

One evening, a gossip of the neighbourhood, one who had known Hetty in her cradle came in with a long piece of knitting in her hands, to sit an hour with Hetty, and keep her company.

"And so they do say they are going to America," she said, "all alone, that long journey, and everybody thinking this many a day that it was you that was to marry Anthony Frost. And now it is that Primula. People did say, my dear, that they have treated you badly between them, but I couldn't believe that, and you behaving so beautifully to them. Of course it shuts people's mouths to see the girl stopping here with you and preparing for her wedding."

Said Hetty, "I cannot take the trouble to contradict idle stories. Anthony Frost is a very old friend, and Primula is my cousin. It would be strange if I did not try to be of use to them."

"Of course, of course, when there's no reason for your being angry with them; but all the same, my dear, you'd have been a far better wife for him than that flighty little fool that he has chosen. He has changed his mind about many a thing it seems, for he has taken a house in Smokeford, and is setting up as a cabinet-maker, instead of turning out a sculptor, no less, as some people said he had a mind to do. Well, well! it's none of my business to be sure, and I do hope they'll be as happy as if they had both been a bit wiser."

"I see no reason why they should not be happy," said Hetty, determined to act her part to the end. And the gossip went away protesting to her neighbours that there never could have been anything but friendship between Anthony and Hetty.

"There's no girl that had been cheated could behave as she's doing," said the gossip, "and she's as brave as a lion about the journey to America." And after this people found Hetty not so interesting as they had thought her some time ago.

The time for the wedding approached. Primula's pretty dresses and knick-knacks of ornament were finished and folded in a trunk, and she arranged them and re-arranged them; took them out and tried them on, and put them back again. She went out for her evening walks, and Hetty waited up for her return, and let her into the house in the fine clear starlight of the summer nights, and the two girls went to bed in silence, and neither sought to know anything of the thoughts of the other. And so it went on till the night that was the eve of Primula's wedding. On that night Primula went out as usual and did not come back.

The arrangement for the next day had been that Anthony and Primula should be married early in the morning, and go from church to their home. Hetty intended starting on her own journey a few hours later, but she said nothing about her intention, wishing to slip away quietly out of her old life at the moment when the minds of her acquaintance were occupied, and their eyes fully filled with the wedding.

She did not wonder that Primula should stay out late on that particular evening. It was a beautiful night, the sky a dark blue, the moonlight soft and clear. Hetty wandering restlessly in and out the few narrow chambers of her old home, once so delightful and beloved now grown so dreary and haunted, and saw the silver light shining on the roofs and chimneys, and on the dead flowers and melancholy evergreens of her little roof-garden. Only a year ago she had cherished those withered stalks, with Anthony by her side, and they had smiled together over their future in the glory of the sunrise. Now all that fresh morning light was gone, the blossoms were withered away, and her heart was withered also. Faith and hope were dead, and life remained with its burden to be carried. She shut her eyes from sight of the deserted walls, with their memories, and thought of the great world-wide sea, which she had never beheld, but must now reach and cross; and she longed to be on its bosom with her burden.

The hours passed and Primula did not return. Hetty thought this strange, but it did not concern her. Primula and her lover and their affairs seemed to have already passed out of her life and left her alone. She did not go to bed all night, and she knew she was waiting for Primula, but her mind was so lost in its own loneliness that it could not dwell upon the conduct of the girl. The daylight broke, and found her sitting pale and astonished in the empty house, and then her eyes fell on a letter which the night-shadows had hidden from her where it lay on the table. It was written in Primula's scratchy writing, and was addressed to Hetty.

"I am going away to be married," wrote Primula. "Anthony and you were both very good to me once, but you are too cold and stern for me lately. The person I am going with is kinder and pleasanter. I am to be married in London, and after that I am to be taken to travel. When I come back I shall be a grand lady, and I shall come to Smokeford; and I shall order some dresses from Miss Flounce, I can tell you. I am very glad that Anthony and you can be married after all. He was always thinking of you more than me; I could see that this long while back. I hope you will be happy, and that you will be glad to see me on my return."

