

"I wonder if the Rajah will find me much altered," said Robinette.

"Of course he will; your hair looks so queer since Graham twisted it up in that fantastical fashion—and yet I don't think it's ugly," observed Mrs. Lynn.

"Ugly, indeed! Why, Graham says it's charming, more particularly when the redbreast aigrette is in it!" rejoined Robinette, as she settled herself snugly on the couch. "Now, granny, we will have a nap until tea-time, and then I will sing all our favorite songs over, perhaps for the last time."

Tears were in the eyes of the young girl as she leaned back upon her folded hands and "fell a-thinking." But she had risen that morning at six, in order to finish a piece of lace, and despatch it to Paris in time for Madame la Marquise to receive it on her birthday, as that worthy dame was on a visit to her relatives, and so the warmth of the fire quickly lulled her to sleep.

"Tea is ready, and the mullins are getting cold—wake, idle little drone!" said a familiar voice in her ear, which caused Robinette to awake with a start and exclaim—

"Welcome back to England, dear old Rajah!" The first greetings over, Robinette looked uneasily around, and asked—

"But where is my father?"

Campbell took her two hands tenderly in his, and said—

"Did you not guess my very transparent secret, daughter mine?"

With a little cry of delight Robinette sprang into her father's arms.

That evening Hector Holt, no longer Campbell now, having given up the name which he had temporarily assumed—told his story to Mrs. Lynn and Robinette.

"Nineteen years ago I met your mother at Lymouth, not very far from here; she was staying here with her father, an austere man, who seldom or never accompanied her in her rambles. We became acquainted, and met daily for several weeks, until at length we loved. I proposed for her hand, and was rejected with scorn."

"Hark, you young red-headed jockanape," said the old man severely. "My daughter shall never marry you, nor any other man, with my consent; and, if she does so without it, every halfpenny of my money will I bequeath to public charities, so that her children will be beggars!"

"To these insults he added many sneers, which goaded me on until I took an oath that my children should be made rich even if I died over my task. Your grandfather had lived for many years in India, which accounted for his eccentric behaviour. Your mother and myself were privately married. I rejoined my regiment at the urgent entreaty of my wife, who promised to break the fact of the marriage to her father at the first opportunity. Months passed by, and every letter that my darling wrote was full of promise for the future. 'My father grows kinder and gentler every day,' wrote she, 'and soon, dearest Hector, I shall send for you home!'

One night I was at a Court ball—a very dreary amusement, believe me—when a whispering at one of the entrances attracted my notice, and presently I heard my name mentioned.

"A telegram for you, Holt, marked 'immediate,'" said a brother officer. I tore it open, and read—

"Come and claim your beggar-daughter. I will bury mine."

"I rushed from the palace, took a cab, and hurried away to the Waterloo Station. No train started for Devonshire until early morning, and I was obliged to spend five dreadful hours in suspense before getting away. There was a lingering hope that this cruel telegram might be false. Alas, it was too true! My darling lay dead, with you, a frail little being, by her side."

Holt rose and paced the room in great agitation, but presently recovered himself and continued—

"I will not distress you with a recital of the dreadful scene which took place between her father and myself; enough that as soon as your mother was laid in her grave I sent you away with the woman who had nursed you both. I kept my word, and started for India, where an opening offered to further my end. I determined not to make myself known until you should have attained your seventeenth year—the age of your mother when we were married. The day I saw you in Hinton Wood, and heard you warbling—

"My love, she's like the red, red rose,"

—a song which your mother loved to sing—my resolution almost gave way, yet I contrived to keep my secret from—"

"All but me," interrupted Mrs. Lynn. "I guessed it from the first time you took our birdie in your arms, and bid her good night with a simple 'Heaven bless you.' From that time all my anxieties about Robinette came to an end—I knew that she was not alone, with only an old woman to love her."

There were no old songs sung that night, for there was so much to talk about that it was long past midnight before father and daughter separated.

"And so, Miss Robinette, you have already chosen a mate without asking my leave," said Holt, with assumed gravity.

"Indeed, papa, you are quite wrong—Graham and I are not properly engaged, but wait for your leave," returned Robinette, eagerly.

"And pray where is Graham?" asked Holt.

