

days! Why did you not let me know of it? I feared all this, and told papa more than once that I was certain you were ill again. Are you a little easier now? Is the fever gone? Is your shoulder better?"

I assured her that the crisis was past; that now I was on the way of a speedy recovery and all I needed was rest.

Mimi and mamma stood aloof during this colloquy. When it was ended and I felt assured that Ory had rallied from her first emotion, I said:

"Allow me, Ory, to introduce you to my cousin Mimi."

"Miss Paladine—Miss Raymond."

"Miss Raymond—Miss Paladine."

They both bowed to each other with the perfect grace and courtesy of accomplished women of the world. In a parlor I could not have asked for more; in my sick chamber it was not enough. I said, propping myself up on my pillow:

"I beg of you both as a special favor to give each other the kiss of true friendship, a hearty French *accolade*, after which there can possibly be no ceremony between you."

I did not wonder to find that my words were hardly understood of Ory. Her life of solitude in the perpetual shadow of popular disfavor which overshadowed her home was all-sufficient to make her shy and timid in society. It was therefore to be expected that this should add to her embarrassment. But not so with Mimi. She was accustomed to the world, prepared for every eventuality, and I felt sure that though she might wonder at the abruptness of my invitation, she would find the way of happily meeting it. In this expectation I was not deceived.

With an easy motion and radiant countenance, she advanced to Ory, put her arms around her neck, kissed her on both cheeks, and exclaimed:

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Paladine, and I hope we shall be fast friends. Carey is good security, don't you think?"

Ory had no sooner seen these proofs of frank sympathy than she underwent a transformation. Her ardent, loving nature immediately displayed itself. She returned the embrace and answered:

"Thank you, Miss Raymond, for your kind advances. I shall be only too proud to call you my friend. Friendship is so sweet to those who have been nearly deprived of it through life. Carey's pledge is sufficient and I gladly accept it."

My mamma applauded softly with her hands and said:

"Bravo, my children. This is a genuine *crêpe meeting*. It reminds me of the old time when our people were all heart and no affectation. Be friends, my dears; you are worthy of each other. I am proud that you have met in my house."

I counted this as among the happiest moments of my life.

The afternoon passed most agreeably; and how could it be otherwise? No time was given to after-thoughts of any kind, and the conversation went on without ever flagging. The first thing, of course, was a detailed history of my illness for the benefit of Ory. But when once that topic was exhausted, a variety of subjects was taken up, all of them, too, quite removed from the conventionalism and the inanity of drawing-room interviews. At the close of the afternoon, Ory and Mimi had got well used to each other. It was altogether likely that when they met again they would take up the broken thread of their first meeting without any further formality than a kiss and a smile of welcome recognition.

When Ory rose to take her leave she promised me that she would return on the following day. She did not offer her fuller services as I was already so well provided for, but she would make a daily call in order to satisfy her own anxiety and furnish a daily report to her no less anxious father. And she asked to be allowed to bring me some little refreshments of her own making.

"I know," she said, "that his mamma furnishes him everything, and that his cousin administers to him faithfully; still I think he will not refuse an additional treat from The Quaker."

"Oh!" said Mimi, with mirth, "you may trust him for that. He is already showing symptoms of a voracious appetite. If you bring him anything, Miss Paladine, you will have to undertake the further task of feeding him. It will be as much as the two of us can do to set him up again."

Notwithstanding this sally, Ory could not altogether conceal her emotion as she held my hand, on the eve of departure. And when she was gone, I observed that Mimi was more silent and thoughtful than was her wont. After attending to me a moment, she retired and remained away much longer than usual. On her return she helped me to a glass of lemonade; then, as the light was waning, sat at the farthest window and resumed her missal.

Ora pro me!

XVII.

A BOX OF CHAMBERTIN.

