[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

The Pullman car is the last; 'twas hard work to get it, on so short a notice; and Jack was off for the checks. The two best men were the last to shake hands and give the happy couple their good wishes, and so confused and excited had the day been, that Clara did not realize her marriage till the train was in motion and Mr. Feversham said with deep sympathy, "You are quite worn out, my dearest, —you have had a dayvil of a day."

FIRST TWO.—Matrimony

CHAPTER XIII.

It has been my happy fate as an author to receive a great deal of private criticism and advice in and about all my literary undertakings, and all my critics agree that a love story ought to end when the hero and heroine are fairly married.

"Marriage,' says one, "is life's *summum bonum*; it is the chief end and aim of woman, and the most important episode in the history of a man. Here the scene should end, and the certain drop: to carry the story farther would be simply a barbarism, opposed to all literary laws. When a man dies or gets married there is an end of him; all interest in his fate is over forever; we no more think of describing him in his domestic career than we think of speculating about his fate in Paradise or the other place. Good taste and delicacy forbid us to go further."

"Just so," chimes in another voice, "the ground is too sacred, too delicate, to intrude upon; you might just give us a faint glimpse, a sort of vignette view of the happy pair strolling along the shore of Penetanguishene like Adam and Eve in Paradise, picking up shells and gathering sea-weed, as our first parents might have done on the banks of the Euphrates but that is all."

"There is too much of it already," said a third voice.

"To pursue the thing further would be coarse," said a fourth.

"And you could not make it interesting," chimed in a fifth. "Remember the axiom of the witty Frenchman, 'courtship is the charming riddle, marriage the tedious solution.'"

"I am entirely of your opinion," said adviser the sixth, "enough is enough, when a man's married his sorrows begin, let the poor fellow be, leave him in decent privacy; do not tell us how his Clara regretted Tompson and Mulrooney and reproached him for hurrying her into a hasty match. They are married and that's enough."

"But under your favor," exclaimed the seventh critic, and this a lady, "if the story ends so abruptly it will look as if it was written by a raw beginner. You must tell us how long they lived together and if they quarreled, and how many children they had, and if they were boys or girls, and what their names were, and whether they resembled their father or mother, and if Mr. Feversham and Mrs. Montgomery were ever reconciled to the marriage, and if there was any truth in the ill omens; and how many servants they kept, and what became of Mulrooney, and ——" but here I cried for mercy, and promised the lady another chapter or two, and to save myself trouble I begin by giving the public three letters *verbatim*:

To Mr. J. Montgomery,

"PENETANGUISHENE, June 29, 18—

"MY DEAR JACK: You're a bad boy not to have written a longer letter, but even a line is welcome. I was quite worn out, and nearly beside myself, on that wild wedding day of mine, and thoroughly frightened, too. I hope Pat Mulrooney will not return to the neighborhood. Do you think he would shoot Horace when he is sober.

"There is quite a refined, pleasant society here, and every body is very kind. Horace had two letters of introduction and now we know everybody. The reformatory is very, very clean and well kept, and the boys look cheerful, poor fellows, some of them are quite children. They make boxes, and I am getting one made for you, to keep your treasures in—no tobacco understand—it's a great waste of money for a boy like you to smoke, it is of course different with older men. (a long interjectional whistle from Jack at this part of the letter). The scenery here is most beautiful, the islands of all shapes and sizes. One is called "The Giant's Tomb," it is marked on the map, look for it. It is covered with trees right down to the water's edge, and just in the center there are a lot of trees rising higher than the rest, resembling perfectly a great green globe. It is very beautiful, but very somber too; we mean to explore it to-morrow. We camped out for three days on another island, and Horace found a lovely bathing place almost surrounded by rocks, and took me down one afternoon to see his "bathing house" as he called it, when I saw in the water to my horror a snake—Briggs would say another bad omen. I could see his head above the clear water, its mouth open and its red tongue flashing in and out. Horace gave chase with a stick and got his feet wet, but of course it escaped.

"You must come here dear Jack, here and nowhere else for a wedding tour, and see the lovely green undulating shore, the boats, the ever varying, never resting water. Even the prison doesn't sadden much, for the boys are well cared for and all look happy, and I am sure it must do them good morally, to be placed in the midst of such lovely scenery. "The stone house," formerly a fort, is the most interesting house in Penetanguishene.

"I am very well and happy, and enjoying myself greatly. We have planned to spend our second honey moon at "The Notch" in New Hampshire—will you be of the party? Horace desires his kind regards and I—I send love upon loves to my brave cousin who saved my husband's life. You are a hero, Jack, and so is Gussy Browne. Remember me very kindly to him. Horace says he is a very gentlemanly fellow, and desired to be remembered to him.

"Remember me kindly to Aunty, and expect me home a fortnight from to-day. I shall be disappointed if I don't see your dear old round face at the station, and I am now as always, Your affectionate cousin,

CLARA."

