What a pretty, very pretty girl she seemed, as I looked at her, seated in front of me, over on the right side of the car, with her face turned at an angle which gave me the contour of her delicate oval chin and regular brow! How clear and pure her temples were, and how very neatly the hair grew back from them!

A long time did I watch her, that very cold day near Christmas, when we travelled the whole way on the same road, and I found so much to attract in the changes of her face that I noticed nothing else without or within. She was alone, and appeared to be keeping a sharp look-out upon all her fellow-travellers, more from timidity, I think, than from any curiosity as regarded them. Every man who rose to go to the end of the car to get a drink of water, or to leave it for the pleasure of "a water, or to leave it for the pleasure of "a little smoke," or to lounge up to the stove fluenced her expression of countenance. At the first movement he would make she would start, look apprehensive as he rose, alarmed as he advanced toward her seat, terrified as he came close, and relieved in proportion as he lengthened the distance between them. I noticed, as time passed on, with increasing interest, every new alarm, and the expression each elicited, depicted upon her speaking countenance, and was almost lost in conjecture as to where could be her destination, what her position in life, and antecedents, when I was suddenly startled by my wife's voice at my

denly startled by my wife's voice at my side, saying,
"Theodore, what in the world do you see in that girl's face, that you have been watching her so intently for the last

"My dear," I answered, "she is very pretty. She reminds me most forcibly of you when I first met you at—a—a—Newport."
"I never went to Newport until I had been almost ten years married," said Mrs. Witherton. (My name is Theodore With-

Well." I said. "I mean at that time." "Yell," I said, "I mean as that sime.
"Then why did you not say 'ten years
after our marriage?" I don't think that
people can be too particular in their statements," said Mrs. W. "If every one observed this rule, fewer quarrels would coour in families, and society also, and less

mischief be made."
"Yes, my dear; I was only thinking at
the moment of the likeness."
"Likeness?" she said, sharply. "What
likeness could any one possibly see between a dark girl with brown hair and eyes, and the long thin face that she has, and a round fair one, with blue eyes and light hair, like mine—at least," in answer to my "like what mine was. However, glance, "like what mine was. However, if you are amused or interested in what you have been gazing at, I am quite satisfied."

She was so well satisfied that she turned squarely round, with her face to the win-dow, and four blocks of black and red plaid shawl alone given me for prospect; for my wife was of comfortable dimensions, and quite filled up three-quarters of the seat we mutually occupied, and the whole of the window besides.

Mrs. Witherton had married me many

Mrs. Witherton had married me many years ago, through the suggestions of mutual friends, and to the great gratification of my parents. There had been so much difficulty in finding anything in the way of business that I could manage, that the effort at last had to be abandoned. I think that, as is often the case in large families, my capacity has been underrated. Until I married Mrs. Witherton I had been under my mother's care and then my under my mother's care, and then my wife had assumed the charge of me, and we have been as happy, I think, as people generally are. Mrs. Witherton was not handsome, but my mother said that beauty handsome, but my mother said that beauty was a great snare; and she was, perhaps, net very clever, but I preferred her not her old seat. being so for many reasons that I would rather not tell. She had a nice little for "Was her communication" mother told me in our days of courtship to express certain correct views to her touching marriage settlements, she had interrupted me quickly with a beautiful sentiment: "Do you think, Theodore, that I should be afraid to trust my money to a man to whom I am not afraid to trust myself?" Mother told me not to say anything more on the subject, and we found after the marriage that everything had been tied up as tightly as law could tie it. I am compelled to tell you all this, to make you understand my story. Mrs. Witherton, though, always paid my bills, when she thought them reasonable, and also allowed me some pocket-money; and it was natural that I should be deferential to her, for she was a great deal older than I was.

Now I had often heard the men around Now I had often heard the men around me talk of romances and adventures, and all that sort of thing, and though I envied them, still I knew that I was married, and therefore never could have any such experience; but those recitals were of intense interest to me, and as long as they would recount them, I would listen, until there happened to me the adventure that I am going to tell you. Since that day I have thought that I have more in me than people imagine. But to go on with my story. We were due at New York at eight o'clock that night, and the short winter day closed in earlier than usual as we sped on, breasting the most terrible snow-sterm ever encountered. than usual as we sped on, breasting the most terrible snow-storm ever encountered. I was afraid to look again at that solitary girl; but when, picking up my wife's muff, I took advantage of my position to steal a giance at her, I saw that her face was pressed closely against the window-pane, and that she had timidly stopped the conductor and asked some question, which, on being answered, seemed to alarm her still further, for she cowered down deeper in her seat. I wanted to follow him out to question him, but I dare not leave Mrs. W. on the plea of a small smoke, for she never allowed smoking when travelling—indeed, very seldom at any other time; but after some cogitation I muttered something concerning her

"and see about my trunk. My opinion is that those porters throw the trunks de-liberately about, in the hope that some of them will break, and so give them a chance

of pillage."

