

upon the defenceless girl, who was hurled violently to the earth.

Fortunately, she fell some distance from the animal, so that she escaped the cruel fate of being crushed and mangled beneath his iron hoofs.

It was quickly apparent to the sympathetic bystanders that she was not much injured. The shock to the system was, no doubt, great; but, happily, no bones were broken. She was lifted, and carried to a quiet spot, and laid upon the grass. The stranger, who had been the innocent cause of the accident, succeeded in reining in his horse after the infuriated animal had gone some hundreds of yards up the Row.

He instantly alighted, and threw the reins to his groom, who promptly rode up. Having done so, he hurried to the place in which Norah had been laid, and pushing on one side some of the bystanders, found the girl sitting up, having her head bathed with some water hastily procured from the neighbouring lake.

Norah raised her eyes, and encountered the gaze of the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life. There was an air of quiet dignity about him which set well upon his finely-chiselled features. He was dark as the night; an eloquent fire flashed from his eyes, and the jet blackness of his moustache helped to show the purity of his complexion.

"I trust you are not in any way hurt?" he said.

"I feel a little faint; but, thank heaven, I am not seriously injured."

"I am sincerely rejoiced to hear you say so! I was fearful that you had done you some great injury. My horse is a restive animal, and it was out of my power to restrain him. I shall be happy to do what I can for you. I am at present staying at my cousin's. If you will take the trouble to call at 74, Chesney Square, South Kensington, and ask for the Countess Adullam, and give her this card, you may hear of something to your advantage."

Norah took the card he tendered her, and held it for a moment in her trembling hand. The gentleman spoke a word to the bystander who had interested himself in Norah's welfare, and gave him some money, for which the man seemed deeply grateful. Then he turned on his heel, remounted his refractory steed, and continued his ride.

Norah gazed after him with swimming eyes, until his manly form grew indistinct, shapeless, and finally disappeared.

It struck her that the gentleman was a foreigner. There was something like a foreign accent in his speech, and his dark hair spoke of a warmer climate than our chilly home.

When she could no longer see him she gazed upon his card, and it was startled to read—"Duke of Pontibello."

She had actually been in conversation with one of the magnates of the land—with a duke! She was only a simple country girl, and she had been brought up to reverence and respect the lords of the soil. A baronet commanded her respect, as a matter of course; a lord exacted her homage; an earl was an object of unlimited admiration; but a duke was a superior creature. There was something ethereal, if not celestial, about a duke!

Of course, a duke had houses, money, land, castles, carriages, fiery Arabs, and every luxury that can make life happy, and give our rather leaden pilgrimage here on earth. A duke was a sort of *multum in parvo*. All grace, all virtue, were combined in him. He must, by virtue of his dukedom, be an Admirable Christian.

This wonderful creature had actually done her the honour to knock her down with his horse in the middle of Rotten Row. What a distinction—that goodness! And, to crown his goodness, he had given her his name, and told her to call on his cousin!

She, too, was an ethereal being. She was a countess—the Countess Adullam. Norah repeated the name to herself more than once. What a pretty sound it had—the Countess Adullam! What a pity Norah herself had not been born a countess; but the next best thing to being an ethereal being oneself is surely to enjoy the companionship of those who are.

After a time she rose to her feet, and allowed herself to be conducted to a seat, and the anxious crowd dispersed, and left her to herself.

"I think you can do without me now, miss," said the man, who had interested himself in her welfare, and who was anxious to run away and spend the money the Duke of Pontibello had given him.

"Oh, yes; I am well now," replied Norah. How long she sat on this seat Norah never knew. She was in a state of dreamy happiness, yet she knew not why or wherefore. Certainly, there is not much to rejoice at in being knocked about by an unruly horse, whether ridden by a aristocrat or a plebeian. But to Norah's simple mind, there was something ecstatically pleasing in the idea of being plied by a duke.

