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NAUGHTY FASHIONS.

—A little "Pull-back" sought one day
The gate of Paradise;
St. Peter wiped his spectacles
And rubbed his ancient eyes.
And throngs of ancient females came
With curious eyes, the while
Intent, as ladies always are,
To see the latest style.
The saint put on his glasses then,
And observation took.
"What! what!" he said, "this traverses
The laws of 'must't look.'
"Tied back in front! piled up behind,
'Twil never do, I fear!
The thing is too ridiculous;
You cannot enter here."
What did she do, my curious friend?
She got behind a tree,
And in a jiffy out she came
As angels ought to be.
St. Peter kissed her then, and said,
"Pass in my little dear:
But mind, you must't introduce
Such naughty fashions here."

HOLMBY HOUSE.

Dymocke manned himself for his task. After supper, Effingham and Grace, lover-like, strolled out upon the terrace to look at the young summer moon; much of her they saw—neither of them found out she rose the other side of the house! Lord Vaux, fatigued with his journey, hobbled quietly off to bed. Mary with her head upon her hand, seemed lost in thought. She had no heart for her embroidery to-night, to-morrow she would begin new duties, new tasks; she must not sink, she thought, into a useless apathetic being, but this one night may surely be given to remembrance and repose. Dymocke made two efforts to speak to her, but each time his courage failed him. She thought the man lingered somewhat about the room, but she is in that mode which all of us have known, when the spirit is so weary that any exertion, even that of observation, becomes a task; when we are too much beat even to be astonished or annoyed. She rose as if to go away, and Dymocke felt that now or never he must take his plunge. He coughed with such preposterous violence that she could not but lift her sad eyes to his face. She might reasonably have expected to see him in the last stage of suffocation.

"Mistress Mary," said the sergeant, blank and gaping with agitation, and there he stopped.

She thought he was drunk, and eyeing him with a calm, sorrowful contempt, passed on to leave the room.

"Mistress Mary!" gasped the sergeant, once more, "good Mistress Mary—no offence—he's here—I've seen him.

No need to tell her who. Her limbs tremble as though she was fain to sink into a chair, and she grasped its arms in each hand like an old palsied woman, as, true to her mettled heart, she turned her face to Dymocke, and tried to steady her voice to speak. Not a sound would come save a husky stifled murmur in her throat—not a sound, and the soldier in very pity hurried on with what he had got to say.

"He's to meet me to-night in the Park—under the cedars—he's there now—he's going away at once, for good and all—going over sea—we'll never see him more. Oh! Mistress Mary, for pity's sake!"

She smiled on the honest sergeant, such a wild, strange smile. Never a word she spoke, but she rose steadily to her feet, and walked away with her own proud step; only he noticed that her face was deadly white, and she kept one hand clasped tight about her throat.

Humphrey sat under the cedars in the misty moonlight, and mused dreamily and sadly enough on his past life, which indeed seemed to be gone from him for evermore. A man's strong heart is seldom so hopeful as a woman's; it is harder for his more practical nature to cling, like hers, to a shadow; perhaps he has not so studiously reconciled himself to suffering as his daily lot; perhaps his affections are less ideal, but his despondency is usually of a fiercer and less tractable kind than her meek sorrowful resignation. Humphrey had gone through the whole ordeal, the trial by fire, which scorches and destroys the baser metal, but from which the sterling gold comes out purified and refined. He had suffered bitterly; he sometimes wondered at himself that he could have endured so much; but his faith had not wavered; to use the ylanguage of that old chivalry which has never et died out in England, though it might over his death wound, his shield was bright nd spotless still.

After the King's martyrdom, as the Royalists termed the fatal execution at Whitehall, Bosville, a deserter and conspirator, was fain to hold himself concealed in one of the many hiding places provided by the Cavaliers for their more conspicuous friends. It took time, and cosmetics too, for the dye to wear itself off the natural skin. It took time for his comely locks and dark moustache to grow once more, and thus efface all resemblance to the flaxen-haired Brampton, whilome a private in Hacker's redoubtable musketeers. Although when he was at length able to go abroad again, it was a nice question whether the proscribed Cavalier Major did not incur as much peril by being recognized in his own real character, as in that of the sentinel who had plotted for the King's rescue, and then absconded from the ranks of the Parliamentary army. Many long weeks he remained in hiding, and it was during this interval of inaction that he heard of Effingham's proposed marriage to Grace, and of Mary's succession to her goodly inheritance. It was bitter to think how little she must have ever cared for him, that she should have made not the slightest effort to discover his lurking-place. He judged her, and rightly, by his own heart, when he reflected that she ought to know he could not sue to her now—that if ever they were to become even friends again, the advances must come from her. His spirit sank within him when he thought that heartlessness such as this affected even the past, that she never could have loved him for five minutes to forgot him so easily now, and that he had bartered his life's happiness for that which was more false and illusive than a dream. God help the heart that is sore enough to say of the loved ones, "I had rather he or she had died than used me thus!" and yet poor Bosville had thought so more than once.

