

ers, but the glass. I solemnly hid the expression of his eyes, and his calm, dark face was not very remarkable.

Perhaps he was a little annoyed at her haughty avoidance of him, contrasting strongly with the evident pleasure the pretty sisters took in his society, and the pleasant cordiality extended to him by Mrs. Fraser, or only annoyed, but he seemed rather relieved when after dinner she disappeared and did not return till after tea was served.

When she had gone he asked one or two questions about her, carelessly enough, and playing with "Mop" while he spoke, seemingly but little interested in the answers. Sidney gave him, praising Androsia volubly, and flying off into an account of Winona, and speculations about her flight and possible return.

"I don't think she liked her new dresses," said Dolly pensively, "though her mourning was exactly the same as Androsia's, and she looked lovely in it. She used to seem quite unhappy and miserable, poor thing!"

"A strange instance of the pervading feminine passion in the untutored child of the forest," said Macer, elevating his black brows and smiling.

"Dolly," said Sidney, reproachfully, "how can you say such things! Vexed about her dress! Oh, Mr. Macer, I'm sure it was not that. If you could only have seen her sitting in a dark corner; her eyes, like two dull stars and her teeth grinding, and her fingers twisting round each other, you'd have felt frightened. She looked as if she saw some one in the distance that she was going to tear to pieces presently. I couldn't help feeling sorry for Androsia, but oh, I was glad when she ran away, I can tell you."

"I dare say," replied Mr. Macer, laughingly; "a rather uncomfortable kind of guest." He paused a moment, pondering, and allowing his face to express that he would have found her anything but an agreeable companion; and Sidney went on speculatively:

"I shouldn't wonder that she'd come back as suddenly as she went, for you see, she is wonderfully fond of Androsia, and every time I look out at night I fancy I see her gliding back from amongst the pines in her shadowy way. Oh, I think she'll come back."

"Perhaps so," said Macer, musingly. He got up from the low ottoman on which he had been sitting and walked away to the window that looked out on the pine-grove. It looked like some vast temple, darkly roofed with somberest green and floored with pearl, barred with the ruby shafts of sunset. The memorial stone gleamed whitely in its bosom, and stretching round it lay a fairy landscape of snow and rose, and trembling shadows stretching far out across the land as the sun drove his fire-and-gold-manned steeds swiftly westward. There was the utter calm of a fair winter's evening over the lovely scene. The St. Lawrence,

"Silent, majestic and slow," flowed, dark as a stream of jet between banks of pearl, bridged here and there with crimson light and flashes of spectral gold across its dark waters.

The scene was fair enough to chain Macer at the window, until in a dying blaze of crimson, fire and gold, the sun flung his parting benison over the still landscape, and while the glow faded to a silvery rose, through which a great star rose on quivering pinions of light and hung over the gloomy crests of the pines, tremulous in the clear evening air.

Dolly and Sidney had left the room, but he seemed unaware of their absence, and leaned against the window frame with folded arms, looking out, his dark face like that of a bronze statue, as fixed and motionless.

At the hour of twilight the robes of man's guardian angel gleam whitely from the shadows. The blessed and ineffable repose and calm of nature finds voice and sings in low harmonies of peace and purity. At this hour, more than any other, the soul inclines, like the flame of a lamp blown by a gentle and invisible wind, toward the pure and holy, and no longer can man say, "Ere, be thou my good!" as in the bright, united hours of the busy day."

I could almost feel it in my heart to depart from this innocent roof and never more be seen," soliloquized Macer, watching the climbing star, that scaled the blue vault, like the herald of the starry host, "my vivid imagination and a lucky chance bore me triumphantly into the dove-cot, but kile that I am, I am not altogether and at all times remorseless. Shall I go?"

A light fell into the room, now full of shadow; and looking up, he saw Androsia passing slowly up the hall carrying a lamp.

"Her step was royal—queen-like—and her face as beautiful as a saint's in Paradise."

"Behold my answer," murmured Macer. "Fate, stoop again to my beck, and desert me not."

