

of that extraordinary creature which would "split" in presence of Kingsley's wonderful water baby. Mr. Thornton had been talking to Tom about a variety of subjects, and the Colonel, unfortunately for himself, had explained to his expected son-in-law the reason why he was enabled to give Miss Tippi's so handsome a dowry. Moreover, Tom had met Jessie Miller in a shady walk outside the lawn, and had there and then confessed himself an ass and a coward. Miss Austin had followed this up by a judicious word or two concerning Mr. Thornton's expectations and the Society which Tom might yet see if he played a manly part, as he had been advised to do, at the Castle, on this last day of his father's visit; for old Pigeon had packed up, and was determined to go to London without further delay. Tom must indeed have been a booby if the events of the previous four-and-twenty hours had not convinced him of the excellence of Mr. Thornton's advice to break the Tippi's bandage, and be free. Besides, Thornton had placed such excellent cards in his hands, that the most unskilful player in the world's game could not fail to make every trick. Tom was, therefore, master of the situation when the family and guests assembled in the drawing-room.

"Now let me arrange your places," said Tom, when all were assembled. "It is not much I ask, Colonel, and I have nothing to say or do that can be objectionable, you know."

The Colonel said Mr. Pigeon had only to say what he wished to secure his utmost desires at Tinsell Castle.

"Ah, Kite! I did not see you for the moment," exclaimed Tom, rushing up to Kite and shaking him by the hand. "We are going to have a family and general explanation—just as they do at the theatres you know, Kite. Now look here, Kite, and Miss Tippi's, will you kindly sit here, on this ottoman? There—thank you—that will be excellent."

Old Pigeon looked on in amazement.

"And, Mr. Thornton, will you sit here on my left—thank you, near Miss Austin—yes, that will do capitally. Miss Miller, you shall sit near me; and Mr. Theophilus Pigeon, you shall sit where you please."

"Thank you, Tommy," said old Pigeon.

"This is very amusing—very," said the Colonel, somewhat contemptuously.

"Glad you think so," said Tom, taking the eye-glass from his neck and putting it in his pocket. "Colonel Tippi's, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Thornton has done me the honour to allow me to be his spokesman on this interesting and important occasion; Miss Austin ditto; likewise Miss Jessie. Kite, shall I speak for you?"

"Tom Pigeon, you are a good fellow at heart—I will trust you," said Kite; "though I am not clear about what you mean."

"Shall I add your name, Miss Tippi's," said Tom; "may I represent your interests in the family settlement? The cards are all in my hands; and, as I am about to retire from Society, I know what I am doing. Yes or no: it is not much I ask?"

"I shall remain a spectator, sir," said Miss Tippi's.

"Very good," said Tom. "Colonel, what can I do for you?"

"Sir," said the Colonel, "as head of this establishment, and in the capacity of—"

"Yes, yes," said Tom, interrupting the speaker; "we know all that, and we intend to come to the hustings to hear you speak. Meanwhile capital, you know—capital must have its due weight. The Pigeons will foreclose, unless—you know what I mean."

"I submit, for the present, at all events," said the Colonel. "Mr. Thornton's solicitor and a friend are at the Green Dragon. They are not quite satisfied with Colonel Tippi's papers in the matter of Miss Austin's guardianship. Put that little matter right, Colonel, and the lady shall settle her present annuity upon you."

"How dare you, sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, rising to his feet and confronting Tom, his face scarlet with indignation and fear.

"Don't interrupt, Colonel," said Tom, nodding at Thornton, to reassure that gentleman, who seemed, for the moment, to fear that Tom was not playing his cards discreetly.

"Your conduct, sir, is disgraceful," said the Colonel.

"No; quite a mistake. Not mine," said Tom. "Pray be calm; it is all for your own good, I assure you."

The Colonel walked about the room impatiently, and old Pigeon did nothing but stare at his son.

"Miss Tippi's," continued Tom, "finding that she really does not care for Tom Pigeon, who is only a tailor's son, and not in Society—"

"Well done, Tommy; I knew your heart was in the right place," said old Pigeon, unable to remain quiet any longer.

