

## PACHA AND DERVIS.

From the French of Florian, by Rosa Vartner Jeffrey.

In the city of Marseilles, was this story told to me by an Arab, of a Pacha who, spite his high degree, went forth with a sealed casket in his own royal hand to seek a learned Dervis, the wisest in the land. Said the Pacha to the Dervis, "There are rubies rare and bright. In this casket, there are diamonds with great hearts of rainbow light. I desire that your vast wisdom shall decide some clever rule. After searching through all nations, to select one matchless fool. I consign to you my treasure, and conjure you when you meet. This, the greatest fool of many, lay your offering at his feet. With his casket our good Dervis all around the world did stray— Was there any need, I wonder, to go quite so far away? He was very much embarrassed how to choose in this affair. By numerous fools pressed to his notice everywhere. And with many a one our Dervis might have left his casket there. But for a wise presentment, which caused him to divine. Despite these crowds so witless, there must still be in reserve. One who would the Pacha's present more than all the rest deserve. So from place to place he wandered, very weary of his mission. And very anxious to resign his troublesome possession. At last our weary traveller arrived one sunny morn. In the city of the Sultan, beside "the golden horn." Where he found a great excitement; the crowded streets were gay. The people all rejoicing, as on a gala day. The Dervis looked and wondered, and, growing none the wiser. Asked the meaning of this hub-bub! Said an man "Our Grand Vizier Is coming as an envoy; a message he doth bring From the Sultan to the Prophet, by a pretty stoken string. These things amuse the people; who laugh at such affairs. And, as they are mere trifles, to win men from their cares. Our Emperor gives them often such pleasures; it is fair— "Very well," said your Grand Vizier, without doubt he's passing there. At these words our weary Dervis walked quickly to the place. And in the new Grand Vizier, met his Pacha face to face. "Good! I've found you," said the Dervis, "and now can understand. Why I made the tour of Asia, with this casket in my hand. Why I travelled through all nations without stoppage or delay. And, meeting fools unnumbered, dare not choose until to-day. In your majestic presence, let my judgment hath grown wiser. Deign to accept this casket," said the Dervis to the Vizier. —N. Y. Home Journal.

## THE STORY OF A DOLLY VARDEN.

"Now, ain't they nice and pretty?" Nellie Marshall, as she spoke, surveyed herself complacently in the mirror. "Look, papa; I have a Dolly Varden dress, hat, and shoes—don't you admire them?" "Yes, yes, very pretty," said her father; "but I could not tell a Dolly Varden from a Dolly anything else. However, I suppose they are all right; and if Mr. Smith should come to-day—"

"Now, papa," cried Miss Nellie, "do stop talking about that hideous Mr. Smith. To be sure, I have never seen him, and do not know whether he is old or young; but I am certain he is perfectly awful, he has such a horrid name."

"Why, my dear," interposed her father, "Mr. Smith is exceedingly good-looking and a very fine man, I assure you."

"Now, papa, who ever heard of a Smith who was good-looking? They are, as a matter of course, all homely, commonplace persons."

"How about that picnic luncheon?" inquired Mr. Marshall. "Am I to escort you or not?"

"No, papa; don't you remember? I told you Mr. Morton was going to take me."

"It seems to me, Nellie, this Henry Morton is very partial to you, and you to him, eh? How's that, little one?" And Mr. Marshall indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do with you? You are always teasing me!" And Miss Nellie pretended to be busy arranging a stray curl.

"But, Nellie," began her father, after a moment's silence, "I do hope you will be polite to Mr. Smith. He is going to bring a friend with him,—a Mr.—"

But here he was interrupted.

"Oh, please do not talk any more about that horrid man. To be sure, I will be polite; but if I must play the agreeable for the next six weeks, let him rest for the present. Why, I believe you would like me to marry the man!" And she gave him a hug and a kiss. "Good-bye, dear!"

She danced out of the room as she spoke, leaving her father convulsed with laughter.

An hour later found Nellie rapidly approaching the picnic place, whirled along in Henry Morton's handsome phaeton, with Henry Morton by her side.

"Come, Nellie," said that gentleman. "I want my answer to-morrow, at the farthest. But why not give it now?"