I rose quickly, and sought neither baggage-master nor trunk, but the conductor, and had a short conversation with him.

"That young lady who is travelling

of booking that will soon induce any soft disengaged chap to take care of them, and no harm done, either."

"But is she entirely alone?"

"Yes, I believe so. Lots of them run

all around the country at this season on their own hook. Tell you, sir, the Ameri-

He eyed me very unpleasantly.
"You just let that girl alone," he said.
What have you to do with her? You ook as if you could hardly take care of

aity; "and I thought that if the young ady was alone, and in need of protection, we could offer it to her when we arrived at

I went back to my wife, with many useless plans chasing each other in my brain
for the accomplishment of my purpose. I
was compelled, in returning, to pass the
place where the poor girl was seated. She
looked up, and the terrified expression that
had settled upon her face changed to an
appealing glance, so appealing that I
hesitated; but just then my wife turned
towards me with a question.

"Did you see that the strap was pro-perly fastened?" she asked; "and what was the reason that you did not attend to its being correctly done before we started?" "It is all right," I said. "My dear, the conductor tella me that we shall be very late in arriving. How terrible for those ladies who are alone to get to the city in this storm and darkness!—so long, too, after the train has been due,"

She trued a supplication of the storm and darkness is the storm and

She turned a suspicious—a very suspicious—eye upon me.

"I am so very glad," I hastened to say,
"that I did not allow you to leave me, and
travel alone to New York. I am always
more comfortable in my mind when I am
near to protect you in time of need." And
I really felt so. I really felt so.
"Mr Witherton," she said, concisely,

"I dislike platitudes."
"We sped on in silence, the snow was so deep; and at each station that we stopped at we dropped a passenger or two, till but few were left, for we were an accommodation train. At last we passed through Newark; and then the poor girl, who had hesitatingly risen once or twice, and then set down again, as if afraid of carrying out her intentions, at last sprang up desperately, and made her way to us. She looked once in Mrs. W.'s face, and then turned to me.

"When I left Washington this morning" the said almost inadditing "I among the said almost inadditing the said al

"When I left Washington this morning," she said, almost inaudibly, "I expected to go right through New Yerk to my home, but the conductor tells me we shall not make the connection with the Eastern train. I am all alone, sir, and much alarmed, for I never have been before in New York, except once, when I passed through without stopping. Will you tell me where I can remain for the night?"

I had known that there existed some strange symmathy between that side and

strange sympathy between that girl and myself when our eyes had met in passing, and now as she looked me in the face and appealed to me, I felt that I could do and dare a great deal for her sake; but Mrs. Witherton's opinions have always strongly influenced me, and I knew that she was

in fluenced me, and I knew that she was not putting the most favourable construction upon what was passing at that moment. Still, there have been epochs in my life when I have remembered that I am a man and a gentleman, and also an independent one in my views, however my actions may been curbed by circumstances. And this was one of those moments.

"This lady and myself," said I, motioning toward my wife, "are going to the New York Hotel to-night, and if you so desire, will take charge of you, and will also see that you are comfortably housed, and to-morrow morning will attend to your safely getting to the eastern train,"

"Perhaps you may manage to make i convenient to take her to her home you self," icily suggested Mr. Witherton.

"Oh no," cried the girl, innocently; "but if you please, sir, could I see you a moment alone?"

noment alone?"
She saw assent in my eyes, and led the

way to the rear of the car, and turning away desperately from Mrs. Witherton's looks, I followed her.

"When we get to the city, can you take me to the hotel in the cars?" she asked, with great translation. with great trepidation.
"Certainly I can, in either car or stage.

But do you prefer them to a carriage?" asked. "Oh, so much !" she said, thankfully ; and after a moment's hesitation she added, "I have so little money with me

secret?" said she.

"Certainly not. She seems afraid of hacks, or drivers, or something, I really do not know what; only she begged me to take her to the hotel in a street car." I felt an invincible repugnance to letting my wife know the true reason of the request. We reached the city by ten o'clock, and telling my protégée to keep close to us, I give my arm to Mrs. Witherton, and looked around for a car as soon as we got out of the dépôt to carry us up to our destination. I had just signaled one, and turned to my party to get them in, when I caught sight of my wife stepping into a comfortable carriage.

iage. "Why, my dear," I exclaimed, "I

"Why, my dear," I exclaimed, "I thought you were going with us. The driver was waiting, so that I was naturally heedless of my phraseology. "Was it not decided that we should take a car?"

"I really am not quite certain of whom you are speaking, Mr. Witherton, when you say 'we," she answered; "but I, for one do not care to tramp to that vulgar conveyance over my kid boots in snow and slush. You may do as you please."

