PHIL'S SECRET.

Phillip was a pecul[iar] [fe]llow, but not [bad] [at] heart, [and] became I [co]uld not wish for [a] [bet]ter friend [than] he; [and] he obliged [me] [in] [many] [ins]tances to [a] [con]siderable [ex]tent, or even to [reve]rse [the] [ob]ligation, [as] [was] [often] [the] [case].

[Our] earliest studies [and] [pur]suits [each] other and I liked Phil [for] [his] [ad]mirable [qual]ities. He had such a winning [and] friendly way [with] [him] [that] [gave] a loving smile.

We were two poor [fe]llows [in] those days. We slept [in] [one] [of] [the] [cheap]est [lod]ging-houses [in] [the] [city], and often got our boots [tak]en [away] [for] [debt]. We did not go to New York [in] the summer, but the [city] had a [fas]cination, as we did very soon, and used in summer to go out there late at night, and sit and talk.

Sometimes we got some beer from Mr. Slaughter, around the corner, and took it up there with a couple of mugs and our pipes. The moon looked down on us, and the city seemed far below, emulous, confidence was the outcome of the situation. Phil used to talk about his home and the farm, of which [all] that seemed to be left was the mortgage; and he used to speak of his old man, meaning his father.

"My old man hasn't had the advantage of education," he used to say; "but he is a good old man, a splendid old man, the salt of the earth. And mother, the prettiest soul; undeniably old, but lovely; only she ought to have a new set of teeth; she shall soon; and what I want luck for is to help them out of their fix. They educated me and sent me to study with X—. Lord! how I want luck for their sakes!"

You can see how boyishly frank the fellow was in those days, and I gave him my confidence in return. I told him about Essie. We were engaged to each other. Her people had been cruel enough to name her Esther Jane, after a grandmother, but she was Essie to me. I loved her fondly, she responded, and we were going to marry when I had luck.

Old Phil and I used to sit out on the roof and tell each other things, and every now and then I would find him on the verge of a great confidence.

"There's something I'd like to tell you, Jim," he used to say, "but I am afraid it would lose me your friendship. It's a circumstance, a—a—no, not a circumstance, a condition, I mean—something over which I have no control whatever; but it has robbed me of more friends than I can say. I wouldn't have my parents know it for a kingdom, and yet it is so hard to bear it alone."

But he never went on; he always wound up with, "I haven't the courage to-night. Some other time."

For months I liked Phil better than I ever liked any one before; then there began to be days on which he actually repelled me, when he was formal and priggish, and once or twice did very mean things.

Moreover, his work varied just as much as he did. I liked what I liked: thought his style—a dashing sort of thing, remarkably fine in light and shadow, excellent in colour, and full of feeling, not highly finished, but effective; but I found that he could also paint things that I detested: little girls playing with hoops; charitable ladies presenting five-cent pieces to mendicants, stiff young women in fashion-plate costumes highly grazed as Dresden china shepherdesses; but the window full of them as usual; those are rather pretty in their own way, and these things of Phil's were all frightfully ugly. He [ca]lled them "innocence" [and] "purity" [and] "Reverie," "Hands of course, there [was] a [lot] of "Grandma's [Dar]ling" [and] "Waiting" [and] "Watching" [and] "Hoping," and every day I asked him why he painted them. He gave a groan and bit his lip. After a while he said:

"They sell—that is the reason; I give you, at all events they sell. I have never sold one of my pictures, but these things go."

He lifted his foot and was about to kick "Early Piety," an ugly, hypocritical-looking little girl sitting on a foot stool with a hymn-book in her hand, but refrained.

"That's sold," he said, with indescribable scorn, "and that"—and he pointed to a lovely little "Dawn in the Mountains"—"never will be."

His big black eyes filled with tears. And yet there were times when he would be as formal as a wooden image, and actually turn the cold shoulder on me. Those were the days when he painted those hideous, commonplace things that sold.

At first this only happened now and then, but after awhile I had a mind to stand no more of it, but to drop his acquaintance forever.

However, when he chose, he had a way with him that was irresistible, and once, when I told him how I had resented a freezing cut he had given me the day before, he caught my hand and said:

"Jim, for God's sake, forgive me! I was not aware that I had used you so. That is part of the terrible secret that I have never been able to tell you—that I am not aware of it—that it has left me without friends, parted me from a girl I loved. Don't be angry! Pity me, Jim—pity me!"

Then I made up my mind that Phillip was out of his mind at times, and I felt very, very sorry for him; and whenever he looked at me in that stony fashion, with his lips set, and a supercilious lifting of the eyebrows, I simply left him to himself for awhile, and the frankness with which he would meet me convinced me that he was unaware of having given offence.

