

"Halt there," he cried; "what do you want?"
The men stopped and held a brief whispered consultation.
"Look you," said one in barely intelligible French, "we want the wine and the hams that are in the boat there, and what's more we are going to have them. There are three of us and you're alone. So get out of the way and there'll be no fuss."

The young sailor was unarmed, so snatching up one of the oars he brandished it above his head, and hurled back defiance—
"Get out of this, you scoundrels!"

Then with all the force of his lungs he shouted:
"Help! comrades of the 'Marsouin'! Help!"

As he shouted the three robbers threw themselves upon him. Two of them snatched the oar from him and broke it, and the third, throwing himself upon his stomach, crept towards him, seized him by the leg and threw him down.

Though the man's knee was on his breast and a big Catalan knife was brandished over his head, he never ceased shouting:
"Help, comrades!"

The Spaniard replied with a derisive laugh. Unless some unseen aid intervened it was all over with the sailor.

Hardly had this unequal struggle commenced when the young goat-herd, armed with a heavy knotted stick, bounded upon the aggressors with all the suppleness and ferocity of a tiger. Down came his club with a tremendous crash upon the head of the man with the knife, who rolled senseless on the sand. Then with a wide sweep of his improvised weapon he kept at bay the other two. In the meantime the young sailor's comrades, attracted by his shouts, and taking in the situation at a glance, rushed to his aid. The two remaining robbers had not counted upon this accession to the force of the enemy, and immediately took to their heels, making for the posada in a curve so as to avoid the sailors.

On the steps of the tavern lounged a number of desperadoes, men of the same class as the robbers, to whom these last related in a few words what had occurred, pointing out the body of their comrade lying on the sand, and then the whole tribe of them, knife in hand, rushed in the direction of the boat, yelling at the top of their voices:
"Down with the Frenchmen! Death to the Frenchmen!"

(To be continued.)

WEeping.

One little wave
Wept to the willow—
Dreamed of her grave,
Though 'twas in May:
Life is what death is,
Love is what breath is—
Bonnet my billow
Bends to the bay.

Cygnets and troutlet,
Love me and leave me—
Inlet and outlet,
Blossom and bole:
Joyless and threelless,
Sinless and soulless,
How many I weave me
Songs for a soul?—

Swifter, O Swimmer!
Strike from her clinging!
Day groweth dimmer—
Ply heart, and swim,
Clutch reeds and clamor—
Down to the amber,
Down with her singing,
Beareth she Him!

A SOLDIER OF WATERLOO.

He first saw the light—relates the Hamilton (Canada) Spectator—in one of the suburbs of Falmouth, England, on an April morning in the year 1794. His father was a soldier before him, and died in the service of the Second Royal Veteran Battalion at Plymouth Citadel. In this battalion the son enlisted as bugle boy at the age of ten years (two years before the act was passed relating to the enlistment of boys and their pay). His two brothers spent their lives also as soldiers and died in the service, one in the East Indies and the other in the West Indies. In September, 1866, he volunteered into the Fifty-second Light Infantry, then lying in harbor at Plymouth Sound, ready to start for the Island of Sicily. The voyage to the beautiful island commenced his life abroad. He remembers distinctly the occurrences while here—how they ate olive oil as we Canadians do butter; how they were required vigilantly to watch the French on the Italian mainland across the Channel; how they slept in old rickety huts into which the lizards and reptiles had as free access as the men; how they were so tormented by them that they named an ugly maiden who came frequently into their camp "The Green Lizard," as an epithet of their aversion to both; and finally how, when they quitted the Sicilian Isle, he nearly killed himself by falling upon an iron bar in getting on board the transport at a moment when she lurched. Leaving Sicily they sailed for the Spanish Peninsula, entering through Portugal. Sailing up the River Tagus, they landed at the City of Santarem. On their en-

