

ery. I saw all these things at a glance, and what impressed them on my mind was that I fancied I spied something white fluttering behind the thick foliage of the bower. Who might it be? What form of life could have taken refuge amid all this silence and desolation? These were the questions I was putting myself, when I heard the voice of the professor summoning all the fielders around him. Conscious of having neglected my work, and fearful of reproach, I snatched my instrument and ran back to my companions. I tried hard to make up my lost time by borrowing the data of the problem from a companion which I manipulated with all the attention I could command. But it was useless. Curiosity got the better of me; my mind was elsewhere than on my paper. So that the moment I got rid of the professor, as related above, I was back again to the brink of the quarry.

I plunged my eye into the cavern. At first all was darkness, but a moment after I saw the same white flutter. Of course I became quite excited, and this time I was resolved that, cost what it might, I would find out the nature of my discovery. I had always prized the goodwill of my professor, but now I was prepared to brave him, if he came in my way, as professors always will come in the way, when the poor school-boy is in the height of a pleasing adventure. But I was spared the exercise of such heroic perverseness. While I was setting my teeth and looking down with peering eyes, I beheld a very singular vision. From behind the trailing flowers of the bower there appeared on the table-rock a young girl dressed in white. As she stood on the platform, she seemed detached from the wall of the quarry behind her, while the gloomy depth beneath and the clear, blue spaces above made her appear as if she were upheld without support in mid air. This illusion gave her the prestige of a phantom to my eyes. The strangeness of her surroundings, and the awful silence which reigned all through these cavernous quarries added to the surprise of the apparition. She stood one moment motionless. Then I noticed that she held out her right hand and that there was something in it. One by one, slowly and at measured intervals, rose-leaves dropped from it into the depths below. She watched their fall with attention, at times bending forward and looking sheer over the precipice. There was no railing to the platform; she might lose her balance, or her foot might slip. And yet she seemed so indifferent, so absorbed! This calm in the midst of such wildness; this unconsciousness of danger; this toying with roses on the verge of the abyss thrilled me with excitement. I felt my heart beat; my forehead and hands became cold as ice. I thought of Sappho, standing barefoot on the cliff of Leucadia; of Amina pausing on the height of the water-wheel. One reflection, however, reassured me a little. The Lesbian sang her last love song before leaping, and the somnambulist girl, in the most critical moment of her peril, varied the sweetest plaint that modern music has created. The girl before me was voiceless. So long as she remained silent I thought there was less fear for her. I stood perfectly still myself. I would not for the world have uttered or made a motion that would have startled her.

When the last rose-leaf, upborne for a while by the undercurrents of the quarry, had noiselessly settled at the bottom, the white figure raised her eyes. She turned to the river, visible through the opening in the walls of rock all aglow with the golden flush of the setting sun. She then looked upward on a level with the trees afar in front of her. Her movement was slow and deliberate. I was too distant to distinguish her features, but from her whole manner I gathered that she was pondering on something, and, as it were, nerving herself to some resolution. I should probably have returned to my first fears, but that I saw her suddenly retreat from the platform a foot or two, then look in my direction, retreat again and look a second time more steadily than before, and finally disappear behind her framework of flowers. What had happened? I had made no sound; I had not stirred the bush; I thought I was invisible in my hiding place. But she saw me, I have no doubt, and my presence there had frightened her back into the cavern.

"This is mysterious," said I to myself. "But there is one comfort—she has got out of danger."

As I mused thus, I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was the professor, on his way home, who had found me out.

"Well, Carey, sounding the depths, are you? Looking out for a new field of operations?"

"A very deep quarry, sir," said I, recovering from my bewilderment as only school-boys know how.

"We will gauge it to-morrow," answered the professor, continuing on his route.

I followed, blessing the happy inspiration.

IV.

EMBARGO.

We returned, indeed, the next day. I contrived to be leader of the party and reached the ground far ahead of my companions. I went directly to the station I occupied on the eve and shot a keen glance into the depths. Everything was as I had left it. The pile of rocks, the star, the platform, the flowers were there. But the white apparition was not visible. Somehow I felt at once that the cavern was un-

tenanted to-day. There was a look of deadness about it, so different from yesterday, when the leaves of the bower seemed to palpitate with the young life that breathed behind it.

I was disappointed, of course, but not surprised. I was already old enough to know that scenes of happiness are not continuous, and that the best way to preserve a quiet enjoyment is to foresee occasional breaks in the series of the emotional. Accordingly, without allowing myself to be absorbed in vague conjectures, I took to examining more minutely the features of the rugged landscape. I was busy at this when the rest of the party arrived in successive squads to the surveying grounds.

While the boys were taking their seats on the grass, the professor came up to me.

"This belt of bushes will be in our way if we want to get to the brink," said he.

"Yes," I replied; "and when we do get to the brink, I don't see how we shall go down."

"Are there no natural stairs?"