Still, it was a queer form of insanity, for though Phil in his best moods might have been called erratic, and despised conventionalities, when he was not himself, he became the very pink of propriety and formal precision.

This went on for a year or two, or I may say that on an average Phil was the dearest fellow in the world for five days a week, and the contrary on the other two.

At the end of about three years a new thing happened. One day I found my studio door fastened, and no response was made to my tap upon the door.

At first I thought him out, but as I listened I heard him walking about. I heard his chair move, and heard him push back his easel.

I did not knock again that day, but the next I went to his door. The same thing happened, and now my back was up.

Phil might be queer as long as he pleased, for all I cared.

A week passed without my seeing him. At the end of that time—it was Saturday night, I remember—as I was leaving my studio, the proprietor of a very respectable sort of a German saloon [ca]me up to me and put his hand on my arm.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you are good friends, I believe, with Mr. Phillip the artist. I have seen you much together."

I nodded assent.

"Well, then, I ask you to go by my place and tell him a liddle," the German said. "Your friend has been dere just two weeks. He drink all de time beer; vonce and a while he eat sausage, or bread, or, so. You speak to him he tell me he haf much troubles, but say not vat. I dink he is a liddle so," and he touched his head.

"In your saloon a week. Mr. Sangfest?" I cried.

"Yes, he goes out but all de time," said Mr. Sangfest. "But best you see him yourself, Mr. ——. Come along."

I somewhat resisted, for I had been mistaken in thinking Phillip his studio, and taken in thinking Phillip his studio, and [ha]d [ta]lked while I was in my [cu]lpable [ig]norance, but I hesitated to follow Mr. Sangfest, who conducted me to a room behind the bar, usually given up to games of dominoes and pinochle, and there I indeed found Phillip with his arms on the table, and [his] [fa]ce [hi]dden. [He] [ma]y [have] [sup]posed [it] [was] [I] [to] [whom] [he] [was] [to] [tell] [his] [se]cret, but [I] [was] [not] [to] [me]. But I [was] [not] [to] [be] [put] [off] [in] [this] [way]. I [went] [up] [to] [him] [and] [put] [my] [hand] [upon] [his] [head].

"How have you got your key about you?" I said. "I [ha]ve [got] [mine] [in] [my] [pocket]. I [have] [got] [the] [key] [of] [the] [door] [in] [my] [pocket]. I [have] [got] [every] [key] [in] [my] [pocket]."

[Phil] [had] [not] [answered].

[Phil] [lifted] [his] [head] [and] [looked] [at] [me] [with] [a] [look] [of] [terrible] [misery] [in] [his] [eyes] [and] [his] [hair] [all] [tumbled] [and] [hair]y. [He] [looked] [like] [a] [man] [that] [had] [been] [out] [of] [a] [Dutch] [picture]. [He] [was] [unshaven], and the stain was a [mix]ture of [paint] and brushes, and [he] [had] [not] [been] [in] [bed] [for] [a] [week]. [He] [had] [never] [been] [there] [a] [day]. I said, "I think you have a Doctor."

"Doctor! If I have actually [be]come a [dis]gusting thing," said Phil. "But, [I] [ordered], Jim." He took [out] his pocket, and I read the [name] [and] [address] of a firm of picture-dealers. He wrote: "We can sell a dozen do[zen] subjects. If you will [go] [to] them in [the] [morning]. They are great takers."

Why, this is luck, Phil," I said. "I shall never forget the look he gave me as he cried out:

"Oh Jim—Jim, I wish I was dead! I wish I was indeed!"

Then I concluded that he drank more than I had thought he did, and he had been on what is vulgarly called a spree.

"If you don't take care, Phil, you'll be going to the dogs next," I said. "Come, brace up; these things are not in your best manner, of course, but you are doing them as pot-boilers, and it is all for you that you can please these fellows. And you are working for your old folks too. You can not sacrifice them to art."

"Well, thank God for the old folks," he muttered, and he smiled a little at last, and I know that a large slice of the cheque he soon after received went home to the farm.

I loved Phil as if he had been a brother just then, and I would not have believed that my feeling could have altered as they did in the course of a few weeks.

We had been sitting on the roof one night, and I had been telling him about my Essie, and how true she was to me, and of a little luck that had come in an order just received, which might open the way for more. I had patted him on the back, and we had given each other a long, friendly grip at parting—if we had been Frenchmen, we should have embraced each other—yet the next morning I met him on the stairs, and he gave me merely a cold little nod.

