Lamb.

"Shame on you, to make common cause with your maid-servant," cried Wally, with flashing eyes. "A woman who don't respect herself won't have the respect of others."

"O-o-h, a maid-servant is a human being!" said Afra, trembling from head to foot. "A silk gown matters nothing in the eyes of God, who sees what is under it—a good or a bad heart."

"Why, of course," cried Wally, in an outburst of rage; "everybody can't have a heart so good as yours—especially for the lads. Fire on you!"

"Wally!" exclaimed Afra, tears gushing from her eyes. But she could say no more, for at that moment the church was again reached, the last benediction uttered, and the procession broke up. Wally swept past Afra like a queen—the latter was obliged to hold by her companion or she would have been thrown down—and everybody looked after her. The men thought she was the handsomest girl in all Tyrol, but the women almost died with envy.

"She looks rather different now from what she did on the *Hochjoch*, when she lived in a dog kennel, with her hair hanging over her shoulders like a wild animal!" said Joseph, who had stood a short distance off, gazing intently at her. Then he waved a farewell to Afra and left the procession; he wanted to get home again before noon.

But Afra hastily followed Wally. Her pretty blue eyes flashed through her tears, like fire through water; she was fairly beside herself with anger. The landlady of the Lamb accompanied her, and they overtook Wally at the inn. The latter was also terribly agitated. She had seen the affectionate, familiar salutation Joseph had given Afra, while to her, as she supposed, he had vouchsafed a single glance—and now he had gone, and all the hopes she had built upon this day were shattered. This Afra—she would have liked to pour out all her wrath upon her, trample her under foot! And now Afra stood before her, stopped her, and accosted her with angry defiance; she—the lonely maid-servant!

"Wally!" Afra breathlessly exclaimed, "you said something I cannot let pass, for it concerns my honor. What do you mean by my having a good heart for the lads? I want to know what is at the bottom of your words?"

"Do you want to quarrel with the *Hochstbauerin*?" cried Wally, eyeing the girl from head to foot, with a scornful glance. "Do you suppose I'd dispute with a person like you?"

"Like me?" screamed Afra. "What sort of person am I? I'm a poor girl, who has had no one to care for me, but I've never harmed anybody, or set a house on fire. I need not put up with insolence from you!"

Wally started, as if stung by a serpent. "You are a wench—a shameless wench, who throws herself into men's arms before all the people!" she shrieked, forgetting the crowd that had gathered around.

"What—whom—into whose arms did I throw myself?" faltered the girl, turning pale.

"Shall I tell you? Shall I?"

"Yes, tell me; my conscience is clear, and the hostess of the Lamb can prove it isn't true."

"Indeed? Isn't it true that two years ago, when you scarcely knew Joseph, you hung on his neck so that he had to drag you over the *Hochjoch* and carry you half the way, because you pretended you couldn't walk? Isn't it true that you've never let Joseph alone since, so that everybody is gossiping about you? Isn't it true that you want to take Joseph away from other girls who have a better right to him, and would make him better wifes than a vagabond servant? Isn't it true that after the battle with the bull you threw yourself into Joseph's arms before the whole village, as if you were his betrothed bride? Say, isn't it true?"

Afra covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud. "Oh! Joseph, Joseph, must I submit to this?"

"Be calm, Afra," said her kind-hearted mistress, soothingly; "she has betrayed herself; this is only rage because Joseph won't run after her and burn his fingers, like all the rest of the men. Oh! if Joseph were only here! He would make her sing a different tune."

"Yes, I think he is leaving his dear sweetheart in the lurch!" and Wally laughed, such a shrill, piercing laugh, that it echoed from the mountains like a wall of sorrow. "Such a sweetheart, who throws herself into a man's arms at once, is certainly less troublesome than one who must first be conquered, and from whom it might happen that he would be obliged to

withdraw, amid jests and scoffs. Even the proud *Baren-Joseph* finds it easier to unite himself to such a girl than to *Geier-Wally*."

### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Paris ladies are wearing tiny bows of ribbons for earrings now. The effect is very pleasing.

THE woman of work sweeps everything before her; the woman of fashion sweeps everything behind her.

WEALTHY ladies now have models of their figures by French artists and leave them with their dressmakers.

A Chicago lady, whose lord and master indulges rather freely in the convivial glass, says he is a kind but "indulgent" husband.

THE young woman who was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

A rash and somewhat deluded young man has threatened to apply the Maine law to his sweetheart, she intoxicates him so.