It will surprise no one to hear that under such exceptional treatment I made rapid strides to health. The old doctor himself wondered at my speedy recuperation. In revenge for the march I was thus stealing on him he rained down his sarcasms and jokes on me. He said

it was a burning shame that such a worthless muff should keep two pretty girls at his service. The rules of the art required that I should have a course of steak, mutton chops, small-beer and port wine. And yet here I was thriving on sweets. He called me Grand Turk, Pasha with two tails, Mormon, bigamist and what not. Finally one morning he announced that Arabaces had declared war against Sardanapalus.

"Take up your bed and walk," said he. "Get out of this or I will give you such a top dressing as you never had before."

In a word, within less than a fortnight I was well, and the doctor ordered me to quit the house and take abundant exercise.

But a few days before this happy consummation, Ory, in making her usual visit, brought me a letter from her father. It read thus:

"DEAR CAREY,—I am delighted to hear that you are now nearly well. As soon as you can venture out I trust you will come down to see me. I shall expect you. My gladiolus are in full flower since you were here; my dahlias, chrysanthemums and zinnias make a splendid show. My garden is finer in August, this year, than ever I remember seeing it. I send you a dozen of chambertin, by Ory, this morning. It is the wine of heroes. Napoleon fancied it above all others. And then it is a relic, besides. I bottled it twenty years ago, the year of my marriage. Now that the doctor has ordered baths for you, I am pleased to see that he does not favor tepid baths, fit only for invalids; make a fierce use of rough towels and the flesh-brush. There is nothing like these to harden the chest to marble and make the lungs sound, clear and free like a tight drum. It is the secret of Tom Benton's wonderful vitality. All the events of the past two months have been a dreadful ordeal, of which your illness is the culmination. I hope you will come out of it stronger, healthier, better every way. Trials such as these are the touchstone of superior minds."

"I released Nain this morning under the promise that he would stop his *Voudou* nonsense for six months. He could not, at the risk of his life, pledge himself to more. But that is enough. In that time I have reason to believe that many things will be settled. We shall then have nothing further to dread from this devilry. I had not seen the fellow since he was locked up. I spoke to him of you. Just as I expected, he said he had no grievance against you personally, but that he was forced by a superior power and motive he could not resist to attempt your life. This point, which is the heart of the whole mystery, will be the subject of explanations from me when I see you next. I told him, too, that he owed it solely to you that he was not shipped to Louisiana. This moved him very much. He said it was above his comprehension; that he could never be sufficiently grateful and that he would willingly give his life for you. I am going to put him to work again, but for the present he shall not leave the limits of the farm. He knows I will have an eye on him, and that will be check enough."

"Another thing. Ory has frequently spoken to me of a Miss Raymond whom she meets at your mamma's house. She comes of good stock. I knew her parents once, though I have not met her father—say for ten years. I thank you and your mother for having procured such a companion for my daughter. It is one conquest more. The good work is going on. Happy days are dawning for my old age."

"See, now! I have been writing this, smoking a delicious cigar the while and forgot all about sending you some. Ory will have to open her parcel once more and admit a box of my choicest Paladines. Don't mind the doctor. Smoke three times a day, at least, some twenty minutes after each meal. Smoke slowly, artistically, *degustando*. The Shah of Persia sits three hours three times a day over his chibouk. Come to me as soon as you can."

"Yours truly,

"PALADINE."

XVIII.

MY TOAST.

There was still another pleasure in store for Ory. On the same day my two foster-sisters arrived, the one from Valmont, where, as will be remembered, she had been staying with her first-born; the other from Cape Girardeau, where she had spent the summer with some friends. I suspect that it was my good mamma who had managed this very pleasant meeting. If so, she must have been abundantly rewarded. My sisters were of course delighted to see Mimi for the first time since their return from Europe, but it was chiefly to Ory that they expressed their hearty sympathy and friendship. They dispensed with all introduction. On seeing her they flew to her neck, overwhelmed her with caresses and continued during the rest of her stay to treat her with the utmost kindness.

If M. Paladine had seen this, how his poor old heart would have warmed! Yes, truly, the work of reconciliation was making rapid progress. Ory was destined to be the good angel of pardon.

We all dined together *en famille*. Mamma had made a feast of it. Opening one of M. Paladine's bottles of Chambertin, I offered a toast:

"The union of all Creoles."