I "might," certainly, any one "might" who did not care to count the coet; but sage experience had taught me a great deal. However, I could not, and I would not even if I could, have left that lovely young creature alene at night in a strange city; so I turned away and stopped another car, and handed her in.

handed her in.

Seen now in the full light of the brilliant seen now in the full light of the Drillians gas jets, as we passed along, she certainly was lovely, with a clearness and freshness of colouring and a brightness in her hazel eyes and white even teeth. It is true that there was a lack of expression; and an absence of all that would be suggestive of intelligence or quick comprehensiveness: sence of all that would be suggestive of intelligence or quick comprehensivences; but I confess I only thought of this years afterward. I give an opinion, as I have always considered myself a judge of feminine beauty, although circumstances may not have permitted me to prove my taste.

We reached our destination at my old head-quarters, the New York Hotel, almost as soon as my wife did, whose skirts I saw turning the corner of the second-story staircase as we entered (this was before elevators became a necessity), and then I turned to my companion to learn her wishes.

"That young lady who is travelling alone seems very nervous and timid," I remarked, as pelitely as I could, for conductors are semetimes of a centrary temperament. "I feel quite anxious about her."

"Oh, those kind get on very well," he "No, no, I thank you," she answered, hastly. "I would like to go at once to

domiciled herself, and so prowled around on the different floors, interviewing the stray chamber-maids I met (with very unsatisfactory results) as to what room had been assigned to a tall, stout lady in an iron-gray ulster, and at last I descended to the effice and found her number.

I tapped at her door, waited a moment to whisper close to the key-hole, "It is only me, my dear," and walked in. Mrs. Witherton was seated before a comfortable fire, still in her ulster (for I had forgotten that the keys of her trunk were in my pocket, so she had been unable to get at her dressing wrapper). Her feet were thrust into a pair of knitted Polish boots, generally used for snow-boots (for her slippers also were in my overcoat at that moment). Her front curls were "put up" for the night (for bangs were at that time out, and corkscrews in); and though she had a fragrant supper of broiled oysters on toast and a glass of ale on a waiter before her, she did not appear happy.

Now of all Mrs. W.'s moods the satirical was the one I most abhorred. My skin is naturally soft, but it would ourlints over severe and the saturally soft, but it would ourlints over severe and the saturally soft, but it would ourlints over severe sever

was the one I most abhorred. My skin is naturally soft, but it would curl into goose-flesh under such infliction, and one glance sufficed to show me the nature of her sufficed to show me the nature of her humour at that moment.

"Why," she cried, "where is she—the lovely waif and stray? How did you manage to tear yourself away? I was quite sure that you would so settle matters that she should have a share of our room, and I have been looking around to gauge its capabilities. That was quite a clever arrangement about the street car, and I only wonder that, after she got rid of me, she did not suggest a carriage."

rangement about the street car, and I only wonder that, after she got rid of me, she did not suggest a carriage."

"My dear Maria, the poor child has perhaps never left home before. Consider how you would have felt if at her age—"

"How I would have felt? Do you wish to insult me, Mr. Witherton? I suppose you are aware by this time that you married a lady who would hardly be found, at any age, roaming around the country on snewy nights, appealing to the protection of any chance man—"

"Oh, my love, how could she tell that there was a snow-storm coming on? And, beaides, thousands of women in this country—indeed, everywhere—are compelled to travel alone. She did not appeal to me, I offered your protection—"

to travel alone. She did not appeal to me. I offered your protection—"
"Then I most positively decline," solemnly said Mrs. W.; and there was no use contesting the point, as, according to the manner things had arranged themselves, her complicity was not needed. I did not dare to riug and request epenly that the porter should be notified to rouse me at seven o'clock; so, fearful that I might oversleep myself, I lay awake the whole night, and counted the hours as they struck. Not even a fire broke out to vary the monotony of my vigil, and once, havthe monotony of my vigil, and once, hav-ing given incautiously a loud sigh, my wife turned, and sleepily asked what was the

"I have not closed my eyes," I said.
"Conscience," she muttered, and was again asleep before the words had left her However, at six I slipped out of bed into the dressing-room, luckily without observation, and when accounted, toiled up

servation, and when accounted, toiled up the five pair of stairs to my destination, "one of the five hundred," and knocking at the door, was answered by a pleasant voice, which said, "Thank you; yes—all ready." In a few moment her door opened, and she appeared, bonneted and shawled, bag and purse in hand.
"Will you be so kind as to pay my bill, if you please?" she asked your proposals.

"Not at all," I answered. "Give me the bill, and I will take it to her."

He handed it over, and again I made the five-story ascent, and found her seated at her door waiting for me.

"Here it is," handing it over. "Look over it, and if you are not satisfied, I can have it altered. They are very obliging in

this house."

She leoked long and uneasily.
"Say whatever you think," I urged.
"I think it is very, very high," she an-

"I think it is very, very high," she answered, simply.

