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Torpedo Practice on Sharks.

Hunting the Vulture of the Sea in a Novel and Scientific Way.

Not a year, indeed hardly a month, passes but a shark spoils a British ship of one or more of her hands. While the vessel is in the harbour, or riding in the offing, a man tumbles overboard, or is capsized from a boat, or attempts to swim ashore, and is torn in pieces by sharks within sight of help and sound of human voice. The Alice Davies, of Liverpool, has just returned to the Mersey, and in her "log" is duly recorded a terrible catastrophe of this kind. She was anchored off a small river known as the Probolingo, on the coast of Java, and one of her crew, a Welshman, of the name of Owen, went with four others to bathe. They were all good swimmers, and Owen, who was the most skilful, had ventured some little distance from the vessel, when he was suddenly heard to utter a piercing shriek. A large shark, rising suddenly from the bottom, had bitten him immediately below the fifth rib and literally torn him to pieces. A rope was thrown to him, but his injuries were so terrible that he immediately sank. His companions escaped uninjured, but of Owen's body no trace was recovered. The shark which attacked him was, we are told, judged to be some fifteen feet in length. Such dimensions, although large, are yet not unusual in the Javanese Seas.

The shark is not so much the tiger as the vulture of the sea. Like the vulture, he hesitates to attack anything with life in it; but, if hungry, becomes for a time possessed with a courage not his own. We shall never exterminate him, and his presence in tropical waters must always remain a constant source of danger. Meantime he has at least this merit, that wherever he may be found he affords a certain rough species of sport. There is no better fun than fishing for a shark with a hook the size of a pitchfork, and a huge piece of pork by way of bait. Harpooning the creature is also an exciting amusement, although seldom practised. Of late years, too, the shark has been hunted in novel and scientific ways. There is no better form of rifle practice then to shoot at him from over the stern, with explosive bullets. If you miss him, he still follows on. If he is hit, a great hole is rent in him. He rolls slowly over on his back, displaying his cruel, gaping jaws and vast expanse of white under-surface, and his brother sharks, coming up from around, quarrel and dispute fraternally over the carcass. Best, however, of all modes of shark chase, because most scientific, and consequently most amusing, is that recently adopted in her Majesty's navy of combining torpedo drill with shark fishery. A miniature torpedo is enclosed in a bait of junk or pork, and lowered with proper care. The battery is duly charged, and at the moment that the huge fish seizes, and, as a pike-fisher would say, "pouches" the tempting morsel, the circuit is completed. The effect is instantaneous. The head and jaws of the monster are blown into fragments, and a bubbling circle in the water marks the spot where, a few seconds before, his dorsal fin was showing above the waves.

An Awful Warning to Servants.

A man out on South Hill had reason to believe that his superintendent of cuisine was in the habit of using kerosene to start the morning fires. He placed his suspicions in the form of a charge, which was indignantly denied, and proof demanded. He wasn't ready with his testimony, and the case was dismissed for the want of evidence. But his suspicions increased, and he ordered a secret investigation and appointed himself chairman of the committee with power to send for persons and papers. He laid his plans with care, and the next morning he followed his maid servant down stairs at a careful and respectable distance, and hid himself near the kitchen door, where he could not see nor be seen, while he could hear very distinctly whatever was said or done. The rustle of paper and the rattle of dry light-wood was succeeded by hasty steps toward the closet in the cellar way. Then he heard the gurgling of a liquid, as though it was gurgling out of a small tin spout. He heard the can set down then the scratch of a match.

"H'm," he heard the maid-servant remark. Then another match snapped, and a barely audible fizzle succeeded. Grimly smiled the silent man by the outer door.

"H'm," remarked the maid-servant a little petulantly. Another match snapped and blazed up. Another sound as of fizzling. The smile on the face of the man deepened into a grin.

"Well, I never did!" came from the kitchen, and there was heard the sound of more pouring on the light wood. Another match and more silence.

"Well, did you ever?" queried the queen of the range, evidently anxious to obtain testimony corroborative of her own evidence, as set forth in her previous statement that she never did. The man setting himself outside the door throttled himself with both hands and softly pounded the ground with his heels. Something evidently excited him, and when the next match snapped he caught himself by the legs and bit fiercely into the corner of the door-frame in a frenzied effort to smother a hollow groan.

"The old scratch is in the oil, I do believe," said a troubled voice in the kitchen, and more pouring ensued. Another match, another, another. And the man crawled off behind the chester-box and hugged his knees with many insane expressions and silent demonstrations of interest, when he heard the angry voice inside the kitchen say:

"Plague on such oil! I'd like to pour it all down Will Darling's back!"

