

and not only give him a present salary which would be sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, but also to advance him to a higher and more lucrative post as soon as an opportunity should offer.

It need scarcely be said that this handsome proposal was eagerly and gladly accepted; and arrangements were effected for the immediate removal of the widow and her son to London, so that Arthur might be within easy walking distance of Paternoster Row, in which renowned bookselling locality Mr. Bute's extensive publishing business was carried on.

After the lapse of a very few weeks, all these little arrangements were completed. Mrs. Needham took a small house at Highbury, and Arthur took his seat at the desk of an inner office, which communicated immediately with the private room of his principal.

Notwithstanding all the cordiality with which the publisher treated his new clerk, the boy could not help occasionally regretting the necessity which had forced him to give up all those hopes of future scholastic and university eminence in which he had indulged while under his poor father's tutelage; but the hours (from nine till five) during which he was engaged in business, were comparatively few, and he was still able to occupy his evenings in improving his mind, and as far as lay in his power, continuing those classical studies for which he had always felt a strong predilection.

The well-stored book-shelves of his employer, who not only published two magazines, but also a vast quantity of the higher grades of novels, furnished him with an inexhaustible store of light reading; and Mr. Bute's private library, to which he also had access, gave him an unlimited range among the works of the most celebrated ancient and modern authors. So, taking things together, he was—as indeed, he had good reason to be—happy and contented.

Six years rolled on, during which he performed his official duties so greatly to the satisfaction of the old publisher, that he had been twice promoted to a higher position, with the agreeable accompaniment of an increased salary.

In short, everything seemed to be progressing so pleasantly, and going on so swimmingly, that had it not been for one little drawback—one little hope which he hardly dared dream could ever be fulfilled—Arthur might be said to be reposing on a perfect bed of roses; but, alas! there was one sharp thorn in it—he had fallen desperately in love with Edith.

Having ever since his first entrance into the office been a welcome and frequent visitor at Mr. Bute's country house, he had gradually become smothered in that always-enchanting, but often unfortunate, thralldom which so few men have been able to escape.

The young lady, too, he thought reciprocated his passion. Although no words of love had passed between them, he had every reason to believe Miss Bute looked favourably on his evident predilection for her.

But the distance that the large fortune which the old publisher had accumulated placed between his lovely daughter and the poor clerk was immeasurable, and, he greatly feared, insurmountable.

What was to be done? This had been his constant thought for months. What was to be done? What could he do to gain her father's consent to their union?

Of her consent he felt tolerably sure, although his high sense of honour forbade him to ask it until he had first secured that of her only parent.

An idea suddenly struck him. He had already occupied some of his leisure hours in writing two or three short tales, and having sent them in anonymously to one of the magazines of which Mr. Bute was the publisher, he had been much gratified, and, indeed, somewhat astonished, by their prompt appearance in print.

No soul on earth knew anything about this but his mother, who had made the copies of the manuscripts which were forwarded to the editor, so that his well-known handwriting should not be recognized.

"Faint heart never won fair lady?" If he could write a short story, why not a big novel? He would write a novel!

If it should be successful, he should be on the high road to fame and fortune.

He is writing a novel!

And it is this very novel which he is now dashing off, page after page, so rapidly, while his mother is making a fair copy of it, as described at the commencement of our tale.

In three days it was finished, and he made up his mind to hazard a bold coup by sending it in (anonymously, of course) to the publisher himself, with a note signed "A. E. L.," stating that the author sought no pecuniary remuneration for this his first attempt, and a request that a reply might be left, addressed to the above initials at "Peel's Coffee House," Fleet street.

In a month the reply came. It was accepted! Within two months afterwards—viz., in February—it was published, and was so highly successful that it became the favourite, that season, of the fashionable world.

Even the dear, kind, good-natured critics in the newspapers did not cut it up. Everybody praised it. It ran through three editions before the 20th of May.

And the 20th of May was Edith's birthday; and Arthur, as usual, received an invitation to spend it with her and her father at Bulwer Villa.

He went to Bulwer Villa with his original MS. in his pocket, and after dinner he showed

it to the delighted and astounded publisher and his daughter.

And from that moment "the course of true love did run smooth;" and Miss Edith Bute is now the happy wife of Mr. Arthur Needham, the curate's son.

### THE GLEANER.

Lord Clanciboye, eldest son of the Earl of Dufferin, has sailed for England to study at Rugby.