CONTENTION FROM A LADY.—"Why is a miff like a silly gentleman?"—"Because it holds a lady's hands without squeezing them."

To love is an obsolete word, to make love is a natural and easy accomplishment. Silly women are quite as often taken in by the counterfeit as by the real coin.

CHURCH plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a full cask, and she must drink both the first and the last glass; it contains in order to be married within a year.

WHEN a Sioux Indian wants to tell a girl he loves her, he throws a blanket over her head and his and breathes into her ear, and a very pretty girl will get her head muffled up in this way a half-dozen times a day, even in hot weather.

STERNE'S Uncle Toby says that one of the tricks of women is to pretend that they have accidentally got something in their eye, and induce a man to look into it; and he says that the man is sure gone if he looks there for that something.

A young man in Chicago sang "Come and Kiss Me, Little Sweetheart," under the window of his girl's house, supposing that she was leaning out; but it was her father, as the young man well understood when a pail of water was emptied on him.

Recently a New York clergyman, while announcing from the pulpit an appointment for the ladies of his congregation to meet at the orphan asylum on a beneficiary visit to the institution, closed the announcement with the following words:—"The ladies will take their own refreshments, so as not to eat up the orphans."

AN epigram should never be extended to eight lines. Four lines ought to be the *ac plus ultra*; if only two, so much the better. Here is one uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money.

"Dear bell, to gain money sure silence is best. For dumb bells are fittest to open the chest."

If he had only known that what brought that bright sparkle to her eye and sunset flush to her cheek when he stood beside her, was that imitation diamond ring on his finger, he would have taken it off at once and given it to her. She was thinking what a solitaire it would make, and whether he would be likely to hand it over if she asked for it. He went off vowing eternal love to her on account of that smile, and she put out the parlor chandelier and declared she'd make up with that other suitor.

"Almanack de Savoie Vivre" gives advice to people who are not quite certain as to what is the proper thing to do when they go into "society." Upon the much vexed question whether it is the duty of a gentleman to offer his umbrella to a lady who has been overtaken by a storm, and with whom he has not the honour of being acquainted, the "Almanack" lays down the rule that it is right to do so, but that if the lady is young she had better refuse should there be any place of refuge close at hand. If, however, there is not, or if she is pressed for time, she may accept the offer, but she must not speak to the gentleman who is holding the umbrella over her, and must merely bow in the most distant manner when she arrives at her destination.

A Moorish bride is rather a curious spectacle according to the following description of a merely ordinary specimen:—"Nothing of her shape or figure was visible through the enormous mass of clothes in which she was enveloped. She had certainly several pounds weight of jewellery hanging on her shoulders and chest. Her wrists were encumbered with massive manacles of gold and silver, while every one of her fingers was covered with rings up to the first knuckle. Her face was painted thickly white all over, and her cheeks then coarsely daubed with vermillion. The lids of her eyes and her eyebrows were blackened, the latter being thus brought to meet above her nose. But the most ridiculous and repulsive part of the 'get up' were two triangular patches about the size of halfterown pieces, upon the lower part of her cheeks, ingeniously painted in a pattern of various colours. She had a star of the same size on her forehead, between her eyes, and another on her chin. When her eyes were open, and we could see them, they were as vacant and expressionless as the orbs of a wax figure."

### THE GLEANER.

THE walrus in the Acclimation Garden of Paris have been taught to say "papa" and "mamma."

DUBLIN is delighted. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has gone to reside there with his regiment.

Temple Bar is at last doomed to removal and destruction, the City Council having pronounced its doom by 59 votes to 45.

Colonel Baker, who is remodelling the Turkish cavalry, has made a stipulation that English officers are to have the superior commands.

THERE is a popular delusion that Bass's pale ale owes its excellence to the waters of the Trent, but it is in fact brewed from well water.

AN international congress, to consider the best means of maintaining and extending the observance of the Sabbath, was held last month in Geneva.

THERE is no trace in Greek antiquity of a windmill or a watermill, nor is there any in Latin antiquity of a windmill. The latter was introduced into England in 1299, probably from Holland.

Don Carlos and Donna Margarita, his wife, may be seen frequently driving in the thoroughfares of Paris in a plain but elegant victoria with one horse, a simple royal crown marking the panel and the harness.

