

PARSON DODD'S ADVENTURES.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

PARSON DODD'S SUNDAY MORNING CALL.

The mere loss of horse and buggy was nothing. But O his clothes! Parson Dodd oped to see the vehicle upset or smashed, and his garments, or at least some portion of them, flung out on the roadside. But nothing of the kind occurred, so far as he could see. Of all his fine wardrobe, he had only a handkerchief -and what is a handkerchief on such an

(Continued.)

Talk of a drowning man's fancies! No thrice-drowned wretch ever suffered any thing comparable to Parson Dodd's wild, swift-flashing thoughts, during the brief moments he stood there. He imagined the assembling of the congregation; the waiting and wondering; the arrival perhaps of punctual clothes and sermon, for they gone straight forward on the road the parish; then the alarm, and the whole country roused to search for him.
But there was one subject demanding his immediate attention—something must be done; and what? He could go to the nearest house and ask for clothes, if he had any clothes to go in ! He was reminded of the theological paradox, restated in the very sermon he was to have preached that morning, namely: that in order to pray for grace we must have grace to pray. He had wished for a good, practical illustration of his view of that difficulty, and now he had Impossible, without clothes, to ask for Such whimsical fancies will sometimes flit lightly across the mind even in

moments of great distress.

It occurred to him that he might lie in the neighbouring woods all day, and then set out for home, ten miles off, under cover of the night. But the hardships of such a course—twelve hours more of nakedness, weariness, famine-were too appalling No : something desperate must h No; somewing desperator in order of some in I must make a raid for covering of some kind!" thought the unhappy parson.

There was a little low, red painted dwelling-house in sight, standing well back from the road, with a broad wood-shed behind it, and a brown barn behind that.
was flanked by a field of waving ryeprovidential circumstance, the good man thought; it would serve to cover his ap-"I can stand in the rye up to my neck, while I call for help, and explain my So he advanced, wading through the high, nodding grain, which his hands parted before him; a wretched being, but hopeful; and with light fancies still bubbling on the current of his darker reflections.

"Gin a body meet a body coming through the rye," thought he. Sunday-morning stillness pervaded farm and dwelling. A quail whistled on the edge of the field. "More wet! more

'In the midst of this scene of perfect rural tranquillity, the barn-door was opened. The parson's heart beat fast; somebody was eading out a horse. It was a woman A woman with a masculine straw hat on her head. She was followed by another woman—also in a straw hat—bringing a horse-collar. Then came a third woman, similarly covered, carrying a harness. The berse's halter, and afterward his head then turned over on his neck and presse back against his breast, the harness was put on and buckled : and then-horrible to tel —a fourth straw-hatted woman appeared, and held up the shafts of an old one-horse

animal into them, and hooked the traces. 'My luck !" said the Parson, through teeth chattering with excitement, if not with cold. "Not a man on the place! All women! And there's another somewhere. Why didn't I think? It's the house of the

Five Sisters!"
The five Misses Wiretop, spinsters known to all the country round about. They were rather strong-minded, and very strong-bodied; they kept this house, and wore straw hats, and tilled their few ancestral acres, and dispensed with man's assistance (except occasional aid in seed-time and harvest); and went regularly to church, and were very respectable.

"They are getting ready for church w," thought Parson Dodd. "They go to Selwyn's. I always see them there They are going to hear me preach!" No doubt they would have do anything for him that lay in their power; for though they did not think much of men generally, they had a regard for parsons, and for Parson Dodd in particular; he knew that from the serious, reverential glances turned up at him ever from the Five Sisters' pew. "Yet it isn't myself they care for," thought he, "it's my cloth;" and here he was without his cloth!

He asked himself, moreover, what they could do for him, even if he should make his wants known to them. Of course there were no male garments in their house : and the most he could expect of them was an old lady's gown. He fancied himself in

Yet to a shirtless man, any shift is wel come that offers relief from utter nudity. He reasoned, besides, that these sisters and their horse might help him to recover his garments and his mare. So he advanced them over the top of the grain, when the Sabbath stillness was broken by a sharp

"Stop, you sir! Stop, there!"
He did stop, as if he had been shot at.
Turning his eyes in the direction of the
voice, he saw the fifth sister, with one sleeve of her Sunday gown on, and with one naked arm, leaning her head out of a chamber-window, and gesticulating vio-

Git out e' that rye! git out o' that rye! right straight out! De you hear, you sir? Do you hear?"

Parson Dodd must have been deaf, no

to have heard. But how could he obey Instead of getting out of the rye, he crouched down in it until only the shining top of his bald crown was visible, like saucer turned up in the sun.
"Madam!" he shouted back, "I beg

But the sharp voice interrupted him "Don't you know no better? Can't a poor woman raise her little patch of rye, but some creetur' must come tramp, tramp through it? Den't you know what a path is for? There's the lane; why don't you come up the lane?"
Poor Dodd would have been only too

glad to explain why. But now rose a clamour of female voices, as the four sisters at the barn ran down to the end of the house, between it and the field, to learn what was the matter.
"In the rye!" said the sister at the win-

dew, pointing. "Some creatur' tryin' to hide—don't ye see him? Looks like a come out? Scroochin' down there! Who

"Ladies," said poor Dodd, putting up his chin timidly, and looking over the grain with a very piteous expression "don't you know me?"

But that was a very absurd question. Certainly they did not know him without his wig. Where were those wavy brown locks, which looked se interesting in the preacher's desk, especially to the female portion of his congregation? Could any one be expected te recognize in that shorn and polished pate the noble head and front of the bachelor-parson? No—he must proclaim himself.
"Ladies! good friends! don't be alarmed, I entreat. I have met with a --"

He was going to say misfortune. But just then he met with something else, which interrupted him.