"As I was saying," continued Tom, "before Mr. Pigeon senior interrupted me, Miss Tippi's, having reconsidered the state of her affections, accepts one thousand a year, which I shall settle upon her, and with it the hand of my old friend, Charley Kite."

"Bless you, Pigeon! Bless you!" exclaimed Kite, looking a world of admiration at Miss Tippi's, and everlasting gratitude at Tom.

"The Colonel, wishing to be at peace with all men," went on the calm dispenser of Fate, "restores Mr. Miller to his farm; and Thomas Pigeon, selfishly desirous of being happy for life, asks Jessie Miller, before this noble company, if she will have old Pigeon's harum-scarem son for better or for worse, &c., with an understanding that going into Society is not his game in future."

Then turning to the young lady on his right, Tom, raising his voice, said: "Jessie, I love you, and confess it."

"Don't be foolish, Tom," was all Jessie said in reply.

"I will not be foolish any more," said Tom. "But I put the question now, once for all: 'Will you, or won't you?'"

"I will," said Jessie, blushing and looking steadfastly upon the floor.

"Hooray!" exclaimed old Pigeon. "Hooray! and many of them!"

"Don't anticipate events," said Tom, looking at his father and waving his hand for silence. "Is it agreed, Colonel Tippi's? Mortgage renewed for any length of time you like. A thousand a year for Miss Tippi's—Mrs. Kite I hope to say ere long. No lawsuit about Miss Austin's property, and a splendid present from old Pigeon into the bargain. Miss Austin's annuity, you know, settled on yourself. Everybody happy, and no troublesome consciences, eh? No opposition at Inglenook?"

"You tempt me, Mr. Pigeon—my instincts are naturally

social and liberal," said the Colonel, who had been carefully calculating his chances in a law-suit, and the inconvenience of foreclosing the mortgage on Tinsell Castle.

"Say yes," said Tom.

The Colonel crossed over to old Pigeon. "How much?" he said, in a loud whisper.

Mr. Pigeon senior took the Colonel, and whispered something in his ear.

"I knew I should settle it, Mr. Thornton," said Tom; "it has all come as it ought; we are all sorted as right as nine-pence, just like a play, and it might be called *Birds of a Feather!* Here, for instance, here are we the humble but happy Pigeons—"

"Tailor birds," whispered Thornton to Miss Austin.

"Did anyone speak?" asked Tom, immediately. "Yes or no? it is not much I ask. To proceed, as I was saying—here we are, the Pigeons, the Kites, and—"

"The love birds," said Thornton.

"I shall call you the magpies, presently," said Tom, laughing and shaking his fist at Thornton. "Shall I go on or not?"

"Hear him, hear him!" exclaimed the Colonel: "that is what I shall demand for my honourable opponents on the hustings."

"Hustings!" exclaimed young Pigeon. "Happy thought! This is the only hustings worth appearing upon; you ladies and gentlemen the only electors worth appealing to! Ladies and gentlemen, free and independent—"

"I protest!" said the Colonel. "I only have a right to make an election speech here."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will only say, Vote for the Pigeons!" said Tom.

"And the Kites," said Miss Tippi's intended.

"That will do," said old Pigeon, "Let us all shake hands, and be friends!"

"With all my heart," said the Colonel. "I don't know what I lose by the transaction, but this is the happiest day of my life."

"And mine," said Kite, kissing Miss Tippi's.

"And mine," said Tom, putting his arm round Jessie.

"And mine," said Thornton, pressing Miss Austin's hand.

"And mine," said old Pigeon, taking both the Colonel's hands in his, and shaking them until the two old boys were quite red in the face.

