JOSEPH'S COAT.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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Then the young men shook hands, and Joe went on again:

"When I got home there was a parson there. He's not a bad fellow for a parson, and I'm very sorry for what happened, but I was in an infernal temper, and he insulted me, and was horribly trying and annoying, and all that sort of thing; and gad, sir, I knocked him down!"

Cheston stared hard at Joe and burst out laughing.

"Whrt a fire-eater you are, Bushell," said he. "Excommunication, you know. That sort of thing."

"He was a Nonconformist parson," said Joe guiltily, "and really, in cold blood, I've a great deal of respect for him."

The irreverent Cheston screamed with laughter, and by and by asked breathlessly:

"You must have had a row about it?"

"A row!" said Joe ruefully. "My mother told me either to apologise or leave the house and never go back again. I couldn't apologise. It was impossible."

"Especially under compulsion," said Cheston, still laughing. "If apologies were as plenty as blackberries, I wouldn't give an apology under compulsion. Well?"

"Well," Joe returned, "the long and the short of it is, I'm on the way to America."

"No," cried Cheston.

"Yes," said Joe stolidly. "I'm on the way to America." Then cheering a little, "I shall try my luck on the Pacific side, amongst the nuggets."

"By George, you know," said Cheston, surveying him with an eye of admiration and envy, "I should like that. What a lark it would be. Not" he added sorrowfully, "the governor wouldn't listen to it. In the words of Shedstone, or something like 'em—

I should like for to follow you there,
And to toil where the gold nuggets breed;
But papa would be ready to swear,
And——

Hang it all! I'm full of those momentary flashes of genius. Aha! Got him!

And I know that I shouldn't succeed!

Besides, my son, I havn't got the rhino. But are you really going? When?"

"I'm really going, and I'm going now," said Joe. "Now, at once."

"I suppose," said Cheston, striving purposely to bury Joe's angry meanness of the day before, "I suppose you remember I owe you something? Thirty odd pounds I think it is. If you'll come round with me I'll let you have it."

"Well," said Joe, striving also to wipe out that ugly remembrance, "If you don't mind, Cheston, I'd rather you'd keep it until I ask you for it. I have enough to begin with, but I might get hard up, and in that case it would come in usefully. You be my banker, and when I find myself in danger of wanting the coin I'll send for it."

"Good," said Cheston; and the two began to talk about California, and told each other what they knew of it—which was mostly more marvelous than true.

"But what," asked Cheston, "induced you to come to London? Isn't Liverpool the nearest way?"

"Why, yes," said Joe, "I suppose it is. But—" there he blushed a little, "you see it's altogether a little sudden for a fellow, and—and, in point of fact, I never made up my mind until I started to walk into town to catch this train. London is the first place a man tends to, you know, and it's a sort of axle whose spokes radiate to everywhere."

"Well," said Cheston, with that happy go lucky spirit which distinguishes the average young Englishman, and perhaps helps to make him what he is—the wonder of the world for pluck, and dash and enterprise—"It doesn't matter a great deal where a man goes, so long as he has the right stuff in him, and sticks to what he takes to."

"I'm not going to be beaten," said young Joe valiantly. "Money isn't everything in the world; and if I can't get much of it, I must do with little."

"Oh, yes," Cheston answered, "And besides that, your governor will turn up trumps at the finish. You're the only son, I think?"

"The only child," said Joe, with a tremor on his lip. "I mustn't stay away too long, after all, for they're both getting old, and a little bit frail, and it wouldn't be nice to come back and find them gone."

"You must write to me," Cheston answered cheerfully.

The conversation languished. Young Joe's heart once more began to fail him. He had fairly started now, and going back was more than ever impossible until he had at least done something. With little further speech they came to London, and went down to the luggage van together to secure their belongings. Cheston's came out first. Then, after a long delay, came one of Joe's properties—his chest. Then, after another pause, the van was cleared, and there was no sign of his portmanteau.

"Must have been put out at Rugby, sir," said the porter in answer to the young man's claim. "We can send back for it, sir."

Joe gave his address at an hotel in Covent Garden, and was driven thither in a hackney coach. Cheston accompanied him, and that night they dined together. In the morning Joe made enquiries as to the easiest and quickest way to California and learned little that was likely to be of practical use to him, for he had no idea as to the right way of going about the business, and wandered rather listlessly about the docks, standing promiscuous treat to nautical-looking men who appeared to have nothing special on their hands. The best way, he concluded, would be to get to New York, and make a start for the gold fields thence. The route to New York at least was clear. Meantime, back to the hotel to see if the lost portmanteau had arrived, and, in case it had, to send the certificate of marriage to Dinah. For it was characteristic of Young Joe that, at the moment at which the portmanteau was known to have disappeared, he was resolved that it held the certificate, though whilst it remained in his possession he was most mournfully sure it did not.

No portmanteau for him at the hotel. No news of it at the railway station. No news of it next day, and next day still no news. And on the Thursday night the fast-sailing clipper ship Orinoco dropped down the Thames, and the portmanteau was finally left behind—and with it the last hope of Dinah's peace. Not so, young Joe inwardly declared. Cheston was with him on the deck, and was prepared to go as far as Greenwich, to keep heart and hope in him at the start.

"We'll have a bottle of champagne, Bushell, for doch an dhorras," said that young gentleman cheerfully.

Joe accedes, and they go below, and with laughter and clinking of glasses and good wishes and high hope they drink to each other.

"And here," cried Cheston, "here is the Rose of the Midlands, coupled with the name of the gentleman who will shortly return from Tom Tiddler's ground with his pockets full of nuggets."

Joe laughed, a little constrainedly, and drank, murmuring into the glass a word of tenderness for Dinah. He would fain have given his confidence to Cheston, but something withheld him, some fear perhaps of breaking down, or some childish dread of seeming sentimental, or reluctant about going at this final moment.

"You'll let me know how you get along," says Cheston; "and," drawing him aside, "You'll claim the coin whenever you want it, you know."

"All right," Joe nodded in return. New clinking of glasses, new good wishes. Wine makes the heart glad and the face to shine, and sets the little cords within tingling and ringing to tunes tender and hopeful, mournful and triumphant. On deck again, the inward orchestra playing "Good-bye, Sweetheart," "The Emigrant's Farewell," and "Cheer Boys, Cheer," in a strange laughing tearful medley. Steadfast lights ashore and shifting lights afloat, shining reflected on the transparent gloom of the river, many a time to be recalled by fancy, and looking already memorable and unlike anything seen before. Greenwich, and "good-bye"—the little boat dancing shore-ward into darkness, the great black hulk sliding suddenly down the river and towards the open sea.

And now for the first time in his life Young Joe felt alone. A man may be alone a thousand times without feeling it, or may feel it in spite of society. There are certain normal conditions of nature which we do our best to leave unrecognised. Silence is one, darkness another, solitude a third. We make raids into silence with a tremulous defiance, as a boy whistles to keep his heart up when walking in the dusk through a churchyard. We defy darkness in the feeblest ways, and she has her own in spite of us. One of these days she will creep at an extinguished sun and stifle the fading stars. And as for solitude, every human soul is so alone that no other can get into reach of it, but we make pretense of being gregarious and we forget our fears. These three great negatives, silence and darkness and solitude, are the eternal background against which we fantoccini disport ourselves, for Heaven knows whose amusement. We huddle together to forget these gruesome everlasting negatives; but when we are for a moment severed from the crowd, how the knowledge of them swoops down and shrivels us! Solitude, silence, darkness on the sea, and the hapless Young Joe in the middle of them.

