

ment for the garden of a colonel who had fallen in battle. The General ordered Zepher to report to him.

"I hear that you are a sculptor. Now, I want you to sculpt me a lot of gods and goddesses, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, and all the rest of them, and have them on hand by eight o'clock sharp, next Saturday evening."

"But, General, I can't have them done by next Saturday. It will take me three months—"

"Silence!" thundered the General, "when I order anything to be done, it has to be done. You have them statuary done or I'll have you locked up for a month."

"But, General—"

"Keep quiet! How much money do you need to buy plaster of Paris?"

Zepher looked at the General, and saw that he was in good earnest, so, after he had studied over the matter the sculptor replied:

"All right, General, I will do my best. I will want a hundred francs to buy plaster of Paris."

"Here it is. Now get to work right away, and have them statuary by eight o'clock Saturday night, or you will wish you had never been born. Got them up in fine style, partentaria Venus."

This was the last the General saw of Zepher for several days, but he heard of his going from one bar-room to another, treating everybody, and having a good time of it generally, so he sent for the artist.

"What is this I hear about you? Instead of sculpturing them gods, you are going about filling your hide with wine, raising disturbances."

"General," replied Zepher, humbly, "I am getting along finely. We artists have to get drunk to catch the inspiration. That's the way it is with all great geniuses."

"I have heard something about that," replied the General pensively, "but be sure you don't overdo it, for their statues have to be on hand."

"General, I wish you would tell the guests not to touch the statuary, for it ruins fresh statuary to have it handled."

"All right. I will attend to that. Now go to your work," said the General, twisting his moustache. Zepher went.

Saturday night arrived on time as usual. True to his word, Zepher had carried the statuary, wrapped in blankets, into an arbor in the garden. The pedestals on which to place the figures had already been put in position. Zepher, assisted by a friend, unrolled the blankets from the life-sized plaster of Paris figures, and carefully placed them on the pedestals. Then he escorted the General through the garden, and showed him his works of art. They were, indeed, splendid.

"Ah, you are indeed an artist! This is a splendid Jupiter and his thunderbolt. He looks for all the world like that big corporal of the Zouaves. He has the same beard."

"He was my model," replied Zepher.

"You have made a perfect image of him, but why do you cough so much?"

"I am nervous for fear that the statuary may not please you."

"Dismiss your fears. I am well satisfied. Here are a hundred francs for you to spend with your friends. The Governor's statuary cannot compare with these deities."

Zepher disappeared, and the delighted General soon re-appeared with the Governor and the other guests in the brilliantly lighted garden. To say that they were astonished at the artistic skill displayed, is to use a feeble word. The Governor was lost in admiration, and he candidly stated that he could not boast of anything to compare with it. Jupiter, in particular, was much admired. Everybody knew the gigantic Zouave corporal, with the big beard, and pronounced the figure perfect. All the other statues were wonderfully lifelike, and the drapery excellently arranged.

Suddenly, the Governor, who was examining Jupiter through his eyeglass, uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and started back.

"What is it, Governor?"

"I must have been mistaken, but I imagined that Jupiter moved his head. It must have been the light."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the General.

Suddenly the entire company broke into exclamations of horror and astonishment. Jupiter's face was distorted in a most inexplicable manner, and without any warning he sneezed a terrific sneeze. Before the guests could recover their astonishment, great Jupiter said solemnly:

"I know I was told not to move, General, but I just could not help it. I believe I have caught cold in this—"

Jupiter did not finish the sentence, for the outraged and exasperated General tore a limb from an orange tree, and sailed into the god as if to destroy him bodily.

"We had better get out of here," remarked Mercury to Venus, and jumping down from their pedestals, they made fine time for the fence, helping each other over as fast as they could. Several of the heathen deities who were a little late in starting, were assisted materially by the General, who continued to chastise them with his weapon as long as there was a single deity within reach.

The flight of the deities put the company in such a good humor that, for the sake of the joke, even the inspired sculptor was forgiven. The lawn party was the greatest event of the season, and is still the subject of much merriment at Algiers.

A TRUE STORY OF A BEE AND A BRIDE.