Another match and then a confused sound of rattling and scraping, and a tearful woman came to the door and hurled an armful of soaked paper and light-wood into the yard and kicked an oil can after it. The smiling man crept back upstairs unseen. Breakfast was late that morning, and when the queen of the kitchen was asked the cause whereof, she said somebody had left the shed-door open and all the light-wood was damp. And no man that ever filled an oil-can with non-explosive cistern water ever looked half so innocent as the man who sat at the head of the table, choking over a Graham muffin.

Pearls of Truth.

Gossiping and Lying are twin sisters.

Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately.

When do we begin to love people?—When they begin to let us look into their hearts, and their hearts are found to be worth looking into.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he was to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please. True: for he who can please nobody must be with persons whom nobody could please, and the fault in that case rests not with him.

The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits diverge, and the nearer we approach the one the further we recede from the other.

The World.—To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier, and happier, is the noblest work of man or woman.

The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy, is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor deigns to stoop to aught that is mean, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

That firmness of adhesion to preconceived notion or purpose is in a good cause called resolution—in a bad cause, obstinacy; it is called a curse or a blessing to the possessor, according to the degree or habit of exercising the reasoning faculty with which he may be endowed.

To disguise the bitterness of quinine, it is recommended to take it dissolved in milk.

The Card Trick.—"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady, who was his partner in a game of whist.—"Well, replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

Three ruffians who attacked an old gentleman named Middleton at Sheffielk, in England, the other night, met with a warm reception. He lifted his foot up and, to use his own words in court, "gave him (his assailant) one fair on th' top o' the nose, marking him so that he could tell him again." The prisoner thus "markel" appeared in the dock with his nose broken and his eye blackened. The three prisoners were sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

ROMA DI ROMA.

BY W. W. STORY.

Julietta appears above at a balcony.

Romeo! Hist! Madonna, saints and all!
How the man sleeps, stretched out beneath yon wall.
Deaf as the wall itself! I shall be missed
Before I make him hear. Romeo, hist!
Ah, well! thank Heaven, I've waked him up at last!
Quick, Meo, catch this bott'e I've made fast
To this long cord! 'Tis English wine, as strong
As aqua vita. Quick! don't be so long!
I found it in the pantry set away
For the great dinner that we give to day.
And catch this package; they are candied pears
For your sweet tooth, and sugar cut in squires,
And other bonbons. Now, be off at once!
There, round the corner,—not that way, you dunce,
Or they will see you!—and come back at ten.
Who knows what I may find to give you then?
A rivederci caro, ah! va ben!

That dear old Meo mine,—what luck it was
That through the pantry I should chance to pass
Just when old Frangsaw had slipped out a minute,
And no one near to see! The saints were in it!

Ah, well, he's gone! I'll draw the water now.
All's silent yet; but won't there be a row
When Frangsaw comes and finds, instead of ten,
There are nine bottles only! Well, what then?
He can't accuse me. Let him, if he dares!
I'll settle him, for all his mighty airs!

Perhaps 'twas not quite right to take the nine;
But then the vault was his as well as mine.
Why should he leave it there exposed to sight,
To tempt whoever saw it? 'Twas not right!
Does not the lord's own catechism say
No one should lead us in temptation's way?
And they who do so are in part to blame;
As we forgive them, let them do the same.

Besides next Sunday I'll confess the whole
To Padre Giacomo,—the good old soul,
Old *omnia sæcula amen*,—no doubt
He'll set all right, and smooth the matter out.

And then, again, I say enough's enough!
Why should these rich signori swill and stuff,
While we, who toil and slave our life away,
Must live upon their leavings? Grazie!
It is not fair! It is not fair, I say!
There are five grand signori come to dine,
And want ten bottles, and they'll get but nine!
Dreadful to think of! How will they survive?
And how, then, on one bottle can we live?
I'm sure we only take what they can spare;
No one could call that stealing!
Hark! Who's there?
That Meo's not come back again, I hope!
No; 'twas the old goat tugging at his rope.
All's safe, thank Heaven!
Madonna, what a row!
That's Frangsaw—who has missed the bottle now—screaming for me, and swearing at them all.
Vengo! I am not deaf,—I heard you call.
What is the matter? Blessed saints! I say
I hear you,—any one could, miles away.
I am coming. Bottle? A black bottle? Oh!
How in the name of mercy should I know?
I've just come up to draw some water here.
Wine? I know nothing of your wine, monsieur!
It's water that I'm drawing. Wine of cost?
Ten bottles were there, and one bottle lost?
How should I know, indeed? How can I tell
Where it has gone to? I'm here at the well
Drawing up water. Ten? Was it the wine
In those black bottles? Ten? There were but nine
When I last saw them. Oh, yes, that's your way:
There's not a thing you stupidly mislay
But some one stole it; 'tis thief here, thief there,
When you've missed anything. Why don't you swear
There were twelve bottles,—twenty! What is ten
To your outlandish lings? Search me, then!
I steal your wine? I've other work to do.
Thief, if there's any one here thief, 'tis you.

