

arrived opposite the door he was resolved to say out his errand, no matter what was the consequence. Again he knocked, and, without waiting for anybody to come, he opened the door and hurried in.

"I've come to see if you'll be my—my—wife!" he shouted, and held out his long arms towards her.

The girl screamed and started back in amazement. Her mother, who was mopping the floor, began to belabor the poor fellow over the head with the mop, and he was obliged to run away to escape from the terrific onslaught.

He went home, bruised, confused, and disappointed. The story of his love-making spread far and wide, and many a joke was cracked at his expense.

The Hunchbacks seemed to agree together very well, and passed the long winter in great harmony. Hunchback Junior did not go out much in the cold weather, as he had a bad cough, but when summer came again he used to play about among the bushes in a lonely way, while his companion was at work.

One evening they sat together upon the green before the door. It had been a very warm day, and the cool, twilight air was pleasant and refreshing. A couple of lovers walked past at a little distance. They stopped at the edge of the winding mill-stream, that babbled its way round the foot of the hill, upon which the Hunchbacks' house was built. Their conversation was carried on in low tones, but the still air wafted the words farther than they thought, and carried them to the Hunchbacks' ears.

"Do you see those two horrid creatures up there?" said the girl.

"Yes. They're nice specimens," was the reply.

"Now, would you believe it! That old man asked me to be his wife," the girl said with a scornful toss of her head.

The man laughed a loud laugh of derision. "The rib-nosed baboon!" he ejaculated; "surely he didn't, did he?"

"Oh, yes, he did! Whatever could God have created such a useless, ugly thing for! He's no better than an animal, and that little wretch alongside of him!"

Hunchback Senior hurried into the hut, his eyes flashing fire, and his heart thumping wildly against his ribs. He dragged the boy along with him, but did not speak. The lovers sauntered away. The man was from a neighboring village. They had been engaged to be married for some time, and the next day was their wedding day. As darkness settled upon the earth great streaks of lightning flashed across the sky, and presently the wind began to blow with a hollow, unearthly sound, and the deep-mouthed thunder kept up an almost unceasing war. Then the rain poured down with awful violence. Hunchback Junior crept close to his companion, and shivered with fear. The storm abated not, and the wild dashing of the mill-stream—now a foaming giant—became more and more audible as the night drew on. After a while, the Hunchbacks were aroused by the watchman, who said that the mill-dam was likely to break.

It was a wild sight. The glare of the lanterns, here and there in the darkness, disclosed a terrific torrent, foaming and surging with awful power. The whole village became alarmed, and the shouting of the men mingled with the din of the storm. After a time the rain ceased, but the flow of water increased, and as the gray light of early dawn lit up the scene, the boom across the pond broke, and down came the saw logs upon the dam. Desperate exertions were made by the men to force the logs down the stream, for if they collected upon the dam, it would surely give way. A large log had stuck, and several men were trying to push it over, when one of them lost his balance, uttered a wild shriek, and disappeared in the boiling flood. The shriek was echoed back by a female voice from the bank near. It was the voice of the intended bride! What a wedding morn!

"Save him! save him!" she screamed wildly.

"No wedding to-day!" groaned her mother. The rest for a moment stood spell-bound, gazing into the wilderness of waters.

"There he is! I see him!" screamed the girl. They held her back, for she was tottering blindly forward to the verge of the bank.

Struggling violently he passed down the stream, and the waves tossed him about like a cork. Soon he neared the Hunchbacks' hut, and they saw him coming. A rope was lying on the ground. Quick as thought, Hunchback Junior grasped it, and threw one end towards the drowning man, who caught it. The strain jerked the boy upon his face, but he held on like a hero. Over thistles and stones he was dragged violently; he screamed but would not leave go. For an instant the rope caught upon a snag, and then Hunchback Senior, who had advanced with amazing celerity, laid hold of it also. He fell violently against a stone as he did so, but retained his grasp. "Hold on! Hold on!" shouted the frantic crowd, as they rushed to the rescue. Help soon came, and the man was drawn from the flood, and sank insensible upon the turf. He recovered in a few minutes, however, sufficiently to thank the Hunchbacks for saving his life, and was able and willing to be married at the appointed time, so the ducking did him little harm.