It was late when she got up to go home. All the way people had departed, and were revelling in other scenes of splendid dissipation. On her way back to Mrs. Gregory's, Norah fancied the Duke dining with the rich and great preparatory to going to a ball, where he would meet the very cream of English loveliness and beauty. How she sighed, because those rooms of bliss were closed to her! What a hardship was that she had not been born a lady of rank, so that she could have mingled with those whom she envied, and longed to be one of!

She complained of a headache, and went to bed. She did not sleep well. She dreamed that she was a duchess, and wore a wreath of diamonds, and a coronet of precious stones—while gems of price sparkled on her wrists, and twelve princesses, her bridesmaids, bent the knee and did her homage.

When she descended to the little parlour in which they breakfasted, Mrs. Gregory said, "How did you get on yesterday? You were too tired, if you recollect, to tell me when you arrived?"

Norah gave her friend a history of the day's proceedings, and Mrs. Gregory said, "Of course you will call on Mrs. Spiltpepper first, and take the Countess Adullam on your way back."

"If you advise me to; but I would rather go to the Countess's first."

"I think not. If you can get a good place at Mrs. Spiltpepper's, take it."

Norah tossed her head, as if she did not think a commoner good enough for her, since she had had the honour of being nearly ridden over by a duke; but she said no more to Mrs. Gregory, and at ten o'clock dressed herself with unusual care, and started on her journey to Mrs. Spiltpepper's.

The house in which this lady lived was solid and substantial, though of modern build. There was nothing showy about it, however. No flowers in the windows—no shrubs even—no greenhouse or conservatory; all looked blank and dreary, not to say penurious.

"I have come about the place, if you please," Norah replied.

"Oh, very well! I'll say you're here," said the servant; who, lowering her voice, added, "Don't you take it, my dear; I've given warning, and shall leave in a fortnight, if I ain't in my coffin before."

"Liza!" screamed a voice from the stairs, which Norah had no difficulty in recognising as Mrs. Spiltpepper's. "Liza, if that's the young woman come about the place, let her to see her shoes, and show her into the back dining-room, where I'll come to her."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Liza; who added, "This way, if you please, young woman. Missis will see you drooply."

Norah was ushered into a poorly-furnished room, in which there was no fire; and, from the chilliness of the atmosphere, a fire seemed to be an unknown luxury from year's end to year's end. Mrs. Spiltpepper came down in a blue flannel morning wrapper, and said, "Good morning. You pay your visits early. So I suppose I am justified in thinking that you are accustomed to early rising?"

"I get up at seven, ma'am."

"Seven! Oh, dear! that will never do! My servants get up at a quarter to six, so that they can begin the day well, and get most of their work done before prayers. You must get out of lazy habits. What wages do you expect?"

"Fifteen guineas," Norah ventured to reply. Mrs. Spiltpepper laughed aloud. "My poor child!" she said, "who could have put those nonsensical ideas into your head? You have to be taught your business. It is your first place, and you ought to be glad to come for nothing; but I can afford, I daresay, to give you five pounds a year, always provided you find your own ten and sugar, and put your washing out."

"I couldn't do it, ma'am, thank you," replied Norah, whose indignation at this offer was very great.

"Then you are wrong. After you have been a year or so with me, I don't mind undertaking to raise your wages. Are you a good needlewoman?"

"Yes, I believe so. I have kept my mother and myself by needlework."

"Ah! that is something in your favour, though machines are in general use. All our things are made at home; so that when you have dressed me and my daughter, and tidied up the place with the housemaid, you could sit down in this room, and make dresses, or mend the linen, until dinner-time, for which half an hour is allowed. After that, you would have to dress us again before you returned to your needlework. If you accept the situation, you can come to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, I am afraid I should not suit you, and I am sure you would not suit me," replied Norah.

Mrs. Spiltpepper rang the bell, and said to Liza, "Show this young woman to the door. The insolence of servant-girls, now, is really beyond all bearing."