"Mr. Morton, I have told you once; please say no more about it," and Nellie, with a pretty, vexed air, leaned out of the carriage to avoid further conversation.

The gentleman smiled at her manner, and said *sotto voce*, "I have not much fear that answer will be favourable."

In a few moments, Nellie found herself the centre of a happy group, the gayest of the gay.

But she was tired of it all; tired of Henry Morton's ceaseless attention, and tired of herself; and late in the afternoon, lunch being over, she stole away, down to a little shady dell, where the birds sang sweetly, and the incense of many flowers filled the air with a delicious fragrance.

Throwing herself upon a moss-covered bank, she watched the little brook, as it leaped and played down its rocky bed, puzzling herself the while to know whether she loved Henry Morton. Presently a little flower, peeping from its mossy nest, attracted her attention; a flower which was very difficult to reach, and therefore, the more desirable; so she rose quickly, bent eagerly forward, striving to reach it. But the treacherous earth gave way, and precipitated Nellie to the ground. Picking herself up, she glanced ruefully at her hat, which lay in a very crumpled state beside her.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I have ruined my Dolly Varden hat!" and she almost sobbed outright.

"Excuse me," said a voice, so near that Nellie fairly screamed with surprise; "but the hat is not past redemption."

A hand grasped the hat, and Nellie beheld, with astonishment, a tall, handsome gentleman standing beside her, and busily engaged with the said hat.

"I think," he observed, "if you smooth the ribbon, and put a few finishing touches, it will look none the worse. Your dress is somewhat soiled; the sleeves have a few spots on them; but I think that can be easily remedied." As he spoke, he dipped his handkerchief into the brook, and carefully erased them. "Now I think it is all right," he continued, and he laughed merrily.

"With the exception of my hands," she answered. "I see they have suffered as well as my Dolly Varden." and kneeling beside the brook, she bathed them in the clear cool water.

Taking his handkerchief from him, she rinsed it.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "What a pity to have spoiled it; but I can hang it on a bush, and it will dry in a few moments."

Suiting the action to the words, the initials A. L. S. riveted her attention. Instantly she thought, "Oh I wonder if his name is Smith?"

But she banished the idea instantly. He was too handsome and agreeable to be named Smith; as she came to this conclusion, she raised her eyes, unconscious that she had been looking intently at the letters. He was regarding her with a curious look and amused smile. She coloured vividly, and talked at random, to hide her embarrassment; but at length they glided into conversation naturally, and becoming interested, talked long—how long she could not tell; it was certainly longer than it ought to have been, thought Nellie, for she was not generally free with strangers.

"I thank you very much," she said, "for your kindness. Had it not been for you, I might have been sitting there yet, mourning over my Dolly Varden hat."

"Oh, I think not," he answered gaily. "But if I have been of any assistance, I am very glad. It was just by chance I came this way. I started to walk to the village, and chose the pleasant bye-path in preference to the dusty highway. I cannot regret my choice. It has proved pleasant, in more ways than one."

And his eloquent eyes sought her face in a way that she could not misunderstand.

Their paths now diverged, and they parted, he to continue his way to the village, she to retrace her steps to the picnic place. When she rejoined her friends she found them very anxious about her. They had been looking and calling for her in every place, and now plied her with questions. She gave them little satisfaction, however, merely saying she had been taking a walk, and had stayed longer than she had intended.

"How could you do so, when you knew how troubled I should feel?" asked Henry Morton, as they rode home.

But she gave him no answer. Nor did she speak until they had reached the house.

"Good evening, Mr. Morton," she said coldly and hurriedly into the house, in a very disturbed state of mind.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Nellie entered the sitting-room, and found her father talking in a very animated manner, to a gentleman, who, to her horror and dismay, she discovered to be her acquaintance of the afternoon. Her father held an open letter in his hand, which he hurriedly thrust out of sight, and introduced the gentleman as Mr. Smith. His eyes twinkled merrily as he did so, and Mr. Smith seemed also much amused. But Nellie was desperate. She noticed nothing, took no part in the conversation and soon after dinner, she and the Dolly Varden disappeared.

