

pelled any illusions, and these dreams were but very poor comfort after all. It would be a great consolation, she felt, if Harry were lying in the green churchyard, where she might go and see his grave and put flowers upon it; but where he lay no mortal could mark the spot, or loving hands tend it. The restless rolling sea which in life he had loved so well, was his last resting place; unseen he must remain there till the day when the sea shall give up her dead.

The vicar had caused a simple marble tablet to be erected to his memory in the little village church, and from where Prue sat on Sundays she could see it quite plainly. Her eyes and thoughts often wandered in that direction, and I fear the good vicar's long discourses often fell upon inattentive ears.

It was Christmas day—real orthodox Christmas weather; a light fall of snow the preceding day had whitened the roads and meadows; the trees and hedges were glistening with the beautiful hoar-frost, and moreover, the sun was shining, throwing long shadows across the snow, and making the frost sparkle as if millions of diamonds had been scattered about broadcast.

Prue had been to church in the morning, and now in the early afternoon she was wending her steps toward the other end of the village intent on an errand of mercy to some poor ailing cottager. She walked briskly along, her pulses tingling in the keen frosty air, and her spirit somewhat cheered by the beautiful bright nature around her.

The people whom she met gave her hearty Christmas greetings; the birds chirped cheerily; from the village there came the distant echo of a party of carol-singers. The sunshine and peace entered into her heart, making her feel happier than she had done since that dreadful October evening two months ago, when she had heard the news.

She was quite sorry when she arrived at her destination, and having given the old woman her soup, she started off again on her homeward way. The short afternoon was closing in, and the sun, like a great globe of fire, was sinking into the gray mist that arose from the fields. Prue hurried along the well-known lanes, for it was getting late, and grannie would be waiting tea for her. The air was very silent now, her own footsteps made quite an echoing sound on the hard ground. Was that another footstep coming behind her? She turned round and saw nothing; then she heard a whistle. The footsteps were more decided now, then her name was called by a voice that almost made her heart stand still. She dared scarcely move—what could it be? Again came the voice, again she heard that "Prue!" There could be no mistake, her senses could not be deceiving her. She turned round again, and there, not far from her, striding along, was a tall, well-built figure. It was too dusk to distinguish the face or features, but how well Prue knew that swinging gait, and the familiar outlines of that well-known form! It must be a ghost, she thought, a visitant from the unseen world, bearing Harry's semblance; was it come to upbraid or to tell her not to mourn for him? She would have liked to fly, but could not; her strength and senses seemed failing her; everything was slipping away from her. With a last desperate effort she clutched hold of a railing beside her and with great difficulty prevented herself from fainting.

"Prue, Prue, don't you know me?" The voice was very loud and very real, the real hand that grasped hers in an iron grasp was flesh and blood, and sun burnt; it recalled her reeling senses, and she opened her eyes and saw that face which she had never hoped to see again. The eyes that were looking into hers were bright with happiness; it was indeed Harry; at least it seemed so. Prue could not yet believe it was really he.

"I don't understand, Harry," she managed at last with great difficulty to gasp out. "Is it really and truly you?"

"Who else would it be, you ridiculous little Prue?" returned Harry, with his merry laugh. "I believe you thought I was a ghost, you stared at me so solemnly. But I assure you, Prue, I am a flesh-and-blood Harry. You needn't look so scared."

"I did think it wasn't you at first," Prue answered gravely; "and I couldn't move, I was so frightened. I thought I should have died when you came nearer. I can't believe it's really you. Oh, I am so glad!" and the foolish little maiden, as a proof of her joy, burst into tears.

"Don't weep over me," laughed Harry; "I am not worthy of your tears. Oh, my dear little Prue; what a foolish child you are. First you can't believe that I am not a ghost, then when you discover that I am corporeal enough to satisfy any one, you weep. Have you gone a little out of your mind since I have been away?"

"Almost," returned Prue, simply. "We all thought you were dead. It has been dreadful."

"Thought I was dead," repeated Harry. "Then you never got my letter from Aden."

"No; we only heard that the *Atlanta* had gone down, and that every one was lost," said Prue.

"The *Atlanta* went down, that is too true," answered Harry, "but a great many of us were picked up by a Spanish vessel. I wrote home from Aden; I can't think why the letter never reached here. However it's all right now. I meant to surprise you all by coming to-day, so I didn't telegraph. I hoped to get here this morning, and meet you all coming out of church, but I was delayed."

"That's so like a man," returned Prue, "never to take into consideration that they might have all gone out to dinner, and would not be at home to welcome you."

"Ah, in that saucy speech I recognize my own little Prue," said Harry; "you have lost all your old merry look, and perhaps it is because it is so dark, but there does not seem to be the same gladness in your eyes. Are you growing old and sedate, Prue?"

"I think that the tears have washed all the gladness out of my eyes," answered Prue, in a low voice; "and I hope," she continued, "that you will never find me again like that horrible changeable Prue I was before you went away. I have never forgiven myself for that day when you came to Walstead to wish me good-bye. Have you never forgotten me, Harry?"