The Five Sisters kept, as a protection to their loneliness, a very large dog. One of them, learning that there was creatur' in the rye, had, before learning what that creatur' was, whistled for Bruce. Bruce had come. He perceived a rustling, or caught a gleam of the inverted saucer,

and made a dash at the field, leaping upon the dilapidated boundary-wall. His deafthe dilapidated boundary-wall. ening yelps from that moment drowned every other sound. He couldn't be called off even by her who had set him on. Ter-ror at the sight of a naked man (few sights are more terrifying to an unsophisticated dog) rendered him wholly wild and unman-There he stood on the wall, formidable, bristling with rage and fright, and intercepting every word of the poor, gasping wretch in the grain with his furious barking.

I am very sorry to say that Dodd about as badly frightened as the dog. He crouched, shrank away, and finally retreated—the brute howling and yelping after him, and the exasperated spinsters creaming to him to take the path, and not trample down the rye-didn't he know what a path was for ?
So ended Parson Dodd's Sunday morning call on the Five Sisters.

MR. HILLBRIGHT SETS OFF ON HIS MISSION. When Mr. Hillbright sent our friend Jervey for the mythical soap, it is by no means certain that he contemplated escaping from the asylum. I think, if we could hear Hillbright's part of the story, it would be something like this:

He had detected the turning of the key in the boat-house locker, and hastening to it the moment Jervey was gone, had found that his clothes were locked up. What was that for? To prevent him them on, of course, and walking off in his keeper's absence.
"They fear I will walk off, do they

Then I will walk off !' Such, very probably, was his brief train reasoning; and such, very certainly, the conclusion arrived at. Should the trifling want of a few rags of clothing stand in the way of a great resolution? Should he who bore the sins of the world, and whose duty it was to go forth and preach and convert neglect such an opening as this to get out and fulfil his mission ?

Providence will clothe me !" And. indeed, it looked as if Providence meant to do something of the kind. " Behold ! There was a long piece of carpet, very ancient and faded, in the bottom of the boat; he pulled it up, wrapped it fantastically about him, and was clad.

He then pushed the boat out into the river, giving it an impulse which sent it to the opposite shore. Then he leaned out, leaving it adrift on the current When Mr. Jervey found it below the bend, Mr. Hillbright was already walking, with great dignity, in his improvised blanket, across the skirts of a neighbouring woodland, like a sachem in his native wilds.

He had not gone far before he began t

experience great tenderness in the soles of his feet. Then by degrees it dawned upon ge of the field. "More wet! more which sounded to Parson Dodd ping about his calves were but a poor submuch like the mocking allusion to his own recent passage of the river. Glossy swal. was, on the whole, imperfect. "Too simple lows were twittering about the eaves of the barn, and enviable doves, happy in their but hardly the thing in which to appear and Would the world, that refused to tolerate him dressed as a gentlen cept him now that he was rigged out more like a king of the Cannibal Islands?

He tried various methods of wreathing the folds of antique tapestry about his person; all of which seemed opened to critism. He was beginning to think Providence might have done better by him, getting over a fence, he found himself on the pub-

ic highway.

He knew he would be followed by his ends at the asylum; and here he accordingly stopped to take an observation. He was near the summit of a long hill. At the

ealed while it passed.

As the animal ascended the slope, the gallop relaxed to a leisurely canter, the canter declined to a trot, and long before the summit was attained, the trot had become a walk. The horse had no rider, but there was a buggy at its heels. Arrived near the spot where Hillbright was hid, it turned

right, emerging from the bushes. "This | minute!" for my sore feet."
At sight of the strange figure, grotesque

faded scroll patterns of flowing tapestry, remained an easy capture.

As Hillbright was about setting foot in-

one sometimes fails to recognize old friends to the vehicle—for he had no doubt of its having been sent expressly that he might ride—he found an odd heap of things in his way. There was something that looked like suspenders; and, following up that interesting clue, he drew forth a pair of pantaloons; with them came a coat and waist, all of handsome blue-black cloth. "Providence means that I shall be well clothed," was his happy reflection as a coat and clothed," was his happy reflection as a coat and waist. lothed," was his happy reflection, as, exloloring still further, he discovered boots

"I haven't seen anybody crazier than

There was still a hat left, freighted and There was still a hat lett, ironguest pallasted with various valuables, uppermost pallasted with various valuables, uppermost pallasted with various valuables, uppermost pallasted with various valuables. among which was a luxuriant rown wig. Now, Hillbright had never

Next came a richly embroidered white neckerchief, for which he also found it appropriate use. Then in the bottom of the hat remained a gold watch, which he cheer-fully put into his fob; a plump portemonnaie, which he pocketed with a smile, and a thin package of manuscript betwixt dainty morrocco covers, which, untying its neat pink ribbons, he proceeded to examine The miracle was complete. The pack-

age was a sermon.
"This is all direct from Heaven!" said Hillbright, delighted, and having no more doubt of the truth of his surmise than if he had seen the buggy and its contents let down in a golden cloud from the sky. Thinking to find room for the package i he broad breast-pocket of his coat, he discovered an obstacle, which he removed. It

proved to be a little oval pocket-mirror. He held it up before him, and had reason to be pleased with the flattering account it gave of himself. The graceful wig, embroidered white cravat, ruffled shirt-bosom, and blue-black with here with here with the cravat. black suit became him wonderfully well; they made a new man of him; hadhe known Dodd, of Coldwater, he would almost have taken himself for that well-got-up bachelor-

parson.