Norah left Mrs. Spiltpepper's house with a sigh of relief. She felt like one who has escaped a great danger. The intolerable drudgery she would have been required to perform, would soon have robbed her of her good looks, and, perhaps, have laid her on a bed of sickness, from which she would have found it difficult to recover.

She turned her steps in the direction of the Countess Adullam's.

(To be continued.)

HUMOURS OF HOTEL LIFE.

If any one wants to see human nature stripped of certain conventional disguises and reduced to some of its primary elements, let him try a boarding-house or "family hotel" for a while. There is a kind of fighting for self that goes on which is very funny, because concentrated on such mean objects. Who shall have the most comfortable chair, the best place at the window or the corner by the fire, such are the favourite prizes to be gained by superior craft or boldness; and the ladies chiefly interested have recourse to a series of manoeuvres to circumvent their rivals, or steal a march on them unprepared, more ingenious at times than well-bred. Then there is the lady who appropriates the only footstool, and the lady who disputes the appropriation, and sometimes "comes to words" on the same; the couple that monopolize the bagatelle board, and the couple waiting savagely for their turn, which comes only when the going sounds for dinner, or the sky clears up for their walk. The quartet that settle themselves to visit every evening as to a regular part of the business of life, without caring to inquire whether others would like to cut in or not, are more justified in their exclusiveness; else it may happen that a Club man who can make his bad cards beat his opponent's good ones is that the queen to beat?" then, with the king in his hand, quietly drops the deuce, and gives the adversaries the game. All these, however, are regarded with equal hostility by the rest of the community; and sharp sermons are administered on the sin of selfishness by the bolder sort, with the application too evident to be misunderstood.

The Passions Developed at Meal Times. At meal times the same kind of old fighting for self goes on. Instead of the silent waiting for one's turn, with the quiet acceptance of fate that belongs to a private dinner-table, here, at the table-d'hotel, there is an incessant call for this or that out of time; an angry demand to be served sooner or better than one's neighbours; a greedy "taking care of number one" at the head of the table that excites as greedy apprehensions in number two at the foot; a running fire of criticism on the dishes that does not help the illusion of the private dinner-party; and, with people who live much about in hotels, a continual comparison with this and that, here, and there, always to the disadvantage of the one under present consideration. Among the inmates are sure to be some who are fastidious and peevish about their food; women who come down late and complain that things are not as fresh as when first served up; men who always want fried fish when the management has provided boiled, and boiled when the *menu* says fried; dyspeptic bodies who cannot eat bread unless it is two days old, and feel the effect of dyspepsia who will not eat it unless it is hot from the oven; plain feeders who turn up their noses at the made dishes, and dainty livers who call simple roast and boiled coarse. And for all these societies the management has to cater impartially, and probably miss the reward of thanks at the end.

The Loving Couples and the Hypocrites. The feelings of people are expressed with the same kind of defiant individualism as are their tastes. There are the married people who make love to each other in public; and the married people who make anything but love; the women who sit and adore their husbands like worshippers before a shrine, and who like the world to be conscious of their devotion; and the men who call their wives pet names for the benefit of the whole table, and even indulge in playful little familiarities which make the girls toss their

heads and the young men laugh; and the happy pair who quarrel without restraint, and say snappish and disagreeable things to each other in an audible voice, to the embarrassment of all who hear them. There is the rakish Lothario who neglects his own better half and devotes himself to some other man's, with a lofty disregard of appearances; and there is the coquetish little wife who treats her husband very much like a dog and very little like her lord, and who carries on her flirtations in the most audacious manner under his eye, and apparently with his sanction. And having his sanction, she defies the world about her to take umbrage at her proceedings.