THE Sioux practice a mode of healing almost exactly like the Turkish bath. As early as 1680 Father Hennepin was cured of a fever by the Minnesota Indians by sweating in an air-tight earth oven, covered with buffalo skins and heated with red-hot stones.

As showing the absorbing interest taken by Londoners in the Eastern Question, Downing-street and its approaches were recently crowded with a respectable throng while the recent Cabinet Council was being held, a fact almost without precedent. All the ministers were present at the Council.

With the exception of the pyramid of Cheops, the spire of the Strasbourg Cathedral, 464 feet in height, has hitherto been the most elevated building in the world. It has now been exceeded by the lately completed spire of the Rouen Cathedral, which is 490 feet high.

THE long-mooted question as to the color of Mary Stuart's hair is probably set at rest by a passage in Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" which reveals the fact that there is a cabinet in Windsor Castle containing a large lock of Queen Mary's hair. It is of beautiful golden color and very fine in texture.

A French newspaper, referring to a Parisian hall of exceptional splendor, describes a novelty in domestic architecture. By an ingenious hydraulic machinery the whole of one end of a room is lowered so as to form with the apartment adjoining a single magnificent chamber. It is so ingeniously contrived that no traces of the usual partition are noticeable.

Baroness Rothschild has had an exceedingly swift steam yacht built for cruising on the Lake of Geneva. The *Gitana* is constructed of steel, and is 91 feet long by 13½ feet beam. She has every convenience, and is luxuriantly fitted up. On the day of trial the distance from Geneva to Villeneuve, 43 English miles, was run in 1 hour and 47 minutes, which is at the rate of nearly 24 miles per hour.

GERMANS have generally less good sight than other people. Far more soldiers wear spectacles in the German than in other armies. In the armies of France, Italy, England, and Spain, a spectacle man is rarely seen. An examination of the eyes of recruits in Switzerland showed that while thirteen to fourteen per cent. of those from French cantons had defective vision, twenty-one to twenty-two per cent. of those from German cantons had this defect.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian premier, is noted for his abstemious habits. He never drinks wine and never smokes. He drinks a cup of coffee in bed before rising, and he eats but two meals a day. Retiring very early in the evening, he sleeps ten or twelve hours. His regular habits have kept his frame in such excellent condition that he does not feel the infirmities of old age at all. He was born in 1788, entered upon his diplomatic career under Count Nesselrode, and became the Foreign Minister of Russia at the close of the Crimean campaign.

Etienne Galdinot, now living with his granddaughter near the mouth of Ballskin Creek, in Franklin county, Ohio, was born in a Canadian hamlet between the St. Charles and Montmorency rivers, below Quebec. The great battle between the French and English was fought near his father's cabin, and although only six years old, he remembers it perfectly. In 1793 he trapped for furs near the Niagara river, and was twice wounded in the battle of Lundy's Lane during the war of 1812. He has never voted.

THE celebrated old orange tree at Versailles, called *Le Grand Bourbon*, recently died at the age of 455 years. It seemed in good condition, and its death was a surprise. The Queen of Navarre gave the seed to her gardener, who planted it in a box in 1421 at *Pompehuna*. It was a great novelty on reaching maturity, and was confiscated from the Constable of Bourbon in 1532, by Francis I., and transported to Fontainebleau. In 1684 Louis XIV. placed it in the garden of Versailles.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SOTHERN says that Boston and Philadelphia furnish the best audiences in America.

"My dear director," said an actress, "I think I have more good qualities than faults." "In that case, Madame," replied the director, "you have more good qualities than I thought."

M. VICTOR HUGO appears resolved to prohibit the representation of "*Lucrèce Borgia*" at the *Théâtre Lyrique*. Madame Sass went herself to beseech him to give his consent, but her prayers were unavailing.

OF Mlle. Christine Nilsson it is stated that during her late visit to her native village of Wexio, in Sweden, she settled a handsome annuity on her old parents.

September 20th was the 100th anniversary of the first performance of "*Hamlet*" in German, on the stage of a German theatre. It was then played at Hamburg for the first time. To celebrate the event, the play was given at Hamburg on the 20th of that month.

THE Paris papers announce the appearance in that city lately of a child of nine years of age, named Denguemont, a native of the Brazils, but of French parentage, who is about to take the musical world by storm with his playing on the violin.

Miss Adelaide Neilson has arrived in America under engagements to Mr. Max Strakosch, for one hundred performances of *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, *Julia*, and other of her favorite impersonations, which, as represented by this beautiful woman, are also favorites with theatre-goers.