I knew his trouble by this time, how over, I thought and therefore, a little later, I stepped into his room, feeling it my duty to keep a lookout over him.

I had a cigar in my mouth, and as I entered he turned upon me a frozen stare.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but I'd rather you'd not smoke here, you know."

Expecting ladies?" I queried.

"Ladies might possibly come, of course," he said; "but I don't like it myself, either," and he looked me up and down with a Miss Nancyish pertness impossible to describe.

"Oh, very well. Good-morning," I said.

"Morning," he drawled.

He seemed perfectly composed, was dressed more carefully than usual, and was, as I thought quite right in his mind.

"It is very well to be a man of moods," I thought, "but this is going too far altogether."

That day I saw a dozen new canvases taken into his studio. He was evidently about to begin upon his large order for "domestic pieces."

This time not a week, but two months passed without a word between us, and we [ma]naged [pre]tty [well]. He [ha]d [pa]ssed several mean [tri]cks [up]on me, got [a] [pa]ltry [si]tting [for] [a] [pa]ltry [pi]cture, [ha]d [ab]andoned my studio and gone into the white goods business with one of my wife's uncles; and thus having become a rich patron of [art] [in] a poor painter, I have bought [se]veral poor Phil's glorious little sketches [for] a song.

"Where is he?" I [as]ked myself" who comprised them.

As for his double, you probably know him. He may attend your wife's reception. If you are a millionaire, he surely comes if he is asked.

There is no artistic wilderness about his appearance: his coat and hat are of English make. His manners are perfect—to the right people. Others say that Phil has altered a great deal. I only know that it is not Phil at all, and I keep my knowledge of that fact entirely to myself. Even my wife did not share it. It is my secret as it used to be poor Phil's.

And you, dear reader, I know what you will say.

"My dear sir, all that happened to Phil is only what occurs to many a man who sacrifices the best affections of the heart, and smothers the true artist soul within him in order to gain worldly prosperity. Phil struggled against the change he felt to be going on within him, that is all. You dreamed that little scene on the banks of the Hudson, or, perhaps, took something with your lunch which made you imagine it."

That is a sensible view of the matter, but for my part I can never believe that the creature who occupies the fine studio with Phil's name upon the door, who touches rich patrons, turns the cold shoulder to his less lucky brothers of the brush, and has in his black bogwood eyes none of the light that used to glow in Phil's in those old days is really the boy I loved so well, and whom I fancy I may some time find again where souls meet.

THE END.

The Elgin Marbles.

Every year or so it is rumoured in Athens that we are going to send these stolen treasures back. England is the only nation in the world which has ever been known to surrender valuable territory unthreatened and simply on sentimental grounds. If England gave up the Ionian Islands, they argue, worth several millions sterling, why should they not give back the marbles, which, if put up to auction in lots, would hardly fetch a million.

Capt. Trant writing in 1839, said that it was reported that the King of Bavaria, who was a great Philhellene, had expressed his intention of making his Glyptothek at Munich disgorge the Aiginetan marbles, and restoring them to Greece. He rightly thought it problematical, and they are, of course, still at Munich. Oddly enough, the people who abuse us most for having robbed the Parthenon are not the Greeks, but the French who have done more of that kind of thing than any nation since the Romans.

This occurred to Chateaubriand—who confessed to a certain amount of mild [pe]culation himself—and he attempted to [re]trust our thefts with those of his [co]mpatriots; his first distinction that [he] did not pull down to take away [as] [pa]ssible, but will not bear examination as the bare places they left behind them in Italy were quits as great eyesores and the precious prey did not stand in so great need of protection; his second distinction, that in their case the glory of France required it, smells too much of vanity for us to have anything to do with it.

The question of the restoration of the Elgin marbles is one of artistic expediency. Few Englishmen would maintain that we had a moral right to keep them longer than is necessary in the interests of art. The first question to be decided is whether they are more useful to the world in London or in Athens. If it be in doubt the original ownership of Athens should shift the balance of proving the [ad]vantages of London [or] admitted that Athens is the more suitable place for them, the question resolves itself into choosing the most convenient for the restoration. This is obviously not [a] [ti]me [when] [we] [are] in no danger from either a foreign enemy or a revolutionary [mo]b. I am inclined to answer the [last] question in favour of Athens. To the [wo]rld I should reply that as long as [the] [Par]thenon [re]mains the marbles must stay in the British Museum, which means that, before they go, the criminal statistics must show a very marked improvement, and the drachma must get to within 10 per cent. of its nominal value.—Greece: Lucien King, George Rickford Smith.