As is often the case with blind mortality, much of this self-torture was wholly uncalled-for and unjust. While Humphrey was blaming her with such bitter emphasis, Mary busied herself day by day and hour by hour in endeavoring to find out what had become of him. Without compromising his safety, she was bringing into play all her abilities, all her experience of political intrigue, all her new wealth and old personal influence for this purpose, but in vain. The Cavalier party was so completely broken up and disorganized that it was almost impossible to obtain information concerning any one of the proscribed and scattered band. Mary was fain to give up her search in despair, concluding that he had either fled the country or was dead. The latter possibility she combated with a reasoning all her own. She was not superstitious, only very fond and very sorrowful.

"It was my fault, I know," she used to think, that humbled, contrite woman; "and yet he loved me so once, he could not surely rest in his grave if he knew how anxious and unhappy I am." She would rather have seen him thus than not at all.

After a time his pride came to his assistance, and he resolved to seek in other lands, if not forgetfulness, at least distraction and employment. His fortunes were nearly ruined with the ruined cause he had espoused. He had little left save his brave empty heart and the sword that had never failed him yet. In the golden tropics there were spoils to be won and adventures to be found. Many a bold cavalier who, like himself, had been more used to bit and bridle than bolt-spirit and mainstay, was already afloat for the Spanish Main, with a vague thirst for novelty and a dim hope of romantic enterprise. Fabulous accounts were rife of those enchanted seas, with their perfumed breezes and their coral shores, their palm trees and their spice islands, their eternal summers and their radiant skies. Nothing was too extravagant to be credited of the Spanish Main, and many an enthusiast, gazing at sunset on the flushing splendor of the Western heaven, was persuaded that he might realize on earth just so gorgeous a dream far away in yonder hemisphere to which his eyes were turned.

So the Cavaliers clubbed their diminished means together, and chartered goodly brigantines, and loaded them with merchandise, looking well to their store of arms and ammunition the while, and launched upon the deep with mingled hopes of trade and conquest, barter and rapine, the beads to tempt the dusky savage in the one hand, the sword to lay him on his golden sands in the other.

And Bosville had a share in one of these pirate-ships, lying, with her fore-topsail loosed, in the Thames. She was well found, well manned, well freighted, and ready to sail at a moment's notice. Before he left England for ever, he thought he would go and take one more look at the old haunts that had always been so dear, that had witnessed the one great turning-point of his life; and thus it came to pass that Humphrey had met his former servant that afternoon in the park at Boughton and sat at nightfall under the cedar, musing dreamily in the misty moonlight.

He was not angry with her now. The bitterness had all passed away. He could no more have chid her than one can chide the dying or the dead. Already they were parted as if the past had never been. He could never again suffer as he had done. The worst was over now. Ay, there was the light glimmering in her chamber; he could see it through the trees. Well, well; he had loved her very dearly once. It was no shame to confess it, he loved her very dearly still. Large tears welled up in his eyes. He knelt upon the bare turf, with his forehead against the gnarled trunk of the old cedar, and prayed for her from his heart, God bless her! God in heaven bless her! He should never see her more!

A dark figure rushed swiftly across the park. She stood before him in that pale moonlight, white and ghastly like a corpse in those mourning garments she had worn ever since the King's murder. As he rose to his feet she grasped his hand. How long those two stood there without speaking, neither ever knew. It might have been a moment, it might have been an hour. Each heart beat thick and fast, yet neither spoke a syllable.

She broke the silence first.

"You would not go without bidding me good-bye?" she said, and he felt her grasp tighten; then the proud head sank lower, lower still, till it rested upon his hand, and the hot tears gushed over it as she pressed it to her eyes, and she could say never another word than "Forgive me, forgive me, Humphrey!" again and again.

These scenes are all alike. Most of us have dreamt them; to some they have come true. None dare ignore them from their hearts. The moon rose higher and higher in the sky, and still they stood, those two, under the cedar, her wet face buried in his breast, his arm around her waist. They must have had much to tell each other, yet it is our own opinion that but little was said, and that is sufficiently unintelligible; but Humphrey Bosville never sailed for the Spanish Main, and that he had good reasons to forego his departure, we gather from the following reply to one of his whispered interrogatories under the cedar, murmured out in soft broken tones by weeping, blushing, happy Mary Cave—

"My own, you never knew it, but I loved you so fondly all the time."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"THE FAIRY KING."

