

her, for she was a good mistress, and all hoped to see her again on her return from the continent.

She smiled pleasantly, and hoped so too. Upon the day when the house was clear of servants, a very large travelling trunk was brought to the house and left there.

By this time most of the preparations for departure had been made.

It was the afternoon when Miss Chaldeen said to her housekeeper, "Hobson, we have yet an hour or more before my train starts. Now the cab will not pass a post office. I wish you would go out and post this letter, and see that it is registered. If a cab passes before you return, I will take it, and it will save you the trouble of finding out. Call also upon the carrier, and insist at once upon his returning with you and taking the large box to its destination. You will then lock up the house, and deliver the key to the agent, and come on by the next train to Dover. I shall be at the 'Lord Warden,' where my new French maid will be waiting for me. Go by the *grea*, and take the key of the lower door. If the cab passes, I can let myself out and close the door."

"Yes, miss," said the woman.

She did as she was directed.

Upon her return to the house she found her young mistress gone. The different travelling packages were gone too, and the woman inferred that her mistress had called a passing cab, and gone to the Victoria Station.

She the more readily supposed this to be the case, because she had been some time at the carrier's.

The housekeeper pointed out the box.

He had to call the driver of the cart before it could be moved.

The two men found it hard work to get the huge trunk into the cart.

It was addressed to Mr. Ishmael Potter, at his town residence.

Cytha seated at breakfast in the third, or perhaps fourth week of her honeymoon, passed at Cowes, saw her husband start, as opening a letter, a little packet fell from it, and he read a few enclosed words.

"What is it, Ishmael?"

"A message from an old flame of mine."

He turned the note over. It ran:—

"DEAR ISHMAEL,—

"I send you a wedding present—a rich one—for you love riches, even in a shroud. The key is with this, and you will find the box which it opens, and wherein is the present, when you reach home with your bride."

Can it be believed that then natural curiosity to see what the "old flame" had given them as a wedding present accelerated their return to town?

The reader has anticipated a statement of the rash act committed by poor obscurely-mad Judith Chaldeen.

She had crept into the chest, and pulled the lid over her. When the spring-lock came into operation, the action of suicide was complete.

She had died without struggling, that was evident. She had probably fainted at once, and so was stifled while insensible.

Tied in her right hand was her will, by which she left everything to the unworthy man who had deserted her.

Three weeks after—only three weeks—and two months after Cytha had dismissed Ezra Sedgemoor—the latter received a few hurried lines, of which the following is a copy:—

"DEAR EZRA,—

"I am already a widow. My husband had suffered from heart disease for years. It seems, and a great shock killed him. Just before his death, and since our marriage, a very large fortune was left him.

"I inherit this money. I therefore am quite independent of my father, and independent of the whole world and of all men.

"When the proper interval has elapsed, I shall be happy to receive you on the old footing, and resume that engagement which was cruelly broken off—but, as it results, so fortunately for our future happiness—by our mutual poverty.

"Yours most devotedly,

"CYTHA PETEREE.

To which she received this answer:—

"DEAR MRS. PETEREE,—

"Pray keep independent of the whole world and of all men, if only for the benefit of that same world and of all men.

"For my part, I have come into a fortune—quite a wealth of love,—which had existed for years quite near me, and to which, basking in the light of your love, I had been blind.

"I hope to gain this wealth for life.

"Yours faithfully,

"EZRA SEDGEMOOR."

Dates will show that this tale refers to very recent events. They were hushed up.

Cytha has inherited two fortunes—*Ishmael's* and *Judith's*. She awaits her father's.

She is quite alone.

Of course, she can marry when she likes—by purchasing a husband.

But that way of married life is bad marketing. She finds the world—stupid.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM, the veteran actor, is expected to publish next autumn a volume of "Recollections of the Stage." It ought to be an entertaining book, for he is a man of wit, full of anecdote, and has a wonderfully retentive memory.

A SONG OF SPRING-TIME.

Sweet Spring! Through primrose-scented lanes
We felt thee drawing nigh;
We heard thy herald-blackbird strains
And starting call on high.
Our minds recalled each tender thing
The olden woods put on.
Where larches wear their softest fringe
And elms their plumage don,
And grand old oaks, whose branches wide
A thousand storms have known,
Bow lightly down in leafy pride,
With softest breezes blown.

We know what smiles and teardrops shine
When first young April wakes,
Where honey-suckles twist and twine
Above the violet-brakes.
The fragrant gloom of hawthorn bowers
Where woodruff loves to dwell,
And wild anemone, whose flow'rs
Are tinted like a shell—
Brave hyacinths, whose clustered bloom
Outshines the Summer sky,
Who waits us back with her perfume
To Spring in days gone by.

Sweet Spring! The pleasures of thy prime,
Thy daisy-sprinkled lawns,
Thy softly-falling twilight-time,
Thy golden-glowing dawns—
We know them all; and when our hearts
Are grieved with sorrows like these,
Let us rejoice our Father's voice
Still speaks among the trees,
Still echoes through life's darkest hours
This promise ever true:
"The Love that earth for the flowers
Shed out much more for you."