(To be continued)

A noble young man in Indianapolis recently determined to abandon the use of tobacco. He was told that food drinks would diminish his hankering for the weed. So on the first day he drank three gallons of food water, and still feeling a desire to smoke, he added two quarts of cold buttermilk. He went to bed with the cheerful conviction that he had conquered his craving, and so he had. The next day he did not desire to smoke at all, for the simple reason that he was dead. The food water, the food buttermilk, the abandonment of his cigar, and two doctors who were called in consultation, proved to be too much for the noble young man.

"OR THERE, OR HERE?"

BY ADA ROWENA CARNAHAN.

The crazy palling ways in the wind,
The gravel walk is overgrown;
The grass is going to seed, unknown;
The rank weeds riot, unconfin'd.

The fruit-trees blossom in the spring,
The wild-bird builds as she has done,
The fruitage ripens in the sun;
The autumn leaves drop, withering.

The sweet-brier, from the crumbling wall,
Is fallen in a tangled mass;
Nor human step may overpass
Across the great door of the hall.

Long while the slatted blinds have been
Close-barred o'er broken pane and crack,
Nor mortal hand to swing them back
And let the golden sunlight in.

Thick dust is over all the floors,
Black cobwebs to the ceilings cling,
In the old wood the crickets sing,
The swallow in the chimney roars.

Sometimes, beside the garden fence,
A ghostly shadow seems to fall,
As if one stood to see it all;
That, fading out, or passing hence,

Filthiness beyond the unopened gate,
Along the pathway choked with grass,
And through the tangled, briery mass,
Nor at the bolted door will wait;

Slow pacing on from room to room,
As unsubstantial as the air,
And of a sudden is not there:
But only moth and rust consume.

Full far away a woman sits,
About whom tropic blossoms glow,
And spicy breezes breathe and blow;
Across whose face a shadow flits.

What vision is it that she sees
With such remote and dreamful glance—
What seeth she, as in a trance?
Some apple and some cherry trees,

A palling swaying in the winds,
A pathway overgrown with grass,
A fallen, tangled, briery mass;
A lonely house with close-shut blinds.

About the place she seems to go,
And all things seem distinct and clear.
And is she there, or is she here?
Or there, or here? I do not know.

For the Favorite.

HOW I LOST MY WHISKERS AND MY WIFE.

BY CAPT. JAPPEAR,

OF MONTREAL.

There are not many persons now-a-days who have not had an "adventure" at some period of their lives. In fact, in these fast times, we can generally boast of more than one thrilling event, ere we have turned our first score. Now, it was not till within the past few months that I could class myself among this number, for up to that time I had run on the even tenor of my way.

"—nor care
Has left its poisoned arrow in my breast."

In truth, my life was like a mill-pond for smoothness until that stone was thrown in, which so rudely ruffled its peaceful waters. I have no doubt I shall always be able to look at my adventure as the event of my life, for what can occur of more importance than the loss of your whiskers and your wife! I know that my friend Brown, who is a bachelor and a cynic (some say these terms are synonymous), I say that this same Brown would designate part of my loss as a fortunate escape, and insinuate that it should be cause for anything but sadness. But who cares for Brown or his opinions! I must say he had a very disagreeable and irrelevant way of speaking of certain matters; and although, for the sake of peace and quietness, I sometimes pretended to agree with him, yet I always felt disgusted at his, to say the least of them, erroneous opinions. (By-the-by, I hope Brown won't see this paper.)

Yes, dear reader, but for a comparatively trifling circumstance, I might have been now riding in my carriage, for my Angellina was passing rich in this world's store. But let no one imagine that the loss of wealth, or rather its non-acquisition, added one feather's weight to my burden of grief. No, banish the thought! The mercenary wretch who could entertain such an idea for a moment must indeed be changed before he can comprehend such loss as mine. Before it can flourish in his barren heart, the cold fog of sordid selfishness must be taken away, and the warm rays of affection and the streams of true love must thaw and fertilize the sterile soil! (I think that sentence deserves to be printed in large type.) But I must proceed with my story, or I shall tire the most patient of my readers.

It was during the past summer that I visited one of the British Colonies, and during my sojourn there I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of three young gentlemen, natives of the place. In a short time we became fast friends, and many a long tramp have we had together with rod and gun, and many a jolly night round the camp-fire, in the wilds of Terra-nova.