The next day Nellie was afflicted with a severe headache, and not until evening did she make her appearance. Her father seemed to enjoy her discomfort very much; but Nellie paid no heed to his frequent sallies. She was freezingly polite to Mr. Smith, nothing more. She did, indeed, condescend to ask her father, as he lingered in the dining-room a few moments after tea, why Mr. Smith's friend did not come with him. Her father answered that he was detained by business, and could not come. Later, Henry Morton called, and received his final dismissal.

Rising early the next morning, Nellie went to the garden to gather flowers. Taking the little basket on her arm, and her hat in her hand, she sauntered along the paths, culling

here and there a flower, and humming softly to herself. Suddenly she heard a quick step behind her; a wreath of fragrant blossoms fell upon her head, and a voice, that caused her to start and blush, said "We crown the queen of morn."

Angry at herself for her agitation, Nellie strove to receive Mr. Smith with a great deal of dignity and coldness; but I do not think she succeeded very well, as Mr. Smith did not seem in the least troubled; on the contrary, he asked her if he might assist her in gathering flowers; and, of course, she could not refuse.

After that, she seemed to get on much better with Mr. Smith. They walked, and rode, and sang, and read together; and Nellie informed her father, that if it were not for his name, Mr. Smith would be a very nice man.

One evening, after they had returned from a walk, Mr. Smith said to her suddenly, "You do not like my name, Miss Marshall?"

"I think it is a very homely one," she said faintly.

He left the window in a quick excited way, came to her side, and asked, in a passionate tone, "Is it so homely that you would object to taking it?"

She trembled a moment, then, raising her eyes, saw that he was in earnest, and answered, hastily, "Yes, yes, I could not—I would not."

At this juncture the entrance of Mr. Marshall put a stop to all further conversation.

That evening Mr. Smith had a long interview with her father, and as Nellie entered the hall at one end, they went out of the other. She heard her father say, "Well, I think it's all her nonsense. Depend upon it, she likes you pretty well. But I think—"

And Nellie could hear no more.

The next morning Mr. Smith took leave of Mr. Marshall's family. He looked rather pale and dejected; but Nellie was all smiles and sunshine. She gave him her hand gaily at parting, and if it did tremble a little that was nothing.

Several months passed away, and nothing was heard of Mr. Smith. Nellie's father watched her narrowly. She was, perhaps, a little more pale than was her wont, and inclined to be alone.

One evening, Mr. Marshall entered the sitting-room with a newspaper in his hand.

"Nellie," said he, "here is a little news for you;" and he read, in a loud tone, the marriage of Mr. Smith with a lady of the same town.

Nellie gave a little start, and bent closer over her sewing at the beginning; but when he had finished, she said quietly, "Ah, indeed! I wish him much happiness."

Taking a spray of flowers from a vase beside her, she arose and fastened them in her hair, then gathering up her work left the room.

Her father smiled, and said, "Nellie feels that; but she has got the Marshall pride, and glories in it."

He laughed, and, leaving the room also, entered the library. After writing and sealing a letter, he delivered it to a servant to be posted as soon as possible, and then went cheerily to the dining-room, where he found his daughter awaiting him with a pale, sad face.

A few weeks later, Nellie was seated in the library alone. Frequently the hearty laugh of her father, who was seated on the lawn with a friend, sounded loud and clear into the room, and only served to make her more miserable. Sitting there, her thoughts wandered away far from the present, into the past. Sad and dejected, she looked and felt very unlike the bright, laughing girl of a few months ago.

Suddenly she heard a light step, and, looking up, Mr. Smith stood beside her. She was too agitated to speak; but he bade her "Good evening," and seated himself opposite, entering into conversation as easily as though he had left her but an hour ago. She soon recovered sufficiently to answer his questions, and, presently, said, "Excuse me. I had forgotten to congratulate you;" and she attempted a little laugh.

"But, he answered, gravely, "I am not married. It is a mistake. On the contrary, I came to ask if you will now consent to take my name."

She raised her eyes to his face with a look that answered him better than words.

"Nellie," he said, after a long silence, "can you forgive me when I tell you that my name is not Smith, but Shirley?" And, in answer to her look of surprise, he narrated briefly what perhaps the reader has already suspected.