He had never been at sea before, and he suffered physically. The Reverend Paul Screed was avenged already, and could he have appreciated his enemy's miseries, he would have been more than ready to forgive. Surely, thought Joe, there was nothing in the world—nothing, nothing, nothing—which could make it worth while to endure this helpless horrible nausea, this fruitless revolt of soul and body against a universe suddenly grown hideous and unbearable. "Ah, death I'd gladly welcome," sings the melodious Italian tenor in florid declamation to Leonora. Young Joe had no heart to sing it, but he groaned it, as with heavy eyes and pea-green countenance he lay in his berth surrendered to misery. Only one man in a hundred tastes the awful possibilities of sea sickness, but Joe was the one in the hundred who sailed aboard the "Orinoco," and the ship's lookout had sighted Kinsale Head before he was better. Then he began to recover pluck and appetite together, and the remainder part of the voyage went pleasantly enough. When a man has been as penitent for three or four days as he had been, penitence is apt to be worn a little threadbare. There is no emotion which cannot be out worn, and Joe had got through his stock of repentances too speedily perhaps. I knew a schoolboy whose one gustatory passion was cheese. Once being possessed of a spare half crown, he bought an egregious lump of Gruyere, and attacked it in the solitude of his chamber, and ate until he could eat no more. He has arrived now at man's estate, that schoolboy; and his youthful feast was enjoyed years and years ago, but if you show him Gruyere at this day you almost drive him from the table. He ate enough to last him for his lifetime. In like manner Young Joe was so greedy of remorse that his four days' feast of woe lasted him the voyage and for some time beyond it.

He landed in due time in New York, and before he had set foot upon American ground the crushing sense of solitude had retired in favor of an exhilarating feeling of independence. He had already been so long absent from Dinah without sending her a message that he felt it unworthy to write now, until he had begun to do something to atone for absence and silence. He was a little dismayed to discover that he was as far off from California, practically, as ever, and that he had not money enough to go there, except in the roughest and meanest way. Then, people with whom he talked set the chances before him in a discouraging manner, and in brief, his money melted with surprising swiftness, and, though employment was plentiful enough for those who knew how to work, he knew how to do nothing, and therefore got nothing to do. He wrote to Cheston and to Uncle George. Cheston kept his promise and sent the money he owed, and that also melted. Uncle George wrote a letter, which he took the precaution to post in Birmingham, lest the local postmaster should know the lad's address. In this epistle he set forth his deep sorrow at the fact that his brother and his sister-in law were still implacable. Young Joe's resolve to emigrate—according to Uncle George—had been the last straw which broke the camel's back, and they were now irreconcilable. The writer expressed his deepest regret for young Joe's prospects, but he sent no money.

Then came two or three days' semi starvation in New York, then an engagement as fire-mender at a brick-kiln some miles outside the city. This business in a rough and squalid way held body and soul together, but there was no chance for making a home for Dinah out of it. And so Dinah was still unwritten to, and the days and weeks and months went by. He had new remorses, but he had his work to do and his bodily discomforts to endure, and by and by memory grew less poignant. After some months he fell in with a lumber gauger, and went with him to the Dominion and lived a rough backwood life, hardening his hands and toughening his muscles and growing a great beard. Anybody seeing him would never have recognized the spruce young Midland dandy, and he had almost forgotten himself.

By this time he was ashamed and afraid to write to Dinah. He was very unhappy about her often. He was very tender and sore in his thoughts about her always. But he never wrote, and he began to hope that she would forget him, and give him up for dead, and carry on her life without him. In one of his rare letters to Uncle George, a couple of years after leaving England, he mentioned Dinah so particularly that the old fox suspected him of an inclination to come back again. So he wrote in answer that Dinah Banks had married, and from that time forth he received no letters from his nephew. This rejoiced him, for with every day that passed he felt his hold upon his brother's fortune surer and more sure.

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Chapter V.

The Saracen's Head was a cheerful and comfortable hotel, proffering on its signboard good accommodation for man and beast, and fulfilling its promise liberally within. Sanded floor, huge open fireplace blazing with an enormous fire, after the generous looking fashion of the mining districts, where coal is cheap and a good fire is counted one of the first of household comforts. Big bare oak beams in the ceiling, with flitches of mellow bacon stuck flat across them, ripening to the rasher stage; shining onions in nets and reeves and hams in canvass jackets bearing them company. Prodigiously solid tables of dark oak, much battered by years of rough usage and irregularly gauffred at the edges by idle pocket knives. Heavy wooden settles, polished by the lounging shoulders of many generations of guests, and staunch to carry generations more. The present assembly—clad in thick flannel jackets, thrown open to show the gaudy lining of cheap felt carpeting, heavy ankle jack boots, mostly worn unlaced, with a big crumpled tongue hanging out, as though the boots were thirstier than their wearers, nondescript hats of felt, shaped like basons and without a pretence of brim—the present assembly sat smoking and drinking in a quiet contentment almost bovine. It was noticeable that most of the men were blazoned in a singular manner on the face, as if they had been tattooed, and the design had been half obliterated. Each man so marked had felt death's hand upon his cheek once at least. But that was commonplace, every day, and in the way of business, and as a general thing was not much thought of.

This was the Saracen's common room, and was rather out of the Saracen's own direct line of observation. He swung, with inflamed countenance, portentous turban, unnumbered jewels, and bilious eyes, above a brighter window round the corner, and behind the brighter window lay a snugger room — a sort of library of liquor, where bottles held the shelves instead of books. It was a mere bandbox of a room, and what with its jolly fire and crimson window blind, and its glitter of glass and gilt lettering, it glowed and sparkled on this wintry night with amazing warmth and brightness. For the wind was howling and the Saracen was pitching gustily to and fro outside, and shrieking rustily at the weather, and the rain beat at the windows frantically at times. All this redoubled the inner warmth and brightness, of course, and sent the inmates of the cosy room closer with comfortable shiverings round the fire. The inmates of the room were three in number. On one side of the fire sat an old woman, and on the other a young one. Between them an old man in a sleeved waistcoat sat back in an arm chair and scorched his legs with an aspect of much contentment. He was a fat man with a pale countenance, white hair, and a well filled rotund waistcoat. Every now and then with his fat hands he caressed the rotund waistcoat as if encouraging his digestive faculties, as you pat a horse when he has pleased you. The old woman was ruddy and neat and clean, in an old fashioned mutch cap with spotless crisp lace edges and having a white silk kerchief drawn squarely over her round shoulders. The young woman was pretty but wistful-looking, her face paler than it should have been; her eyes giving a kindly observer warrant to believe that they were more used to tears than eyes which had a right to be gay by virtue of their brightness and their beauty should be.

"Daniel," said the old lady, "what's the time?"

The old man stole a caressing hand across the rotundity of his figure and pulled out a fat pale watch. "It's nearhand on ten."

"Time them chaps was goin', then," said the old lady.

"Ah!" said the old man assentingly, "I suppose it is, missis. I suppose it is." He drew his legs from the fire, and stroked them persuasively, as who should say, "Will you carry me?" The legs apparently declined, for the feet went back to the fender, and their owner's hands once more offered a silent recognition of the efforts made by his digestive organs. A long drawn sigh seemed to admit that they were overworked, and that he had no wish to hurry them.