LETTER THE SECOND.

To Sally Briggs:

"DEAR SALLY: I know you will be anxious to hear about me, so I thought I would write. It is four weeks to day since I left—it scarcely seems so long—and I will not be at home for a fortnight yet. It is such a beautiful place and such a rest and pleasure to be here, that I have persuaded Mr. Feversham to stay two weeks longer than we at first intended.

"There are eighty thousand islands in the bay, and we camped out for a few days on one of them, and I enjoyed it greatly although there were snakes, both copper heads and rattle snakes. Our island is an immense high grey rock, covered with moss, in some places so thick that it was as good as a feather bed to lie on. There are a few clumps of trees here and there, wherever they can find a little earth, but they do not grow very high. We took two tents and two Indians to do the cooking, camp chairs and any number of shawls, pillows and rugs, and our favorite books, so we had nothing to do but explore the island and enjoy ourselves. The moon was at the full and the weather lovely, and we slept with the tent door open. Waking in the night I could see the moon shining, and hear the coon's plaintive, quavering cry. The solitude of this island is delicious, and solitude is not loneliness, Sally, though the dictionary may say so. To think that this island was standing here all through my busy, happy childhood and I knew it not—for it is too small to be marked on any map—that it stood here a thousand years ago, and the bright sun shimmered on the water, and the moon rose and smiled on it just as it does now. Then all these lovely islands were in solitary, undiscovered grandeur, unknown except to savages. I shall always be better for having come here, it will be a pleasure all my life to look back upon and remember. These islands bring me nearer God.

"The people of Penetanguishene are very nice and kind, and the boys at the Reformatory are making some little boxes. I have had one made of birds eye maple for your mother, tell her, and I have a little basket for you to keep your spools in made by the Indians, of sweet scented grass, and some shells for Dickey. My love to Dickey, but he is not to have the new kitten when its eyes are open, I positively forbid it. Tell your mother so; he would tear it head from tail. And give the old cat some meat every day as well as new milk; you will never have need to regret kindness to animals. You see I am not an old maid as everybody predicted, although I love cats. And Sally, don't forget to water the pitcher plant thoroughly every night, and take particular care of my pet fuchsia, you know it was papa's last gift and I should be grieved to lose it. I am sure you are right about old Mrs. Anderson, she is a thoroughly nice kind Scotch body. By all means let her teach you how to make willow baskets, and I will pay her for it. I should like you to know how to do everything that is nice and useful with your hands, and for that matter, not only you, but every Canadian woman through the length and breadth of the land. Give Mrs. Anderson as much rhubarb as she wants, and any lettuce, or other garden stuff you have to spare, and a little milk, daily. It is hard to be a widow and childless. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Briggs, and tell her not to kill herself house cleaning, there were cobwebs in Solomon's palace, and why not in mine? ("And thou shows what a dirty set o' slutts he had about 'im, and no better th n they should be by all accounts," excl imed Briggs, as her daughter read) Mr Feversham says if you wish to live and thrive, let the spiders go alive. ("And he might be ashamed of hisself to say it," exclaimed the commentator angrily, "but he's ashamed o' nothin'. I'd rather never thrive than live with nasty insects, and I don't care to be in the house with a daddy long legs, whether its a man or a spider," with a shake of her head not complimentary to Mr. Feversham.) It's all nonsense to say it's unlucky to marry in May, the most beautiful month in the year. I think your mother can't be well to have such gloomy fancies. (A sniff from Briggs, expressing disdain.) If she wears you out with house cleaning, never mind the weeds in the garden till I come back. Mr. Feversham is waiting to take me for a row on the bay, so I will say good bye, dear Sally.

"Your affectionate friend and mistress,

"CLARA FEVERSHAM.

"P. S.—Please show this letter to Mr. Jack, as I cannot write to him till next week. C. F."

"A new broom sweeps clean, as the sayin' is," said Briggs, as her daughter concluded, "but wait awhile and you'll see as there'll be trouble—not as I wishes it, oh! no—but put two wasteful ones together and they'll come to poverty, and want is sharp for them as isn't used to it. A-wasting good rhubarb and milk as would make butter, or sell for money on that old fagot of a widder, as if she's the only one in the country, and you are wuss than Miss Clara to tell her about her. You may have to live by basket making or wuss if you her so little sense as to be puttin' her up to new ways o' wastin' her havings."

"Mother," said Sally, her arms a kimbo and her broad face blazing with indignation, "You 'ave no 'art, and sad I ham to say his. She's taught me all I know; how to read, and the biggest word in the Bible I don't stick at; and to write plain as anybody can read it; and to do fine sewing and knit the open-work stocking; and crochet like any lady; and to do French made dishes an' all like a man cook, an' before she shall come to want I'll kill myself a-workin' and earnin' money for her, so there's for you. If I have no sense, you hev no gratitude."

