

THE STUDENT'S WIFE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

She said: "It is true, Love: how foolish my sighs!
It is true that the hours pass enchantingly so:
You are here, and I gaze unreprieved on your eyes.
Where I read all your thoughts, as they come and
they go.

'Tis bliss to behold you, but bliss incomplete.
Don't I see, however, I grieve at my lot:
I watch that thought intrude on your retreat,
For I know what you like, Dear, and what you do
not.

In a corner I nestle, amazingly small,
For you are my lion, and I am your dove:
I pick up your pen, when it happens to fall,
And the soft rustling sound of your papers I love.

No doubt, I possess you—I see you, no doubt:
Still, thought is a wine with which dreamers get
drunk.
You should dream but of me: I have reason to point
When, each eve, in old books, your whole being is
sunk.

There's a shade in my loving heart's inmost recess,
When you ne'er raise your head, never speak, never
smile.
And I never can see you completely, unless,
You look at me sometimes yourself for a while!"
Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

MIRIAM.

A STORY.

BY FERTINA LENTE.

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"Bromide," "Roman Antiquities," etc.,
etc.

Uncle Rollo was dead. Peace be to his ashes. He was gathered to his ancestors, and they never rested well. It was a peculiarity of their house. They lived ill lives, and did evil deeds; then when they died it was reported of them that they returned to their old haunts and terrified their descendants. It was an unenviable peculiarity. Miriam denounced it bitterly, and thought with a shiver of disgust that perhaps her life of subjection to this evil old uncle of hers was not to be ended by the mere fact of his death. But—she determined if he did come back he should find her prepared for his coming by some wholesome truths which had lingered so long on her tongue's end, that she longed to deliver them. He had brought her up merely to suit himself. He found in her the capacity for making a good nurse. She was patient, delicate in her use of her fingers, her touch was pleasing to him. Henceforth she was the prisoner of his sick room. He taught her to read, that also was for his own benefit in order that she should amuse him without annoying him. It was nothing to him that her mind was opened and fed in a strange, disorderly way, whether she knew anything or nothing; he cared only that she was intelligent enough not to annoy him. He asked her no questions, she dared ask him none; she had no companions, and only one friend. She had taken her life as her lot, had lived it without thought or rebellion. But Uncle Rollo was dead, no longer was she a prisoner, she tasted freedom, she felt what the twenty-five years of servitude had cost her. It he dared come back to her. Ah! she was a free woman, she would rebel. She believed in the ghost stories related of the gloomy old house—she had grown up in their belief, the servants whispered to her with vague warnings.

"Never walk through the corridors in the dark: never enter the east, the north, the west wings by night. Avoid the hall after dark." Miriam who had believed in these warnings all her life, threw off all thralldom to them after Uncle Rollo's death. Let one ghost come, let them all come, she cared not. She had her opinion of them, and she intended to wither them and scare them back to their gloomy tomb in the chancel of the church at the first opportunity.

On the first Sunday after the funeral, while she sat in the high-backed pew belonging to her race, she deliberately pulled back the dingy red curtain and amused herself with reading the old inscriptions on the wall opposite especially dwelling on the names of those who were said to be the most unable to rest of all their race. As she walked down the chancel she looked at the heavy stones so firmly cemented down, under which they lay extended.

"It's a lot of trouble for them to get out, I know," she said, with some satisfaction to herself. "Let them come, I do not care."

To her unworldly mind it never occurred that now her uncle was dead she had no right to remain at "The Hall." She had so long been a slave, so long been hidden do this and that, she was only beginning to awake.

Thus a week passed. Miriam growing bold, explored every crack and cranny of the house, went in and out of the rooms when she pleased—almost challenging the appearance of the ghosts of the house—but none came; no, though she chose the ghostliest hours for her researches she was unmolested in her wild career.