If this were really a play (instead of being just like one, as Tom Pigeon puts it), the whole of the company would waltz prettily to the time of Tom Pigeon's chorus, and the curtain would go down amidst, I hope, a round of applause. But not being a play, the story ends with the explanation that the Pigeons did not leave the Castle until after the celebration of a triple wedding at Inglenook, the gorgeous celebration of which obtained for the Colonel so much *kudos* that his election for the borough is a matter of dead certainty. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pigeon are at the present moment on their wedding tour at Margate; Mr. and Mrs. Thornton are similarly engaged at Nice; Mr. and Mrs. Kite are amusing themselves at Hamburg; old Pigeon is having a quite pipe in his favourite bar parlour; and Col. Tippi's is only waiting for that peculiar combination of parties which is to bring about the next general election.

THE END.

THE USEFULNESS OF THE CENTURY PLANT.

What the bamboo is to the Chinaman, and something more, the maguey was to the ancient Aztec, and is to his descendants to the present day. Every day of the year, every hour of the day, he comes in contact with it in some shape. In more than a hundred forms he has utilized it and made it contribute to his sustenance and comfort; it is the prime necessity of his simple life. It is bread, and drink, and raiment to him; he is born upon it, cradled in it, fed upon it, clothed with it, dies upon it, and is buried in it. No other plant which grows upon earth is put to so great a variety of uses; and he knows them all.

On the table-land of Mexico one is never out of sight of it. It forms an impenetrable hedge, before which man and beast alike must turn back, around every field, and in many whole districts it is cultivated in vast fields, hundreds of thousands of plants being seen in a single plantation—ten acres of maguey to one of corn, and ten of corn to any thing else, being cultivated over a section of a country larger than New England.

The maguey is propagated from suckers, of which each old plant throws off a number every year. It flourishes on all soils, but is said to do best upon rather poor, clayey lands, or on hill-sides among old lava. It will grow thriftily where hardly anything else can be produced, is not affected by the long drought of summer, and will withstand a heavy frost, and even a degree of cold sufficient to form ice an inch in thickness, without injury. A more hardy plant, or one more easily propagated or cultivated, is not known in the world. It is planted out in rows about ten feet apart, and, for one or two seasons, maize or wheat may be grown upon the same ground. After that, the land is used for grazing purposes, neither cattle nor sheep ever attacking the maguey, however hard pressed by hunger. The long, thick, lance-shaped leaves, of a pale, bluish-green colour, each terminating in a sharp, stiff spine, or thorn, come up from the centre of the plant in a solid cone, detaching themselves one by one, and falling outward until the whole plant has taken something the shape of a pine-tree cone, the points of the leaves at the base standing out in a circle from six to twelve feet in diameter, and the point of the roll of leaves in the centre being perhaps six or eight feet in height. The Mexicans estimate the cost of a maguey plant in the field when arrived at maturity—reckoning the cost of planting and subsequent labour, interest, and use of land—at fifty cents, and its value for all purposes at \$5. It will be seen that a field containing 100,000 of these plants at maturity represents \$500,000, and there are many such in the country. Until it reaches maturity, it can be applied to no use, and the plantation is wholly unproductive of revenue.

But then it yields its various products quickly, and is removed to make room for a sucker which it has thrown off to take its place and go through the same routine. After the summer rains have ceased—say in October or November—the maguey, which has reached the proper stage of development, swells up in the centre, and, in place of the upright roll of leaves, a head like that of a Flemish cabbage shows itself.

This head quickly takes the form of a gigantic asparagus-sprout six to twelve inches in diameter, and shoots up into the air with amazing rapidity—say at the rate of from six inches to one foot per day—until the height of fifteen to thirty feet is attained, when from three to fifteen hundred or two thousand pale, greenish-white blossoms are developed, and the maguey has entered upon the last stage of its existence. From that hour it fades and droops, and soon withers away and dies.—*Overland Monthly for July.*

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES.

