

## Nolly and Nelly.

"My dear chap, what on earth is it that prevents you from going boldly up to the girl, grabbing her hand, and singing out, 'Nelly, I love you; will you love me?'"

Nolly Collingham stared at his friend for some moments, then, taking out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead.

"What's to hinder you from doing that?" repeated Jack Anstey. "It would be as easy as—"

"As hanging; is that the word you're in search of?" suggested the other. "If it's not the word, it should be the word, for it exactly applies to my case. Everyone knows that the actual operation of hanging doesn't take very long, but the walk from the condemned cell to the ladder must seem half round the globe. I believe that I'm constitutionally incapable of facing that girl in cold blood and singing out point blank—well, what you say I should sing out. I should know I've tried it every day during the past week. What opportunities I've had! Man alive! Chaps have complained to me that they never had a chance of saying a dozen words to the girls whom they wanted to marry. Well, they weren't like me—that's all I've got to say. I can't complain of being without chances. Why, to-day alone I was with her long enough to discuss the most interminable question, and yet nothing came of it, worse luck!"

"Well, you can't blame her, at any rate," said Major Anstey. "She too gives you your chance. If you only muster up courage enough to call her Nelly, she'll jump at you."

"At me, on me, you mean."

"Not she. Men are so scarce. Chaps like you are the scarcest of all. The V.C.s are the scarcest of the scarce. Have you ever told her how you got the V.C. by the way?"

"She never asked me; she's the only girl I ever met who didn't. I love her that's how I first came to think of her. Some of them ask me twice over. They forget, you know, that I did it before, and they think that I like bragging about it. They little know the agony—oh, I wish to goodness I'd let you lie among the wreck of your guns, Jack. What on earth possessed me to pull around the troop because you happened to be knocked down? I can't imagine. Oh, my dear fellow, she's a gem. We may give up all idea of having a moment to ourselves."

"It was pretty plain to the majority of the people who were staying at Cranston Towers that Captain Collingham had come to tell Nelly Barwell that he was anxious to marry her, to receive the hearty acquiescence of that young woman in his proposal. Everyone could see that he was in love with Nelly, and everyone could see, moreover, that Nelly saw it. She showed no reluctance to give him five dances of an evening, and she submitted without a word of protest to be taught all that he knew on the subject of the 'four corners'."

People said that Nelly Barwell was a very lucky young woman, and she was not disposed to disagree with them. It was, however, only when she had met Oliver Collingham that she fully appreciated how lucky she had been in refusing to marry the three men who had given her a chance of doing so during the previous eighteen months.

Perhaps it was hearing how she had won a reputation for fastidiousness that attracted Oliver to her; and for the same cause his own natural shyness had been so increased as to make him shrink from telling her that he loved her. He was naturally of a retiring temperament, though his behavior during the interviews he had had with the girl was not of the character of a shy man. He had undoubtedly been somewhat of a shy man, as his friend Major Anstey had said.

However this may have been, he had certainly no forward moments when in the presence of Nelly Barwell, and some young women began to exchange views on this very subject—the men never went farther than to exchange winks and nods when it was alluded to the young woman who had won a man who could send his horse flying into the midst of an Afghan army and induce the men of his troop to follow him, could fail to muster up so small an amount of confidence as was necessary to catch a girl's hand and tell her that he loved her, and this fact shows how little they knew of men.

Nelly Barwell, however, knew something of men—had she not refused to marry three of them—and it did not seem to trouble her greatly that, when her hostess, Lady Cranston, whispered to her after an evening spent by the side of Captain Collingham, "Am I to congratulate you, my dear?" she could only reply:

"Certainly I am to be congratulated on being the guest of the most delightful of women in the most delightful of houses."

Lady Cranston shook her head gravely. She was too good a hostess to be a matchmaker, but too good a woman to be able to refrain from watching. She felt that Nelly was being badly treated, but she also knew that it was in her power to convince Captain Collingham that he had only to have five minutes—nay, three minutes—with a girl in three minutes of courage to make him the happiest of men. No, it was very provoking, to be sure, but to interfere with a view of precipitating a proposal would be

indiscreet to the verge of madness. The next day Collingham came across his friend Anstey on the way to the stables.

"I'm going to do it to-day," he said in a resolute tone. "I've been thinking over what you said yesterday, Jack, and I've made up my mind that I've been a howling fool. Why, man alive, she can't do more than send me about my business," and he laughed with great unrepentance.