It was a bright December morning, and as the sun was shining it occurred to Miriam that she would go out of doors. She put on her hat and jacket, and ran away down the gravel paths and sped across the crisp frosted lawns away to the avenue of oaks and pines. Under their boughs the inspiration that she was a creature possessing force, freedom, life, came to her, and she caught one of the drooping boughs and

swung herself into a seat, and as it swayed back and forth laughed out loud for sheer delight. She began to sing. Words silly enough at best rushed to her lips in a glad rhythm, idle as the words, idle as the hour.

"I had a nest, a nest of my own.

Ah! happy, happy I!"—JEAN INGELW.

"Twenty-five years old," she sang, "and I have never lived at all. Ah! how glad I am I did not die two years ago, when I was ill. It would have been bad to die before I had learned how to live."

The thought sobered her, she lay back in the sunshine and looked up the distant dark blue sky. She began to wonder where Uncle Rollo was, and whether spirits had bodies. The ghosts always did. Then again she fell into the idle refrain—

"I had a nest, a nest of my own—

Ah! happy, happy I!"

The dinner bell rang. Miriam obeyed its summons when she chose for she was to be considered now. So she strolled slowly up to the house and threw down her hat in the hall, and with a feeling of elation went into the dining-room. Mr. Jubbs, the old family lawyer, was there, kindly and genial. Miriam was used to him, she liked him. He had come down to look through her uncle's papers by the desire of the next heir, Rollo Martin, who might be expected now at any hour.

"Will he live here?" asked Miriam, with a little curiosity. "I hope so, it is so dull here, all alone."

The lawyer looked surprised.

"My client, Rollo Martin," said he, "is a man of about thirty years. He is a widower, having made a foolish, hasty marriage in his youth. He has one child, a daughter. His wife was a missionary's daughter, her mother was a Hindu. It is to be hoped that he will marry again and live here at the Hall."

"Well, then, I hope he will marry some one I shall like," said Miriam.

"You are very childish," said Mr. Jubbs, knitting his brows. "You are old enough to have some sense."

Miriam could not think why her words needed reproof. She had not begun to realize that she had an independent part to act in life.

The lawyer settled to his work. Miriam in a thoroughly idle mood resumed her pastime of examining the old house. Her imagination had always been morbidly active, and as she opened the shutters of the mouldy rooms she peopled these rooms with occupants. She touched the furniture, she examined the pictures; all this amused her. At length came twilight, and the amusement must be given up for to-day. Miriam bethought her of the ghosts; it was the time when one of them wandered at will through the corridor she was in. With decision she shut the shutters of the room she had last examined. She then sought the door to the corridor, and as she found it, and looked out, she stood for one instant as one petrified, for there, indeed, was the restless, wandering form of the ghost.

It was huge, it was of immense height and breadth. This ghost must have measured six feet one without his boots, and towards this bulky figure Miriam advanced, wrath in her heart, and the determination to give it vent in her soul.

"I know who you are," she began, "and you can't frighten me one bit. I think it is despicable, and weak, and detestable of you to come back, and to pretend you are sorry for what you did when you were alive. I have not one bit of patience with you. Go back to your coffin, and if you are really sorry find out something better to do than to frighten servants and try to frighten me."

The ghost laughed, and the sound echoed horribly. Miriam put her fingers in her ears.

"It is no use laughing, noise won't frighten me. I am downright ashamed that you were ever related to me at all. I should like to feel my ancestors were manly, which you are not one scrap."

The ghost laughed louder than ever, and Miriam took her fingers out of her ears, and truth to tell made a hideous face at him.

"I suppose you are proud of being a bogie," she continued. "I should hate it. Can't you help being selfish after death. I wonder if you have run away from the other bad spirits. Perhaps Uncle Rollo is there too, if so I have got something I want to say to him."

The ghost approached looking huger in the dusk, but Miriam did not quail.

"Go and fetch him," she said. "Let us have all this nonsense over at once, and do not attempt to frighten me again with any of your appearances. I tell you once for all I despise ghosts, and you can follow me about just as much as you want to, there is a horse-shoe nailed over the door there, and I suppose you dare not cross the threshold. Bah! bah! a ghost is afraid to do what a woman can do. There now! I have cured you I hope of coming after me."