"I do declare, our Daniel," said his wife placidly, "you're gettin' lazier every day."

"Very like, missis," assented Daniel, "very like. A man do't get no suppler at my time o' life."

"I'm ashamed on you, Daniel," said the wife, half vexed, half laughing. "Dinah, light your father's candle, an' send him to bed." The girl rose to obey. The old woman, laying down the knitting which had hitherto occupied her plump white fingers, set her hands upon the elbows of her arm chair and made a motion to rise. By that time the struggle between the smile and the frown was over and the smile won. Her placid and good humored gaze followed her daughter's languid motion across the room, when suddenly her hands relaxed their hold upon the elbows of the chair, and she sank back with a look in which terror and suspicion were singularly blended. The girl reached a candlestick from the mantelpiece, crossed the room for a spill of paper, returned, lighted the candle and set it in the old man's hand. Then stooping over him she kissed his cheek, and sat down in her corner. The mother arose and left the room. A moment later her voice was heard.

"Now, Willy-um, your mother'll be a sittin' up for you. George Bethell, you ought to ha' been abed an hour ago. Tummas, you're on the night shift, I know, an' it's time as you was gone."

"Let's have another half-gallint, mother," pleaded one solemn roysterer gruffly. "It'll on'y be a half a pint all round."

"Not another drop o' drink'll be drawed i' this house this night," returned the old lady with unusual acidity of tone.

"Missis," responded the young man first addressed, "yo' mote (must not) send Tum whum sober. His ode woman ain't used to it. Her'll have a fit, or summat."

"Haw, haw, haw!" from the assemblage. The old lady turned upon the wag with solemn anger.

"Willy um Bowker," she said "you'm worse than any on 'em, and to be so young too. It's known far and wide as nobody ever got drink to mek him unsteady at the Saracen's Head, neither Tummas Howl nor no man."

"Missis," said the wag with instant propitiation in his tone, "it een't like you to turn rusty at a joke. But we gone away dry to-night i'stead o' drunk, an' for my part I likin' to be about half-way." A murmur of general approval greeted this statement, and every man seemed to be in favor of the golden mean. But the old lady was inexorable.

"Drunk or dry," she said with much acerbity and decision, "you'll go as you are."

"Come on, chaps," said Mr. Bowker, who as yet was beardless. "Her's as good as a mother to all on us, an' what her says her sticks to. 'Good-night, missis, and no offense, as Tum said to the windmill last time he fell agen it."

"Good-night, misses," said each grave roysterer as he passed her. She answered each by name. "Good-night, 'Minadab. Good-night, Ebenezer. Good-night, Meshach," and so on through a list of the quaintest names, until the last had tramped up the sanded passage and had turned out into the rain. She blew out the candles, bolted the door behind the retiring guests, and returned to the smaller room. The old man had gone upstairs, and the girl was preparing to follow. The staircase, with steps of well scoured white sanded wood, opened into this snug little room, and the mother, closing the door, stood with her shoulders against it regarding Dinah. The girl looked at her meekly, but with an air a little startled.

"Our Dinah," said the mother, "I want to speak to you. You'd better sit down." The girl obeyed. "There's somethin' the matter wi' you. What is it?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, mother," answered Dinah, wearily.

"My gell," said Mrs. Banks, advancing, and bending towards her with an anxious tremulous severity, "you can't deceive me. There's somethin' the matter."

"No," said Dinah, looking puzzled; "I'm a bit dull. That's all."

"Dinah, you can't deceive an old experienced woman. There's something the matter with you, and somethin' very dreadful. Tell me this minute what it is.'

"Oh, mother," said Dinah in an agitated whisper, "am I going to die?"

"It'd a'most be better if you was," said the mother. Dinah's face was white, and her eyes were wide open with fear, but at this she flushed suddenly, and shrank and cowered, with her arms drawn across her face. Her very ears and neck were red and white by turns, as she bent down.

"Is it that?" she sobbed; "oh, is it that?"

"Dinah! Dinah! you wicked girl," said her mother. "Tell me what it is!" Dinah bent lower and lower, and drew herself way as any defenceless thing draws back into itself at the touch of an intruding finger. Her mother seized one of her hands, and strove to draw it from her face, but Dinah held her head down so resolutely, and drew her arms so tightly towards herself, that the old woman was powerless to effect her purpose. "Tell me who it is!" she repeated severely, relinquishing her hand. "It is young Joe Bushell—as has broke his father's and mother's heart, and made a huzzy o' you as well?"

"Oh, mother," cried Dinah, dropping suddenly upon her knees, and seizing the old woman by both hands, "we were married at Waston church last Whitsuntide." Dinah's mother dropped down upon her knees and faced the girl.

"You was married? At Whitsuntide? You an' young Joe Bushell?"

"Yes," cried the girl, and suddenly releasing her mother's hands, she fell forward upon the floor, and hiding her face again, cried passionately. The elder woman fell forward also, and clipping her by the waist strove to lift her, but again Dinah would not move. So they knelt there and mingled their tears.

"Dinah," said the mother whispering, "it never crossed my mind till to-night when you got up to get your father's candle, an' then it come to me at a run. But, Dinah, I'm sorry for you, an' an' you'll have a bad time wi' your father an' the neighbors. Oh, you poor silly gell not to tell me as you was married! An' now he's gone, the Lord alone knows wheer."

"He'll come back again," sobbed Dinah. "If he's alive, he'll come back again."

"Haven't you heerd on him, neither?" asked her mother in surprise and fear.

"No," wept Dinah, "never since the day he went away. Oh, mother, do you think he's dead? They say he's gone to America, an' he might ha' been drowned at sea, or anything. Oh, I can't think as if he'd been alive he'd ha' left like this. And he promised to send my lines an' all, an' I've never heard a word."

"Dinah," said the mother in a horror-stricken whisper, "haven't you got your lines?"

"No," answered Dinah, still weeping. "He promised to send 'em the day he went away."

Then the mother lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

"Dinah, you're a ruined gell, and I'm a miserable disgraced old woman!"

The immortal Doctor Marigold remarks that in his father's days registration hadn't come up much. So far as the knowledge of poor Dinah and her mother went, registration had not come up at all. To this very day, in that part of England in which they lived, there are women who believe that the possession of their "marriage lines" is the only surety of their own honor. To lose their lines, in the belief of their simple souls, would be to invalidate the marriage ceremony, and to make their children illegitimate. Nor is this curious superstition confined to the downright ignorant classes, as you might fancy. Fairly well-to do people, who can read the newspaper without spelling the hard words at all, and who would with righteous anger resent the imputation of ignorance, still stick to the belief. Thirty years ago it was probably general.

Mrs. Banks, landlady of the Saracen's Head, was not by nature an imaginative or an inventive woman. Unless you choose to call the immortal allegories of Bunyan by that name, she had never read a romance in her life. Nowadays Mr. Wilkie Collins is to the fore to help anybody to an elaborate plot upon an emergency, and there is, indeed, scarcely a condition of life imaginable upon which modern fiction could not throw a light more or less direct and helpful. But feminine human nature existed on much the same lines as now before the popular novelist came into being. Necessity is the mother of invention, and here if anywhere in the world was a necessity of the sternest sort. At any risk, the family reputation must be saved; at any risk short of crime. It would be surely the very whitest of white lies if the mother could acknowledge her daughter's child as her own, and could thereby save her daughter's reputation. In any case, the material cost of the child's maintenance would fall upon the Saracen, and his shoulders were broad enough to bear without a tremor a score of such burdens. Dinah was the only child of her parents, and if she shared in the deceit she could rob nobody. So the old woman mellowed her plan, and slowly turned it over and then laid it out before Dinah.