I forbear to relate how Briggs answered this burst of rebellion on Sally's part, and rather prefer to conclude the chapter by placing before the reader the letter of a most refined and aristocratic gentleman as a bonne bouche.

The Hon. George Feversham to Lady Elizabeth Feversham.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH.—It is a sad duty that devolves on me, and you must prepare yourself to hear the very worst. The jackal is actually married, and a more foolish ridiculous match was never made by one of the beau monde since the world began. I assure you, my dear, it is not my fault, and you must pity, not blame me. As soon as I obtained the necessary leave, I traveled, night and day from Ottawa. I drove the last five miles over execrable roads, during quite a tropical thunder storm, but all in vain, the ceremony was just over when I reached the church. I saw the bride and all her friends and relations a pack of burgeois; her aunt, the most vulgar person I ever spoke to in all my life, did me the honor to correspond with me because she objected to the marriage. Her neice being a pretty heiress. The old woman spells abominably, and drops her h's about everywhere. Jack's wife is a handsome dummy, nothing more, she scarce spoke, seemed very nervous; an old lover (a swearing, ranting Irishman) had tried to shoot Jack at the altar. When I first saw her she was shaking like an aspen leaf. She is certainly much older than Jack, and not, I should think a woman of any nobility of character. Showed no courage, no calmness. Why you my dear at her age would not have blanched at a bullet, or a thunder storm. You could have faced a lion, or marched up to a cannon's mouth.

The woman is very handsome, I admit; her hair is especially fine, a fleece of rich brown and very long, but when you say that you say all. There is nothing to desire but her beauty, and he, poor fool, is evidently quite in love, as proud as though he had led a forlorn hope.

It's the first low marriage made by one of our family for five hundred years, except your grandfather, who married the old jew's daughter, and as the girl brought half a million to the house there was some excuse for him, but none for Jack. I never pass an hour without thinking of you, my poor Elizabeth, upon my soul its too exasperating, to think that your son, who has seen the beauties of Rotten Row, should ruin himself irretrievably for a pretty face that is not even young. He deserves to be disinherited, but that you cannot do as the will stands, but as his majority is fixed at six and twenty, and he holds the Denham property till then at your pleasure, you might withhold the rent, and let him live like a beggar for the next eighteen months, and a very light punishment for his imbecility.

He has furnished a common stone house, on his farm—a hilly picturesque bit of land, with a trout stream running through it, and is building quite extensively as if he meant to turn colonist and live there forever. The only comfort I can pick out of it dear, is that it's not a penal colony, and the girl cannot be of convict descent.

"I was, I assure you, quite ill while in Hamilton, had a fearful attack of neuralgia while at the lawyer's house, where I was so foolish as to drink a glass of abominable wine—he called it port. I gave the fellow fifty pounds for his services, a reasonable fee, for he did his best to prevent the marriage.

"I shall be home in August, adieu my dear. I know this will be a great blow to you, but make the best of it, the young woman's beauty is at least no myth; her portrait by a good artist, Maclice, or the German fellow so popular with the Queen—I forget his name—would be quite an addition to the gallery at home. Again, my dear, I say adieu, and beg you to cheer up, and make the best of it. The young woman is quite virtuous, the lawyer assured me, and would not have taken Jack paramour, and there is nothing disgraceful in the connection, since it's not a penal colony; it is simply ridiculous, and she may not live to be old, we must hope for the best, and do not blame me for it came upon me quite by surprise. Any other scrape I was prepared for, but I never thought Jack foolish about women. If you scold my young gentleman, he will be upon his mettle I promise you, for he is very much in love. With the greatest sympathy, I am, my dear Elizabeth,

"Your affectionate brother,

"GEORGE F. A. FEVERSHAM.

"Ottawa, May 29.

"P. S.—I wrote to Jack as soon as I heard of his absurd fancy, and proposed a hunting expedition, for the game laws here are nearly a dead letter, and a man may shoot at any season. I thought it would divert him, knowing his love for sport, but he coolly told me that his life was too precious to waste, and I must go poaching alone. G. F. A. F.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAN AND DOG FIGHT.

A Savage Encounter Between a Two-Legged and Four-Legged Brute.