Hunchback Junior was considerably scratched up, but otherwise was no worse for his adventure. Hunchback Senior was the principal sufferer. Several of his ribs were broken when he fell, but he made his way back to the hut without telling anyone that he was hurt. In

fact, he thought that he was merely bruised a little, and that the pain would soon pass off. But it became rapidly worse, and he rolled about in agony. His young companion wanted to call some of the neighbors in, but he would not let him.

An invitation came for them to attend the wedding, but it was gruffly declined.

At night the pain had become so acute, that Hunchback Junior was allowed to bring in a neighbor, who at once went for a doctor. Next day found the man worse. Pleurisy had set in, and he sank rapidly under its influence. A week after he had been hurt, the doctor told him he was going to die.

"It's just as well," he whispered, huskily. Then he muttered to himself in an indistinct voice, and the doctor could only make out a word here and there: "good for nothing—she thinks—saved husband—when—dead."

"What did you say?" asked the doctor.

"Oh," he replied with a start, "I was only thinking. But I want to—tell what's—on my mind—before I go. I'm a—"

The door opened quickly, and two strangers entered.

"You're our man. We've got you at last, Bob!"

"You're—too late!" was the answer. "There's another—detective—ahead of you—and he's got me."

"Who is it?" quickly asked the men.

"Death!" was the solemn reply.

The men were astonished by his answer, and looked silently at him.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the doctor, turning to them.

"Why, that little buffer yonder is an escaped guol bird—that's what it means! We lost nearly all track of him years ago, but saw in the paper a day or two since something about a deformed feller saving a man's life, and we think p'raps he's our man, and he is. We knowed he was around somewhere as the folks, that he stole from, has been a-gettin' their money sent back to 'em at times."

"It's—all—paid back!" interposed the sick man. "I mortgaged—the house and lot—to pay the last."

"But you've got to go with us for all that, little feller!"

"He's not able to go now!" said the Doctor, hastily.

"Not able—Death has me under arrest—God will be—merciful Judge—"

Hunchback Senior ceased speaking and fell back dead.

"He's gone to a higher court," said the detectives solemnly, as they withdrew.

Hunchback Senior had been a thief in his day. He had been convicted, but had escaped from prison, and had spent the rest of his life in restoring the money he had stolen, back to the proper owners.

The police, ever on the watch, at last found him, but they were too late, for the hand of Death had arrested the criminal in the name of Him who ruleth and judgeth all things well. Hunchback Junior grieved bitterly over his dead friend, but he was not left alone in the world, for the newly married couple took him away with them, and under their kind care he is growing rapidly, and promises to be a good and useful man.

Stayner, Ont. C. E. JAKWAY, M. D.

REVIEW.

THE ATLANTIC for January, contains a poem of special interest by Longfellow; a very lovely and characteristic poem by Lowell; and a story in verse delicately and beautifully told by E. C. Stedman; Prof. Greenough's charming extravaganza of "The Blackbirds"; a lively series of travel-notes, "Prom Ponkapog to Pesh," by T. B. Aldrich; a final paper on Weimar, by Bayard Taylor; and an admirable short story by G. P. Lathrop. Mr. Howells contributes a critical paper on recent volumes of poetry. In the new department of Music there is a lovely Song by Bayard Taylor, with a original music by John K. Paine: "The Contributor's Club" hold its first meeting around the new table; and under the head of Education is a powerful attack on the study of Greek in Colleges, by one of the most accomplished Greek scholars in the country.

With the January number THE GALAXY enters on its twenty-third volume. The marked success which it has attained in its twelve years' existence proves pretty clearly that a high-toned literary magazine will be generously supported. At no time during its existence has THE GALAXY been surrounded with so strong a staff of elegant and brilliant writers. By giving hospitable reception to the expression of varying opinions, and inviting rather than repressing individuality of thought, view, and statements, this Magazine commands a class of contributions which otherwise might find no place in periodical literature. It has no set theories of politics, religion, sociology, or criticism to propagate, and is ready to afford a field for thoughtful discussion, but not for dogmatic statement. The papers on subjects connected with American political history, by conspicuous actors in the events and movements described and discussed, which have hitherto formed so marked a feature of THE GALAXY, will continue to have a leading place in its pages.

