

order came for the animal's release, it had rounds with no less than five guardians at once, striking below and above the belt simultaneously, till the forepaw was wounded. An artist from a travelling show, finding his bear drew no money, hired a cab and took him inside with him; the bear accepted coins and cakes, dropped the former in the bottom of the cab, but swallowed the other contributions. Nearly all the small boys of the city followed the cab. A policeman arrived and took the showman and the bear to the police office; the latter was closed; he ordered to drive to another office, got on the seat beside the driver, but the cab overturned, and the boys were in hysterics of delight. At last the bear and his owner were marched to the pound between two policemen, the boys singing, "Ta-ra-ra, Boom," etc., and bars of the Russian hymn.

The actress Madlle. Tomsen was telegraphed to Lille, to instantly book for Marseilles to fill a role; the journey lasted 36 hours; she studied and rehearsed her part in the train; dressed for it, and a carriage waiting for her, deposited her in the green room as the curtain rose.

In the dyeing factories of the leather for gloves, the operatives knead the color into the kid skin, by means of their feet, and that was the very same plan adopted by the Ancient Egyptians for their embalming colored cloths.

Z.

JACK BEVINGTON'S LESSON.

A stormy night in Waterford, the wind and rain rushing and roaring wildly, in all directions at once, as it seemed to the young officer who, with forage cap pulled well down over his eyes, and military cloak buttoned closely round him, was walking rapidly through the empty streets; he paused before a pretty ivy-clad house and rang the bell; he was shown, by the servant who opened the door into a pleasant, old-fashioned drawing-room. A tall, fair girl was standing by the wide, open fireplace, one slender, well-arched foot resting on the low fender. The long, straight folds of her black velvet dress, with the "elbow sleeves," and "square-cut" bodice of the period, were most becoming to her perfect complexion and shapely figure. The large, soft eyes of "Irish grey," with long, black lashes, were bent upon the glowing logs, in deep thought; while her hands twisted and turned a paper, which, when roused by the opening of the door, she slipped into her pocket, murmuring "Not for money—not if my heart should break," and turned to greet the late, but evidently expected visitor, a tall, fine-looking man, in uniform. Rain-drops were glittering on the short waves of his hair (brown, with glints of gold in it), and there was a look of eager admiration in his handsome, velvety, brown eyes, as he advanced to meet her, which quickly changed to one of harassed anxiety.

"Well," he said, as he held her hand closely for a moment, "we sail at daybreak, storm or calm; the men are already on board, and I must be off in two hours: what shall we do in those precious two hours the last of my really happy ones for many a day?" A slight quiver passed over the girl's lovely face, which he was too much absorbed in his own trouble to observe. "Will you let me have the pleasure of singing once more to your perfect accom-

paniment?" said he. She seated herself at the piano, saying, "All your own music has been sent back to be packed, you know; but perhaps you can find something among mine." He turned rapidly over a pile of songs. "Ah! here is the little Rubinstein, as you always call it, shall we have that?" he said, as he placed it before her. A soft pink flushed into the fair rounded cheeks, her pretty hands trembled a little as she began to play, then the full soft notes of the beautiful, well-trained tenor voice floated through the room, "O fair, and sweet—and holy"—voice scarcely steady even here—

* * * "I feel that I'd fain be laying my hand upon thy hair, praying that God aye would keep thee, as"—here it trembled off into silence, as did the accompaniment—a pause—then, almost roughly, he said, "I have no voice to-night, I shall make a confounded fool of myself if I go on," and he turned to the fireplace. A long silence followed—she still at the piano with head drooping somewhat, he with elbow on the mantel-piece, and head resting on his hand. At last he flung himself into the easiest chair, and still too much absorbed in himself to notice that she, too, was distressed, said, "Do play the 12th Nocturne (Chopin), I want to take away with me the sound of its last chords." She, saying nothing of how the unfinished "little Rubinstein" would be echoing in her sad heart for so long a time to come, began to play with exquisite grace and skill that lovely bit of Chopin. It may be doubted if he heard it to advantage, such a storm was raging within him. "What a fool I am," he thought; "what an unmitigated fool! £800 a year, besides my pay! about enough to keep me in gloves and ties, brought up as I have been. What an idiot to have lingered in her sweet presence day after day, until I have brought myself to this pass! What a misfortune to be a younger son! I must go before worse comes of it."