"Need you ask?" he said; and as he spoke he took out a little worn pocket-book. "Here, next my heart, I have worn those dead forget-me-nots. Here they are, Prue, and your letter, too."

Home together in the gathering twilight they walked, scarcely realizing their own happiness.

Prue had much to hear; for was she not listening to that old, old story, which, though so often repeated, always wears the charm of novelty, and will do so as long as human nature exists, and human hearts beat with love, and hope, and happiness?

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

There are some writers who leave upon us the very distinct impression that they are far superior to their work, whatever the merit of this may be. Such are Dr. Johnson and Ben Jonson. And there are others who show themselves incomparably the best in their books; and of these Anthony Trollope is a marked instance. It is easy to see how much his novels lack, yet they have very distinctly admirable qualities,—humor, a certain pathos, and, above all, marvellous accuracy in the representation of life. What is wanting in his work is the higher vision of the real meaning of what he recounts with such admirable facility. He is a great English writer, because he was perfectly satisfied with all that he described. That he had good cause for his complacency, is made clear by his autobiography. There are few men who at the approach of old age can look back on so successful a struggle with circumstances as this which he has to narrate.

Trollope's life was full of misery. His father was a barrister in London who started in his profession with fair hopes, but who saw them soon destroyed by his own unfortunate disposition; and as a consequence his family were soon reduced to poverty. The father's bad temper lost him all his clients; his investments were made without judgment; he endeavored to make good what he had lost by writing a sort of ecclesiastical encyclopedia, while his wife and children tasted all the bitterness of shabby gentility. Anthony Trollope was sent to Harrow and Winchester; but he was an untidy, ill-favored boy, a social outcast, the legitimate prey of every bully in the school. In this wretchedness he grew up. His mother struggled bravely against adverse fate. She came to this country and opened her famous bazaar in Cincinnati; she wrote her book about America and the Americans, while the father toiled over his impossible encyclopedia, and she wrote many fairly successful novels. For a number of years she was the mainstay of the family, between the ages of fifty, when she began, and seventy-six, writing one hundred and fourteen volumes, there being among them something like forty novels, so that her son came fairly by his literary industry. Yet misfortune lingered. The family had been compelled to run away to the Continent, and Anthony Trollope had taken the place of usher in a school at Brussels. While there, he was offered a minor clerkship in the London post-office. His life in London was of little practical service, but a new chance was offered him in Ireland and thither he went. Soon he became engaged, and in two years he married. He had already thought of eking out his moderate salary by writing, and he soon made the attempt; but his first novels were absolute failures. "The Warden," published in 1855, when Trollope was forty years old, was more successful; and "Barchester Towers," which followed it, encouraged him still further. From this point, the way was clear. He had his post-office work, and his novels followed one another quickly, until finally he became a rich man; rich, that is, for a man of letters. In twenty years, he made with his pen something like seventy thousand pounds sterling. The various steps towards competence need not be recounted here.

What the reader will turn to with some curiosity is Trollope's expression of his opinions concerning the novelist's art, but he will not find much instruction or delight in the chapters that discuss it. Trollope says his little say about Thackeray, Dickens, Lever, Charlotte Brontë, Miss Broughton, and others; but his remarks in no way differ from what half a hundred people out of sixty might say. He thinks that criticism should be unbiased; but so does everyone. "Human nature must be the novelist's guide," he affirms without danger of contradiction. The novelist "must be intelligible,—intelligible without trouble; and he must be harmonious." Indeed, his observations

are of the nature of platitudes. More interesting is his statement about his manner of work. He used to write while travelling, by land and sea. Whatever else he might be doing, he turned off his forty pages a week, of two hundred and fifty words to a page, year in and year out. When at home, he used to get up at half-past five and begin to work with his watch before him, and writing two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. To this persistent industry he owed the best part of his success.

The reader must understand, then, that Trollope's autobiography has very little of that quality of personal confession which so endears most books of the sort to readers. It is rather a history of how he was poor, and how he conquered fate. The personal quality of the book makes itself felt in the curious content he expresses for life as it is. His greatest disappointment was his failure to get into Parliament; his greatest delight was hunting. He was born to enjoy as well as to see clearly English social life of a certain sort, and his work will be a rich mine for future investigators into the conditions of things in the nineteenth century. After all, his work will be then only the more valuable on account of his perfect content with everything.

One thing that he was not contented with was the condition of matters relating to copyright in this country. Without going into a discussion on the general subject, we may say that Mr. Trollope was in error in saying that the sum received from America by his publishers for early sheets was "very trifling." For one of his books, seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling were paid, which is not a "trifling" sum. But the publication of this autobiography will doubtless bring the whole matter once more into prominence.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 20.

HER Majesty the Queen has consented to become patroness of the Jubilee Concert of Sir Julius Benedict, to be given next June at the Royal Albert Hall.

OSCAR WILDE has gone forth on his lecturing campaign. One of his lectures is to be given at Brighton, where he would be most likely to find his peculiar public.

It is hoped that photographing sound will yet be brought to such perfection that writing will be superseded, and prepared paper will receive the impress of spoken words.

MR. DU MAURIER is said to have drawn for the Paris *Figure* a half-page pen-and-ink drawing, representing the troubles of an English family in the streets of Paris on a wet-day.