The Flirtations and the Scoundrels. As for flirtations indeed, these are always going on in hotel life. Sometimes it is flirtation between a single man and a single woman, against which no one has a word to say on the score of propriety, though some think it will never come to anything and some think it will, and all can seriously see the signs of progress or the process of cooling off. Sometimes it is a more questionable matter; the indiscreet behaviour of a young wife, unprotected by her husband, who looks up fitfully with some stranger man at the table; Photo by chance and of whose character or antecedents she is utterly ignorant. This is the kind of thing that sets the whole hotel by the ears. Plain women ask severely, "How long has Mrs. So-and-so known Major Fourstars?" and their faces, when told, are a sufficient commentary on the text. Others, in seeming innocence, call them by the same name; and express intense surprise when informed that they are not man and wife, but acquaintances of only a week's standing. Others again say it is shameful to see them, and wonder why some one does not write home to the poor husband, and speak of doing that kind of thing to themselves; and others watch them with a cynical, half-amused attention, interpreting their actions by the broadest glossary, and carefully guarding their wives or daughters from any association with either of the offenders. What-over else falls, this kind of vulgar hotel intrigue is always on hand at sea-side places and the like; sometimes ending disastrously, sometimes dying out in favour of a new flame, but always causing discomfort while it lasts, and annoying every unconnected therewith save the sinners themselves.

Ladies of all Sorts Overdressed and Under-dressed. The women who dress to excess are balanced by the women who do not dress at all. The first are the walking advertisements of fashion, the last might be mistaken for the canvases of old clothes' shops. The one class oppress by their magnificence, the other disgust by their dowdiness; and each ridicules the other to the different third party, who, holding the scales of justice evenly, condemns both alike. Then there are the ugly women who manifestly think themselves attractive, and the pretty women who are too conscious of their charms. To be sure there are also ugly women who are content to know themselves unattractive, as there are pretty women who are content to know that they are pretty, just as they know that they are alive, but who think no more about it, and never trouble themselves or their neighbours by their affections. There are the dear motherly women beyond middle age, scant of breath and incapable of exertion, who sit in the drawing-room placid and asthmatic, and to whom every one pays an affectionate reverence; and there are the elderly women who chirrup about like young birds, and sit up and down steeply, with their heads tilted up, and their feet by no means disposed to let age have the victory for many a year to come. There are the mothers who make their lurchish children sick with a multiplicity of good things, and the mothers who never give a moment's thought to the comfort or well-being of theirs; the mothers who fidget their little ones and every one else by their over-anxiety, their over-caution, their incessant pre-occupation and fear, and the mothers who let their children wander, and who take it quite comfortably if they don't come in even at night-fall. And with all this there are the plagues of the children themselves; the babies who cry all night, the two-year-olds who screech all day, the rampaging boys who hunt the stairs and passages and who will slide down the banisters of a wet afternoon; the clattering little troop playing at horses before your bed-room door, while you are lying down with a sick headache, and the intrusion into the drawing-room of young barbarians who have no nursery of their own.

The Smiling and Begging Widows. Quite recent widows with fluffy heads, and no sign of their bereaved state, come to the hotel dressed in the latest fashions, and with the significant cap cherished as a sacred symbol; brisk young widows appeal to men's admiration by their brightness, and languid young widows excite sympathy by their despair; pretty young widows of small endowment, whose chances you would back at long odds, are handiapped against plain-featured widows, whose desolation you know no one would ever ask to relieve were it not for those "Three per Cents, with which they are credited. And the widows of hotel life are always a feature worth studying. There are many who do so study them. Chiefly the old bachelor of well-preserved appearance and active habits, who has constituted himself the squire of dames to the establishment, and who takes up first with one and then another of the unprotected females as they appear, and escorts them about the neighbourhood. He never makes friends with men, but he is hand-in-glove with all the pretty women; and his critical judgment on them on their first appearance is considered final. As the hotel-life bachelor is generally a man of profound selfishness, the discomfort that causes does no great harm; and it sometimes happens that it is diamond-cut diamond, which is a not unrighteous retribution.