A town in the Rosendale Valley was on Saturday the scene of a terrible fight between a man and a large and ferocious bulldog. The town in question is about twelve miles from Manchester. The man is a tall, burly and ferocious-looking individual, who not infrequently goes through the performance of worrying live rats and occasionally tries his powerful teeth on pots and glasses. The bulldog is noted for his prowess. His master having frequently boasted of the prowess of the dog, the man was challenged to fight him a few nights ago. The agreement was that the dog should have the same chance as it pitted against another of the canine species, while the man was to have his hands securely fastened in front of him. Everything being ready, a bad-looking fellow, dressed in a quarrymau's garb, gave the word "Go!" upon which the masculine combatant descended to the level of the brute, and on hands and knees awaited the attack of the dog. The latter, on being unmuzzled, was hounded on by the wild, fanatical yells of the spectators, and at once rushed to the throat of the man, and the fearful combat commenced. The yelling of the crowd ceased, and the spectators of the disgusting scene looked on with bated breath. The brute made several futile attempts to seize the man's throat, but the latter dodging it for a time the crowd became impatient and again and again hounded on the dog. The latter became infuriated, and another struggle took place. It was brief, but terrible, the man trying as for life to obtain a grip of the dog, while the brute in turn twisted itself in every conceivable form to seize the man. The man, however, at length espied his opportunity, and, seizing the brute with his powerful teeth, pinned it to the ground almost worrying it. On rising to his feet he presented a most horrible sight, his face and arms having been terribly lacerated during the encounter. —*Liverpool Post.*

—A clergyman of San Francisco calculates that one-third of the city's population are habitual churchgoers, one-third are skeptical as to religion, and one third indifferent.

A FAIR BARBARIAN.

By Francis Hodgson Burnett.

CHAPTER I.—MISS OCTAVIA BASSETT.

Slowbridge had been shaken to its foundations.

It may as well be explained, however, at the outset, that it would not take much of a sensation to give Slowbridge a great shock. In the first place, Slowbridge was not used to sensations, and was used to going on the even and respectable tenor of its way, regarding the outside world with private misgivings, which had been a trial to Slowbridge—a sore trial. On being told of the owners' plan of building them, old Lady Theobald, who was the corner stone of the social edifice of Slowbridge, was said, by a spectator, to have turned deathly pale with rage, and on the first day of their being opened in working order, she had taken to her bed, and remained shut up in her darkened room for a week, refusing to see anybody, and even going so far as to send a scathing message to the curate of St. James, who called in fear and trembling because he was afraid to stay away.

"With mills and mill hands," her ladyship announced to Mr. Laurence, the mill owner, when chance first threw them together,—"with mills and mill hands come murder, massacre, and mob law." And she said it so loud, and with so stern an air of conviction, that the two Misses Briarton, who were of a timorous and fearful nature, dropped their buttered muffins (it was at one of the tea parties which were Slowbridge's only dissipation), and shuddered hysterically, feeling that their fate was sealed, and that they might, any night, find three masculine mill hands secreted under their beds, with bludgeons. But as no massacres took place, and the mill hands were pretty regular in their habits and even went so far as to send their children to Lady Theobald's free school, and accepted the tracks left weekly at their door, whether they could read or not, Slowbridge gradually recovered from the shock of finding itself forced to exist in close proximity to mills and was just settling itself to sleep—the sleep of the just—again, when, as I have said, it was shaken to its foundations.

It was Miss Belinda Bassett who received the first shock. Miss Belinda Bassett was a decorous little maiden lady, who lived in a decorous little house on High street (which was considered a very genteel street in Slowbridge). She had lived in the same house all her life, her father had lived in it and so also had her grandfather She had gone out, to take tea, from its doors two or three times a week, ever since she had been twenty, and she had had her little tea parties in its front parlor as often as any other genteel Slowbridge entertainer. She had risen at seven, breakfasted at eight, dined at two, taken tea at five, and gone to bed at ten, with such regularity for fifty years, that to rise at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at eleven, would, she was firmly convinced, be "to fly in the face of Providence," as she put it, and sign her own death warrant. Consequently, it is easy to imagine what a tremor and excitement seized her when, one afternoon, as she sat waiting for her tea, a coach from the Blue Lion dashed—or, at least almost dashed—up to the front door, a young lady got out, and the next minute the handmaiden, Mary Anne, threw open the door of the parlor, announcing, without the least preface.

"Your niece, mum, from 'Meriker."

Miss Belinda got up, feeling that her knees really trembled beneath her.

In Slowbridge, America was not approved of—in fact, was almost entirely ignored, as a country where, to quote Lady Theobald, "the laws were loose, and the prevailing sentiments revolutionary." It was not considered good taste to know Americans, which was not unfortunate, as there were none to know,—and Miss Belinda Bassett had always felt a delicacy in mentioning her only brother, who had emigrated to the United States in his youth, having first disgraced himself by the utterance of the blasphemous remark that "he wanted to get to a place where a fellow could stretch himself and not be bullied by a lot of old tabbies" From the day of his departure, when he had left Miss Belinda bathed in tears of anguish, she had heard nothing of him, and here upon the threshold stood Mary Anne, with delighted eagerness in her countenance repeating:

"Your niece, mum, from 'Meriker!"

And, with the words, her niece entered.

Miss Belinda put her hand to her heart.

