

COQUETTE.

"Coquette," my love they sometimes call,
For she is light of lips and heart;
What though she smile alike on all,
If in her smiles she knows no art?

Like some glad brook she seems to be,
That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,
And prattles to each flower or tree,
Which stoops to kiss it, overhead.

Beneath the heavens' white and blue
It curls and sings and laughs and leaps,
The sunny meadows dancing through
O'er noisy shoals and frothy steeples.
'Tis thus the world doth see the brook;
But I have seen it otherwise,
When following it to some far nook
Where leafy shields shut out the skies.
And there its waters rest, subdued,
In shadowy pools serene and shy,
Wherein grave thoughts and fancies brood
And tender dreams and longings lie.
I love it when it laughs and leaps,
But love it better when at rest—
'Tis only in its tranquil deep
I see my image in its breast.

—January Century.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.—The cartoon on our front page alludes, as will be seen by the dialogue to the recent remarks of the New York Tribune upon Canada and the Canadians.

THE GERMAN PEASANT'S SUNDAY.—For the truth of the satire in our illustration of the German peasant's Sunday at home we cannot be responsible. It contains probably as much truth as such satires generally do, and what it lacks in accuracy it makes up in picturesqueness. Some of us may have remarked a somewhat similar ending of the day in the rural districts of this Canada of ours, where Sunday is first a day of religious observation and last but by no means least a grand holiday, to be celebrated as holidays, unfortunately, not unfrequently are.

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.—A flood, caused by the prolonged heavy rains, has swollen the rivers of a lowland district, and their overflowing waters have covered great part of the meadows, through which are cut several ditches, the banks overgrown with sedge and reeds, while here and there rise the leafless stems of wintry-looking willows, marking the brink of the deeper channel across the fields. In summer-time, or in any tolerably dry weather, there is a convenient footpath this way to the neighbouring hamlet, the abode of honest rustic families, one of which seems just now in a plight to demand our compassionate sympathy and kindly concern. The young wife and mother, early in the day, as her good man was away to his work and not expected home till nightfall, ventured to lock her cottage door and walk over to the village, two miles distant, that she might visit a married sister, there lying in her first "confinement." To perform this errand of affectionate duty without neglecting her own children, of whom she has two, the rain having ceased that morning, and the sky being once more clear, she carried her baby with her, and bade little Jem, who was five years old, trudge along by her side. After staying three or four hours, doing what she could in the way of womanly aid and comfort, and taking a noon-day bit of dinner at her brother-in-law's table, she set forth betimes in the afternoon, with the two children, on her way home. By the turnpike road and the lane that turns off to the left it is quite three miles and a half, so she thought she would go back the shorter way that she came. It had been only rather muddy, with a few nasty puddles, and with a loose plank in the foot-bridge at the end of Farmer Bull's nine-acre piece, when she passed in the opposite direction at ten o'clock. But the river, since then, has been rising so rapidly, by the inflow of other streams from the moorland hills, that now, at half-past three, she finds herself in the midst of a broad shallow lake, standing upon a very narrow strip of soft and squasy turf, which will soon be cut off from the firmer ground behind, if the inundation pours into a slight hollow fifty yards in the rear. To advance one step further cannot be thought of; she is now at the edge of the ditch, but the plank has been washed away, and the meadows beyond, though she can see her own dwelling on the farther side, are overspread with a chilly expanse of water, at least half a mile in breadth. It will be dark enough in another hour, this late December afternoon; so there is no time to be lost in retracing her steps, and with very wet feet, and with terrible fears and anxieties, more for the children than for her own sake, regaining the safe and solid road. Little Jem will cry with fright, and the poor mother will be sadly weary, before they reach home, chilled and exhausted, long after the usual tea-time; and there will be no fire to warm them, or to boil the water for a cup of tea. The husband will have come home to find the door locked against him, and will have gone to spend his wages at the Blue Boar.