trance they found it a large, spacious, neat, and prosperous city, finely situated and magnificent in its appearance; but when they returned, after their arduous campaign, they entered—not the place that they had left, but a wrecked, ruined, and deserted city, populated only with prowling cats, and in a corner of the town, a few of the sick who had been left to their fate at the hospital. The ghastly faces of these, as they glared half-starved from the windows, made the place seem more forsaken than if left to utter silence and desertion. One time on their return march to Talavera he came across a pool of water in a wild-looking place, and being thirsty, filled his canteen. A moment after this he caught sight of a dead and bloated horse lying in the middle of the pool, half eaten with maggots—a spectacle which moved him to empty his canteen without a taste. A comrade who had filled his canteen from the same place wisely said he would "keep his until he got some that was better." They marched on through a hot, dry country, and became so famished that he at last implored his companion for a drink of the water, which he believes, saved his life on that day. At Dalmera they stopped fifteen days, almost starving the whole time, as the French had taken their rations at Toledo. Returning from there they made a stand at Busaco, where Wellington defeated the enemy. Sir John Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton) commanded the Fifty-second here. On one occasion a man in the regiment was examining a musket to ascertain if it was loaded. The men were standing around in large groups, and while the muzzle of the musket was pointed towards a spot where about a hundred men stood, it discharged accidentally and the bullet passed through the whole group without touching a solitary man. Strangely enough however, a wounded Portuguese soldier standing some distance on the other side of them, received the deadly ball in the very centre of his heart; the life-blood spouted in a perfect stream, and the poor fellow dropped dead in a moment. At another time, when two skirmishing parties of the French and English met, all the buglers of the British advance were killed, and a call came for another. The subject of this sketch was then but a lad, and held still the post of bugle boy. Hearing the call he volunteered at once to go. Both parties were behind stone walls—which then composed the fences altogether in that part of the Peninsula—but the French were upon a hill which overlooked the space of ground between the first and second bodies of the British, so that any one approaching to the advance could be plainly seen and picked off. With youthful rashness he rushed forward under the cheers of the men, but exposed to the fire of the whole line of skirmishers. As he dodged from side to side, in order to prevent them taking steady aim at him, the bullets whizzed and whirled about him as thick as hailstones. He could see the grass ripped up by them; feel the dust thrown up in his face by them; hear them touch his coat and buzz in his bushy hair. Over a hundred yards of exposed ground he ran in this way, till he arrived in safety behind the wall where the advanced skirmishers were. Cheers greeted him on his arrival, and he was quite the hero of the day. George Napier, an officer whom he describes as brave to a fault in the thickest charges, was captain of his company then—he was the father of Lord Napier, so well known in Canada. While in the Peninsula, besides a hundred skirmishes in which five hundred to a thousand men would be engaged, he was in these following battles so well remembered in historic annals: Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes D'onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrennes, Niville, Nive, Ortez and Toulouse. For these engagements he received a silver medal with twelve clasps naming the actions. He was, of course, with the Fifty-second when they made their celebrated forced march—the longest and quickest on record—to Talavera. On the return from the Peninsula he was taken with the terrible ship fever, and while so many died, he himself stood its ravages and speedily recovered. Once home, the Fifty-second remained in peace until an order came in 1815 to proceed to America to assist the Canadians in their brave struggle against the Americans. Just as they were leaving harbor at Cork, a frigate hailed them with orders to turn to Ostend in Flanders, whither they proceeded. They soon found themselves a part of the army of Waterloo, in which they fought—history knows with what bravery and determination. He remembers that the first gun was fired at ten minutes to nine on the 18th. He received a fine silver medal for Waterloo, in addition to the one obtained in the Spanish Peninsula. He got his discharge, at his own request, on the 9th of September, 1830, at Halifax. During his service of twenty-four years he was a drummer, a bugler, a member, and subsequently sergeant of the regimental band, as well as serving in the ranks as a private, and then as a corporal. He came to Canada, and when the rebellion of 1837 broke out again shouldered arms as a sergeant in the Provincial Battalion at Toronto. Upon that body being disbanded, he came to Niagara and taught band music, and at length took up his abode in Hamilton, where he has continued to enjoy his regular army pension till the present time. But the most singular thing of his adventurous life is that he has passed through all his sufferings and all his varieties in war-life without receiving a single wound in fight.

SPICED FRUITS:—For all kinds of fruit use 4 pounds sugar to 6 pounds fruit, 1 quart vinegar and spice.

LATE HOME TO DINNER.