The young lady thus announced, was the prettiest, and at the same time the most extraordinary looking, young lady she had ever seen in her life. Slowbridge contained nothing approaching this in one. Her dress was so very stylish that it was quite startling in its effect, her forehead was covered, down to her large, pretty eyes themselves, with curls of yellow brown hair, and her slender throat was swathed round and round with a grand scarf of black lace.

She made a step forward, and then stopped looking at Miss Belinda. Her eyes suddenly, to Miss Belinda's amazement, filled with tears.

"Didn't you," she said,—"Oh dear, didn't you get the letter?"

"The—the letter!" faltered Miss Belinda. "What letter, my—my dear?"

"Pa's," was the answer. "Oh, I see you didn't"

And she sank into the nearest chair, putting her hands up to her face, and beginning to cry outright.

"I—I'm Octavia B bassett," she said. "We were coming to surprise you, and travel in Europe, but the mines went wrong, and pa was obliged to go back to Nevada."

"The mines?" gasped Miss Belinda.

"S silver mines," wept Octavia. "And we had scarcely landed when Piper cabled, and pa had to turn back. It was something about shares, and he may have lost his last dollar!"

Miss Belinda sank into a chair herself.

"Mary Anne," she said, faintly, "bring me a glass of water."

Her tone was such that Octavia removed her handkerchief from her eyes and sat up to examine her.

"Are you frightened?" she asked, in some alarm.

Miss Belinda took a sip of the water brought by her handmaiden, replaced the glass upon the salver, and shook her head deprecatingly.

"Not exactly frightened, my dear," she said, "but so amazed that I find it difficult to—to collect myself."

Octavia put up her handkerchief again to wipe away a sudden new gush of tears.

"If shares intended to go down," she said, "I don't see why they couldn't go down before we started, instead of waiting until we got over here, and then spoiling everything."

"Providence, my dear,——" began Miss Belinda.

But she was interupted by the re-entrance of Mary Anne.

"The man from the Lion, mum, wants to know what's to be done with the trunks There's six of 'em an' they're all that heavy as he says he wouldn't lift one alone for ten shillings."

"Six!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Whose are they?"

"Mine," replied Octavia. "Wait a minute. I'll go out to him."

Miss Belinda was astonished afresh by the alacrity with which her niece seemed to forget her troubles and rise to the occasion. The girl ran to the front door as if she was quite used to directing her own affairs, and began to issue her orders.

"You will have to get another man," she said. "You might have known that. Go and get one somewhere."

And when the man went off, grumbling a little, and evidently at a loss before such peremptory coolness, she turned to Miss Belinda.

"Where must he put them?" she asked.

It did not seem to have occurred to her once that her identity might be doubted, and some slight obstacles arise before her.

"I am afraid," faltered Miss Belinda, that five of them will have to be put in the attic."

And in fifteen minutes, five of them were put into the attic, and the sixth—the biggest of all stood in the trim little square chamber, and pretty Miss Octavia had sunk into a puffy little chintz covered easy chair, while her newly found relative stood before her, making the most laudable efforts to recover her equilibrium, and not to feel as if her head was spinning round and round.

CHAPTER II.

"AN INVESTMENT, ANY WAY."

The natural result of these efforts was that Miss Belinda was removed to shed a few tears.

"I hope you will excuse my being too startled to say I was glad to see you," she said. "I have not seen my brother for thirty years, and I was very fond of him."

"He said you were," answered Octavia, "and he was very fond of you, too. He didn't write to you, because he made up his mind not to let you hear from him until he was a rich man, and then he thought he would wait until he could come home, and surprise you. He was awfully disappointed when he had to go back without seeing you."

"Poor, dear Martin," wept Miss Belinda, gently. "Such a journey!"

Octavia opened her charming eyes in surprise.

"Oh, he'll come back again!" she said. "And he doesn't mind the journey. The journey is nothing, you knew."

Octavia's eyes opened a shade wider.

"We have made the trip to the States, across the Isthmus, twelve times, and that takes a month," she remarked. "So we don't think ten days much."

"Twelve times!" said Miss Belinda, quite appalled. "Dear, dear, dear!"

And for some moments she con'd do nothing but look at her young relative in doubtful wonder, shaking her head with actual sadness.

But she finally recovered herself, with a little start.

"What am I thinking of," she exclaimed, remorsefully, "To let you sit here in this way? Pray excuse me, my dear. You see I am so upset."

She left her chair in a great hurry, and proceeded to embrace her young guest, tenderly, though with a little timorousness. The young lady submitted to the caress with much composure.

