

"To marry Captain Warrington!" repeated Isabel, her face turning suddenly scarlet. "Do you know what that coward wrote to me, Hayward, on the day the trial went against me? He who ought to have stood by me! He wrote to say that after such a public exposure he must decline to have anything further to say to me! What do you think of that?" she continued, passionately. "It was a gentlemanly action, wasn't it?"

"It was a cowardly action," said Hayward, "to strike you then, but—"

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean," said Isabel, still in a rage. "You mean that perhaps I would have married you before that if you had asked me? So I would—but he didn't know it, and he behaved like a scoundrel."

"We will not discuss it, then," said Hayward. "What I meant was, you would be better married."

Isabel laughed. "I had a happy experience, hadn't I?" she said. "No. I am free now, and for a while at least I mean to remain so."

Then she began asking Hayward about her money, and how it was to be sent, and making other arrangements for living entirely abroad. In vain Hayward argued with her.

"I mean to go," she said, looking at him, smilingly. "Will you come over to Paris to see me, or do you think I am too wicked for you to trust yourself with me?"

"I hope not," said Hayward, gravely. But he saw it was no use. Isabel meant to go. She was weary, as she told Hayward, of living with Hilda.

"She is always thinking," she said, "and I hate to think. So I want to live where I shall have no time to do so."

And thus she went away. She was a little—just a very little affected when she parted with Hilda.

"Good-bye," she said, and she kissed Hilda's cheeks, which was a rare action of hers. "You have been very kind to me—you are not a bad kind of young woman—and I suppose by and by, you and Hayward will be making a match of it."

"What folly, what nonsense," said Hilda, blushing scarlet.

"Oh, I dare say it will all come right," said Isabel. "And then—sometimes I'll come over, and see you—and Peggy."

Long afterwards Hilda told Hayward of Isabel's parting words about her little boy. And then they often talked of them. These words left them a kind of hope—a hope which, as time went on, and rumours of Isabel's life reached their ears—that they clung to in vain, for she has never come back. She lives in Paris, and when good women speak of the beautiful Lady Hamilton they cast down their eyes and sigh. But there are other women who envy her—envy her beauty, her diamonds, her gay, careless, easy life. But these women were not with her when she lay in the darkened room in Jervis' house in her deadly pain. They were not with her when she was ashamed to live, and afraid to die. She hates to think, she told Hayward, but sometimes dark thoughts must come back to her. Sometimes the skeleton that she hides away so well—hides beneath her gay attire, her laughter and the excitement and whirl in which she lives—must shadow-like reappear, warning her that the day will come when the dark hours of dread and fear will inevitably return.

But twelve months and more had passed away after Jervis' death before Hilda told Hayward that Isabel had spoken of coming back to see her little child. By this time Hayward had asked Hilda to be his wife. He did this even then with a certain feeling in his heart that he was speaking too soon. But he had a reason for doing so apart from Hilda.

This reason was that Marion Marston, who had lived with her sister during the last eight or ten months, had once or twice given him what she called "a hint." As we have seen, Marion Marston lacked, in a very great degree, the sensitive and refined temperament that distinguished her younger sister Hilda. So as she thought that Hayward came too much about the house without ever distinctly saying what he came for, and as she cherished certain ideas about becoming Mrs. Hayward herself, she contrived to allow him to see pretty clearly that she did so.

But if Hayward had ever thought of her she ended her chances on the day when she gave him her "hint." Hayward laughed at the time, said something pleasant, and then turned away. But the next time he went to the house he asked Hilda to be his wife.

When the faltering words had passed his lips faltering and broken, yet understood by the blushing and agitated woman who listened to them, Hilda was silent for a moment, and then looked up into his face, and held out her hand.

"Oh! Philip," she said, "is it not too soon—to forget! To—to be so happy—"

"He, too, is happy, my dear, and he wished it," answered Hayward, and as he spoke Hilda's head fell on the breast of the man whom she had loved so faithfully and so well.

THE END.

As impromptu mock auction sale of women was amusing and profitable at first, in a Racine (Wis.) church fair. The young men bid liberally for the attractive girls, and it was all very funny, indeed, until an ugly, but influential, sister was put up. The auctioneer was compelled to knock her down at 25 cents, and she was so angry that she put on her things and went home.

