

For a time it seemed to Mary Triggibus that the sun would never shine for her again, but a certain admixture in her feeling of scorn and contempt for Christian prevented her from sinking into a total despondency. As she revolved day after day the strange separation of two lives which should have flowed on together, there grew in her heart a kind of bitterness toward the society which had demanded the separation. And then the diffused bitterness gathered, and was concentrated on the woman and the man who had robbed her of her happiness. Especially did her heart rise against Christian Van Pelt. Gold had won him from her; he had made his choice between gold and her love; and then she would chafe against the poverty which from her earliest recollection had fettered her tastes and aspirations, and at every step had been her humiliation. And then she would feel a wild, unreasoning longing to win gold. What a triumph to earn gold beyond what his wife had brought him—beyond what they would together possess! From the time this thought first occurred to her it never left her except for brief intervals. Day after day, hour after hour, it recurred to her, until she became possessed with it. It was in her dreams by night, and with the day she seized and revolved it, until her brain whirled with delirium. A hundred wild schemes and projects came and went in scurrying confusion. With hungry eyes she read the daily advertisements of "Business Chances," "Partners Wanted," etc., and in answering some of these was led into some strange discoveries and adventures.

"I am mad! I am losing my reason! More gold than their millions! I cannot even make a living for myself, lunatic!" she would say; and straightway in fancy would read in the papers the announcement of a fortune being left to Mary Triggibus—of great and marvelous riches coming to her—and would thrill with her triumph over Christian Van Pelt. She would even pore upon these announcements to see how they looked, and read them aloud to study their sound. Mrs. Triggibus grew alarmed at her daughter's unaccountable moods. A physician was summoned, who decided that she was overworked, and advised a few months in the country. But Mary refused to leave the city, and continued to search for her "chance."

One day she was reading the *New York Tribune*, when her eye caught a little paragraph in relation to the eclipse of the sun which was to occur on the twentieth of August, and of the preparations that were being made in the scientific world for its observance—of the universal interest it was exciting, etc., etc.

Mary thought of the amount of smoked glass which would be prepared for the day, then of the soiled fingers, then of a remedy for this, and then—her chance flashed upon her.

For a time she sat there, with kindled eyes, with throbbing heart and brain, revolving and shaping her thought. Then she put on her hat and took the omnibus for Mr. Ten Eyck's office.

"Mr. Ten Eyck," she said, after the customary commonplaces, "you once said that you would be glad to serve my mother. Are you as willing to serve her daughter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Ten Eyck, growing a little uneasy; "that is, if I can, you understand."

"I have urgent need for money."

"Mr. Ten Eyck began toidget visibly.

"I own a house and lot on Thirty-second street. How much money can you lend me on it? It is a house of seven rooms."

"I know the house," answered Mr. Ten Eyck.

"Your mother's father left it to you. There is no encumbrance on it?"

"None."

"Allow me to suggest, Miss Triggibus, as your mother's old friend, that this step should be well considered before it is decided upon. The necessity should be very urgent before you mortgage your home. As your mother's old friend, may I inquire how you intend using this money? Do not answer me if you have any hesitancy in giving me your confidence."

The old gentleman looked at her with such kindly, fatherly solicitude that, after a moment of confused hesitation, she answered, "I will give the confidence you invite, Mr. Ten Eyck. I have a plan by which I can make a fortune in a few days. I propose to manufacture glasses for the great eclipse—say three millions of eclipse-glasses—and distribute them throughout the United States and the Canada."

Mr. Ten Eyck stared at her through his golden-bowed glasses? Explain yourself more fully."

"I shall buy up all the common glass in New York and Pittsburg, and in other cities perhaps, at the lowest possible figure. Much of the refuse glass will answer my purpose. I shall have it cut three inches by five, stain it, put two stained surfaces together, and bind with paper. At ten cents apiece the gross proceeds of three millions will be three hundred thousand dollars."

"And how will you distribute them?"

