

ficed, he was thoroughly assured of your guilt. Having lost her, he had but one object left in life, and that was to avenge her and destroy you.

I saw the villain's nostrils rise and fall convulsively; but I saw no moving at his mouth.

"That man Meltham," Beckwith steadily pursued, "was as absolutely certain that you could never elude him in this world, if he devoted himself to your destruction with his utmost fidelity and earnestness, and if he divided the sacred duty with no other duty in life, as he was certain that in achieving it he would be a poor instrument in the hands of Providence, and would do well before Heaven in striking you out from among living men. I am that man, and I thank God that I have done my work!"

If Slinkton had been running for his life from swift-footed savages, a dozen miles, he could not have shown more emphatic signs of being oppressed at heart, and laboring for breath, than he showed now, when he looked at the pursuer who had so relentlessly hunted him down.

"You never saw me under my right name before; you see me under my right name now. You shall see me once again in the body when you are tried for your life. You shall see me once again in the spirit, when the cord is around your neck, and the crowd are crying against you!"

When Meltham had spoken these last words, the miscreant suddenly turned away his face, and seemed to strike his mouth with his open hand. At the same instant, the room was filled with a new and powerful odor, and, almost at the same instant, he broke into a crooked run, leap, start,—I have no name for the spasm,—and fell, with a dull weight that shook the heavy old doors and windows in their frames.

That was the fitting end of him.

When we saw that he was dead, we drew away from the room, and Meltham, giving me his hand, said, with a weary air:

"I have no more work on earth, my friend. But I shall see her again elsewhere."

It was in vain that I tried to rally him. He might have saved her, he said; he had not saved her, and he reproached himself; he had lost her, and he was broken-hearted.

"The purpose that sustained me is over, Sampson, and there is nothing now to hold me to life. I am not fit for life; I am weak and spiritless; I have no hope and no object; my day is done."

In truth, I could hardly have believed that the broken man who then spoke to me was the man who had so strongly and so differently impressed me when this purpose was before him. I used such entreaties with him as I could; but he still said, and always said, in a patient, undemonstrative way,—nothing could avail him,—he was broken-hearted.

He died early in the next spring.

He was buried by the side of the poor young lady for whom he had cherished those tender and unhappy regrets; and he left all he had to her sister. She lived to be a happy wife and mother; she married my sister's son, who succeeded poor Meltham; she is living now, and her children ride about the garden on my walking-stick when I go to see her.

The Wheat Field.

BY JOHN CONSTABLE.

Although not altogether unappreciated during his lifetime, Constable is a master whose fame has immensely increased since his death. It needed French appreciation to give him his just rank in the British pantheon. Ruskin treats Constable and his teakettle showers and his umbrella-weather with undisguised contempt. But since the decline of Ruskin's importance as an arbiter of criticism he has enjoyed a sort of posthumous elevation to the peerage; his slightest works are sought out like gold; and few works are oftener copied in the Louvre than the two or three works of his which it has recently acquired. A French critic speaks of the "fruitful appearance of Constable" in the Paris Salon of 1815; and, in that country, he is indeed the true progenitor of such eminent landscapists as Troyon, Rousseau, Dupre, and Daubigny, some of whom have made their fortune by appropriating a corner of his mantle.

"The Corn Field," painted in 1826, and exhibited the year following at the British Institution, was a present from the friends and admirers of the painter to the National Collection. Before his pictures were dispersed by auction, at his death, it was suggested that one of the best which he had left unsold should be purchased by subscription and presented to the nation. It was for some time a matter of discussion whether this work or "Salisbury, from the Meadows," should be selected; ultimately the choice fell upon "The Corn Field," as being a picture which, to the eye of the public, would be more acceptable. The picture represents one of the rustic scenes which Constable loved to paint. It is supposed to be a view near Dedham, a village in the County of Essex, the neighborhood of which was a favorite haunt of the artist. "The Corn Field," or rather wheat field, is somewhat of a misnomer, as very little of it is shown in the composition. A pleasant shady lane, such as may be found in almost any rural district in England, shut in by lofty hedges and thickly-leaved trees, is the central object in the picture. The dusty, ill-made roads in this country give us no adequate idea of the beauty of these green lanes in England,—the exquisite loveliness of which needs the pen of an

Irving to describe. The forms of the trees and the wild luxuriance of the hedgerows are given in the picture with rare fidelity to Nature, while the heavy masses of cloud above are truly significant of the English climate, and characteristic of the sky-painting in which the artist especially excelled.

Constable was born in 1776 at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, and died in London, in his home in Charlotte street, on April 1st, 1837.