Then for the hat, which was a stylish black beaver, somewhat the worse for its ride; giving it a little needful polishing before putting it on, he noticed a letter before putting it on, he noticed a letter protruding from the lining. He opened it

You preach for Selwyn at Longtrot, on Sunday, the 7th.

B. B." This seemed plain enough to the gratified Hilbright, "We" he understood to mean his unforseen friendly guardians. The "arrangements" they had made were, so

far as he could see, excellent; he was provided with everything! The "Ex." undoubtedly alluded to his exit from the asylum; and that was certainly "all right." To day was Sunday, the seventh; and here was his work all laid out for him. Who Selwyn was, and where Longtrot was, he did not know; but doubtless it would e revealed.

The signature of the missive puzzled him

but soon a happy interpretation occurred to him. It was evidently no signature at all, but an injunction. "B. B." nature at all, but an injunction. "B. B.' stood for "Be! Be!" and it signified "BE A MAN! BE A GREAT MAN! BE THYSELF! BE HILLBRIGHT!" Yet when he came to scrutinize the ress of the letter, he perceived that the

name of Hillbright, against which the world had conceived an unreasonable pre-judice, was to be dropped for a season. "It judice, was to be dropped for a season. appears," said he, "I am to be known as Dodd—E. Dodd—Rev. E. Dodd. I don't see what the E. stands for. I wonder what my first name is ?" So saying, he stepped into the buggy, gathered up the reins from the dasher, put under his feet the carpet that was lately on his back, and set off grandly on his grand

The bay mare was herself again; she did JAKES IN PURSUIT.

Sisters, Patrick, said vance, give 'em a call."

He turned up the lane, driving between the house and the rye field, and stopped in front of the wood-shed. The dog, still shalled forth her little tribe from the gate of the parsonage across the green to the church-porch. The bell was ringing again, its brown back just visible in the high believe the things and rolling like a porpoise in appeared, three in the doorway and two at n open window, and "set up such cackling" (as Jakes ungallantly expressed it) that he could "hardly hear himself think."

Is this Mr. Jakes ?" cried one. From the Asylum?" cried another, "I told you so, sister"! I told you so! ied a third. "I knowed the man was!" cried a fourth.

'Crazy!" cried the fifth, and all toether.
"Dog Bruce chased him out of the Sneaked off behind the fences-"Over toward neighbour Laphan's—
"An' Sister Delia declares—"

"Hush, hush, sister!"
"Yes, I will! She declares she believes Among the officers sent out in pursuit of he hadn't a rag o' clothin' to his back !" the fugitive from the Assylum was the Superintendent of the asylum farm, a stout red-faced man, named Jakes—a brother, by the way, of our friend Colonel sisters! Good morning!"



RRUCE STOOD ON THE WALL BRISTLING WITH RAGE. akes, or Coldwater. He took with him an

Irish labourer, named Collins; a strong rope with which to bind, and a coarse farmer's suit with which to clothe, the mad

man when caught.

The Superintendent and his man put a horse before a light carryall, and had a fine time driving about on the pleasant country roads, while others of the pursuing party foot of it, near half a mile off, he saw a horse coming at a fast gallop, which to his off teward Coldwater.

They had not driven far in that direction they saw a man coming in a

buggy.
"A minister, ye may know by his white choker," observed Collins.
"You're right, Patrick," said Jakes,
"and I vow, I believe I know who he is! I know that bay mare, anyhow. 'She's a brute my brother over in Coldwater got

snoved on by a travelling jockey; and the spot where Hillbright was hid, it turned up on the roadside, and put down its head to nip grass. Then Hillbright saw that there was nobody in the buggy. The horse was a runaway, that had been stopped by the long stretch of rising ground. The horse—I may as well add—was a bay mare.

"Providence is all right," said Hill-bright emerging from the husbes. "This minute!" snoved on by a travelling jockey; and he told me last week, with a grin on one side of his face, he had put her off on the minister. I bet my head that's Parson Dodd! Good-morning, sir; beg pardon!" And Superintendent Jakes reined up on the roadside. "Have you seen—have you met—hold on, if you please, sir—a minute!" Thus appealed to, the stranger, having already driven past, stopped his horse and looked around. Superintendent Jakes

the mare shied, and would have got away, but a two-mile course, with a hill at the end of it, had turned her spirit. So she merely sprang to a corner of the fence, and of the said face knew very well. But since one sometimes fails to recognize old friends

and under-clothes, and a shirt of fine linen, with a wonderful refulgent ruffled bosom.

With a triumphant smile, he proceeded to put the things on, and found them an exthough uttered very gravely—that Jakes was tempted to speak of the bay mare. "I think I know that beast you're driving. You had her of Colonel Coldwater, didn't you? Well brother. Your name is Dodd, I believe

" I have been called Dodd. But can you worn a wig. But saince he had borne the with E," said the driver of the bay mare, become bare, and was not here a plain in-dication that it ought to be covered? He which did not strike Jakes as being very ministerial. Yet he had heard that Dode was something of a joker.
"I never heard you called anything but
Parson Dodd. Yes, I have too. You

made a spee h at the convention; I read it in the paper. E stands for Ebenezer." "Thank you," said the other. "I'm glad I've found out. Thank you"—smiling, and then suddenly casting his eyes on

the ground,
"How do you find the mare?" said Takes, by way of retort.
"Perfect; arrangements all perfect."
"That so? No bad tricks? Of course she's all right; glad you find her so. grinned Jakes. med Jakes.
"How far is it to Longtrot?" asked the ounterfeit Dodd.
"About a mile 'n a half—two mile—

depends upon where in Longtrot you're going."
"Do you know Selwyn ?" "Minister Selwyn - preacher in the yel-ler meetin'-house? I don't know him, but

know of him. How does she start off? 'You shall see !" The bay mare started off very well : as the fugitive from the asylum, having obtained from his pursuer rather more valu-able information than he gave in return, disappeared over the crest of the hill, on his way to the "yeller meetin'-house" in

"Wonder if she re'lly ha'n't bolted with protruding from the lining. He opened it and read:

"Dear Brother,—We have made all the arrangements. The Ex, is all right.