"None on this side, sir."

"And opposite?"

"What you see yonder."

"Then we can go down that way."

"I fear not; it is private property."

"How do you know?"

"Don't you see that Usage hedge here, and that other there, both running down to the verge of the quarry? They are enclosures of the property which opens on the steps beyond."

"That will hardly be an objection. There is no one living here."

"I don't know. The trees are so thick in the enclosure that we can't see a house if there is one."

"Well, we cannot come down this far for nothing and lose our afternoon. You will go forward and look about a little, while I wake up the boys."

I did not require to be told twice. Following the circular direction of the shrubbery, I came to the first hedge. I saw at one glance that it reached from far in the interior down to the quarry. I crossed it, and after taking my bearings, struck diagonally for the other hedge parallel to it. I had gone only a few yards through the trees when a slight clearing gave me a glimpse of a house. I was right, therefore. The place was private property, and, what was more, it was inhabited. I stopped short for a moment to reflect. Should I return forthwith to the professor and report progress, or should I walk up to the house to negotiate on my own responsibility for the passage of our party through the grounds? My decision was soon made. A few steps brought me out of the grove to the gate of a magnificent garden. The season was mid-May, and the plants were in full blossom. The heat of the afternoon and the dazzling colors of the flowers made a kind of roseate-orange vapor through which the house before me seemed to float. This, with the surcharge of perfume, the buzz of golden insects and a certain undefined feeling of softness in my heart, intoxicated me for a moment, and I felt almost faint. When I recovered I found I was not alone at the gate. A singular old man stood on the other side of it, looking at me with a mingled expression of surprise and severity. He had on a superb cashmere dressing-gown of a bright yellow ground with figures in the shape of croziers and half-moons. This was thrown open, owing to the heat, and revealed a spotless linen shirt. He wore a smoking-cap of scarlet silk, with a silver tassel hanging almost to his shoulder. In his right hand he held a book, the forefinger being inserted between the folded pages. I have said he was old. That is, I knew instinctively he was advanced in years, though his clean-shaven, scarce-wrinkled face gave him the appearance of only middle age. His nose was long, sharp and aggressive. It was this feature which imparted character to the whole countenance.

There was quite a pause before he spoke. Evidently the old man expected me to explain my presence at his garden gate, but as I was not aware of the enormity of my trespass, it did not occur to me to make any apology. At length the old man broke out:

"What are you doing here, young man?"

It was not the directness of the question that disconcerted me. I was too much accustomed to such at college to be even taken by surprise, but it was the harsh, peremptory tone. I answered as well as I could that I had called to see the master of the house.

"But how did you get in here?"

"I crossed the hedge, sir."

"Crossed the hedge? Don't you know that that is a trespass?"

"I hardly reflected on it. Had I known I was acting wrong I should not have done it."

And the person who sent me would not have consented to my coming."

"Ah! You were sent here, were you? By whom?"

I explained in a few respectful words the object of my mission, insisting especially on the fact that we were moved by no idle curiosity, but by a love for science.

The old man's face, while I spoke, was a picture. It was first a perfect blank, then it was seamed with wrinkles, next each wrinkle became animate and wriggled with passion. His lips curled disdainfully and his eye was on fire.

"White beard of Adamastor!" he burst forth, striking his book against the palisade, "of all the pieces of impudence which have been practised upon me, this is the most diabolical. What! Jump over my hedge, explore my grove, break into my garden, and all that, at the instigation of a long-faced hypocritical

priest. And then this trumpety! To invade an old man's privacy under the ridiculous pretext of a survey. Young man, I don't know what keeps me from setting my dogs after you. Clear out of here as fast as your legs can carry you, and never look back once. Woe to you if I find you within my enclosure in five minutes from now. And tell your professor that if I spy him prying around my premises, I'll cut his ears off or fling him head foremost into the quarry yonder. He will thus be able to tell us how deep it is. Ah! the vile brood of serpents, how I could crush them all under my heel. Go now, I tell you. Be off."

I stood quite still. Nay more, I laughed. If the old fellow had brandished a cleaver over my head, I could not have kept from laughing, so absurd was his vociferous wrath, so utterly out of keeping, as it seemed to me, with the innocent cause of offence.

My hilarity must have brought the old gentleman to his senses, for I saw the flame vanish from his grey eyes, and his countenance became gradually placid. I seized the opportunity to address him.

"I will retire at once, sir, since you order it; but must repeat that I had no idea I was giving such offence as you state. Accept my apology and that of my—"

"Don't mention him!" exclaimed the old man, warming up again. "I hate their very names."

I then touched my cap and turned to go. The old gentleman threw open the garden gate and called me back.

"Say, my boy, I want to know your name."

If I had had fears of being denounced to the police, I should have refused to comply, but the speaker's face was serene now, and I thought I detected a kindly smile at each corner of his lips.

"Carey Gilbert, sir, is my name."