A TURKISH RECEPTION.

Three American Girls Go to a Stambouli Wedding and Stay to the Feast.

Sitting before their monotonous little bride and smiling perpetually for lack of a better vehicle of expression, became rather tiresome by the time it was afternoon in spite of the novelty of the situation, and besides, as we had had nothing but coffee and sweets, though repeatedly served to sustain ourselves since an early breakfast, the pangs of hunger were becoming uncomfortable. We knew that etiquette demanded as long a stay as possible, but we had been there since ten in the morning, and as it was now after two, we thought it safe to take leave of our hostess, who was still dressing placidly among seven her guests with her only daughter, and during the honours of the occasion most gracefully. She protested against such an early departure, and insisted that we should not go without the meal which she had ordered to be especially prepared for us. Nearly starved as we were, we allowed ourselves to be persuaded, and were ushered into a room where there was a small round table covered with a white cloth and set with plates for four. A Turkish towel hung over the back of each of the four chairs. Beside each plate was a fork, spoon, and a chunk of the dark sour bread which every one who goes to Turkey soon learns to eat. A number of the shiny, black slaves were crouched upon the floor, about a huge round tray filled with covered dishes. The Amazon, in the pearl-grey silk, appeared to be head waitress, and received our hostess' instructions with a broad smile. As we seated ourselves she explained that they always sat on the floor, ate with their fingers, but that they knew our customs, and so had given us a table and forks. Then they placed in the middle of the table a great steaming bowl of what looked like a mixture of cornstarch pudding and gravy, and a number of the beaming blacks took their places about the table patted us on our backs by way of encouragement, and said what sounded like "Bumpoon," the equivalent of "go ahead."

We knew what was expected of us, and with commendable gravity we dipped our big spoons into the mixture and began to eat, while our African audience looked on with eager interest to see how we did it. It was fortunate for us that we were so hungry, for under ordinary circumstances I doubt if that soup could have tempted any one of us. As it was, we all took to it with almost as much relish as it displayed, and decided that it was not bad. When we had eaten as much of this as we could the bowl was replaced by a dish containing a leg of boiled mutton. In the attempt to master this difficulty mirth almost vanished over good manners, for we had no knife, only a fork apiece, and the only way to get any meat was to plunge for the fork and then turn and twist it until a few shreds of meat could be pulled off. As anyone can imagine, this was not an easy thing to do, especially as the bone would wabble about, inconveniently, and not infrequently threatened to slide off the dish on to the table. The ludicrous side of the affair evidently appealed to the African sense of humour, for as we were at times obliged to retreat to the corner of the room to shake off [su]perfluous amusement, [a] [ge]neral [ti]dy [ca]me [to] [the] [ca]se [of] [the] [dish] [of] [mut]ton, [and] [we] [were] [quite] [ready] [for] [the] [next] [dish].

Seven or eight other courses followed the mutton, all of them strangely Turkish and strange to us. The sweetmeats and pastry, which alternated with the more substantial dishes, were delicious, but when we came to the "wedding pudding," a thick paste of insipidly sweet orange-coloured rice with the scarlet rice kernels thickly sprinkled over the top—though in this case each one of us was given a separate bowlful, and invited to eat it all—one taste was sufficient. Allah may prosper the lives of the Faithful who partake of this concoction, but it is too great a risk for infidels to run, and so our courtesy yielded to discretion. We finished with pilaf, without which no Turkish meal is complete, and then our attendants washed and dried our hands with the towels on the backs of their chairs, and expressed good wishes for our health. Evidently our table manners were as much a novelty to them as the dinner was to us.

We went back to drink a last cup of coffee in the presence of the bride, and to chat a little with our hostess before taking leave. Several of the bride's relatives were just going, and each of them kissed her on either cheek tearfully, as custom dictates on such occasions, and whispered something in her ear, to which she replied with eyes still downcast. Poor thing, they told us she would have to sit in state for three successive days before the wedding could be considered at an end.

At last, with many salaams and exchanges of compliments, we took leave of all the assembly. Our hostess shook hands with us—out of respect to our customs—and thanked us elaborately for the honour we had conferred upon them by our presence at the ceremony. And the smiling throng of slaves followed us to the street door, reiterating, "Good-bye! come again!" until our carriage rattled away over the cobblestones of Stamboul.—C. L. S., in N. Y. Evening Post.

In China there is a profession for ladies, strange because, open and handsomely remunerated, in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a drum, and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and on dits, and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present should some portion of their gossip have proved particularly acceptable.—London Tit-Bits.