HEARTH AND HOME.

STEADINESS.—It was because Nelson attended to detail in respect of time that he was so victorious. "I owe," he said, "all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

KINDNESS.—The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose which grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading kindness of the heart.

HOME.—What an inexhaustible source of pleasure and profit abounds in that home wherein a tender mother dwells, and from whom may be derived the wisest maxims and rules of happy life! In such a home ought to be found the dutiful daughter and the tender and affectionate son. In that home may be acquired the beauties and knowledge of the world, without the danger of being infected by the bad example abroad.

WOMAN'S STRENGTH.—Woman's true strength lies in her quietness. The noisy, blustering, self-asserting of the sex make the air hot with their voices, and trouble the world with their superabundant activities. But this is not real strength—it is more generally just a sham and a show, which breaks down under the pressure of personal and private trial; while the true power of those who, as wives, influence the present, and, as mothers, mould the future, lies hidden from the public, all the more valuable because of its reserve.

INFLUENCE.—Perhaps we cannot estimate correctly the extent of our influence over every one with whom we come in contact, because in the majority of cases we are not trying to wield any influence. We meet casually with half a dozen acquaintances in the course of a day—we talk on indifferent subjects and part, and straightway we forget all that passed between us, or we think we do. But the impressions given and received are as ineffable as they may be slight, and we can never hold converse for a brief half hour with any fellow-creature without leaving some mark and carrying some away.

TRUTH, AND WHEN TO SPEAK IT.—There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always a virtue; concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another and communicates all he sees or hears; we never stop to inquire whether he speaks the truth or not. He is perhaps all the worse for speaking the truth, for truth is particularly offensive in such cases, and never fails to set families at variance. Silence is discretion, and concealment of facts is judicious.

HOME EDUCATION.—One of the most important duties of the matron or mother of a family, and for which she should always arrange to have time, is the home education of children. By this we do not mean a routine of lessons from books, but that beneficial oral instruction, those practical lessons on the duties of life, which should pervade entirely her intercourse with children. It is thus that lessons of love, forbearance, truth, kindness, self-denial, and generosity may be deeply impressed on the ductile mind, and the seeds of true piety and upright behaviour scattered carefully over the prepared soil. The first care should be to distinguish between the different dispositions which nature has given to children—to strengthen the weak and vacillating, soften the obstinate, encourage the timid, and repress the forward—to eradicate weeds, and sow the good seed.

VARIETIES.

A REMARKABLE WALKING-STICK.—A walking-stick for tourists and botanists, recently patented in Germany by Herr Herb of Pulsnitz, is furnished with the following articles: One side of the handle is a signal-pipe, and on the other side can be fixed a knife (which is above the ferule.) In the middle of the handle is a compass. The handle itself can be screwed off, and within is a small microscope with six object-glasses. In the stick under the handle is a vessel containing ether or chloroform. Outside the stick there is inserted on one side a thermometer, and on the other sand or minute glass. Above the ferule is the knife already referred to, and to the ferule can be screwed a botanist's spatula, or an ice point (for glacier parties.) Lastly a metre measure is adapted to the stick.

TENNYSON'S BROTHER.—A private letter dated London, April 12, says: "Alfred Tennyson's brother, Charles, is lying very low at Cheltenham. He has had several attacks of paralysis, and has now lost his powers of speech. He is so frail that all his writing is done by an amanuensis." One of the rarest of modern books is "Poems by Two Brothers," Alfred and Charles Tennyson, published half a century ago. Since that time the latter has assumed the name of Turner, and published a volume of sonnets. He is a clergyman of the Church of England, and two years the senior of the poet-laureate, having been born in the year 1808.

VICTOR HUGO.—Victor Hugo's room where he receives callers in his new Paris house: "You find yourself in a square parlour of ample dimensions. The walls and ceiling are concealed beneath full draperies of a Persian patterned silk, in gay yet harmonious colours, relieved against a groundwork of crimson. The mantel-piece is hidden beneath a splendid covering of crimson velvet, wrought with antique embroidery, and a bright wood fire blazes on the hearth. Here and there a gilt bracket against the wall supports an antique Chinese vase. The carpet is a rich moquette, with a white ground, covered with an arabesque pattern and with a bordering of vivid blue. The furniture is of fine Aubusson tapestry, with gilt woodwork. In the corner stands a statuette, on a pedestal, representing Victor Hugo in a musing attitude."