Once more we gather the friends, from whom we are about to part, in a fairy-ring under the old oak tree at Holmby. More than two lustres have elapsed, with their changes, political and private, since we saw them last, lustres that have stolen on insensibly over many a birth and many a burial, over much that has been brought gradually to perfection, much that has wasted silently to decay. The man of destiny has gone to his account. The man of pleasure reigns, or rather revels, on his father's throne. All over England bells have rung, and barrels been broached, to celebrate the Restoration. A strong reaction, to which our countrymen are of all others in Europe the most subject, has set in against Puritanism, propriety, everything that infers moderation or restraint. Wine and wassail, dancing and drinking, quaint, strange oaths, and outward recklessness of demeanor, are the vogue; and decency, so long bound hand and foot in over-tight swaddling clothes, strips off her wrappers one by one, till there is no saying where she may stop, and seems inclined to strike hands and join in with the frantic orgy, nude and shameless as a Bacchanal. As with boys fresh out of school, there is a mad whirl of liberty all over the playground ere each can settle steadily to his peculiar pleasure or pursuit. And the old oak looks down on all, majestic and unchanged. There may be a little less verdure about his feet, a few more tender chaplets budding on his lofty brows, a few less drops of sap in the hardening fibres of his massive girth, but what are a couple of lustres to him? He stands like a Titan, rearing his head to heaven, and yet his time too will come at last.

He spreads his mighty arms over a happy party; not so noisy perhaps (with one exception), as most such parties are in these roaring times, but one and all bearing on their countenances the stamp, which there is no mistaking, of a destiny worked out, of worthy longings fulfilled, above all, of a heart at peace with itself. They are well mounted, and have had to all appearance an excellent afternoon's sport; a brace of herons lie stricken to death on the sward, and Diamond herself, that long-lived child of air, proud, beautiful and cruel, like a *Venus Victrix*, perches on her mistress's wrist, unhooded, to gaze upon the spoils. Grace Effingham takes but little notice of Diamond beyond an unconscious caress to her father's old favorite; for her attention, like that of the others, is taken up by an addition to this familiar party, who seems indeed, as doubtless he esteems himself, the most important personage of the whole.

He is a bright laughing child, of frank and sturdy bearing, not without a certain air of defiance. He has his mother's soft blue eyes and rich clustering hair, with something of the wilful tones and playful imperious gestures which sat so well on the loveliest lady that adorned Henrietta's court, but his father's kindly disposition is stamped on his open, gentle brow, and his bonny, rosy mouth. He has his father's courage, too, and physical delight in danger, as Mary thinks with a glow of pride and happiness, while she watches him ride his pony hither and thither over fortuitous leaps, and galloping that obstinate little animal to and fro with reckless and uncalled-for speed.

A tall old man, his visage puckered into a thousand wrinkles, his spare form somewhat bent, but active and sinewy still, bends over the boy with assiduous tenderness, adjusting for the twentieth time the pony's saddle, which is always slipping out of its place. Hugh Dymocke has no children of his own—an omission on the part of Faith which does not, however, disturb their married harmony—and of all people on earth he is most devoted to the urchin, who never allows him to have a moment's peace. The two are inseparable. The child knows the whole story of the civil war, and the details of each of its battles, as furnished with considerable embellishments by his friend, far better than his A B C. He believes stoutly that his father and Hugh are the two greatest and bravest men that ever lived, inclining to award the superiority, if anything, to the latter, and that his own destiny must be necessarily to do precisely as they have done. Besides all this, Dymocke has taught him to ride, to fish, to play balloon, to use his plaything sword, and a host of bodily accomplishments; also he has promised to give him a crossbow on his seventh birthday. Wherever little Master Humphrey is seen (and heard too, we may be sure), there is Dymocke not very far off. Faith, grown stout, easy and slip-shod, having moreover deteriorated in good looks as she has improved in amiability, gives her husband his own way on this single point and no other. "Indeed, he's crazed about the child, and that's the truth," says Faith; generally adding, "I'm not surprised at it, for you won't see such another, not on a summer's day!"

They are all proud of him. Uncle Effingham, as the boy persists in calling George, with half-a-dozen little black-eyed darlings of his own, spoils him almost as much as Grace does. He is not a man of quips and cranks, and such merry conceits; but he has one or two private jests of their own with the little fellow, in which, judging from the explosions of laughter by which they are followed, there must be something irresistibly humorous, apparent only to the initiated. George's beard is quite white now, and the snowy locks which peep from under his beaver form no unpleasing contrast to his coal-black eyes, glittering with fire and intellect, and the swarthy glow on his firm healthy cheek. He is very happy, and obeys Grace implicitly in the most trifling matters. The only fault to be found in his strong sensible character is, that he defers too much to the whims and fancies of his pretty wife. Need we observe she has plenty of them ready for the purpose. The neighbors say she "rules him with a rod of iron," that she "bullies him," and "worries his life out," and "abuses his good-nature," that "his stable contains a grey mare better than any horse," &c. &c.; but George knows better. He knows the depths of that fond true heart; he knows that a word of tenderness from him can at anytime bring the tears into those fawn-like eyes, which he still thinks as soft and beautiful as ever. What though he does give her her own way in everything? Does he not love her, and is she not his own?

So he works on manfully and fearlessly, doing his duty in that public life to which he has returned. His fanatism has been disciplined to piety, his enthusiasm toned to patriotism; he is an able statesman and a valuable member of society. Probably little Humphrey is the only person in the world who thinks George Effingham "the funniest man he saw in his life!"

