

A GIRL'S AFTER-SINGING.

When I was a wee white maiden,
I was my mother's delight;
She plaited my yellow tresses
And she cuddled me close at night.
But once I woke in her clasp
And felt that her arms were chill,
And they took me away from my mother
Because she lay so still.
The buttercups shine to the meadow,
And her grave is wet with dew,
A sparrow is chirping near it,
Alas! what shall I do?

Love came and sought me and found me;
He entreated me passing fair;
It was for him that I brided
The jasmine into my hair.
He pelted me once with a rosebud
When I stooped to where it lay;
He departed and only left me
The flower that he flung away.
The bloom is all over the orchard,
While I sit here and sew,
So sorry for sweet loves going,
Alas! what shall I do?

Pale Christ! I'll put thy betrayal
Twixt me and my miserable twain;
Thou wert forsaken—and I am
A motherless creature in pain.
Dear God! I will take thy pity
And wrap it about my life;
O, let me be thy little one,
Since I'll be no man's wife.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

A NOVEMBER PROLOG.

To-day is a genuine November day. The air is keenly cold, the sky is clear of clouds; the sun shines as clear as a diamond, its rays yielding the same amount of heat; the roads are hard and gray; the wind comes in overpowering gusts, taking up the dust and sending it in flying volumes through every street. It has all the peculiarities which have distinguished this wind above the wind of any other month since time began. Chief among these is the quality of not appearing when expected, and of not being expected when it does appear. This wind is holding high carnival to-day. It is rattling the windows, and trying the doors, and investigating ash-heaps, and carrying pails from the back stoops. It is playing all sorts of strange music around the corners and through the trees. It is thundering over the meadows, and dancing giddily through the streets. It is such a free-and-easy wind, such an impudent trifle with the property of others.

We hardly dare say how many hats have crossed the perspective from our window and gone rolling down the street in the last half-hour, but it seems as if there had been an almost unbroken procession of them.

There is a dreadful fascination in observing them,—in seeing a hat appear, and immediately behind it the owner. So closely does he follow upon it that there is bare chance from seeing the hat to speculate as to what sort of a person the wearer must be, when he appears on the scene himself.

The first hat belonged to a boy. It was a little hat with a very round crown and a stiff brim, and it sailed along on the brim. The owner thereof was close upon it, putting in his very best, and making both of his legs appear like twenty legs in the rapidity of their movements. He finally captured it by the ingenious device of jumping on it with both feet. Then he picked it up, brushed it off with his elbow, slapped it on to his head, and immediately put after another boy on whose face he just then detected a dishonest smile.

Then came a large soft hat, whirling swiftly, and following it was a cloud of dust, and in the cloud, like some improved allegory, was the owner of the hat. He was a farmer in appearance, and wore a coat so long in its skirts as to greatly impede the free and graceful action of his limbs. His lips were tight together, and his hands clinched, as if he were completely immersed in intense thought, as he undoubtedly was. The hat struck against a post and settled there, and he made a pitiful dive for it, and then it lifted up and moved on, and he started off after it, and both passed out of sight. Perhaps the wind may go down with the sun.

It is just as well he got away as he did, for immediately after two hats came rolling along over and over, and two men, puffing and blowing, and very mad, as every motion indicated, came dashing after them. Just then a boy's hat appeared, and being either lighter, or more favourable to the wind than the others, speedily overtook them, and the boy himself made such remarkable headway that he was soon up to the men, very much to their disgust, as his wild appearance and yell added none whatever to the dignity of their position. For an instant the three were abreast, and then the boy went ahead, and at the same time his hat rolled over and stopped. One more bound and he was to it, and throwing himself down to secure it, threw himself exactly in the way of the two flying men. There was no time to stop; there was no time to think. In a flash the two went over him, a fierce gust of dust enveloped them, and through the maze, on which the clear sunlight fell and transformed the atoms into gold, there appeared an incredible number of arms and legs cutting the air and smiling at each other in hopeless confusion. Then the scramble being over the two men got up on their feet and glared at each other with inflamed passion distorting their faces, in absence of any opportunity to vent their wrath on the boy, who, by that mysterious process peculiar to boys, had secured his hat and prudently retired to a safe distance. What the two men would have done unto each

other had there been the chance, is not known, but the loss of their hats happening to strike them simultaneously, they at once put off after them, running side by side with delightful harmony.