"He went to London, from fear of my imaginary father; but, had he known you were the dreaded sire, he would not have run away from such a dear good creature, who will go to-morrow to the railway station and telegraph, 'Hector Holt to Graham Ellis—Come back immediately. I am longing to make your acquaintance.' Look at his handsome perfect face," she added, taking a locket from her neck and displaying a very good photograph of her lover.

Holt looked steadfastly at the portrait for some time, and then said, with a touch of sadness in his voice—

"I shall not keep my little daughter very long; but, if this young fellow is as good and honest as he is handsome, I can scarcely forbid the banis. You, Mrs. Lynn, must take as good care of me as you have taken of my child."

Graham Ellis was summoned back the next day, and by the time Madame la Marquise had returned from Paris "everything was comfortably arranged," so said Mrs. Lynn—and nobody contradicted her.

Hector Holt designed and planned a charming villa, which he caused to be built on the West Cliff, and called it "The Bird's Nest;" and there the young couple took up their abode when they returned from a six months' honeymoon on the Continent.

H. L. B.

**WHAT TO DO WITH THE GIRLS.**

No doubt, many a father is puzzled what to do with his girls. His boys he has comparatively little difficulty in placing in the world; but his girls hang long and often heavily upon his hands, and, in a few cases, he ends by dying and leaving them unprovided for. Apparently believing that their destiny is matrimony, he waits and hopes—how earnestly he hopes none but the poor man himself can say—for an eligible young man to come forward who will be willing to wed one of the damsels. When such a young man does, opportunely, put in an appearance, it would, perhaps, be unwise to say that any great amount of harm is the result of the course which has been pursued; but when a candidate for matrimony, who would be acceptable, declines to come forward, and the maiden's beauty fades away, it may safely be asserted that the father has good reason to ask himself if he has not been acting foolishly. His unmarried daughters, too, who see old maidhood looming in the not very distant future, may be excused if they come to the conclusion that fortune is treating them badly, and that those who have had the direction of their destinies are deserving of a certain amount of censure.

At the same time, it is to be feared that many young women, who live in a respectable sphere of society, fall too readily into the belief that they have been born to become the wives of men who are more or less rich, and that it is, therefore, unnecessary that they should do anything for themselves except sit with folded hands and make their appearance as becoming as possible. As a consequence of this pernicious belief, they develop many objectionable traits of character. For instance, they become apparently incapable of exertion, they acquire expensive habits, and they fall ready victims to the minor sin of vanity. Thus they are more unattractive than they might otherwise be, and the tempers of those whose lot it is to live with them are sorely tried.

Possibly many of their less lovable qualities are due to the fact that they have but an imperfect knowledge of the world. At any rate, it is but reasonable to suppose that if they knew how difficult it is for a man, whose credit is not particularly good, and whose capital is not large, and who has a certain position to keep up, to make ends meet, they would not feel particularly elated when they had obtained a financial triumph over their papa, and they would pause ere they rushed into extravagances for which he would have to pay. But as it is, they seem to think that when they have got the better of him they have done a clever thing, inasmuch as his resources are supposed to be inexhaustible, and it is believed that it is merely stinginess which prevents him from producing his purse whenever he is requested to do so. Following this line of thought, it is but natural that many a family of girls, who have a mother who thinks with them, and is as ignorant of the world as they are, should be continually planning, not how to strengthen their minds and make themselves useful, but how they may drag from their father the greatest amount of money in the shortest possible time—money which they will thoughtlessly squander upon superfluities, which they no sooner get than they become tired of.

It seems to matter little to them that while they are doing this their father's brow is becoming more and more furrowed, and that his hair is prematurely whitening. It is just possible that they fail to notice many of the signs of decay which he exhibits, just as they fail to see that he makes himself a common grudge, not for his own gratification, but in order that he may let them have as much as possible of what they want. They look upon it quite as a matter of course that he leaves his home ere they have thought of quitting their bed, and that he should be poring over papers, muddling his brain and spoiling his eyes at the same time, while they are planning how they may scheme out of him new dresses for the next ball which they have firmly resolved to attend. The signs of decay, begot by overwork and anxiety, which are upon him, are always before them, and long have been so, and thus it is that they fail to read their