As Miriam said this she made another face at the ghost and dropped an ironical courtesy; and the ghost indulged in such a hearty peal of laughter that the old rooms seemed to shake with the noise.

"Come out of this mouldy old hole," said the ghost in a deep bass voice. "Upon my word even a ghost can't stand it."

"Come as far as you like," said Miriam, in a tone of keen sarcasm, "but I tell you there is a horse-shoe over the door."

The ghost anathematized the horse-shoe.

"Are you afraid to take my arm?" he said,

in as firm a voice as he could command, stooping to offer it to the little Miriam.

"Afraid! she cried, undaunted. "I have the greatest mind to stick a pin in it."

"Don't!" he cried pitifully. "I am dreadfully afraid of pins."

So Miriam contented herself with giving the arm she held some stinging little nipping pinches.

"I did not know ghosts had any flesh," she said, musing. "I thought they wore a sheet over their bones. What are you laughing at?"

"Was I laughing?" said the ghost. "Oh! let go my arm; here is the horse shoe. I dare not pass the horse-shoe."

"You came without asking my leave," said Miriam firmly, "and now I shall just punish you. I hope it hurts you very much. Cross the threshold you shall, or else you shall take me with you into the ghost-land. I won't let you go."

The ghost begged, implored, entreated. Apologized for not shedding tears of woe, but groaned awfully.

"When I say a thing I mean it," said Miriam firmly. "You shall come right into the light. It is of no use to tremble. You ought to have been more manly than to come to frighten me. I've got you, and I'll just keep you. I'll ask the parson to say prayers over you. There now!"

"What an awful threat," said the ghost, shaking with fear (or laughter.) Then with a clever little twist he freed himself from Miriam and vanished.

"Never mind, I'll come with a candle the next time," said Miriam, "and I'll tie you up. Now mind, if ever you come again, I'll tie you up so that you can't vanish. You are the worst coward I ever met."

There was a sound of a chuckle from a remote corner, Miriam grew wrath.

"You had better believe me," she said, "I mean what I say."

There was no answer.

"Do you hear?" cried Miriam.

There was no sound. So she took her key, locked the ghost up in the rooms, and went down to the tea-room.

"Now I am going to have a pleasant evening," said Miriam to herself. So she brought her favourite book and laid it on the table, and she broke the coals into a bright blaze, and in a pretty womanly way that was all her own, drew the warm curtains and made the old panelled room look cozy and delightful. When she came back to the fire a new surprise awaited her. Was this a ghost too?

A tall, handsome girl of eight years stood on the rug, watching Miriam's movements with quiet interest. Young though she was, she was possessed of a splendid physique. She was broader, and almost as tall as Miriam. After a moment's pause Miriam went up to her with open arms, only too pleased to have a child so near her, she had rarely touched one in all her dreary life. But the child put up her powerful arms and held Miriam at a distance, while with keen, wise eyes she read her face; she then drew her up close, and now as if she were the elder clasped her to her heart and covered her face with kisses.

"Irene," said a voice in grave rebuke.

"Well, papa!" was the deliberate response; and without deigning to turn, Irene freed Miriam from her embrace.

Miriam turned to see a man of great height and breadth standing at her elbow, and as she looked at him, he bowed and said,

"I am Rollo Martin. This is my daughter. And you—"

"I am Miriam Bach," said she, quietly looking up with curious eyes. "Oh! how much you are like your ancestors."

To her surprise he burst out laughing, nor did he find it easy to cease. Irene came forward.

"Miriam Bach," she said. Oh, Papa! Uncle Rollo sent you her likeness once, and you burnt it. Do you remember?"

"I have an excellent memory," he said, his lips quivering. "Miss Bach will you give us some tea."

Miriam saw then that the table was laid for three.

"I thought you would call me cousin, perhaps," she said, half entreatingly.

"I shall call you only Miriam," said Irene, decidedly. "I love you and I shall do as I like."

"She has always done what she liked all her life," said Mr. Martin. "I must send her to school."

