

passing round for a kiss, her eyes fixed all the while upon her plate, where lay three or four little parcels. "Oh, what a lot of presents! How delightful!"

Her exclamations continued as she opened the papers containing a beautiful gold bracelet, a gold pencil-case, an ivory Prayer-book, and a five-pound note; and guesses from whom they came followed. Most of the donors were soon discovered; but one present, a turquoise-blue enamel bracelet with the words "Forget me not," puzzled her entirely.

"Never mind! I shall soon find out," she said, clasping it round her wrist. "I'll wear it at church to-day and question all whom I suspect. I wonder if the decorations were finished last night! They were not nearly completed at four o'clock, when I came in; and old Burton was growling like a bear at everybody in turn. Mr. Stewart said it was because he had pricked his fingers till he was ready to cry. I know I did," and with a rueful countenance she held up her scarred hands.

"My dear Nell, you should have worn gloves!" exclaimed her mother.

"Ned was right when he said it was not work for girls," put in Lee.

"Ned's a bear—worse than old Burton," retorted his sister. "Mrs. Beale was there in a violet velvet dress, followed by a footman carrying a great silver jug of mulled claret, which she dispensed all round. Ned said it would taste of dips, and he would not have any; but I was very glad of it."

"Nellie has a due appreciation of the flesh-pots of Egypt. She would make a bad poor man's wife," remarked Lee, as he went to the sideboard for a second portion of game-pie.

"She would make a good wife to any man, rich or poor," returned Mr. Berners sharply. "I've a great mind to ask her to be mine."

"Don't, unless you mean it," said Nellie laughing; "because I should probably say 'yes.'"

"No, you wouldn't, Miss Impudence. I know what would prove a very big objection, or my name's not John Berners."

Nellie's face glowed, and she bent down to feed her little rough terrier Quiz, a gift from Ned two years before. When she raised her head the light had died out of her face, and she soon rose saying she must go and get ready for church.

Very bright and pretty the little church looked with its Christmas bays and wreaths; and warm cheery greetings passed from mouth to mouth when, service ended, the congregation poured out. Ned Vignoles stood by the church door, a doubtful look on his handsome face as Nellie approached him. There was a sad wistful look in her soft dark eyes as she extended a little gloved hand, which soon tingled with the grasp it received.

"Glad to see you are in a better temper this morning, Miss Nell," remarked Ned. "I suppose you think you'll have nobody to put your skates on this afternoon except Dips. I'm not quite sure I shall forgive you all the same."

"I have Mr. Berners," returned Nellie lightly. "And shan't let you put my skates on or help me at all; so, there sit! We are thinking of getting married soon! 'Nellie Berners,' sounds pretty I think."

"Prettier than 'Nellie Beale'—and you'll have a chance of that soon. Here comes the faithful Dips, by all that's unlucky! Give him a good snub, and send him off. I don't want my Christmas temper spoilt."

Nellie cast a frightened glance behind her and turned deathly pale.

"I can't, Ned," she whispers hurriedly. "But don't go, please; take my books."

She thrust her books hastily into his hands, by way of an excuse to keep him at her side, and then tried to answer civilly the greeting of her admirer. There was a ring of complacency in his tone which made her heart sink, for she felt sure that it came from some hint of Lee's; but she answered with a courteous grace that in reality kept him quite as much at a distance as her former brusquerie; whilst Ned, head in air, stalked silently along, wondering what on earth she meant by encouraging "the little beast."

How thankful Nellie was when they reached the drive-gate, though she felt bound to dismiss both her cavaliers at once. But she did not ask for her books, and Ned did not return them. He carried them off for a hundred yards, and then, exclaiming "by Jove I've got Miss Raymond's books! Don't wait for me," ran back to where Nellie still lingered, following, though slowly, the others towards the house.

"Here are your books, Nell," said Ned, holding them out as she turned and faced him. "But what on earth made you play me such a trick! Why didn't you send Dips off?"

Nellie patted the frozen snow with her foot, and kept her head down as she answered—

"How could I help it? He has as much right to walk with me as you have."

Ned looked hard at her; but she would not meet his eyes.