The young gentleman is an only child; need we say how his father watches every turn of his countenance, every gesture of his graceful, childish limbs, and loves him best—if indeed he can be said to love him at any one time more than another—when he is a little wilful and a little saucy, when the blue eyes dance and sparkle, and the rosy lip curves upward, and the tiny hand turns outward from the wrist, with his mother's own gesture and his mother's own beauty blooming once more, and radiant as it used to be, long, long ago? He is Sir Humphrey Bosville now, knighted at Whitehall by his Sovereign's hand; for prone as was the Second Charles to forget faithful services, he could not for very shame pass over such devotion as Bosville's unnoticed and unrewarded.

"Odd's fish, man!" said the Merry Monarch, as he gave him the *accolade* with hearty good-will; "many a shrewd blow have you and I seen struck in our time, but never was one given and received so deservedly as this!

But Sir Humphrey is all unchanged from the Humphrey Bosville of the Queen's household and the King's guard-room. He rides maybe a stone heavier or so upon his horse, but he rides him still like a true knight, fearless and loyal to his *devoir*, faithful and devoted to his ladye love—yes, she is his ladye-love still—as dear, as precious now after years of marriage as when he took leave of her at Falmouth, and watched for the very glimmer of her taper to bid her his tacit farewell from under the cedar at Boughton. He has got the foolish sleeve-knot still, he has got one or two other equally trifling absurdities; perhaps they represent to him a treasure that is beyond all value here; that, unlike other treasures, he may peradventure take away with him hereafter.

And Mary, riding by her husband's side with calm contented face, is no longer the proud imperious Mary of the Court—the spoiled beauty, whose intellect no statesman was to overreach, whose heart no gallant was to be able to touch. She has known real sorrow now, ay, and real exquisite joy—such joy as dries up the very memory of pain with its searching beams. They have each left their traces on her countenance, and yet it is beautiful still with the placid and matronly beauty of the prime of womanhood.

There may be a line or two on the sweet fair brow—nay, a thread of silver in the glossy rippling hair; but there is a depth of unspeakable tenderness in the comely mask through which the spirit beams with more than its pristine brightness; and the love-light in her eyes as she looks in her husband's face is unquenched, unquenchable.

Mary laughs, and says "she has grown into a fat old woman now;" and no doubt the graceful figure had become fuller in its proportions, and the Court dresses of Oxford and Exeter would scarcely be induced to meet round the still shapely waist; but Humphrey cannot yet be brought to consider her as a very antiquated personage. He says, "She has always been exactly the same in his eyes;" and perhaps indeed the face he has learned so thoroughly by heart will never look like an old face to him.

She spoils him dreadfully—watches his every look, anticipates his lightest whim, and follows him about [illegible] with a fond admiration that [illegible] not even try to conceal. She is always a little restless and out of spirits when away from him if only for a few hours; but she brightens up the moment they come together again. It seems as if she could never forget how near she once was to losing him altogether. She would not say a wry word to him to save her life; as she is angry with herself, though she cannot but confess its existence, at her jealousy of his lavishing to much affection even on her boy.

With all a mother's fondness she knows she loves the child ten times better that he is so like his father.

So the little fellow shoots out from amongst the group upon his pony, careering away over the upland like a wild thing, amidst the laughter and cheers of the lookers-on; and they too move off at a steadier pace behind him, for the sun is already sinking, and the old tree's shadows are creeping and lengthening gradually to the eastward. They move off, and the old oak stands there, as he did in King James's time, when Sir Giles Allonby was young; as he will when that bright-haired child shall become a feeble grey-haired man; when the actors and actresses in our historical drama shall be dead and buried and forgotten.

He is standing there now, though the scenes which we have shifted are scenes of full two hundred years ago. He will be standing there, in all probability, two hundred years hence, when we shall assuredly be passed away and gone—passed away from this earth and gone elsewhere—Where?

THE END.

THE INNOCENT OLD MAN.

The other day the police at the Union depot noticed a feeble-looking old man wandering in and out to kill time till his train should depart, and as he several times displayed quite a roll of bills, he was warned to look out for pickpockets and confidence men.

"Wouldn't anybody rob an old man like me, would they?" he innocently asked.

The warning was repeated, but he jogged on as before, and after a time was seen in close consultation with two strangers, who had walked him around to the wharf. An officer got him away from them, and angrily said:

"Didn't I warn you against strangers? Those fellows are after your money!"

"But how could they git it when I have it in my pocket and my hand on it all the time?"

"Well, you look out."

"Yes, I'll look out; but I don't want to be uncivil. When anybody talks to me, I like to talk back."

The strangers soon had him on the string again, and in about a quarter of an hour they left him in a hurried manner, and he sauntered into the depot with his wallet in his hand.

"There! You've let 'em beat you?" exclaimed the officer. "How much did you lend them?"