SEANNA J.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BRAIN-WORKERS. DR. PARQUHARSON says, "As long as a brain worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, it may be safely said that it is not necessary to impose any special limits on the actual number of hours which he devotes to his labours. But, when what is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these three safeguards broken down.

THOUGHT. If a reflective, aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting, verbatim, many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered would he not read it with more wonder than almost any other writer could at his age inspire? He would lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of his immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with which he had no connection but that of name.

FAMILY LIKENESSES. Southey in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says:—"Did you ever observe how remarkably old-age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age as in infancy, the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; a brother and sister, than no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."

THERE are one or two proverbs that contain more truth than falsehood, and one of them, unhappily, is, that familiarity breeds contempt. Though mystery is a good key, it is a very bad lock; it does very well to open the door of a heart, but it is by no means well adapted to keep it safe and secure. This must be done by short strength, and of short strength, ever much talk about love and art, and the youthful affections of long locks and mild wickedness, are in no wise symptoms—at least, not of the sort of strength that is required to hold for ever a woman, who had opened her eyes to the fact that the good things of the real world are by no means to be despised.

INCONSISTENCY.—Disgust of certain things is generally the result of hereditary instinct. It sometimes attaches to the total form of objects, and may diminish and become extinct as scientific analysis disjoins the parts of the repugnant whole. Thus, a spider, viewed as a whole, is a repulsive creature; but take a leg or an eye of it, and study in the microscope the marvellous arrangement of these organs, and the sight will awaken admiration instead of disgust. Again, habit is evidently an important factor in feelings of disgust. Thus, to eat frogs or snails is repugnant to us, yet we eat without disgust such things as black pudding, tripe, liver, high game, and decayed cheese. The aversion to horse-flesh is not readily accounted for, except by habit; what rational reason can we give for considering it less fit for food than swine's flesh?

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—What is the secret of personal influence? Who can tell? In a voice at times; in manner frequently; in the assumption of infallibility; in sympathy and in directness; in opposition and in a shifting which is quite opposed to directness; in broadly-outlined acceptance of your views with a fine shading of dissent which shows you to be quite right in vague essentials, but somewhat all wrong in individual points; in smiles that attract confi-

dence and in silence that gives assent; in a moral pose offered as the expression of the true character; in the power of insinuating impressions without committing oneself to a positive statement, and in the impetus which lies in a thundering assertion, let who will dispute or disprove—in all or any of these things lies that subtle gift of power which we call the influence of a man's personality; and in none of them can we find much to lay hold of.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.—Where husband and wife really love each other they get along well through all the vicissitudes of life, because one immeasurable source of happiness always remains to them, whatever disasters betide—and that is their unflinching sympathy with each other. Nothing less than this enables a couple to endure with equanimity all the cares and anxieties and disappointments of married life. Nothing is more common than to see two young persons marry with the approval of the families and all the friends on each side. "What a fortunate match for both of them!" every one exclaims. To outside appearance such it is. A little time elapses—it may be a few years, it may be only one—when, to the surprise of their acquaintances, it is announced that the marriage has turned out unhappily. The explanation is simple—there was no love between them. There was a degree of friendship, there was a mutual expectation of advantage from the connexion—but love there was not. For the ordinary transactions and relations of life respect and friendship are all that are required. It is not so in marriage. Nothing there will supply the place of love. The belief that there are substitutes for it is one on which many a gay and hopeful young couple have trusted their happiness only to find it a total wreck.

VARIETIES.

A SENSATIONAL WEDDING.—A very singular wedding is reported as having lately occurred in a small town in England, famous for its hunting parties. The bride being a celebrated sports-woman, the ladies present wore riding habits and the gentlemen hunting suits, with high top boots and spurs. While the ceremony was in progress the church was crowded with huntsmen in red coats, which contrasted strangely with the bride's orange blossoms and satin dress with a long white velvet train, and the toilets of the twelve bridesmaids, which were of "poult de-sole," trimmed with fur and branches of holly. After the ceremony and departure of the whole party rode off, followed by groom in livery, a pack of hounds, and hundreds of huntsmen dressed in the effect of this spectacle is said to have been novel and magnificent. Three different scenes of the wedding, the view in the church, and the party at breakfast, and in front of the chateau, with the hunters advancing on horseback to congratulate the bride, are to be painted and presented to the bride, while small copies will be kept for the guests.

A MOUNT COGNAC.—I left Maryville and went south on a railroad so full of initials that it sounded like a Masonic lodge, and I wondered how they kept the train on the track. But there was a conductor on the train who deserves a monument. He didn't stand round and let passengers hunt seats for themselves. When he came into the car and saw one man with no seat and another man with four, he gently but firmly, bounced the expensive man, and made him withdraw within the meter and bounds described by his ticket. He wasn't ugly or cross about it, but he had a way of explaining to a man with one ticket and three valises, two hat boxes and a bucket of apples, that the express car is just two cars forward, that was perfectly irresistible. A small timid passenger, unaccustomed to travelling, is very averse to offering a big, burly, broad-shouldered traveller, with a belligerent, repellent expression on his sleeping face, to "wake up and give him a seat," and the conductor who takes this job off his timid hands is a godsend to the travelling community. The man who ran north on the K. C., St. J. and C. last Monday afternoon would be an honor to a road with even twice so many initials.