FORTUNE IN HIS COFFIN.—A Roman letter, from Anna H. M. Brewster, says: "A few weeks ago the remains of Fortune, the great Spanish painter, were removed from the receiving vault at the Campo Verano into the fine large vault which his widow had built on the bluff of the Pincetto or hill in that same cemetery. Over the vault stands a marble column, on which is placed a bold sketchy bust in bronze of the celebrated painter. The coffin had to be opened before it was placed in the new vault in order that the contents might be verified. Some persons who were present have given me this interesting information. The embalming, it was found, had hardened and darkened the body. The effect was both startling and imposing. There lay the fine, vigorous form of Fortune, for he died suddenly, as you know, in full health and in the prime of manhood. This strong, well-made body was hard as marble. The handsome face—each feature—was firm and sharp cut, as if chiselled in black basalt! About his head was a white drapery. 'He looked like a Bedouin Arab sleeping,' said my informant."

WILHELMJ.—The distinguished musician began to use the violin at the age of four. At seven he exhibited his accomplishments for the entertainment of Henrietta Sontag, who was on a visit to his family, and she was so charmed with the exactness of his execution, and the purity and beauty of his tone, that she embraced and kissed him, and predicted for him a splendid future. When only eight he played in quartets of Haydn. When sixteen years old he set out for Weimar to submit himself to the judgment of Liszt, for the elder Wilhelmj insisted upon training his son for the law, and would not permit him to take up the violin unless some high authority found in him the promise of a great artist. When he got through playing for Liszt, the latter, who had accompanied him, rose from the piano, and exclaimed, "What! they thought of making you a lawyer! You were born for music." A few days later Wilhelmj went to Leipzig to study under the eminent Ferdinand David, whose niece, Baroness Liphardt, he afterward married.

HANS BREITMAN IN LONDON.—Charles Godfrey Leland, best known by his "Hans Breitman" humour, is said to be living very pleasantly in London, where he has spent the last 10 years, and is yet without any definite idea of returning to his native country. He is described as looking very little older than when he settled down in England; he might be mistaken for 40 or thereabouts, though he is 55. Like other literary Americans who have taken up their abode in London, he is very busy in making manuscript. He is writing a serial novel for one of the magazines, and such parts as have appeared show that it will be a marked success. He is also preparing a life of Abraham Lincoln for the new "Plutarch Series," to be issued by a London house. His chief work, which he has just planned and found an enthusiastic publisher for, is to be a series of art and artisan primers under the general title of "Profitable Work for all Classes." Its purpose is to introduce the study of artistic design, practically, into as many mechanical departments as possible. The conception is in entire harmony with modern thought, and has awakened deep sympathy in Great Britain. Leland's home is the centre of many literary and artistic celebrities, and his talents and scholarship are fully appreciated by his English friends, who are particularly pleased with his genial humour and sprightly speech. As a rambling talker and an after-dinner orator he has not many superiors.

BURLESQUE.

HE WAS NOT A VETERAN.—An aged man came into our sanctum yesterday. Deep eyed sadness sat on his eyebrows, like a frog on the shore of a mill pond. His attire was faultless in regard to ventilation; in fact he looked as if he was a model for some house that manufactured ventilators. His shoes showed two long slits for admitting air, which could come out at his knee, elbow or hat, the whole system of ventilation being perfect and complete. He hung his hat up on the third hook from the door, being the one set in diamonds, and drawing out his new morocco footstool up to our feet sat down and opened fire.

"I am probably the only survivor of one of the most desperate charges at Gettysburg," said he. "I was on the very spot which the rebels and the Union soldiers charged over ten times, and I never stirred out of my tracks. I was right where fifteen cannon balls tore up the earth in every direction, tearing men to pieces and finally flinging back the torn armies in confusion."

"Did you escape?" we asked.

"I did."
"You escaped? But you were wounded?"
"No, sir, I was not touched."
"You were not even wounded?"
"Not much."