"Did I upset you?" She inquired, calmly

The fact was that she could not see why the simple advent of a relative from Nevada should seem to have the effect of an earth quake, and result in tremor, confusion and tears. It was true she herself had shed a tear of the tea parties which were Slowbridge's only dissipation), and shuddered hysterically, feeling that their fate was sealed, and that they might, any night, find three masculine mill hands secreted under their beds, with bludgeons. But as no massacres took place, and the mill hands were pretty regular in their habits and even went so far as to send their children to Lady Theobald's free school, and accepted the tracks left weekly at their door, whether they could read or not, Slowbridge gradually recovered from the shock of finding itself forced to exist in close proximity to mills and was just settling itself to sleep—the sleep of the just—again, when, as I have said, it was shaken to its foundations.

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WITCHCRAFT IN NASSAU.

Voodoo superstitions prevail to a surprising extent among the negroes. I heard a great deal about a witch who victimized some of those poor people severely a year or two ago, and there was a certain wooden baby in particular which exercised malefic spells of the most fearful potency. I asked Isaac to tell me the story. Isaac is a very black and very good natured young man, who drives a carriage, and this is what he gave me—the tale of Miss Mary Johnson

"Well, sir, dere come a man here from Jamaica—he was a discharged soldier—an' had a wooden baby 'bout so long" (measuring from wrist to elbow); "it had glass eyes and a glass belly, an' de name of the wooden baby was written across its belly; its name was Miss Mary Johnson. De man from Jamaica he went to Mr. Taylor—Monday, Sergeant Taylor, down dere at de guard house—an' he said, 'Mr. Taylor, if you give me £4 I'll save your life.' Mr. Taylor say he like very well to save his life, but he want to know what all dis means. 'Oh, well,' say de man from Jamaica, 'you just watch wat'sgoin' to happen at half-past 8 o'clock to-night, an' take care you ain't dead afore morning.' Well, Mr. Taylor he went home an' shut his garden gate an' watched. Nothin' didn't happen at half past 8; but about 9 o'clock he heard a scratchin' an' a scratchin' out in de yard. He was afraid to go out, so he looked through the keyhole, an' there was a man what he'd never seen afore, diggin' a grave, an, de wooden baby, Miss Mary Johnson, was runnin' 'round all de time, talkin' to him while he was diggin'. Mr. Taylor cried out to know what dey was doin' dere, an' de man he run away; but he slam de gate so hard after him dat Mies Mary Johnson couldn't get out, an' so Mr. Taylor he got de wooden baby. He carried it down to de guard-house an' fastened it with a chain, and it used to rattle de chain, an' make an awful noise. Oh, yes, sir! It could move its arms, just so, an' it could talk as good as anybody."

"Did you ever hear it talk?"

"No, sir; but I seen de baby! Oh, yes, sir!" (Here Isaac's voice cracked on a rising inflection.) "I seen it. Dey've sent it away now to de United States."

"Who sent it?—Mr. Taylor?"

"Oh, no, sir. I 'spect it was de Queen sent it."

"And what became of the man from Jamaica?"

"Nobody knows what became of him. He wasn't seen here any more."

"Well, the other man, who was digging the grave? Did they catch him?"

"Oh, yes, sir, dey caught him, an' sent him to prison for life. He's up dere in de prison now."

"Who sent him?"

"De Queen sent him, sir—de law."

"Was he tried in the criminal court and sentenced for life?"

"Oh, no sir!" (rising inflection again, with a squeak) "Dey won't try him. Just sent him up for life, and kept him dere. If it was only about black folk's dey'd a try him fast enough; but dere's too many of de white English gentlemen in it. Lots of 'em raised on Miss Mary Johnson."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, suppose you are goin' to race a horse. You go to the man what has got de wooden baby, an' you say, 'I want you to make it so dat my horse will win.' Or maybe you are in de grange business. Miss Mary Johnson can fix it so dat your vessel make her voyage every time, an' none of de others don't—not one of dem. Dat's de way dese white English people got rich. De wooden baby had keys an' all sorts of things here, so's she could go into any house she'd a mind to.

"Dere was another man had two of de wooden babies; but I believe somebody what was smarter'n him must bewitched him and got de better of him, because he died, and when he was buried de two wooden babies walked just behind de coffin, along with de mourners, an' dey was a cryin' an' a cryin' like everything. You see, when a man was dead, dey had to die, too, in three or four days; an' dat was de last of dem."

There is another story related of Miss Mary Johnson which should be given as a supplement to Isaac's narrative. The man from Jamaica demanded $72 as the price of saving a certain life. The victim could only raise $3 50; so Miss Mary Johnson spared him, but his wife died.

ECONOMIC NOTES.

CHEAP PAINT.—Three hundred parts washed and sieved white sand, forty parts of precipitated chalk, fifty parts of rosin, and four parts of linseed oil are mixed and boiled in an iron kettle, and then one part of oxide of copper and one part of sulphuric acid are added. This mass is applied with an ordinary paint brush while warm. If it is too thick, it is diluted with linseed oil. This paint dries very rapidly and gets very hard, but protects woodwork excellently.

