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A Swell Mohammedan Wedding.

The Marriage of the Fifth Son of the Khedive of Egypt.

(From the London Times.)

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 14.—To-day it is a great Mohammedan wedding. Mahmoud Hamdi Bey, the fifth son of the Khedive. was married to a daughter of Edhami Pasha, a son of Abbas Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, and Viceroy of Egypt from 1848 to 1854. Prince Tewfik, the heir apparent to the throne, is married to a sister of the bride, and Prince Ibrahim, now at Woolwich, is betrothed to another sister. Certainly the viceregal family are obedient to the behests of their religion, which declare marriage a positive duty. "Art thou married?" asked the prophet of one of his followers. "No," replied the man. "And art thou sound and healthy?" "Yes," said the other. "Then," declared the prophet, "thou art one of the brothers of the devil." But the devil has not many brothers in a Mohammedan country, as every man of any description has his harem. Four wives are the limit, and the facility of divorce is so great that rich men do not at all shrink from the dangers of this quadruple alliance. Alee, the companion of the prophet, is said to have married and divorced 200 wives; and a certain old dyer of Bagdad has come down in history as a man who had been married 900 times.

Prince Mahmoud, who had been betrothed for some time, was married on a Thursday—the lucky day of the week. All the old ceremonies were gone through, and Cairo took a deep interest in all the proceedings. There is no religious rite, and the principal parties do not meet until all the preliminaries are over. The Zeffeh, or procession of the bride, was performed by her in due form through the streets of Cairo, which she promenaded in gorgeous attire, carefully veiled and shut up in a brougham. Infantry and cavalry, with martial bands, preceded her, and she was followed by crowds of female friends and harem slaves, by whom she was finally conducted to her husband's palace in the Ismailieh quarter.

The bridegroom, meanwhile, after dining with his father at Abdin Palace, was escorted by his male friends to the adjoining mosque, where a solemn prayer was performed. From the mosque, as the sun went down, he and his party marched on foot, in procession through the whole city. All the Princes, Nubar Pasha, Abdel Kader Pasha, Shahin Pasha, and crowds of other pashas and beys were of the party, and many of these stout dignitaries were exhausted by the fatigue of such a formidable pedestrian trip. Soldiers escorted the procession, attendants carried numbers of lanterns, and the streets were densely crowded by natives eager to see the sight.

The crowd of friends parted with the bridegroom at the foot of the staircase of his palace, when his brother Hassan gave him the customary blow on the back which signifies farewell to bachelow life, and he was then left alone to rescue his wife from her female attendants and see her face for the first time in his life.

A Golden Sentence.

We have spoken several times against too stern a government in the family. But there is another sort even more objectionable. It is what one might call a contentious government. There are parents that contend with their children in a sort of parental willfulness over every point which concerns their right. It is not that they are not affectionate, it is not that they lack a tender sympathy with their children, it is not that they are arbitrary; but that they are simply a little over-exacting, a little too contentious, and that certain evils are almost sure to follow this unhappy sort of management.

In that admirable work on the education of children, published nearly half a century ago, and crowned by the French Academy, and crowned by the suffrages of the most discriminating judges from that day to this—in Madame Guizot's "*Lettres de Famille sur l'Education*" is a sentence that should be impressed on the mind of every one who has to do with children, a sentence worthy to be written in letters of gold. The fact stated is no discovery of Madame Guizot's, perhaps; at least it corresponds with the discovery of a very wise parent. But though the observation has been made in many shapes, we know not where it can be found so well stated as in these forceful words of the first Madame Guizot:

"*Les longues brouilleries etablissent moins l'empire qu'elles ne detruissent l'intimitre,*"

No English can say it so well, but let us try: "Long disagreements (between parent and child) serve less to establish authority than to destroy intimacy." Now, let us mark that last word. *Intimacy* between parent and child will seem strange to many a father and mother. You know that a child should respect you, you know that a child is in douty bound to love you, as you are to love the child. But you have never thought of the propriety, of the necessity for intimacy between parent and child. Since the days of Solomon, and since the ages before Solomon, writers on morals have fully appreciated the necessity for obedience to parents; but how few have ever understood that the parent is bound in duty to be the intimate friend of the child! And yet a grain of intimacy is worth a hundred-weight of authority. Let us not underestimate authority either. We are no advocates for the weak indulgence that lets the child go without restraint. But intimate and confidential friendship is worth infinitely more than all authority. When manhood comes, the authority must cease. But the parent who has the confidence of his child has an influence over the child that lasts forever. The strong mans never outgrows the restraint of the parental infinence, if only the intimacy has been kept up.

While, then, a parent should never from mere indolence overlook a fault that may grow to something worse, whilst a parent should never from mere feebleness yield to a child, he should seek to bring every disagreement to a close as soon as possible. If you must carry your point, do so as soon as possible; if you must inflict punishment, let it soon be over. Get back on to the footing of a good understanding as soon as may be. There are cases in which hours are necessary to bring a child to understand that you are right and he is wrong, but do not prolong the attitude of antagonism one minute longer than is absolutely needful to the child, remembering how precious a thing *intimacy*—the state of loving confidence—is to the best results in the development of a child.

There are many enemies to this intimacy—a lack of sympathy on the part of the parent, a lack of forbearance and charity for the child's natural faults, a stern and forbidding manner, and, in short, everything that repels. Some parents never make an end. When a child has committed a fault, they never have done with reproving it, but keep a rambling fire on the subject for days and days, which is an admirable method of destroying intimacy, and rendering the child as hateful as the parent in such a case makes himself.

"YES," said a lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."

"MOTHER," said a little square built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

Now is the time to eat oranges, when they are fresh and abundant. They are especially recommended to be eaten before breakfast, as a corrective to biliousness and dyspepsia.

"THE Lord loveth a cheerful giver;" but there's no use chucking a copper cent into the contribution box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service has tumbled off the altar.

THE car drivers of Brussels have adopted a little girl, the daughter of a deceased member of the fraternity, and we would not be a bit surprised if some mean local paragrapher should allude to her as a "genuine Brussels car-pet."

A RARITY.—The kind of man we seldom meet is he who can pick a single five-cent piece from among a pocketful of keys with a gloved hand, when he has but two seconds to catch a train, and answer political questions at the same time without being disconcerted.

"WHAT I want to get at is the animus of the transaction," said the judge. "But, your honour," said the complainant, "there wasn't any muss at all. He came up quiet like and grabbed the coat, and was off with it before I saw what he was at. No, sir, there wasn't any muss."

A NEVADA paper tells of a Chinese cook who was reprimanded by his mistress for not having cleaned the fish well that he had served up at dinner. The next time there was fish in the house she went into the kitchen and saw John carefully washing the fish with a fine piece of brown soap.