"Dinah, my dear, we're in a peck o' trouble, and we shall ha' to get weselves out on it as best we can. It ud break thy father's heart to know it, and it mustn't be let get to his hearin' at all."

"How can we help it asked Dinah, forlorn and pale.

The old lady revealed her plan in a sentence.

"He must be made to think as the child's mine." Dinah quivered at this. One of those amazing and mysterious instincts which make mothers what they are, awoke in her, and she felt as if her unborn baby were being stolen from her. The mother saw this and understood it, being a mother. "By yourself it'll be all your own. I must tell Daniel as I expect it. He'll be sore amazed, I doubt, but you must get away in the country when the time's comin', an' I must come to see you. Then you'll ha' to write to your father an' say as I'm took ill, an' can't come back again, Then, when it's all o'er, we can come back together, an' nobody 'll think anythin' about it."

From the first moment of Dinah's proclamation of the truth, there had been no shadow of doubt in the mother's mind. She believed the story unreservedly, and when Dinah told it in full, setting forth the errant Young Joe's reasons for concealment, she, though her anger burned against the runaway, forgave her daughter the folly of which she had been guilty.

The winter wore away, and through it all Dinah was kept almost a prisoner. Daniel was not often curious about her, but when he was his wife was equal to the occasion, and satisfied him easily. What should make him believe that a plot like the beginning of a melodrama was going on at the Saracen's Head? The spring began to hint that it was coming, and the time drew near.

"Our Daniel," said Mrs. Banks to her husband, "our Dinah is looking a bit delicate, don't you fancy?"

Daniel was a good husband, and agreed with his wife in all things. He had had five-and-twenty years of married life, and found that a policy of general acquiescence kept things smooth.

"Is her?" said Daniel. "Well, I thought I'd noticed it myself."

"I think o' sendin' her to Wardenb'ry," said Mrs. Banks, "for change of air like. What do you say, Daniel?"

"Very well, missis," said that easy man. "It'll do her a bit of good, mayhap, poor wench!"

"Mayhap it will, Daniel," said Mrs. Banks. "We'll go to-morrow."

Daniel was somewhat taken aback by this precipitancy. Commonly at the Saracen's Head a thing was mentioned, discussed, put by, mentioned and discussed again, and put into action long after in less sleepy places it would have been forgotten. He offered no opposition. He was accustomed to philosophise about women in his own way. "A woman," he had been known to say, "is like a pig. Her'll nayther be led or drove an' it's as tryin' to a man to do one as it is to do the other." So, as a rule, Daniel said nothing, but encouraged his digestive apparatus by patting his waistcoat, and let things take their course.

Wardenbury was thirty miles off, and Daniel knew it vaguely as being Coventry way. Mrs. Banks had relatives there, and in the long course of her married life had paid it two or three visits. Daniel used to speak of himself as being "no great hands of a traveler." He had been born at the Saracen's Head, and had never been farther away than Birmingham. But though he was no traveler, and might had he been a demonstrative man, have run a risk of seeming hen pecked, he had his feelings as a husband.

"Mother," he advised, "I shouldn't go to Wardenb'ry yet, if I was you. Think o' your condition."

"Think o' your own condition, y' ode timberhead!" returned his wife, an' leave me to think o' mine."

"Well, think on it," said Daniel. Mrs. Banks bustled away to tell Dinah that matters were arranged, and to help her to prepare for the journey. The landlord of the Saracen was not in the least degree offended by his wife's outspokenness. Had she even called upon him to confirm her criticism he would probably have done it.

The morrow came, and Dinah was smuggled into the trap in the back yard. The mother followed. A shock headed stable boy called Jabez drove the pair to the railway station, and returned alone. Next morning came a letter to Daniel stating that Mrs. Banks would spend a day or two at Wardenbury.

"I knowed how it 'ud be," said Daniel. "Once let 'em goo a gaddin' about, an' thee mays't whistle for 'em afore they comin' back again." He had not the remotest suspicion. He had never read anything more romantic than an invoice for wines and spirits, and he had never seen a play. Even if he had, why should he suspect his wife and daughter. The day or two lengthened into a week, and then came the news that he was again a father. His old age was blessed with a son. He took an extra glass or two on the strength of it, and went about with an air of proprietorial gravity, crossed at times by an involuntary smile. Towards evening the neighbors dropped in as usual. Daniel imparted the news and was congratulated. He sat in his big arm chair with his hands resting on the crook of a thick walking stick and his elbows squared, and looked as if he thought he deserved the congratulations and had earned the applause of the world. There was an air upon him as of one who might boast if he would, but would not. The little snuggery was rather better filled than common that evening, and the health of the son and heir was drunk pretty frequently, Daniel could do nothing less than join. Liquor took little effect upon him: he was accustomed to it, and his inner man was toughened to its assaults. It floated his smile to the surface a little oftener, that was all. But when closing time came, and he was left alone, he gave vent to his joy and triumph. He struck his stick upon the floor with both hands, and arose; and laughed long and loud.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Daniel, shaking and beaming; "theer's life in th' ode dog yit."

That night shock-headed Jabez had to guide the landlord up-stairs, but on the morrow the old man had accepted the position of affairs, and awaited the arrival of the infant and his mother with an approach to phlegm. He had never received many letters, and had never had occasion to write many. The lack of correspondence did not effect him. Dinah wrote once or twice, but that was all, and mother and daughter came back with the infant, after little more than a month from the date of their departure. Dinah's restoration to health seemed little less than miraculous. Her languid heavy step was changed for one light and full of energy. Her face beamed and bloomed once more, and there was no trace of grief in her eyes. And surely never was sister so passionately devoted to a late born brother who came to step in between herself and wealth. For old Daniel, who, in a quiet way, was very well to do, made no secret of his intent to leave everything—or nearly everything — to the young stranger. He was ludicrously proud of the baby, and used to rock him in his cradle or watch him as he yelled and fought against milk warm water and soap, or crowed, in better moods, for kisses in his elder sister's lap. Dinah never allowed him to crow in vain. The old man was amazed sometimes by the almost savage fervor of the kisses with which she mumblingly devoured the little pink body and the podgy little face and hands. Mrs. Banks and her daughter between them attended to the infant's wants with amazing ardor, and sometimes almost quarrelled for the possession of him.

Once Daniel overheard a colloquy between them.

"Dinah," said her mother, in a half cross, half appealing tone, "you might let me nurse the babby now an' then."

"He s mine," said Dinah defiantly.

"Why, Dinah," cried Mrs. Banks, seeing the old man looking in at the door, "a body might think as you was the mother as bore him. Give me the child, I tell thee." A meaning look passed between them. Dinah understood, and surrendered little George. But scarcely a day passed in which she was not in danger of betraying herself. She would sit for hours and hours poring over the little red snub-nosed baby face, reading a likeness to the absent Joe in features where your eye or mine could discover no atom of resemblance, and where she found one clearer than the truest photograph the sun ever made. It was curious and yet natural how the presence of the child atoned for the absence of the father. And yet there was a terrible cruelty in it. The child would never learn to call her "Mother."