"I don't understand your game, Nellie," he said shortly; "but once for all, you don't have both of us with you again; so take your choice. Good-bye!" and without offering his hand he turned and strode off, whilst Nellie, with swimming eyes and aching heart, went on her homeward way.

Mr. Berners stood in the porch waiting for her, and putting his hand under her chin, raised her unwilling face to his.

"Tears, little woman!" he said kindly "What's up—been quarrelling with Master Ned?"

"Yes, as usual. I ought not to mind by this

time; but I get so spoilt at home that I can't stand cross speeches from other people. That's my objection to marrying you—I should get more spoilt than ever."

"Then you'd better marry a cross fellow like Ned Vignoles," returned Mr. Berners slyly; but Nellie shook her head, saying with a forced lightness—

"Too poor; I must have a rich husband, as Lee says."

"Lee be shot! You'll marry whom I tell you to marry, or I'll not leave you a penny. Now go and take off that killing bonnet and come to luncheon. I want to be off to the ice."

With a heavy heart Nellie went upstairs, longing to tell her kind old friend all her trouble. Lee was standing in the hall when she came down again, ostensibly brushing his hat, but in reality waiting for her—he had an uncomfortable conviction that he had cast a heavy load upon his sister. He passed his arm affectionately round her when she joined him, and giving her a kiss, said warmly—

"You are a little brick, Nell, and have given me a very different Christmas from what I expected. Beale is in the seventh heaven at not having had his nose snapped off."

She smiled, her heart considerably lightened by this unusual display of affection, for Lee was not demonstrative.

"I was only just civil to him. Perhaps I have been rude before. He is thankful for small mercies apparently. I dare say I shall get to like him better by-and-by."

"Most likely. Anyhow I am very grateful to you for keeping him from bothering me for the present," and Lee kissed her again.

(To be continued.)

### GARIBALDI.

The mere narrative of Garibaldi's life reads like a mediæval legend or a tale of heroic times. He is at once the Ulysses and the Achilles of the Italian national epic. Long before his name had been heard in Europe, his exploits, both by sea and land, had made it a word of power in the New World. Having been involved in revolutionary intrigues, he quitted Europe in 1835 for South America, only to return after twelve years' exile, the story of which, with its stirring adventures both of battle and peaceful enterprise, is as romantic as any subsequent portion of his wonderful career. In 1848 Garibaldi returned to Europe, allured, like so many other Italian patriots, by the promise, soon to be blighted, of the Pope's accession as "the Liberal Pope." But though he soon found that his hopes in that direction were to be disappointed, Garibaldi did not return in vain. His share in the defence of Rome against the troops of the French Republic under General Oudinot and his victory over the Neapolitans in the campaign of Volturno served to show his countrymen that they would not want a leader ready to go all lengths when the time came. The time did not come for another ten years, and the intervening period was one of sorrow and humiliation for Garibaldi.

After the disastrous Roman campaign, ending with the occupation of Rome by the French troops and the overthrow of Mazzini's triumvirate, Garibaldi was hunted from place to place; two of his devoted friends were taken by the Austrian troops and shot without any form of trial; his heroic wife Anita, the companion of all his adventures and perils, succumbed to the exposure and privation of his flight, and the General himself only escaped from his more implacable foes to be arrested by Sardinian troops and carried to Genoa, where La Marmora, who held the command, allowed him to retire to Tunis.

When Victor Emmanuel made his peace with Austria, and the hopes of Italy seemed extinguished for the moment, Garibaldi once more crossed the Atlantic and settled in New York as a tallow chandler. He returned to Europe in 1855, and in 1859 the war between France and Austria brought him again into the field. All the world recoils the exploits of the *Chasseur des Alpes*, whom Garibaldi organized for mountain warfare, and led with consummate daring along the sub-Alpine ranges and to the very summit of the Stelvio Pass before the sudden peace of Villafranca put an end for the moment to the rising hopes of Italian patriots and statesmen. Still more familiar is the story of the campaign of the following year, which was begun in Sicily by Garibaldi and a few devoted followers, and ended in a few months at Naples, when the victorious patriot, who took no reward for himself and asked for none, handed over the Crown of the Two Sicilies to Victor Emmanuel and retired to his farm in Caprea.