"Then give it to me;" and again I made the descent to the office, tiptoeing carefully past my wife's door; although I knew the utter impossibility of her hearing, or, if she heard, detecting, my footstep among the many that passed.

"There, just where I left him, stood the patient, sleepy clerk.

"She thinks it is too much," I whispered.

Too much?" with raised eyebrows. "Yes! Take off that dollar" (still in a whisper); "make it fifty cents. All right, you see. Fix it afterward." I tapped my hand on my rather empty pocket, and winked.
"Oh! Ah! Well!" he said. "That

my pocket and incredulously inspected it. Circumstances certainly forbade my at sching any very romantic associations to it, but it yet had a kind of mysterious fascing

bill down on my devoted head, in may ingenious ways on my wife's part, though resulting in exasperating annoyances to me?

Here I came to confess the whole story may require a few explantions—to unmarried people particularly. That hotel clerk was a bachelor, and owing to this, and also to an absurd and almost exploded idea he seemed to entertain that he was bound to attend to the interests of his employer, and not let him be defrauded of his just dues (oblivious of how many unjust ones he not let him be defrauded of his just dues (oblivious of how many unjust ones he may have extorted which would have more than restored the balance), had interpreted the hint I had given him, the morning I had arranged the girl's bill, into a permission to him to charge the deficit to me. Now I dare say this was all fair, and I had no ob-

been teetotally teetotal men, she naturally received a severe shock.

"Mr. Witherton," she cried, suddenly awakening me, "what has been your object in treating bar-room loafers to drinks? Do you intend to run for the office of alderman of this city?"

I was so startled at first that I could not collect my sensee but I was I could not

I was so startled at first that I could not collect my sensee, but I was perfectly certain that I could positively deny with entire truth this charge. (I had not yet noticed the bill in her hand.) "My dear," I solemuly said, "I have never offered a man a drink, or paid for one for him, in the whole course of my life."

She turned slowly toward me, and situated as I was with a plastered wall on the one side, and no escape except over my wife on the other, I felt the might and majesty of woman. "Mr. Witherton"

"You know," I said, "that she could not help herself, for the connection failed; so I persuaded her to come to this hotel with—with my wife and myself, although she seemed rather afraid of incurring teo great expense. Now do, that's a good fellow, make her bill as amall as you can. You know I shall remain at this house for some time, and you can always make it up—fix it, you know. Anything that Mrs. Witherton won't object to—on our bill. You understand."

"I see, I see," he said. "All right. Let me see: a night's lodging and breakfast—and a hack?"

"Oh no," I oried, hastily. "I will take her in the street cars. They will soon be running, I suppose?"

"Oh yes. Well, then, a night's lodging and a breakfast. Do you think" (he spoke judiciously) "that a dollar and a half is too much?"

"Not at all," I answered. "Give me the bill, and I will take it to her."

He handed it over, and again I made the five story ascent, and found her seated at her door waiting for me.

"Here it is," handing it over. "Look over it, and if you are not satisfied, I can But I too have at last a story to tell. and on the possessive pronoun.

But I too then rose up from my pillow, as the nature of the charge began to dawn upon me. I took the bill from her hand and pretended to inspect it, although I knew but too well all about its nature; and then what could I do but make a clean breast of it, and confess all? and I really felt happier when that was done, My story was rather hard to tell. You would understand how difficult if you knew Mrs. Witherton personally; but still my Maria listened composedly, only breaking the illustration of the part when I had to well all about its nature; and then what could I do but make a clean breast of it, and confess all? and I really felt happier when that was done, My story was rather hard to tell. You would understand."

I too then rose up from her hand appretended to inspect to well all about its nature; and then what could I do but make a clean breast of it, and opnesses all? and I really felt happier wh

sound, and all the force was strongly laid on the possessive pronoun.

But I too have at last a story to tell, and though the fellows all laugh at it, I do not mind them, for she was just as pretty and nice as any girl they ever saw. They can not doubt the truth of what I say, because I have the dollar bill to shew.

I have tried in vain since we parted to learn something of my travelling compan-I have tried in vain since we parted to lears something of my travelling companien; but not knowing her name, or aught save that she lived in Baldon, and the subject, also, being unpleasant to my wife, I I have laboured under difficulties impossible to surmount; but one of my reasons for writing the narrative is the hope of its meeting her eye, and, as Jones says, "weaving one more link in the frail chain that binds us." I suppose he means the dollar bill.

Macbeth and Murderer.

Macbeth and Murderer.

A celebrated star was impersonating Macbeth, a novice playing the Murderer, either through stupidity or nervousness, forgot the entire text of his part, and the dialogue took this strange turn:

MACBETH—There is blood upon thy face!

MURDERER, (with his mind drifting miles away, and perfectly unconscious of what he is saying)—There is!

