

Garland. There is a little poem by Robert Buchanan called "Charmian" which Mr. Monk might have remembered at that moment. A lover sits with his mistress by the river side and with everything in his favor does not propose. It concludes thus:

"I watched the charm, I saw it break,
And such comes never twice to man—
In a less golden hour I spoke
And did not win thee, Charmian."

That was the feeling which animated the breast of the member for Erie. He had been within an ace of what he deemed the accomplishment of his hopes, and the charm which nearly secured them snatched before him. He could not hope for another such opportunity. He went out discouraged and enraged to discuss the results of the death of McNaughton.

Mr. McNaughton had been an active member of Parliament and had of late been disposed to go out to the Opposition. His influence and his vote were at this time peculiarly desired by the party of which Mr. Monk was now a member. His decease lessened the party by a vote, and risked the chance of retaining a constituency. The question of Mr. McNaughton's successor was at once mooted and the two gentlemen retired to talk it over. The county was in Penwell's province, and had been Penwell's early home.

Miss Dolby remained sometime longer at the ball, but refused all offers of dancing. Her agitation did not escape the notice of her chaperone and the equal agitation of Mr. Monk at once gave her the idea that he had proposed and been rejected. The little lady who was the object of so much interest was very much distressed. She lamented and resented Mr. Monk's too early attempt to secure her affections. By a sudden revulsion of feeling her thoughts recurred to Penwell's silent devotion and determined efforts for her regard. As she was about leaving the ball room, gentlemen were just arriving and the conversation among them was the death of Mr. McNaughton and the man who was to succeed him. These words reached her ear. "Conservatives are going to run a man for the county."

"Who is he?"
"Oh, that young fellow Penwell. Comes from that place, I hear."
"Clever fellow, they say, and very hard working. Some love-affair has kept him very shy of society, I understand, but makes him work like a nigger."

Then Miss Dolby went home, and read Penwell's letter, and stayed up very late thinking.

Do you know the Library at Ottawa, my friend and reader? I take off my hat when I enter that silent place.

Around me I behold,
Wherever these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.

The great Thackeray used to say a grace whenever he sat under the dome of the Library of the British Museum in London. And in this Library of ours at Ottawa I have often been impelled to say a grace also. Good Librarian, excellent gentleman, under whose courteous direction I have often waded knee deep, so to speak, in State papers, and by whose kindness I have had early peeps into latest volumes, accept the thanks of one devoted lover of those books of yours, books which you know so well, and over which you exercise such intelligent and loving supervision.

Well, in this library in the mornings, ladies often come in session and out of it, to read or to select books for home reading. There is one room which contains the volumes of travel, and this is usually quiet and silent. In this room, the morning after the ball, Miss Dolby was engaged looking over a curious collection of prints which had attracted her attention and to which she came this morning, partly, I think, to avoid the questions which her kind-hearted but worldly chaperone was sure to pester her with. She had been looking over them some time but had fallen gradually into a reverie on the events of the last night, and on the silence of Penwell and on his future. She was thinking it indeed her influence on his life had been such as she had casually heard, and the thought was not unpleasant. Suddenly the door darkened, and before her, with flushed face and eager manner, with a dash of doubt, stood Penwell. She rose at once as he advanced. Involuntarily she extended her hand, and he clasped it with reverential admiration.

"Where have you been?" she said not knowing what else to say.

"I have been watching and working," he said. "I have been hoping and praying. I have been dreaming dreams and building castles in the air," still keeping her hand, which she only gently disengaged as she sat down again.

"I hear you are getting ambitious," she said.

"Yes, I am ambitious. I want wealth and fame and power, but I want them for other purposes now than we do."

"Why is that?" she said with a rising flush she could not suppress, and a tremor she could not conquer.

"Then I wanted them all that I might lay them at your feet, but they tell me that the offer would be useless—since you have—since one more fortunate than I has now the prize I sought for."

"What is all this, Mr. Penwell? I do not understand you," she said.

"Are you not engaged to Mr. Monk?" he asked with his heart too full for further speech.

"No, I am not. Who could have told you that?"