Chapter VI.

When Rebecca Bushell took her ultimatum to young Joe, then packing up for her departure in his bedroom, she saw, lying upon the bed, an old light overcoat, with its pockets turned inside out. In these pockets Joe had made hasty search for the certificate, and, not finding it, had cast the coat aside. The mother walked into the son's empty room next morning. It was just as he had left it the night before. All the drawers had been taken bodily from the chest, and were stacked disorderly on each other beside it. The mother, by natural instinct, began to abolish disorder, crying silently the while. Then wiping her eyes with her apron and looking round to see if all were straight, she noticed the light overcoat thrown across the bed. With native tidiness she took up the coat and straightened it, and observing a rent in one of the pockets, drew out a housewife and sat upon the bed to repair that slight mischief; folding the coat carefully, she placed it in one of the drawers, smoothed the pillows, adjusted the hangings of the bed, and left the room.

This empty chamber became sacred to motherly prayers and tears thereafter, when many heavy months had gone by, and Young Joe's silence had not been broken. Many a time she knelt there and followed him into she knew not what danger and temptation, and many a time she opened the drawer to look at the coat, which was the only relic her only child had left her. By mutual consent of sorrow, husband and wife spoke little of the absent son; but Old Joe would yet break out at times, with a shake of the head:

"Becky, you was a little too hard on the lad."

"Joseph," Rebeca would answer, "he that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chastiseth him betimes."

"Yes," Old Joe would say in return, "that's well enough, but you was too hard on the lad."

So Rebecca bore alike her own burden and a load which was not hers. She had but one way with all her troubles—to cast them on the hands of that vast, vague, cruel unfatherly fatherhood who was the refuge of His chosen, and the scourge and overwhelming terror of all others. She went into her son's room, and there knelt down, and poured out her soul in silent tears; and after a while, seeing how she grieved, Old Joe troubled her no more.

The Reverend Paul Screed was less reticent.

"It is ordained," he would say, "that the saints shall be troubled, lest they become too much absorbed by the world:" and by a thousand platitudes of the sort he strove to console the inconsolable, probing a wound which could only heal by rest. The Reverend Paul was a good man, and tried hourly to be better than he was, but he had no touch of tact in all his clumsy nature. I looked up to him in my youth, and I respect his memory now, but I could find it in my heart to wish him and his kind an island to themselves, where they should vex none out of their own communion. Yet, within six months of the day on which Young Joe departed from his native town, the minister did as noble a thing as lay within him to do. He sat once more at meat with Old Joe and his wife, and dinner being over, the minister cleared his voice with a sorrowful ahem, and addressed his host and hostess.

"Mr. Bushell and Madam," he said, with a certain stiff formality which perhaps was the only manner which of speech possible to him, "it is part of our mortal burden to reflect that we have laid it chiefly upon ourselves. One part of my burden is that I helped to bring a heavy and an undeserved trouble upon people whom I value, and people who have borne my injury without an angry word. Even whilst I thought I was doing my duty as a minister of the Word, I was but revenging myself for certain slights and thoughtless witticisms which your own errant son had vented upon me. I spoke in anger and in bitterness, and I spoke as I have since had reason to believe, on no sufficient grounds. And it has been borne in upon me, my friends, that although it is unhappily beyond my power to undo the wrong I did, it is my duty to confess it humbly before you, and to beg your Christian forgiveness. I have long since forgiven the blow with which your son retaliated upon my sour impertinences. I trust that he has forgiven me my part. I confess my wrong doing, and I ask, humbly and with deep sorrow, for your pardon."

Mrs. Bushell had never been so near disliking the Reverend Paul as she was at that minute, for she had long since formed her judgment and forgiven, and this appeal set the old wound aching.

"Parson," said Old Joe, "say no more about it. There was faults all round."

"Ah, Joseph," said Mrs. Bushell, with tears in her eyes, "it's too late now, but I should have been a glad woman at this minute if you'd said me nay when I was that cruel to poor Joe."

"I'm master i' this house," said Old Joe, "and what I ought to ha' done would ha' been to ha' gi'en him a lickin' theer an' then, an' said no more about it."

When they had time to think about it, husband and wife respected the minister the more for his candid and manly confession, but neither that nor any other reparation could bring back Young Joe, who now began to live in regard to those three with something of the martyr's halo about him. The neighborhood knew the story, of course, and the neighbors put their own constructions upon it. Those who went to Ebenezer chapel, in which edifice the Reverend Paul habitually discoursed, held with their pastor. Those who went to church and those who went nowhere—the vast majority—held for the most part with Young Joe, and made a hero of him as well as a martyr. Had the young fellow returned within any reasonable time after his escapade, he would have been encountered by precisely that kind of qualified laudation with which it is now the practice of this enlightened and steadfast country to greet its home-returning warriors or colonial governors.

In those days of decent poverty when she first gave her hand to Old Joe, and set up housekeeping with him, Rebecca had mastered the practice of all virtues of industry, and even in latter years, when her husband became wealthy beyond the wildest and most extravagant hopes of his class, and when she might have surrounded herself with an army of servants had she chosen it, she still performed all but the roughest work of the household with her own hands. I like to think of the erect, personable woman in her afternoon black silk, looking, as she sat in state in the little parlor, almost too lofty for approach. At such times, when the scrubbing, scouring, and dusting, the washing, baking, mending, cooking—whatever may have been the business of the day—was done with, she would sit there with her big Bible or Holy War, in which volume, as I remember, she took an especial and unique delight, and would resign herself to a stern and stately meditation on holy things. Whilst Young Joe was with her he vexed her often, and her heart ached with fear for his future many a time. But now that he was gone and gave no sign, these daylight vigils became a prolonged and prayerful pain to the mother's heart. Old Joe, who had no taste for parlors, would sit and smoke gloomily and alone, beside the kitchen fire. He too had his dreary vigils, troubled certainly, by no such spiritual agonies as his wife endured, but unlighted by those flashes of pious hope which sometimes illuminated her spirit. Now and then Brother George would look in, and, wooden, as he was, some qualms of conscience touched him, beholding the desolation he had helped to bring about. I do not wish as I have intimated, to paint George in the darkest colors. He had not enough of virtuous instinct to be a villain. There was nothing in him for himself to sin against.

"It's the best thing in the world as could happen to him." Thus George meditated respecting young Joe. It is the mean man's tribute to honor, the rogue's admission of the beauty of justice, that he cares to justify himself in his own mind. "It'll make a man of him, an' he'll have me to thank for it. It's a precious poor chance I've got o' seein' that hundred again. Eh dear, but I allays was a fool wi' my money." Thus he held his head in the sand, and persuaded himself that his conscience did not see him—an attitude more common than the superficial student might suppose.

It became more and more evident, as the time went on, that Old Joe and Rebecca his wife were breaking. Trouble told upon the woman earlier than upon the man, for though she bore it better, she suffered more intensely. She fell into langour. The household work, once gone through with such swift bustle, had to be committed to a stranger's care; she spent more of her time in her bedroom, and Old Joe sat, feeling lonlier than ever, by the kitchen fire.