AN EPITAPH.

Here rest in dust, far from life's flame,
Old garment and a perished name.
Press hard, lean hand of time, cast down
The greenest garland, brightest crown!

A rose-tipped, beckoning finger leads
The man himself o'er new-world meads,
Where, ardent-souled, he hies along,
With fresher robes and loftier song.

Creep toward him, Time; perchance shall fall
This fine dress also to thy thrall.
Press on at speed—nought canst thou sack
Save cast-off cloaks and lamps burned black.

THE ORDEAL OF FAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENNIE OF 'THE PRINCE'S.'"

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I.

SUNSHINE.

"The sun is setting, the shadows deepening, the evening cooling, and still I stand at the gate—watching. So have I watched for nearly an hour, and yet Charley does not come. Is he never coming?"

The day has been long, close, weary. Oh! how I long to see the dear, handsome face again, and to hear the voice I love best! Into my expectant mind snatches of song come consolingly, and hummingly leave my lips. I have apostrophized that dear old mighty man, "the Village Blacksmith," as he stands at ease under the chestnut tree. His work, no doubt, must be over by this time, and I can picture him at the door of that famous smithy. . . Presently it occurs to me that the musical echoes from an imaginary anvil are not nearly so appropriate to my present situation as "The Beating of my own Heart," so with subdued pathos I set off and wander (vocally) "by the mill stream." The climax (on the last page of the song, as I well remember, for my enthusiastic rendering of it was spoilt once by a too officious leaf-turning)—well the climax rouses me, and with emotion I proceed to describe how "fast silent tears were flowing," etc. I begin to feel, indeed, as if *my* someone must "stand behind" after so pathetic an incantation. But the lyric spell has no power; my someone comes not, lays no hand upon my shoulder. . . . A faint stirring in the branches of a tree overhead, as though the birds are trying to fly in their sleep, the lazy falling of a leaf carried by no breath of air, the distant tramp of a late workman stumping over the gravelled path on the common, those are the only sounds that break the silence that is becoming oppressive. I begin to feel impatient, perhaps even a little cross, and I let the gate swing to and fro between my hands as an accompaniment to my next very appropriate ballad, "Somebody's waiting for Somebody."

Ah! how true. Isn't there always somebody waiting, all the world over? often enough in vain. Is it not also true that those most anxiously waited for are often the longest in coming.

So thinking, the very desire to sing has died within me. I am walking outwards with the gate, letting it swing no more, for darkness is creeping on, and why should I not wait in the road? Who will see me? Charley will scold me, but I don't much mind that. If only he were here to do so—now! At this moment the sound of a quick-stepping horse's feet falls on my ear.

"At last!" I cry aloud, for I know this is he, my husband.

Regardless of the descending groom and Charley's oft-repeated remonstrances, I fling the gate back with a jerk, and run to Romeo's head, and stop him then and there, for I know now his master must descend, and will not be carried swiftly away from me up the broad sweep of gravel.

"Oh, how I have waited, Charley! How glad I am you have come at last!" As I speak I lay my hand on his arm, and we stand together, he watching his man and horse trotting off to the stable together, I watching *him*—"my man," as they say in German. True enough, the only one man in the world—for me.

When Charley has seen his belongings safely turn the sharp corner into the yard, he remembers my undignified proceeding in anticipating the groom, and Charley tries to look cross. As if I should allow him to frown, now that at last he has come home! He has a way of pondering before he speaks, and now his thoughts are still half way to that attractive stable, although the scolding for me is rising to his lips. I can mostly guess the drift of such coming remarks, and this occasionally gives me an advantage, of which I am not slow to avail myself. So now I prepare for the storm before it has time to break.

"You are just going to scold me, Charley," say I, laughing, "and I will not be scolded. It was very wicked of me to open the gate, I know, and I am awfully sorry, and beg you will forgive me, just this once. I know that is Lake's work; I know I am not a lodgekeeper, and not a groom, and—there, surely I have said it all for you, haven't I dear? May I be let off without another reproachful word, please—please! Do you know it is really your fault, Charley?"—This I say intending to carry war into the enemy's camp.—"You were so late, and I so weary of waiting, or indeed I should not have shocked you by such demonstrative delight. What are you going to say to me now, something nice, something dear?"

By this time we are in the porch. Roses and honeysuckles are climbing about us, and, together with the evening shadows, hide us so completely that even Charley does not object to the liberty I am taking in laying my hands on his shoulders and lifting my face for a kiss. He actually stoops to lay his papers and umbrella on the stone balustrade, and so frees the arm with which he draws me close to him, and whispers his dear words of greeting.

By-and-bye—dinner over—we sit out under the verandah. Charley is lazy, warm, tired. He is lounging in a low arm-chair, smoking contentedly, while I sit on a stool at his feet, resting my head against his knee. We are chatting placidly, and presently my husband says:

"Tell them to call me early, Fay, because I want to be off in time. No good to be done after one o'clock Saturday."

"You are not to go to town at all to-morrow," say I coolly.

"Not to go to town, child!" he cries, amazed at my audacious assertion. As I do not explain, he adds, "What can you mean?"

"Mean? Just what I say, and this I will add, for your special information, that you are not going out of our gate to-morrow without me."

Charley puffs clouds of smoke away in silence. He knows that his silence mostly provokes rapid speech from me. But on this occasion I do not rapidly declare the burden of my thoughts. So, after a lengthened pause, Charley resumes:

"What will the seniors say if you come to the office with me to-morrow?"

"Never mind what the seniors say, we shall not be there to hear. You are not going to the office at all."

"Will you condescend to explain yourself, most enigmatical of British matrons?" he asks, laughing at my peremptory tone.

"Charley, dear," I whisper, turning and looking straight up into his eyes, while something comes dimmingly into mine. "Have you quite forgotten?"

It is too dark for him to see me clearly, and he does not hear the tremble in my voice, so says, without the slightest sentiment in his tone:

"Forgotten? Forgotten what! No breakfast or croquet on to-morrow, is there?"

His right hand, with that soothing pipe in it, has fallen over the arm of the chair. I am standing before him now, and the light from the lamp within the room falls full upon my face, but he has not looked into it yet. In his quiet way he is pondering, and presently says:

"You are very much in earnest, and very mysterious, Fay. Upon my word, I cannot remember. Eh, what—tears?" He jumps up, forgetting even that precious pipe, which falls from his hand. He, too, can be earnest where I am concerned, and in my heart I bless him.

"Only glad tears, Charley; quite happy ones, that comes with a certain remembrance—to-morrow will be the longest day!"

"True, my queen, and our—yes, of course, actually the third, and I have not even a present for the little woman. You might have reminded me, I think." He seems quite vexed at his forgetfulness, and I hasten to reassure him.