Mr. Smith was an old friend, and about the same age as her father—a widower with four children, but soon to be married. Being invited by Mr. Marshall to pay him a visit, he decided to accept the invitation, and persuaded Shirley to come with him. At the appointed time, Mr. Smith found he could not go, but urged Shirley to, and gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Marshall, who thought it would be a good joke to call Mr. Shirley, Smith, knowing Nellie's decided aversion to that name. Mr. Shirley consented. Her refusing him merely because his name was Smith was communicated to Mr. Marshall, who decided to keep up the ruse until the marriage of his friend Smith, which marriage he read in the paper for Nellie's benefit, and seeing her disposed to relent, wrote to Shirley, who came post-haste to answer the letter in person.

As Shirley concluded his explanations, Mr. Marshall, accompanied by his friend, entered the room. Nellie hurried out to hide her flushed and happy face, and Shirley whispered, "Nellie, if you forgive me that wicked trick, wear your Dolly Varden."

Not long afterwards there was a grand wedding at Mr. Marshall's, at which the bridegroom confidently informed the bride that "he thought the Dolly Varden was the prettiest thing in the world, and hoped it would never go out of fashion."

## THE GLEANER.

MR. PEABODY, the inventor of the Peabody rifle, receives about \$300 a day in royalty.

A CORRESPONDENT says that at Lord Derby's last reception there were ladies present carrying jewels worth £30,000 on their heads.

THE click of the mallet is again heard on the lawn, and any one who says croquet is going out of fashion is a conspicuously bad player, or else she wears number 6 gaiters.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh, being of the Greek Church, finds that her right to the custody of her own children, in the event of her temporary absence from England, is likely to be disputed.

THE Americans have not given up their determination to Balloon across the Atlantic. A meeting of aeronauts is announced to be held in Philadelphia in July for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of this scheme.

A SPLENDID definition of the meaning of the word "suspicion" was given the other evening in a Parisian drawing-room. "It is a sentiment," said a boulevardier, "which incites us to search for something which we do not wish to find."

THE following receipt, it is said, furnishes a mixture which kills the potato-bugs and their eggs: Steep tobacco-stems or refuse tobacco, and to the decoction add lye from wood ashes or potash, and sprinkle the liquid upon the vines with a common sprinkler.

A PROMINENT physician in Bellevue Hospital has remarked that painful operations can be performed much more easily on "flower days" than on any others. A patient will bear his sufferings without complaint if he has a bouquet of flowers to hold.

HOMER, who is supposed to have written nearly 3,000 years ago, alludes to the use of the razor. This instrument has generally been made of metal, but Cortez found the Mexicans using razors of obsidian, and the Tahitians use pieces of shell and sharks' teeth ground to a fine edge. In China and Japan, razors like the European and American, but without handles, are used.

THE house where Voltaire died is situated at the corner of a quay in Paris which has been named in honour of the great philosopher. For nearly twenty-five years after his death the room in which he died was never used, and it was said that the Marquis de Villette, the owner of the house, had put a clause in his will directing that the windows were never to be opened until the centenary of Voltaire's death. This stipulation, if it was made, has not been observed, as a family now inhabit the house.

## ARTISTIC.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, the well-known painter, was married, June 11th, to Major William Butler, the traveller and author. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Manning.

THE old iron-work, so famous for its elaboration, on the doors of the south portal of the west front of Notre Dame, Paris, has been completely renovated, so that it looks as good as new, now that it is replaced.

A LITTLE while ago Mr. Seely, M.P., gave an order to Mr. Barker Foster to paint a series of a hundred water-colour drawings at £30 a piece. The commission of £3,000 the artist has just completed.

BARON GUSTAV DE ROTHSCHILD is having his house in Paris decorated with great splendour. The salon of light carved wood, heightened with gold, will illustrate episodes from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

THE *Good Resolve* is the name of Mr. Millar's new picture. It is the picture of a little Scotch lassie standing with upraised face and serious expression, resolutely determined to keep a resolution suggested or confirmed by consultation of the Bible, leaves of which she is deliberately turning down. It is an old Scotch custom.

ANOTHER statue has been found at Olympia. It is a youthful Hermes holding a baby Bacchus on his left arm, and is probably the work of Praxiteles. The right arm of Hermes and both legs below the knee are gone, as also is the upper part of the boy's body except the head. The composition strongly recalls the *Eros* and *Photos* in the Glyptothek at Munich.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Austrian and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. (Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.)

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.