Jack Anstey slapped him on the back.

"Keep up your heart, man," he cried. "Don't you fear that she'll read you about your business. I know girls, and when I see a certain look in their eyes when a particular man is near them I know that he's all right."

"And you're sure that she—"

"I could be sure, Jack," said Collingham, doubtfully—rather more than doubtfully. "How on earth have I a right to hope when three other chaps as good as I am—two of them a deal better—were flung by her?"

"My dear old Nolly, you're on a wrong track altogether," said Jack. "A girl like Miss Barwell will take a chap because she happens to love him, not because he has a title like Jimmy Ludbury—Lord Ludbury was the name of one of the men refused by Nelly the previous year—nor because he happens to have twenty thousand a year, like Algy Chorn—the name of the second man in the list of Miss Barwell's refusals. She'll jump at you because you happen to have caught her fancy, strange though it may appear."

"No, no; she'll not just jump at me," said Collingham. "The most that I can hope for is that she'll be so taken by surprise she may accept me before she knows what she is about."

"Well, you've disappointed her so often she may be a bit surprised at your coming to the point at last," remarked Major Anstey, with an affectionate of the most cordial acquaintance.

"Anyhow I'm going to do it to-day; I've made up my mind to that," said Nolly, straightening his collar with the air of a determined man.

"Let me take your temperature," suggested Anstey. "What's the order of the day?"

"Nelly, is mad on fishing, and Winifred has asked me to drive both of them to the lake after lunch. I'm to carry the ladies' net."

"Oh, that's all right; if Lady Cranston stands over you, I do believe that you will propose after all."

"I'm afraid that she'll go away and leave us. There was actually a singing-master's call a tremolo in his voice."

"Not she," cried Anstey, encouragingly, as he continued his walk to the stables. "Not she. She'll stand by her young protegee, and see fair play. She'll take the edge off her young protegee's surprise."

But it so happened that Nolly Collingham's surprise was justified by the conduct of his young protegee, Lady Cranston. For before she had been fishing by the side of Nelly Barwell for more than twenty minutes on the banks of the picturesque stream known as the Park, she gave an exclamation that almost justified Oliver's belief that she had a bite.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "How could I have been so idiotic! The comest Gullid takes place at four o'clock, and here am I nearly a mile away at five minutes to four. I must drive back immediately."

"Never mind a pity!" said Nelly. "Never mind a committee meeting of the Gullid will be a new experience for me. Captain Collingham may take both rods and we'll drive back for him."

"Nothing of the sort," said Lady Cranston. "I've no idea of spoiling your sport. Nolly won't mind taking charge of you for the hour or so that I'll be absent; he'll show you how to get to the best parts of the stream. Won't you, Nolly?"

"I'll do my best," said he.

"Oh, it would be so good of you, Captain Collingham," said the girl, with no foolish flutter in her voice. "You'll take Winifred's rod, will you not?"

"Here it is," said Lady Cranston. "I hope that when I return I shall hear that you have landed a prize, Nolly."

She got into the phaeton and drove off leaving the pair very industriously whipping the stream.

During the next quarter of an hour they had varying success. Miss Barwell, engaged in handing two small trout, uttered a cry of her own, and her companion managed to get five with a grey fly.

"I think my fly is too bright for the Purd," said she, as he worked his way up to her.

"I've a spare grey. Let me tie it on for you," said he.

"I do think I'll let you as you've been kind enough to suggest it," said she. "I'm a bit tired, and it will be a rest for me."

She seated herself on the bank and he got beside her. But he fumbled so among the tangle of her hair that he ran a hook into his thumb—fortunately not past the barb, but quite deep enough to produce a copious stream of blood.

She gave a cry of distress.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said. "Let me bind it up for you."

"It was my own clumsiness," said he, shaking off the ruby drops, and winding his handkerchief round the wounded thumb.

"You are binding it up most clumsily," said she. "Do let me bind it up properly. I've a bit of fine gut that will be the very thing."

He allowed himself to be persuaded, and he knelt before her while she deftly discharged the duties of a surgeon. Her little fingers crept round his larger ones with the tender touches of a tender. Their heads were very close together, so that he could hear the faint sigh-like sound of her breathing.

He felt that his hour had come. After two or three false starts he managed to say:

"You said you were sorry, Miss Barwell."