MAC, (staggered as to how to proceed, asks, suggestively)—Is't Banquo's blood?

MUR, (mechanically)—It is!

MAC.—Thou art the best o' cut-throats—MUR, (interrupting)—I am.

MAC, (Aside—Cursed fool, wait for your cue!)—Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.

MUR., (drifting further away than ever)
He is.

MAC., (now wildly spasmodio)—I'll brain
you when I come off! (Aloud, and suggestively, as before)—Is Fleance 'scaped'
MUR., (now smiling idiotically)—He is.
MAC., (once more on the beaten track)—
Then comes my fit again—
MUR., (again interrupting, thinking
that's his cue)—It does.

MAC., (stamping with rage, and flourishing his truncheon threateningly)—You
confounded beast, 60 opp.

MUR., (drifting bodily now, as well as
mentally, and smiling more idiotically than
ever)—I will.

And it was some time before the distressed tragedian could recover himself.—

Tinsley's Magazine.

and can we remained may be prove my match.

I have departed, the Adjunctors, the New York Hotel, almost as soon as my wife did, whose akits,

I have turning the corner of the secondstory saircase as we entered (this was beto for elevators became a meesasity), and

wishes.

She was gasing wonderingly and apprehemsively account her, evidently thinking
of may things I sould not fathom, but she
gave men so lose just thes to the araxicianso it may be a second to see the second and the second and the second second to the secon

BLOWN AWAY.

ing any very romantic associations to it, but it yet had a kind of mysterious fascin at tion for me. What was her name? I just remembered that I never had asked it, but had told the clerk at the hotel to leave a blank, and that I would inquire, and then I had forgotten to do so. Who was she? What a strange idea for her to have chosen a dollar bill as a remembrance between us! and what could be the value of our currency in Baldon, that her mother should calculate that a couple of dollars above and beyond the cost of her ticket could defray her casual expenses from Washington to Maine? My mind was not equal to finding out the meaning of it all.

Tept my secret for a week, and then I weakly told it. (I hope you do not think that I am trying to make a pun.) My wife had been a good wife to me, although she may not have been very attractive, so in a moment of confidence I revealed it all. Need I say that my openness was not respected, and that in after years the very slightest attention that I might have felt that I was compelled to pay to any young or attractive girl would bring that dollar bill down on my devoted head, in may in genious ways on my wife's part, though resulting in exasperating annoyances to me?

soon found that an empty freight train makes a capital play-house. They could keep house in the corners and make visits, or sit by the open door and make believe

One morning they were awakened by a curious humming sound out of doors, and they scrambled and looked out of the winthey scrambled and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow. It whistled and roared round the house, and played upon the telegraph wires upon the house as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a great music box with the children inside. After breakfast the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind harp on the roof sang louder than ever!

walk in.

Louder and louder roared the gale.

Safe and snug in the car they went on with their play and thought uothing of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping and ran to the door to see what had happened.

stay here till the brakeman comes round. I didn't hear them when they took us on the train."

"There isn't any train," said Tommy, looking up and down the line.

"Oh, it's the wind. It's blowing the car away. We must put on the brakes and stop it."

This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out? The brake wheel was on the top of the car, and they were inside. Faster and faster rolled the car; it began to rattle and roar as if drawn along by a swift engine. In a moment Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave, and Kitty stared fast at the level prairie flying past. It was of no use. They all broke down together and had a hearty cry alone in the empty car as it rolled en and on before the gale.

The station master's wife rolled up her sleeves to put the house in order while the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. At the station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station master feeling sure that the children were safely out of the way. The station is not seen that the children were safely out of the way. The station is not seen that the state is n

ward the siding. Not a thing to be seen. She wondered if there had been a mistake. Perhaps the car was on the other side track? No, the rails were unoccupied as far as she coulc see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station, and startled her husband with a cry of despair: "The car! The children!"

The station master ran out upon the platform and looked up and down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away by the terrible wind, and was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with its precious load, to destruction. What weuld happen to it? Would it meet a train or run into a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car till it was wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the depot to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but just as he opened the door he saw a faint white cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same time his wife appeared with new grief and terror in her eyes.

"I cannot get a call in either direction."

The wires are blown down."

This only added to the danger, for there was no means of sending word in advance of the runaway car. It must go on to its

"I'lleast her off. You jump aboard if you want to go too. Fire up, Jack, and make lt was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and station master staring in surprise at this singular proceeding. The station master did not feel very happy. He had half inintended to go with the engine, but it would never do to leave his post.

"Fire steady, Jack." said the engineer to the fireman. "It's no use to get excited, for we're in fer a long race."

"It's enough to make a fellow excited to see that woman," said the fireman.

The engineer turned round, and there by his side steod the mother, her eyes straining ahead down the line in search of the missing ones.

