

the young lady clinging to his arm, and paid very little attention to surrounding objects, notwithstanding that the sight of the Ice Palace, beautifully illuminated, called forth expressions of admiration from his companion.

But now the procession starts. Miss Rose will not permit Mr. Rodmington to adjust her snow-shoes, laughingly telling that gentleman he will have quite enough to do to attend to himself and so the result proves.

The procession has left the vicinity of the palace before Mr. Rodmington announces his readiness to depart.

"Mind you don't fall," cautions Rose, and away she starts, her cavalier making frantic efforts to keep up with her. But he is a novice at the art of lifting one shoe carefully over the other, and before he has taken half-a-dozen steps he finds himself tripping. He sets out his arm to save himself, but the arm sinks up to the elbow in the soft snow, and with his legs in the air, he endeavors to rise.

This is a harder job than he anticipated, and he flounders about for some moments unable to regain his feet. His companion, who was somewhat in advance, glances back to see what had become of her chosen knight, and seeing the plight he is in, bursts into merry peals of laughter at the ludicrous figure he presents.

However, she tells him to plant one shoe firmly in the snow, then place his hand upon it, and draw himself up, and in a moment he is on his feet, joining in her merry laughter.

"I am afraid it will take me a long while to learn to walk in these shoes, as you do, Rose," she said.

"O, no, you will soon learn," she replied. "Just look how I walk," and she shewed him how to lift one shoe over the other.

Mr. Rodmington started off more carefully this time, and although he had several more falls before the evening was over, he confessed that he thoroughly enjoyed it; but whether it was the snowshoeing or the society of Rose that he enjoyed it would be difficult to say.

But the trip is over and Rose is once more standing before her home, with her hand clasped in Mr. Rodmington's who urges at parting:

"Sweet Rose, will you not come with me to-morrow afternoon and witness the skating races and games?"

"O, no, Robert," she replies, "that I cannot do. I promise to go with you to the skating carnival in the evening, but cannot think of going in the afternoon."

Robert urged her, but to no purpose, the young lady remaining in her determination, and the young man was perforce, obliged to rest content with the thought of meeting her in the evening.

And so they part again, Robert to dream of her he loves—for he confesses to himself that he loves her now—and Rose, to—what? The sequel will tell.

Thursday evening found Robert punctual. Nor was he kept waiting. The lady that appeared before him with "good evening, Robert," he at first failed to recognize in her carnival costume of a "Dance of Louis the something." But the sound of her voice sent a thrill through him, and helping her into his waiting sleigh, the two were soon driven to the Victoria Park. Here all was bustle and excitement, and everybody was anxious and eager to join the merry-makers on the ice.

Robert, in his cavalier costume, was allowed to adjust the skates of his "fair lady," after which he fastened on his own, and then, hand in hand, they joined the motley throng within.

They were a handsome couple, in their quaint costumes, and many eyes were turned towards them as they swiftly glided over the ice.

Skating was one of the accomplishments in which Mr. Rodmington was proficient, and as his companion was an adept in the art, the evening was a most enjoyable one to both, and when the hour for departure had arrived they were loath to leave the, by this time, somewhat irregular surface of the ice.

On the homeward journey Robert again besought his companion to allow him to call for her on the following afternoon, but Rose was firm in her refusal, telling him that she would be busily engaged in preparing for the ball in the evening.

"And after the ball?" questioned Robert, dolefully. "Will you not allow me to call upon you on Saturday, Sweet Rose?"

"Wait till to-morrow evening, Robert," she answered archly. "We will talk all about that after the ball."

And with that answer Mr. Rodmington was obliged to rest content, but he made an inward reservation that come what might, he would see her on Saturday, and a great number of times after Saturday, too. He loved her too deeply, he confessed to himself, to allow her to slip from his memory in a twinkling, as it were. No, no, he would see her on Saturday, and lay his heart at her feet. That was the decision he had arrived at before the "drowsy god" came to his relief that night.

The night of the ball—the night that had been looked forward to with such keen anticipation by numbers of Montrealers at last arrived.

Mr. Rodmington was on the tip-toe of expectation. What would his Rose wear? Would she give him many dances? Would she allow him to call upon her on the morrow?

These and numerous other questions he asked himself as he was driven to the Sherbrooke Street mansion.