As we close this little sketch we glance again out of the window. A silk hat is rolling by. Like a porpoise it rolls from side to side, and tumbles ahead. In active pursuit is a tall man with elongated face. He is dressed in the extreme of fashion. He is a city man, and his clothes are city made. He did not come here to show them, but now that he is here he is glad to display them, and is satisfied to bask in the sunshine of the peasantry's admiration. At this present moment he is not basking, although the sunshine is in abundance, as the peasantry are on the corners, on the hotel porch, in the post-office door, before the saloon, looking upon him with all the eyes they possess, and admiring and enjoying him as he can never hope to be admired and enjoyed again in his life. And his flushed face shows that he knows he is doing something that interests and comforts them. He has a very red face, and very staring eyes, and a very murderous expression generally. The cruel wind has wrenched his hair from its pomade fastenings and thrown it over his eyes and across his ears, and wrong way up the back of his head. It has sent the tails of his coat to the front in a very undignified manner. It has blown his trousers legs to the front also, filling them out like belling sails, and leaving at the back an unexpected thinness of shank to the astonished view of the beholder.

He ran with all his strength, and while he ran the peasantry cheered and shouted and laughed. Every few strides he would pause and invite the peasantry to step out in the road and have their several heads knocked off. Then he would go on again. And so he has passed from sight and from the town, with life before him and the grand Atlantic but twenty-two miles ahead.

A MISPLACED JUDGMENT.

Some one living on the second floor of the double tenement on Nelson street placed a pan of baked beans in a window to cool. A few minutes later a horse attached to a coal cart backed in front of the place, and refused to go. The driver laid on the lash, but the animal would not move on. It winced and jumped about in agony from the blows, but it would not advance. A portly gentleman passing on the walk, saw the trouble, and stopped. He was in sympathy with the animal, and indignant with the man. He expostulated with him, told him to use mild means, to try suasion, that he ought to be ashamed of himself for treating a dumb beast in that manner; that if he did not relent, and cease his brutal conduct, a fearful judgment would overtake him.

At this juncture a little girl came to the window to see what was the matter and she must have hit against the pan of beans, for almost immediately it slid from the window, and while the benevolent gentleman was telling the coal man of the judgment to come, the pan descended bottom upwards, on his own devoted head, deluging him with its contents, taking his breath, and knocking him down on his hands and knees. The shock was so great and so unexpected that the unfortunate man was completely bewildered, and crawled away as fast as he could, knowing not where he was going, but instinctively seeking to get out of danger. He was a dreadful looking spectacle when he got up. He was beans the entire length of his person. They streamed down his back and legs, and the oily substance dripped from the brim of his hat, while riding securely on the crown was a pound piece of pork, clogged with beans.

The driver silently watched him until he got on his feet, and then shouted at him,—

"If you hadn't stuck your nose in other people's business I'd come there an' help scrape you off, but now, cuss you, you can scrape yourself."

A woman who saw the accident invited the unhappy victim into her yard, where she helped him get off his coat, removed his hat and emptied it, and gave him a shingle to scrape off his pants with, and performed other kind offices suggested by her sweet, womanly nature.

It is pleasant to see such things, to find those whose hearts are full of tender sympathy, and whose hands turn to helpful acts.

The little girl didn't come down after the pan until the portly gentleman had got out of the neighbourhood.

A GHOST AT NOON-DAY.