"Then I may hope, may I? Then I may work still, and pray, and slave to make you mine, to make me worthy of you! Dear Miss Dolby, dear Katy, (let me call you so only once), I love you so that life seems barren without you, and honor empty unless you honor me too. Give me some hope that I may win you. Can you give me any hope? Can you give me any place in your heart?" He bent over her, taking her

hand; he gazed into her face which was now quite pale with unworded emotion. She raised her eyes to his, and whispered as she rose "I think I can. Walter, I think I can."

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,"

for a single instant as their lips met and the seal of their love was impressed upon them forever.

Here I leave them for the present. It is some time ago now; but this ought to be the end of my story. I could tell you how Miss Dolby's father was brought into the mood of consent. I could relate the flattering notices which the papers published of Penwell's candidature. I could regale you with the story of the contest, in which he was successful. I could tell of the compliments which Ministers paid to his ability, and the hopes they entertained of his vote in consequence. I could describe the quiet marriage which united Penwell to his Bride. But above all, I could tell you of his hard honest work in law and literature, in both of which he has been moderately successful; of his kindly remembrance of his friends, of his modesty in success; and of that immense gratitude which filled his heart, and fills it a ways, for the love that has been bestowed upon him and for his great happiness in it; for the work which a kind Heaven has given him to do and for the strength which enabled him to do it.

But all that would be tedious, and this must not be a twice told tale.

END.

HEARTH AND HOME.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you cannot speak well of your neighbours, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbour may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practise kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

CANNOT FIND THEIR LEVEL.—By far too many people fancy that they are not appreciated according to their deserts. "I want to make a change. I feel that I am not valued according to my deserts," says an aspiring young man. In all probability our inexperienced friend has more egotism and selfishness than is good for him; but we advise him to move—anywhere that he may choose—in order to test the accuracy of his gauge of his own ability or merit. It is proper to add that, as a rule, a man is appreciated fully for all he is and does—often, too, much more; and it is wise, and, as a rule, safe, to take the measure other people give you as a just one; and if it does not satisfy you, work harder until they voluntarily change it. Few men rise and remain long above their just level; few can be kept below it.

RESPECT TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company, it touches her pride and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party, the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

ONE OF THE SORROWS OF LIFE.—Many a volume has been written about the love of parents, the love of mothers, its enthusiasms of hope and fancy, its adorations of the unworthy, its agony for the lost; but we do not remember that any one has ventured to touch on a still more terrible view of the subject—the disappointment, for example, with which a woman full of high aspirations, noble generousities, and, perhaps, an unwarrantable personal pride, all intensified by the homely circumstances of life around her, sometimes looks upon the absolutely common place people whom she has brought into the world. She, too, has had her dreams about them while they were children, and all things seemed possible—while they were youths, with still some grace and freshness of the morning veiling their unheroic outlines. But a woman of seventy can cherish no fond delusions about her middle-aged sons and daughters, who are, to all intents and purposes, as old as she is. What a dismal sense of failure must come into such a woman's heart while she looks at them! Perhaps this is one reason why grandfathers and grandmothers throw themselves so eagerly into the new generation, by means of which human nature can go on deceiving itself. Heavens! what a difference between the ordinary man or woman of fifty and the ideal creature which he or she appeared to the eyes at fifteen! The old people gaze and gaze to see our old features in us; and who can express the blank of that disappointment, the cruel mortification of those old hopes, which never find expression in any words?

THE GLEANER.

THE Empress of Austria, before leaving Paris, sent 5,000*fr.* to the Prefect of Police for the relief of the poor.

Congress is going to be asked to appoint a committee of scientists to study up the insect breeding in the Rocky Mountains.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY will visit England and Ireland, as the guest of Cardinals Manning and Cullen before he returns to the United States.

RUSKIN says little girls should not be informed that bees can sting; all that it is necessary to tell them is that bees make honey. This he calls Art.

It is reported that Gen. John Morgan, the celebrated Confederate partisan officer who invaded Ohio in 1863, has just died in Oregon, whither as the story runs, he escaped after he was wounded. It is a strange story, but may possibly be true.

ENGLISH and German authorities have just disclosed that French cooking is the best in the world, not excepting the kitchens of Oceania, and moreover that French women dress with more taste and originality and economy combined than their sisters the channel and the Rhine.

