

to go anywhere. What have you come to propose?"

"That you shall all ride over to Southdale and look at my horses, which have arrived."

"Your horses for the races?" she asks, eagerly.

"Yes, my horses for the races. Do you care to see them?"

"What an odd question! I shall like it, of all things. What do the rest say? Have you spoken to any one else?"

"Not yet. I wanted to ask you, first, if you wished to go. I heard from Will that Proctor has just taken his departure, and I was not sure that I might not find you too disconsolate for any amusement."

"Ah, for shame!" she says, springing lightly to the ground, without the aid of his hand, which he extends an instant to take.

"You may not think so from my appearance, perhaps, but I have been singing 'Robin Adair' ever since Mr. Proctor left. He was evidently sorry to go; and I—well, really, I should have been sorry to see him go, if I had not known that it was high time he went to look after his affairs."

"He would be gratified for that much consideration, I have no doubt."

"I am not certain that he would," she says.

"But we must settle this matter of going to Southdale. Let us return to the house, and put it to the vote at once. We shall probably find Mr. Wilmer there. He and Sophy are always together, and so happy, that to be with them makes one feel happy from sheer contagion."

"They are in the blissful stage of the tender passion just now," says Tarleton—and, half-unconsciously, his voice takes a tone of bitterness which is strange to Kate's experience of it. "The question is, How long will their happiness last?"

"Why should that be a question? why should it not last altogether?" she asks. "I am sure that, as far as we can see, they have every possible chance of happiness."

"Yes, I grant that," he says, with a tinge of bitterness still in his tone. "They are in love with each other, and Wilmer has a fortune, without which the love would not count for anything at all."

"Is that the way you look at it?" says Kate, in a tone of surprise. "I think it is just the other way—the fortune would not count for anything without the love."

"Do you think love worth so much, then?" he asks—and now it is something altogether different from bitterness which fills his voice.

"Surely there can be no doubt of that," she answers, low, but steadily. "Indeed, it seems to me that, in comparison with it, there is nothing else in the world of worth at all."

They have gained the terrace by this time, and Tarleton has time to say no more; but hope, that is almost certainly, leaps up like a flame in his heart, and he says to himself, "I can afford to wait a little longer."

The proposed visit to Southdale meets with general approbation. Every one is eager to see the horses; and only Mr. Lawrence—who is probably most eager of all—shakes his head a little.

"I fear it is wrong to encourage you in wasting your fortune on race-horses, Frank," he says.

"Don't hesitate on that score," answers Tarleton. "I shall run the horses in Arlingford for the last time. After this, I mean to sell them. I have begun to realize that it is better to part with the horses and keep Southdale, if I can."

"I hope you can," says Mr. Lawrence, cordially.

(To be continued.)

A SIMPLE TRICK AT CARDS.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he sat down opposite his wife and began to shuffle a pack of cards, "now I'm going to amuse you with a few card tricks. I think a man ought to entertain his wife in the evenings and be some society for her, and as I know a few simple tricks with cards I'll amuse you."

"I am so glad you are not like some other men," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, giving her chair a hitch; "you don't go out to clubs or sit around in bar-rooms all the evening. I always liked card tricks and I'm sure you can do them if anybody can."

Mr. Spoopendyke smiled and held the pack open like a fan for his wife to select.

"Let me see," said she, putting her fingers to her lips. "I am to pick out one, am I?"

"Yes," he responded eagerly, with the ace of spades sticking three-quarters of the way out towards her. "Pick out the easiest one to grab at and I'll show you a pretty trick."

Mrs. Spoopendyke ignored the tempting ace and selected one from the extreme end of the pack.

"Must I look at it?" she asked.

"Certainly," responded Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Look at it and remember what it is."

She looked at it and studied it carefully.

"Now," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, "stick it back in the pack anywhere," and he divided it and held it toward her.

"You mustn't know what it is, must you?" she asked.

"Of course not. You are to put it back in the pack, and by and by I will tell you what it is."

Mrs. Spoopendyke jabbed in half way into the centre of one of the two sections as Mr. Spoopendyke held them.

"Strange you can't put it between 'em as you ought to," he growled. "A man would have fixed it an hour ago."

"It won't go in," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she punched away at it. "I know what's the matter, why your little finger is right in the way. There," she continued, as she seized the pack and drove the card home, "now it's in. Now you can go on with your trick."

Of course Mr. Spoopendyke had lost all chance of finding out what the card was.

"Now just draw another," he said savagely, "and put it where I tell you to. I'm doing this trick not you. All you've got to do is to draw and then let things alone."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, somewhat disconcerted, "I didn't understand it. Now give me one."

She took it and slipped it into the pack, just where Mr. Spoopendyke wanted her to. Mr. Spoopendyke put the two sections together so that the selected card came on the bottom, and seeing that it was the seven of hearts, shuffled the cards briskly and then handed them to his wife.