"Your affectionate PRIMULA."

Hetty sat a long time motionless, quite stupefied, with the letter in her hand.

"Poor little ungrateful mortal," thought she; "Heaven shield her, and keep her from harm!" And then she thought of her own little cup of life-happiness spilled on the earth for this.

"Oh, what waste! what waste!" moaned poor Hetty, twisting the note in her fingers. And then she straightened it and folded it again, and put it in an envelope addressed to Anthony, and she hastened to send it to him, lest the hour should arrive for the wedding, and the bridegroom should come into her presence seeking his bride.

When this had been dispatched, she set about cording her trunk, and taking her last farewell of Sib, who was too old to follow her to America, and was now heart-broken at staying behind. When the last moment came she ran out of the house without looking right or left. And she was soon in the coach, and the coach was on its way to the sea-port from whence her vessel was to sail.

When Anthony received the note, he felt much anger and amazement, but very little grief. Primula's audacity electrified him; and then he remembered that she was not treating him worse than he had treated Hetty. Let her go there! she was a light creature, and would have brought him misery if she had married him. Her oft foolish beauty and bewitching ways faded from his mind after half an hour's meditation; and Anthony declared himself free. And there was Hetty still in her nest behind the old book-shop; as sweet and as precious as when they were lovers a year ago. The last few months were only a dream, and this was the awakening.

Hetty's pale cheeks would become round and rosy once more, and she must forgive him for the past, so urgently would he plead to her. How badly he had behaved!

Anthony put on his hat and went out to take a walk along a road little frequented, eager to escape from the gaze of his acquaintance in the town, anxious to think things thoroughly over, and to consider how soon he could dare to present himself to Hetty. Not for a long time, he was afraid. He remembered her stern pale look when he had last seen her, and how sure he had felt when turning away from her that her love was dead. A chill came over him, and he hung his head as he walked. Hetty was never quite like other girls, and it might be—it might be that her heart would be frozen to him for evermore.

Just at this moment a cloud of dust enveloped Anthony, and the mail coach passed him, whirling along at rapid speed. Hetty was in the coach and she saw him, walking dejectedly on the road alone with his trouble. She turned her face away lest he should see her; and then her heart gave one throb that made her lean from the window, and wave her hand to him in farewell. He saw her; he rushed forward; the coach whirled round a bend of the road.

Hetty was gone.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR COOKERY.

The lectures on cookery which were held last year at the International Exhibition, and which were attended by upwards of 50,000 persons, caused public attention to be turned to the deficient culinary instruction possessed by the bulk of those persons who undertake to prepare our food. As a direct consequence of the interest thus aroused, a meeting was held at Grosvenor House on the 17th of July last year, and a small but sufficient sum of money having been raised, it was resolved to establish a National Training School for Cookery. Lady Barker, who has written an excellent little practical cookery manual, was appointed as Lady Superintendent, while the Commissioners of the International Exhibition facilitated the movement in every way, and placed the convenient annexe which had been used as the kitchen at last year's lectures at the disposal of the society. The school speedily became a success. In the first week alone sixteen pupils joined the classes, and among them are to be found young women from every grade of society. Indeed, the proportion of young ladies desirous to make themselves acquainted with the minutest details of kitchen lore is larger than could possibly have been anticipated. All have to submit to the same rules, no matter what their rank and station. Every young woman who enters as a "learner" pays a fee of two guineas, which sum is supposed to cover the expenses of the materials which she uses in learning to cook; but before she can join the afternoon class, and learn to make soups, entrées, jellies, omelettes, and so forth, she is required to go through a preliminary course, in which she is taught how to lay and light a fire, to scour a frying-pan, to burnish copper saucepans, and many other humble and useful parts of kitchen education. After she has thoroughly passed through this stage, she is relegated to the hands of professed cooks, who teach her all she can possibly desire to know. Ultimately she is examined, and receives a certificate of proficiency. In this school young ladies of gentle birth, young matrons, who had no idea kitchen work could be so "nice," rosy-cheeked country girls, about to take their first place, and cooks, anxious to improve themselves, may all be seen working together with a will, and vying as to who shall turn out the most brilliant copper-lid, or the most resplendently clean saucepan. The certificate is much coveted. Fatigue, and even temporary blackness, are all forgotten in the hope of getting it.