My three friends were named respectively Brown, Jones and Robinson,—at least we'll suppose they were. As I said before, Brown was a cynic, or pretended to be one. Jones, or as he was generally called, Phil,—not that his Christian name was Philip, but as an abbreviation of philosopher,—was of a grave turn of mind, and much given to the fine arts. He spent a great deal of his time in quoting from the poets, and to hear him recite Shakespeare was really a treat. Robinson, on the other hand, was of a very sprightly disposition, and when in his company I could never help thinking of a *mitrailleur* of ginger-ale. He was an enthusiastic admirer of feminine beauty. It was this that drew the remark from Brown that "Robinson would be a good sort of fellow only for that falling." For my own part, I think he was very discerning in this respect, for where ordinary mortals could discover nothing very enchanting, he was sure to find some feature in every passer-by to call forth a eulogy. If you were to take a walk with Robinson the conversation, on his part, would usually be confined to such exclamations as "What beautiful eyes!" "There's a nose!" or, "Jupiter, what a forehead!"

It was a drizzly morning in September that we set out on our last excursion, an occasion never to be forgotten, for then it was that the event transpired which blighted my young life and "froze the genial current of my soul."

I seemed to have a presentiment of coming evil. I did not feel the same buoyancy of spirits as on former occasions, and it struck me as being a bad omen to see that the like mysterious gloom appeared to weigh upon the spirits of my companions. Brown was revolving slowly on one heel, with a far graver aspect than usual. Jones was leaning despondingly against the "aggon. His pipe hung listlessly from his teeth; no vapory halo surrounded his head, as was usually the case, for he had allowed the fire to go out, which was almost as rare with him as with the Vestal Virgins.

But when I saw Robinson, the irrepressible Robinson, whistling what appeared to be a dismal attempt at a "Dead March," instead of one of his favorite lively airs, then I was positive there was some dire calamity looming in the future. Our journey, too, was very unlike its predecessors. There were no laugh and song as usual. The cynic was more cynical than usual. No words of wisdom dropped from the philosopher's lips; while even Robinson's remarks on the brows and noses of the passers-by were but faintly murmured, and if I don't mistake, he allowed one or two to pass altogether unobserved.

Then, we found that the animal we had hired seemed to have no idea of any motion but the retrograde, or, as the old lady said of her shy daughter—"she was very backward in coming forward." It was this peculiarity that led Brown to suggest the advisability of reversing the order of our going, and letting the animal's tail lead the way as the only means of reaching our destination.

However, by dint of moral suasion and other things too numerous to mention, we at length arrived at our journey's end. Having unharnessed our beast and picketed her in a grassy plot, we shouldered our impedimenta and made our way through the bushes to the edge of a pond, where we selected a spot for our camping ground. After repairing the damages sustained by our tea-kettle, in sundry falls of its bearer Jones, we set about making preparations for breakfast, and while discussing our meal and anticipating a good day's sport, our spirits rose a little, though, for my own part, I could not altogether get rid of an indefinable dread.

Having satisfied the inner man and cleared away the wreck, as Robinson expressed it, we set out, rod in hand, to begin the day's work. The sun now shone out, and with the heat came the mosquitoes, the scourge of the angler.

Now, I am privileged in this respect, and enjoy perfect immunity from the attacks of these insects, so much so that I have always been an object of envy to my less fortunate confreres. On the present occasion I had wandered down the stream some distance from my companions, and was seated on a ledge of rock under the lee of a little promontory, and landing my fish in fine style, when I heard a voice which I thought I recognized as that of Jones, coming from the other side of the point, and speaking seemingly, in low expostulatory tones. On parting the bushes which screened the speaker from view, I found that it was indeed Jones, although at the first glance it was difficult to believe that it could be our grave philosopher, for there he stood,—while the mosquitoes hovered over and around his head in a perfect cloud,—holding his fishing-rod as some important functionary would his wand of office, and making partial revolutions with a jerky motion, reminding one of a janitor on his perch, while at the same time he carried on an animated address, during the pauses in which he would direct a puff of tobacco smoke into the thickest of his enemies.