"Wall, they wanted twenty dollars," he slowly replied.

"And you handed it over, of course?"

"I give 'em a fifty dollar bill and got thirty back."

"Well, you'll never see the bill again."

"I kinder hope not!" he chuckled as he drew down his eye. "It was a counterfeit which my son found in Troy, and being as I am very old and innocent, not up to the tricks of the wicked world, I guess I'll git into the cars before somebody robs me of my boots! If any one should come around looking for me please say I'm not at home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES LOST HIS SUPPER.

(From the London World.)

At a ball given recently in honor of the Prince of Walos a small table in an alcove was reserved at supper for his Royal Highness and his intimates. The ball was at its height; the Prince led one of his partners to the table, followed by some of the most distinguished guests. Two chairs, however, remained unoccupied. A heated parson, supporting a still more heated partner, descried the vacant places and immediately swooped down upon them. In vain the courtiers nodded, winked and beckoned; his reverence meant supper, and was not to be denied. At last Lord Charles Beresford, always fertile in resource, dropped on his knees, and crawling under the table pulled the parson by the leg. It was of no avail; the reverend gentleman merely kicked out and continued his attack on the good things intended for royalty.

MY OWN SUICIDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

I had resolved to kill myself. There was no longer any doubt but that Amelia was faithless to me.

Let me be sure about it—was it Amelia her name was? To think she once held my life as it were, in her hands; and I cannot recollect, to save my soul, what her name was!

Anyhow, whoever she was, she had proven false to me; and as I was very young at the time, I promptly came to the resolution to destroy myself. My first intention was to go and blow my brains out all over the carpet; but then I reflected that every one would know that Henrietta—come to think of it, her name was Henrietta—had infatuated me and turned my head. "No," I said to myself, "no scandal; no publicity. Let me imitate the wounded stag, which, seeking to hide the fatal hurt, betakes himself to the most secret bushes, to perish far from human eyes."

II.

In this elegaic disposition, I took the 5.30 train for Melen, which sat me down just at dusk, within a few steps of the Golden Lion, a very well kept inn, with clean beds and a capital table.

"What will monsieur have for supper?" said a charming little mistress.

"Nothing—nothing—supper at present would be a mockery—show me to my tomb—room I mean."

I retired to my couch, but not to sleep. In my fevered dreams I beheld Victoria—I am confident it was Victoria after all—passing, leaning on the arm of my hated rival. I clutched madly at his throat and seized—the iron railing of the bedstead, or the marble slab of the little table by my bedside. I rose unrefreshed; but what matters that—I was about to die, ha, ha! to die.

Having dressed myself I went in search of a rope. You may think that when a person wants to hang himself, there is nothing easier than to find a rope; but I had to hunt the hotel high and low before I could find one.

"What on earth do you want with a rope, monsieur?" said the pretty mistress, when finally she found one.

With the precious bit of hemp in my pocket I took my way to a thicket, not far from the hotel, in a little wood, whose paths were familiar to me. There was one lonely and gloomy copse there, where I well knew my lifeless body would swing for weeks, ere it would be discovered.

III.

Upon the road I thought of Bertha—come to reflect about it, it was Bertha— and cursed her with all the bitterness of which my soul was capable. I then tested my cord. It was not such an agent of self-destruction as I would have chosen, had I had an assortment from which to make a selection. It seemed to me short and not up to my weight. I was annoyed. You cannot tell how a trifle like that will affect a person's temper, at such a trying moment.

A further disappointment was in store for me. On arriving at the spot I had selected, I was disagreeably surprised to find some one else there. An individual, whose back only I could see, was occupied in fastening a rope to the most eligible branch of my tree.

"Hallo, what are you doing there?" I cried.

He turned round. "What business is that of yours, anyway,"

"Bah; don't you think I know what you intend doing."

"Well, and supposing I wanted to hang myself—it is my own funeral—suicide, I mean."

IV.

I regarded him narrowly. He was a handsome and manly young fellow of about my own age, with a frank and winning countenance. He was deadly pale.

"This young man," said I, lifting my hands to heaven, "was going to take his life—all for the sake of a worthless jilt."

"Sir," he cried.

"Poor, silly fool," I went on, communing with myself aloud, "he would undertake to defend her. All lovers are the same. Will you," I continued, "take my advice—the advice of a well wisher? Just leave that cord there—it was a stouter rope than mine, I had observed—and go quietly home, like a good fellow. When you are yourself you will thank me for having given you such good advice."

He shook his head gloomily, "I desire to die," he muttered.

"Don't let yourself be goaded into taking a step that if you were alive you would regret to-morrow," I went on to say, with a benevolent persaistence—(You see the fellow had preempted the only really eligible bough in the copse)—"when you are dead it will be too late to change your mind."

"I can guess it."

"No, you cannot guess it."

"Sir, a woman that I loved; a woman for whom—"

And he went on to tell me his story, which, singularly enough, was precisely like mine. The coincidence made me pause for a moment, to collect my thoughts.