It was a gem of a garden—the little music park and parterre—full of natural beauty, arranged and embellished by art, and open two nights a week, during the summer, to the public for promenade concerts, and this was one of the most glorious evenings of the season; the air was soft and soothing as the zephyrs of Araby the Blest; a thousand flashing jets of gas set up a vain rivalry to the cloudless moon; the assembly was large and gay and animated, and every instrument of the monster orchestra was present and in tune.

Tired of the busy scene about the music-stand, surfeited with a concord of sweet sounds, a pensive painter strolled around the miniature lake, along the winding walks, until he found a vacant seat beside the re-entering angle of the flowering hedge. Here he sat, communing with his own thoughts, not heeding the gentle whispering carried on the while on the other side of the projecting hedge. Presently a merry laugh, that had escaped the guard of the whisperer, brought him suddenly to his feet with the mental ejaculation, "My daughter!"

Two hours later he saw the lovers, from the sheltered window of his atelier, slowly approach the entrance door. The moon revealed the lovers parting, and by the same illumination the father measured the manly form of the youth, as he moved off gaily from the domicile.

As father and daughter sat together at coffee, next morning, the former said:

"My daughter, last evening at nine o'clock I sat on the upper side of the angle of the flowering hedge, beyond the lakelet in the music park, and was aroused from a deep reverie by your laugh, which you were cautioned to restrain, by a masculine voice; and later I saw you permit a fine-looking youth to take a lover's *au revoir* at my door. What is the young man's profession?"

Blushes mantled the fair face of the daughter as, with downcast eyes, she answered:

"A blacksmith, father."

Silence for some minutes ensued, during which the roses of the young girl's cheeks were supplanted by lilies.

The pause in the colloquy was broken by the father saying, in measured tones, and with firm but affectionate emphasis:

"My daughter can never marry other than an artist." And rising, he walked slowly from the room, without observing his child's deathly pallor and gasping for breath.

Two years had elapsed. On a beautiful autumnal afternoon the maiden appeared at the door of the atelier and said:

"Father, you have wrought long and arduously at your easel; let us walk for relaxation and amusement."

Along the street they sauntered, until returning into the welcome shade of the "Green Square," they soon stood in the open space before the Cathedral, in the presence of the Iron Canopy of wondrous conformation. It was constructed of pounded iron. Some genius with his hammer had wrought out in most patient manner perfect marvels of angels and humans, of flowers, fruits, and leaves, of animals, and of many real and mythical existences, and the whole was arranged and consorted with such artistic taste and skill that the painter stood wrapped in admiration. At length he inquired:

"Whose work is this, my daughter?"

The flush again surmounted her face as she answered, in subdued exultation:

"The young blacksmith, father; is he not an artist?"

They walked home in silence, and having entered, the painter kissed his daughter and said, tenderly:

"Yes, he is an artist, surely; but I meant my child should marry only a painter."

Another interval of two years has flown.

The painter has, for months, confined himself in concentrated thought and labor on his great picture of the "Fallen Angels," and at last it is finished.

Having taken his matutinal coffer, he leads his daughter to the atelier and, pointing to the painting, says:

"Behold my masterpiece."

The daughter responded enthusiastically:

"It is beautiful! sublime! But, father, you have wrought too intensely; you confine yourself too closely; you must take a little rest and recreation; it is yet early in the day, you shall take a carriage and drive through the luxuriant fields to the cottage of Mr. Moyeaux, and loiter the long summer day in the cool shade of his maple grove, and at six o'clock you shall return to a dinner worthy of the artist who could conceive and execute the 'Fallen Angels.'"

As the sun was verging toward the horizon the father returned, refreshed and strengthened by rest and the invigorating air at the rural retreat of his congenial friend, Mr. Moyeaux.

At the threshold his daughter received him and escorted him straightway whither she knew his heart was yearning to go, into the presence of his freshly finished and his greatest work.

Gazing in mute admiration, he drew forth his handkerchief and stepped to the picture to drive away a bee that had alighted on one of the figures. The bee would not be frightened, and he sought to brush it from the canvas, and then only realized that it was a painted bee, executed in his absence.

Turning to his daughter, who stood pallid and motionless by a curtained alcove, he asked:

"My daughter, who did this?"

"My blacksmith, father," she answered, trembling with emotion.

Turning again to the glowing canvas, the father said:

"The man who painted that bee can marry my child, if she wills it."