Who was it I was talking to below?
When? Nobody! I say there wasn't. No!
Go look yourself, and see. You heard me say
Something to somebody? What was it, pray?
"Cat! cat! quick, be off at once! Oh, *that!*
That's what you heard? You idiot! you flat!
Why, what I called to was the cat,—the cat!

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.—Continued.

You may be sure I would *not* do it if I did not do it of my own will," she said. "But if you really want to hear from me I will write—only, I give you warning—I shall have nothing to say."

"You can have the best thing of all to say—if you will. Say that you love me, and I shall not care if there is nothing else in the letter."

"Shall you not? That makes the matter easy, then. I shall simply say: 'Dear Ellis I love you. Yours truly, Annot Lawlie.' Will that do?"

"That will do very well—but it will be better if you add, 'I am ready to marry you when I come back.'"

"But I shall not think of adding that—for it would not be true."

"But I want it to be true, Annot, dear Annot—and why should it not be?"

"Ah! we want a great deal that we can't get," said Annot, saucily. "Don't begin about that stupid matter of marrying, or I shall be glad you're going away. Do you know that we are expecting father this evening, with the gentleman who is to see about the mine? I came out here to look for them—not for you!"

"I didn't suppose you came to look for me. But, as long as you are here, you'll wait while I go in the house and give Mrs. Lawlie a message from my mother, won't you?"

"If my step-mother once gets hold of you, there is no telling how long I may be obliged to wait, so I won't promise; but give me your rein, and perhaps you'll find me here when you com back."

He placed his rein in the hand she extended.

"If Mrs. Lawlie keeps me more than five minutes she will have to do it by force," he said, "I'll trust you without a promise—for once."

He was not gone longer than the five minutes of which he spoke. Indeed, it was hardly so long as that when Annot, though she did not turn her head, heard his quick tread behind her. Reaching her side, he paused and looked at the fair face with admiration, fondness, and reproach mingled in his gaze.

"I am not afraid to give a promise or to keep it, either," he said. "There's nothing in my power that I wouldn't promise to do for you, Annot; yet you wouldn't promise to wait five minutes for me."

"But I waited five minutes without promising," she answered, with a smile. "There's nothing I wouldn't rather have as a free gift than because it was promised—that is the difference between us."

"A promise is a free gift, isn't it?" he asked. "Surely, if you have given me your heart, Annot, a promise to marry me would not be a bondage."

"Yes, it would," she said, hastily. "I should feel bound hand and foot if I promised—anything. I don't know why it is, but I have a dread of binding myself. I always have had."

"But you must bind yourself some time," said Kane, "and why shouldn't it be now—now, when I am going away? I have told you again and again how much I love you, and you have made me believe that you love me, yet you will not promise to be my wife. Why do you act so? Why are you not honest? It seems strange that any woman should like to keep a man in such suspense."

Annot did not answer. She turned her face away, and her gaze rested once more on the moon, now poised like a silver boat just over the mountain's brow.

"Have you seen the new moon?" she said, abruptly. "I was looking at it and making a wish for good-luck just before you came."

"Was it about me?" he asked. "If I made a wish, it would be about you. Was yours about me?"

She uttered a laugh which was clear and ringing, yet not sweet

"No," she said; "my wish was not about you. It was about something nearer my heart than anything else."

"And what it nearer to your heart than anything else?" he asked, in a tone of jealous pain.

She turned her head and looked at him. The handsome, honest face, the frank, anxious eyes might, it seemed, have touched the heart of which she spoke; but Annot only smiled again—the bright, coquettish smile which had baffled his earnestness often before.

"My wish was this," she said, "that the mine may turn out all that father thinks it. If it does, oh, if it does, do you know what will happen, Ellis?"

A dark cloud came again over her companion's face.

"You have never been like yourself since that"—a pause—"mine was discovered," he said. "I don't know what would happen if it turned out all your father thinks it, but I do know that it will never turn out anything, except a place to sink money in."

"We shall see about that," said the girl, with a nod of defiance. "The gentleman who is coming will tell us all about it, and it was thinking how much hangs on his coming that made me wish for good-luck as soon as I saw the new moon."

"Then I wish for good-luck, too," said the young man, and, putting his arm about her, he drew her closer to him. "I wish for the good-luck that you may learn that there are better things in the world than money," he said, with a passionate vibration in his voice; "that you may find it isn't often a man loves a woman as I love you, and that you may have done with fooling, and give me a faithful promise to be my wife. That is *my* wish," he said, with emphasis, as the moon sank out of sight behind the dark mountain-crest. "Isn't it better than yours, Annot?"