A mole's life is by no means a gentlemanly sinecure. He has to work harder, in all probability, for his pittance of earthworms than any other animal works for his daily bread. He is the prototypal navvy. His whole existence is spent in perpetually raising and removing large piles of earth by sheer force of muscle. In order to sustain such constant toil, and to replace and repair the used up tissues, the mole requires to be always eating. His appetite is voracious.

He works like a horse, and eats like an elephant. Throughout his waking hours he is engaged in pushing aside earth and scurrying after worms in all his galleries and [bu]ngets. The labourer, of course, is worthy of his hire. Such ceaseless activity can only be kept up by equally ceaseless feeding, and to the mole's existence is one long savage alternation of labour and banqueting. His heart and lungs and muscles are working at such a rate that if he goes without food for half a day he starves and dies of actual [fa]mine. He is a high-pressure engine.

His drinking is like his eating; immoderate in all things, he must have his liquor much and often. So he digs many pits in his tunnelled ground, and catches water in them, to supply his needs at frequent intervals. He doesn't believe, however, in the early closing movement. Day and night alike, he drinks every few hours, for day and night are all alike to him; he works and rests by turns, after the fashion of the navvies employed in blocking the roads of measured his time by watches as is the way of sailors.—The Cornhill Magazine.

THE POET'S CORNER.

QUEEN LILI'S VERSION.

After the coup is over
After old Dole's undone,
There will be heaps of pots
Thousand-pound sparkling moni.
Cleveland will never fail me,
Willie will see me through,
I shall be wearing my crownlet,
After the coup.

A DRIFTING ICEBERG.

A crystal mountain on the azure wave,
Bald as to verdure, but enriched by hues
Resplendent in the wane of sparkling sun.

It glows—it scintillates with gleams which run
Athwart the liquid path of its lone cruise
Like smiles, beamed forth from each frame-bound eye
Set to its rung of face as it goes to pour
Through the clear distance of a plain of sea,
So cold—so pregnant with quiescent awe,
It drifts, in warmer latitudes to thaw;
And lades the Northland in obscurity.
As it grim Boreas does southward steer
At times in view of travellers raptured once,
And often mourned by the skies.

A PHILOSOPHER.

When one say was blazin' an blisterin'
He'd strip his legs an' say—
"Here's what I hold: If the weather was cold
We wouldn't be makin' hay!"
When it rained three weeks, with never a stop,
An' folks for the sun was wishin'
He'd sorter smile, an say: "After awhile
There'll be powerful lots of fishin'."
When the engine jumped, an the train was ditched,
An' the folks by the wreck sat sighed,
He says, says he: "If we'd been at sea,
Hanged if we wouldn't ha' drownded!"
An' when they told him the jig was up
An' he'd die, some time or other,
He says, says he: "Mighty glad it's me,
For it might ha' been Molly an' mother!"

AT A DANCE.

My queen is tired and craves surcease
Of twanging string and clamorous brass,
I lean against the mantelpiece
And watch her in the glass

One whom I see not where I stand
Fans her, and talks in whispers low;
Her loose locks flutter as his hand
Moves lightly to and fro.

He begs a flower; her finger tips
Stray round a rose half veiled in lace;
She grants the boon with smiling lips,
Her clear eyes read his face.

I cannot look—my eyes grow dim—
While fate allots, unequally,
The living woman's self to him,
The mirrored form to me.
—Augusta de Gruchy in McClure's Magazine.

GOOD-BYE!

For every parting, be it short or long,
We have none other word than this!
"Good-bye!"
Whether 'tis uttered with a smile or sigh,
With soft embrace, or marked by hand-grip strong,
Wrought to better charm to speed along
The friend whose path shall soon divergent lie
From ours—so passion-full is this our cry,
Or, whispered blessing, or faith's trusting song.
And some say: "Fare you well!" That's less, indeed,
Yet all the same; for who shall fare or do
Aught well, in time of gladness or in need,
Without such tender peace and vantage true
As God alone can give? Hence our wise creed—
The best word coined—"Good-bye! God-be-with-you!"
—Blanche Lindsay.

NIGHT.