THE closing of the Fisheries Exhibition will be marked, it is said, by the bestowal of honors among those who have, by their ability and zeal, contributed so largely to the success of the undertaking.

MR. BRADLAUGH has evidently become a convert to the theory that force is no remedy, and now he declares that when Parliament opens he will go alone to the House of Commons, and try to take his seat.

THERE is to be a public meeting at the St. James's Hall ere long on the land question—of course, with a view to the despoiling of English and Scotch landlords. Several eminent agitators are to address the meeting.

Since the Parcels Post was instituted there has been a perfect mania for using it to send small presents. It has awoke a sentiment which was dormant, and no doubt small present giving will go on increasing.

MRS. LANGTRY is crossing the Atlantic in greater state than any artiste who has ever made the journey. Her bath alone cost £20, her state cabin £100, and she came on board by special tug chartered for her own convenience.

THE search after a new and pleasing color has brought to light "the elephant tint." Few have ever discovered before that the hide of old Jumbo was lovely to look at. Yet such is the case when it is softened down with a little pink in the manufacture of the tint.

THE Princess Dolgorouki has commissioned the distinguished French painter, M. Nydias, to paint a picture representing the late Emperor of Russia surrounded by the Princess Dolgorouki and their family by the morganatic marriage. The success of the artist has been very remarkable, both as to likenesses and producing a work of consummate art.

THE dedication of a portion of Lambeth Palace gardens to the public use is desired, and a powerful petition, numerously and influentially supported, is in preparation for presentation to the Premier, and if it meet with a favorable support from the present Archbishop and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, it is probable that

Parliament will pass a short, special Act, and throw open a portion of the garden to the public.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS contradicts the rumour which has obtained currency that the Lord Chamberlain objected to the so-called dynamite explosion which forms a conspicuous feature in "A Sailor and His Loss," and that in consequence of this objection the production of the play was delayed. The delay was wholly the result of sheer inability to get the stage and scenery ready.

THERE is a scheme for the insurance of parcels which the Director of Confidential Inquiries in the Post Office has been commissioned to prepare which will probably come essentially to one halfpenny for parcels insured up to £2 10s., a penny up to £5, and a halfpenny extra for every £5 more up to the limit beyond which parcels will not be insured. This limit will in all likelihood not be more than £100.

THE roof of glass and iron for the Royal Exchange which is now being manufactured by Messrs. Whitford, of the Regent's Canal Iron-works, will be a triumph of that mode of construction. It is light and very ornamental. The architect is Mr. Charles Barry, eldest son of the designer of the Houses of Parliament, and the cost will be £10,000. The work is to be finished in the first half of 1884.

NOW-A-DAYS a bazaar is nothing if not novel, and a line of novelty has been very happily struck at Liverpool. On behalf of the home for Aged Mariners there has been held in that city this week a nautical bazaar, the hall being made to represent an "Atlantic liner" and the stall-holders and their assistants dressed as fish girls of various nations, or otherwise "nautically" got up. The undertaking has been a great success.

AN application is to be made to the requisite authorities for permission to lay down tubes under the pavement of the principal streets for the transmission of a motive power for the complete working of clocks of a peculiar manufacture. The clocks will be always right, and there will be a gratuitous supply of clocks for the public use. This curious experiment is said to have been tried in Paris with complete success. But what will our clockmakers think of it? They will strike.

THE impression that Mr. Alderman Hadley was to be the new Lord Mayor of London was not confined to this side of the Atlantic. He visited America last year, and was received everywhere as the future head of the greatest Corporation in the world. An enterprising New York photographer had a large number of impressions of his likeness thrown off and ready for transmission hither against the time when the news of his election should be telegraphed to the States.

THERE are to be more experiments in electric lighting in the city. Since that experiments began some time ago, and then flickered out, it seems a little odd that some definite mode of street illumination has not been discovered. One suggestion is that light iron arches should be erected at a height of fifty or eighty feet, in the principal thoroughfares, and electric lamps suspended from them. This would be very well at night, but in the daytime the iron arches would not contribute to the illumination.

THE London Gregorian Choral Association are to hold their annual festival at St. Paul's on Thursday, Nov. 22nd. It will be remembered that a letter appeared in the *Times* criticising the Roman character and source of their service-book, and in another week notice was given that the service would be postponed. The only condition on which the Cathedral authorities would allow this postponed gathering to be held was that the incriminating service should not be used. The committee have substituted one used in former years.

MANY of the Catholic laity are chafing under the disabilities under which they are now placed. They cannot send their sons to Oxford or to Cambridge, at all events, without incurring ecclesiastical displeasure, and just now they are asking very strongly the reason why. The echoes of these complaints have reached the Papal Court, and as Cardinal Manning is still unrelenting, he goes to Rome to place his views of the subject before his superiors. There is a general impression that he will not prevail, and that the establishment of a Roman Catholic College at Oxford is a matter of months rather than years.

JOSH BILLINGS HEARD FROM.

NEWPORT, R.I., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver. I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so.

yours without a struggle,
JOSH BILLINGS.