"In order to show you that it is all fair," said he, in a cheerful tone, "you may shuffle them yourself, Mrs. Spoopendyke, shuffle as much as you like."

She slammed them around and spilled them for two or three minutes.

"You might leave something to designate them by," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the performance askance. "Never mind the edges or corners, but leave a chip or two of the middle so I will know that they are cards when you get through."

Mrs. Spoopendyke handed them over without further parley. Mr. Spoopendyke ran the cards over hastily, and selecting the seven of hearts placed it on the top of the pack.

"Now, I will deal you some cards which you must watch," said he; and he dealt half a dozen, noting that the seven of hearts was on the bottom.

"Now, my dear, if your card is in that pack pick it out and hand me the rest."

She handed them back to him and running off all but the last three, he laid them in a pile in the middle of the table.

"Now take up one, but don't look at it," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a smile.

She took it up and laid it to one side.

"Now another," said he, grinning.

She repeated the operation.

"Now, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'll trouble you to pick up that last card and turn it face up."

Mrs. Spoopendyke did so. It was the jack of clubs.

Mr. Spoopendyke gazed at her and at the cards, while she sat waiting for the trick to go on.

"Was that your card?" he demanded.

"Don't think so," she answered, vaguely.

"I don't think so," he thundered; "don't you know?"

"Yes. Was it on?" he started. "Do you know what card you picked out, or don't you?"

"Why I took up those and then that one you told me to in the pack was the one I said you made."

"Mrs. Spoopendyke, what card did you select?" he asked, with awful sternness.

"Why, it was the other ones, the ace of queens."

"You picked out the ace of queens?" with fearful sarcasm. "I'd like to know where you found it. You must have reached your arm in up to the shoulder to have got hold of it. I'll show you the card you picked out, Mrs. Spoopendyke; it was the seven of hearts," and he scurried through the pack three or four times but he didn't find it. Finally he looked over the table and caught her attentively examining something in her lap.

"What have you got there, eh?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Nothing dear, but my card. You know you told me to pick it out and hand you back the balance."

Mr. Spoopendyke went straight to bed, with the remark that next season his wife would go to some well selected night school.

AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

A corporal of the Rifle Brigade, for robbing a Spaniard of some bread, was tried by a drum-head court-martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy corporal, who, till then, bore an excellent character, was placed in the centre of the square close to the triangle, the General said, in a stern voice, "Strip, sir." The corporal never uttered a word till actually tied up, when, turning his head round as far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said, in a firm and respectful voice, "General Crawford, spare me."

The General replied, "It cannot be. Your crime is too great." The unhappy man, who was sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private, and to receive 200 lashes, then added, "Oh, general, do you recollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres? We were confined, with others, in a sort of pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you. On that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness. It is now in your power. You know that when I committed the act for which I am now made so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been short of rations for some time." Not only the general,

but the whole square, was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the corporal, on a nod from the bugle-major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The General started, and turning hastily round, said, "Who ordered that bugler to flog? Send him to drill, send him to drill. Take him down, take him down. I remember it well"—all the time pacing up and down the square, wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions that were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feelings, the gallant General uttered, with a broken accent, "Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?" Then beckoning to his orderly for his horse, he mounted and galloped off. In a few days the corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him, a year afterwards, a respected sergeant. Had the poor fellow's sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

We hear that Sir George Bramwell's title will be Lord Edenbridge.

It is rumoured that the rare and costly china at Blenheim Palace will shortly be sold.

MISS ELLEN TERRY will not re-appear in London until the production next year of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre.

It is said that Mrs. Langtry will receive £100 per week during her engagement at the Haymarket. She will appear in *Quixote* and *Diplomacy*.

In the new edition of the *Almanac de Gotha* for 1882 the Regency of Tunis is included in the possessions of France! On the other hand, the Transvaal is taken out of the possession of England!

AN acquisition to evening dress—when the wearer has pretty arms and neck—are birds or doves perched on the neck or shoulder straps; these are fastened in such a manner that they look as if they had stopped in their flight to find a resting-place and had been imprisoned there. Jew-eyed spiders and scorpions also occupy the same position on the fair wearer.

Two amendments are likely to be moved on the Address. One will come from the Irish quarter, and will raise the question of the prisoners who may at that time still be in Kilmainham. The other will be brought forward by the Conservative Opposition, and will challenge the whole policy of the Executive in Ireland. It is estimated that the debate will be extended to the week following that on which Parliament is summoned.

THE London theatres have suffered seriously from the fear which possesses the mind of the public in view of the awful catastrophe at Vienna. In one or two instances where the piece is having a run which makes it necessary to book in advance, the money loss is reduced. The public forfeit their seats, but they have at least paid for them. At less popular theatres the effect is more severely felt. Contrary to usage, the Lord Chamberlain's interposition is welcomed by the managers who are all having the connection between the gas on the stage and that in the auditory cut off. They trust this will reassure the public.