The moon rose red in the eastern sky,
Afloat in a sea of mist,
And a amber pale, the low west glowed
Where the dying sun had kissed
The rolling wave, the ripple that
Broke on the sandy shore,
While comes a night of unrest to me,
Till the evening breeze blew out of the north, and mist and haze were gone.
Then sprinkling stars crept into the sky,
Fast'ning the curtains of night,
Unhindered, the full-orbed silvery moon flooded the heavens with light;
A flashing meteor coursed across, with quickly fading trail,
And high overhead drew a fleecy cloud like angel's wing or phantom sail.
Thus meteor, star, and cloud hold sway,
Tho' the fair moon rules supreme,
And the picture's fair, like vision rare or glimpse of a poet's dream.
But into the east a faint pink steals, and heralds the coming morn,
Till the opal tints and hues of gold proclaim the day is born.
—E. Hebricks.

WITH APOLOGIES TO ONE GOLDSMITH.

Swift Midway; liveliest village of the plain,
Where gift-tongued fakirs fleeced the trusting swain,
Where guileless youth its longest visit paid,
And aged dandies went on dress parade;
Dear, high-priced bowers of innocence and ease,
Where swarthy donkey-boys got fat on fees,
How oft the giddy throng, gay-free from care
Strolled breezily along thy thoroughfare!
• • • •
Deserted Midway! Desolate, forlorn!
The winds go howling through thee now in scorn!
A few short weeks ago the home of mirth!
And now thou art the deadest spot on earth!
—Chicago Tribune.

VILLANELLE.

Discontented, wailing sea,
Murmuring at the shore's confining
How alike thou art to me!

Chafing to be wholly free,
Is this the cause of thy repining,
Discontented, wailing sea?

Strong the Hand restraining thee—
But fully all thy weak designing:
How alike thou art to me!

The rebellious passions He
Beholds against His will combining,
Discontented, wailing sea.

Willful—selfish is thy plea.
Of continents they bounds defining:
How alike thou art to me!

Thy lot little pleaseth thee—
Thou would'st God's plans be undermining,
Discontented, wailing sea,
How alike thou art to me!
—W. T. James.

HAUNTED.

In the shadow and the sighing, and the rain,
In the desolation dreary
Comes a moaning long and weary.
Comes a murmur and a erring, as of pain:
And I listen through the sighing and the rain.

All the night I lie and listen in my fear;
And with a spirit sadly daunted
In the chamber shadow-haunted,
See the fitful moonlight glisten, white and clear—
Hear a mourning as I listen over near

Who is whispering and calling through the rain?
Far above the tempest's crashing,
And the torrent's ceaseless dashing,
I can hear a weary calling, as of pain—
Far above the torrent's falling, and the rain;

Far above the wind that rushes through the trees—
Yet so soft I scarcely hear it,
And so gentle—who could fear it?—
Like a infinity that hushes, like a breeze
When the purple sunset flushes o'er the seas.
—English Illustrated Magazine.

GOING HOME.

From God the new year came with store
Of brightness;
Dawned pure and white and fair, the waiting world to bless
Right royally she crowned her wondrous gifts spread.
And royally the days her loving service crowned,
Till all the world was filled with beauty, wealth, and cheer.
And brightest garlands decked the gracious queenly year;
And then October came with gleaming banners gay,
And crimson sails all set to bear the year away.

With regal honours throned down Time's old stream she glides,
But grey November now the splendid pageant hides,
Saint-like the year goes home, blessing and truly blest,
Her last days rich and full, her brightness and her best.
For her a snowy robe and gem-starred palace waits,
And jewelled crown within December's crystal gate.

So may each life be lived, so may each crown be won,
Then early promise be each duty bravely done,
Then—beautiful the thought—at each shall seek to rest
Life's closing days may be the bright-est and best.
—H. O. Mason.

TO A SCHOOL GIRL.

Her smooth head bending low
She pores with eager eyes
Dark eyes and cheeks aglow,
O'er the old tale of love.
Dear heart and innocent soul!
Thee may the growing years,
As thy quick springtides roll,
Bring joy, not tears.

For thee let knowledge spread
History's tented page
Quaint thoughts of sages dead,
The poet's noble rage
Gains patient silence from
And lettered fancies flow
The Master-word whose lives,
Deathless, divine.

For thee let music wake
Deep inarticulate chords,
Which the rapt soul can take
Swifter than any words;
Art's precious garden smile
Through gates enwreathed with flowers,
And fair dreams beguile
Thy blameless hours.