The blood rushed in torrents to the girl's face, the curtains of the alcove parted and the noble form of the artist, painter, blacksmith, stepped to the side of the blushing maiden, and knelt with her before the father, who laid a hand on each head in tender blessing.

It was late that evening when the happy trio arose from the dinner that had been a feat fit for artists, painters, and lovers.

To-day every visitor at Antwerp finds the garden of music, that nestles under the frowning battlements that protect the city, of frequent summer evenings, a fairy scene of natural beauty, heightened by art, populous with the best and brightest society, while the ambient air floats saturated with music's most perfect and inspiring harmony. And every tourist passes through the "Place Verte," and in the open space before the great Cathedral he arrests his steps and stills his voice in admiration, as he contemplates the Iron Canopy, and feels it is a marvel of artistic beauty, wrought by some cunning hand under the one only inspiration that could make its achievement possible.

And lastly, every lover of art will find in the magnificent picture-gallery the great painting of the "Fallen Angels," the masterpiece of Fran Floris, and on it the bee painted by Quentin Matsys; and he will see other noted pictures by both artists in the same collection; but the sentimental visitor will linger in the presence of the bee that was painted in love, and won a painter's daughter for an artist's bride.

A FABLE FOR THE WISE.

And all created things rebelled against Man. He had come among them, they knew not whence, with a commission to rule them; and they had discovered that among them all, he was the weakest creature.

"I can drown him," said the Sea; "I can burn him up," said Fire, "like anything else." "What can he do to me?" said the Air, "that I should listen to his word?" "I would bury him, with pleasure," said the Earth, "but he would only rot." "He cannot run," said the horse; "or swim," said the shark; "or fly," said the eagle; "or even climb," said the monkey, "like me." "He has no tusks," said the elephant; "or teeth," said the dog; "or claws," said the tiger; "or fang," said the snake. "We will bear this no longer; let us go before Odin, and have him sentenced to death, or, at least, deposed." And they swept the unhappy being, cowering with cold and shivering with fear, all naked and torn, up to the top of Jökull, where above the eternal snow Odin dwelt in Valhalla, within the Happy Plains. And as Odin sat at vassail, they hung Man before his feet. And as the created things made their complaint, the Gods looked on Man with tearless eyes, and condemned him in their souls. "This creature master!" thought Thor; "he is not even the strongest." "I see no foresight in him," mused Heimdaller. "And where is his beauty?" smiled Freya. "Why should the All-Father choose him?" asked Odin; and he arose and stepped towards his throne, to pass the sentence of the Gods.

But as his foot reached the lowest step, Odin drew back and trembled, for above the throne he saw two luminous Eyes, piercing, yet calm as stars; and he knew the presence of Destiny, always the bearer of the All-Father's will. Form was there none, or robe; only the Eyes were seen, but into those Eyes even Odin dared not gaze; while from below them came forth a Voice, gentle as the south wind, yet chill as the blast from the glacier, freezing the resistance in every heart. "It is the will," said the viewless Voice, "of the All-Father, whose messenger I am, that Man shall rule, and that some created thing shall give Man an instrument of power;" and the luminous Eyes were veiled. Then the Gods and all creatures, relieved of the dread presence, murmured discontent. "Shall we give him our immortality?" asked the Gods; "or I my death?" moaned the Sea; "or I my brightness?" flashed the Fire; "or I my omnipresence?" murmured the Air; "or I my riches?" gasped the Earth. "Can I give him my speed?" said the horse; "or I my strength?" said the elephant; "or I my spring?" said the tiger; "or I my venom?" hissed the snake. Everything created refused, and the grey goose, most spiteful of creatures, hissed contempt, and struck in its malice at the wretched creature, cowering powerless at Odin's feet, so hard that a feather fell, all bloody, on his lap.