The following sensational story we reprint from the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—

We have received the following extraordinary narrative from a correspondent for whose good faith and professional acuteness of observation we can vouch. He substantiates his story with full details of dates, names and places, which, however, for the sakes of his survivors, he does not wish to be published. Without any further preface, we lay his letter before our readers:—As my wife and I were sitting at breakfast with a guest whom I will call Mr. A.—then on a visit for the first time to our house and neighbourhood—our maid-servant passed out of the room on her way to the kitchen. As she closed the door Mr. A. startled me by saying, "I saw a spirit of a man following that woman, who, as he passed, said distinctly in my hearing, 'God judgeth not as man judgeth.' I was innocent of

the murder for which I have been hanged. I was there, but I did not strike the blow." "What is it like?" I asked. He replied by describing a young Irishman whom I recognized at once as the husband of my domestic, who a year or two before had been executed on the charge of murder. Mr. A., a complete stranger to the locality, had only met me for the first time two days before, and he was totally ignorant of the crime in which my servant was so deeply interested. For obvious reasons the subject was never alluded to in our household, where the widow was regarded with feelings of sympathy, which led us to avoid as much as possible all reference to her husband's fate. I had previously good reason to doubt whether the evidence against him justified his execution. He had died protesting his innocence. His wife and friends were firmly convinced that, although he had been in the fight, it was not by his hand the fatal blow had been dealt. In addition to this, I had good reason to believe that the real murderer was still at large. You can easily imagine my astonishment when Mr. A., thus suddenly ventured upon forbidden ground, and abruptly declared that the spirit of a man who had suffered the capital penalty and whose personal appearance exactly coincided with that of the unfortunate Irishman, was actually following the servant about the house proclaiming his innocence in accents which, although inaudible to me, my guest declared were perfectly audible to him. I had heard that Mr. A. had been a "seer," but I was not a little startled at this striking illustration of his peculiar faculty. I remarked that it was very strange, and informed him that the woman whom he had just seen for the first time with her ghostly companion was really the widow of an executed felon. Some time afterward he exclaimed—"There he is again, repeating the same words!" Intensely interested by his sudden and apparently supernatural confirmation of my suspicions, I determined to put the seership of my guest to what I regarded as a crucial test. I told Mr. A. that shortly afterward I was going into the town, and as I should be passing the spot where the murder was committed perhaps his ghostly visitant might indicate the place where the dead man lay. Some time afterward we started for the town. When we left the house Mr. A. remarked, "There he is following us," alluding to the "spirit." When we had proceeded part of the way along the road, which was quite unknown to my friend, I made a detour to make a business call and went along another street, Mr. A. following me. Just as, without a word on my part, we were turning out of the main road, Mr. A. said, "The spirit is standing at the corner. He says we are not going the right way toward the place where the murder was committed, and which he has promised to point out to me." I replied, "Oh, we shall come out in the main road again by and by before we reach the spot." We proceeded on about a quarter of a mile, and having done my business and struck the main road again—which differed, I may remark, from none of the other roads we had traversed—Mr. A. soon after declared, "There is that man just on there, waiting for us." As we continued our walk, I purposely refrained from uttering a word, or even from thinking, as far as I could, about the murder, so as to prevent any possibility of my companion obtaining any clue. As we were passing through one of the lowest parts of the town Mr. A. suddenly exclaimed—"he tells me that it was here the murder was committed. It was just there (pointing to the place in the road where the murdered man fell.) I see the hubbub and confusion rise up before me as a picture, with the people round. He, however, again tells me that he did not strike the fatal blow. He does not excuse himself from being morally guilty as being mixed up with those who accomplished the death of the man, but strongly maintains he was not the murderer." I will only add in relation to the last incident that Mr. A. described the exact spot where the murder was committed, and the circumstances in connection therewith. How can you account for that? Mr. A. had never been in the town before; he had never lived within a couple of hundred miles of it; he did not know till within a day or two before he arrived that he would ever visit it; he could not by any possibility have known that the poor woman in my employ was the widow of the man who was hanged. He had no conceivable interest in deceiving me, nor was he concerned to prosecute the matter any further. I have in vain attempted to account for his story, nor can I on any of the popular hypotheses explain to my own satisfaction how he saw that ghost at noon-day.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.—Dickens used to maintain that whatever trials or difficulties might overtake a man there was always something to be thankful for, "in proof whereof" he would say, "let me relate a story." Two men were to be hung at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of motley sight-seers of all ages, men, women and children in front of the scaffold; when a bull which was being driven to Smithfield broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns. Whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion and quietly observed, "I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd."