PRINCE OF WALES MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL IN PARIS.—The truth is the prince has taken his presidency of the royal commission seriously, and rendered and continues to render, invaluable services to the exhibition. I think I have already mentioned instances where his personal request had induced men to exhibit who had not meant to exhibit—two agricultural machine makers, among others, who spent \$100,000 on their section, and Mr. Colman, who has spent \$50,000 to show the world how he makes mustard. It is not less true that the prince understands all the ceremonial duties of his position extremely well, and that he has the most perfect command over the muscles and expression of his face. He never looked bored. He was never impatient, though one or two exhibitors were possibly a little exacting. A number of presentations were made to him by Mr. Owen, and his manner to each person was what we should call most civil, and what Englishmen would call gracious. I don't know what the proper word is, but I may safely say extremely well-bred, for it was such a manner as put other people at their ease. You have heard a hundred times that the prince never forgets a face, and that he never omits to shake hands with a man whom he has met before, whether at levees or in private. He has had the good sense to see that this exhibition gives him an excellent

opportunity for strengthening his position and popularity at home, and he has made the most of it. His father led the way in 1851, and his son is, perhaps, entitled to the more credit for imitating so good an example, since Prince Albert really cared about the matter, and the Prince of Wales cares for it only or mainly, in an indirect way, as affecting the industrial and commercial prosperity of his kingdom.

MORAL PRINCIPLE.—Moral principle, though a current phrase, is employed by many who have but a vague conception of its true import. Strictly speaking, it is not one, but many principles, or rather one principle which may be viewed under a multiplicity of aspects, each one pleasing and beautiful in itself, but the whole surpassingly so in their combination. It is truth disdaining to utter or even to defend a lie for any purpose. It is sincerity giving a transparency to all our dealings, causing the intention to shine forth in the action, and throwing a flood of light on great, noble and self-sacrificing deeds, which lends to them full one-half of their lustre and brilliancy. It is integrity sternly adhering with unbending resolve to justice and rectitude. It is zeal performing good works of every kind, not only eager to embrace, but earnestly seeking for opportunities of usefulness. It is heroism defying with martyr courage and invincible resolution all the horrors of the fagot and the stake. It is self-denial sacrificing friends, wealth, liberty and everything to cherished conviction. It is love springing forward, with a valiancy peculiarly its own, in glad obedience to the voice of the Eternal.

WORDS OF WISDOM. A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are consorts to liars.
Confession of faults makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy sootheth at another and woundeth itself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than it does to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul words in their faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants the least.

Small thoughts indulged are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

True men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

STAMMERING.—The Paris *Debut* publishes some curious statistics of stammering in France.

Of 2,086,826 conscripts examined in twenty years, from 1850 to 1869, there were 18,215 examinations on account of this defect.

There were about 700 per annum before the new recruiting law, and they have reached one thousand since the whole force has been subjected to examination.

It is calculated that stammering affects 125 per 100,000 persons in France. It is more common in the south than in the north,

reaching, for instance, the proportion of more than fifteen per 1,000 conscripts in the Basses Alpes and Bouches du Rhone; while in the department of the Haut Rhin the proportion is 63 per 1,000.

This difference is attributed to education being more widespread and the pronunciation more attended to in the north than in the south of France.

It is pointed out that as long as exemption from military service is accorded on account of the defect, there will be little desire on the part of parents to get their children cured of it.

In a recent report to the minister of public instruction, M. Chervin dwells on the necessity of abolishing this exemption on account of a deficiency he considers to be curable by merely obliging children to pronounce rationally.

DIPLOMACY OF DOGS.—Compared to a cat a dog is a very simple and transparent creature.

Sometimes, indeed, he is guilty of acts of deception and hypocrisy, but they are crude and ingenuous compared to the unathomable wiles of a cat.

Mr. North's dog, for instance, who ate the pigeon out of the pie and stuffed up the hole with Mr. North's ink sponge, was not an adept in the art of theft; and a fox terrier with whom the present writer enjoys the intimacy of a common household has disgraced herself this last week by what was, to all intents and purposes, a lie, when a little more astuteness would have shown her the futility of falsehood in the face of an alibi.

She had been tearing up paper and strewing it about the floor with fine literary freedom, when the servant whose duty it was to clean the carpet asked her with magisterial severity, "Who tore those letters?"

The culprit looked at first terribly ashamed and hung her head and tail in expectation of chastisement.

till her mistress, as a trial, observed, "I wonder did Gyp do it?"

Gyp being the offender's usual companion, but as it claimed, 200 miles off at that moment, instantly the perfidious little wretch perceived a way of escape from the penalty of her own misdeeds by throwing the blame on her friend, and looking up briskly, shook her tail frantically and almost nodded, "You are right; it was that wicked little Gyp! As for me, I am quite incapable of touching a piece of paper."