Among the illustrated articles in SCRIBNER for January are: a sketch of John Burroughs (with portrait), by Joel Benton; "Liverworts and Ferns," by Mrs. S. B. Herrick; "Day-

Dreams," a poem of New England life by Hannah R. Hudson; Dr. Holland's "Nicholas Minn," in which there is a shipwreck; and "Papa Hoon's Tulip," by R. V. C. Meyers, an extravaganza with laughable silhouettes by Howard Pyle. In a light vein also are "My Friend Moses," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies"; a talk "Concerning Cheapness," by Charles Carroll; and "Ghosts," a short story by Miss Isabella T. Hopkins. "What our Churches cost us," by James M. Whiton, shows by comparison, the relative cheapness of church work. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses "The Chinese in San Francisco," "The Moral Value of Physical Strength," and "The Disease of Mendicancy." "The Old Cabinet" is about "Charlotte Brontë," "Savage Life in the City," "American Authors and English Critics," "Pictures," and "Essipoff." "Home and Society" is given up to the third of the "Letters to a Young Mother." "Culture and Progress has a new feature in a regular letter from London on "English Books."

ST. NICHOLAS for January, contains contributions by noted writers. The venerable poet William Howitt contributes a "Letter to a Young Naturalist," and Professor Richard A. Proctor has an article on "The Stars for January," illustrated with five handsome engravings. J. T. Trowbridge is represented by the second installment of his new serial for boys, "His Own Master." The author of "Helen's Babies" gives us Budget's amusing "Story of the Centennial," and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen furnishes a fine fairy tale, entitled, "Mabel and I." Among the most notable of the stories are "Katinka," a Russian story, and "The Two Dorothys," a very interesting Centennial narrative. Lucy Larcom has a beautiful poem called "King Lonesome," and Henry Baldwin contributes the comical "Modern and Medieval Ballad of Mary Jane," with fourteen silhouette picture by Hopkins. Mrs. Dodge's opening poem of "The Minnet" is published in another column.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for January contains several notable features. A posthumous story by Mrs. Shelly, the author of the famous "Frankenstein," discovered among the papers of Leigh Hunt, will attract attention. It is powerfully written, and full of striking incidents. An unusual feature is a long story in verse from an anonymous author, the title of which is "Two Women," a stirring and powerful picture of an incident of the late war, describing two women, effectually contrasted in all particulars of character, who are on their way to nurse a lover wounded in battle. There is an illustrated paper on Northwestern waterfalls; an excellent article by Junius Henri Browne on Heinrich Heine; a good short story by Albert Rhodes; the continuation of Julian Hawthorne's "Out of London"; a very striking description of a winter sledge-ride over the frozen lakes of the Northwest; various papers on subjects of current interest; and, as a light finish to the number, an off-hand, rattling, sparkling story of the Centennial. The editor discusses scurrility in politics, Antonelli, modesty in American women, and other themes.

The number for January begins the nineteenth volume of LIPPINCOTT'S Magazine, and while its past record is deemed a sufficient guarantee of future excellence, we are promised that no efforts will be spared to diversify its attractions and to provide an increased supply of popular reading in the best and most emphatic sense. The great object and constant aim of the conductors will be to furnish the public with literary entertainment of a refined and varied character, as well as to present in a graphic and striking manner the most recent information and soundest views on subjects of general interest; in a word, to render LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE strikingly distinctive in those features that are most attractive in magazine literature. The contributions now on hand, or specially engaged, are by talented and well-known writers, among whom are Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Rev. William M. Baker, author of "The New Timothy," Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," Edward C. Bruce, author of "The Century; its Fruits and its Festival," and T. Adolphus Trollope. A large proportion of the articles, especially those descriptive of travel, will be profusely and beautifully illustrated. The pictorial embellishments of the Magazine constitute one of its many attractive features.

