

TWIN FLOWERS.

Which of the twin shall be held as the fairest?
Easy the question and hard the reply—
Each for her dowry has gifts of the rarest—
Surely the judgment of Paris 'twould try:
Ida, whose gaze is imperial fashion
Sees but her slaves of the future in man;
Violet, who knows not the pride and the passion—
Often life's treasure and often its ban.

Fair is the landscape and cloudless the heaven,
Softly the summer winds ruffle the flowers;
If on earth fullness of peace can be given,
'Tis for a space in such exquisite hours.
Nature accords in her calm with the faces,
Yet all untouched by the shadow of pain;
Long may it be ere the shadow replaces
Light that dimm'd never shines fully again!

Yet, *ay de mi!* if the future, unfolding
All the dim years that are hid from our gaze,
Gave to the eyes—now untroubled, beholding
Nature's fair face in these radiant days—
All the full scene of life's drama hereafter,
All the wild medley of hopes and of fears,
Would not the fresh lips be hush'd in their laughter,
Would not the eyes dim with awe-stricken tears?

Who can decide if the dawn in its glory
Flushing youth's world will survive till midday?
Who knows if bitter or sweet be the story—
Cover'd with thorns or with roses the way?
But, ye fair children, whatever the morrow
Brings, this is certain, though years may have flown,
No hours, though unclouded by doubt or by sorrow,
Will be such as to-day in their peace are your own.
W. R.

SUMMER'S GOLDEN DAYS.

BY BEATRICE DUNPHY.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, for the days that are past retrieving!
Oh, for the golden days!"

We have four days of showery weather. Mr. Graham, auntie, and I have been able to go out for a drive three afternoons; but the fourth is too wet; so we spend the afternoon in watching the rain, at least Philip and I do, while auntie works.

Aunt Mary seems to have taken an odd idea into her head since that morning she fetched us in to luncheon. I verily believe she thinks Philip is making love to me, or that I am falling in love with him; for she never leaves us a moment alone, and interrupts all our conversations. If this absurd notion has really taken possession of her mind, all our free intercourse is at an end; for she would never encourage anything of this sort without directions from head quarters, or, in other words, mothers' consent. I think if she knew that nothing was farther from our minds, and that we were only friends, she might relax her vigilance; but I do not care to speak to her on the subject, and feel I would rather not enjoy any more rambles with Philip than tell any one of our compact of friendship. It is very hard, for he will leave Coolmory to-morrow; so that unless auntie ceases her vigilant watch at the party which takes place to-night, we shall not have any time together.

At going away Philip asks me to keep him some dances, and I promise to do so; but even here auntie interrupts, and says,

"Lois, dear, I don't wish you to dance more than two dances with any one, as people in the country talk about everything;" and, turning to Philip, she proceeds to say,

"I don't want my niece to lay herself open to criticism; she shall dance with you twice, Mr. Graham."

Philip bows his thanks, but looks disappointed. At the party aunt Mary introduces every one to me, and before Philip can get to me my programme is nearly full; but I have kept his two dances. The first is a quadrille. Auntie dances opposite us, and directly it is over she takes me off to introduce me to some old lady who knows my father. I don't know any of my partners, and I don't care to dance with any one; but I go through all the dances in a mechanical way, and get no pleasure out of them. I notice that Philip does not dance, and that every time I look at him he is looking at me.

At length our waltz arrives. The music seems better, and the light more brilliant, directly I feel Philip's arm around me, as we slide off into a delicious swinging step.

"This is nearly as pleasant as sitting by the river, Philip, don't you think?" I ask; but he answers,

"I would give anything I have for one-half hour with you alone, Lois, down by the river."

"It would be very nice, Philip; but we shall never go there again," I murmur; and the music makes me long to be off again.

Next time we stop is by an open window that leads to the garden; Philip puts my hand through his arm, and leads me to it; then he bends his head close to my ear, and whispers,

"Lois, come out in the garden, and decide my fate for me."

He looks at me so tenderly and eagerly that I see in that moment that his friendship for me has turned to love, and I feel that I cannot return it, and dare not answer him.

"Lois, won't you come out? Do, darling, for I must tell you that I love you, and hear that you love me."