If the proposition of abolishing clerical patronage in Prussia is adopted, there will be quite a revolution in the church. In connection with the Roman Catholic Church there are over 1,000 ecclesiastical offices in the gift of private patrons, about 500 in that of the State, and 5,200 in that of the Bishops.

LONDON Bridge is to be widened by the addition, on each side, of wrought iron arched ribs, carried on piers built over the present starlings or cut-waters. By this means twenty-two feet are added to the width, giving fifty-four feet of roadway for carriage traffic, and footways on each side eleven feet one inch wide.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's first and only hopeful is said to have eaten a box of blacking under the impression that it was a new kind of fig-paste. The shine has been taken off of that story, however, by the statement that one of his royal cousins consumed his papa's sword under the impression that it was lemon-candy.

MESSRS. HENRY S. KING and Co., who take charge of the presents which the Prince of Wales will distribute in India, are responsible for the safe delivery of the consignment to the Prince's nominees at Bombay. They secure themselves from sea risks by an insurance said to place a responsibility of nearly £40,000 upon the underwriters at Lloyds.

EXPERIMENTS have been made at Bordeaux for the employment of cork in gas for lighting. The results were so favorable and so economical that it has been decided to fit up works for lighting the town of Nerac on that system. The waste obtained from cork manufactories is distilled in retorts, and the flame thus obtained is said to be brighter and whiter than that from coal gas.

THE Los Angeles (Cal.) *Herald* says that at the present rate of increase it is estimated there will be in four years 1,000,000 stands of bees in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Bernardino counties, which will produce annually 100,000,000 pounds of honey, worth \$20,000,000, which is more than the value of the sugar and molasses crop of Louisiana, Texas, and Florida combined.

THE rank and file in the Prussian Army are miserably paid and equally badly fed according to our ideas. The only ration which a private soldier receives in peace is 1½*lb.* of coarse bread. His pay is 36 thalers a year, or about 9*s.* a month; from this a deduction of 1½ groschen, or about 1*d.*, a day is made for messing, and to this is added an allowance made by Government, which varies according to the garrison, and is fixed quarterly.

THE swimming feat accomplished by Captain Webb is to be commemorated in a picture by an artist whose skill is worthy of the subject. An arrangement has been entered into between Mr. R. T. Bott, a well-known artist, for sittings to be given to him by Captain Webb for the production of a painting representing the success of the captain's exploit, and it is intended that the picture (which will be engraved by Zobel) shall be exhibited throughout the kingdom and in the principal continental cities.

A recent report on the condition of women and children in the Black Country of England has been pronounced sensational; but Lord Shaftesbury writes to say that it is painfully true, and that the "detestable state of society" thus revealed calls, trumpet-tongued, for the instant interposition of the Secretary of State and of the power of Parliament. "Education," says Lord Shaftesbury, "moral, physical, intellectual and spiritual life are all set at defiance. The prospect is terrible. England is not so strong in the bodies and souls of her people individually, or in her numbers collectively, that she can afford this wholesale degradation of such a mighty mass of her sons and daughters."

Absinthe-drinking is becoming such a science amongst the students of Paris that "professors of absinthe" have sprung up to instruct the young idea as to the proper mode of imbibing this favourite beverage. A regular course of lectures is given, and we find that there are seven different ways to mix absinthe. First comes the "Hussarde"—this is to pour out the water in three equal quantities; the "Parisienne" adding the water drop by drop; next the "Purée"—equal quantities of absinthe and water, poured out simultaneously; Fourthly, we have the

"Amazon," similar to "Hussarde," with the addition of two spoonfuls of sirop de gomme; the "Vichy," a third of absinthe, a third of orgeat, and a third of water; the "Bourgeoise," exactly like the preceding, only substituting anisette for orgeat; and lastly "l'Abs," consisting of pure absinthe, with a few drops of brandy.

A REAL DUEL ON THE STAGE.