"The History of a Pair of Old Boots."

(Continued from page 223.)

Abu Suleiman saw no course open to him to escape from his misfortune but to leave that country altogether, and leave his boots in some distant place. So he placed them in a box, and took a journey of three days into a land where he was not known. Being a man of venerable appearance, he was offered the position of judge. He declined, saying that he was unacquainted with the law. The Walee (governor) said: "You cannot be at a loss. When a person states his case, ask him to produce witnesses; if he has none, ask him to take an oath; if he will not swear, his statement is false, and he deserves fifty stripes." So Abu Suleiman was ap-



THE WHEAT FIELD.

pointed Kadee; then he dug a deep hole, buried the box containing his boots, and rested that night in peace.

On the morrow came the rich and noble to the town to offer their salutations to the new Kadee. With many words they praised and complimented him. When they finished, he said: "Have you witnesses to confirm what you have said?" "Our hearts are witnesses, most noble Kadee," they said, laying their hands on their breasts. But he replied: "Do you dare to approach me with statements which you cannot prove? If your words are true, prove it by a solemn oath." They said: "There is no need of an oath, most noble Kadee." Then he commanded his attendants to beat them without mercy. They complained to the Walee, who sent him back to his native country. Abu Suleiman departed, greatly delighted that he had at last got rid of his old boots.

But the box was found, and a great crowd of people marched with it to the Walee, thinking that it contained much treasure. When it was opened they were all angry, and the Walee concluded that it must have been a trick played upon him by Abu Suleiman the Tartar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

As many of us are planning our summer trips,—Where we shall go! What we shall do! and above all, what amount of finery we shall take with us!—I think I shall offer a few suggestions. First of all, a light tweed, or serge skirt and coat, are indispensable, with three or four pretty blouse waists to wear with this costume. A few dressy vests or fronts, in addition to these blouses, will be found extremely useful in varying your costume; they are made of silk, crepon, cambric, muslin, or, in fact, of any odds and ends of material for which we have no better use. Any novice can manage to manufacture them; they are made out of a straight piece of goods, curved at the upper end to fit the neck, to which the collar is attached, and gathered into a band to go round the waist. The material should be allowed wide enough to gather freely, and of sufficient length to fall an inch or so over the belt. Latest fashions show them made in three double box plaits. A couple of simple morning gowns, with two or three pretty frocks for afternoon wear, would then be all that would be required for an ordinary summer visit. If much gaiety is anticipated, evening dresses must of course be added to the above; it is just as well to be on the safe side, and put in one at any rate; very little space would accommodate it. Two or three hats—a sailor for constant wear, a large one for dressy occasions, and a small one for church—will be found useful; very large hats are out of place where they obstruct the view of the people who are so unfortunate as to be sitting behind them! Many people have a habit of looking directly at the clergyman addressing them, and find it an intolerable nuisance to have him completely obscured by a distracting variety of most luxuriant flowers, feathers and ribbons!

We should aim to make our visits as pleasant as possible to every one in the house where we are staying. A little consideration of the feelings of others will help us materially to achieve this. How is it that the departure of some guests is regarded as a relief, instead of with regret? Want of thought is probably all that prevents a visit from being as pleasant as it should be to host and hostess. No one set of rules can be laid down for the guidance of either hostess or guest; tact alone can prevent people from falling into the many little errors of omission and commission which helps to mar the pleasure of our constant intercourse with people whom it would be unreasonable for us to expect to be in sympathy with all our varying moods.

Never fail to be punctual at all meals, and in keeping any appointment made by your hostess. Give the servants as little trouble as possible; according to the number kept, use your judgment as to whether you should offer to assist in any of the household duties; and never think of assisting in such labor without first asking permission of your hostess. Always be provided with reading matter, a piece of fancy work, or something to occupy your mind and time, that your hostess may not feel she is neglecting you when occasionally occupied with household duties. Never interfere in the control of the children of the house, nor offer suggestions as to the best way to manage them. Every one thinks their own particular way of bringing up children the best; and will not be persuaded by anything you may say to the contrary. Never discuss anything before children that you would mind being proclaimed from the rooftops; they are certain to come out with what you least wish or expect them to say, at the most *mal a propos* moment. Don't stay longer than the time originally mentioned for your visit; your room may be needed for another guest, or other reasons may make it inconvenient for your visit to be prolonged. Canadians are so truly hospitable that lengthy visits are not regarded by them in the same light as they are by English people; the latter are as particular in letting you know when they expect you to go as they are in mentioning the time at which they would like you to come, and I am not sure if their plan is not the best, when considered from the different aspects with which a question of that sort may be regarded. M. M.