V.

"I see," said Charles—he had told me, in the course of his painful story, that his name was Charles—"that your silence justifies me."

"By no mean," I cried—you will observe that it wouldn't have been dignified for me to abandon at once my former position on the subject of suicide—"there is nothing whatever in all that you have told me to justify you in taking your life. Come, my friend," said I, becoming really interested in his sad case, "come let us reason the matter out. Why should you complain because you have been unfortunate in love? Don't you know what the poet says:—

The lot of girls was to deceive,
Since winter first was snow.

"Women have been false to their lovers from all time; women will be false to their lovers to all time."

"But no women has ever been so false to her lover as this women was to me."

"Lots of 'em have."

"No, none could be."

"But I tell you thousands of 'em have. I know one whose conduct toward—toward an intimate friend of mine—was——. Why should you kill yourself because one pretty woman has played you false? Seek another one—a prettier one."

"In vain, in vain," he groaned; "she was the only woman in the world that I cared for—the handsomest woman in Paris, sir."

"Oh, bosh. I know of a hundred handsomer, and more tender than she ever could be. You may think, in the first moments of soreness, that there are no other women in the world, but in a month from now you'll be prepared to admit how silly it was to entertain such a thought."

VI.

My eloquence seemed so convincing, and my position so sound, that it became a pleasure to me to listen to myself.

I went on:

"What good will it do you to hang yourself? Tell me, if you can, what useful purpose would be subserved? Either the woman has a heart, or she has not. If she has no heart——"

"She has none—none."

"Of course she had none; therefore your death will only be agreeable to her, will only flatter her. It is a big advertisement for a woman to have a man kill himself on her account. What will the public say—the boys? They'll say, Charley was an ass—a silly ass. Yes, Charles, everybody will say you were a silly ass; and everybody will be right in saying so, too."

I waxed eloquent, in point of fact, as for some moments it had occurred to me that I was arguing my own case, and pleading for my own life. I heaped fact upon fact, added argument to argument with such earnestness and closeness of reasoning, that my friend at last fell into my arms, and cried:

"You are right, you are right—bid me do whatever you would, and I will obey you."

"All right; let us go and get some breakfast.

VII.

I took him back to the Golden Lion. I was terribly hungry.

The table at which we seated ourselves was neatly set, and aided one's appetite by its snowy linen, its glittering glassware, its golden brown loaves, and its yellow butter.

When a thick, juicy steak, with potatoes, had been served up to us, lapping our prisoned nostrels in the elysium of its appetizing odors, and staining our knives with its vermeal essence, and we had tested the first glass of some remarkable particular Bordeaux, we were rapturously silent, but our speaking eyes said, nay, shouted:

"Well life isn't such a bad thing after all."

"If I hadn't met you." said he, reaching across the table to squeeze my hand.

"If I hadn't met him," I thought, returning his clasp.

"It was the most remarkable piece of luck I ever heard of," he continued; "I don't suppose that a human being goes through that copse twince in a month; do you."

I remained silent.

"But I say, you know," he went on, as if a sudden light had flashed upon him, "what were you doing in that lonely part of the wood, at that early hour of the morning?"

I blushed, guiltily.

"You were going to hang yourself, too?"

"Pooh!—upon the very same tree," I said. "Here's the rope I had in my pocket."

"The worst joke I ever heard of," said he, as we clinked our glasses.

AN ARAB THEATRE IN DAMASCUS.

The Introduction of the Drama by Midhat Pasha.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Among other novelties which have been introduced into Damascus since the arrival there of Midhat Pasha as Governor-General of Syria, is an Arab theatre upon semi-civilized principles. I went there one night with his Highness, and was surprised at the modern aspect of the house. There was a ticket-seller at a guichet, and a house neatly arranged with seats, which were well occupied by an exclusively male audience.

In the front row were the seats reserved for the Governor-General's party, while the orchestra—consisting of a man who played an instrument like a guitar, another who played one like a zithern, another who played a native clarionet, another who sang, and another who drummed—were placed in a recess to the right of the stage. The curtain was inscribed with an Arabic motto, and rose and fell with irregular jerks; the scenes did not change, and the actors sang, or chanted, their parts. The play was the original story which Verdi has adapted, and the plot which he has considerably altered, of "Aida." The leading actor, who performed the part of the *General*, was a man of considerable power, clad in a coat of mail, with a most fantastic helmet, which, at the opening scenes, partly concealed his face, and whose lower extremities were clothed in thick white hose. He stalked about the stage unceasingly in his stocking soles, swaying his body in a measured and not ungraceful manner, so as to keep time with the cadence of his voice, which was expressive of his varied emotions, and by no means unmusical.