"And do you doubt my sincerity?" she asked. "Of course I was sorry; you did it for me, you must remember."

"Did what for you?" she asked.

"Spilt your blood," she replied. "Don't wobble your hand about like that, please."

"Oh, I'd—I wouldn't mind—"

He knew what he meant to say. He meant to say that he wouldn't mind shedding every drop of his blood for her; and he believed to this day that he would have said it all right if she hadn't made the final tie on the gut at that instant and looked up. His eyes met hers, and he fainted with great unrepentance.

He examined his bound-up thumb most critically. He wondered how she had managed to wind the thin gut so evenly round it.

"You were about to say that you wouldn't mind something—what was it you wouldn't mind?" she asked.

"I—I—well, I only meant that—that I thought it so severe of you to be able to bind up a chap's thumb like this. It's like a rag doll that you'd find in a bazaar."

He held it up, and she said, coldly, without looking at it:

"I daresay it is something like that. Anyhow I'll go on with my fishing."

She rose and walked away from him and made a cast with the utmost sangfroid. He and an uneasy feeling that she suspected what he had in his mind to say to her, and was slightly offended. Had she not refused three men inside of eighteen months?

To Be Continued.

## FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT IN THE GREEN ISLE.

It Was Over Fifty Years Ago—Interesting Recollections of the Visit—Her Majesty Received a Grand Reception.

Recollections of Queen Victoria's first visit to Erin's Isle are indeed interesting at this time. Her Majesty entered Cove Harbour, on the night of August 2nd, 1849. Nowadays no such place as Cove Harbour is shown on the Irish map. But the bay that bore the name of Cove Harbour in those days is no other place than Queenstown. Its name was changed after that first visit.

Her Majesty and her royal consort were welcomed on their approach to the shores of Ireland by a few de jure, fired from the batteries on Spike Island and Cranston Forts.

As the thunder of these heavy pieces of ordnance, writes a journalistic eyewitness of the scene, bounded across the still waters of one of the most splendid harbours that the eye of man ever rested upon, bonfires sprang up in all directions along the beach. A number of brilliant rockets also burst into bright stars above the wooded, wooded hills that surround the picturesque little town of Cove.

All the merchant shipping in the harbour, as well as the vessels which had accompanied the Victoria and Albert, hoisted lanterns on their yards and masts and cranes.

GREAT BLAZE OF FIRE.

The fortifications of Spike were one blaze of fire, so that the entire scene was magnificent beyond description, the intense darkness of the night adding to it an additional grandeur. The houses of the town were not illuminated, the people not having been prepared to receive Her Majesty so soon.

On the morning of the 3rd of August, the news was known generally, literally swarming with people and its noble harbour was studded thickly with sails of all description, from the stately ships of war to the two-eared punt.

About two o'clock Her Majesty and her royal consort descended from the Victoria and Albert, into the Fairy steamer tender and steamed around the harbour, amid the roaring of the frigates and line of battleships and the artillery on Camden and Carlisle Forts, Spike Island and Haulbowline.

Having arrived opposite the pavilion erected for the royal reception, the party alighted, and the members of the reception committee went on board the royal tender, and were introduced to Her Majesty by Sir George Gray, Secretary of State for the Home Department.

ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY.

An address of welcome from the inhabitants was presented, and Her Majesty and the Prince then landed. Although a handsome throne had been erected, Her Majesty remained standing and bowing to the deputation, which included the county members and the local parish priest. She, at the request of the deputation, changed the name of Cove to Queenstown. Her Majesty then re-embarked and proceeded to Cork amid the firing of the guns and the cheering of the people.

It is interesting to note that the Queen on the occasion was attired in a fancy muslin dress, light green Josephine with white trimmings, straw bonnet lined with white satin and ornamented with a white feather. She had a parasol of variegated colours. The Prince wore a black frock-coat, a white waistcoat, the band of the Order of the Garter, dark trousers, and gloves of the same colour.

After a delightful sail up the Lee, the royal party arrived in Cork, where they were received by a guard of honour of the Camerons. Entering the carriage of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Earl of Bandon, the royal party drove round the city and everywhere Her Majesty's reception was most enthusiastic.

QUEENSTOWN TO KINGSTOWN.

The following day the royal party on board the Victoria and Albert, sailed from Queenstown, and on Sunday entered Kingstown harbour.