"The Ex, is all right.

"Outer when the superintendent Jakes, as he drove on. "I guess he's a jelly sort of parson. I've seen him somewhere, sure's the world, though I can't remember where,"

THE WIDOW GARCEY.

At the bay-window of the pretty gothic parsonage in Longtrot sat the widow of the late pastor. She was dressed in volumin-ous black, exceedingly becoming to her still fresh complexion, and to her full style of beauty. If 'sighing and grief' had not produced on her precisely the effect of which Falstaff complained, it had not certainly washed her to a shadow. No wonder the contemplation of those generous proportions, of those cheeks still fair and round, and of the serene temper that served to keep them so, had persuaded Parson Dodd that there might be something yet left for him in the future better tha

he lonely life he was living.

There was a book in the fair hand that had embroidered the white neckcloth "for her dear husband." It was that absorbing poem of Pollock's, "The Course of Time," which she justly deemed not too lively for Sunday reading. Her serious large eyes Levi did not return. His mother would were fixed on its pages, except when ever and anon they glanced restlessly over it, time; but now a greater trouble absorbed out of the window and down the body quite as interesting as the poet Pollock. Somebody who did not make his aplock. up to the gate of the parsonage, as in fancy script of his sermon, or selecting hymns, she saw him so plainly whenever her eyes or looking up chapter and verse. But all were on the book. Why did they look up at all, since it was only to refute the pretty vision?

living the Course of Time, instead of reading it. Occasionally she varied the direcing it. Occasionally she varied the direction of her glances by looking at her watch; and she grew more and more troubled as she saw the hour slipping irrevocably by which the husband's friend should have which the husband's friend should have dear, good man—preach. And now a buzz given to comforting the fatherless and

widow that Sunday morning.
"What can have happened?" she asked
herself. "He must have taken offence atsomething! What have I said or done? It must be the cravat! Why did I do so foolish a thing as to send it with a note?"
She could have said what she wished to She could have said what she wished to say so much better than she could write it! The first bell rang. And now people were going to church. The children were teasing to start. They were tired of sitting still in the house. What was she waiting for? Was that old Dodd coming again to-

day?
"Levi! never let me hear you call him old Dodd again! Mr. Dodd is still a young man, and he has been a good friend to your poor mother. There is she exclaimed, with a little start, for her eyes, wandering down the street again, saw the long-expected

buggy coming at last.

It was a peculiar buggy, high in the springs, and with a high and narrow top.

She could not mistake it. She was equally sure of the stylish hat and wavy brown locks and ample shirt frill of the driver. But in an instant the thrill of hope the sight inspired changed to a chill of disap-pointment and dismay. Parson Dodd did pointment and dismay. Parson Dodd did not drive on to the parsonage, as he had always done before, when coming to preach for Selwyn. The buggy turned up to the meeting house, and disappeared in the di-rection of the horse-shed. She waited a while, in deep distress

mind, to see it or its owner re-appear; but in vain.

"Levi," she said, "go right over to the church, and see if Mr. Dodd has come. Go as quick as you can, but don't let anybody

know I sent you."

It seemed to her that the boy was never so torturingly slow in executing an errand.

At last she saw him returning leisurely,
watching the orioles in the elms, while her heart was bursting with impatience. She signalled him from the window, and lifted interrogating brows at him. Levi grinned and nodded vivaciously in reply. Yes, the

minister had come.

"Are you—are you very sure?" she trembling inquired, meeting at the door.
"A't I?" said the lad. "Didn't I first go and look at his buggy under the shed? He's got a new horse; but I guess I ought to know that buggy, often as it's

Witches' Night. From the earliest times men have been trying to look ahead. The ancient Egyptians had oracles where their gods

sacred river, and judges of the future by

consults his "wise men," who pretend to understand signs; the ignorant African takes notice of the cries of birds and

animals; the English—not long ago-tried to learn by help of what the

now, believe the predictions of a "medium,

No serious attempt to look into the futur

has been made for a long time by intelli-

gent people, and the old customs have be come a frolicsome trying of "charms,"

especially on one night of the year. It

curious enough that the night selected is

the eve of the festival of Ali Saints, which

a Pope of Rome, in honour of all the sa

was established in the seventh century by

who had no particular day assigned to

them. The Romans brought this festival to England; there it became All Hal-

even or Hallowe'en, and that was the night

sacred to charms and games. In the seven-teenth century England gave up the night to feasting and frolicking. Nuts and apples were plenty from one end of the island to the other, and "Nut-crack Night," was the new order.

island to the other, and "Nut-crack Night" was the name given to it. In England, the revels were for fun, such as diving for apples floating in a tub of water, and, of course, getting very wet; or trying to snatch in the teeth an apple on one end of a stick which had a lighted candle at the other end, and, being hears have string could be seen to be seen the state of the state of

being hung by a string, could be spun around very fast, so that the players often

seized the candle instead of the fruit; or a playful fortune teiling by naming nuts, roasting them before the fire, and watching

their conduct when heated-whether they

burned steadily, or bounced away, or burst

with a noise at each movement of the

charmed nut being of great importance. One nut test was tried by grinding and

mixing together a walnut, hazelnut, and nutmeg, making into pills, with butter and

sugar, and swallowing them on going to bed. Wonderful dreams would follow

(which was not surprising.) In superstitious Scotland, the night was given entirely to serious and sometimes frightful attempts to peer into the future by means of charms.