HARDENED STEEL.—According to a Sheffield paper a fluid for preparation for making steel very hard is composed of wheat flour, salt and water, using, say, two teaspoonfuls of water, one half a teaspoonful of flour, and one of salt. Heat the steel to be hardened enough to coat it with the paste by immersing it in the composition, after which heat it to a cherry red and plunge it into soft water. If properly done, the steel will come out with a beautiful white surface. It is said that Stubs' files are hardened in this manner.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.—Dr. Shrady, of New York, has recently treated burns by applying a paste composed of three ounces of gum acacia, one ounce of gum tragacanth, one pint of carbolized water (1 to 60), and two ounces of molasses. It is applied with a brush, renewed at intervals, and is stated to be a successful method. Four applications are usually sufficient, the granulating surfaces being treated with simple cerate or the oxide of zinc ointment as indicated.—*London Lancet.*

A POWERFUL LIGHT.—A mammoth electric lamp recently made in Cleveland is said to be the most powerful generator of light ever made by man. Its illuminating power is fifty times as great as that of the ordinary electric light, being equal to that of 100,000 candles. The lamp was built to order for the British Government, and is to be used in the navy, to scan the sea for torpedoes, and to furnish light in night engagements and maneuvers. With the aid of a simple reflector a beam of light, it is estimated, can be projected fifteen miles sufficiently strong to read by. The carbon candle used is two and a half inches in diameter, and a heat estimated at half a million degrees is generated. An engine of forty horse-power is required to produce the light.

SYRIA.—The American Consul at Beirut writes under date of October last as follows: "The superiority of American cottons is fully recognized here; and if a sufficient stock of suitable quality were kept on hand and offered for sale at a small profit, I have no doubt that, in a short time, by the exercise of a little patience, we could divide this vast trade with England." In addition to cotton goods, there is a large market in Syria for kerosene, canned goods, clocks, hardware, firearms, agricultural implements, sewing machines and lamps.

HALIFAX SUGAR REFINERY.—The Halifax sugar refinery, the construction of which was commenced last summer, is about ready to begin operations. The Nova Scotia Legislature has passed an act exempting it from county rates and local taxation for twenty-one years, and the city of Halifax grants free use of water from the mains for ten years. The capital stock of the Company is $500,000, divided in 5,000 shares of $100 each. It is expected that the refinery will hereafter afford constant employment for 150 men. The buildings cost $120,000, and the machinery $200,000. Machinery to the value of $50,000 was made in Halifax and Darmouth. The refinery is expected to be capable of turning out 500 barrels of sugar per day. The main building of brick, granite and sandstone is ten stories, or 118 feet high, 170 feet long, by 68 feet deep. This is realiv a double building, and is divided by two brick walls. The raw sugar warehouse is 200 feet long and 80 feet wide, and will store 2,500 or 3,000 hogsheads.—*Montreal Herald.*

—Canada received nearly 85,000 immigrants last year, as against 61,000 for the year previous.

—The passengers on a train snowbound at Marengo, Iowa, saw wolves prowling about the cars at night. In the morning several men with revolvers set out to hunt the beasts. They soon returned, triumphantly displaying a scalp; but it turned out to belong to the station keeper's good natured dog, which they had slain by mistake for a fierce wolf.

—Travelers in Egypt are surprised the at large amount of ophthalmia and blindness prevalent among the inhabitants. Want of cleanliness is the cause. An Egyptian mother, under the influence of a widely prevalent superstition, does not wash her child's eyes until eight days after birth. By that time the organ is frequently ruined. The teachers in the American and British mission schools of Cairo say that Egyptian mothers become invariably angry when urged to wash the eyes of their newly-born infants, and can rarely be persuaded to comply with a request of the kind.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY ON THE ARMIES OF THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