"Oh, sir! open the throttle wide. Don't try to save coal as such a time as this."

this."

"We must keep cool, marm, and go steady, or we shall run out of ceal, and come to a stand-still on the line."

The woman said not a word, but nod-

The woman said not a word, but nodded mournfully, and leaned against the
side of the cab for support, and the fireman gave her his seat, where she could look
out ahead over the line. How the engine
shook and roared. The little finger on the
steam-gauge trembled and rose higher and
higher as the steam pressure increased
over the raging fire. The engine seemed
to be eating up the track in front, and behind the rails spun out like shining ribbons
in the sun. The station and train had already sunk down cut of sight, and the
grassy horizon on either side seemed to
fly away in a kind of gigantic waltz. The
wind died away to a dead calm, and in a
few moments a breeze sprang up and blew

wind died away to a dead calm, and in a few moments a breeze sprang up and blew in the front window.

"We are beating the wind," said the engineer. "If we can keep up this pace we shall soon evertake them."

"How long have they been gone?" shouted the fireman above the roar of the

engine.
"I don't know," screamed the woman, without taking her eyes from the horizon where the rails met the sky. "It may have been two hours or more; they were playing in the empty car."
"How did she get out of the siding?" (He meant the car.)
"It's one of the new switches," said the

engineer. "Cars can easily jump out upon the main line." Ah! something ahead. Was it the run-away car? No; the next station. What a terrible pace! Twenty miles already. "Oh, don't stop!" cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle valve.

"I must, marm. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway."

The sudden arrival of the solitary engine, containing two men and a woman, startled the station-master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess the truth, for he said :—
"After the runaway car?"

Yes, yes. There are three children "Oh, marm, I'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour. It came down grade all the way, but the up grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed, and didn't see it till it had gone past the door."

How long it took to fill the tender. The engine stood hot and smoking by the water tank and the water came out in a

How swiftly freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big along the way. Listen! A whistle! The engineer whistled in reply, and shut off steam. Their engine slowed down, and they could see men leaning out of the other engine to speak to them.

It's ten minutes back. Running slow on the country of the co

main line—road clear—"
"Thank heaven!" said the woman. The engineer said nothing, but at that instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead at the rate of fifty miles an hour up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile.

Ah! a speck—a black dot on the horizon!
The car? Yes, It was the car. It grew The car? Yes. It was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman spraig out of the forward window and ran along the engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him and

Light Long Delayed.

A fashionable tailor says that his charges are not half so extravagant as the tastes and promises of his patrons.

The price of glass eggs, made and sold to fool hens, has lately advanced 15 per cent., and the hens are just cackling with delicibt. of true faith.

light.

A Dakota girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his

LITERATURE' AND ART.

Sinding, Ipsen and Mme. Colban are

self taken by Richard Greenough, the Ingres' "Baigneuse" has been placed in the Louvre, near David's portrait of "Mme. Recamier."

It is reported that the marine painter, M. F. H. de Haas, will soon proceed to England, to settle there.

Meissonier, when asked why he never paints women, answers:—"I love them too well to paint them."

Fifty seven of Fragonard's original drawings for Didot's edition of Lafontaine's fables are to be published in Paris. Frescoes found in Farnese Gardens at Rome, which are reckoned to have been under water for thirteen centuries, are exhibiting signs of change. They are now in the Tiberine Museum. Dryness and light are doing them more harm than damp and darkness.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says that after a certain lecture of the Rev Joseph Cook, in Concord, Mass., which Mr. Emerson attended, it was suggested that a conversation should be held at the latter's house—the most hospitable home of thought that can be imagined. "No," said Mr. Emerson, "the man who has slandered my friend, Theodore Parker, I shall not invite to extraor hear." shall not invite to enter my house."

The Athenœum says that Lieutenant Palander, of the Swedish Royal Navy, who commanded the now celebrated Vega, the exploring vessel in which Professor Nordenskjold made the North East Passage, will contribute an account of the voyage to the March number of Blackwood.

The same number will contain a paper entitled "An American Statesman on Irish Atrocities," and also "Passages from the Note-book of a Staff Officer in Afghan-

istan,"

The following item is going the rounds of the Canadian press:—"It is rumoured that a prominent member of the Ontario Legislature, with a brilliant university record, will shortly publish a Canadian novel dealing with the N. P., Canadian independence and other problems of the day." Lord Beaconsfield must look to his laurels, Political fiction is a new thing in Canada and the field is all untrodden. It is to be heared that the apparent of the control of the co hoped that the anonymous author's talents

are equal to his aspirations. Mrs. Goodwin describes in the Common-Mrs. Goodwin describes in the Common-wealth two new statues by W. W. Story. An Alcestis is a figure the draperies of which fall around a slender form so as to show its rounded proportions. She is sup-posed to have just reappeared above ground, and to bear on her face some of the ground, and to bear on her face some of the awe that may be supposed in her whom Hercules rescued from the hand of death. A Sardanapalus "half reclines in a chair, his figure draped with Oriental magnificence, a bandeau of jewels upon his brow, and every line of his proud face expressing the refinement of large-ing the preference of large-ing the lar pressing the refinement of luxurious ease and power. The arms and hands of this statue are adorned with bracelets and rings, and are almost as round and beautiful

"Wilf you be so kind as to pay my bill, if you please?" she asked, very nervously, "and to take out also what I owe you for car fare?"