One way of trying fortune was to throw

ball of blue yarn out of a window, and wind

pulling kale stalks." A young person

the size indicated the stature of the future

partner in life; the quantity of earth at the roots showed the amount of his, or her

fortune; the taste of the pith told what

the temper would be; and when the stalk

was placed over the door, the first name of

Horace Greeley on Lawyers.

Greeley," says Prof. V. B. Denslow

"I well remember when I first met Mr.

Chicago, concerning Mr. Reid's great pre-decessor. 'I was just twenty-one, and had recently been admitted to the New

York bar. I was at the residence of one of my first clients, Mr. Partridge, pub-

lisher, when Greeley called. When I went into the room he stood with his hands un-

der his coat-tails, looking at some pictures.
'Mr. Greeley,' said Partridge. 'this is Mr.

tered a short grunt of recognition, but did not even look around. I, embarrassed,

chair. He went on around the room, look-

"'I suppose they are a necessary evil,"

ing at the pictures and what-not, and in

turned on me, and I thought he had

yers!' he exclaimed emphatically

stacles to good government.'
"I thought the man was crazy.

a man trust another man at his own risk

yers-good riddance !'

shrunk away to one corner, and took

Denslow, a young attorney.'

lows, and the evening before it Hall

call "witches," and Spiritualists, even

the length of time it burns ; the Chinam

"You have, and I was there," said Collins; "though where it was, I remember no more than yourself."

They made inquiries for the fugitive all along the route, but could hear of no more extraordinary circumstance, that Sunday morning, than a runaway horse, seen by one or two families, as it passed on the road to Longtrot.

"You have, and I was there," said College in our barn. Then I peeked in through the door, and saw him just going up into the desk."

Poor Mrs. Garcey was new quite ready to go to church. Since Dodd would not come to her, she must go to him; she must see his face, and get one look from him, even if across the space that separated pulpit from pew. were supposed to answer the questions of men by dreams and other ways; the ancient Greeks also had famous oracles, which people came from far-off lands to consult; the Romans killed certain fowl one or two families, as it passed on the road to Longtrot.

"It must have gone by before we turned the corner," said Jakes, "for we've seen no nag but the parson's."

At last they came in sight of a little repainted house, standing well back from the street. "This is the home of the Five Sisters, Patrick, said Jakes, "Guess we'll give 'em a call."

even in across the space that separated pulpit from pew.

"How was he looking, Levi?" she canked.

"Kind o' queer. I always thought Dodd felt big enough, but I never saw him carry his head quite so high. Looked as if he was mad at something."

"Oh! I must have offended him!" sighed the unhappy Melissa, putting on sacred river and indees of the future by sighed the unhappy Melissa, putting on sacred river and indees of the future by sacred river and indees of the future by sacred river and indees of the future by

fry, tumbling and rolling like a porpoise in the waves of its own sound. Waggons were arriving, and the usual throng of church-goes were alighting on the platform or walking up the steps. In the vestibule, she found a group of friends inquiring seri-ously concerning each other's health, and in suppressed voices talking of the latest news. There seemed to be some excite-ment with regard to an inserie mean with ment with regard to an insane man who had that morning escaped from the asylum, whom nobody appeared to have seen, though he had been heard of by several through those who were out in pursuit of Somehow, Melissa took not much interest in the greetings and the gossip of these worthy people, and parting from them, she passed on into the aisle. them, she passed on into the aisle.
"Poor dear! She can't forgit him,"
whispered kind-hearted Mrs. Allgood, with

a tear of sympathy gathering in the eye that followed the gloomily draped and pensive figure,
"Huh! She's thinkin' of another husband a' ready !" answered sharp-tongued Miss Lynx, with a toss. It cannot be denied that of the two, Miss Lynx had the clearer perception of the hard fact in the case. Yet as she set it forth, unclothed by grace and the warm tissues of human sympathy, it was no more the truth than a skeleton is a living body; and Mrs. skeleton is a living body; and Mrs. Allgood's gentler judgment was more just. Melissa had not forgotten that good man, Garcey; and if now, in her loneliness and bereavement, she herished hope of other companionship, was it for tart Miss Lynx to condemn her? Nay, who, without knowledge of the human heart, and compassion for its sufferings and its needs, had even a right to judge her? She passed down the aisle, preceded by her little ones (the elder of y the way, were beginning to be

not so very little), and followed them in to the pew in which she had first sat when a bride. She would have it into a ball again from the other end. Near the last something would hold it fast or three poor persons to whom she was always glad to give seats. But one holds?" The answer would name one who another, a little Garcey had ap-i, first in her arms, perhaps, peared, first in her arms, perhaps, then in the seat beside her, and thus, year by year, the family row had in- went blindfolded into the garden, pulled until now it almost filled the d slip. A mist of tender, recushioned slip. A mist of tender, regretful sentiment seemed to suffuse whole future was read from that stalk; the very atmosphere about her as and thought what changes had come over her dream of life since she first sat there and looked up with pride to see the beloved, the eloquent-her Garcey—in the desk! Now, here she was again, looking with anxious eyes and a troubled heart for another.

land, had some curious customs. Young There were the well-known wavy women made a "dumb cake," and baked it before the fire with certain ceremonies own locks, and a shoulder of the blue-black coat, just visible from the side-slip in which she sat.
But the wearer did not once deign to look at her. He held his head bowed behind the dook at her detailed by the dook at her dook at to give them plenty of sea-weed to enrich their grounds. In another Scotch trial, a girl would go into a barn, holding a winnowing-seive, and stand alone, with both doors open, to see her fate. The fashion of trying charms is now nearly out-grown among English-speaking people. It survives in America as a pleasant frolic for longed to see him lift it, and turn towards her those gracious,

sympathizing features, the very of which was a comfort to her heart. And it must be confessed she had a strong curiosity regarding the embroidered cravat.