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

M. FRANCESCHINI PIETRI is in Paris collecting letters and other documents written by or concerning the late Prince Imperial, with the view of compiling a "*Mémorial du Cap*," after the fashion of the "*Mémorial de Ste. Hélène*," by Las Casas.

MR. A. MATTISON is engaged upon the libretto of a new opera, the subject of which has been furnished by the Maharajah Duleep Singh. It is founded upon an Indian legend, and the Maharajah, who is an accomplished musician, intends to write the music of it himself.

A MACHINE has been invented for dealing cards. The pack is placed in a sort of box from which only one card can issue at a time, expelled by two wheels, which can be turned by the thumb with considerable rapidity. This apparatus, it is said, completely prevents all kinds of cheating.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M.P., whose articles in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Fallacies about Home Rule," attracted considerable attention, is about to follow it up with a second contribution on "The Irish in England." Opinions may differ as to the propriety of most of Mr. O'Connor Power's speeches in Parliament, but he is admitted on all hands to be a very able man.

AMONG the new French linen fashions are coloured tablecloths, to throw up in greater distinctness and relief the ornamental dishes, and glasses, and vases which now adorn the dinner table. Among these tablecloth patterns is one entirely floral, in water lilies, rushes and waving masses, inclining toward the centre of the cloth and drooping down; toward the border are roses, jasmines, violets, etc.

THERE is talk of celebrating next year in Bavaria a centenary of which few parallels can be produced out of the history of the world. In 1180 the Duchy of Bavaria was first conferred on a member of the house of Wittelsbach. Seven hundred years have passed since that date, and during all that period the princes of the house of Wittelsbach have ruled over Bavaria without a break. No other reigning house in Europe can produce an instance of similar uninterrupted rule.

FLEET street is not to be left without a reminder of the glories of Temple Bar. Innovating aldermen have allowed it to be taken down, and are going to re-erect it some day somewhere; but a publican of Fleet-street has rushed to the front to commemorate Christopher Wren's work. On an iron bracket of goodly dimensions this history-loving victualler is having fixed a great gilt model of the Bar, fitted with coloured glass, which when lit up, will present to the spectator's eyes a brilliant spectacle.

THE new street from Gray's Inn to that part of Holborn which runs close to the Italian church in Hatton-garden is rapidly progressing. The Italian church, which is not directly under the control of Cardinal Manning, representing as it does the political Italian Catholic party which will not submit to the Ultramontanes, of which, of course, the Cardinal is one, is still in a very poor condition, the outside looking more like a barn than anything else, and one of the principal entries being directly under a huge bell.

THERE has been a great deal of speculation as to the authorship of a clever political pamphlet called *Five Years of Tory Rule*, and signed "Nemesis," recently issued by Hodder and Stoughton. Everybody in the lobby has been guessing at the author, and the other night, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was mentioned as the most likely person. Its success has been great, for one candidate alone has ordered several thousand copies for distribution in a London constituency. Mr. Adam has thanked the author. But nobody knew who the author was. It is now attributed to Mr. E. Robbins, a Launceston man, Secretary of the Press Association.

BAGSHOT Park, the new residence of the Duke of Connaught, was the other day the scene of a useful experiment—the merits of a new potato-planting machine were tested, and found to be highly satisfactory. The mechanism is of an extremely simple nature. There is a round hopper placed upon two wheels, from the axle of which an endless chain, formed of a series of cups, passes up through the hopper—each taking a potato as it passes through. The form of the cup holding the potato is very clever, and in a great measure accounts for the success of the machine. There were at the trial a very few blanks detected, the seed being dropped with satisfactory regularity and precision. These machines are made in several sizes—to plant one, two, or three drills at a time.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MARY ANDERSON recently celebrated her twentieth birthday.

MR. MAPLESON'S artist, the complete list of whom is not yet announced, will sail for New York about the middle of September.

RICHARD WAGNER is reported to have informed his friends that Parsifal cannot be represented at Bayreuth next summer. No reasons are given for this announcement.