There is a class of officers who seem to believe that the world, as far as armies and military science are concerned, stands still; they see around them the most marvelous changes effected by steam, electricity and mechanical inventions, and they accept them as a matter of course, ignoring or unconscious of the fact that all such discoveries and inventions re-act upon armies and military science, and that, as education and the intelligence which is its grandchild spread through the social strata from which we obtain our recruits, we are obliged to treat them in a different manner from that in which we dealt with their illiterate and stupid forefathers. The private soldier of the last century, and even during our great struggle with Napoleon, was treated by us in a most brutal manner; we dealt with him as if he were an unreasonable mechanism which, for very contrariness' sake, went frequently out of order. We caught him as a sort of wild man, and instead of endeavoring to raise him in the scale of humanity, we brutalized him by treating him as an unreasoning being. Those who would still wish to flog the soldier as the keeper does his wilful spaniel, who are never tired of reminding us of the glories achieved by our troops under Wellington, and of referring to that army that "could do anything and march anywhere," forget the atrocious and fiendish horrors of Badajos and of Ciudad Rodrigo; there is much ado because an occasional henroost may be robbed nowadays on the line of march during operations in the field, while all remembrance of the scenes of indiscipline during Moore's retreat to Corunna, or the great Duke's retreat to Lisbon, are entirely forgotten or ignored. There is a great deal of talk of the good old times, and of their glories, and of the imagined magnificence of our soldiers then, of their splendid physical appearance, and of their high moral qualities of discipline, &c.; we are daily treated to comparisons in heroic language between the soldier of to day and the soldier at the beginning of this century; the murders and the robberies, and the drunkenness of the soldiers of eighty and a hundred years ago are forgotten, and we remember only their splendid achievements. In those days, as at present, splendid success was only secured when really able and scientific generals commanded in the field; and then, as now, when incompetence directed our military operations, failure and disgraceful disaster were the result. It should never be forgotten that our army that won Waterloo was pronounced by its great commander to be the worst he had ever commanded; while I think it will be freely admitted by the student of military history that the physique and discipline of the little armies which are now only remembered by reason of the misfortune and calamities that overtook them were often of the very highest order. It was the character and military attainments of their commander to which the difference in result is to be attributed. The old soldier lives upon the past, and the young gentleman joining a regiment is so accustomed to hear his older brother officers, to whom he looks up as his masters and teachers, dilate upon the excellence of the previous generations of soldiers, and upon the failings and shortcomings of those he sees around him, that he adopts these views unhesitatingly and in an unquestioning spirit. Such is the influence of discipline upon us that if our military rulers, by thought, word, or action, allow it to get abroad and be generally understood that any proposed reform or recently effected change is, in their opinion, contrary to our traditions and certain to be injurious in its effects, our older officers take up the cry until it rings in every mess-room, and its echo comes back to us from the morning room of every military club. Discipline is apt to make parrots of us all; we have much less individuality than the members of the civil professions.—*Sir Garnet Wolseley, in the Nineteenth Century.*

RAISING A NEW CROP OF HAIR.

It was one of the by-laws of Heartache's Heavenly Hair Restorer, that it should be used liberally before retiring, rubbing it well into the scalp. Just before he went to bed that night, the man bolted the back door, put the cat in the woodshed, came in whistling the Fatinitza waltz, danced up to the clock shelf, and poured out what he supposed to be his hair fertilizer, he mopped it all over the scalp and stirred it well around the roots of the little hedge of hair at the back of his neck.

The glue bottle, by an unearthly coincidence, was nearly the same in shape and size as the hair sap bottle.

He went to bed.

"George," said his wife, turning her face to the wall, "that stuff you're putting on your hair smells as bad as a pan of soap grease."

"Perhaps I had better go up stairs and sleep," snarled George. "You're mighty sensitive! You wouldn't expect that a man can put stuff on his head that will make his hair grow, and have it smell like the essence of wintergreen, would you?"

They went to bed as mad as Turks.

This particular bald-headed man, like a good many other bald-headed men, had to get up and build the fires. When he arose, next morning, the sun peeped in at the window and saw the pillow cling to the back of his head like a great white chignon. At first he did not realize his condition; he thought it must have caught on a pin or shirt button. It looked ridiculous and he would throw it back on the bed before his wife saw it, so he caught it quickly by one hand and "yanked."

"Oh! Oh! Damation to fishhooks! what's been going on here? Thunder an' lightnin'!" and he began to claw at his scalp like a lunatic. His wife sprang up from her couch and began to sob hysterically.

"Oh, don't, George! What is it? What is the matter?"

George was dancing about the room, the pillow dangling by a few hairs, his scalp covered with something that looked like sheet copper, while the air was redolent of war-like expletives, as if a dictionary had exploded. With a woman's instinct the poor wife took in the situation at a glance and exclaimed:

"It is the glue."

The bald-headed man sat down in a chair and looked at her a moment in silence, and then uttered the one expressive word:

"Glue!"

Now began a series of process and experience unheard of in the annals of chemistry.

"Jane, you must soak it off with warm water. I've got to go to Utica to-day."

"I can't, George," she returned in a guilty tone; "it's water-proof."

"Yes, I might have known it; and I suppose it's fire-proof too, ain't it?"

He scratched over the smooth plating with his finger nails.

"It's as hard as iron."

"Yes—he said it was glue," replied she innocently, "can't you skin it off with your razor, George?"

"Don't be a bigger fool than you are, Jane. Get me that coarse file in the wood shed."

It may be imagined what followed, and now as the bald headed man sits in his office he never removes his hat, for his entire skull is a howling waste of blistered desert, relieved here and there by cases of black court-plaster.

A PLUCKY BOY.

A Pleasant Sketch to Read.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the merchant's temples, and looking down on the little appealing face, the merchant pulled at them, gave the ends of his cravat a slight brush, and then his hands traveled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small machinery calculate to be able to perform?