It should be added that the National Training School for Cookery, besides teaching middle-class ladies how to manage their own kitchens, is intended to train young women as instructors to the poor and ignorant masses who cannot come to them to be taught. These instructors are recruited from the ranks of respectable young women who need to earn their own bread, but who wish to earn it in some way above the ordinary routine of a servant's life. After the preliminary course of scrubbing and cleaning, they are taught how to make the most of the humble materials to be found in a poor man's kitchen. Their instruction is gratuitous on the condition that when their own culinary education is completed, they shall hold themselves at the disposal of the Training School, either as paid teachers at home, or to go out into the poor parishes or country towns when required, and start other schools of instruction on the same principle.

THE QUEEN'S TITLE.

Dr. Beke asks of the *Times* whether "Queen of the Britains" is not the Queen's legal title. It certainly is the title on the coin, "Britanniarum Regina." But is the coin to be set against Acts of Parliament and proclamations which describe her Majesty as Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? The "Britanniarum Regina" must be taken as a Latin abbreviation of a title rather too long and too awkward for numismatic use. As to the phrase itself, "British Islands" is from Aristotle downwards, the very oldest description in all languages of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland; but it may be doubted whether they ever were in any language spoken of as "The Britains." At any time since the Armorian migration "the Britains" would have meant the insular and the continental "Britannia," the island of Great Britain and that part of Gaul called "Britannia," "Britany," or "Bretagne." It is in opposition to this last, "Britannia Minor," that we speak of our own island as "Great Britain," "Britannia Major." It may perhaps be better not to go too minutely into the subject, as "Britanniarum Regina" does in the literal and grammatical sense amount to a claim of sovereignty over part of the territory of the French Republic, though doubtless nothing was further from the thoughts of those who, in bringing in the title of "Britanniarum Rex," gave up the title of Francis Rex. There is a difficulty of the same kind at the other end of Europe. The Czar calls himself "Emperor of all the Russias." Yet it is certain that one at least of the Russias, the old Red Russia, forms no part of the Russian dominions. It forms instead the more northern part of the modern kingdoms of Galicia and Lodomeria—elegant Latin forms of the original Russian names—now held by the common Sovereign of Hungary and Austria.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ODDITIES.

The most difficult ascent—getting up a subscription.

"Can't they train Chinamen to eat grasshoppers?" is the conundrum propounded by interested parties in the West.

A French critic has made a *mot* concerning Verdi's funeral mass: "A requiem suitable for a civil interment."

A Stark County, Ill., woman committed suicide the other day because no circus company had visited her vicinity for two years.

"Are there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy; "are you lonesome?"

This brief chronicle was written by the editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*: "Lowell—Saturday. Two little boys and a pistol. Now, only one little boy and a pistol."

It is too bad that the Mayor of Grass City, Kansas, is dead, for the local paper says that "if he hadn't but one chew of tobacco he'd divide it with a friend."

A newly started paper delicately announces that its charge for marriage notices is "just what the ecstasy of the bridegroom may prompt."

Out in Wisconsin a horse kicked and killed a book agent, whereupon the citizens made a donation party for the horse, and he now has oats enough to last him a full horse lifetime.

"Sad thing to lose your wife," said a friend to a Vermont farmer who stood at the grave of his wife. "Well, tolerably sad," replied the mourner, "but then her clothes just fit my oldest girl."