AN old friend is coming forward with a new face. Mr. Leslie's choir is about to be revived. That is to say, Mr. Leslie has been getting up another choir. He disbanded the old one because he wanted rest and retirement. He has formed the new one because he wants a little light occupation on idle days. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, but the old choir was really sent about their business because—well, to be brutally frank, because it was old. Friends who had affection but no voices could not be summarily dismissed; so Mr. Leslie, avoiding invidious distinctions, dismissed everybody. With fresher voices under his baton, the best of conductors hopes to win new triumphs in a field where his career has been one long triumph.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD has issued a characteristic address "to the public" on the completion of his thirteenth year at the Gaiety. It concludes in the following terms:—"The Gaiety Theatre is as safe as any London theatre can be from accident by fire; no theatre can provide against the effects of panic. The two magnificent exits which once communicated with the adjoining enormous pile of buildings are still bricked up by Act of Parliament. This is another idiotic result of Government slap-you-and-put-you-to-bed legislation. As I have no more pecuniary interest in the Gaiety Restaurant than I have in St. Paul's Cathedral, I can decently ask the public to assist me in breaking down these dangerous barriers."

ZADKIEL, the astrologer, congratulates himself that the Czar of Russia was assassinated, just as he predicted a year ago he would be.

Venus and Mercury will improve trade this coming year, but Saturn will make a deficit in the revenue. The position of Mars is bad for the theatres in New York; one will burn up about Christmas. Uranus being square to Mercury will give plenty of work, especially divorce, to lawyers. Mars threatens heavy taxation. There is to be much violence in the United States and some great men will suffer degradation or meet with a violent death. The square of Saturn threatens colliery accidents. In the latter part of February there will be a large fire in New York; alarms of war, turbulence and bloodshed in the United States during March, also railroad panics, and an epidemic of diphtheria and small-pox about the middle of April. Mars will produce great excitement at Washington and the President's position will be unenviable. Pestilence, famine and a great destruction of cattle in England and Ireland. Mars, Saturn, the moon and Uranus will "make it hot," literally and figuratively, for the Americans in June—war, panics, earthquakes and hot weather. In July, explosions and deeds of violence in London, bloodshed in India. The United States will settle down to peace and prosperity for the rest of the year, but the King of Spain will have all he wants to attend to in dodging the assassins.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HOW CHILDREN ARE "TOUGHENED."—As for "toughening" children by sending them half-dressed in the damp or biting air, none but ignorant and stupid people do such things—our churchyards are already sufficiently full of little graves. Give the children warm feet, something over their ears, and good staunch flannels between them and Jack Frost, and they will grow up far stronger and "tougher" than the poor little shivering ones who have to pull their heads into their shoulders, and huddle together like calves in a winter's storm, for lack of sensible clothes. It is a fact that children often suffer for want of pleasant and improving amusements.

SOME POOR CHILDREN.—We owe more to poor children than we think. Columbus was a poor boy, often needing more food than he could get. Luther sang ballads in the streets, to get the funds for an education. Franklin used to buy a roll for a penny and eat it alone. Lincoln and Garfield were poorly clothed and worked very hard. Dr. Livingstone learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work. Emily C. Judson used to rise at two in the morning, and do the washing for the family. Gambetta was poor and slept in an attic. Lucy Larcom was a factory girl. Dr. Holland was poor and a school-teacher. Captain Eads was barefoot and penniless at nine years old. None of these people have been idle, or whiled away their time on street corners, or in games of cards or billiards. They were too busy.

WHAT IS HOME?—Dr. Holmes says: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a collier or a cooper or a king to set in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sun, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, home and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

THE SUPERSTITION OF "FIRST FOOT."—The first to come into the house in the new year must be a dark-haired man, or ill luck awaits the family. A woman, whether dark or light, cannot bring good luck, a belief which sets in marked contrast the idea of past and present times. "One man among a thousand have I found," says the preacher, "but a woman among all those have I not found." In days when such was the estimate formed of the sex, we cannot wonder that a woman should be unwelcome as a visitor on New Year's Day. Why in our country, coming as we do mainly from a light-complexioned stock, a dark-haired man should be a good omen, is a question difficult to answer. It is said that the real object of fear is red hair, because of a constant tradition that Judas the traitor was red-haired. If so, we can understand that all light shades might be suspected of a tendency to sordidness, or be so reckoned by association. At any rate, a black-haired man was on the safe side. But the custom is not quite universally the same. In an early number of *Notes and Queries* a correspondent reported that in his neighbourhood a light complexion brought a good omen, and a dark one the reverse. Perhaps this may be a relic of stubborn Saxon prejudice in favour of Saxon locks.

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