I do not know what to say; he is my friend, and I am so fond of him that I do not wish to hurt him; yet I cannot give him the answer he wishes to hear, for I do not love him. I am trying to frame a reply when auntie comes up to us, and tells me it is time to leave. I answer hurriedly,

"Yes, auntie, I will get my cloak;" and I gave Philip a look to follow me; but aunt Mary has checkmated me here, for she hands me my wrap and then takes Philip's arm. As he puts me in the carriage he says,

"Write me an answer in time to let me come and see you to-morrow before I leave Coolmory." I nod assent, then lean back, cover my head over, and pretend to be asleep. Why could not Philip have remained my friend? Why does he want so much more than I give?

When I get to my room I take out my desk, and write a letter to Philip. I want it to be kind and friendly, but I wish him to understand that I have no love to give in return for his. First, I write a long letter, telling him he has mistaken friendship for love; but I feel I am wronging him by such a supposition, so I tear it up, and write just what I should have said to him had time allowed:

"Dear Philip,—Forgive me if I have ever led you to believe my affection for you was any other than that of friendship. I am so sorry that you love me; for I have no love to offer you in return, but shall always remain, dear Philip, your true friend,
LOIS."

It is broad daylight before I have finished this short epistle, so I do not attempt to go to bed, for I see it is six o'clock; but I change my dress, and run over to the rectory with my note, drop it into the letter-box, and get home again long before auntie is down. After breakfast she orders the carriage around, and asks me to go but for a drive with her. I see her reason; she is afraid Philip will come over, and that we shall go out for a walk. I know that he will not, so I assent readily. As we are on the way home we meet the rectory carriage returning from the station, and I know that Philip Graham has gone. I am very weary and go to bed early. Auntie wonders next day why Philip does not call, and I tell her that he has left Coolmory, and is going to India. She replies that he might have been polite enough to have called to say good-bye; and then severely censures him for his inattention. This I cannot bear, for I am very fond of Philip, and will not hear a word against him. I feel weak and hysterical, and burst out crying in a foolish way; then rush out of the house down to the river, where we had so often been together. I throw myself down on the grass, and have a good cry; then wander about to all the places where I had been so happy, and remember every word that Philip said, and everything that I had done, even to my romp in the clover-field.

Everything is the same; but the country seems to have lost its charm. The sun is just as bright, the grass just as green, the river just as rippling; but I want to go home. I am longing to see mother and the girls, and to have no time or opportunity to think of the past month. I am pining for change, for nothing seems pleasant to me at Coolmory now; but most of all I am longing to see Philip again. If I could only see him down by the river once more, only have time to tell him that my letter was a mistake, and that I love him more than life!

It is too late now, and I only looked forward to seeing Barbara and Helen, and trying to forget my summer holiday. I never thought how golden the days were, or what made them so bright to me, until Philip left; now all the glory of my life seems to have departed with him, and I feel as if the beauties of Coolmory are mocking at my misery, and I desire as much to go home as I longed a month ago to come down to aunt Mary's.

CHAPTER IV.

"And tell me how love goeth,
That was not love which went."

I have been home some months now, and everything is the same as ever. Mother is just as busy about getting us married as she was last season, only that she seems to have given me up altogether, and I am allowed to accept or refuse invitations at my own sweet will. We spent the autumn at a semi-fashionable watering-place, and made some new acquaintances—among others a Mr. Jerome Beauchamp, who is very attentive to us all. Mother has great hopes of his ultimately making one of us Mrs. Jerome Beauchamp; but I have my doubts on the subject, and look upon him as quite a confirmed old bachelor. He is an amusing, clever man, and does not bore me in the least, consequently we get on very well together.

I have never told any one about Philip Graham, nor ever asked aunt Mary for news of him. When I first came home I tried to forget him; but every day I think of him, and wonder if I shall ever again see his grave serious smile, or hear his melodious laugh.

It is nearly a year since I went down to Coolmory; and we have again glorious summer weather. The season is in full swing, and we go out a great deal. I seem to have lost all my girlish whole-heartedness, and enjoy nothing with the old joyousness; but I go out, and my thoughts are distracted while I dance and talk; but when I come home I feel weary of it all, and then think how happy I might have been with Philip if I had answered his question differently that morning a year ago.