MANY of the Parisian toilets have several bouquets, always one at the throat and one at the pocket.

THE breaking of a bottle of cream over the bow of an English steamer, on the occasion of the christening, was carrying the teetotal feeling about as far as it can go.

THE *Echo* says that the sword which the City of London presented to Earl of St. Vincent, of naval fame is—and has long been—exposed for sale in a pawnbroker's window in the Strand.

THREE at a birth seems such a general occurrence now that the *Times* has found it necessary to manufacture a word for it. That journal calls three at a birth "trins."

It is said that King Alfonso is an early riser, a hard worker, and a close student, particularly of French and English history. His amusements are riding and hunting.

THE proposed trip of members of Parliament across the Atlantic in a steamer has been abandoned. It was found impossible to arrange the matter to suit the convenience of the majority of the members.

A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate of a man walking is 4 feet per second; of a good horse in harness, 12; of a reindeer, in a sledge of the ice, 26; of an English race-horse, 43; of a hare, 88; of a good sailing ship, 14; of the wind, 82.

THE millennium has not come, yet the Bishop of Gloucester and Cardinal Manning were present the other day at a meeting of the Model Houses Association for improving the dwellings of the poor in London. The Bishop was compelled by other engagements to leave, and he actually asked the Cardinal to take his place in the chair.

A society has been started in France for the purpose of presenting "voyages of study" round the world. M. de Lessops has interested himself in the project, and next year a steamer of 1,200 horse-power will take a cargo of boys, with tutors, regulations, and everything necessary to enjoyment, on a long cruise, in which pleasure is to be duly seasoned with instruction.

It is suggested that school managers should press upon the Education Department the necessity of allowing boys to practise their fingers in needlework, netting, and the like, and of encouraging the teaching of these processes by payments. The eminent surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie, said, "If I could have my will, I would have all boys taught needlework. Nothing gives such nicety of touch as that, or prepares so well for any kind of handicraft."

THE oldest Cavalry Regiments in the British Army stand thus in the order of seniority of establishment:—

Life Guards	1660
Royal Horse Guards (Blue)	1661
Scots Greys	1681
First Dragoons	1683

General Brialmont has published in the last number of the *Revue Scientifique* an article on entrenched camps and the conditions of their establishment, which is considered very remarkable. The article forms part of a work, *La Defense des Etats et des Camps Retenues*, which will appear shortly.

Carrier pigeons have been put to a valuable and ingenious use by an Isle of Wight doctor. After seeing his patients in each village, the doctor writes a list of prescriptions, affixes it to the leg of a pigeon, and sends the bird home. The prescriptions are thus made up long before the doctor's return, and the medicines for those living at a distance are enabled to be despatched at once. As a country doctor's practice is necessarily much scattered, this method might be adopted with great advantage, as delay in the arrival of medicines is often of serious consequence to the patient.

A clever American has patented a novelty in playing-cards. In the "Globe pack," as it is called, the cards are round, which gives an increased indestructibility, and an ease in handling, shuffling, and dealing, such as is now to be attained only by long practice. Besides this the number of colours has been increased to four, printed as follows:—Hearts, red; diamonds, yellow; clubs, green; spades, black; thus rendering the suits more easily discernible; and in addition the rim of each card has near its edge a number of numerals, printed in the proper colour, so that without seeing the rest of the card its suit and value are known at once.

The city of Paris lately asked for a loan of 120 millions of francs. Saturday was the subscription day, and from Friday night until the next morning thousands of Parisians surrounded the establishments where the list was to be opened, and as the day broke formed themselves into queues, the loan being allotted in the order of application. Instead of 120 millions, subscriptions were offered of between nine and ten milliards. The loan, in fact, was covered in Paris fifty times over, and in the provinces

twenty-five times over. The last loan, issued at 440 francs, was covered 43 times; this, issued at 165 francs, has been covered 75 times. There is plenty of money in France even now.