On the first appearance of the yacht conveying the Queen in front of Dalkey, there was a constant rush of people between that place and Kingstown.

The royal yacht first entered the harbour, having at a short distance behind her and on her quarter, the Fairy, and the Vivid, then forward the Banashee, the Sphinx, the Trident, and the Vulcan, followed by the Stromboli, the Lucifer and the Garland.

The reception of Her Majesty, according to the "Freeman's Journal," Aug. 6, 1849, was "in the highest respect, orderly, creditable, and even reserved."

The following morning the royal party disembarked. Her Majesty on leaving the yacht took the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, one by each hand, and having passed ashore, proceeded onwards to the vestibule leading to the carriage terminus, and Her Majesty was accorded a most hearty welcome, in recognition, of which she repeatedly bowed.

KEYS OF OLD DUBLIN.

Her reception en route to Dublin was most cordial, and at the city gates she was presented with the keys of the city by the Lord Mayor, addressed him in terms expressive of her great delight on arriving in Dublin, and at the reception her loyal subjects had given her.

The scene at night was one of brilliant illumination. In reply to an address from the corporation on the following day, Her Majesty expressed gratification at the scene she had witnessed, and referring to the festive decorations which had been displayed, expressed a hope that "the heavy visitation with which Providence has recently visited large numbers of my people in this country is passing away."

After leaving Dublin, Her Majesty visited Carrigrohane, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, and subsequently left for Belfast, where her reception was exceedingly enthusiastic.

Her Majesty's last visit to Ireland was paid in 1861, when she visited Killybegs, and reviewed the troops then quartered in the Dublin district at the Curragh.

It is now known that Miss Helen Gould is the Lady Bountiful, who, some little time ago gave \$100,000 to the University of New York, but desired that her name should not be made public.

Lady Wolsley, wife of the Commander in Chief of the British Army, was a native of Ottawa, Ont. Her daughter Frances is the constant companion of her father, Lord Wolsley, whose peerage she will inherit.

A lady member of the London County Council will receive the appointment as Archivist, a new office created to make some use of the valuable records and documents of the Council. The salary will be \$500 a year.

Women of Western Australia are rejoicing over the practically agreed upon enfranchisement, as they hope it will improve their chances for employment, and that women from England will go there in great numbers.

The Empress Frederick of Germany is a musician and excels in sculpture and painting. She owns a large nursery garden at Friedrichshof, making a specialty of choice fruits to be purchased by royalty and diplomats, also of rare roses for decorative purposes.

The Duchess of Marlborough will have quite a collection of miniatures of herself and the children. She has just had her portrait painted by Mortimer Menpes, the miniature painter, who has been the rage abroad this season. He recently completed a portrait of the Countess of Craven.

Mme. Marguerite Durand, manager and editor of La Fronde, the famous Paris newspaper run by women, has formed a syndicate of typewriters, also one for typewriters and stenographers, thus aiding the labor question and finding work for the unemployed.

Mrs. Edmundson, of the Dublin Women's Temperance Association, has drawn the attention of the society to the increase of intemperance among the women of that city, blaming the fact upon the husbands of the women. A bill will be introduced into Parliament prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to minors.

Most wonderful specimens of wood carving have been done by Miss Ida Musselman, of Somerset, Penn. She uses the fungus found on partially decayed oak and maple trees. This is an invention of her own. The fungus is dried and made hard, the lights and shades are made to suit the subject, and the finished effect is surpassingly beautiful.

Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod, a distinguished entomologist, is a distinguished member of the society of the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh, was elected in 1878 a Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, and in 1892 Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. At Moscow Miss Ormerod received both a silver and a gold medal from the university for her work in modeling from life.

AT THE ALTAR.

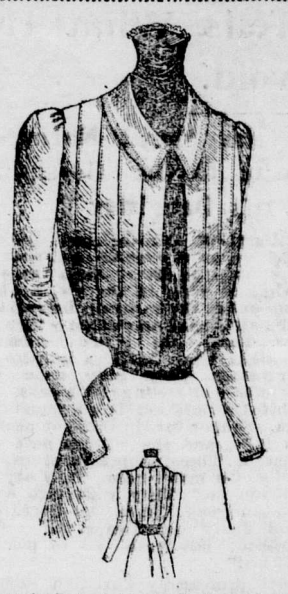
Several of Bishop How's stories relate to weddings. Mr. Ibbotson, of St. Michael's, Walthamstow, was marrying a couple, when the ring was found to be too tight. A voice from behind exclaimed, "Buck your finger, you fool." Again it is related that the tutor of Thornhill, near Dewsbury, on one occasion could not find the woman to say "obey" in the marriage service, and he repeated the syllable, saying, "You must say 'obey.'"