The significance of names is as variable as the clouds, depending on conditions too delicate to be defined. Still, names have what might be termed a quality of average association, which translates them to the mind in not materially different hues and forms. Nobody considers Jerusha fascinating or Mabel repulsive. Sybil suggests softness and fineness, and Angelina mawkish sentiment. Blood and breeding seem to lie in Edith, and inelegance and rusticity in Priscilla. Mary, whom bards have made tuneful in many tongues, has lost such savour as she might have had from excess of handling. We think of her now in connection with almost anything else than grace and loveliness. Kate is interesting, though she conveys a certain impression of wildness approaching hoydenhood. Pauline is lackadaisical, pretentious and shallow. Ruth is simple, genuine, winning, full of modesty and merit, and sterling to the core. Ada and Ida show gentleness without strength, and delicacy rather than discernment. Alice is what circumstances may make her—pretty and spoiled, needing trial for development, adversity for elevation. Amy is a child always, even after maternity and maturity, and nothing can render her otherwise. Stiffness, self-consciousness, and angularity emanate from Arabella; and Augusta should be consequential and inflated without desert. A certain hot-house air might surround Blanche and Bertha, and they should be kept there if it be desirable to preserve their freshness and their fragrance.

Clara, not to belie herself, should be pure, affectionate, and free, carrying with her the form and daintiness of distinction. Eliza is plain, but profound, and Ella a slender echo of what she imitates. When the average man seeks for a wife, desiring romance and discarding the ideal, he should sue to Esther, who will perform all she promises, becoming the most conscientious of housekeepers, the most devoted slave of the nursery. A thorough scatterbrain is Fanny, whom trouble spares and adversity does not touch. Helen is precocious at sixteen, a coquette till five-and-twenty, and an ambitious and match-making mamma, while she absents herself from heaven to discharge her duty to society. Isabella should be tall and dignified and clever, laughing at what she most sincerely believes, and wounding with Parthian arrows her well-guarded heart. Julia has a tendency to be in love with herself, undisturbed by rivals. She sees in her mirror the beauties others fail to discover, and her much-proclaimed righteousness is but a phase of her conceit. Jane is likely to suffer from lack of appreciation, for she wears her jewels out of sight, and is content to be misunderstood when understanding demands any betrayal of herself. In sentimental woes Leonora is ever bound; is most happy when most distressed. Louise has a spice of affection, but is engaging at first and enchanting at last to those she admits to the sanctuary of her sympathy. The image of Madeleine is shown in the strictest conventionality. She is a well-bred automaton; dresses admirably, talks faultlessly, acts becomingly; is, in a word, a reflection of her surroundings because she has not sufficient force to vary from her pattern.

Maud affects Tennyson and tears, muslin of the whitest and misery of the blackest sort. She is a distillation of simper, silliness, and sentimentalism. Miriam, Penelope, Cordelia, and Rachel need to be stately, calm, and self-sustained—admired by many, esteemed by all, and beloved by one. Phoebe and Phillis are not urbane in mind or manners. They are prominent figures in a landscape filled with farms and farm-houses, and commend themselves warmly to the swain credulous enough to believe that God the first garden made and the first city Cain. The heart of gallantry does not throb at mention of Susannah, who rises to the fancy with milk and water eyes, unsuapely mouth, and an ill-fitting gown; but it beats wildly to the sweet syllables of Viola's name, and awaits with eager expectancy the regal presence of Zenobia, too lofty to be lightly loved.—*Galaxy.*

Berlin puts down her strikes with a high hand. Proprietors of engineering factories have not only resolved to stand out for a day of ten hours instead of eight, with a fixed rate of wages, but add to their determination on this point a decision not to employ for two months any workmen now on strike. Indeed, all seeking employment will be required to produce a certificate of discharge from their last place.

The Concentrated Water of Tivoli is specially recommended for Ladies. It imparts a peach-like bloom to the features, and emits a most fragrant perfume. For invalids the Concentrated Water of Tivoli is invaluable. Business men will find this *Bath* a great boon. Its invigorating powers are immense, after which it produces a calm soothing effect, very grateful to the man of business during the sultry summer months. Price \$1.00 per case, being 4 cents per bath. Sold by all druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada. Sole Consignees in Canada and United States, Gordon & Co., Manufacturing and Wholesale Chemists of Glasgow and London. Branch Depot, 32 St. François Xavier Street, Montreal. 5-25 d

How THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopoeia of physic, attest this fact. 5-22 e