CHARITY'S REWARD. Once upon a time, there lived, in the dominions of a great German Prince, a man by the name of Oben Yurkstown. Oben was not a rich man; on the contrary, in our days we could call him poor; but he possessed a happy and contented disposition, that made him satisfied with his lot; and what he could raise from his little patch of land, on the edge of the village together with what he earned by doing odd jobs of work, enabled him to give his family plenty to eat, and plenty to wear, though neither the food nor clothes were of very superior quality. But the children were so contented and happy with their black bread and potatoes as many children are with dainty viands and fine clothes; and they lived happily together in their little cot.

The little inn in the village was kept by a person named Philip Howerton, a short, stout man, very pompous in his manner, and not without a little oracle of the village. Notwithstanding the disparity in their circumstances—for Philip was well off—he and Oben

were great friends; and when, in the evening, the villagers assembled at the little inn to talk over such news as had reached them, none were so favourably received, or so sure of the best seat by the fire-place, as Oben. And so they lived, contented with their lot, and happy in their humble way.

The harvest time had come, and Oben, after gathering his little store of grain and fruits, went, as was his custom, to work for the other farmers of the neighbourhood. One morning, as he was returning home, having finished work in the field on which he had been engaged, he thought he would go round by the inn, and gossip a time with his friend Philip. As he neared the inn, he heard loud talking; and, on his arriving there, he found Philip vehemently addressing a traveller, who stood leaning on his staff in front of the door.

"What is the matter, Neighbour Philip, that you seem so angry?" asked Oben, as he came up.

"Matter? Matter enough! Here is this vagabond, who says he has no money, and wishes me to keep him, or feed him, which is the same thing, and I with my hands full; for the honourable Justice Howerton is to stop here with his friends to-day, on his way to court, and they have sent word ahead, engaging the inn, and ordering a grand dinner to be ready for them when they arrive; and then comes this vagabond to plague me. Get you gone!" added he, addressing the traveller, who had stood all this time quietly leaning on his staff.

"It was a middle-aged man, poorly dressed, and the knapsack on his back showed him to be a traveller. His face was thin, as from want of sleep; and his dusty garments betokened that he had journeyed a long way.

"Come, friend, come with me," said Oben, as the stranger hastened to go. "My fare is but homely; but, such as it is, you are welcome to it."

"Good day to you, Neighbour Oben, and much luck may you have from your guest," said Philip as he turned to go into the inn.

"Never mind him," said Oben to the stranger. "He is over angry to-day, from preparing for the Justice and his friends; but generally he is the best natured man."

After they had reached the cottage, Oben and his good wife set the best they had before the stranger, and did all they could to alleviate his wants.

After a hearty meal on their homely, but nourishing fare, and a short rest, the stranger signified his intention of proceeding on his way. This, Oben and his wife at first would not listen to; but the stranger persisting in taking leave, they yielded; and, filling his knapsack with provisions to eat on the way, they let him depart.

Oben, having some work to do on the same road that he was to take, with his son accompanied him; and, being overtaken by a string of carts going to the next town, with produce, the drivers of which Oben knew, he gained permission for the stranger to ride, and bidding him "God speed," they parted, after the stranger had asked for Oben's name. Oben turned off to his work, and, in a few days, had forgotten all about the stranger.

Autumn passed away, and King Winter began to spread his mantle of ice and snow over the land. Christmas was coming, and every family was preparing for it, our friend Oben among the rest.

The day before Christmas, as Oben started to visit his friend Philip, he heard the jingle of bells, and stopped to see what was coming. Presently a splendid sledge dashed up, drawn by galli caparisoned horses, with footmen in livery, and outriders before and behind, and stopped in front of his door.

"Surely," said Oben to himself, "no one but the Prince would travel in such splendour as that."

While he was saying this, the footmen jumped down and opened the door, touching their hats as a finely dressed gentleman stepped out, on whose breast glistened the insignia of several Orders.