Whereupon the man interposed and said, "Never mind; go on, parson. I'll make her say 'O' by and by."

A LONG REACH.

Bixby called me a liar last night. Did you knock him down? I struck at him, but my blow fell short. Couldn't reach him, eh? Nop. It was over the long distance phone.

## HOUSEHOLD.



Blon jacket of tan ladies' cloth laid in narrow tucks, which are stitched down with brown silk. The shawl collar is edged with three rows of brown silk stitching, also the coat sleeves. Material required ladies' cloth, 48 inches wide, 2 yards. Cut in 31, 36 and 38 inches, bust measure. Price, 10 cents.

## FLOWERS AND REVENUE.

Mrs. Helen Churchill Candee, in a bright little book entitled "How Women May Earn a Living," which is full of practical suggestions, gives a chapter to the cultivation of flowers as a source of revenue, not to the woman who has glass and a greenhouse at her command, but to those with merely garden beds.

What she says sounds so helpful and may be so easily put into practice by any person so situated as to command a market for the gleanings of a few of her parterres.

"Were you ever," she asks, "at a small summer resort, where flowers except the dusty wayside weeds, were unobtainable? And while at such a place have you had an event occur which positively demanded a gift of flowers? Perhaps, some one was trying to celebrate an anniversary, or perhaps illness or affliction had come to a dear friend, and nothing but the loveliest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into, seemed like fitting messages of your affection."

"Many a time, and oft have I searched for flowers when none were to be had. In the mountains, the summer cottage residents are there so short a time that garden beds cannot be made to bear, and those who live all the year in the place seem to have no higher inspiration in the way of summer ministering than laundry work."

In these days flowers are a necessity of civilization, and people will have them at all prices. And does not that mean that a pretty penny can be made by raising them for sale in places where they are difficult to obtain? To pursue the lunacy in a modest way depending upon summer visitors for custom, may not mean to earn sufficient money for defraying all the expenses of living, but such a business is capable of expansion, and especially in a place of short sojourn where people are much crowded there is opportunity."

When flowers are ready to cut, then comes the matter of disposing of them. It may hurt the pride a little, but business methods have hitherto been foreign to the flower-grower, but the best way of letting the public know that the bright rows of flowers which they admire from the other side of the fence can be had for a few tinkling coins is to put up a sign to that effect. Cut the flowers after they are ordered and not before; the mere process of moving delicately to the customer moving delicately from row to row. If you love the flowers yourself you will know by instinct how to group them, how to make them, and when to let them lie loosely and scantily in the way the Japanese love to cluster flowers.

"Flowers on the dining table are almost as much of a necessity—I might say more so—as a necessity in hotels than at home. The progressive hotel-keeper realizes this, and in cities tables are supplied with fresh flowers deep in the Astronarks where each table is relieved of its unbecoming table-like appearance by the vases of flowers which always stand about the table. The flowers are brought upon fifteen miles by someone with a little garden. They are of the simplest sort, and so scant that sometimes only four or five blossoms can be accorded to each table, but their number is increased by the addition of ferns from the woods near by, which are placed among the flowers and laid on the cloth near them. If the hotel in your vicinity has no flowers of its own, pay a visit to the proprietor taking with you some sample blossoms, and use all your persuasion to gain his custom, and his consent to let you supply his table."

Among the blossoms which Mrs. Candee enumerates as specially suitable for this sort of trade are mignolles—the old-fashioned kind, modest and delicious, in preference to the modern 'giant' that loses its fragrance in the effort to grow big—sweet peas, bluffs or bachelor's buttons, nasturtiums, cosmos and poppies. Of the latter she says:

"There are the delicate varieties of single blossoms that burst into lovely petals at sunrise. At evening the bed is only a mass of gray-green foliage and reticent buds; in the morning

there are dozens of frail, beautiful blossoms nodding on long dew-wet stems, every shade of pink and red, every possible arrangement of color on the petals. A bunch of them set in asparagus green or maidenhair fern is a gift for a fairy or a queen. But, alas, they are exceedingly perishable, never lasting longer than a day, and are not as profitable as their less delicate relatives, the big double poppy. These are less prolific, but are favorable because of their lasting quality and when cut with the wild Queen Anne's lace flower, the wild carrot, are softened almost into sentiment."