"Miriam shall teach me," said Irene. "I should dislike school."

There was a pause, and Miriam looked long at Rollo Martin. He meantime seemed to be struggling with some strong feeling that caused him to turn his head away, while his whole body shook until the china shook on the table.

"You have lived at the Hall, year in and year out?" he asked, presently, turning a steady look on Miriam.

"All my life, ever since my parents died," said Miriam. "No. I forgot, once I was away for fifteen days. I was bridesmaid when Fannie French was married. That was charming."

"This is a mouldy, ghostly old place," said Rollo, checking a disposition to uncontrollable laughter. "I mean to pull it down."

"What will the ghosts do?" asked Miriam simply. "I wonder where they would walk. Perhaps they would leave off such antics, and try to be good."

"I do not believe in ghosts myself," said

Rollo carelessly, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"But if you could see one. If I tied one up so that you could catch him," said Miriam, triumphantly.

"Folks always say that seeing is believing, do they not?" said Rollo, with a re-assuring smile to Irene.

"Some day when you have time," said Miriam.

"Oh! if it depends on that I fear it will have to wait," said he, "for I have to go away again to-morrow. Come and sit down by the fire, Miss Bach, I want to talk to you about Irene."

Miriam sat down in her usual chair, and took her needle-work and busily plied her needle. And Irene sat on her father's knee and listened with equal attention to all that was said.

"Irene has taken to you," he said. "She never yet has paid any lady the compliment. She will now want to have you with her. She will make your life a burden to you."

"No," said Miriam, quietly and decidedly. "That would not be good for her. I shall not allow it."

"So much the better; she will, I trust, see the matter in the same light," said Rollo, with some amusement.

"I am going to live," remarked Miriam. "It's quite time. I am going out into the park whenever I wish. I am going to visit the old people in the village. It is a disadvantage not to know anything. Irene shall come too."

(To be Continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

MME MARIE BLANC of Monaco has made a present to Adelina Patti of a diadem worth 50,000fr.

A CONJUGAL discussion from a French play: Monsieur: "Do I make the laws here, or do I not?" Madame: "Possibly—but nothing shall hinder me from presenting amendments!"

THERE is a talk of reviving the military style of coiffure for gentlemen, that is, that of having the hair cropped as short as scissors can cut it. This is so old a fashion that it ought to become new again speedily.

THE fortifications round Paris have at stated intervals splendid barracks, capable of accommodating 500 soldiers each. These not being all occupied, and being situated in the most healthy confines of the capital will be turned into auxiliary hospitals.

THE Paris municipal authorities have shown themselves equal to the occasion, as, ere the snow-storm had covered the streets, 5,000 brooms, wielded by as many sweepers, male and female, and fifty huge sweeping machines, each drawn by six horses, have cleared the way. The wine-shops were kept open all night for the accommodation of "the ladies and gentlemen who swept the streets."—"Pour ces dames et ces messieurs qui balayent les rues," as the courteously-worded placard stated to their raggednesses.

THE journal whose reporter affects to be the favoured guest at Sandringham and Marlborough House, which records the sayings and doings of the English aristocracy, was enabled to inform its readers on Monday that the Prince of Wales arrived here two days past in strict incognito. He was present last night at the rehearsal of "Nana," at the Ambigu, and went behind the scenes to compliment Mlle. Massin on her performance. The labours of Sisyphus and of the Danaides would be light compared with those who would correct the inaccuracies of the *Figaro*.

THE doors of the Ambigu have been closed several days for the special rehearsals of M. Zola's "Nana." The first performance has been somewhat delayed by various difficulties, among which the following are given as samples: the necessity of a bona-fide water-course in the scenery representing the "Ruins of Chamont," by Chéret; the "Burning of the Hôtel Muffatt," by Robecchi, which is to be terribly realistic; the "Enciente du Pesage," by Zara, in which appear upwards of a hundred and fifty book-makers, jockeys, and betting-men, besides four horses, two of which quadrupeds have run in right good earnest on the turf of the Bois de Boulogne.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERMAN, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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