He had to await her a few minutes, but when she did appear he was dazzled and bewildered at

the exquisite picture she presented, and exclaimed with admiration:

"My dear Rose, you will be the most beautiful woman in the room!"

The young lady coloured with evident pleasure at his unfeigned satisfaction. And truly she looked beautiful in her dress of pale blue silk, just the shade to suit her complexion. The pearls around her throat and in her hair, which was most tastefully arranged, added to the charm of her appearance, and it was no wonder that Mr. Rodmington burst into raptures at sight of her.

Carefully adjusting her fur cloak he led her to the sleigh without, and they were driven at once to the Windsor.

Is it necessary to describe that evening? Mr. Rodmington was in the seventh heaven of bliss. With one of the handsomest and best dressed ladies in the room, and one, moreover, who danced with nobody but himself, he certainly had cause to feel happy, and his happiness beamed from his countenance.

But the best of things come to an end. After spending, as each acknowledged, one of the happiest evenings of their lives, Mr. Rodmington and Miss Rose are once more being driven along to Sherbrooke Street. Mr. Rodmington has managed to secure one of the hands of the young lady who allows it to remain passive in his clasp. He is again urging that he be allowed to call upon her on the morrow, when he is interrupted by Rose, saying:

"Don't you think it will be much better for us to say good-bye to-night?"

"Say good-bye to-night?" he ejaculated. "Oh, no, I cannot do that. You surely will not be so unkind as to refuse me this pleasure of again seeing you?"

"Well, if you must, I suppose I shall have to allow you to see me again. But I am afraid you will regret it."

"Regret it, Sweet Rose, never!" he exclaimed, "that could not possibly be."

"Don't be too sure of that, Robert," she saucily replied. "But as you insist upon coming let it be in the afternoon."

"And you will go to the snowshoe races with me?" he eagerly asked.

"I cannot say. We will talk about that when you come. And now, good-night, Robert, and I thank you very much for all your kindness the past few days."

"Do thanks, if you please, sweet Rose. Your company has enabled me to pass a most happy week. Good night," and lifting the hand he held to his lips, he pressed a kiss upon it and departed, more in love than ever, and with the settled determination of learning his late in the course of a very few hours.

Between one and two o'clock, the following afternoon, Mr. Rodmington again knocked at the Sherbrooke street mansion. He had come, with a fixed purpose, but now that the hour had arrived to put that purpose into execution he felt somewhat timid as to the result. However, the door was cast, and he once more determined to date all.

He was ushered into the same room in which he had first met Rose, but a week before. What a change had come over him in that brief interval! Many body had told him at that time that he was on the brink of matrimony he would have scouted the idea as absurd, and yet here he was waiting impatiently to pour out his love in the ears of a young lady who was quite unknown to him a short week previous!

But his reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the object of his thoughts. He advanced to meet her with outstretched hand, and led her to a seat on a sofa. Taking a seat beside her he inquired solicitously concerning her health after the gaiety of the previous night. The young lady assured him that she never felt better in her life, and her looks confirmed her statement. After talking for some time on unimportant subjects, Mr. Rodmington again clasped one of her hands, which she endeavoured to withdraw. But he held it firmly, while he briefly said:

"Dear Rose, I am afraid you will think me premature. I have known you but a few days, but in that time I have learned to love you. Will you be my wife?"

At the first word of this declaration, Rose had struggled to free her imprisoned hand, but he held it fast, and it was not until he had concluded that she managed to extricate it. Then, with a merry peal of laughter, she bounded from his side, and fled from the room.

Mr. Rodmington was thunderstruck. He had never heard of a declaration of marriage being received in such a manner before. Rose might not like him sufficiently well to trust her future with him, especially on so short an acquaintance; but to treat his offer of marriage as a joke! He could not understand it.

What was he to do? Should he leave the house at once, or wait and see whether she returned to him. He walked backwards and forwards once or twice, and was on the point of taking his departure, when a youth entered the room, and accosted him:

"Say, Robert, are you not going to see the races?"

Who was this that called him Robert? Mr. Rodmington gazed at the youth long and earnestly, and the youth coloured guiltily under the gaze. No, it could not be possible, he thought; yet the features were the same, the eyes the same, the voice the same, only more boyish. At last he gasped:

"Tell me, who are you?"