"I will bring you up your account, and you can then see if it is all right before you pay," I said, "I suppose you will take one breakfast?"

"Y sai, I think so"—heaitatingly.

Down the five pair of_stairs I walked again to the office and there had a brief confidential talk with the sympathetic clerk giving him a slight sketch of my position at the time.

"You know," I said, "that she could not help herself, for the connection failed; "is o I persuaded her to come to this hotel with—with my wife and myself, although she seemed rather straid of innurring to great expense. Now do, that's a good fel.

"Wilf you be so kind as to pay my bill, if you please?" she asked, very nervously, the whole coarse of my life."

She turned slowly toward me, and situated as I was with a plastered wall on the considerable of the considerab as those of a woman. Hendon, who had it bound in twenty-one volumes, in a magnificent purple morocco. No other copy of this magnificent work printed on veilum is known, except that in the National Library at Paris.

printed on veilum is known, except that in the National Library at Paris.

Mr. Charles G. Leland has been lecturing in Philadelphia on a subject which he may easily have studied to the best advantage during his late residence in London. His subject was "The Decorative Arts." He believes that the masses will have to be educated in art, before the Raphaels and Correggics can exist. "What I would render clear and bring home to everybody, is that the only way in which art can be really disseminated and perfectly developed, is by educating all the children in a community to some kind of art." He ascerts that simple panel-carving in wood can be learned in two or three weeks, and a still easier art in cuircouilii, or embossed leather-work, in which softened sheets are worked up with the hand-wheel and a few wooden tools or punches. The latter are suited for panels,

punches. The latter are suited for panels, chairs and table-covers and many other purposes. Inlaying with wood, ivory, bone, mother of pearl and celluloid is ex-

man stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him and sprang up into the car. There lay, safe and sound in the corner of the car, Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching ever them.

"Oh, mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to aleep, and L.I."

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

"There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right. Come! We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won's do to be late for dinner. Fire up, Jack!"

When a girl is twenty she feels uneasy on that score.

Vennor hits every time as far as weather is concerned, but he is a trifle off in his locations.

Edison has had LL.D tacked to his name by Rutgers College. The letters mean Light Long Delayed.

A fashionable tailor says that his charges are not half so extravagant as the tastes and promises of his patrons.

The price of glass eggs, made and sold to fold hens, has lately advanced 15 per cent. and the hens are just cackling with de
The firm and stopped.

The firm and table-covers and many other purposes. Inlaying with wood, ivory, bene, mother of pearl and celluloid is extremely easy.

On Monday morning the first instalment of antiquities from the Indian Museum, presented to the trustees of the British Museum, can pass she hundred years before Christ, and come principally irom the neighbourhood of Peshawur. Three of these cases are placed at the foot of the principal stairs, and two a few steps upwards, so that no person visiting the British Museum can pass shem upwards, so that no person visiting the British Museum can pass shem upwards, so that no person visiting the British Museum can pass shem upwards, so that no person visiting the British Museum can pass shem upwards, so that mo person visiting the British Museum can pass shem upwards, so t

Capt. E. J. Trelawny, or as he has some who has gained a certain kind of notoriety, by the fact—a very unfortunate fact for the poets—that he was acquainted with Byron and Shelley, still continues to attract some "I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are blown shown."

This only added to the danger, for there was no means of sending word in advance of the runsway car. It must go on to its fast without help or warning.

"Help is coming mother, Here's a train bound east."

Mearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as the cept along the rails. It seems as if it never would come. At last it resched the platform, and proved to be a passenger train bound up the Black River road, and in which the our had been blown away. The instant it stopped, the stationmaster ran to the engineer and told his terrible story. The mother, with quicker wit, found the conductor and demanded that the engine as a conductor and demanded that the engine as something extraordinary. Take the conductor and demanded that the engine as something extraordinary. Take the conductor and demanded that the engine are made as a state of the conductor and demanded that the engine as menting extraordinary. Take the conductor and demanded that the engine as something extraordinary. Take the conductor and demanded that the engine are made asked what was gran waiting at this lonely station? The engine grathered near and asked what was the master.

The conductor was a man of regular has been been platforded to the proposed, and the proposed and the office the other morning with a same proposed, and the proposed and the office the other morning with a station of the proposed and the propos

MOTHERS' DEPARTMEN

DENTITION.