The Egyptian King's daughter, who was in love with him, and the Abyssinian King's daughter, whom he makes a prisoner in war, and with whom he falls in love, thus nearly breaking the other one's heart, were both boys dressed as girls, who acted their parts with great feeling and cleverness, considering their youth. Indeed, it was difficult to tell that they were not girls. They were picturesquely attired in Oriental costumes, the one as a slave, the other as a King's daughter, but the other female attendants wore semi-Europeanized dresses which were by no means becoming. The *King of Egypt* was a splendidly arrayed monarch, after the conventional *Sardanapalus*, and he did the Eastern potentate to perfection. Indeed, the performance was far more skilfully executed than might have been expected, though of acting in the strict sense of the word there was none; it was recitation, now plantive, now impassioned, and, in the case of one character, jocose; but the perpetual motion of the players, who move rythmically about the stage all the time, grows somewhat monotonous to the foreigner accustomed to more lively action. The audience, however, seemed thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the piece, and appreciated the jokes keenly. During the entr'actes the Arab band played the wild discordant music with which all Eastern travellers are familiar, and which is to be heard any day in the cafes and gardens of the city. The ballet was of the tamest description, and consisted of the most wearisome repetition of little steps. It was in every respect strictly proper, and was danced by the youths who represented the *Princesses'* ladies. The whole affair was an experiment which seems likely to succeed, and on the whole, was a pleasing, if slightly dull, performance.

A CAUDLE LECTURE REVERSED.

The Hat of the Master of the House Disappears.

(From the Meriden Recorder.)

Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know what has become of my hat? Here I've been hunting all over the house, and lost ten minutes that should have been given to the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Now, I say, what have you done with that hat? You haven't seen it? Of course not; never do see it. Frank, go and get my hat, and Jane, fetch me my cane. What's that! You can't find my hat? Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know why you will persist in training your children in such a heedless manner? He can't find my hat! To be sure not; how can he if you don't learn him how to look? Didn't I leave it in the kitchen when I went there last night after something to eat? How the deuce should you know? I say it's your business to know, and to have my things ready for me in the morning, and not have me losing so much time. Eh! you have too much else to do? Of course you have! with three servants and two children! Be calm! O yes, I will be calm! You see I am calm, and if you would only be so, I should have been able to find my hat long ago, instead of staying here to listen to your excuses, when I ought to be down town attending to business. I wonder how you expect I'm to keep this house going, if I'm to be kept waiting here for my hat. What! how can you help it? How can you help it? Why, madam, it's the easiest thing in the world! It's simply this modern management. Now, do you suppose things would go on in this way if you would only see that articles are in the right place; but, I suppose, you haven't got time to do that even! Of course not. Well, there is no use talking, I must go to the office bareheaded. Your bonnet, madam? Your bonnet! But why should I be surprised—why should I be surprised, if you should offer me your skirts also, since I seem to have lost all authority in this house! It's not your fault?. And pray, then, whose fault is it? I will repeat it over twenty times, if you wish it—whose fault is it? What! the servants? No, ma'am, I tell you you are mistaken; it is not the servants—it is your fault. I wonder who oversees the servants—who, madam, but you? Then, clearly, it's your fault that I can't find my hat. [Sits down.] Well, it's no use talking, I shan't go to the office to-day and you, ma'am, shan't go to Newport—dy'e hear. It's no use asking; you shan't go. You needn't suppose I'm going to be deprived of my hat like this, and then allow you to spend my money at Newport. No, ma'am; I'm not such a fool as all that comes to. No—no, ma'am; here I am, and here I'll stay all day, ma'am, and—eh! What! You wish I wouldn't talk so much? I tell you I will talk—I'll talk all day, if I please, and smoke too—dy'e hear that? I'll smoke in the dining-room, and—yes, by Jove! —I'll smoke in the parlor, and by Jove, ma'am, I'll scent the curtains and smoke all over the house!

Here (says Mrs. Candle) the horrid wretch was about putting his odious precept into practice, when Jane came in with his hat, having found it in a corner of the large oak-tree chair on the back stoop.

—Thousands of men are engaged in repairing the embankment of the River Arad, in Hungary. The waters are falling, but the country is a sheet of ice. At Glagovacs eighty and at Belzerend ninety houses have been carried away, the church and eight houses alone remaining in the latter place.

A MINING CAMP CALAMITY.

How the Christian Road Agents Impoverished a Mining Town.

(From the Salt Lake Tribune.)

Many mining camps are insolated, being only connected with the world by the line of stages carrying the mail and express. How far reaching are the evils of a stage robbery on such a line can only be understood by actual investigation.

One morning, in a camp in Southeastern Nevada, I met an acquaintance from San Francisco, a city I had lived in until quite recently. He was representing and collecting for a liquor house. Being a stranger on his invitation I went around with him to introduce him to the men he had business with. Times had been dull in camp for some time.

We went first to the Ecstatic Saloon, run by Three-fingered Dan. After preliminaries, the agent said to the proprietor:

"I've called to collect the balance due our house."

"Couldn't ev called at a wus time," replied Dan.

"Business poor?"

"Good 'nuff, but been payin' out for work done on my claim, the Packed-in; she er snorter; an' was lookin' for money by express las' night, but the stage was robbed, you know. Didn't come that way?"