"I must speak with him after the service," thought she. "I will make him come to the house." And she turned and whispered to the topmost head of the little row.

"I must speak with him after the service," thought she. "I will make him come to the house." And she turned and whispered to the topmost head of the little row.

"I must speak with him after the service," thought she. "I will make him come to the house." And she turned and backward," holding a candle and a mirror. They also "pop chestnuts," "launch walnut shells" holding tapers, and try the "three-saucer" test of the future. In some of our cities, the boys on Hallowe'en collect old tea kettles, boots, large stones of deposit them in clean vestibule

better go and put his horse in our barn. It will be too bad to have the poor beast standing under the shed all day."
"'Twon't hurt anything; besides, h ringing the door-bell and running away Thus the 31st of October—set apart by "Twon't hurt anything; besides, h might have drove over there himself, if he

Pope as a religious festival-became wanted his horse put out," said Levi, with 'You can get into the buggy and ride crossed the ocean as a season for froling over," said his mother, grown all at once wonderfully solicitous with regard to the and ends with a street-boy's joke. -St.

welfare of the poor beast. The ride was an object, and Levi went.

The bell stopped ringing, the choir ceased singing, the congregation was in its place, all hushed and expectant; and still pleasant the loss.

of some
It was not like Parson Dodd to sit

> ought not now to keep the people waiting.
>
> The silence was broken by a cough. This was followed by several coughs, which appeared to have been hitherto suppressed. Then entered four of the Five Sisters, unof whispers began to run through the con-gregation; hushed, however, as soon as the

their heads are worth !' medissa, watching intently, saw the noble head of luxuriant chestnut-brown hair slewly lifted. Then bloomed the "'I suppose they are a necessary evil, 1 suggested, deprecatingly.
"'Wholly unnecessary,' he insisted.
"'I suppose you will acknowledge,' I said, 'that they promote good order and remove impediments to good government.
"'Just the contrary! just the contrary! he squeaked, in his odd falsetto; 'they cause disorder, and they are the chief obstacles to good government." hair slewly litted. Then bloomed the abundant shirt-ruffle over the desk, together with—yes, the white neckerchief embroidered by her own hand! But even while she recognized it, a thrill of amazement, a chill of consternation, passed over her, as the wearer, stretching forth his hands, cried out in a loud, strange voice ;

We will pray for the sins of the world! (To be continued.)

KIDWAPPING IN INDIA.—The number of

offences reported in Oude during the past year was the highest ever reached in that province, and the Judicial Commissioner, in his report, refers to the fact as a proof of the correctness of the theory that an inor the correctness of the theory that an increase in petty crimes against property is the inevitable concomitant of a year of food scarcity in India. A large number of trials for kidnapping was held, but in these cases there is seldom any criminal intent. The Judicial Commissioner remarks that "unless the girls said to be kidnapped had been carefully instructed in their own horner and less the girls said to be kidnapped had been carefully instructed in their own homes as to their bearing in their new homes, it is incredible that they would remain silent till the marriage arrangements are completed and consummated. The fact is, I believe, in nine cases out of ten, that one of the girl's family who has pot had what he the girl's family, who has not had what he she thinks a fair share of the spoils, gives information somewhere, which neces sarily destroys the secrecy, or that the young bride in her first quarrel with her young bride in her first quarrel with her elderly bridegroom, or with the females of his family, lets out in desperation the disgrace that she has brought on them. Then all concerned strive to prevent the caste fine by appealing to the Government police and the Indian penal code, some old hag being often paid to take the role of kidnap-

During September there were expo-

LITERATURE AND ART.

The catalogue of Arabic manuscripts in the National Library at Paris is about to be printed.

ten constantly since she was fifteen years old. Cui bono? The Spectator pronounces Thackeray

L. G. Séquin, author of a popular volume of Black Forest legends, is a near relative of the late Parepa-Rosa. Mme. Modjeska, the distinguished actress, has translated Ruskin's "Modern Painters" into Polish, and her translation will be published in Warsaw this fall. M. Zoloff, a Russian publisher, has just brought out a new novel, entitled. Last Descendant of Genghis Khan," a his

Asa K. Butts has in press a volume by Prof. A. R. Grote, of Buffalo, on "Genesis and Biology," the outgrowth of a contro.

versy between the Professor and some of the clergy of Western New York. George Cruickshank's autobiography was ready for publication at the time of his death on February 1st, 1878, but has been delayed from various causes. It lieved now that an early issue of it will ha brought about.

lated by the Count Rusconi, and first pub-lished at Padua in 1844, has just gone to an eleventh edition at Rome. Before this work appeared the great poet was very little known by the Italian people. The Athenoum thinks that Mr. John Fiske is a pleasant and facile writer, but regards his new volume as "open to the charge of book-making." The critic says that Mr. Fiske is notably "free from the prevailing fault of the American mind, and above all of American evolutionists."