"Through the news agents," she answered promptly, "and on the same terms at which they push the newspapers. By this great system I shall secure a simultaneous distribution throughout the whole country."

Mr. Ten Eyck had laid off his glasses and assumed an attitude of deep attention. "Suppose it should rain on eclipse-day?"

"I have thought of that contingency. I should anticipate it by having the glasses in the market for two or three days preceding the eclipse, to give the glass additional value. I should paste on it a printed slip stating the hour when the eclipse will begin, the period of its duration, and the moment of total obscuration." Then she started and glowed with a sudden revelation

that came flashing through her brain. "I will make the glasses an advertising medium," she continued eagerly. "I will make the advertisements pay all the expenses, and much more. Can I not find a man in New York City, or somewhere in the United States, who would pay a hundred thousand dollars to have three millions of people raving in one moment the merits of his wares or of his remedies? And if such a man cannot be found, one who will purchase the exclusive right to advertise with me I'll parcel it out. Yes, I can pay all expenses with the advertisements; but I must have some ready money to begin with—to initiate the enterprise. Will you lend me the money on my house and lot?"

Mr. Ten Eyck resumed his glasses and sat for a long time staring into a pigeon-hole of his desk in profound meditation.

"My dear Miss Triggibus, allow me, as your mother's old friend, to speak plainly to you. You are planning an enterprise of such proportions that no woman could go through with it. In the most skillful hands great risks would attend it, even with abundance of money to back it; and let me assure you that a woman without business education and with cramped means could have no chance whatever in the arena of experts. Her defeat would be inevitable. I would gladly serve you, Miss Triggibus, and I think, pardon me, that my surest way of doing this is to decline making the loan you ask, and to advise you, as your mother's old friend, to abandon this scheme."

"I shall consider your advice, Mr. Ten Eyck," said Miss Triggibus, "and I thank you for it, whether I act upon it or not; and she gave a cold bow that contradicted her words.

Mary made many other attempts to raise money, but all were unsuccessful. A few mornings after this her advertisement appeared in the *Tribune*, calling for a partner with ten thousand dollars to take a half interest in an enterprise which was sure to net a quarter of a million within a month. It had such an extravagant sound that it was set down as a humbug, and few answered it. She had interviews with two young men of such suspicious appearance that she did not dare reveal her scheme to them.

Day after day the card appeared with no satisfactory result; and Mary perceived with a kind of frenzy the short time in which her great work was to be accomplished, growing shorter and shorter. She moved cautiously, lest her grand idea should be appropriated, but she left no stone unturned for raising the money. Finally, on the ninth of August, impatient, anxious, nervous, she had six thousand dollars in hand, and only ten days intervened before the day of the eclipse. She went immediately to an eminent solicitor of patents, who had influence at Washington, and made application for a patent for advertising on eclipse-glasses.

The solicitor thought there was no doubt but that the patent could be secured, so that she might freely proceed with her enterprise. She next contracted with a glass factory for five thousand dollars' worth of glass, and engaged one hundred men to cut and stain it and put up the eclipse-glasses. Then she made several endeavors to see the president of the news agency, and after repeated failures she opened a correspondence by letter with him, briefly outlining her plan, and asking him to undertake through the news agents the distribution of the glasses.

The next morning she received in response, through the Post-office, these lines: "MISS TRIGGIBUS: You have been anticipated in your enterprise. We are engaged to distribute eclipse-glasses for another party."

As Mary read the cruel words that ended all her hopes, she fell lifeless to the floor, and was thus discovered by her mother.

The following day there came a confirmatory note from the solicitor of patents, stating that she had been anticipated also in her application for a patent.

From this period Mary's moods became indescribable. From a state of unrelieved despondency she issued so merry, in such exultation, that her mother was glad to welcome back the shadowed mood which soon succeeded. The sagacity of physicians, of her most familiar acquaintances, of her mother, was all at fault. No one could decide whether or not her mind was unhinged, whether or not Mary Triggibus was insane; for it must be remembered that her friends were ignorant of the events we have been narrating—her love for Christian Van Pelt, her disappointment, her grand scheme, the sacrifice of her name and the failure of her enterprise.