"What can I possibly want with presents, Charley, when I have you for my very own? Sometimes I feel as if we were too happy, as if life were too bright, too delightful; and then I think such happiness cannot last. It it not good for women to be perfectly content, and to have all their heart desires."

"Foolish child, what fancies!"

"Foolish, perhaps; but they are not fancies."

"Are you plotting any changes in this delicious honeymoon life of ours, wife?"

"God forbid. Have you never felt, Charley, that absolute happiness seems as though it could not last? We mortals are not able to hold it firmly. It is sure to slip from our grasp, be it never so tenacious, or to get stolen by some envious hand."

"You strange little Fay! Perhaps all that sounds plausible enough, but do you know, I think, as long as it depends on you and me, my dear, we shall manage to hold to our good fortune all the same. We seem to have nursed it pretty successfully for the last three years. Haven't we?"

There is no need for further speech. We understand one another. After a while Charley lifts up the neglected pipe.

"Shall I tell them to call you early, dear, as you wish to be in the office in good time?" I ask, for which polite inquiry I get a correcting tap on the shoulder.

"No, no, wife," he says; "you were right, as usual. No business for me to-morrow, but a real holiday. What shall we do with it?"

* * * * * * * *

Can the glad sun shine upon a happier woman than I am on the morning on this twenty-first of June? That is the thought in my mind as I stand at the top of the stone steps that lead from our breakfast-room down into the garden and shrubbery. I have looped up my dainty white skirts, preparatory to the morning stroll with my husband, who awaits me below. He is tying up a bunch of roses he has just gathered, and as I come down he offers them to me. A glorious posy! Crimson roses, creamy roses, pink roses, and a hanging cluster of fragile lint-white roses. Dewdrops still sparkle upon them, and they catch and brilliantly reflect the slanting sunbeams that glance at them through the waving leaves of the overhanging trees. Oh! those dewy roses! How their fragrance lingers and brings each of those glad hours back to me! Just as vividly as does the sight and scent of myrtle and orange-blossom recall that former "longest day," when before God I vowed to love, honour, and obey my husband. That task is so easy—indeed it seems so impossible to do otherwise, that I often wonder why I felt so very solemn when I first undertook my wifely duties. My thoughts travel back to that day as I bury my face in the dewy freshness of those roses Charley has gathered for me, and which he has just put into my hands. . . .

"Have you decided on the colour for your new dog-cart, Charley?"

"The 'missis' said dark green, I thought, so of course dark green it will be. Does not the missis always have her own way?"

"No, emphatically, no! Who ordered Miss Juliet's lovely tail to be cut short in the mistress's absence?"

"My dear Fay! She did not match Romeo!"

"But what about Romeo? Did not the mistress admire——"

"Oh, there's no accounting for women's tastes."

"No, or for the want of it! To think now of my absolutely admiring *you!*" I try to say this deprecatingly, but as I look up into his handsome face, I cannot hide the pleasure I have in so looking. And he knows it all! Would it really be better for both of us if I showed him less openly the admiring love in my heart. People have told me warningly that I am spoiling him. If that is so, he is spoiling me too, for I do just whatever I please under his approving eyes. And could any two people get on better than we two do? I defy them.

We have settled to spend our holiday at the Crystal Palace. We are in the land of the Cockneys, though we have a pretty garden, a verandah, a bit of paddock, and a roomy stable. Our house is in Wimbledon, and we can look away over the common to the Surrey hills. When the Volunteers come camping out, we wish they did not raise such terrible clouds of dust, but we think them pleasant company for all that, and are glad of their invitations, and think it fine fun to have our dinner out of tin pannikins, to sit on the down-trodden grass, to listen to stories and songs, to join in choruses, and fancy ourselves "camping out," too.

We have two or three special friends among the Regulars too, and when they come to us Charley tries to prevent me from talking about the Volunteers. Of course, I talk the more; I am proud of the Irregulars, and glory in saying so, and don't mind how bored Captain Hector looks, and force him into many a wordy battle. Need I say that by dint of patience, perseverance, and inexhaustible argument, I—weak woman—always carry the day against the silent, undemonstrative Guardsman? And shall I tell how; truce declared, I generously prepare the claret cup he loves, and so willingly takes from his hostess hands?

There is to be a grand summer concert at the Crystal Palace on this day of roses, and when Charley drives me up to the Centre Transept, I see crowds of people pushing and struggling, and unfortunate ladies defending web-like muslins from the invading feet of crushing pleasure-seekers.

Of course Charley stands on the steps for a while. He must watch Lake departing with the phaeton, and he cranes his neck to make sure that his groom is obeying orders and not sending the heated horses spinning along. "Confound the fellow! What does he mean by showing them off: why can't he walk them in cool as he is bid?" So says my irate husband, and makes an impatient movement as though to rush after Lake, the spirit of avenging justice strong within him.

"They will be all right, dear, and cool enough by this evening; don't you look so cross, Charley, but come in now." I whisper this to him, seeing the vexed flush upon his face which comes so rarely, but always distresses me.

"Of course you cannot understand, Fay; women have no idea of the mischief——"

"The mischief they can do?" asks a voice over my shoulder, and a hand is stretched towards Charley, and his face changes altogether. I am intently looking at him, amazed at his amazement, but I am quite aware that the voice and the daintily gloved hand belong to a lady, who is still behind me. It is a voice I do not know, but it makes my face move strangely, and opens his eyes, and sends that dull angry flush quite away, leaving him suddenly pale. . . . The lady has made her way to my side, mechanically I take the hand she offers me.

"Mrs. Alleyne, I am sure," she says; and, getting no acknowledgement to this remark, adds softly and with a smile, "dear Charley's wife?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Alleyne," I answer now, but do not speak softly; and there is no smile on my face as I add, "We two have surely never met before?" I look straight into her eyes as I speak, and I feel I do not look pleasantly.

By this time Charley has his hand on my arm and says:

"An old friend of poor Marie's and—and mine, Fay; I am sure you will be glad to make her acquaintance—Constance Morreton——" here Charley stops suddenly, and says, with an odd, apologetic laugh, "I am forgetting, that *was* our friend's name, now Mrs. Balfour—Mrs. Alleyne."

I watch them both in wonder. What is the matter with Charley? He stammers and changes colour as I have never known him do, and now that Mrs. Balfour addresses me in her low purring tone, he listens eagerly to every word she says.

"No wonder you look suprised, dear Mrs. Alleyne. We—Charley and I—are such old friends, you see, and it is so long since we met, and we were both startled. I have had time to recover myself, because I watched you drive up, and of course I recognized him at once, and knew you must be his wife; Charley's wife, of whom I have heard such wondrous praises——"

"You are both getting awfully pushed about here," says Charley, as I am mute for once. "We had better all go in now," he adds, looking earnestly at Mrs. Balfour all the time.