It is a dreadful thing to come home late for dinner—such a dreadful thing that the man who commits this terrible crime is made to suffer for it miserably.

A newly-married man is often in ignorance upon this subject. He foolishly supposes that, if important business detain him, or if he meet a friend whom he has not seen for years, or if the cab break down or the 'bus is slow, and he arrives home late, the greater part of the loss is his, and he ought to be sympathized with.

A good mother-in-law will soon undeceive him upon this point, even if his wife be disposed to be patient.

There is nothing which annoys a woman so much as to have her dinner spoiled by delay. The cook gets cross and worries the mistress; the mistress loses her temper and scolds her husband. So the whole house is upset.

I am not a man; but I try to enter into men's feelings upon this subject, not daring to ask them what they really think for fear lest I should seem to encourage them in their wickedness.

Perhaps they believe that dinner at a certain hour is not the most important thing in the world.

When they are not married, the men dine at all sorts of hours. Sometimes they wait to finish their business; sometimes to enjoy themselves better; sometimes they dine early to please a friend; sometimes they dine late for the same reason. This variety may not be very healthy; but they seem to thrive upon it and find it pleasant.

Perhaps, when they are being scolded for being late, they reflect that, after all, they and not the wives are the greatest sufferers.

"Here am I," a man might say, "who have been working hard all day, and have not had anything to eat since breakfast, contented to postpone my dinner for the sake of a little extra business, while you, who have had a good luncheon and a fair chance to empty the pantry, lose your temper because you have been kept waiting half an hour."

That would be a true manly argument; and, of course, you know how any right-minded woman would resent it.

Another man might say, philosophically, that there was not a little vanity in the fuss which women make about the dinner—that a desire to show what a good dinner she could serve up was the real reason of the wife's anxiety. But this philosopher would have to be reminded that, after all, this desire to give him the best of everything was only another proof of his wife's affection.

To which, being a philosopher, he might coolly reply that he would rather have that affection displayed in some other form.

Being a privileged person, and often invited out to dinner, I have frequently been a witness to the domestic disputes about dinner, and at first they annoyed, but now they amuse me.

When I hear the wife scolding and the husband weakly defending himself, I close my eyes and see a pretty picture.

It is a picture of the same husband and wife before they were married. His arm is around her waist; her head reclines gracefully upon his manly bosom.

"My love, my own," he says, "how I long for the time to come when you shall be all mine! I will try so hard to make you happy."

"O, dearest," she replies, "I am sure to be happy if I am only with you. I long to be with you to help and comfort you."

"When you come," he goes on, "life will be like a bright and happy dream."

"But will you never get tired of me, never regret having taken me all to yourself?"

"Never, dearest! We shall never, never quarrel about anything. Why should we? All I want is to make you happy?"

And then an explosion—which may be a kiss or a champagne cork—breaks up this pretty picture, and I open my eyes and ears, and there is the same couple hard at it, shovel and tongs, all about a miserable dinner.

But perhaps they never think now of the picture which I saw, or perhaps, when those past sweet nothings were said, neither of them had ever heard of that awful crime—being late home to dinner.

A NEW BEVERAGE.

The Portland (Oregon) Bulletin relates the following amusing incident: A triplet of Nimrods, residing in this city, concluded to try their skill at some grouse-shooting last Saturday; so, arming themselves cap-a-pie, with pouches, belts, game-bags, guns, and dogs, they started in the direction of Milwaukee, but they did not kill anything up to the moment of reaching the town named. This misfortune preyed heavily on their minds; so they determined to kill something, even if no greater than a squirrel. With this determination in their breasts, they concluded to get rid of their lunch, and place it in a position of safety. The first locality that offered itself was a well, and in the crevice of that was placed the brandy, sardines, whiskey, oysters, some more whiskey, and crackers, the hunters feeling sure that such a place was free from intrusion. They then started for the woods, but their success was limited, being confined to a blue-jay and a striped squirrel; but, though they had been unsuccessful in procuring game, they secured a fine appetite, and to allay the ventral pang, they returned to the well. When they arrived there they saw something immersed in