"I—don't know," said Annot. She did not shrink from his embrace, but there was a passiveness in her manner of receiving it which almost amounted to indifference. In fact, she was thinking as she spoke—thinking with curious coolness for one so young—that he was bound fast by his devotion to herself, and that she liked him well enough to marry him if Fate offered her no better chance. He was the best match in all the country-side—the richest, the handsomest, most popular man—but her ambition leaped beyond that limited world, and longed for a wider field. If this wider field was not to be attained, she would not reject the next best gift of Fortune. The odds were greatly in Kane's favour, but there was one chance—one slender chance—against him, and while that chance remained, Annot was firmly determined to bind herself by no pledge. He might believe anything that pleased him—she would listen to his wooing and accept his caresses—but give a definite promise she would not. With this intention fixed in her mind, she lifted her eyes again and looked up in his face.

"The moon has gone down, carrying both our wishes with her," she said, gayly. "We must wait now, and see what comes of them. We shall know, perhaps, by the time you come back."

"I haven't much trust in the moon," said Kane. "She is too much like a woman—never the same thing twice."

"It's a dull thing that never changes," said Annot—and, though the dusk was deepening, he saw the dimples which her smile always brought coming and going above her mouth. "Would you change women if you could?" she went on. Then her voice sank, and grew yet softer. "Would you change *me* if you could?" she asked.

Kane caught his breath quickly.

"God knows it would be better for me if I could say 'Yes!'" he answered, with a vehemence she was not expecting. "But I can't—you know I can't! I would not change you in little or great, if I could. I love you just as you are. Annot, *do* you love me?"

It was no time for fencing, and Annot felt as much. All the passion of the man's nature was roused, and found utterance in this direct question. Like many another woman, she shrank from the fire she had wakened—but shrank too late. The arm around her tightened its grasp, until she found herself strained against the broad chest.

"How can you ask such a question?" she asked, half thrilled, half frightened. "Would I be here with you like—like this, if I didn't love you? Oh, you should not!—you should not!"—he was kissing her repeatedly—"I hear the sound of wheels. Father is coming. Let me go!"

The instant his arms unclosed, she sprang away from him, and darted away with the speed of a deer to the house.

III.

The wheels Annot had heard were those of a buggy, which was approaching the house in a direction opposite to that from which Kane had come. The latter, knowing whom it contained, and being in no mood to meet Mr. Lawlie and the stranger accompanying him, mounted his horse and rode away at a brisk pace as the vehicle appeared in sight.

Two masculine figures were seated in it, one of which was considerably larger and stouter than the other. Beyond this fact, the twilight rendered the personal appearance of both very much a matter of conjecture.

"Here we are, Mr. Thyrle," said the larger man, as they drew up before the gate, "I'm afraid you've found the day's travel very hard."

"A little hard, but quite interesting," answered the other. "Is this your home? A pleasant place as far as I can judge."

"It's not such a nice place as I would like it to be," answered Mr Lawlie, descending to the ground, "but I hope we can make you comfortable in a plain way.—Hurry up, Tom, for Dolly has travelled well to-day, and deserves the best you can give her."

The last words were addressed to a boy, who came from a stable which they had passed.

"My second son, Mr. Thyrle," the speaker went on. Then he opened the gate. "We'll walk in," he said. "The boys can attend to the baggage."

They walked in, and followed a narrow path toward the house, through the open door of which the leaping blaze of a wood-fire showed with bright effect. As they advanced, Thyrle wondered what manner of place this would prove which seemed buried so far in the recesses of the silent hills. All day he had been journeying toward it, amid scenes of constantly-increasing grandeur. As afternoon waned into evening, the road penetrated farther and farther into the heart of the great mountains. Forest-clad heights inclosed the way, while deep abyases, where flashing streams plunged and roared, lay far below. The end was this—a peaceful cove, dark sentinel-peaks, unseen water murmuring over stones, a fire shining through an open door.

Into the apartment thus revealed, Mr. Lawlie introduced his guest.

"Sit down," he said. "I'll find somebody to show you your room."

As he went out, Thyrle looked round a little curiously. Already he had been struck by several incongruities in the man who had become his host, and he was not mistaken in the expectation of finding these incongruities reflected in his abode. Evidently the record of two existences met in this unpapered and unpainted room. A few engravings on the walls, a book-case full of well-bound books, and three or four articles of old-fashioned furniture, attested past refinement, probably past prosperity, while, with these exceptions, everything spoke of the laborious simplicity attendant upon the life of an ordinary mountain-farmer.

By the time he had finished his survey and drawn his conclusion, Mr. Lawlie returned, accompanied by a middle-aged woman of angular appearance, whom he introduced as his wife.

"I'm glad you've come at last," she said to Thyrle, as if he had been expected a long time, and had deliberately failed to fulfill that expectation. "I hope you'll put Mr. Lawlie's mind at rest about the mine that's set him crazy. He's been no good at all since he found out there's gold in the mountain, and if it hadn't been that the boys kept their heads a little steadier, I don't know what we would have done. I don't believe in mines myself—except for selling. I've never known any good come of 'em any other way. As I've told him all along, if he can sell it—"

"Mr. Thyrle would like to go to his room, Susan," suggested Mr. Lawlie, stemming the tide of words.