But may no learning dim
Those clear regarding eyes;
Still let the morning hymn
And orisons arise.
Leave knowledge which the mind
And not the heart can move:
Still, girl, the treasure find
In faith and love.
—Lewis Morris.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Written in anticipation of a prize to be offered for verses on the subject

In spite of the stern editorial frown on the stern editorial brow,
Which the office-boys hail as the presaging sign of a novel editorial row,
In spite of the horror my theme will excite in the editor's bosom, you know,
I shall send in the following beautiful lines on the beautiful, beautiful snow:

Ah! who does not pity the editor's wife
When she looks out of window and sees
The first fall of beautiful snow on the ground, the beautiful snow on the trees?
Then she timidly asks him: "Dear, what would you like for your breakfast before you go?"
And he answers: "A dish of all lunatic poets, boiled alive in their beautiful snow."

At the first fall of snow the poets appear, approaching the editor's door,
And the beautiful snow which adheres to their feet falls and melts on the editor's floor;
And the smouldering fire in the editor's eyes doth kindle and sparkle and glow
As each one produces and hands him his lines on the beautiful, beautiful snow.

And after the first fall of beautiful snow,
If you look in the papers, you'll see
A terrible record of editors' deaths, who have perished by felo-de-se.
This is one of the risks that insurance men dread, for the companies very well know,
That editors, not content with [ra]ising [ha]vock [on] [the] [earth], [will] [go] [and] [raise] [Cain] [below].

Tradition relates that a wonderful sight may be seen by the furious and brave,
Who after the first fall of beautiful snow shall visit an editor's grave
Loud groanings are heard, and the earth is upheaved, produced by the efforts below,
Of the corpse to get rid of the [ex]tra weight of the beautiful, beauteous snow.
—S. Sheldrake, Lakefield, Ont.

Srinagar Cashmere.

Ricketty wooden houses, many storeys high, seemed to lean all round us in every possible direction; each unlike its neighbour in colour and height, though nearly all with beautifully carved shutters, hanging in picturesque angles from windows innocent of all glass protection. In the warm sunlight, the brown and white tones ripened into rich shades of yellow and red, and here and there a pale-pink house, with emerald green window frames, threw in a strong dash of colour, and over its neighbours dark carved shutters would hang strings of red tomatoes living in the hot sun.

Most of the houses seemed full of people who looked out at us lazily from behind their many-coloured apertures as we passed. Others, more curious, crowded together on overhanging verandas, which had absolutely "no visible means of support," but whose insecurity seemed in no way to affect the laughing, chattering group of people upon them. Every here and there the irregular line of houses was broken by a narrow street, winding away into almost black darkness, so sharp was the contrast between it and its sunny surroundings.

The town seemed full of life and animation as the canal merged into the centre street of the river. Women with great dark wondering eyes came down flights of steep steps to fill their earthen pitchers at the water's edge; men paused to and fro, rowing in gaily-painted boats, and our country men and women mingled with the crowd under the great poplar avenue by the riverside. We pitched our tents in a garden about four miles up the stream, and the next day prepared to visit the city in a small boat.

Srinagar has six bridges crossing the Jhelum at various intervals, and between two of these all fishing is prohibited by the Maharajah, who nominally governs the land, the reason given being that the soul of a late Maharajah has passed into a fish, who resides in this part of the river.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Mountain Climbing.

All crafts depend upon knowledge and acquired skill—knowledge of the material to be handled, acquired skill in the handling of the material. Pioneers of mountaineering had first to learn what mountains actually are like, the details of their structure, and the forces in action upon them. Rock structure, which has one meaning for a geologist, has others for a mountaineer. One kind of mountain masonry forms ridges and gullies, another forms ledges and precipices; one texture and dip makes staircases that can be rushed, another makes slabs that can scarcely be adhered to; one kind of substance is firm and trustworthy, another is friable and treacherous to hand and foot. If there was as much to be learned about rocks, snow and ice were at first far more unknown.

The anatomy of glaciers had to be discovered, the secrets of crevasse formation to be learned. There were the varied phenomena implied in the phrase, "state of the snow," to be understood. Both foot and eye had to be trained to recognize by feel and glance what the "state of the snow" at any time might be. Avalanches had to be investigated—avalanches of snow, ice, and rock—when they might be expected to fall, where they were to be looked for, how far they would go. Climbers had to learn to distinguish afar off between snow and ice slopes. Moreover, the tools of mountaineering had to be invented: axe were tried and discarded, a few were retained and improved. The form of the axe was slowly evolved and its uses learned. The way to employ the rope was a yet more difficult discovery. Even now the proper form for climbing irons is only being arrived at.

Accidents usually fatal, were the lessons to be learnt from these facts were learned. The great Matterhorn accident [illegible] demonstrated how the rope should be used, and proved that large parties were a source of danger. The Zakanum accident showed the peril of cornices. Unroped climbers met their death on many mountains. From almost every accident something was learned. The safety of the many has been bought by the death of the few.