The nineteenth of August came, the day preceding the grand event of the century. Mary Triggibus and her mother were lingering at the breakfast table. The girl seemed wild as a hawk-like, starting her mother with her unusual merriment, commenting with weird brilliancy and grotesques and sparkle on the various items as Mrs. Triggibus read them. At length she read a paragraph about the eclipse. "And we would advise every reader," she continued, "to furnish himself with an eclipse-glass, which he can procure at any of the news depots for the sum of ten cents. The glass is nicely finished, and is very perfect for the purpose intended. We understand that five millions of these glasses have been put into the market, for which the country is indebted to the genius and enterprise of our young fellow-citizen, Mr. Christian Van Pelt, assisted by Mr. W. V. Ten Eyck."

"He has done it! he has again stabbed me!" cried Mrs. Triggibus, with the man's glare in her eyes. "The gold is his—his and her! Pills of gold! and they have cut it out of my

heart, dug it out of my brain! I have nothing left! Don't you see, mother, I am only an empty shell! Slab me here in the heart, where he has stabbed me; it won't hurt. The nothing there! nothing! It's all hollow." This was no longer any doubt that Mary Triggibus' mind was unhinged.

During all that day men and children were crying the eclipse-glasses in the streets, selling them at every door.

"Hear them! hear them!" the poor maniac would cry. "They are selling millions of them! they are piling the gold all about him and her! They are to have a palace of gold, and Mary's to have only the ashes! Poor Mary! poor Mary! All the good's for them, all the pain's for Mary!" and then she would weep herself into a quiet mood of despondency.

The next day, the day of the eclipse, Mary demanded one of the glasses, and would not be diverted from her desire. She read the advertisement on the eclipse-glass: "Babcock's Fire Extinguisher will put out any fire! Get one!"

"Mother, got me one: I have a fire here;" and she pressed her hand to her brow. She examined the glass again and again, looking it over and over, and reading the advertisement aloud: "Babcock's Fire Extinguisher will put out any fire! Get one!" All day long, at short intervals, she was ruffling to the window and looking through the glass at the sun.

And when the grand hour arrived for the wonderful phenomenon, when the five million glasses were raised to witness the obscuration, and the weird twilight had settled over all nature, this young life too had passed into a total eclipse, from which it has never for a moment emerged.

The poor lunatic never rages. She is sweet and harmless as a child. She makes frequent visits to the glass factories and to the news-rooms to inquire after the progress of her enterprise, and over and over again makes her contract to advertise the "Babcock Fire Extinguisher," and comes back with promises to her mother of the boundless riches which are to flow in upon them.

As for Christian Van Pelt, his wrong to Mary had been unintentional, as he was ignorant of her connection with the eclipse-glass scheme. Though Mr. Ten Eyck had been honest in advising Miss Triggibus to abandon her plans, under the persuasion that with her limited means and want of business training the result could not fail to be disastrous, he yet saw that with capital and energy to push it a grand success might be achieved. Having little loose capital, and his time being well occupied, he unfolded the scheme to Christian Van Pelt, and together they put the enterprise through. Mr. Ten Eyck argued that since Miss Triggibus had abandoned the plan, as he really supposed had been the case, he was not wronging her by prosecuting it himself. It was one of that numerous class who fail to perceive that ideas have commercial value.

HUMAN SKILL.

Two curious needles are owned respectively by the King of Prussia and the Queen of England. The first was manufactured in the presence of its present owner, the King of Prussia, while he was visiting a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute articles could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see in this respect even something still finer, and more perfect, could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business is to bore the eye in the needle—asked a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King. The second curious needle, now in possession of Queen Victoria, was made at the celebrated needle factory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trojan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes, in sculpture, which will immortalize Trojan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut, and so small, that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle, moreover, can be opened. It contains a number of smaller needles which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

The following is the account of a little trouble in Louisville, as sworn by a police officer: "That raised a row, might it please the court; and Mr. Green he stuck his thumb into Mr. Nobb's mouth, and that thumb hasn't never been seen since. That's all I know about it."