"Unfortunately, I am obliged to stand here," she replies. "The fact is, I am waiting for friends from town who are coming down with John for the concert. Do stay here with me, I long to have a real chat with your pretty wife, Charley; you will not mind my calling him Charley, will you, Mrs. Alleyne, we are such old friends?"

She continues her pleasant reminiscences, addressing herself specially to my husband. I have not the slightest wish to remain with her, or to be talked to, or at, but no choice is given to me. Charley does not mean moving, and so we three get wedged closely against a low partition, and I look out anxiously for "John and the friends from town," wishing I knew their distinguishing marks and could call out, "Here they are!" Mrs. Balfour is so absorbed in conversation with my husband that she has utterly forgotten to look for hers—if John is *his* name. I suppose I sigh wearily, or in some other indiscreet way betray my inward vexation, for Mrs. Balfour suddenly turns and addresses her remarks on bygone days to me.

"You know Marie and Charley and I were called 'the inseparables,' years ago. That was when we were children. Marie and I went to the same school, and I spent my holidays at Mr. Alleyne's. My parents were in China, and when I went out to them I lost sight of my dear old friends at home. I have always looked upon England as my *home* through all the changes. I think you also knew poor Marie, Charley's dear sister. When I got married to Mr. Balfour the correspondence between the Alleynes and us ceased. These things do happen when thousands of miles divide people, don't they? I have actually been away nine years! No wonder Charley was surprised; he must have thought of me as one risen from the dead. I quite gloried in startling him, for I suppose he still prides himself on being the calm, self-possessed, never-to-be-ruffled indidividual that I once knew so well! Don't imagine that I did not mean to hunt you two people out. We live here, close by the palace, and I have told John over and over again to call on Charley at the office, but John is so dilatory——ah! here he is—'talk of,' etc., etc., we will not particularize."

"John," unaccompanied by the expected friends, pushes his way towards us, in obedience to the waving of his wife's parasol. The general introduction over, Mrs. Balfour inquires for the absent Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. "Can't possibly come," says Mr. Balfour in a sepulchral tone. His face is swarthy, his eyes are black, and so are his beard; he looks twenty years older than his wife. His voice, like his person, reminds me at once of one of the typical basso profundo. "Mrs. Anderson is ill, the precious baby is ill, and Anderson himself far too anxious for pleasuring."

"Then there is no occasion to stand here any longer—what a blessed release!" says Mrs. Balfour as she lays her hand on my husband's arm. The further result of this "blessed release," is that I find myself marshalled rapidly through the crowd, *nolens volens*, my hand on the arm of this big dark man, of whose existence I was not even aware ten minutes ago. Uncomfortably I crane my neck, looking to the right and left for Charley, but we have lost him and his companion in the throng.

"Most objectionable, is it not?" asks Mr. Balfour.

I do not quite know to what he alludes, but fervently answer, "It is, indeed," and so for my part I think it. When we are free of the crowd, "This is very much better at last, is it not?" asks my companion. To me there seems no improvement in our isolated position, so I am silent. Mr. Balfour looks down at me.

"You are very pale," he says; "can I get you anything? You were not hurt in that crowd, were you? I do hope you are not faint?"

Instinctively I feel that he is afraid of a scene, and, man-like, hates women who are "overcome by the heat," require "salts," etc. So I reassure him at once.

"Not in the least faint, thanks. I am just a little warm, naturally. Had we not better sit down and wait for Mrs. Balfour?"

"Wait for Constance? My dear madam, she is no doubt luxuriating in the shadiest bit of the grounds by this time. She knows her way about this place far better than I do, and always manages to skirt the crowd. Shall we get out too? It's hot everywhere, but we may find a breath of air moving there."

So we go, and from the terrace steps I look eagerly for Charley right and left. I seem to get a clear view of the gardens here, and I should know *him* anywhere, but he is not to be seen.

Fortunately Mr. Balfour does not say much, and our "conversation" is of the vaguest; my eyes and my thoughts are with Charley all the time. I do not doubt we are equally tired of one another's company when Mr. Balfour proposes "an adjournment to luncheon."

"You ladies never admit you are hungry, I know," he says, "but I am not all ashamed to confess that I feel uncommonly peckish, and don't suppose you will object to a cool Mayonnaise and some iced champagne. Come now."

I am too subdued to gainsay him, or to do more than wonder uneasily if this man and I are to spend our whole day here together—this twenty-first of June—*the longest day* in all the year—as in sorry truth it seems likely to prove to me.

We go back into the palace and on to the dining-saloon.

"Oh, I was right, you see; I knew you would take care of yourself, and very sensible, too," says Mr. Balfour, offering me a chair. I take it, wondering if that last remark could be intended for me, and find myself opposite to Mrs. Balfour and—Charley. At this unexpected and most welcome sight two sudden tears spring up into my eyes. Knowing thoroughly well my childish folly, I try to laugh the feeling off, and laugh aloud in the most unaccountable way, and see Mrs. Balfour's deprecating smile of polite amazement, on which I laugh louder still.

"Fay!" says Charley sternly, and looks at me with a frown. After which my boisterous mirth dies a very sudden death.

"Meanwhile Mrs. Balfour is saying, "I knew, John dear, you would find your way here sooner or later. Knowing your thirsty proclivities, I thought it would be sooner. And so I have begged Mr. Alleye to order luncheon for all of us."

For the first time I have a chance of observing my *vis-a-vis* quietly. Her face is long and somewhat thin; her hair has that peculiar new shade of gold upon it that does not look natural with a thick pale skin; her eyes are of that varying hue which people describe as "brown," or "grey," and which to me appears green; and her thin lips are startlingly red. This description does not read prettily, but all the same, I acknowledge at once that I *know* Constance Balfour to be a fascinating woman. The dye and paint and powder are hateful to me; I have heard often lately of women who have recourse to "art" as aids to beauty; but I have never before sat at table with such an one. This will fully explain the state of my mind at this time. No doubt it has been voted primitive and childish by any chance reader. So it may have been; I only wish I had not needed such bitter experience to enlarge and ripen it.

Having made my preliminary mental observations on Mrs. Balfour, I get more and more interested and continue to watch their unconscious object, whose attention is absorbed by the dainty mixture of salmon and salad upon her plate. I note that her hair is beautifully arranged in waving half curls, that her bonnet is of the latest and most delicate Parisian manufacture, and that her whole costume accords with that lady-like crown of perfection. She has a peculiar purring voice, speaks in a confidential tone, says a great deal and rapidly, and always addresses herself in a marked way to one person at a time. Thus much I have learnt by steady observation, and am anxious to learn more, when Mrs. Balfour, having felt my scrutiny, turns her cold eyes upon me, and says sweetly:

"Do I resemble any one you know, dear Mrs. Alleyne?"