"It's all ready for him," said Mrs. Lawlie. "The room on the piazza, next the boys."

Half an hour later Thyrle met the family at the supper-table, where a number of young Lawlies were presented to his consideration. Supper had been in progress several minutes when Mr. Lawlie said:

"Where is Annot? I have not yet seen her."

"She'll be in after a while, I suppose," Mrs. Lawlie answered. "If she wasn't at the gate when you came, she hadn't been gone from it long, for Ellis Kane was there. He brought the mail, and a message for me from his mother, but rushed off in such a hurry that I'd hardly time to send an answer. I followed him to the door to make him hear me, but I saw Annot standing at the gate, and I knew then there was no use in trying to talk to him."

A general laugh followed this, and, before it subsided, a slight noise made Thyrle glance up, and he perceived a girl standing in the open door just in front of him. She evidently understood the cause of the mirth, for her face was set in a look of unmistakable anger.

"I was not thinking of Ellis Kane when I went to the gate," she said—her ringing voice taking every one else by surprise—"I went there to look for father, and Ellis came—I could not help his coming."

"I don't expect you would have tried to help it if you could," said Mrs. Lawlie. "Come in to supper. Here's your father and the gentleman you've been so anxious about."

"Come in. Annot—no harm was meant," said Mr. Lawlie.—"My oldest daughter, Mr. Thyrle," he added, as Annot advanced.

Thyrle rose and bowed. Unconsciously he felt—even in this first minute of their meeting—that Annot, like the old furniture, was part of her former existence, and out of place in his present life.

Annot, on her part, saw a man whose appearance fascinated her at once. She did not think him very handsome, but the refinement which characterized him had for her a charm greater than any degree of personal beauty. Her swift glance took in and scrutinized every detail of his appearance.

"He is a gentleman!" she said to herself in astonishment; for it had never occurred to her that the man "interested in ores" would prove anything like this. After she sat down to the table, her eyes wandered to him again and again—full of a curiosity she could not express, and which presently attracted the attention of its object.

"A pretty creature," he thought, "with evident signs of gentle blood. Is it a pity for her that her father's life has sunk to such obscure conditions. Who can tell?"

While thinking this, he was amused by Mrs. Lawlie's manifest determination that the subject of Ellis Kane should not drop. In the first lull of the mineralogical conversation which her husband had been sustaining, she addressed him:

"Have you heard the news about the Kanes, Mr. Lawlie! There's nothing like some people's luck! There's Ellis, with the best land in the settlement, and I don't know how much money, and here's his mother's brother died out in Georgia, and left her ever so much more,"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lawlie, with interest. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. I never grudge my neighbours their luck; and there's not a better young man in the country than Ellis Kane."

"It's no wonder you think so," replied Mrs. Lawlie. "He'll make the best kind of a son-in-law, *that* I always said. But if Annot don't take care"—and here she nodded warningly at the girl, whose brow was like a thunder-cloud—"she may lose him at last. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and, while she's playing with Ellis, there's any number of other girls ready to take him at a word."

"They may be perfectly welcome to take him," said Annot, haughtily. "If anybody supposes that I care——"

"Never mind, never mind!" interrupted Mr. Lawlie, who had no taste for a domestic breeze. "Things will come right, I dare say—young people must be young.—Now about that ore, Mr. Thyrle—"

Mr. Thyrle was not so much interested in the ore but that he felt able to be amused by the interlude just passed. It seemed to him like a glimpse of an old story—the obstinate mother, the reluctant maiden, the mercenary parents—a group of characters whom rhyme and prose have made familiar to us.

"How human nature repeats itself in all grades of life!" he thought. "There is no variety whatever in its combinations. The play called existence would be more interesting if it contained more novelty."

Having a taste for the study of character, he was not sorry that an opportunity to address Annot occurred after supper. The fire in the great chimney of the sitting-room was leaping and sparkling, and with its brilliant light making of small account the lamp which was supposed to illuminate the apartment. The family was gathered around the hearth in a large half-circle; and Thyrle had been talking to Mr. Lawlie, until the latter was called away. Then the young man rose and walked to a shelf which was covered with specimens of ores, and near which Annot was sitting—the ruddy fire-light falling over her bent head with its crown of sunny hair, her rose-tinted cheek, and graceful figure, over her small sunburned hands, and the heavy gray stocking which she was knitting, while the light flashed back from her steel needles. It was a pretty picture, and struck Thyrle as a bit of *genre* painting might have done. Feeling his gaze, she glanced up, and, meeting her eyes, he spoke:

"I was just wondering if you are Scotch, Miss Lawlie! Your name is distinctively so."

"I believe my father is of Scotch descent," she answered, "and he gave me his mother's name; but I do not consider myself Scotch, because *my* mother was of pure English blood."