"John Rose Sterrington, at your service. Do you not know me?" with a merry laugh.

"And you—"

"Palmer myself on you as a lady?" put in the young man. "Yes, and had a jolly time."

"And I was making love to a boy all the time," ejaculated Robert, disgusted. "Tell me, boy, what was your object?"

"Oh, to have a bit of fun, I enjoy it immensely. Did not you enjoy it, Robert?" mockingly.

"No," savagely answered Robert. "But who were your accomplices?"

"Oh, I had no accomplices. My sister, with whom I am stopping, allowed me to make use of her wardrobe, which you admired so much. And I did not make a bad-looking girl, either, Robert, did I? How you admired this little hand, did you not?" Holding up one of his hands with a merry laugh. "But, seriously, I did not think you would fall in love with me."

"Oh, stop—let me go—I am suffocating!" cried Robert, darting to the door, which he then open, rushed down the steps and into the street, with "Rose's" mocking cry ringing in his ears:

"Won't you take me to the races, Robert?" Robert heeded not, but hastened to his hotel, settled his bill, and took the 3.20 train for New York, and "Rose" saw him no more.

MISCELLANY.

THERE is a growing fashion of late at public dinners to rise only to the toast of the Queen. The Prince of Wales suggested the change. Formerly, John Bull always got on his legs when any member of the royal family, or the army or navy were toasted, but at a Mansion House dinner recently the health of "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the royal family" was drunk sitting, although the Duke of Edinburgh was a conspicuous guest.

ONE hundred and twenty members of the House of Commons, chiefly moderate liberals and radicals, have sent a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, asking the introduction of a bill granting female suffrage in any franchise measure the government may propose. Beside those signing the memorial, many members have pledged themselves to vote for a woman's suffrage bill, if the bill be proposed by some private member, and not introduced as a government measure.

MADNESS has been deplorably frequent of late years among French artists and men of letters. André Gill, the clever draughtsman, is still an inmate of an asylum, and it seems that even the slight gleam of reason he possessed until quite recently, and which his friends hoped to see rekindled entirely, has now died away. Gustave Aymard, who is very well known as the author of innumerable romances of life in America, has recently gone out of his mind, and is also hopelessly insane.

THESE German Professors will never let honest folk alone. One of them has now proved (to his own satisfaction, if not to that of any body else) that the present year of grace 1883 is really 1888. Another savant proves that this "dark terrestrial ball" of ours is cooling off, and that, in process of time, it will become one mass of solid ice; while immediately after this cold comfort another Teuton proves that every year we are getting a few inches nearer the sun, and will eventually fall into it and get burnt up like a moth at a candle.

THE Newnham College scholarships, offered by the council for competition in the Cambridge senior local examinations, have been awarded to Miss Henrietta Bishop and to Miss Edith Saunders. During the past year a wing has been added to the south hall, containing rooms for nine students, and it was opened in the Lent term, all the rooms being occupied. On the ground floor of the wing is a new library which will be for the use of the students in both hall. The college has received donations amounting to nearly five hundred pounds for books, and the cost of the wing has been covered by the donations made to the building and endowment funds.

THE Protestant students of the Universities of Berlin, Freiburg, Göttingen, Jena, Leipzig, Marburg, Halle, Heidelberg, Strasburg, and Tübingen are projecting a grand Luther festival for November next, which is to extend over two days. On the first day an historical procession will take place in the old town of Erfurt, which procession is to commemorate the solemn entry of Luther into Erfurt, on April 6, 1521, when on his way to Worms. In the evening a grand garden festival is to come off, the admission fee to which will go to the Luther monument fund. On the second day an excursion will be made to the Wartburg, in which historical spot the students of Germany held a great Luther festival in 1817, and where the festivities will close with a "Fest-Commers."

THE well-known North Pole explorer, Julius Payer, is engaged in preparations for a work of art, which it will take him several years to complete, namely—a series of paintings representing the "Last Days of the Franklin Expedition" from the diaries and relics discovered of that martyr to science. In one of the large saloons of the Munich Academy a number of sketches have already been sufficiently advanced to give a general idea of the great undertaking; foremost among them: "Franklin in the cabin of the frozen-in vessel sending his farewell greetings to his distant home," the "Abandoning of the Vessel," the "Last survivor defending the

bodies of his comrades against several polar bears." Payer will go to England for models of sailor types, and after that finish his studies for the final execution in Munkacsy's atelier in Paris.

