

I entered the drawing-room unannounced. Effie was sitting on a low chair, and with a book in her lap; but she was not reading; her eyes were shaded by their long black lashes, and she leant her head wearily on her hand. She did not observe my entrance, and I stood a few minutes watching her. I remember her attitude exactly; it gave me such a melancholy feeling; I thought at the time her mother had been scolding her. It struck me that the last three months had made a great change in her. The joyous, free-from-care look which had first attracted my attention had totally disappeared, and an assumed gaiety had taken its place.

At any other time I should have attributed this change to the mortification which she must experience, knowing that the Courton coronet would never grace her brow; but that evening I felt spooney. Visions of myself lying cold and stiff under Polish snow, a noble victim in a righteous cause, flashed across my brain, and I mentally composed an affecting notice of my own death for the English papers. I had just finished lamenting the death of the promising young nobleman, had drawn a parallel between myself and Byron, and was stating to whom the various properties devolved, when a sigh from Effie dissipated my dreams.

"Pauline would certainly go into a convent," I unconsciously exclaimed.

Effie looked up, and, seeing who it was, laughed merrily.

"Would she really?" she asked; "may I ask when and wherefore?"

"What are you talking about, little cousin?" I said, endeavoring to pass my soliloquy over without remark.

Effie was merciful. She was always ready to forego making a witty remark if she thought it could possibly give pain; so in the present instance she allowed me to turn the conversation.

"What are you doing?" I enquired, seeing her busy herself with some articles of adornment lying on the table near her.

"Do you see?" she replied. "I don't believe you will ever understand the mysteries of a lady's toilet. Look! I am taking the scariest feature out of my hat, (you said you were tired of that red thing,) and am putting in a white one. You know you promised to take me for a ride to-morrow."

"Why do you not let your maid do it?" I impatiently asked. "I cannot ensure ladies to work when I am talking to them; it takes off their attention. I have a million of things found myself obliged to repeat my remarks."

"Oh, mamma cannot spare Cecile just now; she is very busy indeed. But tell me the news," she said, as she busily adjusted the white plume.

I did not answer; toying abstractedly with the "red thing." I thought over the change which had taken place in her, and longed to know the reason. She looked up suddenly and exclaimed, "Oh, my poor feather!"

Poor feather indeed! In the course of my reflections I had twisted and crushed the feather until it was unfit to wear, and we both laughed at the sad appearance it presented.

"This is all very well to laugh," said Effie, "but what shall I do?"

"Never mind, we will get another to-morrow," I replied.

"A very nice apology for your carelessness," she rejoined. "Don't you know, most noble cousin, that new friends can't so easily replace old ones?"

"Can't they?" I said eagerly; "then we ought to be great allies. When you were a tiny child in blue shoes, and a great rough school-boy, our friendship was already commenced. Why are you different now?"

"I am not," she replied, averting her eyes; "the change is in yours."

"Only because you have been so reserved with me of late," I said, to my regret of Pauline and the Polish plot. "Be to me as you were when I first came, and you are —"

At this moment Lady Castle-Connell entered. If it had not been for that round-shouldered woman I might now be the happy possessor of two arms instead of one.

Her ladyship was horror-struck when I informed her of my plans. I said, on this occasion, give her credit for showing a little unselfish affection, for she must by this time have been hopeless of ever calling me son-in-law. Effie said nothing. When she at last spoke, I turned suddenly; her voice sounded so strange that I thought she must be ill, but she looked the same as ever. I do not think Vienna agreed with her cheeks. The conversation did not arise that evening, and I took leave of the ladies with a heavy heart.

I have not the patience to relate the series of ludicrous and tragical adventures which attended my Polish expedition. Suffice it to say, that after enduring weeks of frightful hardships, I at last found an opportunity of meeting the Russias in the field and was rewarded by a bullet shot in my left arm which rendered amputation necessary. I was carried back to Cracow, and there in the hospital, crowded with the dead and dying, was seized with typhoid fever. I remember nothing more until I found myself in a pleasant, airy, almost English-looking room. I lay in that delightful dreamy state which always attends the first few days of convalescence after a long illness, and for a moment fancied I must be back in Vienna; the work-box on the table near me looked so strangely like Effie's.

"Alas! there is no such good fortune for me," I exclaimed. "I deserve to be abandoned by all."

A white hand drew back the curtain, and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, he is saved! He has woken free from fever!"

More and more wonderful! How on earth came my aunt and cousin in Poland? Or was I really once more in Vienna? Effie explained the mystery. She told me that, while I lay dying in the hospital, an Austrian officer had by chance discovered my name, and had kindly telegraphed to the British ambassador at Vienna. He had of course instantly informed my aunt of my whereabouts, and she and Effie started off for my relief.

"But where are we now?" I enquired. "Mamma obtained your release from the hospital very easily, and brought you here to the hotel. But you must not talk so much," she said, menacing me with her finger as one does a naughty child.