At this moment the waiter interposes, first, his coat sleeve, then half his body, between us, in leaning over to arrange the dishes. Thus I am spared any attempt at an answer, and she, I hope, does not notice my guilty blush.

Hardly a word is spoken, I suppose the others are hungry, they seem so interested in the successive dishes as they appear. I am too warm to eat, and I have lost all inclination to go back to listen to that concert. My head throbs; I have a curious feeling in my throat, and wonder if this can be the beginning of some sudden fever.

When we rise I watch Mrs. Balfour again as she folds her lace shawl and lays it over her arm. She is tall and well-draped, and carries herself gracefully. She turns to Charley, and placing her hand on his arm, walks away with him. At the door she looks over her shoulder, and says to her husband:

"Pray keep near us, dear; you never can manage to find our places without me, you know." Then it occurs to her to address me. "I am so very glad to be able to offer you stalls next to ours, as the Andersons are not coming; but pray do not lose sight of us again, dear Mrs. Alleyne."

It does not much matter to me now where we go, or what is done. Charley has neither spoken to me nor looked at me all this while, except just once, and that reproachfully. He has been unusually silent, even for him, and there has not been the faintest smile on his face. How I long to take his arm, to go away with him, to tell him that I feel so tired—so ill. But I cannot get near enough to whisper to him, and when we reach the stalls he is farther than ever from me—on the other side of Mrs. Balfour.

No doubt Nilsson sings beautifully, and so does Lucca; but though that purring voice that is new to me to-day is so low, it seems to fill my ears and sing in my head to the exclusion of all other sounds. At last it is over, and I am so thankful. This is *my* happy release.

We have said "Good-bye," and I am sitting by Charley's side again in our phaeton, driving through the pretty homeward roads, met by the balmy breath of cooling evening air.

Charley makes casual remarks on the horses, the places we pass, the heat of the day that is over. Somehow I cannot talk, and so we roll on in silence.

When, dinner over, he establishes himself comfortably in the verandah at home, I creep to my favourite place and rest my aching head against his knee. I am very silent and feel unaccountably subdued. "Not a bit of 'pretty prattle' for me to-night, Fay?" asks Charley in his kindest voice. That tone melts the stubborn pained feeling within me, and it finds a sudden vent in tears.

Charley is puzzled, astonished, finally distressed. He asks me repeatedly, "Why?" And what shall I say? Last night I told him tears would come from too overwhelming a sense of happiness. This very morning, delighting in his roses, I declared myself the happiest woman God's sun shone upon; can I confess that to-night, without any assignable reason, I am crying "because I feel so miserable." No; a very proper sentiment of shame at my own folly checks me, and hesitatingly I explain that I am over-tired—worn-out—shall be quite myself with the coming Sunday, on which we will keep quietly at home.

Surely, that day will renew for me the peace and content that have hitherto made our married life all sunshine?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Romance from Rome.

A fast young man who had lived hard and wasted a splendid constitution fell ill at Rome. At one moment it was thought he would die. His disease was contagious. His friends fled from him with fear. When he recovered from the danger which threatened he was blind. When he was told he would be blind for life he cursed heaven, hell and earth! His curses were answered by an angel's voice and a woman's hand gently smoothed his pillow. Never had a voice so touched his heart. Who was this woman who was caring for him when all had fled? Who was this ministering angel? He was told that she was the daughter of a family in the house, and that when she heard of his desolate position she would have no nay, but spent her day and nights by his bedside, never sleeping, never ceasing her watch, until he was out of danger. When he heard this he forgot the terrible misfortune which had struck him. He forgot that he was blind. He forgot everything save the girl girl who had risked he life for him, and this time he blessed Providence for the inexpressible boon granied him—a true woman's love. They were married. But each time that the poor blind man said: "I love you, darling! Love you more than I ever loved before! Nor did I think I could love so much!"—each time he spoke of love, each time he pressed her in his arms, the poor wife felt her heart beat loudly in her breast and her cheeks grew red as fire. Why? Because she was ugly and knew it. "You are beautiful, my own," he would say. "No, I am ugly," she would answer, with a forced laugh, while a tear of something like shame trickled down her cheek. He only thought she was jesting and he kissed her all the more. Besides, what did it matter? Was not he blind? And her voice was the very sweetest of any he had heard. Several years passed thus, years of untold happiness to the loving wife, who, on account of her homeliness, had never dreamed she could be loved. But suddenly one day her husband exclaimed, "I see!" Well, he was only the average brute of a man. As soon as he found out that she was homely he ceased to love her, and resumed his old life of debauchery. She has the crosses and sufferings of an abandoned wife. Her only hope is that her husbahd may again loose his sight and return to her arms.

Corrupt Russians.

The revelations of corruption among Russian military officials that have been made by the Odessa commission are interesting. About $8,000,000 were stolen in the contracts for a supply of commissariat carts which were never prodnced. In 1877 one contractor was ordered to find seven thousand waggons. The Bessarabian peasants offered to furnish them at two roubles—almost $1.50—a day, but the army officials wanted waggans with iron axles, which the peasants agreed to provide at five roubles a day. The staff declared this price exhorbitant, and immediately let the contract to a Russian to furnish seven thousand waggons with wooden axles at six and a quarter roubles per diem. He sublet to the peasants at two roubles, and pocketed four and a quarter a day. or nearly $750,000 a month on the lot.

THE people at Rouen are talking about an amusing case of attempted murder which is to be tried by the tribunal in a few days. At the end of last summer a young married lady of good Norman society, while at the sea-side, was insulted by a young man whose assiduities she had repelled. She said nothing to her husband, but determined to take her revenge herself. Being a good swimmer, she waited one morning till the young man took his bath, when she swam up to him and gave him such a ducking that he was within an ace of drowning. The young man has now brought a charge of attempt to murder agains the lady, and the court will no doubt decide that he only got what he deserved.

A DRUNKEN Irishman, on being told that his intemperate habits would soon make his poor wife a widow, was quite affected, and exclaimed: "Och, faith! it 'ud make me the wretchedest man in the wur-rld to see Mrs. Coons a widder!"

The Great Paris Lottery.

The Winning Numbers and What Was Drawn by Them—The Grand Prize a Splendid Silver Service, worth $25,000—Diamonds, Pictures, a Greenhouse, and Pianos Among the Prizes.

(From the London Telegraph.)