"Think not I care for you, (puff) ye blood-thirsty plagues," he exclaimed, disdainfully, "or that your buzzing strikes terror to my heart (puff, puff). No, no! Do not let that flattering unctious to your souls, for I defy your blood-

sucking horrid! Ay, rally your Lilliputian legions, (wild!) cheer them to the onslaught! (Puff, vigorously.) Oh, yes," he continued, suddenly changing to a mild persuasive tone, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, "drop gently,—with a loving touch. But come, little ones, let me teach you the virtues of tobacco. First, (didactically) it is an herbaceous plant, remarkable for its narcotic properties—"

At this point, not being able to contain myself any longer, I burst into a loud "guffaw," which was considerably prolonged when, on looking further up, I saw Brown striding distractedly up and down the bank, copiously anointing his visage with "mosquito mixture," in hopes that it would keep off his tormentors; while a little beyond, on a pinnacle of rock, stood Robinson, frantically waving a bough round his head, with the same object in view.

"I think," remarked Jones, "that we had better get upon the summit of yonder hill and wait for the evening's fishing," and as we all thought the same, we decided on following Jones' advice. So we beat a hasty retreat, leaving the enemies masters of the field.

On making out the list of casualties we found that, with the exception of the writer, we were all more or less wounded, Robinson coming under the head "Seriously." One eye was completely closed up, while his nose, which used to be of the pure Grecian type, was now of a nondescript form. In fact, Brown very aptly styled the general appearance of his physiognomy when, referring to the numerous excrescences, intersected by little streams of "mosquito mixture," he said it brought to mind the bard's apostrophe to the land of his birth, where he says

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

The greater part of the day was spent in trying to get a wink of sleep, and the success would have been almost unbroken but for the groans of Robinson, and Brown's protestations of sympathy, which, whether seriously given or not, only elicited certain looks from the former which would have been withering but for the comical expression of his swollen face.

Just as the sun sank behind the hill we went down and resumed our fishing. By dusk, each of us had managed to secure a load, and as it was getting a little foggy, we determined to leave without further delay. Having each taken a share of the baggage, which, with our fish, made quite a staggering load, we began our march to where we had left the horse,—Robinson leading the way, as being the only one acquainted with the locality.

We had been going on for some time, stumbling into holes and marshes, when it began dawn upon my mind that the distance seemed somewhat greater than in the morning. Jones appeared to entertain the same opinion, for just then I heard him enquiring of Robinson if it was "much farther."

"O, 'tis just here," replied Robinson in a confident tone.

"Say—Hob,—you are sure you're right?" bawled out Brown.

"Right! Of course I'm right," answered Robinson indignantly.

Another ten minutes of stumbling and toiling through the thicket, and then our faith in Robinson began to waver.

"Don't you think we ought to be near it now?" gasped Jones, panting in his efforts to get his leg out of a mud-hole.

"Ay, 'tis just here," replied Robinson, "over this little hill, I believe," he added in a tone not quite so assuring.

"I am of opinion that 'just here' must be a considerable distance off. It seems to me to be like the mirage in the desert," grumbled Brown.

Some more falls and bruises, and we had reached the summit of the little hill referred to, when we all, following the example of our guide, came to a stand-gill. After staring at each other for a minute or so, we inquired of Robinson "where we were."

Robinson replied that, "he was blest if he knew," from which, to judge by the look of wonderment in his eyes, or rather in the one that was left open, a person would be apt to infer that he was not particularly bright at that moment.

"I feared 'twould come to this," sighed Jones. "Don't be too hard on him, Jones," said Brown in a somewhat sarcastic tone, "you should make allowance for his impaired vision."

But we were really in a sad predicament, for it was no trifling thing to be lost in a wilderness in that country. What was to be the next move, that was the question?

"Well," observed Brown looking inquiringly at Robinson,

"Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on with much impediment?"

What's to come next, Rob? You know it won't do to stay here, all night, for under present circumstances, I cannot agree with Mr. Byron, that

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods"

What do you say, Phil?"

Jones only shook his head, and shifted his basket-strap to ease his shoulders, moaning dolefully

"Oh 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that —"

"That was—his supper," put in Brown. Here we were startled by an exclamation from Robinson.

"Boys, did you see that light?"

"Where?" we exclaimed in chorus.