Then once more the luminous Eyes shone forth, once more the soft rush of speech from below them was heard, and all were still to hearken. "Now, as ever, the will of the All-Father is done. Thou hast thy talisman, O Man! Go forth to rule." And Man arose, and went forth comforted, for he knew that with the feather had come to him that which other created things know not of, and which the unchanging Gods cannot have,—the power of accumulating wisdom. And he sought for knowledge, and stored it; and year by year his sway grew wider, and stronger, and more stern. He crossed the sea at his will, and harnessed the fire to his car, and stored riches from the earth, and flew through air without fear, and made of the lightning a slave, and used, or killed, or tortured all the beasts as he would. At last the Universe was his, and he its lord,

and, weary with conquest, he said,—"The All-Father must will that I be happy. I will go to Valhalla again, and see the Gods, and learn from them the secret of joyous immortality." And Air and Fire bore him up above the eternal snow to the Happy Plains above Jökull; but lo! there were no Gods there. And Man, enraged, called the lightning, and, swift as thought, raged through the Universe, seeking where the Gods might be hidden. In the depths of the sea, in the centre of the earth, in the boundless fields of air, he sought for the Gods, but found them not, or any sure tidings of whither they had fled. By times his servants brought rumours, and he set off again on his quest; but he found them not, and weary and angry, he once more betook himself to seek them in Valhalla. He found them not, but as he stepped from the Happy Plains on to the eternal snow, to recommence his downward path, he turned, and once more saw above him the calm, luminous Eyes, and waited for the softly-rushing Voice from below them. It came forth at last, as of old, soft as the south wind, chill as the blast from the glacier. "This is the will of the All-Father whose messenger I am. When Man shall rule all created things, then shall he also have gained the secret of the Gods. Go forth to rule once more, O Man." And man went forth in pride to search for the created thing that he ruled not, and he is searching still, though he sees it in every wave. —The Spectator.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A story is told of a plot by two men to steal, in a joke, a friend's property, which ended in a manner both painful and unexpected. They were neighbors of a Mr. Duffy, and in some way that gentleman became aware of their intention to steal his pet calf; therefore he removed the calf from its box-stall, and put in its place a he goat of a vicious disposition. He fixed a spring on the door of the stall, that would cause it to close unless held open, and he also attached to the door a spring-lock that would fasten and could only be unfastened from the outside. Then he went to bed, but not to sleep. It was at the witching hour of midnight that the two marauders entered Mr. Duffy's barn. They had examined the premises the day before, and knew exactly where to go. They entered the stall, and the door closed behind them. Everything was still. One of them opened the slide to his lantern. There was a clatter of hoofs, and the man with the lantern found himself knocked into a corner. He was very much surprised. He thought such conduct in a calf the queerest he had ever known. Then the other man opened the slide to his lantern to see what the matter was, and the next moment the breath went out of him with a "yah" that made the listening Duffy laugh all over. Then all was silent again except for some emphatic exclamations from the men, and soon the man hit first recovered enough to endeavor to find his lantern. He found it, re-lit it, and turned the bull's eye toward the goat; then he went into the corner again. The goat's temper now being roused, he did not wait for more light, but began to butt wherever he had a mind or heard a movement, and the robbers concluded that it was time to go home; the goat, however, was of another opinion, and, besides, they were locked in. They called for help, and Mr. Duffy could tell when the goat hit them, because instead of screaming "Help!" they cried "Oh!" After he had laughed till his sides ached, he opened the door.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

YELLOW fever is reported from Senegal. AN unknown steamer foundered during the gale of Friday off Penzance. ISMAIL EYUB has been appointed Minister of the Interior for Egypt. ADDITIONAL mariues have been ordered to Ireland for police duty. PIEROLA has refused the terms proposed by Chili as unreasonable. THE "Passion Play" will be presented in New York about Christmas. MUCH damage to shipping has been caused by recent gales in the Black Sea. THE plan of the Panama is to be changed from a sea-level canal to one with locks. JEWS have been adjudged incapable of holding landed property in Russia. THE jury in the trial of Higgins, for the murder of the Huddys at Lough Mask, disagreed. SIR EVELYN WOOD sails for Egypt on the 16th to take command of the Khedive's new army. THE remains of the late Anthony Trollope were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery on Saturday. THE fire in London on Thursday night burned over two acres of ground, destroying property estimated worth £3,000,000. THE Prefect of Police at St. Petersburg has ordered the expulsion of all Jews residing within the municipal boundaries of St. Petersburg without official permission. THE funeral of the Archbishop of Canterbury was attended by a large assemblage, including many prominent clergymen. A deputation of non-conformists was present.