This was the crowning point of Garibaldi's eventful career. Here end not, indeed, his efforts, but his direct achievements, in the cause of his country's freedom. The crowning of the edifice was reserved for other hands than his and the task was to be accomplished by other means than he knew how to employ.—*London Times*.

### ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

### VARIETIES.

WHEN Professor Stowe was at Andover, while preaching a preparatory lecture on Saturday afternoon, he found some notices lying on the desk and at the proper time for reading the announcements he took them and read: "The funeral of Mrs. Jones will be attended next Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock," the ladies' sewing society will meet at the house of Mrs. Professor Barrows Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock," "the sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered in this church next Sunday afternoon," "the preparatory lecture Saturday afternoon at three o'clock." And then, as Prof. Park who told us the story said, an idea visibly entered his head, coming down as plainly through the air as a bird is seen to light upon a twig. Prof. Stowe began to stammer and said, "Perhaps—perhaps this last notice ought to have been read last Sabbath," and after pondering a moment he said, "Perhaps the one before it should," and then with an expression of great impatience added, "Perhaps they all should," and finally when he saw the congregation all smiling, he said, "You have no business to leave these old notices here in the pulpit.—*St. Albans Messenger*."

A CAPITOL SLIDING DOWN HILL.—From time to time for several years past there have been paragraphs in the newspapers in regard to the new capitol for New York State at Albany, which was intended to be one of the finest structures on the continent and which, in point of cost, certainly, stood high, as it caused the disbursement of at least twelve million dollars of the money of the State of New York. This gorgeous edifice is now finished, and the Legislature of New York were happy in the prospect of meeting in it on the 6th inst., when it was suddenly discovered that one of the stones in the arch-roof of the Assembly Chamber was cracked. The stone was removed, a new one put in its place and the ceiling pronounced to be as good as new. But this discovery at once opened out a larger question, which is likely to prove more exciting to the legislators than any bill they will be called upon to discuss this session, however important it may be. It is declared by men competent to judge, that the cracking of the dome is only a prelude to its final destruction, and that, not only is the dome liable to fall at any time, but that the entire structure is slowly but surely sliding down hill. Consider the feelings of a legislative body compelled to work under a threatening dome of granite, compared to which the sword of Damocles would be but a feather.

THE LAST OF THE PUGILISTS.—The professional English pugilists are fast passing away. William Thompson, or "Bendigo," died on the 24th of August last, a local preacher and a reformed man; and now we are informed that Bill Perry, alias "The Tipton Slasher," died of excessive drunkenness on Christmas eve. Perry's notoriety as a pugilist began in 1855, when he claimed the title of Champion of England through his victory over Tom Paddock at Woking. It was by a foul that the Slasher won the championship; by a foul he lost it, on the 29th of September, 1857, to Henry Broome, at Milde hall. Broome forfeited when challenged to a return match, and the Slasher's claims to supremacy were not disputed for a long time. Owing to difficulties about matching him the title was contended for in 1856 by Broome and Paddock, but the latter, though victorious, was unable to hold the position, and when the famous new belt was given Perry defended it against the rising star of the ungente science—Tom Sayers—who beat him for the trophy and £200 a side on the Isle of Grain, June 16, 1857. After this date the Tipton Slasher's name dropped out of public attention. If we are not mistaken, it was he who was watched against an "Unknown" that proved to be Freeman, the American giant, who stood 6 feet 10½ inches, and when his prudent antagonist declined to "tackle," alleging that he was prepared "to fight a man, but not a mountain."

THE Royal Mausoleum is completed and has been opened to invited guests. The beautiful burial-place of the Prince Consort has been erected at the Queen's sole expense, and cost about two hundred thousand pounds. It lies in the midst of rare shrubs in the gardens of Frogmore, and many of the trees have an inscription, telling when they were planted by various members of the royal family. The mausoleum is a work of the utmost magnificence. The richest Venetian mosaics, by D. Salviati, are employed in ceilings and walls. Magnificent paintings adorn each transept, the subjects being the Nativity, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Our Lord. Marble paneling, bas-reliefs in statuary marble, and others in terra cotta, are around, and various texts in English and in German meet the eye. The whole floor is of the most beautiful inlaid polished marble, and in the centre stands the sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of the Queen's beloved consort, Albert "the Good." The four kneeling angels, with clasped hands and open wings, at each corner, executed by Marochetti, with the recumbent statue of the Prince, are the best works of this sculptor. The spotless marble figure of the Prince is a perfect likeness. He is clad in full military uniform, with the mantle of the Order of the Garter round him. It lies but upon one-half of the vast sarcophagus, and is a reminder of the love of the royal widow, who in erecting this memorial looked on the day when, her own life ended and her work accomplished, she should be laid to rest by the side of him she ever mourns.