Rebecca, though few people guessed it, had always been strongly attracted to young people. That young people were not attracted to her was natural enough, perhaps, though she felt it to be hard. But now, in this time of distress, Dinah Banks became her chief comfort. The clumsy servant wench, though animated by the best intentions, was a poor attendant in a sick room. A hippopotamus in clogs might have gone around as lightly, and she had one or two special faculties in the way of tumbling over fire irons, dropping dishes and the like, which were aggravated into supernatural exercise by her own desire to go about the sick chamber silently. Dinah, light-footed and soft-handed, was a welcome relief to the sufferer's nerves. The more Dinah came, the more Mrs. Bushell cared to have her there, and the better Dinah loved to wait upon her.

The thing which drew Dinah there, was the hope that she might hear something of her husband. No news came, but at last, on the anniversary of the day of his departure, Mrs. Bushell for the first time spoke of him.

"It's a year to-day," she said, "since my poor lad went away."

Dinah, whose mind was full of the remembrance of the day (for women are true keepers of anniversaries, and have other saints' days than are set down in the calendar), trembled and turned pale at these simple words. Rebecca, lying with her eyes closed, and her thin hands folded below her chin, went on:—

"We're short-sighted creatures, and there's only one thing as we can be sure of, Dinah. It's all in the Lord's hands."

Then she lay quiet for a while, and Dinah quivered beside her. For not Joe's desertion of her, nor the failure of his promise, nor the danger of disgrace, nor the fact that fate had stolen her child from her, had weaned her heart from young Joe. She would believe no ill of him, but dreaded to hear of terrible mischiefs which had happened to him.

"And now," said the old woman again, "I shan't be here long, and perhaps I shall know more about it where I'm goin to."

"No," said Dinah, laying a timid hand upon Rebecca's brow, "you must wait long enough to see him come back again. He can't have the heart to stay away for good, if he's alive," and at that Dinah broke out crying.

Rebecca opened her eyes, and her hands parted.

"Dinah, my poor gell!" was all she said.

And Dinah, pierced by a sudden revelation of instinct, read the stately heart of the rigid old Calvinist aright and knew its tenderness. She leaned over the bed, and laid her face softly in Rebecca's bosom, and the old woman and the young one cried together.

"I always knowed," said Rebecca, gliding back into the broadest accent of her childhood, "as you loved him, an' I know as he loved you. An' he wasn't a bad lad at bottom, Dinah, an' he never meant no harm; an' it was my cruel ways as made him angry wi' religion. The old woman's tears flowed freely, but she went on with no break in her voice. "Yo' seek help where help is to be got. Yo'll see him come back again some day, Dinah, an' yo' must tell him as whatever he did as was wrong his mother forgive him afore her died, an' whatever her did as was wrong to him, her asked yo' t'ask him to forget."

There she ceased again, and lay, stroking Dinah's wet cheek, and feebly drying the girl's eyes. Dinah had an impulse upon her to tell the story of her marriage to Young Joe, and the birth of her son, but was restrained by the sense of Rebecca's weakness, and by some misgiving that without her lines a strict woman like Mrs. Bushell might regard her as an altogether improper sort of person. In a little time she controlled herself, and sat down, once more, beside the bed. For a time both were silent. Rebecca lay with closed eyes like one asleep, and Dinah had risen to steal from the room, when the sick woman turned her head, saying:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW DUMAS RECITED A PLAY.

It is not a little odd that, while two or three of the dozen plays of Victor Hugo are seen now and again in our theaters, not one of the three or four score of the elder Dumas dramas really holds the stage in America. He wrote the novels of "Monte Christo" and the "Corsican Brothers," but the plays taken from these tales are not his. His "Kean," written for Frederick Lemaitre, is in Rossi's list of parts to be played in America. There was a time when the "Tower of Nesle" was frequently acted, but for a long while before Mr. Daly's adaptation of the "Jeunesse de Louis XIV.," nothing of Dumas' has been done in our theaters. So far as I know, the admirable version of "Mlle de Belle-Isle" made by Mrs. Kemble and published fifteen or twenty years ago in her volume of plays, has never been acted either here or in England. "Mlle. de Belle-Isle" has a history even more odd than "Jeunesse de Louis XIV." The latter, as I mentioned two weeks ago, was planned and written in three days. The former was recited before it was written. M Brunswick, an old and now forgotten playwright of half a century ago, asked Dumas to read a two act farce. Dumas read it and found in it a strong situation—a daughter, going secretly to spend the night with her father, who is in prison, is unable to explain her absence, and compromises her reputation. Dumas bought this idea, and waited five years before he saw just how to open the five act play which he had instantly built around it. One day the opening scene flashed on him, and in a fortnight the play was planned and complete in his head. He walked into the committee room of the Theater Francais to ask that the committee be called together that day week to hear a comedy of his.

"So you have written a comedy?" asked one of the actors.

"No,' said Dumas, "I have completed it—but there's not a line written yet."

"Then you cannot possibly be ready to read it in a week?"

Dumas was a little incensed at their doubting his facility, and he turned sharply and asked:

"The committee meets every Saturday. You are all here to-day. Would you like me to read you the play now."

"Without the manuscript?" asked the puzzled actors.

"I will read it now without the manuscript," said the author, "but on one condition only. It will count for a formal reading and you will at once vote for or against its acceptance.

The committee of actors agreed to this, and Alexander Dumas, standing before the fire, began to recite to them Mademoiselle de Belle Isle, a comedy in five acts, of which he had not written one word, but which he carried complete in his head, as Jove carried Minerva. As he finished each act there was applause, and after the fifth a double round. The ballot box was passed at once, and the unwritten play was accepted unanimously.

"If I had died on the way home," records Dumas solemnly, "the Theater Francais would never have had the play it had just agreed to act."—Figaro, Paris.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Death of One of the Train Robbers in the Penitentiary.

(Little Rock Ark. Gazette, Nov. 9th)

A very sad death occurred in the penitentary yesterday. All deaths are sad, but of all deaths the death from a broken heart is the saddest. P. E. Sullivan, alias William Delaney, a young man of twenty three years, one of the train robbers recently sentenced to seventy years in the Arkansas penitentiary, was the victim of a broken heart. Several days ago he became gloomy, and going to Dr. Lenow, prison physician, complained of being sick. Upon examination the physician discovered that the man was not suffering from any perceptible disease, but his pulse was 140. He was ordered to the hospital, where every possible care was given him. He survived after a time, but everyone could see despair written on his countenance. He entered the prison cheerfully, and lightly spoke of the long term of his sentence, but after a while a letter came. When he read the lines his spirit sank. Tears told of a misery that ink could not express. He went again to his bed.

"The shadows are gathering fast, and night is oppressing me with its darkness," he said yesterday to some one standing near. "One crime and then death in a penitentiary. My old father, who has preached the gospel for many years, who has many and many a time clasped his hands above my head and prayed, has been humbled in his old age. And my mother, if I could only hear her voice. But walls and law are between us. I am as one who is dead. She could come to me, but I cannot go to her." His thoughts wandered. At times he seemed to be at church listening to his father's preaching; and then he seemed to be playing with his sisters. He smiled and laughed softly. "Ah!" he would say. "Your brother never forgets you." Suddenly his face grew dark, and, waving his hands wildly, he began to mutter broken sentences. "Seizing the bridle rein he sprang upon his antagonist's horse and dashed away." "He's reading one of those wild books that he used to steal away and devour," said one of the dying man's companions in crime. "Halt! He exclaimed, drawing a revolver and levelling it at the head of young Horace," continued the sufferer. "Slowly and sadly they left the church and walked along the well worn path to the rude grave of Lawrence. Standing near the stone placed there by the Indian, Casper and his fair companion—" and he muttered incoherently, the sentence dying away in a deep groan. Suddenly he raised himself, looked intently toward the door, and slowly sank back, dead.