PARIS, Jan. 27.—Among the three hunpred prizes drawn on Sunday in connection with the National Lottery are included some magnificent specimens of the silversmith's and jeweller's art. Pre-eminent, on account of their intrinsic value and artistic merit, stand the first four lots, the numbers of which headed the list we yesterday published. Number 978,599 of the 4th series takes the much-envied grand prize of the tempting array of gifts. It consists of a splendid silver service of the most *recherche* description and elegant design by Odiot. It is valued at 125,000f., and the vendor is under an engagement to repurthase the lot from the fortunate winner for the sum mentioned. The second prize, little inferior in cost or workmanship, is a *parure* of diamonds and brilliants by Boucheron, estimated by the jeweller at 100,000f. The lucky winner holds the number 167,257 of the 5th series. Numbers 075,582 of series 3 and 024,613 of series 1 take respectively the third and fourth prizes on the list. These are identical in form, each being a *riviere* of diamonds, one by Fontenay and the other by Boucheron. They are of equal worth, and exchangeable for 47,000f. by either of the winners.

Of the remaining 294 lots, the following are the principal and most noteworthy, with the ticket numbers of their fortunate recipients: The fifth prize, taken by No. 927,579 of the ninth series, is a fine-toned organ, constructed by Cavaille Coll, and valued at 25,000f. A magnificent table epergne of massice silver and chaste workmanship, by Veyrat, costing 24,000 francs, is the sixth prize drawn by No. 955,089 of series 8. Two pictures of the same value, 24,000 francs, by Gerome and Hebert, respectively come to the owners of 712,199 of series 8 and 860,016 of series 1. The holder of No. 780,818 of the 9th series is certain to be envied by all musical young ladies, as the possessor of a magnificent pianoforte, costing some 15,000francs, or about £600 sterling. The fine bronze by Cordier, "A Priestess of Isis"—the twelfth prize, and worth 15,000 francs—goes to No. 295,765 of series 7. A greenhouse in the Champ de Mars, worth also 15,000 francs, is the not very portable gift falling to the lot of No 904,590 of series 7. A silver tea service, six pieces, of elegant design, and perfect as an artistic work, goes to No. 425,163 of series 2, who thus easily obtains 10,000 francs' worth of plate. A kiosque of forged iron, also costing 10,000 francs, falls to 952,364 of series 10; while the holder of 749,585 in the same series, acquires a charming pair of diamond earrings, estimated to be worth a like amount. No. 877,468 of series 11 gains a lyre-shaped brooch, exquisitely jewelled in brilliants and pearls, and 961,257 of series 3 wins a silver bracelet inlaid with brilliants and diamonds.

Each of these prizes is worth some 8,000 francs, upward of £300 sterling that is. The remaining lots drawn on Sunday comprise, among others a suite of furniture in ebony and bronze worth 8,000 francs (No. 381,825 of series 4), a silver centre piece and two candelabras of similar value (297,142 of series 10), necklet, cameo set round with brilliants, costing 6,000 francs (No. 364,297 of series 8), toilet table and fittings in crystal worth 6,000 francs (No. 768,309 of series 8.) A massive silver tea service in repousse is won by the holder of No. 586,122 of series 10. A landau rewards No. 516,472 of series 1; while the possessor of No. 190,047 of series 10, who took the 252nd prize, can have the satisfaction of driving off in the "break" he has been fortunate enough to secure. The last lot drawn on Sunday was a splendid gun by Lefaucheux, worth 3,000 francs, the winning number being 450,396 of series 6.

To-day's successful numbers include the following lots: A medallion composed of brilliants and diamonds richly mounted in gold, won by No. 051,953 of series 5; an elegantly designed bracelet of gold, jewelled with rose diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, given to the holder of No. 111,164 of series 11. Prize 304 consists of a magnificent brooch in diamonds and lapis-lazuli, the winner in this instance being No. 049,881 of series 11. The preceding prizes are each valued at 3,000 francs. An ebony bedstead of elegant workmanship, falling to No. 219,974 of series 12, must be something extrordinary to cost a like amount. No. 367,878 of series 10 wins a tasteful liqueur cabinet in the Louis XVI. style; 016,358 of the same series two massive candelabra, each of these gifts also worth 3,000 francs; No. 187,710 of series 4 gains a table of the purest malachite, estimated at 2,900 francs; and the following prize, the 333rd, consists of an artistic silver tea service, enamelled and gilt, costing a like amount; a drinking horn of ancient design in chased silver, equal in value with the preceding, falls to No. 541,261 of series 20; a tasteful fleur-de-lys branch, jewelled in brilliants, is the prize of No. 269,965 of series 9; a vine leaf in gold and brilliants, won by ticket No. 782,366 of series 10; a lady's mantle of superb white satin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, goes to No. 136,426, of series the holder of which may congratulate himself or herself on the possession of an article of attire worth 2,800 francs, or over £100.

The owner of No. 398,637, series 10, becomes entitled to the sole possession of an omnibus; and No. 117,887 of series 5 is now the master of a steam engine. Prize 355 on the list goes to No. 290,540, series 7, who receives a beautiful marquise ring in brilliants, priced at 2,750 francs. A flower-shaped aigrette in brilliants, tastefully designed, won by No. 148,832, series 3, is valued at 2,600 francs; a voiture, costing a similar sum, comes to No. 012,310, series 9; and, to vary the list, No. 588,276 of series 10 splendid sabre with a real Toledo blade, supposed to be worth another 2,500 francs. Prizes numbered 366 to 401, inclusive, consist of works of art in marble, and paintings by most of the rising French painters. These are valued at upward of £100 each.

No. 500,570 of series 4 wins a dining-room chiffonniere of superb workmanship, carved in the *renaissance* style; No. 012,293, series 7, takes a pair of pistols; No. 231,703, series 12, a lovely brush case in delicately carved ivory; No. 201,664, series 5, a cluster of brilliants; No. 337,766, series 1, a splendid steel lustre; No. 635,247, series 12, an elegantly embroidered habit; while No. 029,498, series 10, takes a notable addition to his or her household furniture in in the shape of a dining-room buffet, a carved table, and two comfortable chairs. The preceding lots are valued at 2,400 francs each. Among the remaining prizes were a Victoria, a dessert service, a pink silk dress, priced at 2,000f.; a bedstead of the most ingenious kind, made of forged iron, also estimated at 2,000f.; another beautifully carved bedstead, made of datewood; an Arabian coffee service, an ebony clock of the chastest design, a machine for steipping the bark off trees, several pianos and organs, and, lastly, a Clarence. None of these last-mentioned prizes were of less value than 2,000f., and all are magnificent samples of the particular specially they represent.

It may be interesting to holders of lottery tickets to know which have been the favoured series in the first 300 numbers already drawn. The first and the eleventh series have provided thirty-one prizes each. The third comes next with thirty prizes, and the fifth has twenty-eight. Then come the second and the twelfth, with twenty-seven each, followed by the fourth, which provides only twenty-four. The tenth series has twenty-three, and the sixth twenty-two; while the seventh and eighth show twenty prizes. The ninth has, however, been the most unlucky as yet, for its quota is only seventeen winning numbers.