significance. If they did read the meaning of what they ought to notice, seeing that they are often moved to compassion by the sight of a lame beggar, and grow tearful over the woes of the mythical heroines of popular novels, it is but reasonable to suppose that they would act otherwise than they do. It is only when the breadwinner has broken down that they begin to reproach themselves; it is only when his remains have been consigned to Mother Earth, and his affairs have been wound up to an universal chorus of how reckless and imprudent he must have been, that they fully see the meaning of all those signs—they have been apparent enough to the eyes of unprejudiced onlookers—which they have persistently ignored. Sad as is the climax of their wasted youth, the blame does not attach to the girls so much as to the parents, who have neglected their obvious duty of teaching them how to provide for themselves.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

OLD bells can be made as good as new ones. Old belles can't.

THE bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

WHY is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

A LITTLE girl at a school examination, in reading her exercise, changed Keat's line into "A thing of beauty is a boy for ever."

A LITTLE girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

MY dear lady, your daughter is lovely—a perfect pearl!—"And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh, you are the mother of pearl."

A YOUNG woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there's any nonsense in him he's sure to talk it to her.

"It's generally the case with bad boys," philosophically remarks Mark Twain, "that they look like their mother and act like their father."

A YANKEE husband telegraphed to his wife:—"What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?"—The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

A YOUNG doctor to a lady patient:—"You must take exercise for your health." "All right," said she, "I'll jump at the first offer." They were married in about six months.

MISS LAURA SPENCE, of Georgia, is six feet two and a half inches high, and when her young man sings "Thou art so near and yet so far," he can throw more feeling into the song than any other man in the State.

A MILWAUKEE man made three unsuccessful attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife told him: "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." He goes about saying he owes his life to that woman.

AN old lady was in the habit of talking to her friends in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting only the sad side of life. "Why," said one, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

"So you are going to keep a school," said a young lady to her old maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

"RUSKIN observes that as a rule women have no eye for color. This explains why a woman is obliged to spend three-quarters of a day in getting the exact shade of ribbon to trim a dress, while when it comes to mending her husband's pantaloons she seems to think that a yellow patch is just the thing to match black broad-cloth."

SOME old fraud says: "Get up with the sun if you want to be healthy and wise." It is easy enough to follow this advice in the winter, when the sun acts sensibly, and doesn't get up until seven o'clock; but when he commences to get up at four o'clock, we have observed that the wisest men give him about two hours start, and let their wives accumulate health and wisdom.

ONE of the rules of Mount Holyoke Seminary, forbidding one lady from introducing a gentleman to another lady, was neatly avoided the other day by a Northampton girl, who, when her father came with a trunk to her room while her friend, a Miss Blank, was present, said: "Father, I am sorry I cannot introduce you to my friend, Miss Blank, but the rules forbid it." "Yes," said the father, shaking hands with the young lady, "and I am sorry, too."

A WOMAN was about to move, and convinced her husband that they couldn't do better than sell out their furniture at auction and buy some more at auction, maintaining thus the apparently irreconcilable thesis that (1) you can always get things at an auction for less than their worth, and (2) that you can always get more at an auction for things than they are worth. Accordingly, she disposed of her household effects on a Friday. Saturday she went to another auction and bought back for \$19.75 the girl's bedroom set that on the preceding day sold for \$10.60, less charges and commission. When her husband reminded her of it she burst into a flood of tears, and asked him if this was all the thanks she got for trying to save his money.

## THE VICTORIA BUILDINGS.

Our sketch represents the magnificent pile of buildings erected on Victoria Square, at the corner of Craig street, by Alderman Clendinning and Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., the whole covering the site of the old St. Patrick's Hall. The portion adjoining Morgan's store, at the corner of Fortification Lane, is occupied by the proprietors, McIntyre, French & Co., and the other half by Robert Dunn & Co. That portion fronts 41 feet on Victoria Square, is 100 feet deep along Fortification Lane, and is 5 stories in height. The building has been specially adapted for the large and increasing business of these two well-known firms. This portion of the block is from the designs of Mr. W. T. Thomas, architect, and reflects the greatest credit on his professional capacity. The edifice has a splendid appearance from the outside, and the interior arrangements are perfect. It would do honor to any of the business streets of London or New York. Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., Robt. Dunn & Co., have already removed into it and are transacting business. The Corner of Craig street and Victoria Square is occupied by Mr. Clendinning himself as a sample and sale room for his store and general Foundry business. The remainder of the block is to be occupied by Messrs. Greenhields Son & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants. This part of the building is built after the design of Mr. J. J. Brown, architect.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWARD BOOTH netted \$50,000 in his recent Southern tour.