He hesitated a moment, then said:

"You do not speak of your father's present wife?"

"No"—and he saw her lip curl—"my mother died when I was a child—soon after my father came here to live. She could not endure this rough, hard life. It killed her—which was not strange, I am sure."

The bitterness of her tone, the swift, disdainful glance of her eye over her surroundings, spoke volumes to Thyrle, and waked his interest and sympathy at once. In fact, these qualities of his nature were generally ready to be waked, and might be accounted the weakest points in that armour with which every man instinctively girds himself to fight the world. The gentleness of his voice was very marked as he said:

"I can fancy that such a life as this might prove very hard to one of delicate rearing; yet it has not killed you."

She flushed, and sent a double glance at his face before she answered.

"My rearing has not been delicate—I think you must see that. I was very young when father came here, and I have been brought up among rough people, and accustomed to rough ways. I have never grown reconciled to the life—I never shall, I suppose—but things are as they must be, and they are never likely to change—unless the mine turns out right."

"Are you, too, counting on the mine?" said he. "That is a pity."

She looked up at him again—anxiety in her eyes, the breath half hushed on her lips.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "What do you know about the mine—as yet?"

"I do not know a great deal about it," he replied; "but I have seen the disappointment of so many hopes based on things of the kind, that I never expect very brilliant fruition for them. Moderate expectations are best—if only because no terrible disappointment can follow."

"It is cruel of you to talk like this!" she said, in a quivering voice. "How can you know?—how can you tell? I have looked for your coming with so much hope; and now—"

"Now," he said, as she paused, "I am only giving you a friendly warning. I see, however, that it comes too late. You have set your heart upon the treasure which the mountains may yield."

"It is my only hope—my only hope!" she said, passionately. "If you could know—but I can't tell you—how much hangs on it! You may think me foolish, but I feel that I was intended for a different life from this, and the mine is my only hope of reaching it. If that comes to nothing, I must live and die here."

She clasped her hands from which the knitting had fallen, and looked at him as if the power to produce gold from the mountain had been at his will. He was a man of quick feeling as well as quick perceptions, and he understood all that she implied.

"We shall hope for the best," he said, kindly. "Perhaps the mine may realize all your expectations. From what I know, I have great hope of it."

The conversation ended here, for Mr. Lawlie re-entered at the moment; but the passionate earnestness which Annot had displayed impressed itself deeply upon the recollection of her listener, and his last thought on going to bed that night was:

"For her sake, I trust the mine may prove all that Lawlie thinks it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Personal.

Count Rautzan, who is to marry Countess Marie Bismarck, is the descendant of an ancient family in Holstein, is a member of the German diplomatic corps, and has always been much liked by Prince Bismarck, who appointed him one of the secretaries of the late Congress.

The Countess Marie Bismarck, the favourite daughter of Prince Bismarck, who is betrothed to Count Rautzan, a young diplomatist, it is to be hoped will be more fortunate in her second than she was in her first attempt to enter the bonds of matrimony. Two years ago she was engaged to a son of Count Eulenberg, but, before the marriage could take place, her intended was struck down by fever in the very prime of life.

The Czar takes in early morning a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and then a walk. He can't drink tea, because his nerves are shattered by his persistent attention to the government of his country. At 12 he takes luncheon—a simple one, as he is not able to eat rich food. Then he walks or rides, and then goes to his study. He dines at five or half past, and after several hours of work retires at midnight, sometimes concluding his labours with one round of whist.

Gustaf Wallis, one of the most eminent botanical discoverers of the time, died recently at Cuenca, Ecuador. In 1860 he was commissioned by some very eminent Belgian horticulturists to gather new varieties of plants in South America, and for eight years he traversed vast districts in that country, making afterward an excursion, at the instance of a London firm, to the Philippine Islands. He died in a hospital, worn out and poor, in the cause of science, having given to European horticulture not less than one thousand transatlantic plants.

The Emperor of China anteclates all the potentates of the Old World in being able to confer the oldest decoration of history. This is the Yellow Tunic, which is made of yellow silk, and has on the back a dragon—the arms of the Chinese Empire—embroidered in gold and black silk. It is the most distinguished order in China, and is conferred only on extraordinary occasions. Only two Europeans have ever received it—the Englishman Colonel Gordon, who rendered great service to the Chinese government during the Taeping rebellion, and the French engineer Giquel, who built a military arsenal in Northern China.