Ever after, to him, the music of the 12th Nocturne was associated with keenest, bitterest pain. The last sweet chords were played. He said softly: "I cannot thank you; but I shall never forget it." She lingered a moment at the piano, to hide the discomposure of her face, then, one hand in her pocket crushing the before-mentioned paper, she turned to the little tea-table, and busied herself with its delicate china and dainty little tea-pot and kettle. "Come," she said, "you must have some tea, before going out into the storm; I wish papa would come; he said he would try to be back early, in time to wish you good-bye; but a doctor's movements cannot be depended upon, even when there is no terrible storm to delay him." It is noticeable that neither ever used the other's name—it was always simply "you." He drew a chair near, and took his cup from her hands, and looking thoughtfully at her, said, "I met your cousin Bertie (an officer in the same regiment) flying through the storm 'on the wings of what's-his-name' to see the fair Emily for the last time before we leave; he asked me to tell you that he has sold 'Heart's-delight,' and the 'Grey Friar' to the Duke—and was on his way to be comforted by the smiles of a still dearer 'Heart's-delight,' so I suppose that is an engagement. Great heavens! What an ass he must be!—they will be as poor as rats; he won't be able to hunt, or shoot;—he will have to give up his club, and he has already given up the races at— and his share in Herriot's yacht. What an insane idiot the dear old fellow must be!"

Silence unbroken reigns for some moments, then—"tell me—is he not a fool to risk matrimony under such circumstances? Must he not regret it before the honeymoon is well passed?" A look of haggard wretchedness is on his handsome young face, as he gazes with eager, longing eyes at the lovely girl beside him; he put his hand upon the round white arm, and repeated "tell me." A flash came from the soft grey eyes, and raising her queenly little head proudly, she said quickly "a fool indeed, possibly—but not such a fool as the girl who would accept such a sacrifice from a man—if he looked upon it in that light; but Emily knows that Bertie is as strong and as unselfish as herself, and that he loves her well enough to know that she too, must sacrifice something for him, and each rejoices in doing so for the sake of the other. See, Captain Bevington, it is eleven by this clock, which is rather slow, your time is more than up; it is too late for papa to come now; I must say good-bye to you for him, as well as for myself." "Margaret," the name came hoarse and low. Again the little quiver in the sweet young face, an unconscious movement upwards, quickly repressed, of the small hands, as if they could have clasped him, as he bent his head. "I wish to Heaven I had—more to offer you," trembled on his lips; but he pulled himself together in time, and changed the words to "more money;—they had such a feeble, contemptible sound even to himself. She looked at him with a touch of scorn, and said quietly—"Good-bye, Captain Bevington, I wish you well." The next instant he was gone.

She stood a moment exactly as he left her, then slowly sank into a chair, covering her white face with her cold hands, and moaned piteously "Oh poor Jack! Oh what shall I do? What shall I do?"

II.

In the cabin of a somewhat undesirable-looking steamer, even at her moorings on that wild night, as she is swinging and straining uncomfortably, every curtain and swinging tray is in lively motion, there is a constant jingling and creaking. "If it conducts itself in this way in harbor, in the name of wonder what will it do outside?" So speaks, half aloud, the solitary occupant of the cabin—a lady, young and winsome, though not exactly pretty. She is seated at the creaking table, in a creaking stationary chair; a book is open before her. Suddenly the door is thrown open, a howling blast rushes in, followed in unseemly haste by Captain Jack Bevington. After a short, but severe struggle, the door is once more closed, and the handsome captain, recovering his breath, proceeds to disentangle himself from the confusion of cloak, cape and sword, and to join in the mirth of the lady. His mirth did not last long; he asked a few questions as to the whereabouts of people and things: She told him that all who could, had gone to their berths, hoping to be asleep when the real horrors of the journey began; but Charlie, being on duty, was busy settling the unfortunate women and children—who would have a terrible time of it, she feared. The tone of his voice had struck her as being unusual; she glanced keenly at him and added, "but I am sure there something wrong with you, Jack, are you not well? Can I get you anything?" "No, thank you—even you can do nothing for me, Mary, good and true friend though you are—neither you nor