"O Lord," prayed a Methodist minister, "keep me humble and poor!" "O Lord, if Thou wilt keep him humble," said the deacon who next prayed, "we will see to it that he is kept poor!"

"Have you got a little Indian there?" said the engineer, as we passed a young squaw with a pappoose, standing at the depot on the Pacific Railroad. "No," said she; "half Injun, half Injuner!"

When a stranger stands on a public square in Denver, spits on his hands and cries out: "Climb on to me by thousands!" even the postmaster pulls off his coat and goes out to make the response a success.

A district schoolmaster in one of the upper counties of Michigan, was asked what algebra he preferred, and he replied: "Oh, I ain't particular; most any kind that will just peel the hide when you strike."

North Platte, Neb., was once a virtuous and happy town; not a swear was ever heard there, and the people just spent their time in preparing for heaven. Now all is changed. In an evil moment a brass band was organized.

Popular juvenile conversation: First boy—Lemme see your ton-tue. Second boy—Lemme see yours. First boy—There. Second boy—Your mother only lets you have one piece of huckleberry pie. Had the panic down to your house, didn't you?

A Kentucky man while drunk ordered his wife to take a hammer and a nail and knock his teeth out. With that meekness of spirit and obedience which characterizes her sex, that loving wife obeyed the orders of her lord. When he got sober his swearing didn't count, because he mumbled so it couldn't be understood.

At a recent prayer meeting of coloured people at Erie, the decency and good order of the meeting being disturbed by a negro named Brown, whose prayers in public were only incoherent ravings, the pastor inquired: "What fool nigger's dat prayin' down dar nea' de do?" A dozen people replied with one voice: "It am Brudder Brown, sah." "Den," replied the pastor, "Brudder Brown subside, and let some one pray dat's better 'quainted wid de Lord."

The London *Figaro* says: "A Leamington man was observed the other evening trying to obtain a view of the comet through an ear-trumpet which a facetious old gentleman had generously proffered for the purpose. On receiving back the trumpet, the owner, naturally anxious to enjoy his victim's expression of disappointment, applied the instrument to his own ear, and said 'Eh?' This revealed the character of the transaction, and the jovial old gentleman was seen next morning with rump-steak bound upon his eye, limping away to procure a summons for assault."

Mr. Robertson and Dr. Mackinlay were the popular favourites of Kilmarnock in their day, and when the latter happened to be from home, numbers of his hearers were in the habit of rushing to the chapel of the former. One Sunday this influx took place just as Mr. Robertson had concluded the prayer. The rustling which their entrance occasioned attracted his attention, and, in his usual outspoken style, he exclaimed, "Sit round—sit round, my friends, and gie the flectin' army room, for their wee bit idol, ye ken, is no at hame the day."

An Englishman holding forth in the evening in a Scotch hotel to some friends and strangers in the house on the subject of cremation of bodies, in place of the present mode of burial, wound up by declaring that he had about made up his mind to leave directions with his executors and friends that, when he died, his body should be cremated. A canny old Scotchman, who did not relish the innovation, "set the table in a roar" by remarking, "Ye seem in a great hurry about that business, ma freen. A' that may possibly be ordained to be done, without any bother to your friends and executors, at the Lord's guld time and pleasure."

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of the strategy. The boy descending observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; he whistled, coaxed, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took to it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

There was an old couple at the central depot yesterday waiting to go through to the West, and they seemed loving enough until the old man went out and returned smoking a five-cent cigar and with his hat slanting over his left ear. The wife looked at him twice before she could recognize him, and then opened her mouth and said: "What'd I tell ye, Philetus Remington, before we left New Jersey? Didn't I say you'd go and make a fool of yourself the first chance you got?" He tried to pacify her by saying that the cigar only cost five cents, but she shouted: "You teased and teased me till I let you git your boots blacked; then you wanted some soda water; then you bought apples on the train, and here's another five cents thrown away! It all counts up, and if you don't die in the poor-house then my name hain't Stry!"—*Detroit Free Press*.