Mr. Aclay had a taste for ballad literature, and one day he bought a quantity of songs from a street-singer in the Seven Dials. On his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by a company of small boys, looking up to him as if they were expecting something. "Now, then," said he to them, "what is it?" "Well, that is a good 'un," replied the boys, "after we've a-conce all this way!" "But what are you waiting for?" he asked, astonished at the boys' familiarity. "Waiting for? Why, to hear you sing, to be sure!"

MRS. GRINOLINE ABROAD.

Fluttering down the sidewalk,
Flitting 'cross the street,
Head and hands in motion,
Timing to her feet—
Right foot up and ready
Ere the left is down;
Bless me! what a bustle,
Coming through the town!

What a load of ribbons
For one head to wear!
What a load of dry goods
For one back to bear!
What a breadth of sidewalk
For one skirt to hide!
How the little people
Scatter to one side!

There is Grandmrs Toddle
Coming down the street;
Poor old man—proud lady!
Wonder how they'll meet!
Grandmrs to a lamp post
Clings with vague surprise:
Madam cannot see him,
Madam's lost her eyes.

Lookers on are plenty,
Jokes are very free!
Silly people wonder
Much what she can be.
Man of science guesses,
Looking very pale,
That it is a comet,
Judging by the trail.

Farmer Dobbs conjectures,
Winking both his eye,
'Tis a walking haystack,
By the shape and size.
'Tis a locomotive,
Party third disputes,
Judging by the clatter
Of the high-heeled boots.

Madam hears the scandal
With a wrathful frown,
Brings her tiny foot-heel
With a vengeance down;
Up the street indignant
Dashes with a swell,
Wag bawls after, "Musk-rat!
Know it by the smell!"

For the Favorite.

WINONA;

OR,

THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO, ONT.

Author of "The Silver's Christmas Eve;" "Wrecked;" or, "The Roscarras of Mistree;" &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

OLLA'S SONG.

The Frazers were much interested in the beautiful Valerie, and as Mrs. Frazer reflected that the serene happiness in Olla's sweet-face was altogether owing to the course pursued by Mrs. Lennox, her heart warmed towards the latter with a glow that was almost maternal in its nature. Captain Frazer also, who had been informed of all concerning Theodore and Olla, seemed to emerge from the restless melancholy which had of late so strangely clouded his placid and kindly disposition, and listened to her lively sallies with interest and evident pleasure, so that the drawing-room circle was on this evening an exceedingly vivacious one.

Androsia was pleased to be serenely graceful, indeed she seldom gloomed except when in the society of Maecor, or when her thoughts were more than usually hopeless concerning the return of Winona, and to-night her low laughter mingled frequently with the lively tones of her companions.

Dolly, idle as she loved to be, sat on a low stool at her father's feet, nursing the tiniest of her children that had ever lived out of that time-honored fairy tale, in which the unreasonable old King commands his son to bring him a dog that will sit in a walnut shell. Her golden hair drifting about her and the fire-light sparkling in her sweet, violet eyes, and on the betrothal ring glittering on her dainty hand.

Sidney, restless as Puck or Ariel, hovered about Mrs. Lennox, her arch face full of inexpressible things, as she occasionally glanced at Olla, who sat demurely in a shady corner, busy at some dainty finery for Dolly's trousseau, her cheeks crimson, her brown eyes so full of humid light, that she dared not raise them, lest all should read the shy happiness that was welling to them from her very soul. Androsia, who despised needle-work heartily, and loved to be idle nearly as well as Dolly, sat on the hearth rug, her chin on her rosy palm, her great dreamy eyes studying Valerie, and admiring her heartily, as heartily as Mrs. Lennox admired the regal-looking creature, whose romantic story Sidney had taken the earliest opportunity of giving her, in a somewhat rambling fashion, it is true, but in a style sufficiently clear to interest Valerie not a little.