The audience at the theatre of Zanesville, Ohio, lately witnessed an unexpected rendering of the opera of *Faust* by the members of an Italian lyric company visiting the place. Everything went on as usual until the scene in which Faust fights a duel with Valentine, and the latter is slain by a thrust from the infernal rapier of Mephistopheles. On this occasion, however, Valentine no sooner emerged from his sister's house than he engaged, not Faust, but Mephistopheles, in a single combat. Both actors fought with such remarkable spirit and dexterity that the audience applauded frantically, till suddenly, Mephistopheles, contrary to all stage tradition, received a terrible thrust from Valentine, and, so far from retaliating with demoniacal *sang-froid* by a stroke of his magic sword, fell back into the arms of Faust. The affair, was, in fact, a preconcerted duel, and the baritone had killed the basso before a host of unconscious seconds. The two singers were rivals in the good graces of the *prima donna*, and to add to the distressing nature of the incident, the Mephistopheles, whose name was Giulio, was the preferred suitor of the Signora Arabella, whose lamentations added to the scene of confusion on which the curtain fell.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ROSSI has a fragile, girlish little creature for his *Desdemona* when he plays *Othello*. She is so slight that it is unnecessary to take a pillow to smother her, and the eminent Italian always uses his moustache.

SIGNOR SALVINI has taken unto himself a second wife, his original *spousa* having died some time ago and is passing the honeymoon in Florence. It was an English woman who braved an alliance with the great *Othello*.

THE new opera house of London to be built on the Thames embankment will be the largest and grandest in the city. A railroad will run up to its doors for the convenience of the theatre-going public. Mr. John Fowler, the eminent engineer, will superintend the building of the new structure.

SIGNOR ROSSI offered Mr. Maurice Grau a good, round sum to annul the contract to play in America, but this Mr. Grau would not listen to. It is said that Salvini was not satisfied with his success here and persuaded his "friend and fellow student" not to come to America.

MME. JUDIC is beginning to compete with Mme. Pattis as a recipient of jewels. The Princess Mathilde recently presented her with a magnificent brooch of pearls and small brilliants, whereupon the acute Judic removed all the jewels she had been wearing, and appeared upon the scene adorned only with the ornament just given her.

THE Signor Ronconi, whose death at St. Petersburg was recently announced, was not the famous buffo singer, so well known in New York, but his brother Felix, a music teacher. There is another brother, named Sebastian, who is also a professor of music. The three brothers were the sons of a celebrated Italian singer named Dominick Ronconi, the founder of a singing school in Munich.

THE death, at Neuilly, is announced of Marie Cico, the actress, at the age of thirty-two. She commenced her professional career at the early age of thirteen, in a café-chantant of the Palais-Royal; and was afterwards engaged in a minor part at the Bouffes, in Offenbach's "Orphée," and while there she studied perseveringly at the Conservatoire, and at the end of two years obtained the first prize in singing.

AN Italian translation of the entire works of Shakespeare is now in course of publication at Milan. The translator, Giulio Carcano, has been known as a student of the English dramatist. The earlier version of Leoni is said to have owed more to the translator than our present canons of criticism will allow. Carcano's version will be completed in from six to ten volumes, issued periodically, and completed next year.

A kind-hearted action of Mdle Albani's at the late Norwich Festival is worthy of record. Mr. F. J. Blake, who for forty-five years has acted as treasurer, was unable through serious illness to attend the recent performances, and Mdle. Albani, who had made his acquaintance in 1872, when she first sang at Norwich, hearing how much Mr. Blake regretted his inability to hear her again, called on him, and sang "The Last Rose of Summer," as a mark of her esteem and regard for him.

ORGAN recitals for the working classes are now a feature at the East-end of London. A fine hall located over the Bow Station (on the North London Railway), containing a splendid organ, is devoted to this purpose on Saturday evening; and here, for the charge of three-pence, may be heard the finest works of the great masters (interspersed with good vocal music) rendered by good organists. The experiment is worthy of success, and one that might be advantageously followed in other metropolises.

HUMOROUS.

A man who has traveled says that it didn't take him long to find out that the brakemen own all the railroads and the clerks all the hotels.

UP and down Stairs.—Young Mistress (at the parlor door): Eliza, what is the bell ringing for so violently? Cook (below): It's only me, ma'am. I want you down the kitchen a minute.

It would seem that the broadest culture cannot tutor some minds to meet the great surprises of life. Only last night a gentleman walking on his lawn remarked that "the sweetest influences of nature seemed to pervade these autumn evenings," when he sat down with considerable vigour on the tooth end of an iron rake. Then he went into the house and said the night was damp and chilly, and this lenient weather was enough to kill a man.