I often wonder if he is still in India, or if he returned home at once; and also if he met any girl on his voyage there or back who has made him forget me. I feel that I should be happier if I knew these things concerning him; and then I argue with myself that he is nothing to me now; and my stock of logic is lost in the conviction that he is dearer to me than all the world.

I am in this frame of mind one morning when father sends for me, and when I reach his study I find mother awaiting with him for me. Mother is looking delighted about something, and father is looking worried. They do not keep me long

waiting before I heard their reason for sending for me, namely, that Mr. Jerome Beauchamp has done me the honour of proposing to father for my hand and youthful affections.

Father goes on to tell me that both mother and he approve of the match, and that they have given Mr. Beauchamp permission to plead his cause with me. I listen silently till father has finished speaking, then break out into a passionate refusal to see Mr. Beauchamp, much less to become his wife. Father looks quite relieved at my answer, but mother seems disappointed, and I wish it was in my power to pass Mr. Beauchamp's offer of marriage on to Barbara or Helen.

After this little episode my life seems even darker; for Mr. Beauchamp used to lend me clever books, and his conversations were always brilliant and amusing. Now my refusal of him has vexed mother, and nothing I can say or do will please her. Evidently Mr. Beauchamp will not take father's answer as a decided one, because this morning I received a letter from him, in which he begs so earnestly for my love, and promises to make life so pleasant to me, that for one moment I feel inclined to let "the dead past bury its dead," and to become his wife, if he will have me when I tell him all my love was given long ago to Philip Graham. But I remember Philip's words, and that he considers me true and worthy; so while the others go out to the Park I stay at home, to have a quiet afternoon to answer Mr. Beauchamp's letter, and to tell him that I cannot marry him.

It is a brilliant warm day, and I am writing in father's study. I am very puzzled what to say to Mr. Beauchamp, and my thoughts revert to that other letter I wrote to Philip this time a year ago. I pass my fingers through my hair with a vague idea that that will help me what to say, when I hear the study-door open and close again from the outside; then I look up to see who has entered, and can scarcely believe my eyes, for it is Philip Graham.

In that one glance I can see that Philip loves me still, and that no one has come between us. That he loves me with the same passionate longing is evident; for before either of us has time to reflect he has caught me to him, and I have thrown my arms round his neck, and can say nothing but "Philip," while he smooths my hair and murmurs,

"Lois! my little Lois!"
Then he puts me from him, while he says,
"Lois, I should never have intruded on you, but I came to see your father on business, and they told me that no one was at home."

Here I cannot help interrupting him with my exclamation of,
"O Philip, it is what I have been praying for night and day."

Then I break down, and cover my face with my hands, as I remember that he has said nothing to me that has given me any right to revert to old times.

At length I look up, and find the same fond old smile on his face as he takes my hand, and says,

"So, Lois, you do love me, though you wrote that letter, which has kept me an exile for a year?"

And my eyes answer for me; for in another moment I am in his arms again, and he is pressing his lips to mine.

"I came on here from your father's office to get him to draw up an agreement for a partnership with Mr. Drewitt; but now he will have to give me a deed of gift instead; for I shall not give you up easily this time, little Lois."

Before the others come in we have settled everything; and Philip and I are looking forward to spending many golden summer days together.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"How came you to be lost?" asked a sympathetic gentleman of a little boy he found crying in the street for his mother. "I ain't lost," he exclaimed; "but m-m-my mother is, and I ca-ca-can't find her."

Now is the time for lovers to get spongy over ice cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing beef and cabbage across the table.

ROLLING-PINS were not used in New England till 1810, and flat-irons were not in vogue till 1810; and the question how a woman expostulated with her husband before that time has become a matter of great speculation and historical research.

A FEW days ago a party were enjoying the evening breeze on board a yacht. "The wind has made my moustache taste quite salt," remarked a young man who had been for some time occupied in biting the hair that fell over his upper lip. "I know it!" innocently said a pretty American girl, making use of an ordinary Yankee phrase. And she wondered why all her friends laughed.