THE great topic in Berlin at present is a pleasure trip to the United States, for which Messrs. Brasch and Rothenstein, as correspondents of the *Caygills* in London, invite applications. The project evidently seems to meet with great favor on the part of German tourists, who consider the price of two thousand three hundred marks for a round ticket from and to Liverpool, including steamer passages, railroad fares, and a visit to most of the noted cities and sights in America, quite reasonable, but object thus far to the short term of only fifty-six days. It is confidently expected that the time will be extended to eighty or ninety days, in which case the undertaking is sure to become a success, there being no lack in persons in the Fatherland desirous to get a glimpse of the life and natural beauties of the great republic.

COMPARATIVELY few plants were known to the ancients, progress in botanical knowledge having made wonderful additions to the catalogue in recent years. According to a German authority, Hippocrates described two hundred and thirty-four species, Theophrastus followed with five hundred, and—as nearly as can be ascertained—Pliny knew eight hundred. Even as recently as the date of Linnaeus' death—1778—only seven thousand two hundred and ninety-four had been described, although Tournefort had claimed ten thousand one hundred and forty-six. Early in the present century De Candolle made thirty thousand named species; and Lindley, in 1853, placed the number at ninety-two thousand nine hundred and twenty. At the present time nearly one hundred and fifty thousand species are known, and it is quite possible that twice as many actually exist.

DUCKING a Scold.—Andrews, in his "Punishmen of the Olden Time," says, with regard to the ducking stool:—"The latest recorded example of its use in England occurred in Leominster. In 1809, a woman, Jenny Pipes, alias Jane Curran, was paraded through the town on the ducking stool, and actually ducked in the water near Kenwater Bridge, by order of the magistrates. In 1817 a woman named Sarah Locke was wheeled round the town in the chair, but not ducked, as the water was too low." The following quotation is from "The Book of Days," vol. i. pp. 208, 209:—"One of the last instances on record in which the ducking stool is mentioned as an instrument of justice is in the London Evening Post of April 27, 1745. 'Last week,' says the journal, 'a woman that keeps the Queen's Head alehouse at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair, and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of two or three thousand people.'

By a private letter from Berlin we are informed that Bismarck's powers of work are still as remarkable as ever. "Time does not exist for him," and it is no uncommon thing for his secretary to leave him at midnight with five or six newspaper articles of his dictating, to be sent to be struck off and submitted to correction by himself before retiring. Bismarck works himself during the interval. He has grown a long, white beard, and become, consequently, much milder, and almost patriarchal-looking. The man of blood and iron of a decade ago has vanished—he always was a stout man—at least, ever since middle age—and this with his immense stature gives an impression of tremendous power. He has the most wonderful, far-seeing eyes, under remarkable eyebrows, a very small nose, and singularly broad forehead. They say, here, that the excessive strain upon his system created by the neuralgia to which he is a martyr, has softened his temper to that degree that he now takes delight in female society, to which he has ever been averse. The three greatest ladies of the Empire—the Empress Augusta, the Crown Princess Victoria, and the Grand Duchess of Baden—sit with the chancellor by turns. Symptoms of this gracious influence may be easily perceived in the change which has taken place of late in the social aspect of Berlin. The Empress Augusta, who has all her life been devoted to charity, has procured the enlargement of the chief hospital and pecuniary aid for the improvement of the buildings of the orphanage at Charlottenburg; the Crown Princess, devoted to literature and the arts, has obtained the encouragement of the artists and literary men, as well as the court patronage of the drama, which had so long been withheld that theatrical amusements had fallen into disrepute in Berlin; and the Grand Duchess of Baden, who is devoted to the amenities of life, has done even more than all this, say the good people of Berlin. Her highness has succeeded in persuading the chancellor to diminish the severity of the military rule imposed upon the officers in service, who are at least actually permitted to lay aside their swords at the five o'clock tea—now grown as popular in Berlin as in London. This throwing down "of swords and daggers" is not looked upon with favor by the military, who regard the order as the first step toward lowering the dignity of the army, but the honest citizens are rejoicing in this proof of the chancellor's tacit acknowledgement of the abuse to which military power in the capital—the crushing of all free social intercourse ever since the Franco-German war—has led.