"Ah, friend Oben, I wish to speak with you," said the Prince, for it was none other.

Oben drew near, and made a low obeisance, being lost in astonishment that the Prince should know the name of so humble a subject as himself.

"You do not remember me," said the Prince, with a smile, as Oben drew near.

"Surely," said Oben, "I have never seen your Highness before."

"Do you not remember the stranger you cared for when your friend Philip thrust him into the street?"

At this, Oben looked up at him inquiringly.

"Yes," continued the Prince, in answer to his inquiring look; "that person was myself, travelling in that disguise to see how my subjects were prospering, and here is your reward—this royal package at his feet—and to-morrow you will take the sledge that I shall send, and come with your family to the palace."

With that, the Prince sprang into the sledge, and off he went, leaving Oben standing there in astonishment; but at length he picked up the packet which the Prince had dropped at his feet, and, opening it, found it contained a purse of gold, and his commission as high forester to the Prince. As soon as he made out what it was, he ran into the house, and began dancing in high glee, till he was stopped by the inquiries of his wife and children, who, as soon as they heard the news, were as merry as himself.

The next day there came a sledge, as the Prince had said, and Oben and his family were taken to the palace, where they lived happily ever afterwards.

Thus Oben entertained a Prince, though he was dressed in ragged clothes. If a man is honest and upright, no matter what his coat may be, in the language of the great Scotch poet, Burns, "A man's a man for a' that."

MEN ABOUT TOWN. The man about town is to a great extent peculiar to large centres. In insignificant villages there is no scope for him. Beyond the chief hotel, and one or two respectable haunts, there is no place where he may comfortably put himself. Besides, his doings become too well known, and he runs the reputation of being a blackguard and a no-good-well, and is treated with contempt by the minister and all the respectable inhabitants. This sort of thing does not at all suit him. He is as jealous of his reputation as any one else, and does not care about the general public thinking him an unmitigated scoundrel. He has an objection to his being compared with some little knowledge really ought to be found, he is considered a very good sort of fellow, with faults certainly, but faults of which it is not the duty of society to take much cognizance. His rakishness is ac-

cepted as evidence that he possesses a high spirit and infinite light-heartedness. His reputed extravagance is deemed proof that he is one of those philanthropic beings who would sell their shirts for the benefit of the needy. His tendency to imbibe alcoholic liquor is regarded as testimony that he is imprudent certainly, but a regular jolly good fellow, and it is considered a fault of trifling import, which time will mend. But the fact is that, as a general rule, the man about town is by no means high-spirited nor ready to give away anything for which he does not get some return. Let anybody go to him and ask for five pounds, and see if he will get it! He only gives when under pressure. He may possibly expend a sovereign upon a bouquet to throw to a burlesque actress who has little regard for him and less for her own reputation. But if that sort of thing is generosity, the code of morals must have undergone vast alterations since we left school. Generally, he is nothing more nor less than a sot, who drinks enough in a week to serve ordinary people a month. The question naturally suggests itself to the minds of the uninitiated, that does he do about town after night? It is not for us to say. But his face is familiar in many hotel bars, and he is well known at those theatres while he has acquired a reputation for "fastness." There is reason to believe that he attends re-unions, at which ladies who dance the can-can and appear as fast young swells in go-ahead extravaganzas may be met. It is his boast that he knows most of these gentle creatures intimately, having sapped and broken many a bottle of champagne with them, and possibly such is the case. His accomplishments are numerous. An adept at billiards, and his dusty garments betokened that he had journeyed a long way.