The descendants of Jacob Follmer, who emigrated from Wurtemberg 150 years ago, and settled in Berks County, Pennsylvania, recently had a grand reunion at the farm of William Follmer, near Milton, and 500 men, women, and children were present. They came from divers parts of Pennsylvania, and from other States, and 500 more are reported to be scattered throughout the country. The German immigrant purchased from the Government a vast tract of land lying in the valley extending from Milton to Limestoneville, then an unbroken wilderness, but now one of the richest and most populous sections of the State. A record of all those claiming kinship with the original Jacob, either by blood or marriage, was taken on the occasion, and measures have been adopted to bring the other 500 into the family fold. The Follmers are represented as a very prolific race, some of them having had as many as 8, 10, and 12 children, and this fertility has been transferred, it is said, to the remotest branches. The extraordinary statement is made that, so far as known, not one of the members of the immense family has ever been arraigned for any crime; has ever become a drunkard; or been disloyal to his or her marriage vows. They have so many virtues that they ought to be most desirable citizens. Money-making appears to be one of their talents, scores of them being rich, and not one of them dependent. The breed deserves to be perpetuated. It evidently thinks so itself.

Sir Moses Montefiore is made the subject of a pleasant sketch in the London *World*, from which we quote the following paragraph, in which a graceful allusion is made to the late Lady Montefiore: "Few men have borne the weight of years so well as the Jewish baronet. Gifted by nature with a tall and massive frame, he has preserved health and vigour far beyond the allotted term of human life. His forehead and white hair would vividly recall the appearance of Talleyrand were not the fathomless eyes and the marble brow replaced by a hearty and genial expression. The huge white neckcloth and high-collared coat, the vast 'gills' and the ample *jabot*, are of a period now passed into history, but these remarkable vestments well become their owner. There is, indeed, in Sir Moses Montefiore a trace of that most agreeable form of dandyism, the dandyism of neatness and quiet elegance, which gives an old-world *chic*, as it were, to its professor. From his snowy *jabot* to the silver buckles of his shoes the master of East Cliff Lodge is a miracle of neatness. His speech is not unlike his apparel—genial and hearty, with a seriousness tempered by good humour. His kindly outward aspect reveals the inner man. So large-hearted is his charity that it is said no man ever sought charity at East Cliff and was denied. Denial, indeed, is only made with extreme reluctance. The late Lady Montefiore was averse to denial at all, and Sir Moses often tells a story illustrative of her large-hearted benevolence. Among those who had frequently received sums of money from him was a co-religionist of the most undeserving and hopeless kind. Again and again had Sir Moses sent him cheques, and again and again had the irrepressible beggar applied for assistance. Sir Moses, having discovered that his money was spent in drinking and gambling, informed his wife that he should give the ne'er-do-weel no more help; whereupon Lady Montefiore opened her own cheque-book, and wrote a cheque, remarking, 'My dear, I think we had better send him something; I am sure nobody else will if we do not.' The memory of this admirable lady, *nee* Judith Cohen, is fondly cherished at East Cliff Lodge, where every scrap of linen is marked with the Hebrew equivalent for 'She has returned above.' Her custom of feeding the wild birds and encouraging them to frequent the dense shrubberies round the house is also maintained with great exactitude—in fact, it may be said that all the wishes she expressed while living are faithfully observed now that she is dead."

Civility and Ceremony.

Nothing is more honourable and pleasant than civility, and nothing more ridiculous and burdensome than ceremony. Civility teaches us to behave with proportionate respect to everyone, according as their rank requires and their merit demands. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A person of good address, who conducts herself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because everyone finds herself at ease in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of her acquaintance. Such a one requires too much attention to be a pleasant associate; is too seldom satisfied with what is paid her, and every moment feels her pride hurt by the want of some frivolous etiquette. You cannot be too formal to her, nor can she dispense with her formalities to others.

If you wish to do good, do good; if you wish to assist people, assist people. The only way to learn to do a thing is to do it, and that implies before you learn to do right you will do wrong; you will make blunders, you will have failures, but persevere, and in the end you will learn your lesson and many other lessons by the way.

Nearly Buried Alive.

Some Narrow Escapes from an Eternal Prison.

Bringing the Dead to Life—Saved at the Last Moment—A Laugh from a Coffin.

The lectures which have recently been delivered on "living burials" by a physician of some eminence, go to prove that such things happen in countries where rapid interment succeeds death, much more frequently than the generality of people would deem possible.

We who hold our dead so sacred, and who err if anything on the side of keeping them too long unburied, must naturally feel a kind of horror creep over us when, from circumstances, we are brought to witness with what haste and want of reverence the last said ceremonies are gone through in some countries where climate renders speedy interment after decease an absolute necessity. I propose to relate three marvellous escapes from living burial which happened to different members of the same family at different periods. The scene was in Italy; the facts were related by the daughter of two of the parties concerned.

BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE.