### SOCIETY AT LARGE.

THIS winter, in Paris salons, "the trois temps waltz," which has been in some favour since two or three years, is replaced by the deux-temps waltz and the Boston.

THERE are various ways of making a sensation. Lately, at a ball at Schwarzenburg, Saxony, a young man entered, having what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier as if to light it, and a terrible explosion ensued. The lights were extinguished, the walls partly gave way, dancers of both sexes were covered with blood, and the young man was blown to pieces. He had resolved on committing suicide, and had adopted a dynamite cartridge for that purpose.

The fan is still in favour as a design for articles of jewellery, and, as made this winter, it is far more costly than it was in the days when its sticks were of gold filigree, with a single gem flashing in the place where the rivet should be. It is now thickly set with diamonds, the stones graduated from sparks to gems of fair size, and a ribbon of rubies holds the sticks together. As a bit of colouring, these fans are perfect, and their trifling price of \$600 should not deter any young woman from firmly resolving to possess one.

WONDERS do not pall. The latest wonder is more astonishing than the photophone. The Pope is going to make a Turk a Cardinal. Monsignore Hassan, born of Turkish parents in the ancient capital of the Greek Church, and the present capital of Mahometanism, to wit, Constantinople, was educated at Rome, became a priest there, went to labour among his own people, was made a Monsignore, and is now about to be given the purple robe of a Prince of the Church. He will be the first Turk who ever wore the scarlet hat of Rome.

### LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

AN archaeological paper is about to appear at Naples, bearing the felicitous title of *Pompeii*.

MR. MILLAIS'S picture at the Hanover Gallery, "The Bridesmaid," is a study of his daughter as she appeared at her sister's wedding.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S portrait, by Mr. Oulless, A.R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy last spring, is about to form the subject of an etching by M. Rajon.

It is thought that London needs a new art gallery. The Royal Academy is mainly occupied by royal academicians; the Grosvenor is the academy of a school; it is proposed that the new gallery shall be more catholic, and less reserved to particular persons. It will admit only two pictures from any single contributor, save for special reasons; it will be at the command of artists of all schools; it will be large enough to contain all the good work of the year. Such is the proposal. The scheme shows, in fact, that the opposition to the Royal Academy is at length taking shape.

THE Dilettante Cercle, a London club established last season for the encouragement of literature and art, has met with such brilliant success that a limited liability company has been formed, with the Earl of Dunraven at its head, to purchase the club from its original proprietor. The club was modelled on the Parisian Cercle des Mirlitons, or to give it its proper name, the Cercle de l'Union Artistique et Littéraire, founded by the Comte d'Osman, and comprising among its members many prominent names in the artistic and literary world. The Dilettante Cercle admits ladies as members.

### SCIENTIFIC.

ECONOMICAL PRODUCTION OF STEEL.—Mr. Aubé has patented in France a method of converting iron into steel, and at the same time producing illuminating gas. Iron is placed in a retort with charcoal or coke in layers, and heated to 900 deg. C.; fatty matters are then injected and as soon as decomposition has taken place, a jet of dry steam is passed over the incandescent mass. The result is said to be that the iron is converted into steel, and carburetted hydrogen is given off from the retort.

MR. Graham Bell's photophone, sound is conveyed by a beam of light. It has long been known that certain metals give out sounds under the influence of light or heat, and selenium is one of these. This metal is used in the photophone. A plain, bright flexible mirror is fixed in a stand, and the light thrown upon it is reflected as a beam, which strikes a parabolic reflector at a considerable distance. The reflector has in its focus a coil of selenium connected with a galvanic battery and telephone. When a voice speaks behind the flexible mirror, vibrations are produced and communicated to the beam of light, which become audible in the telephone attached to the selenium coil.

### 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. SUGRAG, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. c-o-w