ATHLETICS AND HEALTH.—Violent athletics are with many people a favourite mode of amusement. This is especially the case at the universities, where many young men exclusively devote their lives to aquatics, rack-ets, and cricket. They regard as an idle legend the idea that the universities were primarily intended as places of instruction, and regard them as being exclusively places of amusement. Now, a warning note should be sounded on this matter. The greatest commanders declare that the athletes make the worst kind of soldiers. They complained that vast muscle and small wit generally went together; and in our own days the soldier has as much need of wit as of muscle. Galen, the great physician, was strongly in favour of exercising his body, but he set his face against athletics. "He declares the state of health of professional athletes to be most deceptive and precarious, and their strength to be of no use for any sound and practical purpose."—*London Society*.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S ADVICE.—Charlotte Cushman discouraged women as far as she could from adopting the stage as a profession. She was accustomed to say that for the candidate who has beauty there is moral ruin as a reward, and when her personal attractions are poor then her career is one long, disheartening struggle, ending generally in failure. She attributed her success to her wonderful physical health. Her mind was masculine, and her physique was one rarely given to woman. One day when a friend was admiring her jewels, which were valuable and beautiful, though not numerous, she said:—"I had no beauty to bring those gifts to me from others—I bought them myself." The grim humour, not merely of tone, but of expression, perceptible as she spoke, while holding the jewels up to the light, can be understood by the few who knew her well.

DISAGREEABLE HABITS.—Nearly all the disagreeable habits which people take up come at first from mere accident, or want of thought. They might easily be dropped, but they are persisted in until they become second nature. Stop and think before you allow yourself to form them. There are disagreeable habits of body, like scowling, winking, twisting the mouth, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling a key, or fumbling at a chain, drumming with the fingers, screwing or twisting a chair or whatever you lay your hands on. Don't do any of these things. Learn to sit quietly like a gentleman, we were going to say, but we are afraid girls fall into such tricks sometimes. There are much worse habits than these, to be sure; but we are speaking only of these little things that are only annoying when they are persisted in. There are habits of speech also, such as beginning every speech with "you see," or "you know," "now-a," "I don't care," "tell ye what," "tell ye now," indistinct utterances, sharp nasal tones; avoid them all. Stop and think what you are going to say, and then let every word drop from your lips just as perfect as a new silver coin. Have a care about your way of sitting and standing and walking. Before you know it you will find that your habits have hardened into a coat of mail that you cannot get rid of without a terrible effort.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

THE Boston book trade is reported as "booming," with new volumes issuing rapidly from the press.

KNOWLEDGE is an announced new scientific journal of London, which Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, will edit.

MRS. OLIPHANT is writing a "Literary History of the Nineteenth Century," which Macmillan & Co. will issue during the present season.

SMITH, ELDER & Co., London, announce the issue next month of the birth-day book designed by H. R. H. the Princess Beatrice.

A NEW daily newspaper is to be started in Edinburgh. It is to be democratic and liberal in its tone, and to give particular attention to church matters.

THE two initial volumes in the new edition of Dr. Holland's works, just ready, by the Messrs. Scribner, were announced for publication on the day of his burial.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new tragedy, "Queen Mary," the third part of the trilogy on the life and death of the Scottish Queen is in the press, and will be published in about a month.

M. LOUIS RABISONNE, at the Vienna Literary Congress, proposed a petition to the Czar for the pardon of the Russian novelist, Jovanekowski, who has been eighteen years in Siberia. The Czar is inclined to accede to the request.

COUNTERACTING A TENDENCY TO CONSUMPTION.—It is well understood by medical pathologists that a tendency to consumption may be transmitted from parent to child. To overcome this tendency is a task to which the ordinary resources of medical science too frequently prove inadequate. There is, however, a means of counteracting it, to the reliability of which physicians themselves have repeated by borne testimony. Not only has it been demonstrated by results there is no disputing, that Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is a prompt and thorough means of relief when the lungs are already affected, but the proofs are equally positive that it imparts a degree of vigor to the breathing organs, which is the best guarantee against their becoming diseased. The constituents, phosphorus, lime and soda, are important elements in the physical structure, and these it supplies in a harmonious and easily assimilated form. A speedy gain in strength and flesh follows its use in all cases where the lungs are not hopelessly diseased. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.