"You will scarcely wonder," she said, "at my horror of being buried alive, when I tell you that a peculiar fate seems to pursue our family, or at least did pursue it in the last generation. My father was an only son, and from having been born several years after his parents' marriage, was an object of especial devotion. His mother was unable to nurse him herself, and a countrywoman was procured from a village at some distance from the chateau where his parents resided, who was not only well calculated to replace the mother as a nurse, but was of so affectionate a disposition that she seemed to throw her whole soul into her heart for the well-being of the child, and lavished as much affection on him as did the real mother. When the age came for weaning him, it was found impossible to accomplish it, while the nurse remained with him; and so after many terrible scenes, and the most heart-breaking sorrow on her part, she had to go. The boy throve very well until he was about three years old, when he was attacked by some childish malady, and to all appearances, died.

"It is unnecessary to dwell on the distracted grief of the parents. The mother could scarcely be induced to leave the body, and even though all life was extinct, grudged every moment as it flew towards the time when even what was left of her darling would have to be removed for ever. (The time that was allowed by the government for bodies to remain unburied was three days.) The father had given strict orders that the child's nurse should not be informed of the death of her foster-son until after the funeral, as he felt convinced she would at once come to see him, and he dreaded the effect the sight of her grief might have on his already broken-hearted wife. However, the order was ill-kept, and on the morning of the funeral, after all his guests had arrived and were grouped round the coffin taking their last farewell of the lovely boy, in rushed the nurse, her hair down, her dress all torn and travel-stained, her boots nearly worn off her feet. On hearing the news, she had started off without waiting for extra clothing, without word or look to any one, and had run the whole night in order to be in time to see her boy. As she entered the room she rushed past servants and guests, and on reaching the coffin seized the child, and before anyone was aware of her intention or had presence of mind to prevent her, she had vanished with him in her arms. It was found she had carried him off to the *grenier* or garret, and had locked and barricaded the door. She paid no attention to threats and entreaties, and all attempts at forcing the door were equally fruitless. The guests waited patiently, hoping that she would before long return to her senses and bring back the child's body for burial.

"At the end of an hour or more they heard the heavy furniture rolled away and the door opened. The nurse appeared, but with no *dead* child in her arms—the little thing's arms were clasped lovingly round her neck as she pressed him to her bosom. The mournful assemblage was turned into one of joyful congratulation. The woman would never speak of the means she used to restore the boy to life; indeed, although she became from that hour a resident in the family and a trusted and valued friend, she steadily forebore ever returning to the incident in which she played so important a part. She lived to see the rescued child married and with a family of his own around him.

SAVED AT THE LAST MOMENT.

"The heroine of the second anecdote was a first cousin to the above—rescued child—a young lady of thirteen or fourteen years old. After somewhat protracted illness she, to all appearance died. The mother literally refused to believe it, although the doctors and the other inmates of the house saw no reason to doubt the fact. The funeral was arranged, the grave made, and the specified three days had come to an end. The mother had never left her daughter's body; she had tried every available means to restore her, but to no purpose. As the hour approached for the ceremony to take place, she became more and more distracted, and more desperate in her efforts to convince herself that she still lingered. As a last resource she went for some strong elixir, and taking out of her pocket a fruit-knife with two blades—one blade of gold the other of silver—proceeded by continual working to force the gold blade between the teeth; when inserted, she poured a drop of elixir on the blade, then another and another, and tried to make it enter the mouth; but it seemed only to trickle back again and down the chin. Still she persevered, becoming more desperate as the moments flew on to the hour, now so near, when her child was to be taken from her. At the very last, when she was beginning to dread the very worst, she thought she detected a slight spasm in the throat; and on closer examination she became aware that the liquid was no longer returning as it did at first. She continued the application, every moment feeling more excited and more joyfully hopeful. Presently the action of swallowing became more and more decided; she felt a feeble flutter at the heart, and before long the eyes gradually opened, and closed again; but the breathing became quietly regular, and the mother was satisfied that now no one would dispute the fact; so she called her household round her, and proved to them the joyful fact that her child was restored to her, and that no funeral procession would leave the house that day. Before long the child fully recovered. The fruit knife with its two blades is to this day the most precious heirloom in the family possessions.

A LAUGH FROM A COFFIN.

"The recovered one lived to form a deep attachment to her cousin (the rescued boy of the first story), possibly from the fact of the strange similarity in their early history; but his affections were already engaged by the young lady whose story we are now going to relate, the facts of which resemble somewhat those already told. This young person was no longer a child when death seemed to claim her, but had reached the age of eighteen or nineteen. She had been suffering from an infectious and dangerous fever, and when the crisis arrived, instead of rallying, she, to all appearance, died. It was the custom of the district in which she lived to dress marriageable girls as brides after death, and to bury them in their bridal costume. The young lady in question was therefore laid out as a bride, in a white dress, orange-flower wreath, and veil. The day before the funeral, the most intimate friend of the deceased, who had been on a visit at a distance, came home, and insisted with floods of tears that she should be allowed to see her. The mother most decidedly refused, explaining that her daughter had been the victim of an infectious fever, and that she could not allow the daughter of a friend to run the risk of catching it. The young lady persisted,