—The old appellation Dead Letter Office has been changed to Returned Letter Office in London, owing to the fact that a multitude of people misunderstood its significance. The Controller was besieged with demands for information about missing people and letters addressed to dead ones.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—New York Truth would like to know "where Captain Cuthbert shipped those unable seamen." Truth is wrong; they were able seamen—able to get beaten.

—Some men are born in poverty, some have poverty thrust upon them, while others start an opposition newspaper in a small country town to fill a long felt want.

—No danger of Confederate bonds running short. They can be engraved and printed for about a cent apiece, and several men have gone into it for a living. Bring on your market and the bonds will be there.

—Talk about gossip. How could the world dispense with it? A party of men on the back yard fence, and a parcel of women around the tea table, would fall to sleep from innate stupidity if there was no such thing as gossip.

—A miller in Peru, Ind., fell asleep in his mill and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery and was yanked out; and, of course, it awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was: "Durn it, wife, what's the matter now?"—Boston Post.

—An old and valiant French Legitimist has just breathed his last in Paris at the advanced age of 92, General the Comte de Saint Priest, commander of the Order of St. Louis, and of the Legion of Honor. He was the son one of Louis XVI.'s last Ministers, and the godson of that monarch and Marie Antoinette.

—Two boys were sentenced to an hours imprisonment, in San Francisco for stealing brushes. They were the partially innocent tools of rascally adults, and rather than start them on the road to crime by sending them to associate with hardened criminals the wise judge sentenced them as above.

—There is considerable satisfaction, even if reason and conscience do no not approve it, in hearing that a couple of Mormon missionaries who have been engaged in the nasty business of making converts in Hackney, England, were recently pelted with rotten eggs and eventually driven out of the place by an indignant crowd who had been listening to their harangues.

—The late Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, was remonstrating with a man for drinking liquor when he could do without it. "Well, you wear a collar when you can do without it," was the retort. Thereupon the Governor agreed never to wear a collar so long as the man refrained from drinking. And never a collar did the Governor wear after that.

—Two small boys were coming down Dominion street, Emerson, on their way from school, when the following conversation ensued: No. 1, "You ain't going to hit me over the mouth again, so there!" No. 2: "Ah, but I will if you go foolin' around my sister any more; so there!" This is an age of progress. Their ages must have been nine and ten respectively.

—The farmers of Maine ought to put up a monument in honor of the caterpillars which devastated their apple orchards a few years ago; for since that time the trees have regularly borne in what are elsewhere off years. This year's crop of apples in Maine is enormous, the quality is superb, and the farmers are getting $3 a barrel at their own doors, owing to the scarcity everywhere else.

—A horse by the name of "Annie," who was so thin that she could be taken through the "air-lock of the Hudson River tunnel, now in process of construction, has grown so fat since she has been down under the water that she cannot get out again. She will have to stay there until the tunnel is done. She draws the car used in hauling materials from the caisson to the place where the tunnel is being excavated.

—Conscience is a great mystery. "Willie," said a good mother to her naughty little boy, "when you went to the cupboard to steal those tarts weren't you afraid of something?" "Yes, ma'am," was the reply of the demure youngster. Now was the time to enforce the moral lesson, and the mother said, "Willie, what were you afraid of?" "Afraid I couldn't find the tarts," said Willie, who since that little episode has become a very rich man.

—Mr. Guilford Onslow, on the occasion of a recent visit to the Tichborne claimant at Portsea convict prison, found him in a state of great depression. He frequently remarked, "They've got me here and mean to keep me here." The claimant has completed, under the mark system, ten of the fourteen years to which he was originally sentenced, though he has actually been in prison only seven years and eight months.

—An Englishman claims that after due study of the printed rules in a foreign hotel, he finds the English language far more terse then the French or German. "Please press the button to the bottom"—rules for the electric bell—has seven words in English, ten in French or German. "Bills are given daily to avoid errors" has ten or eleven words in French and German. "Please do not smoke" has six and seven in French and German. The number of letters in the words is also much greater in French and German than in English.

—A burglar entered the Palace of the Doges in Venice about two weeks ago. He had made his way from a door not far from the Bridge of Siggns to the second story of the palace, and groping along a sill for some distance, had effected an entrance into the Hall of Bronzes, from which he had removed some valuable art treasures. He left behind him a "jimmy," a dark lantern and some wall paper with which to cover the hole in the wall through which he had broken. A few days afterward a young Dalmatian, who represented himself to be a student, was arrested at a small inn. In his room was found a role of wall paper of the same pattern as that found in the palace, several burglars' tools and the stolen treasures. He turned out to be an old offender and well known to the police.

—A girl, aged 15 years was sitting in her house, near Memphis, the other day when a tramp approaching insisted, in spite of her remonstrance, upon entering. "You had better not," she said "or you will get what you do not want." She laid down her knitting and took her six-shooter from her work basket. The tramp entered—so did the ball just below his shoulder. A neighbor rushing in and seeing her quietly knitting with the pistol reposing in the work-basket, asked if she shot him. "Yes," she said, "and if he had kept on coming, I would be shooting until now." The girl is pronounced by a Memphis paper "to be worth her weight in gold dollars," but whether this is a valuation of her estate, or herself as a protection against tramps is not sated with exactness.

—Calcutta was recently thrown into a state of intense excitement by the arrival of the great Moulvi HolBz Ahmed, who is credited with the the possession of miraculous powers enabling him to cure all diseases which flesh is heir to. His process is very simple. The people assemble with earthen pots of water. he passes among them and breathes upon the water, and forthwith it is impregnated with curative properties. Enormous crowds follow the man wherever he goes, and not only Hindoos and Mahommedans, but even Christians of all classes join the ranks. He is in easy circumstances, and exacts no fee or reward of any kind for his services; his personal character is above reproach, and his influence is always used in favor of law and order. He is a Mahommedan preacher and a great authority upon points of Mahommedan doctrine.

—A recent Parliamentary return shows the cost of the several colonies of the Empire to the British Exchequer between 1869 70 and 1879-80. The net expenditure during that period for civil and other services was £2,285,310; and for military services, £27,406,189. In 1879-80 the net total for army purposes was £6,413,248, exclusive of £30,646, the amount by which the receipts from Ceylon exceeded the expenditure. The sums allowed for military services during the year mentioned were: Gibraltar, £387,196; Malta, £391,666; Cyprus, £74,020; Mauritius, £47,001; Bermuda, £182,327; St. Helena, £23,501; Hong Kong, £80,856; South Africa, £4 842,291; Jamaica, £72,760; Bahamas, £7,624; Honduras, £10,312; West Indies, £104,622; Nova Scotia, £147,492; West Coast of Africa, £42,546; Straits Settlements, £18,506; and Western Australia, £11,174.