THE opera bouffe "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," vivaciously wicked in French, is the reverse as given at Leipzig in German, where *Clairette* is demure and good, the suggestive songs are rendered in the style of staid concert singers, the dances are omitted, and no Frenchy gestures or grimaces are made.

A Burmese drama is a protracted enjoyment. The performance usually begins about 9 p.m., lasting until daylight, when an intermission is taken until night again. Four or five nights are often consumed in a single comedy. The Burmese families sometimes carry their beds to the theatre with them.

DR. DAMBOSCH, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, who has lately visited Germany, has sent word to New York that he will bring back with him to America a manuscript overture by Wagner, and a new composition by Liszt, which he will produce at his concerts for the first time.

ONE, at least, of Wagner's innovations at Bayreuth is already beginning to be imitated. In the theatre at Dessau the orchestra has been sunk three feet, and a screen has been erected which renders it totally invisible to the spectators. In the new theatre now being erected at Dresden, and which is expected to be opened in the latter part of next year, the same plan is to be adopted.

JOAQUIN MILLER has written a play, entitled "*The Shadow of Nauvoo*." The leading incidents are taken from Mr. Miller's brief story of "*The First Families of the Sierras*." This is really Mr. Miller's second attempt at play-writing. "*The One Fair Woman*" having been originally written in the form of a drama. As the manuscript of this was lost in transmission from Rome to America, the author abandoned the idea of a play, and from recollection framed the present story.

### ARTISTIC.

THE original plaster mould of Dante's face, taken after death, has been presented to the *Musée de Cluny* at Paris. The features are marked by the profoundest melancholy.

THE sculptor Chesinger is at work upon a colossal group to be exhibited in 1878, representing Salome bearing to Herodias the head of John the Baptist. The group will be in bronze.

Mr. Val Prinsep is commissioned to proceed to India to paint a great historical picture of the proclamation of the Empire at Delhi. It is said the artist is to receive £5,000 for his work and £1,000 for expenses.

Important works of restoration are now being carried on in the interior of Westminster Abbey; but the Abbey will never be restored in the true sense of the word, as a *domus Dei*, until a bold step has been taken, and the monuments removed *en masse* to the cloisters.

IS demolishing an old house for the formation of the new Boulevard *Henry-Quatre*, Paris, a "magnifique" bas-relief, representing Hell, has been discovered; it is said to be a late fourteenth-century work; a statue of the Virgin is placed above a monstrous figure at the entrance of the infernal regions, a chained Satan, or Sataness, is seated on a throne; figures of a man and woman, suspended by their tongues to represent luxury; Judas appears according to the story of his death; little demons and other figures occur with the above. The sculpture is much damaged.

THE committee appointed to report upon the ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries have made a decision in favour of the restoration of the building. A large portion of the walls still standing may be used, and it is understood that the Palace will be totally repaired in time for the Exhibition of 1878. The Paris authorities have evidently determined that by that time no vestige of the disasters and horrors of the Commune insurrection shall remain. The place whereupon stood the Ministry of Finance is being built up at present; the Hotel de Ville will be finished, so far as the exterior goes; the Tuileries will also be rebuilt; and it is intended that the ruins of the Palace of the Council d'Etat shall have been replaced before 1878.

THE workshops of the Vatican contain no fewer than 10,000 shades of enamel, with which the great masterpieces of the most illustrious painters are reproduced. The execution in mosaic of Raphael's "*Transfiguration*," life-size, took upwards of twenty years to accomplish; for a Roman artist has to put together microscopic little cubes, so that he can hardly compose a square centimetre within a day. After having drawn on a white coating the outline of the subject to be executed, he takes off the white surface little by little, and replaces it by a kind of putty, upon which he fixes, one by one, the bits of enamel cut into shape. The more the tint is shaded off the smaller are the little cubes. The art was invented at Byzantium, thence brought over to Venice, and has now attained its perfection at Rome.

If you intend taking Quinine Wine, do not be induced by over-advertising and bill-posting to try any of the so-called preparations that are spread over the country. Make up your mind to it and get one that you know something about. Now DEVINS & BOTOX'S Quinine Wine has received the approval and sanction of the Medical Faculty, and with just merit, as it is a pure Wine scientifically prepared, possessing the medicinal properties of this valuable tonic in a simple, pleasant and reliable form. Now, what other preparation of the kind can show such flattering testimony in its favour?