I was as obedient; it was so delightful to be watched and waited upon by Effie. She wore the same brown dress which had first won my heart, and moved about the room as quiet as a little mouse. I had forgotten Pauline at the thought of it, or if I did think of her it was with a shudder of righteous indignation, regarding her as the cause of all my misfortune. My own and my arm had disappeared together. At last, I ne day inquired for her.

"She is, I believe, very well," said Effie.

"Where is she?" I continued.

Her lady answered, and I repeated my question.

"We will talk of her another day," said Lady Castle-Connell. "You must go to sleep now."

"Not till you have told me about my whilom innamorata," I answered, laughing. "Has she run away with Captain von Tzedilitz, or with Prince Crivelli?"

There is many a true word said in jest in this strange world of ours.

"Do you feel strong enough to hear bad news?" said my lady aunt, approaching my bed-side with an awfully severe countenance.

"Perhaps I may not think it so bad," I replied smiling.

"Well, then, my dearest nephew, I must tell you that that horrid deventures —"

"Hush!" I said, "we will not speak ill of her. Come, you and tell me about it, little cousin."

I well deserved the sequel to my self-imposed romance. At the time of the outbreak in Warsaw, Pauline's lover was in the ill-fated city, and was among the many unfortunate carried off to the citadel. By the influence of his relatives, he at last obtained his release, but only to be sent to the Caucasus to remain there until the rebellion was quelled. Pauline, who was really a patriot, had followed him thither; and, while I lay almost dying in the hospital, because his happy wife.

Effie and I have had a little mutual explanation. She would tell me that with her it was quite a case of love at first sight; for that street full length on the sofa, with my mouth wide open, was perfectly irresistible. We are to be married next month.

#### As Others See Us.

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SIR.—It is with pleasure that I renew my subscription for '86, admiring more and more the usefulness and independent spirit of the ADVOCATE. It well deserves the support of every farmer in the Dominion.—JOHN GIBSON, Millstream, N. B.

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SIR.—You will find enclosed two dollars for my subscription for 1885 and 1886. I am very sorry I neglected to send my money for 1885, but will do better in the future. You did me a great kindness by sending on the paper, so my family think they can't do without it. We think it the best agricultural paper printed.—LEMMUEL KELLY, Kelvin, Ont.

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SIR.—Am very well satisfied with the ADVOCATE; have got advice and warning worth a great deal more than the subscription.—WM. CLARK, Meaford.

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SIR.—Please send me your illustrated poster to put up in the office. I am well pleased with the ADVOCATE, and think it should have the support of all farmers.—R. A. HAVILL, Haldimand.

SIR.—I have again sent one dollar for my old Familiar Friend. I don't seem as if I could do without its company. I am now left an orphan, and have no one to read it to, but I have some good pleasant evenings reading it to myself. I hope the married men will take the hint and subscribe.—JOSEPH JOHNSON, Newry.

SIR.—Enclosed find subscription for two years, 1885 and 1886. And now, sir, I wish to give you my moral support in your struggle for the purity of our agricultural shows. I entirely agree with you, sir, that all horse racing, games of chance, and gambling in all its forms, should be strictly prohibited, at all our agricultural shows. Wishing you success.—JOS. WATSON, Greenbank.

SIR.—Please find \$1, renewal of my subscription for '86, being my 21st year of subscription. I hope it may continue for the next 21 years as it has in the past. I was only 7 years old when my father settled in Canada bush. I have now been permitted to live 71 years; this may be the last subscription I may send you. Should it be so, I hope my son will be a continual supporter to your ADVOCATE. Wishing you a Happy New Year.—R. GIBSON, Glendale.

SIR.—Please find enclosed \$2.25, which will pay for ADVOCATE up to January, 1887. I am very much pleased with your FARMER'S ADVOCATE for its many valuable suggestions about farming and the many timely warnings it gives against the frauds and impositions that unprincipled men are trying to practice on farmers. If the ADVOCATE was taken instead of many of the other magazines with which the country is flooded these days, the rising generation would be far better posted and their minds much better balanced.—WILLIAM MCINTOSH, River John, Pictou County, N. S.

SIR.—In renewing my subscription for 1886, I may say that I have taken the ADVOCATE for the last fourteen or fifteen years, and am highly pleased with the improvements made in it from year to year. In my opinion it stands unequalled with any agricultural paper, either in Canada or the United States. Its editorials are clear and to the point, and the matter selected is common sense and highly instructive. I would not like to be deprived of it now.—WM. GIBSON, Owen Sound.

SIR.—I intend to take the FARMER'S ADVOCATE as long as it continues so honest, fearless and independent in its articles. I think a paper like it is needed to open the farmers' eyes and keep certain persons in their place. I look for it monthly as a friend. I think it is a great pity there are not more subscribers to it in the country; some are too poor and some that can afford it say they cannot read well enough. We have a volume of the paper printed in 1878 that my father saved when he was a subscriber, which reads as interesting now as if it was new. Success to you and your paper.—JOHN BUSKIN, Ephrasia.