MINNIE HAUCK has grown desperately stout, but she sings as divinely as ever.

JOE JEFFERSON is nearly as good an artist as an actor, and is going to send some of his pictures to the London exhibition.

RUD. ARONSON has recently forwarded to New York, from Paris, the scores for string and military bands of his "Washington March."

MUSICAL affairs in Paris are brilliant. Mr. Charles Cabot has just finished an opera comique in three acts, and four tableaux, titled "Le Grand Vizir."

JOHN ECCLES of the South Wales Survey Department has invented a lithographic process which is said to be a great improvement on the common practice.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the comedian, acknowledges his deep indebtedness to the able dramatic editor of the "Tribune," and pays him this compliment—he has named his latest born, William Winter Jefferson.

M. GOUNOD has terminated the score of "Poignance," which will be produced in the coming winter at the French Opera. The part of Pauline will be confided to Mlle. de Reszke, Salomon will play the hero, and Faure will represent Sévere.

VERDI'S "Aida" is a great success in Paris; "Jeanne d'Arc," Mermel's just the contrary. "La Petite Mariée" will soon reach its one hundred and fiftieth representation. Offenbach's "La Boulangère a des Ecus" has been received at the Varieties, and is drawing immensely.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S hideousness in the character of *Meg Merrilies* was produced by very careful painting. She was a large, rather plump woman, yet as the Scotch hag her face and arms were made to seem wrinkled and thin. A writer in *Belgravia* says that the penning was done by a female attendant who had been thoroughly instructed by Miss Cushman, and occupied half an hour previous to each performance.

AN uncommon dramatic performance has taken place in London, if the announced programme has been carried out. "The School for Scandal" was to be played by prominent actors and actresses, even to the smallest parts. Charles Mathews, Henry Irving, Charles Santley, Benjamin Webster, and John Clarke were those in the cast who are known in this country, but others of equal reputation in England were included.

## DOMESTIC.

OAT MEAL AND GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix equal parts of fine Irish oat meal and graham flour into a thick batter with milk and water equal parts. Fill hot gem tins and bake with a brisk heat. Very sweet and tender.

PEELING ONIONS.—In peeling onions put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

FRENCH TOAST.—Beat four eggs very light and stir them in a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea—quite equal to waffles.

CAULIFLOWER.—Soak the head two hours in cold salted water, and boil till tender in plenty of water. Have the water boiling when you put in the flower. Pour off the water and add a cup of cream or milk. Rub together a teaspoonful of butter and a large spoonful of flour. Stir into the milk, season as you like, and let all boil up together for five minutes and serve.

CHEAP PUDDINGS.—Plain puddings may be in great variety with suet, to which a little baking-powder is added when mixing the flour; flavoured with one lemon or an orange, chopped figs or treacle, or plain milk; sugar to taste; also corn-flour with one egg and milk made into a custard about an inch thick, and baked over apples, pears and rhubarb in winter, and cherries, currants and other fruit in summer.

KIDNEY STEWS.—Take a large beef kidney, cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices; then let it lie in cold water with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes; wipe dry, then put it in the pot with three half pints of cold water; let it boil two hours; half an hour before it is done add one large onion, sliced, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a very little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to season well; serve hot, with mashed potatoes.

VEGETABLE STOCK.—Take some carrots, turnips, onions, leeks, and celery, in equal quantities; cut them up into small pieces, and toss them in plenty of butter for half an hour; then add two heads of lettuce shred fine, some parsley and chervil, a little thyme, marjoram and tarragon in judicious proportions; toss them a little longer, and then add as much water as you want stock; pepper, salt, cloves, mace to taste, and a pinch of sugar; let the whole stew gently for some hours and then strain the liquor through a cloth. N.B.—A couple of tomatoes—either from a tin or fresh—or two or three spoonfuls of *conservé de tomates*, are a great improvement.