the water that made their hearts feel glad. It was what they believed to be cream, placed there to cool. Their mouths began to water, as visions of the tawny fluid passed before them. Each secured his cup; one took up a pan, opened it, and then poured the fluid into the cups until they were full to the brim. A peculiar odor seemed to issue from the can, but they could not tell what it was. One argued that the can did not contain milk; another argued that it did, for he had drunk milk when a baby, and he ought to know what milk was. The third concluded with the latter; so the first had to submit. Being thirsty, all poured the contents of the cups down their throats at once, and when finished, they looked at each other in astonishment. One said that the fluid was "ropy" milk; another thought it was currant wine, a third insisted it was curds. The matter gave them no more trouble, however, so they commenced eating lunch. When done, they made all haste possible into town, as they felt that something was going to occur to them.

Just as they reached the suburbs of the city, they began to change suddenly—so they ran for a physician's establishment as rapidly as their legs would take them. Terror was marked on each face—terror, too, of the worst form, for it was produced by a feeling that something unusual was about to befall them, and perhaps prove fatal. Just as they reached the corner of First and Washington streets, the head of one shot up six inches in the air, attenuating the neck and chest thereby to a mere shadow.

The diaphragm of another commenced protruding very rapidly, and in a few moments the ventral region had assumed a convex form. "What is the matter with you?" said the elongated man. "I'm going up by spontaneous combustion, and soon will be higher than you," said the other. The third began to project his spinal column, and he too was soon curved into a crescent form. All three reached the office of a physician together, and the man of pills saw what was the matter with them, and gave his orders promptly. The elongated individual was sent to the Willamette Iron Works, and the large hammer being dropped on his head a couple of times, he was made all right again. The other two were placed in Harrington's cider-press, and kept there three days; and this, combined with a couple of holes bored in them with an auger, reduced them to their natural condition. The three are now around, rather the worse for their ordeal, but they are nevertheless in good spirits. They could not tell what was the cause of the sudden metamorphosis, and they would probably remain ignorant of it forever if one of the employes of the Oregon and California Railroad was not told by an old lady that somebody had drunk up all her yeast, and she thought it was Portland folks did it, for no one near her house would steal yeast.

If this tale is told in the house opposite the railroad office, the party telling it must be prepared for a carving-knife; and as it gleams near him, then is his time to run.

MAIDS AND MISTRESSES.

It should be plain enough that examples are as much to servants as to children; since in manners and social training servants are as children. The peasant-girl reared in an Irish cabin or German cottage can hardly be expected to be a model of politeness or of personal neatness. It is quite possible, however, to teach her by example alone. If the mistress be courteous to every member of her family, and they in turn to her, the maid soon feels the atmosphere of good-breeding, and unconsciously becomes amiable and respectful. But let the mistress speak sharply to her husband, or scold the children in public, or let the master constantly find fault in the presence of the servant, and she will shortly discover that courtesy is not one of the essentials of the establishment, and will, most likely, add black looks and unkind words to the general disharmony. Servants being imitative, there is more reason that the conduct of employers be worthy of imitation. If the mistress of a house be careful of her dress, her speech, her daily habits, her handmaid will, in all probability, grow more careful of her own. But the woman who comes to her breakfast-table with disheveled hair and rumpled gown, has no right to find fault with the maid for attending the door-bell in a dirty calico and slovenly shoes. Like mistress like maid, as well as like master like man. Unless a good example be set, there is no cause to complain of servants for following a bad one. As a rule, they are ready to learn, though they may be dull and slow of comprehension. They would rather improve their condition than degrade it. They would rather be ladies than servants. Their ignorance makes them mistake the false for the true, the bad for the good. If every mistress would take pains to set a fair example to her maids, and aid them, now and then, by timely and delicate hints, she would soon have servants who would be, in fact, the help they are in name.

A BOSS NUGGET.—Mr. J. Brown, formerly of Macclesfield, is the fortunate possessor of a pure cake of gold weighing 408 ounces, the product of 600 tons, and the result of six weeks' work at the Gabriel Gully quartz reef at Otatō, New Zealand. This is stated to be the largest cake of gold yet reported. It leaves, after paying all expenses, a clear profit of £1,000. It has been publicly exhibited by Mr. Brown at Dunedin, at the request of a number of the residents.