—An agent of one of the minor German Government lotteries has sent a communication to the Philadelphia Times requesting the insertion of an advertisement, assuring investors that some fifty thousand money prizes "will be sure won," and that the advertiser will forward these original tickets even to the most distant countries, and with most absolute secrecy." He also writes: "I beg to well insert this announce in every exemplar of your papers which will appear from receiving till the 17th of November," and the Times is requested to "insert gratis at the end of the editorial part" "that the advertisement of fortune is very interesting," and that the advertiser "has acquired so good a reputation by the prompt and discret payment of the amounts gained here and in the environs that, etc." Altogether, the agent writes in the tone of one who is used to having things done in that style by the newspapers at home. The Times gives him a free advertisement, but not of the description desired.

—During the days that the body of President Garfield lay in state in Cleveland a woman annoyed the widow and the friends with whom she was then staying by most persistent efforts to get Queen Victoria's wreath and some of the other floral relics from the catafalque, for the purpose, as she then represented, of embalming and preserving the flowers for Chicago ladies to present to Mrs. Garfield. She was frequently rebuffed, but finally procured a card from Stanley Brown to the Mayor of the city, from whom she succeeded in getting a number of the floral pieces. She took them to Chicago, and now is advertising them for sale, claiming to have paid several thousand dollars for them.

—Signor C. Desimoni, of Genoa, has just published a monograph upon John Cabot (father of Sebastian Cabot), the discoverer of Labrador and Cape Breton Island prior to Columbus. He examines carefully all the authorities relating to the subject, and prints for the first time in one collection all the known official documents, notices in accounts, passages in contemporary chronicles, or correspondence in any way bearing upon John Cabot and his discoveries. Some of these, drawn from Spanish and English sources, are new. The author adduces the conclusions of Mr. Henry Harris, an American in Paris, who is at work on a new publication on Columbus, to support his own that the Continent of America was discovered by John Cabot in 1497, at least a year before Columbus found terra firma.

—Persons who have followed the details of the recent important discoveries at Thebes will remember that one of the mummies did not readily yield itself to identification, and that a doubt seemed likely to exist forever whether it was that of Rameses II, or Rameses XII. Professor Maspero favored the latter conclusion, pointing out, in his memoir, addressed to the Orientalist Congress at Berlin in September, that the very fine workmanship, the unlikeness of the outer effigy and other characteristics of the mummy case indicated unmistakably the twentieth dynasty. Since that time Professor Maspero has removed the outer wrappings from the mummy and found it swathed in its original bandages and on its breast an inscription showing it to be Rameses II., surnamed The Great, and formally registered the circumstances of its removal to the vault at Dayre Baharee. The inscription goes on to say that the ancient coffin had been destroyed and was consequently replaced at the time of removal by a new coffin, of the date and workmanship of the twentieth dynasty. Hence the misleading character of the orthography and the unlikeness of the outer effigy.

—Recently, at Coventry, England, Thomas Arnold and Jack Plant fought according to the rules of the London prize ring for a purse. The battle was a desperate one, and round after round was fought, Arnold punishing Plant terribly. The latter was outfought and beaten over and over again, but he refused to give up. Finally Arnold tried to end the battle, and he landed a terrific, sledge-hammer blow on Plant's breast, and the pugilist fell all of a heap, senseless and battered out of all semblance of humanity. Plant's second carried him to the coroner, when his head fell forward and he fainted. Arnold was declared the winner and Plant carried to his residence. The Sporting Life says that Plant was in such a critical condition, and the punishment he received so severe, that Dr. Wimberly was sent for. The physician found blood oozing from Plant's mouth, ears and nose, and three of his ribs broken. He announced that he had been injured internally and could not recover. Plant died shortly afterward, and the fatal ending of the battle created great excitement. Efforts were at once made for Arnold's arrest.

SCIENCE.

—Charcoal deepens the tint of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias.

—The owl, which easily digests meat, cannot digest bread or grain.

—The horsefly has 4,000 eye lenses, the cabbage butterfly 17,000 and certain beetles 25,000.

—Cocoa beans possess twice as much nitrogen as grain, and therefore chocolate furnishes much nutriment.

—Lime is a preserver of wood. It has been noticed that vessels carrying it last longer than any others.

—In any steam engine the heat which leaves the cylinder is cooler than that which enters, by exactly the amount of work done.

—Granite begins to yield at a temperature between 700 and 800, sandstones show greater power of endurance, massive limestones still greater and marble the greatest. Conglomerates are among the weakest stones.

—Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

—Carbon tracing paper is prepared by rubbing into a suitable tissue a mixture of six parts of lard, one part of beeswax and sufficient fine lampblack to give it a good color. The mixture should be warm and should not be applied to excess.

—In Europe, where economic processes are more carefully followed than in this country, apple pomace, turnips, cabbages, leaves, seasoned with celery, grape leaves, leaves of beet roots and pulp of beets from sugar factories have been preserved in pits, some of them from time immemorial, for feeding cows and goats.

—In England sea sand is found to be very valuable as a fertilizer. In Cornwall, where it has been used, sheep have not suffered from the fluke and other diseases as they have done elsewhere. The best crop of potatoes is grown in sand soils. For wheat land sea sand is a very valuable manure, the grain ripening twelve days earlier than with any other manure. Many other crops have also been benefited by its application.

—How photography of colors may be accomplished by dyeing layers of coagulated albumen was lately explained to the French Academy of Science by M. M. C. Cross and J. Carpentier. They submitted two photographic proofs of a painting in water colors along with the original, showing the exact reproduction of the details and colors. Three photographs of the original were taken—one through a liquid orange screen, one through a liquid green screen, and another through a liquid violet screen. For the image obtained through the first screen a red color was bath employed; for that produced through the second screen a blue bath, and for that effected through the third screen a yellow bath. In this process there is evidently no direct photographic reproduction of objects with their natural colors.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

The body of a young lady was buried fifty years ago in a cemetery six miles east of the village of Afton, in Chenango county. It was removed last Thursday to the new cemetery in the village. When the coffin was removed from the grave, it was discovered that the body was petrified, and required the united efforts of four men to raise it. It could not have weighed less than four hundred pounds. The clothing was decayed and resembled a veil like texture over the body. The hair, which in life was very abundant, was still in a perfect state of preservation. The features were a little shrunken and the hands retained their position, folded across the breast. Another body which was buried about six years ago in the same cemetery not fifteen feet distant was removed, but with no signs of petrifaction.

A LAWYER FINDS HIS MATCH.

A young lawyer of the city of Providence tells a story about himself which is good enough to go on record. He was trying a rum case at Bristol not long ago, when a witness was put on the stand to testify to the reputation of the place in question. This witness, a stage driver, in answer to a query as to the reputation of the place, replied: "A rum shop." The lawyer enquired: "You say it has the reputation of being a rum shop?" Yes, sir." "Whom did you ever hear say it was a rum shop?" The witness didn't recollect of any one he had heard say so. "What!" said the lawyer, "you have sworn this place has the reputation of being a rum shop, and yet you can't tell of any one you ever heard say so? The witness was staggered for a moment—in the words of the lawyer, "I had him"—and the lawyer was feeling triumphant, when the witness gathered himself together and quietly remarked, addressing the lawyer: "Well, you have the reputation of being a very smart lawyer, but I never heard any one say so."

—You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of a Texas milkman, held up his hand and said, "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk I've seen it tried."

—Skiggins sits up rather late nights, and Mrs. S. finds fault with his using so much gas. He told her he couldn't allow any gas company to get ahead of him—he paid for gas, so he was bound to burn it and "get the value of his money."