THE reputed scarcity of young men at the watering-places this year is confirmed by the testimony of the young men themselves. One of them says he entered the hotel at a place which shall be nameless under the fire of thirty or forty pairs of covetous female eyes. "I'm not a stinky man," he adds, "yet the unspoken sentiment of my heart at that moment was,—'Thank you, but there isn't enough of me to go round.'"

A VERY curious baby story comes to us. A mother and a daughter were confined on the

same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment, both babies were placed in the same cradle, and, to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which was the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery.

"You boys ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a little boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't slowly pine away and die in the early summer-time, when the June roses were blowing, with words of sweet forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with the rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his best hat on!"

THE other day a country lady visited South Hetton, and seeing the churchyard gate open, ventured in and saw the sexton busy cleaning up the walks. She enquired where Mr. Howell was laid, when the sexton kindly informed her. She dropped a tear over the grave, and said "She would sit down beside him, poor fellow." There happened to be a dead thorn in the grass where she sat down, which caused her to jump up again. "Ah, Mr. Howell," she cried, "you have not forgotten your old tricks yet—just like you, Mr. Howell."

A YOUNG lady whose personal charms give her the right to be disagreeable, was present a few days since at a party, during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried elder son who was present, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast, and settle the smoking question for ever." "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know, I don't think you would be there," quietly remarked the elder son.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.—"James W. Miles, you are charged with being drunk," said the Justice in the Fifty-seventh Street Court recently.

"First time, I assure you, Judge; first time."
"And with being noisy."
"First time, your Honor."
"And with quarrelling in the street."
"First quarrel, your Worship."
"And with blackening this man's eye."
"Ordinarily quiet. First time, your Reverence."

"And with using your teeth on him."
"Well now, even if I did, 'twas the first time, your Honor."
"And now you'll have three months' rest."
"First—," and the door closed behind him.

"Throw physic to the dogs."—Shakespeare.

There is no science in which discoveries have been made, and against which more strenuous opposition on its introduction has been raised, than those which pertain to the human system, its ailments and remedies. Among names which may be specially mentioned are those of Harvey, Jenner, and others, whose theories at the time were the scoff and jeer of not only self-sufficient empirics, but of men considered as authorities, whose names have since passed into oblivion. When we consider the cruel martyrdom suffered by numbers of our fellow mortals, whose lives are a daily torture, and who, dragged by all sorts of nostrums, vainly look for relief, the advent of a new principle, grounded on common sense, commends itself to those who give it calm consideration. Holman's Stomach and Liver Pad is no experimental affair. Absorption being nature's true law, it is placed on the pit of the vitals. Liver and Stomach, and its efficiency is attested by a cloud of witnesses, enthusiastic in their praise of its virtues. The testimony cannot be gainsayed, it is conclusive. The names are those above any eulogy, standing high in the community in the neighbouring Republic. But we need not go from home. Short as the time has been since its introduction to Canada, there are local letters attesting the wonderful results from the application of this simple and valuable discovery. The names appear in our columns to-day.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 132, 133 and 134.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 135 received.
J. B., Montreal.—The Problem is correct.
H. A., Quebec.—Letter received, and answer will be sent by post.

THE ANDERSEN JUBILEE.

The Leipzig Chess Congress in July last, seems to have been a splendid affair, and reflected great credit on the promoters.

At the report, honors were thickly showered in the shape of handsome presents, letters and telegrams of congratulation, and diplomas of honorary membership on the great Chess player, Andersen, who richly deserves all that his admiring countrymen may do to show their appreciation of his talents.

In the Tournament that took place at the Congress, twelve competitors entered the lists. The score at the end of the fight gave L. Paulsen 9 games; Andersen 8½, and Zukertort 8½. The tie between Andersen and Zukertort led to another game between these gentlemen in which Andersen was victor. The final result, therefore, gave Paulsen first prize, Andersen second, and Zukertort third.

The Tournament was concluded by a consultation game with Paulsen, Dr. Goring and Herr Metzger on one side, and Andersen, Zukertort and Dr. Schmidt on the other. In this encounter Andersen and his colleagues were victorious.

We subjoin the consultation game, for which and the preceding account of the Congress we are indebted to *The Field*.