The first collection of the old classical Gaelic tales of the imagination ever pub-

London. Dr. Joyce, is the brother of Robert Dwyer Joyce, who has successfully rendered the martial spirit of Ireland in his ballads and songs. Mr. Pundall, in his life of Hans Holbein insists that English artists have never fully acknowledged the debt they owe to the memory of this painter, since it was he who first raised the art of painting to perfection in England. In many of the fine

English art in the sixteenth century must have been great, and the painters of Eng. land ought certainly, he says, to erect a this volume of this beautiful series o artists' lives a striking advance is shown in the character of the illustrations for many years been famous among those who know rare and sumptuous books for a 'Voyages de l'Ancienne France."

splendid work of his on the seenery and antiquities of France. Its title is, prises twenty-seven large royal folio volumes, and occupied a half century in its production. Though begun in 1820, it was not completed until 1870. One thousand parts were issued, at \$2.50 a part, making the entire cost of the work about in it number several thousand. Perfect sets of it are now rare, and imperfect ones it is practically impossible to complete There is only one copy in America. In the midst of a labourious life, the

Bishop of Fredericton, N. B., who is also Metropolitan of Canada, has found time to prepare for press a little work entitled, "The Book of Job, translated from the "The Book of Job, translated from the Hebrew text, with an introduction, a summary of each chapter, and brief notes in explanation of obscure passages." It is issued from the press of the McMillans, and is admirably printed on good paper. The title gives an idea of the plan of the book. The taste and judgment shown in the translation cannot be too highly commended, for the pure, forcible and classical English of the ordinary versions of the English of the ordinary versions of the Bible are never rashly departed from; when a change is made it is done in order

ture. The article forms a strong opposition to the Baptistery theory, but fails to ex-plain all the peculiarities discovered in Newport's architectural curiosity. about five minutes, when his back was gotten me, he suddenly, without looking at me, said, 'Hem! So you're an attorney, are you?' I confessed it. 'I hate lawhate lawyers; they do more mischief than haps you will tell me, I suggested, 'how debts would be collected without lawyers. "'Don't want 'em collected! don't want 'em collected!' he squeaked; 'if A lets B have his property without payment, I don't see why C, D, E, F, and all the rest of the alphabet should be called on to serve as a police to get it back! No debt should be collectable by law. It's monstrous! Let a man trust another man at his own risk.

Even a gambler pays his debts that he isn't
legally obliged to pay, and calls them
debts of honour, but men will put their
property out of their hands to prevent the
legal collection of their grocery bills.

Abolish all laws for the collection of debt, and that would abolish most of your law

FAST CALIFORNIA CLIPPERS .- A num ber of interesting observations made during a recent cruise of the French frigate ing a recent cruise of the French frigate La Magicienne to various parts of the Pacific have just been communicated, says Nature, by Admiral Serres to the Paris Academy. Among other points, attention had been drawn, while at San Francisco, to the swift, tall-masted clipper ships which convey wheat to the European makes to the Surgean which convey wheat to the European market. The modern practice of increasing the upper sails at the expense of the lower seems to be justified by science. During the voyage of the Magicienne an anemometer was observed daily at an altitude of 8 metres, and twice every day at an altitude of 36 metres. With rare expensive the visit of the wind the result of the wind the second of vocation, or a fallacy. His very signature is a lie. He is not a 'French Boy,' but an English skunk. France would not own him. I say that Zola is a legal proprietor. ceptions the velocity of the wind was al-ways found to be much greater in the lats found to be much greater in the latase than in the former. The average
deduced from thousands of ebservadeduced fro good reason, therefore, for seeking motive force in the upper regiens,

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has writ. one of the two or three great names that the century has given to letters."

torical romance of the time of Paul and Alexander I.

An edition of Shakespeare's works trans

The Longmans, London, will soon pub. The Longmans, London, will soon publish three works of much interest to Canadian readers:—"Lady Trevelyan's Remains," being selections from her literary and artistic writings, by Mr. D. Wooster; "Modern France," by Mr. Oscar Browning, and "Foreign Work and English Wages," by Mr. Thomas Brassey.

Gaelic tales of the imagination ever published in a fair translation, is a volume, entitled "Old Celtic Romances," prepared by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., and to be issued early in October by C. Kegan Paul & Co.,

requirements of portraiture Mr. Pundall questions if Holbein's work has ever been excelled. The influence of his genius over

Baron Isidore Taylor, who died in Paris fortnight ago, at the age of ninety, has

to correct a palpable mistranslation or remove a perplexing obscurity. An answer to the paper on the "Old Stone Mill," of Newport, (alluded to in Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour") writter by the late architect Hatfield, and publish ed in Scribner's Magazine, appears in the September Magazine of American History. George C. Mason, jun., who is also an architect, argues against the theory of Prof. Rafu, of Copenhagen, to which Mr. Hatfield adhered, and counts the structure among the early buildings of the settlers during the governorship of Benedict Arnold. He gives careful measurements, sections and elevations, and maintains that the fireplace, flues, and apertures for a stairway to a second-story must have been made at the time of building, and could not have been the result of an alteration of a Norse stru

Peter Bayne says of Carlyle that he has as set forth in a memorable passage in his first book—the "Life of Schiller." He has known no other devotion excer literature; and has made it the object of his life to act upon mankind by the pen. Over all the dangers that he foresaw the has regally triumphed." Again, "amids the tumults and changes of a feverish time, and the quarrels and calamities of petty souls, he has risen above all jealousy. preserved an absolutely unblemished name, and never been distracted for an hour and never been distracted for an nour from that rest of noble purpose, that peace of serene activity, which is the most substantial happiness attainable on earth. His life has been built upon realities." Of Carlyle's humble home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, Mr. Bayne says:—"There has remained for forty years, looking with parfect indifference to proud for consciperfect indifference, too proud for conscious scorn, upon the palatial buildings con stantly rising to west of him and to north of him, in which successful shopkeepers, stock-jobbers, railway contractors, bubble company proprietors, and other favourites of fortune and the age, had their reward."

Charles Reade published a savage warning against anybody infringing on his dramatization of "L' Assommoir."