"IF all the world were blind," said an Irish clergyman, "what a melancholy sight it would be!"

"WHY, Willie," said his mother at dinner, "you can't possibly eat another plate of pudding, can you?" "Oh, yes, I can ma; one more plate will just fill the Bill."

Gossip About the Queen.

Victoria's Tastes and Habits—Her Treatment of Prime Ministers—The Books She Reads—Her Daily Occupations.

Most Premiers have been extremely deferential toward the Queen, and the only one who was not so—Lord John Russell—had no reason to congratulate himself upon his crabbedness, for he got into very ill odour at court, and found no support there in trying times. He was one of the very few statesmen who ever received a downright sharp answer from the Queen. This was in 1860, after the Italian revolution, when the different Grand Dukes were being dispossessed. The Duchess of Parma, in great distress, wrote to the Queen, beseeching her to intercede with Victor Emmanuel, so that her private property might not be confiscated; and the Queen, compassionately willing to do what was asked, showed the letter to Earl Russel. "The Carnstitushion demands that I should asnwer that," remarked his lordship, in his piping ungenial voice. "Well, then, answer it," said the Queen curtly, and turned away much offended. It has often been said that the Queen liked Lord Palmerston, but this is an error. Her favourite Mininsters have been Lords Melbourne and Aberdeen. Sir Robert Peel she at first disliked intensely, but her aversion wore off when she came to know him better; and exactly the same thing occurred in the case of Disraeli. Lord Beaconsfield is perhaps not aware that until he acceded to the Premiership in 1868, the Queen had only read one of his novels—"Henrietta Temple." She read all the others in the course of the three months after Mr. Disraeli had become her chief adviser; and in due time enjoyed "Lothair," though the present Premier has never ranked among her favourite authors. For this his lordship may console himself, seeing that Thackeray and the late Lord Lytton are under the same ban as himself. The Queen likes Dickens' novels, one or two of George Eliot's, but chiefly Wilkie Collins' and Mr. Black's—the latter's description of Scotch scenery being very dear to her. The Queen also reads and re-reads Walter Scott's novels—which is more than most of her subjects do now—more's the pity. On the whole, though, she inclines more towards the serious reading of history and theology, and the libraries of all her palaces are richly stocked with books of chronicles and memoirs, though it has been noticed that she never calls for a French book, having a deep objection to French literature in all its branches. Every one who has conversed with the Queen on theological or historical subjects has remarked how thoroughly Protestant is her religiousness, and how she keeps up quite a sentimental feeling of sympathy with the Stuarts. Going one day into the library at Windsor Castle, she discovered the librarian engaged in reading some strongly Jacobite memoirs. "Oh, you need not put them away," she said, with a pleasant smile. "You know I am Jacobite myself." This does not quite tally with the story which Macaulay used to tell of the Queen's opinion about James II. The historian being on a visit to Windsor, her Majesty observed: "I have been reading your history, Mr. Macaulay, and am afraid I cannot say much for my ancestor, James II." "Your Majesty's predecessor, not ancestor," answered the historian, who apparently thought that the Queen had not been well informed about her own lineage.

The Queen leads a very quiet, and yet a busy life, and few great ladies find time to compress so many occupations into a daytime as she does. She breakfasts at 9, lunches at 2, and dines at 8. From 3 to 5 she generally drives or walks out; but the remainder of her hours are devoted to state business, study, or correspondence with members of her widespread family. All the Queen's private letters are written in English, not in German, as many think; and, in fact, German is so little spoken among the royal family that even when the Crown Prince of Germany comes over he speaks English at court like his wife's relatives. The Queen reads all the daily newspapers, and the proprietors of tde *Daily Telegraph*, with the vein of toadyism that distinguishes them, print several copies of their journal for the royal palaces on special paper. The Queen's devotion to state affairs is well known, and her intervention in them, particularly when religious questions are involved, is not at all half-hearted. She also exercises her own discretion very freely in the appointment of Bishops and peers. Dr. Tait was nominated by her to the See of Canterbury before Mr. Disraeli had recommended any one; and about a year previously her Majesty had flatly refused to bestow a mitre on Dr. Wordsworth, owing to the protests which this divine had emitted when Dr. Stanley was made Dean of Westminster. A little later she consented to appoint Dr. Wordsworth to the See of Lincoln, but rather as a compliment to his scholarly attainments than out of any feeling for his views as a churchman. As to peers, the Queen, anxious to preserve the prestige of the nobility, has made it her rule never to ennoble men of small fortune unless they were persons of fairly advanced age, having no sons. On a certain occasion, when advised to raise to the peerage a diplomatist more ambitious than wealthy, she replied pretty shrewdly: "I should be rendering him a poor service;" and the diplomatist had to be content with the ribbon of G. C. B. I have just alluded to Dean Stanley. He is, of all divines in the Church of England, the one whom the Queen likes best as a preacher, and this liking is backed by a strong personal regard. During the lifetime of Lady Augusta Stanley her Majesty was a frequent visitor at the Deanery, and there on several occasions met Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle (who, by the bye, refused the Grand Cross of the Bath at the same time when Mr. Tennyson refused a baronetcy) is no courtier, and his unsophisticated manners more than once amused the Queen. One day, being, perhaps, "hard of hearing," and wishing to hear her Majesty's remarks distinctly, he came close to her, dragging a chair after him, and having made himself cozy by her side, proceeded to question her as to her historical likes and dislikes, instead of waiting till he was himself questioned. It should be mentioned in connection with these visits to the Deanery that whenever the Westminster boys heard of them they used to troop out and pray that a half-holiday might be commanded for them, a petition which was always complied with.

Turkish Wives.

The Turkish wife is not a slave; the chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable; she has never envied the emancipation of Christian women, whose free ways shock her; while she has noticed that they get much less respect from the men of their faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She vails her face with no more regret than a western lady unvails her shoulders. Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their odaliks, if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazaars, for they are noisy talkers. Wherever they pass, men of all creeds stand aside deferentially. If a husband meets his wife in the street he makes no sign of recognition. If he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "Mashallan." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and its comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from his boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. The western conjugal expression about "wearing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase to "live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A street-porter once came before a cadi to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently. "See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing some weals on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah thou art luckier than I."

LEAVE well alone is a good rule, bnt leave ill alone is better.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Origin of the Jumping-Jack.

Come with me to the park this fair day, for I wish to show you a certain carriage and its occupants, and tell you a story.

In pleasant weather, the scene is gay and grand with multitudes hieing thither for recreation amid country sights, odours and surroundings. The rich and the poor of all ages and classes, afoot, on horseback and in carriages, make a living panorama of the shaded walks and graded drives.