We can now plunge into the world of snow without undue peril. We know its dangers and can guard against them; we know also when we are safe and where we can freely go. Our forerunners went aloft as neolithic navigators put to sea—badly equipped and into a misunderstood region. We are now on the footing of the modern sailor; snow, as such, has no more terrors for us than sea for them. Ill luck may overtake us and we may fall, as they may be drowned, but with good equipment and experience the climber and the seafarer are about as safe as the townsman at home.—The Fortnightly Review.

Crazy Frances.

It became positively dangerous during the Revolution to pronounce the word royal or king, and especially the name of any monarch who had reigned in France. The innocent king of "Twelfth Night" was suppressed, and the nomenclature of the "devil's picture boards" thoroughly revised. For a little while the king of diamonds and of clubs became indiscriminately the "executive power" of diamonds or the "veto" of clubs, but the card manufacturers, Urbain Jaume and Jean-Dominthene Dugonne averred in Le Journal de Paris (March, 1793) that a staunch Republican even when playing a game, ought not to use expressions which constantly remind all his partners of a state of despotism and inequality. Hence, they inform all and caudry that for the future the products manufactured by them will bear entirely new titles, the tyrants will become goats, their consorts "liberties," jacks "equalities," and aces "laws."

The term "reine-abeille," the term applied to the unique honey bee in the hive by French naturalists, was changed into "abeille pondeuse." Citizens whose name happened to be Leroi (King) were invited to change it into Loloi (law), and the sight of a King, even under adverse circumstances, grated so horribly upon the patriots' nerves that one day a shop was sacked in the Palais-Egalit because its window contained an engraving of Charles I. on the scaffold.

Nowhere did the objection to words quasi-distinctive of the old regime become a tyrannical as in the play-house. The slightest allusion to the monarchy provoked a disturbance, say a riot, which, nine times out of ten, had to be quelled by the intervention of the authorities. Clifton, in Cornelius Mentzer, says:—

Elle loge à la place où se nomme Lucrece.
Quelle place? * * * Royale.

The last word had scarcely left the actor's lips when the house rose at him as one man. It was a plus de Place Royale, c'est la Place des Piques," they howled, and in spite of metre and everything else the line had then and there to be repeated, as corrected by the audience.—The Fortnightly Review.

Future of the Human Foot.

The boot and shoe exhibit at the World's Fair leads one to view with alarm the prospective fate of the human pedal, says the Minneapolis Tribune. The wild variety of ingenious shapes exhibited in shoes discloses the fact that the human foot in modern times has ceased to have a shape of its own. It is putty in the hands of the ingenious artist. In short, the foot, as to shape and size, is purely a shoemakers product. It, therefore, is hard to know what the foot of the future is to be we must study the trend of the cobbler's art.

In spite of the fearful variety of shapes and [de]signs exhibited in the World's Fair shoe [ex]hibits, [a] [sin]gle [fa]ct [is] [there] [appa]rent. [Whe]re [the] [shoe] [is] [worn] [on] [the] [one] [hand], [and] [the] [patent-leather] [ball-room] [slipper] [on] [the] [other], [there] [is] [a] [broad] [variation] [in] the shape and dimensions which the human foot must assume, and yet there are one or two principles which apply more or less in common to all the widely differentiated styles.

The one principle which stands out most prominently in all the schools of the shoemaking art is this: that there is but one recognized toe on the human foot. The other excrescences are not to be counted toes or tolerated. The definition appeared by all shoemakers is that the human foot is a variable aggregation consisting of four parts—the heel, the instep, the ball, and the great toe. The latest and most generally adopted canon relative to the proper shape of the front part of the shoe is that it should consist of a straight line drawn from the outer edge of the ball of the foot to the tip of the great toe. It is true that there are many styles of shoes that do not conform rigidly to the canon, but the variations are permitted simply on aesthetic grounds to secure variety, and not at all that not more than one toe is recognized.

There is said to be only one shoe in the World's Fair exhibit which distinctly recognizes and countenances five toes on the human foot, and that is the wooden shoe from Belgium. That shoe which allots five compartments of space to the toe family, is the exception which proves the rule—namely, that the great toe is the only authorized projection on the portion of the pedal structure. A generation or two more of culture and heredity under the Draconian laws imposed by the shoe artists will doubtless see the human foot simplified and improved by the gradual elimination of four superfluous, useless, and inartistic frontal projections.

The Pitcairn Islanders have been presented with a lifeboat by Queen Victoria, which will be taken to them by the Pacific flagship Royal Arthur.

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