The Lordon Margaritad of the publish said dramatization of "L'Assommoir." The London Era printed a letter which said that anybody had as good a right as he to appropriate Zela's work. Reade responds as follows:—"1. An anenymous letter writer, whether he sends it to a gentleman by the post or points it at a gentleman in a journal, is a cattiff who hits and hides. This unpunished criminal is the worst disgrace of literature; his efforts and his conduct are the main cause of its low conductary the state of the people and dition in England, 2. Charles Reade and his peers are the glory of letters, and the men who keep the literary character from falling into proceedings. falling into universal contempt. 3. When an anonymous letter writer attacks Charles Reade in his business, it is as i Newgate were to pass strictures on Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Every word this anonymous letter write has written is either a falsehood, an equi

Four pounds round of beef half pour salt pork; cut pork into strips hal inch thick, roll strips in the following ture: Half teaspoon each powdered black pepper, and celery salt, quarter poon summer savory, and half teacurinegar; let the pork soak in mi twenty minutes, remove bone from of beef, and with a sharp knife piero through with holes an inch apart; into these holes the seasoned pork, down smoothly, fill up opening from the bone was taken with the sea pork, draw a band of cloth around beef, and pin it securely; then lay in bones, place the meat on the bones, pour slowly over, two tablespoons vi so that it may sink into the meat; le top a thin slice of fat pork, add a water, cut up an onion, a carrot, si blades of celery, and a bunch of sweet tied up in a muslin bag, and add meat; cover tightly and bake in a n ate oven for four hours. For the last baste the meat often with drippings the dish.

Put on stove a rather thick piece with little bone and some fat (any piece will do), four hours before ne pour on just boiling water enough to a



USEFUL RECEIPTS.

BROILED BEEFSTEAK. Lay a thick tender steak upon a gr well greased with butter or beef suet hot coals; when done on one side ready the warmed platter with a little ter on it, lay the steak, without pr it, upon the platter with the cooke down so that the juices which gathered may run on the platter, q place it again on gridiron, and coo other side. When done to liking, p platter again, spread lightly with eason with salt and pepper, and where it will keep warm (over steam is best) for a few moments, not let the butter become oily. hot plates. Many prefer to sear and finish cooking, turning often; g with fried sliced potatoes, or with br

notato balls the size of a marble each end of platter. BOILED CORNED BEEF. Soak over night if very salt, but is young and properly corned this necessary; pour over it cold water e to cover it well, after washing off the The rule for boiling meats is twent minutes to a pound, but corned beef s be placed on a part of the stove or where it will simmer, not boil, ur ruptedly from four to six hours, accer to the size of the piece. If it be cold, some let the meat remain in the until cold, and some let tough remain in the liquor until the next and bring it to the boiling point just h serving. Simmer a brisket or plate-until the bones are easily removed, over, forming a square or oblong place sufficient weight on top to presparts closely together, and set it will become cold. This gives a solid piece to cut in slices, and is a deful relish. Boil liquor down, remove fat, season with pepper or sweet heard save it to compare the save in the save

and save it to minced scraps and pieces of press the meat firmly into a mould, over it liquor, and place over it a cover with a weight upon it. When tu from the mould, garnish with sprig parsley or celery, and serve with pickles or French mustard. BEEF OMELET.

Three pounds beef chopped fine, eggs beaten together, six crackers in fine, one tablespoon salt, one tea bread; put a little water and bits of l into the pan, invert a pan over it, bas casionally, bake an hour and a quarte when cold slice very thin.

BOILED BEEF TONGUE. Wash clean, put in the pot with to cover it, a pint of salt, and a small of red pepper; if the water boils away more so as to keep the tongue n covered until done; boil until it can pierced easily with a fork, take out, a needed for present use, take off the and set away to cool; if to be kept days, do not peel antil wanted for The same amount of salt will do for tengues if the pot is large enough to them, always remembering to keep cient water in the kettle to cover all boiling. Soak salt tongue over night, cook in same way, omitting the salt. after peeling, place the tongue in st pan with one cup water, one-half cup gar, four tablespoons sugar, and cool liquor is evaporated.

REEF A LA MODE Take about six pounds of the rou beef, gash it through at intervals of an to receive strips of salt pork half an wide, tie it securely by winding a s around and lengthwise : put it into a pot with a plate in the bottom to preadhering, pour in a quart of water in w are salt, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, and spice; keep the pot closed, and when is taken out, add a little water and

to make a gravy. RAGOUT OF BEEF. For six pounds of the round, take dozen ripe tomatoes, cut up with two three onions in a vessel with a tight co add half a dozen cloves, a stick of cir mon, and a little whole black pepper gashes in the meat, and stuff them half pound of fat salt pork, cut into se bits; place the meat on the other dients, and pour over them half a cu vinegar and a cup of water; cover tie and bake in a moderate oven; cook al four or five hours, and, when about done, salt to taste. When done, tak

the meat, strain the gravy through ander and thicken with flour. ROAST MEAT WITH PUDDING. Never wash the meat, but if nece wipe with a damp cloth, sprinkle with pepper, and flour; if not fat, put thr four pieces of butter the size of a hick nut on it; put in the dripping-pan wire the size of the siz aut on it; put in the dripping-pan wir water, letting it rest on the wire fran some small sticks to keep it from the paste and turn often, baking from fifte twenty minutes for every pound. Ma Yorkshire pudding, to eat like vegets with the roast, as follows: For every of milk take three eggs, three cups of and a pinch of salt; stir to a smooth ter, and pour into the dispiner with ter, and pour into the dripping-pan the meat, half an hour before it is do REEF AFTER THE FRENCH MODE.