A NOVEL CREMATION CEREMONY.—The death-bed insurance business in Pennsylvania appears to be falling into disfavour. Not only have the authorities commenced a legal war upon it, but the credulous people who have been victimized by it are losing faith in the system and turning against it. A novel illustration of the popular feeling on the subject was furnished a few days since at a place called Heydt's Tavern, some twenty miles from Reading. The people of that vicinity, it appears, had suffered largely from the operations of the death-rattle companies. Thomas Heydt, a man

of means, held policies to the extent of \$25,000, and had been swindled out of several thousand dollars in assessments. One of his risks died some time ago, and after waiting and struggling for many months, he compromised with the company for \$197. He was so much incensed by this action that he determined to burn all the policies he held, and invited his neighbours to join with him. On the 24th ultimo the projected cremation took place. Early in the day the people began to gather from all directions—on foot, on horseback, and in all varieties of vehicles. One delegation was headed by a band of music. The heads of some of the most influential families in the district met together in the hall of the hotel. The total amount of the insurance held by them was \$250,000. The meeting was organized with the chief victims as president, vice-presidents and secretaries. Those in attendance related their experiences, which showed that many had been reduced to poverty by the assessments they were forced to pay, and some had borrowed money from friends and relatives to meet the demands of these sharks, and were unable to pay it back. The policies and assessment notices were strung together upon a pole and soaked with coal oil. A little niece of the hotel proprietor fired the pile, and \$250,000 worth of insurance certificates were consumed to slow music, while Mr. Heydt and a number of his neighbours formed all-hands-around and savagely danced about the pole. A collation was spread for those present, and a ball in the evening wound up the festivities.

A KANGAROO COURT IN TEXAS.—The illustration represents one of those *extempore* courts summoned and presided over by Judge Lynch, the necessity for which, existing undoubtedly in a rough state of civilization which the regular processes of law could not reach, is happily done away with. The extreme sentence of the law, if it may be so termed, has evidently been passed upon the unhappy wretch who with the courage that is born of despair awaits his fate at the hands of the appointed executioner. Such scenes do not bear dwelling upon.

THE BURNING OF THE RING THEATRE AT VIENNA.—Our readers are already familiar with the terrible tragedy of the 8th of December last in which upwards of one thousand victims were hurried into eternity. We give this week an illustration of the theatre itself before the fire, one of the public buildings of whose architecture Vienna was justly proud.

THE ROBBERY OF EARL CRAWFORD'S TOMB.—This latest incident of body-snatching has caused great excitement in fashionable circles the world over. The late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres died in Italy and his body was carried thence to be interred in the family vault at Dunoch House, twelve miles south of Aberdeen. It has now been discovered that the body was taken away, at some time which is not yet ascertained, and that the vault has been broken into, and the coffin opened. Great indignation is felt by all classes of people in the neighbourhood, and equal sympathy with the noble family whose feelings have been so atrociously outraged. It can only be supposed that this infamous deed was perpetrated for the purpose of exacting a large sum of money by way of ransom.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE CRUISING CLEAR WATER LAKE.—This interesting feature of the great trip of the Marquis of Lorne to the extreme north-west territory of Canada last summer shows the vice-regal party nearing the last portage on the beautiful Clear Water Lake, on July 28th. There were ten large and brilliantly painted bark canoes, all fully manned with crews uniformed in red shirts, blue caps and white trousers. Nearly all were Indians or half-breeds, save one crew of Scotchmen who manned the first canoe bearing the Marquis. As the last portage was neared the procession ended in something like a race. Each crew wished to show its prowess, and all were eager to win the honour of second place behind His Excellency's boat, so that, whirled away by the excitement of the figures, the voyagers neglected for once the grand landscape.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.
HOW WE GOT A SHELLING.

The men are in good spirits and all ready for the fray, but as the day wears on without further developments, arms are stacked, and we begin to roam about the hills; some are writing letters home, some sleeping, some even fishing in a little rivulet that runs by us, when toward three o'clock in the afternoon, and all of a sudden, the enemy opens fire on us with a salute of three shells fired in rapid succession, not quite into our ranks, but a little to the left of us; and see! over where the Forty-third lies, to our left, come three stretchers, going by on a lively trot to the rear; for "the ball is opening, boys," and we are under fire for the first time.

I wish I could convey to my readers some faint idea of the noise made by a shell as it flies shrieking and screaming through the air, and of that peculiar whirring sound made by the pieces after the shell has burst overhead or by your side. So loud, high pitched, shrill and terrible is the sound that one unaccustomed to it would think at first that the very heavens were being torn down about his ears!