"Gilbert? Gilbert? Born here?"

"Yes, sir; in St. Louis."

"Son of Maurice Gilbert?"

"The same, sir."

"And of Rita Florival?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now. Well now. See what my miserable temper would have made me do—drive out of my grounds the child of one of the best friends I ever had in the world. Come, stand up. Look me in the face. Yes, there are your mother's eyes; her Creole eyes. You have your father's mouth and broad shoulders. Carey—did you say? Well, Carey come into the house. I live quite solitary here, or I should have heard of you before. Come into the house a moment."

I had not feared the old man's anger; I was disconcerted by his kindness. I hardly knew whether I should accept his invitation or not. Curiosity prompted me to it, but I remembered that I had been long away; that my companions must be waiting for me, and I feared that if any of them took it into his head to come in search of me, and the old gentleman should observe it, there might be a renewal of the ridiculous scene. So I expressed my thanks and apologies as well as I could. My host accepted them, but made me promise that at the earliest opportunity I should call on him.

When I got almost out of sight of the gate, I heard a female voice singing, in the direction of the house. A thrill of joy passed through me. I stopped and turned to listen.

"Hush!" exclaimed the old man impatiently, waving his right hand at the singer.

I resumed my walk and some minutes afterward had joined my companions. The recital of my story created much merriment, the professor himself heartily joining in it.

"But we have lost the afternoon," said he.

I walked back to the college, thinking that the afternoon was by no means lost to me.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN.—Children hunger after new things and new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to learn from books, and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening to the conversation of intelligent people. Let them have many opportunities of learning in this way. Be kind to them, and don't think it beneath you to answer their little questions, for they proceed from an implanted faculty which every true man and woman should take delight in gratifying.

MARRIAGE.—It is not a pleasant thing to go through the world without sympathy, and to meet only those who have no interest in us except to make us contributors to their welfare and their selfish ends. In marriage, as it should be, there can be no selfishness. Each member works for the other's good; each contributes to the other's welfare. In the outside world it is different; each seeks to use the other for selfish purpose, and this makes life a contest, a battle. If such a state of things were to prevail in the home and married relation, then marriage would so far be an evil, and not a good.

TRUTH.—Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they

have been freer than before; those who enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown; no storm can wreck; no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness and integrity; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

FAILURE OF BRAIN-POWER.—The best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain-force, because, during sleep, the brain is in a sort of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labour, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace.

KNOWLEDGE OF ONESELF.—Always remember no one can abuse you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicious manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are in point of fact unharmed.

FLOWERS.—There is nothing better for wives and daughters, physically, than to have the care of a garden; a flower-pot, if nothing more. What is pleasanter than to spend a portion of every day in working among plants, watching their growth, and observing the opening of their flowers, from week to week, as the season advances? Then how much it adds to the enjoyment to know that your own hands have planted them and have pruned and trained them—this a pleasure that requires neither great riches nor profound knowledge. The advantages which woman personally derives from stirring the soil and sniffling the morning air are freshness and beauty of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigour of mind, and purity of heart.

A PLAIN TRUTH.—How strange it is that men, and women too, are oftentimes ashamed of what is best in them, and are ignobly contented with the world's approval, or understand silence in regard to things discreditable to their humanity! One starts sometimes with horror to see the beautiful and the true recklessly thrust into the background that deformity may be decked and paraded in its place. Only by long continuance in wrongdoing our better nature can the soul's protesting voice thus be silenced. Only by long chosen association with those who have themselves succeeded in doing it does it grow fainter and fainter, to be heard never again till the soul rouses itself horror-struck and despairing at the foolish, misspent past and the black hopeless future. Too often our good angel covers his face and retires that a mocking fiend may clap us approvingly on the back.

LOVERS.—Marriage is so often the result of circumstances which throw two people together—of a consideration of the fitness of things—of momentary impulse, or of cool deliberation—that that which should be the happiest state of things is often the unhappiest. And people speak of a wedding as they would a lottery, where there are more blanks than prizes. The only true matches are made by love, and when two people have really loved—really loved from the depths of their hearts—nothing can ever quite part them again. We do not say this of those who have only been called, or called themselves, lovers. A couple may be engaged, or, it may be, even married, and yet that wonderful tie of great love may never have existed between them. When it does exist, all the waters cannot quench it, nor the seas cover it. For ever and for ever—at least, in the far ever of life—those two are more than any two who have not loved can be. Sometimes happy fate actually unites two who love thus, and they live a long, happy life together.

SYSTEM.—Whatever you do, have system about it. It is the greatest labour-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labour-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labour, a multitude of perplexities, kept his work-shop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements; it has saved him time and trouble; it has kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! It has ever been a victor in war, it is the powerful sceptre that the true statesman and the political economist sway in government, and it has been, and still is, the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortune. Have system in your management, and you will find eventually it will outweigh the physical forces of energy without it.