THE most startling combinations of shape and colour are visible in the Paris streets. For instance, a lady was seen driving to the Bois de Boulogne, a few days ago, wearing a turquoise-blue China crape costume, embroidered by hand with a large flowing design of vine leaves in sap green silk, and fastened with turquoise buttons. This dress was shaded by a light-blue parasol, also worked with sap-green vine leaves, and the handle of which was studded with turquoises. Another lady wore, on the same day, a white satin waistcoat, richly embroidered in gold, with a cream-coloured damask polonaise and skirt, and a third wore an ingenious mixture of coffee-colour and cream-colour, the whole elaborately and thickly-embroidered with silk moss-rose buds.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.—It was a custom formerly in France to bless the first cutting of the hair, as with the Romans the first shaving day with young men was kept as a festival. Nero placed his first beard in a jewelled box, and dedicated it to Jupiter. Often enemies were reconciled in France by cutting their hair at the same time, and mixing portions of it to form a lock. Donations to the altar were generally accompanied by a lock of the giver's hair. The tonsure, which is still practised by many religious orders, is the symbol of homage. Some councils of Rome direct the clergy to cut their hair, and others to permit it to grow. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century the clergy wore the beard as long as a Greek philosopher's, till, the laity following the example, Leo X. ordered the priests and the abbots to shave. Francois I., like the Emperor Hadrian, wore the beard long, to hide a wound, and the hair short to dissimulate a burn by thus appearing bald. Louis XIV. wore a wig to conceal his wen. Under the First Empire the hair was worn short; under the Restoration, long; the Saint-Simonians and the members of the Romantic School wore their locks like Samson's.

A relic of the great fire of London has been found at Eastcheap. The fire of 1666 is said to have begun in Pudding-lane and ended at Piccadilly, and the identical spot where the conflagration originated is pointed out by an inscription on an old stone recently unearthed in the cellars of a warehouse in Pudding-lane. The inscription was as follows:—"Here by ye permission of Heaven Hell broke loose upon this Protestant City from the malicious hearts of barbarous papists by ye hand of their agent Hubert, who confessed, and on ye Ruines of this place declared ye Fact for which he was hanged (vizt), 'That here began that Dreadful Fire which is described and perpetuated on and by ye neighbouring Pillar.' Erected Anno 1681 in the Mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Kt." The stone was found face downwards—a proof that it had remained undisturbed for two centuries. Some coins were near the stone, and probably Hubert's skeleton is not far off. The pillar referred to is, of course, the Monument on Fish-street Hill, on which the inscription accusing the Roman Catholics, after being erased and restored was finally effaced in 1831. This stone, although now broken in half, is of considerable historic interest, and certainly worthy of preservation.

### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

We know a girl so industrious that, when she has nothing else to do, she knits her brows.

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

A clergyman said the other day that modern young ladies were not daughters of Shem and Ham; but daughters of Hem and Sham—compounds of plain sewing and make-believe.

Birthday presents are dear to the feminine juvenile, who loudly heralds the anniversary, but as she grows older she sees the vanity of such things, and after she is twenty rarely, if ever, refers to the subject.

AN old gentleman who has dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

QUALIFICATION.—It is said when a young lady "comes out" in New York, people ask, "Is she rich?"—in Boston, "What does she know?"—in Baltimore, "Is she pretty?"—in Philadelphia, "Is she a thoroughbred?"

AN old author quaintly remarks:—"Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among *sitts* and *sattas*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

Those who denounce a woman's extravagance should read this:—"A London shirt-maker has just finished a dozen shirts for a gentleman, the price of which is one hundred and twenty pounds. They are, it is stated, of the finest cambric, and have fronts embroidered with gold threads."

CAN it be that there are women in this civilized land who will not economize in household matters by making the family live on two meals per day and compelling the children to go barefooted to Sunday-school, when their poor, over-taxed husbands are compelled to lose two days' work every week to play base-ball?

AN old gentleman who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world. If you want to use a woman up, just let her have her own way in everything all the time. There never was a woman born who could survive that a great while."

At a hairdresser's establishment, near the Haymarket, may now be read this old label attached to an exhibition of tresses of feminine hair:—"Ladies' own short-comings made up." Owing either to the brevity of the space at disposal, or to an indifference to strict orthographical propriety, the letter "b" in the word "comings" has been curiously considered superfluous.

A prominent citizen rushed into one of our large dry goods stores, and stopped at the button counter: he had a small sample of brown silk in his hand, and he asked the smiling clerk if he had any buttons to match that. "Plenty sir," was the answer, "will you have them by the gross?" "No, sir!" roared the citizen, "I want them by the bushel—cart-load—ton! I want them sent up in wagons, and backed into my cellar, till it is full and running over. I'm sick of hearing, 'Joo-hu, did you match those buttons?' I am not going to spend the rest of my days running round trying to match impossible colors! There's my check, but I tell you I won't feel like myself till I've laid in my winter supply of buttons."