There are instances, indeed, which might be cited, of men about town earning almost enough to keep them going by pitting themselves against young birds who have little objection to be plucked, or who, if they have any objection, are extremely chary of expressing it. At whilst and other games of cards, too, he is quite able to take a hand and hold his own, invariably a trifle more. He is marvellously clever at running up a debt, and remaining in that happy condition; and is sometimes able to get goods from tradesmen who really do not care just at supplying him. He is a paragon of perfection in the matter of dress, but somehow or other his *tout ensemble* is unsatisfactory. He is firmly persuaded that the whole female creation are called into being for his amusement, and that he is justified in using them in any way he pleases. He assumes a hearty and rollicking demeanour, is full of jokes, and in his favourite circles tells numberless stories which would make poor Colonel Newcome, could he hear them, heave himself with righteous anger.

It occasionally happens, however, that the man about town gets married and has children. But he does not on that account relinquish what he calls his bachelor amusements. He cannot, and does not, attempt to stay at home, but continues to frequent the haunts which he loves so well. His wife may pine away, his children be neglected, himself brought to beggary and disgrace, but he retires not from his career until absolutely compelled to do so. He may do better in the first place, looking in the distance, he may see the storm gradually closing around him, and yet he is so wedded to his favourite follies and vices that, sooner than give them up, he often plunges headlong into mean and dishonest courses. Even when the storm has broken, and he is completely undone, he makes a feeble attempt to continue the game which he has played so long. There is no more melancholy spectacle than a broken-down man of the town. Shattered in health, with all his life wasted out of him, he finds himself alone in the world. If he is aged and weak the younger generation jostle at him as an old dotard, who is simply making a laughing-stock of himself; if he is young and miserable, he is condemned because he has been foolish and brought himself to such a pitiable pass.

Did men about town merely injure themselves they might safely be left to that punishment which, sooner or later, rarely fails to overtake them. But the mischief is that they contaminate those with whom they are brought in contact. Wherever they appear, and yet he is so sure they invariably succeed in lowering the standard of morality. They prompt boys to do that which is unwomanly, and teach girls that which had better be left unlearned. People do not know how corrupt they are—if they did their power of doing harm would be reduced to a minimum. It is, moreover, accepted by many people as the natural order of things that young men, especially young men of the more favoured classes, should sow a certain quantity of wild oats. It is deemed the innocent overture to the tender mercies of the man about town; the task is rendered surprisingly easy. But, five everything else, it has to be paid for. Fortunately are the victims if they escape from his contaminating clutch before they become as black as their tutor; happy indeed if he causes them no greater loss than the loss of their money. We assert without hesitation that the man about town is of all men the most to be avoided. Nothing so surely destroys every virtue, and leads to a degraded disposition into an utterly deceitful one, makes a man of a rogue, and develops the worst form of avarice, as the life which he leads.—*Liberal Review.*

AN ABORIGINAL POLITICIAN. BY MAX ADELER.

During the recent visit of a party of Indians to the East, one of the number, Squantling Bear, was observed to behave himself in a very remarkable and mysterious manner. He separated himself from his companions upon one occasion for several hours, and was then seen returning dragging a huge Saratoga trunk behind him with a string. When he reached his lodgings with the trunk, the other Indians were puzzled. Some of them believed the trunk to be made for a new kind of wigwam with a Mansard roof, while others conceived the idea that it was a patent bath-tub of some peculiar sort, and that Squantling Bear, in a moment of mental aberration, had been seized with an inexplicable and unprecedented desire to wash himself. The souls of the savages burned with fiery indignation as they contemplated the possibility of the adoption of this revolutionary, overturning and demoralizing practice of the pale-face by the noble red man. But when they questioned Squantling Bear and remonstrated with him, that incomprehensible brute merely placed his finger and pointed to the trunk, and his burnt-umbers nose and winked solemnly with his right eye.

The trunk was carried through to the wigwam of Squantling Bear unopened (at the expense of Uncle Sam), and within the precincts of his home it was hidden finally from view, and was soon entirely forgotten.

In this tribe, the brave who killed the largest number of enemies in any given year, and secured the usual trophies of victory was entitled to occupy the position of chief. Squantling Bear was known to have ardent aspirations for the office, and he worked hard to win it. For a while after his return he was always foremost in every fight