How often I have laughed and laughed at myself when thinking of that first shelling we got there by the river! For, up to that time, I had a very poor old-fashioned idea of what a

shell was like, having derived it probably from accounts of sieges in the Mexican war.

I had thought a shell was a hollow ball of iron filled with powder and furnished with a fuse, and that they threw it over into your ranks, and there it lay hissing and spitting, till the fire reached the powder, and the shell burst and killed a dozen men or so—that is, if some venturesome fellow didn't run up and stamp the fire off the fuse before the miserable thing went off! Of a conical shell, shaped like a minie-ball, with ridges on the outside to fit the grooves of a rifled cannon, and exploding by a percussion-cap at the pointed end, I had no idea in the world. But that was the sort of thing they were firing at us now—Hur-r-r—bang! Hur-r-r—bang!

Throwing myself flat on my face while that terrible shriek is in the air, I cling closer to the ground while I hear that low, whirring sound near by, which I foolishly imagine to be the sound of a burning fuse, but which, on raising my head and looking up and around, I find is the sound of pieces of exploded shells flying through the air about our heads! The enemy has excellent range of us, and given it to us hot and fast, and we fall in line and take it as best we may, and without the pleasure of replying, for the enemy's batteries are a full mile and a half away, and no Enfield rifle can reach half so far.

"Colonel, move your regiment a little to the right, so as to get under cover of yonder bank." It is soon done; and there, seated on a bank about twenty feet high, with our backs to the enemy, we let them blaze away.

And now, see! Just to the rear of us, and therefore in full view as we are sitting is a battery of our own, coming up into position at full gallop—a grand sight indeed! The officers with swords flashing in the evening sunlight, the bugles clanging out the orders, the carriages unlimbered, and the guns run up into position; and now, that ever beautiful drill of the artillery in action, steady and regular as the stroke of machinery! How swiftly the man that handles the swab has prepared his piece, while the runners have meanwhile brought up the little red bag of powder and the long, conical shell from the caisson in the rear! How swiftly they are rammed home! The lieutenant sights his piece; the man with the lanyard with a sudden jerk fires the cap, the gun leaps five feet to the rear with the recoil, and out of the cannon's throat, in a cloud of smoke rushes the shell, shrieking out its message of death into the lines a mile and a half away, while our boys rend the air with wild hurrahs, for the enemy's fire is answered!

Now ensues an artillery duel that keeps the air quivering and quaking about our ears for an hour and a half, and it is all the more exciting that we can see the drill of the batteries beside us, with that steady swabbing and ramming, running and sighting and bang! bang! bang! The mystery is how in the world they can load and fire so fast.

"Boys, what are you trying to do?" It is the general commanding the division who reins in his horse and asks the question, and he is one of the finest artillerymen in the service, they say.

"Why, General, we are trying to put a shell through that stone barn over there; it's full of sharpshooters!"

"Hold a moment!"—and the general dismounts and sights the gun. "Try that elevation once, Sergeant," he says; and the shell goes crashing through the barn a mile and a half away, and the sharpshooters come pouring out of it like bees out of a hive. "Let them have it so, boys." And the general has mounted, and rides, laughing, away along the line.

Meanwhile, something is transpiring immediately before our eyes that amuses us immensely. Not more than twenty yards away from us is another high bank, corresponding exactly with the one we are occupying, and running parallel with it, the two hills inclosing a little ravine some twenty or thirty yards in width.

This second high bank,—the nearer one,—you must remember, faces the enemy's fire. The water has worn out of the soft sand-rock a sort of cave, in which Dicky Bill, our company cook, took refuge at the crack of the first shell. And there, crouching in the narrow recess of the rock, we can see him shivering with fright. Every now and then, when there is a lull in the firing, he comes to the wide-open door of his house, intent upon flight, and, rolling up the great whites of his eyes, is about to step out and run, when Hur-r-r—bang—crack! goes the shell, and poor scared Dicky Bill dives into his cave again head-first, like a frog into a pond.

After repeated attempts to run and repeated frog-leaps backward, the poor fellow takes heart and cuts for the woods, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the regiment—for which he cares far less, however, than for that terrible shriek in the air, which, he afterward told us, "was a-sayin' all de time, 'Where's dat nigger! Where's dat nigger! Where's dat nigger!'"