"But certainly your clothes were pierced with bullets?"

"Not a bit of it. Nary a bullet."

"And yet you want money. No, sir! Had your head been shot off, or a cannon ball torn you in bits, or 229 bullets been lodged in your body, we might have given you ten cents, but as it is charity must begin at home. John, bring us a five cent cigar."

"But I'm the only survivor," persisted this veteran.

"Then go and hire a hall and charge ten cents for the exhibition."

"Exhibition be hanged," said he. "Give me ten cents and I'll tell you how I didn't get killed."

It was a tempting bait and was taken. Then he stilled towards the door as he remarked, "I was on the very spot where that charge was made, I stood where the bullets fell like rain, but—'twas a month after it happened."

JUDGE BOGAN.—When Judge Bogan was a practising lawyer in Georgia he weighed about 300 pounds. He was a short man, and had no coupling pole betwixt his head and his shoulders. His back was as broad as a cellar door. Of course he was a good-natured man, but sometimes was very sarcastic in the use of language before a jury. One day he had a case in a justice court in one of the upper counties of Georgia, and there was a little lawyer on the other side named Wiggins. Wiggins weighed about ninety pounds and was game and sassy, like most all little men, and had a voice as fine as the E string on a fiddle.

Well, the judge was rollicking along in a good-natured way to the jury, and made some allusions that insulted Wiggins' dignity. Whereupon Wiggins hopped up like a kildeer and hit the judge a lick on the back.

The judge looked round a little, and says he, "What you 'bout, Wiggins—what you 'bout?"

"I'm a fitin'!" says Wiggins.

"Set down and behave yourself," said the judge, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he continued his rhapsody of random remarks. Pretty soon he offended Wiggins again, who, rising forward, tumultuously popped him three or four times more, making as much impression as if he had hit the side of a house.

"What you 'bout, Wiggins? What you tryin' to do?" said the judge, as he winked at the jury.

"I tell you sir, I'm a fitin'," screamed Wiggins, and he popped him again.

The judge reached his arm back and gently "squashed" Wiggins down to his chair, saying, "Sit down, Wiggins, and be quiet, or I'll take you by the nap of the neck and seat of the breeches and throw you up so high the blue-birds will build in your jacket-pocket before you come down. Be still, I say."

Wiggins "beed still," but he studied the code of honor for a few days and then went back to his tailor's trade.

When the judge was elevated to the bench he didn't give the juries very much latitude in making up a verdict. If the verdict didn't suit him he charged 'em over again and sent them back. One day Col. Foster was defendin' a fellow who was sued on a promissory note, and wound up an eloquent speech with "these are the grand principles of the law, gentlemen, which control the case. They are as old as England, and as solid as the Blue ridge, and have come down to us untarnished by the tide of time or the wreck of bloated empires, and so will his honor charge you."

The judge was leaning forward, his eyes sparkling and his mouth twitching at the corners. Hardly waiting for the colonel to sit down, he said: "His honor won't charge you any such thing, gentlemen; for those eternal principles my Brother Foster has elucidated have no more to do with the case than the Koran of Mahomet. This defendant admits that he signed this note, and if you believe him, then all these dilatory, ungatory, purgatory pleas that he has ripped up, tripped up, dug up, stumped up and trumped up, won't avail him. What do you say to that, Brother Foster, eh?"

"Nothing sir; only that I am obliged to differ with the court," said the colonel.

"Yes, sir, you can differ; you have the right to differ; but where the court and the counsel differ, the court prevails, and that's the law of this case, gentlemen. Retire and make up your verdict."

THE Beaconsfield Club, which is close to the Prince of Wales' house, and, indeed, overlooks the grounds, is a great success—so great that some Liberals are seriously alarmed lest it should do the party material damage, especially if the Heir Apparent attends it so assiduously as he did its predecessor on the same premises, and a plan for starting "an Opposition Shop" is now in course of preparation.

QUEEN VICTORIA is known to be an excellent woman of business. Her Majesty's family administration is very thorough. Her extensive family connections throughout the whole of Europe she maintains by an active correspondence, devoting one whole day in the week to writing letters to absent relatives. All accounts, bankers' pass-books, and estimates of expenditure are, in some shape or other, personally presented to her.