MANAGER MAPLESON was fairly driven from the stage on the occasion of his recent benefit by a well-directed fire of bouquets, eighty-nine of these shots being aimed at him from the boxes.

MR. IRVING is the owner of David Garrick's ring; the crown which Edmund Kean wore in "Richard III.;" Charles Kean's prompt book of "Louis XI.;" and Edmund Kean's "Hamlet" sword.

FROM Paris it is announced that Mme. Christine Nilsson has been engaged by M. Van derbeil for the grand opera—season of 1880 and 1881—her services having in the meantime been secured for Madrid in the coming winter, and for London during the coming season.

A RECENT London *Figaro* is responsible for the following startling announcement: "Mlle. Ilma Di Murka is expected in London to-morrow. Her proposed *pièce de résistance* in London is 'Grandfather's Clock,' in four languages, to-wit: English, Italian, French and Hungarian."

THE statement that Oye will bring Patti to this country this season, does not emanate from the immemorial well at whose bottom truth lies. It is authoritatively declared that the fair Adelina will not come hither. During the coming autumn and winter she will warble in Vienna, possibly in Russia, and certainly in Paris.

CHARLES FECHTER left in manuscript two acts of a play entitled Napoleon and Josephine, in which he intended to act. The rest of the play is missing, and it is believed that it was not finished. A New York journalist has taken it in hand to finish, and he says that the drift of the plot, which is historical, is so well defined in what has been written that the idea can be worked out. The male part is robust, aggressive, and brilliant. It is suited to Mr. John McCullough, who, it is said, will appear in it.

A PHILANTHROPIC gentleman living at Reigate has written Mr. Mapleson, the operatic manager, a letter, stating to the effect that the factory girls in "Carmen" looked pale from constant labour in the cigarette factory, and that he should be happy to give them a day in the country. He stated that, as most of them were apparently very young, his daughter would receive them, give them third-class tickets, a substantial dinner and a day in the fresh air. Mr. Mapleson replied, in effect, that the girls on a stage, though apparently working in a factory, were really not so, and he explained that few or any of them could really make cigarettes. In short, it was but a stage illusion, and the "girls" were really the tolerably mature ladies of his chorus. Since then no more has been heard from Reigate.

LITERARY.

It is denied that the Marquis of Lorne is engaged on a book about Canada.

"PSYCHE" is the name of Dr. George MacDonald's forthcoming dramatic story.

MR. EDWIN P. WHIPPLE will soon accumulate the material for a new book in his charming reminiscences of the distinguished men whom he intimately knew.

MCMILLAN & Co. have just published a volume of John Bright's public addresses. So good are they as pieces of composition that the *Athenaeum* says they may almost be called studies in oratory, and that they resemble the masterpieces of the orators of Greece and Rome.

SAMUEL W. SMALL, the "Old Si" of the *Atlanta Constitution*, when in France last summer, hauled an unknown fat woman from before a moving train. The old lady died the other day, Mr. Small not being present to save her life, and by her will leaves him £5,000.

MR. BANCROFT, the historian, will be 79 the 3rd day of next October. He is said to spend his time at Newport in writing fresh chapters of his history, in cultivating roses, in taking daily horseback rides, and in encouraging pretty misses to address him, the venerable cavalier, by the endearing name of "George."

THE new city of Pipestone, Pipestone county, Minn., named a street "Longfellow," and in return got a letter from Longfellow, the poet, in which he says: "I wish it were in my power to accept your kind invitation to visit you, but that is impossible for many reasons. I am afraid I shall never look with mortal eyes on the great Red Pipestone quarry."

IT is possible that Mr. Richard H. Dana will undertake a memoir of his father when certain plans for a work on international law, which will keep him abroad for a year or two, have been sufficiently advanced for him to take a vacation to do it. It is to be hoped that his father's lectures on Shakespeare, for which the public have patiently waited at least a quarter of a century, may be issued during the fall or winter. They are all ready for publication.

"HAVE you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?" Hawthorne wrote. "They precisely suit my taste: solid and substantial, written on strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of."

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.