"No; from the South."

"You were in luck. Yon see jes' the fix the cussed road agents has got me in."

"Yes; well, let us hear from you soon."

"Nuthin' but another stage robbery can keep me from settlin' right away."

We next went into the Heavenly Rest Saloon, kept by One-eyed Smith, who took lodgers also. He was so called to distinguish him from Two-eyed Smith, who was in the whiskey business next door. After some conversation the liquor man inquired:

"Can you settle with our house to-day, Mr. Smith?"

"Bless your soul! lost every cent I had by the robbery last night."

"Was expecting money, certain?"

"Got pardner North, wrote me tellin' by what day's express I'd get $500. Wish I could pull on a rope round the necks of the infernal hounds that got it."

Visiting the Elysian Bower Saloon, owned by No-eared Bill, we found him in. Bill, it seems, at some time had been engaged in what is called a "chawin' match," to distinguish it from a shooting match. In the course of remarks between them the collector said:

"You owe a balance, I believe, on your last bill?"

"Yes, but blamed if I ain't hemmed in like I was in a augor hole an' a peg driv' in. Been lookin' for money by the stage for two or three days; know I lost it in the robbery las' night. Thieves is gettin' too thick for hones' men to thrive. I'm broke, mister, fell flatter'n a flapjack mashed. Take something?"

We did.

I had heard of the robbery, but did not know it amounted to such a calamity. It seemed that hardly any one, however significant, had escaped loss. While taking dinner at Jake Blunderbuffer's restaurant, I overheard him dunning a boarder. The latter excused his tardiness by explaining that he had been deprived by the robbery of funds which he had written to his uncle for. That it was just time for an answer from his uncle when the stage was robbed. Later in the day, while standing at the bar of a saloon, the Nook of Bliss, run by Denis O'Shooligan, I overheard a man with a thick neck and a face which had, doubtless, cost a great deal of money to color, say to a young man sitting near him, in the corner, who had pale blue eyes, but did not seem to have much hope:

"Did you get your money?"

"No."

"Don't your mother send yer a little money every month?"

"Yes; it gets here about the first of the month always. To-day is the first you know; and the stage was robbed before it got in. My money is gone, pooh my luck, you know. Looks like a fellow might as well give up."

"What did yer want with the five dollars I lent yer any how?"

"I saw—I saw," the despairing young man hesitated.

"Well, what?"

"Saw an advertisement—," hesitated further.

"What advertisement?"

"Saw," desperately, "where a man advertised to tell anybody how to make a good living in a mining country for five dollars."

"An' yer ansud it?"

"Yes."

"What'd he say to yer?"

"Rustle."

"Hell!"

The robbery had entailed such confusion in business on the community, and such an unusual amount of money had been lost, I concluded to go and see the driver who was on the stage when it was robbed. On the way his stopping place, I heard a boy cry out to another:

"Johnny, when yer going to fork over that four bits for the cat I sole yer?"

"Dunno; can't git no money; dad got robbed on the stage las' night. Pay yer nex' pay day, when the Silver Shower Smelt-in' Kump'ny pays off. Uncle's workin' for 'em."

Finding the driver I said:

"You were stopped last night?"

"Yes."

"How far out?"

"Two miles."

"How many robbers were there?"

"Five."

"They must have made a big haul. How did they get the treasure box open?"

"Weren't no treasury box. Don't come ev'ry night, now. Done to fool the road agents."

"Got the money and checks in the mail?"

"Didn't trouble the mail."

"Why, I'm surprised. How many passengers did you have"

"One."

"Robbed him?"

"Went through him."

"What did they find?"

"An old silver dollar."

"That all they got away with"

"Didn't get away with that. The fellar said he'd like to keep it; that his mother had given it to him when he was a little boy, back in New Hampshire, an' he'd kep' it for a sort c' pocket piece, nest-egg like, an' they let him keep it."

"Did they do anything else?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Went off cussin'."

BATHING IN VIENNA.

The Trials of a Modest Man Not Accustomed to the Ways of Austria.

Mr. Prentice Mulford thus writes the San Francisco *Chronicle* from Vienna: After awhile I discovered that the Viennese who did wash themselves washed themselves all over at the great public baths, and not in the little pint pitchers of water they kept in their bedrooms. So I went to a public bath. I did not know what to ask for, but I knew German enough for water. I went in and said, "Wasser." They took my meaning immediately, or they might have seen that I needed washing. I declare the ridiculous amount of water they furnish one leads to dreadful results.

There are two passages leading into the great five-storied bath barrack—one for males, the other for females. Of course I took the wrong one, and was shoved back by a woman with a towel. I didn't see that it made much difference, for the attendants on both sides were females. Marie showed me to my bath-room. Marie was a big, brown, black-eyed Austrian maid, in round short skirts. She went ahead of me with an armful of towels. She opened by bath-room door. I went in. She came in after me. I was quite unprepared for