But here comes the "turn-out" for which we are waiting; a magnificent span of dapple-greys, by far the most powerful team we have seen; a carriage to match, roomy and costly, but not gaudy; a driver not in livery, as many are, but looking just the man for his work; and such a load as are making merry within,—every one of them a hunchback! Yes, from the crooked gentleman on the back seat to the little fellows up by the driver, all are hunchbacks; well dressed, happy-seeming, but with a wistful look,—and, as they roll by, you see in them the introduction to my little story.

Something like twenty years ago, a miserable brick house in a back alley, was the home of Archibald Ramsey, a Scotch carpenter. He worked down-town in a shop making cornices, moldings, mantels, and a variety of the more elaborate parts employed in finishing houses. Every evening he took home pocketfuls, and often handfuls also, of bits and ends from the shop.

These oddly shaped fragments of soft, sweet-smelling pine furnished amusement for poor little Alec, Mr. Ramsey's hunchback boy: and when they had served this purpose, they were used as kindlings in the kitchen stove.

There was a houseful of little Ramseys, of whom Alec was the oldest, and when he was amused, so were the others, thus giving the overworked mother time for other duties.

Alec was sixteen years old, and not taller than an average boy of ten. He was very much deformed, and had he lived in an age and country of kings seeking dwarfs and human oddities for "court fools" or "jesters," he would have been a prize to some iron-handed tyrant. His shoulders were almost as high as his head, his arms hung out loose and dangling, and the rest of his body was shrunken and slender to a most pitiable degree. But whoever, with a tender heart, looked into his great, questioning eyes and noted his broad, fair forehead and his clean, delicate hands, would soon forget the sad shape in the nobility of the face.

Many a droll pile he built on the kitchen-floor; many a funny thing he whittled out to amuse the little ones; many a comical toy he made and gave away to neighbouring children. Often he said, and oftener thought, "What can I whittle that will sell?" For only money seemed likely to bring him the changed life for which he longed. Once, when he sold for a few pennies a queer little pine trinket, his father stroked his silken hair and said:

"Ah, me puir bairnie, I dinna ken but ye may make yer fortoon wi' your knife."

How that little piece of encouragement rang in his ears and stimulated him to think and whittle, whittle and think!

One genial afternoon in May, Alec crept out to enjoy the balmy air, and, by the noise of a crowd of urchins on a vacant lot at a little distance, was drawn in that direction. Here he saw a coloured boy, named Jack, attempting, for the amusement of the party, all sorts of pranks in imitation of circus performers. Bareheaded and clothed in striped red and yellow garments of coarse quality, the negro lad seemed almost made of India rubber.

Alec watched his capers in amazement. Never before had he seen such antics, or even thought them possible. It was no wonder that the frail, stiff-jointed little hunchback dreamed it all over again, as he did that night.

Oh, what a proud, glad heart beat within that deformed little body of of Alec's! How his temples throbbed! How elastic his step! What flashing eyes! What a skein of wild and hopeful talk he unwound to his mother! So much money for his whittling, and a chance for more and more! Castles, sky-high and star-bright!

But I have not told you all.

That evening he whittled, and the next day he whittled, and before night had added to his capital three more shining half-dollars. The next day he doubled his money. The demand for Jumping-Jacks increased. Boys came to the door, silver in hand, to get what he had not time to make.

His grave Scotch parents began to hold serious counsel over the matter. If Alec could find such sale for these pine images in that neighbourhood, why, the whole city would require thousands; and what would sell to delighted children in one city, would sell elsewhere also. If they could supply the market, a fortune might readily be made.

Scotch blood, once aroused and challenged, is sanguine and venturesome.

But it would be uninteresting to repeat all the details; so the rest of my story shall be brief.

Alec's Sunday-school teacher, who was a lawyer, procured for him a patent on Jumping-Jacks of every description; a rich old uncle of Alec's mother built him a factory and started him in business; and, within a year from the afternoon when the poor lad wondered at the pranks of the coloured boy. Jumping-Jacks from the Ramsey factory were selling in great numbers all over America.

Truly Alec did "mak' a fortoon wi' his knife."

To school he went; into a better house, all their own, the family moved; easier circumstances, better health, less weariness, and ample means for doing good, came to the Ramseys.

But the best point in my story is that a fine asylum and school for hunchbacks, free to the poor, is one of the noble enterprises to which Alec has been chief contributor.

Those deformed lads in the carriage yonder are from the "Ramsey Asylum for Hunchbacks."

That was Alec's carriage, and that "crooked gentleman on the back seat" was Alec himself. Every fair afternoon he is out in this way, taking a load of "his boys," as he calls them, and thus, as often as once a fortnight, he gives every inmate of the asylum a turn in the park.

THE King of Bavaria has conferred on Mdme. Clara Schumann the Ludwig Medal for Arts and Sciences.

THE golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany will be celebrated on the 11th of June next. They request that no presents be sent from cities or corporations.

WILL science please stand up and tell us why a girl who freezes to death every time she sweeps off the front steps can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh with nothing around her but some other girl's brother's arm, without even getting a blue nose?

THE King of Spain recently met King Louis II. of Braganza of Portugal in Elva on the frontier, on the occasion of the opening of a new railroad from one kingdom to the other, and it is said that their meeting, ostensibly to honour the opening of the railroad, was really to treat upon the marriage of Louis's eldest son to the Princess Maria Pia, second sister of Alfonso.

SOME of Japan's tea plants are 150 years old, and some plantations produce over $3,000 worth per acre. A few choice leaves, of which a small quantity is produced, sell at home as high as $8 per pound. Government taxes in Japan are now levied at the rate of two and one-half per cent.; while formerly they have at times been as high as from fifty to seventy per cent. The taxes are fixed for six years in advance, so that the people can know just how much money they will have to raise.

A JOURNEY from Jaffa to Jerusalem now occupies about ten hours on horseback. Merchandise is carried on mules or camels. But it will not be long, probably, before one can go from Jaffa to Jerusalem by rail. Several years ago a French company obtained the right to construct a railroad between the two cities, and recently engineers have made the first survey, with a view to breaking ground immediately. The present roads are wretched; and as many strangers, including Eastern pilgrims annually visit Jerusalem, it is probable that a railway would be well patronized.

A WIDOWER in Lawrence, Kansas, was engaged to a widow, but his love was so languid that he was in no hurry to be married. A friend from Ottawa visited him, fancied the widow, and said that he would like her for a wife. The widower offered to sell his right to her for $250, and the money was paid, the widow marrying the Ottawa man and going home with him. But the widower's love was warmed by absence. He went to Ottawa, courted the woman anew, and eloped with her. The Ottawa man has lost his money and his wife, but says that, having had more than enough of the latter, he is willing to call the account square.