### ARTISTIC.

A picture by a young Polish painter named Smieradzki is being much talked about in Rome at the present time. It is called "The Martyrs," and represents the prosecution of the Christians by Nero, as described by Tacitus. It is probable an Italian journal states that this picture will be exhibited in Paris before long.

J. H. PARKER has two monographs in the press, one on the Forum Romanum and the Via Sacra, the other on the Colosseum. Both will be illustrated, the former having forty-five, the latter thirty plates. The work on the Colosseum will embody the results obtained through the recent excavations which have thrown so much new light on the building.

NEAR Rome, in the Villa Palombara, the discovery has just been made of the head of Venus, of artistic workmanship, and in excellent preservation, also a Mercury with caduceus, and some bronze vases and sculptures in marble. At Ripetta, an ancient part of the Tiber, have been found a column of mottled alabaster, and a large sarcophagus of marble with goni in relief and inscriptions; and in the Villa Babuino some remains of walls and a mosaic pavement.

At the drawing for prizes of the Ceramic and Crystal Palace Art Union, London, England, on the 26th of July last, the following gentlemen in Montreal were prize holders:—C. Drinkwater, Esq., G.T.R. vase, 14 inches high, Italian design, on buff ground, with medallions and trophies; colours and gold enrichments.—*Bottom of Sea*, John Harris, Esq., 9-inch Jardiniere, richly coloured majolica. Rev. R. W. Norman, M.A., Plaque. Subject from Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Robinsona."—*Bottom of Sea*.

A valuable relic of Egyptian sculpture has been found on the banks of the Nile, near the ruins of the Temple of Karnak. A sandstone chest has been unearthed containing a green basalt figure of a hippopotamus, beautifully carved and polished, and standing about 3 feet high. Hieroglyphic writings on the chest show the carving to belong to the period of Psammetich I., and to be contemporary with the green basalt beller in the Boule Museum at Cairo, hitherto considered the finest carving extant. The hippopotamus, however, is a more delicate and perfect specimen.

THE Italian Government, persuaded by the success of the Trappist brotherhood of San Paolo fuori le mura di Roma, that the Eucalyptus globulus has a beneficial influence in malarious districts, has presented to the landowners of Italy large supplies of slips of the tree for the purpose of forcing plantations where its virtues were required. The Government also intends to grow the Eucalyptus along the boulevards of the large cities and even along the various lines of railway throughout the Kingdom. Landholders themselves are following the initiative of the Government, and in a few years Italy expects to drive malaria as effectively from the borders as ague has been expelled from those of Lincolnshire.

### HUMOROUS.

THERE is a tired and subdued look about a linen collar now-days that is a severe reflection on the starch manufacturers of this country.

THE Connecticut State Treasurer having received the sum of ten dollars from a conscience-stricken fellow, the Legislature voted an adjournment and started for Philadelphia.

PEOPLE who are going to dry any apples should do it now, for a sudden demise of all house flies is anticipated soon, and it is only through the instrumentality of the house fly that dried apples are brought to a state of perfection.

LORD DUNDREARY, having an appointment with his cousin, who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise found him waiting. "Why, Thom," drawled his lordship, "I thought you were first at last. You were always behind before; but I am glad to see you have become early of late."

A German professor while lecturing on momentum to a junior class, related, in illustration of his subject, an account of an explosion of gunpowder in one of the army trains during the late war, on which occasion, he said, the horses were blown off their shoes. "But this," he added, "was an extreme case."

"I AM glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Otawas, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the Doctor, which communicated the reproach before he uttered it. "We Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

A Scotch wife, on her return home from hirk, declared the sermon she had just been listening to was the finest discourse she had ever heard. "What was it about?" inquired a friend. "How should I ken?" rejoined the lady. "But what was the subject?" pursued the friend. "I'm no sure," replied the goodwife, "but what was the text, and did he divide it?" still pursued her friend. "I didna mind the text," answered the lady, "but oh, it was a grand discourse, the best I ever heard; for first he sang with this ban, and then he sang with that ban, and then he stampt wi' this foot, and then he stampt with that foot; and aboon a' he sang mair' veils."