As night-fall comes on, the firing ceases. Word is passed around that under cover of night we are to cross the pontoons and charge the enemy's works; but we sleep soundly all night, and awake only at the first streaks of morning.

We have orders to move. A staff officer is delivering orders to our colonel, who is surrounded by his staff. They press in toward the messenger, standing immediately below me as I sit on the bank, when the enemy gives us a morning salute, and the shell comes ricocheting over the hill and tumbles into a mud puddle about which the group is gathered; the mounted officers crouch in their saddles and spur hastily away, the foot officers throw themselves flat on their

faces into the mud; the drummer-boy is bespattered with mud and dirt; but fortunately the shell does not explode, or the readers of *St. Nicholas* would never have heard how we got our first shelling.

And now, "Fall in, men!" and we are off on a double-quick in a cloud of dust, amid the rattle of canteens and tin cups, and the regular *flop, flop* of cartridge boxes and bayonet-scarabards, pursued by the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, for a long, hot, weary day's march to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville.—*St. Nicholas*.

VARIETIES.

"Look here, Matilda," said a Galveston lady to the colored servant, "you sleep right close to the chicken house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens." "Yes, ma'am, I heard de chickens holla, an heard de voices of de men." "Why didn't you run out then?" "Case ma'am, (bursting into tears), case I knowed my old fadder was out dar, and I wouldn't hab him know I'se lost confidence in him, foah all de chickens in de world. If I had gone out dare and koted him, it would hab broke his ole heart, and he would hab made me tote de chickens home for him besides. He done tole me day before dat he's gwine to pull dem chickens dat night." *Galveston News*.

COL. MACDONALD, late Director of Public Instruction at Madras, India, in a recent lecture in London pointed out that in many parts of India education was regarded as unbecoming the modesty of the female sex; inasmuch as it facilitated intrigue, it was fit only for the profligate females who engaged in public dancing and singing. In some districts no man will marry a girl who is able to read. At the existing schools the great majority of the pupils never go beyond the elementary stage of education, because Hindu girls leave school when they are about eleven. Parents instead of paying fees, expect to be bribed with presents of money and clothes for their children, and require a staff of servants to be kept up to conduct them to and from school. Because of the difference between the education of the English and Indian women, although England has been intimately connected with India for 150 years, there is today little social intercourse between the natives of that Empire, and the mother country.

PNEUMATIC BELL-CALL.—A system of pneumatic call-bells annunciators that has been in use for some time in England has been recently modified and improved for introduction into America. It consists essentially of a small bellows, an air-tube, and a second bellows, that may be used to strike a gong-bell or control the dials of an annunciator. The bellows, which is quite small and intended to be operated by hand, is closed by pressure of the finger on a push-button, by pulling a handle, or by pressing on a rubber bag, that forms the tassel or end of a cord hung from the wall. The closing of the bellows sends an impulse of compressed air through a small tube, and causes a circular bellows to expand. At the end of this bellows is an upright rod that moves a segment of a geared wheel. A smaller wheel geared to this segment moves with it, and causes the hammer of a gong-bell to give a series of rapid strokes. The bell "chatters" like an electric bell for a moment, and the pressure being removed, the ringing mechanism returns to its original position by its own weight. No clock-work or spring is required, all the parts being self-acting. The invention, in its present condition, seems likely to be of value in dwellings, small hotels, and on board steamboats.

"BEHIND HER FAN."

Beneath her fan o' downy fluff,
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,
With peacock feathers, purple-eyed,
Caught daintily on either side,
The gay coquette displays a pout;
Two blue eyes peep above the buff;
Two pinky pouting lips, . . . enough!
That cough m-m-m-surely come and hide
Behind her fan.

The barque of Hope is trim and tough,
So out I venture on the rough,
Uncertain sea of girlish pride.
A breeze! I tack against the tide,
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff,
Behind her fan.

—The Century

The elements of bone, brain and muscle, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. When the blood becomes impure, either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is NORTROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover this fine alterative and stomachic exerts a specific action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a performance of its secretory duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise possesses diuretic and depurative properties of a high order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid elements which produce rheumatic pain. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Beware of all medicine dealers.