It was to be expected that the visit of the Prince of Wales to India would result in a number of volumes descriptive of that event from the pens of the several special correspondents who accompanied him. Several of these have appeared, but the only one which has been republished in Canada is that of Mr. GAY DREW, representative of the London Daily Telegraph on that memorable voyage. The book has the merit of being complete in its account of the Prince's movements, while its descriptions of Indian places of interest, manners, costumes, traditions and the like are wrought in a popular vein. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and is published by Belford Brothers, of Toronto.

We have received from Mr. LOUIS MEYER, of Philadelphia, some specimens of his latest musical publications. On former occasions we had the pleasure of speaking in language of merited approbation of the publications of this house, and this year, we cannot say more than that it is improving in both the extent and quality of its contributions to popular music. The Scandinavian songs, entitled Lays of Sweden

and Finland, are a novel feature opening fresh fields in the literature of the art. In the whole range of American and Foreign Music, this Philadelphia firm yields to no other for fertility of production, while a careful pruning judgment always insures excellence, as distinct from the ephemeral mediocrity which is so often palmed off upon the young and inexperienced.

THIBAULT, LANTHIER & CO.

We had occasion a day or two ago to visit the large fur store of this firm, illustrations of some patterns of which appeared in our last issue. The general view is one which impresses at once with the idea of variety, tastefulness and the display of the very best material. We were particularly attracted by magnificent show-rooms for ladies fitting on saques, a facility which is seldom, if ever afforded. The show of Centennial furs, that is furs which carried off the gold medals at Philadelphia, is very fine indeed, although owing to unnecessary and vexatious delays in the return of the goods, the firm has lost the sale of a large number of exhibited furs. Parties had promised to come for them from the States, and there were consignments promised to persons in England, France, Belgium and Switzerland. This is not the first instance of complaint against the management of some of the Commission at Philadelphia, and we trust these mistakes will not be repeated. Mr. Thibault is the first Canadian who has ever imported direct from Russia where he has made several trips. He makes a speciality of Persian lamb, Royal ermine, and buys the finest of Royal sables. The firm exchanges patterns with the great Berlin house of Michelf, who furnish the German Imperial and other Royal families. It deals directly also with the house of Odnoschewsky, of St. Petersburg, and others in Moscow. Notwithstanding the pressure of the times, Messrs. Thibault, Lanthier & Co., have been as busy as possible. Since the month of October they have had fifty cutters, finishers and sewers hard at work supplying the constantly continued demands. It is only fair to say that this house is justly entitled to the first place in its own line, and that, for variety of goods and superior workmanship, it is probably not excelled on the continent.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN MECHANIC.

The subject of this sketch is a young engineer and the scene is a workshop in which he is employed as a machinist and engineer. Those who know him say that the young engineer is a very fair likeness of himself and also that the surroundings are good. His name is James McDonald, and he resides at Collingwood.

VARIETIES.

WHAT BREAKS DOWNS YOUNG MEN.—It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of a college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University collected by Professor Pierce, from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of death for the last ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class of inferior scholarship. Everyone who has seen the curriculum knows that where Eschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum-punch use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice, are named Legion. A few hours sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtaken and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous debt. Fast young men, rightabout.

DUKE OF SALDANHA.—The Duke of Saldanha, the Portuguese Ambassador at the English Court, died early this month at his residence in London. He was born about 1790, and was therefore about 86 years of age. The Duke had taken an active part in public affairs in Portugal during the last fifty years. He was Minister for Foreign Affairs under King John VI., and took a prominent part in opposing the usurpation of Dom Miguel. After the failure of that opposition he retired to England, where he remained until 1834, when he returned to Portugal, and became one of the chief counsellors of Dom Pedro in his war against Dom Miguel, in which he acted as general and chief of the staff, and signed with Dom Pedro the decisive capitulation of Evora. The Duke afterwards became Minister of War and President of the Council, but after his retirement from office he, in 1836, was concerned in an unsuccessful reactionary movement, and was again exiled to England, where he remained until 1846, when another revolution brought him back to power. From this he was dispossessed in 1849 by the second dictatorship of Costa Cabral, whom the Duke in turn overthrew in 1851, and remained in office during the minority of Dom Pedro V., until 1856. In May, 1870, he headed a military outbreak, which resulted in a new ministry being formed under his presidency. He retained office until February, 1871, and had for some years represented his country at the British Court.