## CHOICE RECIPES.

Chickens and Celery.—Chop cooked chicken or turkey, and mix with an equal proportion of celery; a little salt and vinegar only, although some like a dressing as for saw, not this takes away too much of celery taste. It may be prepared with lettuce instead of celery.

Pickled Mushrooms.—Clean and wash young, white mushrooms, drop them into salted boiling water and allow them to boil up two or three times. Throw them on a sieve, and when cool and dry place them in jars and cover with vinegar in which salt, pepper and laurel leaves have been boiled.

Marlborough Pie.—Six tart apples, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of butter or thick cream, six eggs, the grated peel of one lemon and one-half the juice. Grate the apples, after paring and coring them; stir together the butter and sugar, as for cake; then add the other ingredients, and bake in a rich under-paste only.

French Eggs and Spinach.—Poach as many eggs as you may require, and let them get cold. Then flour each egg, dip into a rich batter and fry a golden brown. Cook some spinach, press it through a sieve, return it to the saucepan, add to it butter, pepper, salt and a squeeze of lemon juice, and make very hot. Place the spinach in a long dish in a mound, place the eggs in a row on this and pour round a good brown gravy.

Creamed Eggs.—Boil six eggs for a quarter of an hour, plunge into cold water, remove the shells and cut into thick slices. Put layers of the egg into a greased pie dish, strew it with bread crumbs, add small bits of butter, pepper, salt and chopped parsley. Continue these layers till all the eggs are used up, then pour over a cupful of cream and brown in the oven.

Tapoca Jelly.—Take four tablespoonsful of tapoca, rinse it thoroughly, then soak it five hours in cold water enough to cover it. Set a pint of cold water on the fire; when it boils mash and stir up the tapoca that is in the water and mix it with the boiling water. Let the whole simmer gently, with a stick of cinnamon or mace. When thick and clear mix two tablespoonsful of white sugar with half a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a glass of white wine; stir it into the jelly; if not sweet enough add more sugar, and turn the jelly into cups.

## ORDERED TO SMOKE.

An Incident of the Great Plague in England in 1665.

The heroic perversity which induces so many boys to defy the commands of parents, the rules of schools, and the protests of their own stomachs for the sake of learning to smoke, remains still the despair of fathers and the marvel of mothers. There would be lively remonstrances and pathetic pleas, indeed, if the lad who cheerfully proceeds to turn himself gassy, green and limp with his first cigar were obliged to take a dose of medicine that would make him half as uncomfortable.

One element in the attraction is, no doubt, the very flavor of forbidden fruit. The one case on record in which a large body of boys were prescribed tobacco tends to prove this. The prescription was far from being popularly welcomed.

In England, in 1665, when the Great Plague was raging, tobacco was regarded as an excellent prevention against infection; and the boys at Eton were officially ordered to smoke Nor was the prescription confined to their hours out-of-doors.

If it would have looked odd to some hundreds of boys, ranging in age from six and seven to eighteen and nineteen playing at all the school games from peg-top and hopscotch up to the earlier forms of football and cricket, each with cigar or pipe between his lips, it must have been stranger still to see the class-room work progressing in a dense blue cloud—master and pupils puffing away together. The prize scholar removed his "used" to construe a passage from Homer; the master laid his pipe carefully aside to thrash the dunce, who dropped his cigar to howl!

But Mr. Lionel Cust, who, in a recent history of Eton, recalls this curious period, adds that there were no shirking nor disobedience, however, was tolerated. The boy who wouldn't smoke, the boy who couldn't smoke, the boy who would very much rather not try to smoke—all alike had to smoke. Those who did not were promptly and thoroughly flogged, and doubtless given a cigar afterward.

The choice for a quavering fellow in the lower class between immediate nausea or the immediate birch must certainly have been a trying one. There is no doubt that the repeal of the tobacco rule, when it came, was joyfully welcomed. The Plague did not reach the school, but whether it was smoked out or otherwise warded off would be a difficult matter to prove, after more than two centuries.

Nothing is so wretched or foolish as to anticipate misfortune. What madness it is to be expecting evil before it comes.—Seneca.