Should an infant be purged during thing, or indeed, during any other to you approve of either absorbent or gent medicines to restrain it?

Certainly not. I should look up relaxation as an effort of nature te reli self. A child is never purged withouts that cause, in the generality of ins is the presence of either some und food, or addity, or deprayed m

food, or acidity, or depraved me that want a vent.

The better plan is, in such a ca-give a dose of aperient medicine, as-either castor oil, or magnesia and barb; and thus work it off. If w up the bowels, we confine the enemy thus produce mischief. If he be p more than usual, attention should b to the diet—if it be absolutely nec to give him artificial food while suc and care must be taken not to ov the stomach.

A child is subject to a slight

during dentition—called by narees "cough"—which a parent would not aider of sufficient importance to condoctor about: is there any object a mother giving her child a small queither of syrup of white poppies, paregoric, to ease it? paregoric, to ease it ? A cough is an effort of nature to up any secretion from the lining-brane of the lungs, or from the bro tubes, hence it ought not to be inte with. I have known the administ of syrup of white poppies, or of pare to stop the cough, and thereby t vent the expulsion of the phlegu thus to produce either inflammation lungs, or bronchitis. Moreover, both

goric and syrup of white poppies ar a young child, dangerous medicines less administered by a judicious m man), and ought never to be given mother.
In the month of April, 1844, I we for, in great haste, to an infant, aged teen months, who was labouring convulsions and extreme drowsiness the injudicious administration of pare which had been given him to ease a c

By the prompt administration of an A child, who is teething, is subject "breaking-out," more especially the ears—which is most disfiguring frequently very annoying: what

recommend?

I would apply no external applicate cure it, as I should look upon it effort of the constitution to relieve and should expect, if the "breaking to be a should expect, if the breaking to be a should expect, if the breaking the should expect, if the should expect if the should expec were repelled, that either convulsion bronchitis, or inflammation of the or water on the brain, would be the sequence. The only plan I should would be, to be more careful in his company him has more title be all and the sequence. o give him less meat (if he be old to eat animal food), and to give him, or twice a week, a few doses of aperient medicine; and, if the irrit from the "breaking-out" be great, to it, occasionally, either with a little milk and water, or with rose water.

EXERCISE. Do you recommend exercise in the air for a baby ? and if so, how soon I am a great advocate for his havi ercise in the open air. "The inf by restlessness; it cries, for it speak its wants; is taken abroad

The age at which he ought to com taking exercise will, of course, deper on the season and upon the weather. he summer, and the weather be should be carried in the open air, a or a fortnight after birth; but if winter, he ought not on any account taken out under the month, and not then, unless the weather be mild for At the end of two months he after the expiration of three mont ought to be carried out every day, (ought to be carried out every day, e it be wet under foot, provided it be above, and the wind be neither i easterly nor in a north-easterly direc by doing so we shall make him strom hearty, and give the skin that mottle pearance, which is so characteris health. He must, of course, be

I cannot help expressing my disapp tion of the practice of smothering up fant's face with a handkerchief, veil, or with any other covering, was taken out into the air. If his fac nuffled up, he may as well remain at as, under such circumstances, it is is sible for him to receive any benefit the invigorating effects of the fresh

(To be continued.) USEFUL RECEIPTS.

SOUPS.

To make nutritious, healthful, and table soup, with flavours properly mingled, is an art which requires and practice, but it is surprisin what a scant allotment of material cate and appetizing dish may be prod The base of soup should always be le cooked meat, to which may be chicken, turkey, beef, or mutton well broken up. To four pounds or beef (the inferior parts are quite as go beef (the inferior parts are quite as go this purpose), put five quarts of cold (soft is best), wash the meat and pu the water without salt; let it come a to bolling point, and then skim well, back and let it simmer gently for a eight hours until the meat is in rags; boiling hardens the fiber of the mea the savoury flavour escapes with the add a little pepper and salt, strain stone jar, let it cool; and remove grease. This stook will keep for grease. This stock will keep for days in cold weather, and from it o made all the various kinds of sou adding onion, macaroni, celery, aspa green peas, carrot, tomato, okra, ps thyme, summer savory, sage, and shi lemon; many of these may be first then pulverized and put in cans or ja winterman. Celery and carrot seed a winterman. then pulverized and put in cans or jawintensuse. Celery and carrot seed nused in place of the fresh vegetables, caroni should be first boiled in a salted water, out in pieces one of inches long, and added a short time serving. To prepare soup for dinne off a slice of the jelly, add water, hes serve. Whatever is added to this, srice, taploca, vegetables, etc., may freeded before being added, as much this increase, the flavour of the stock. Stock can also be made from a shashin of beef (kauckle of veal is next. Out in several pieces, crack the bone four quarts of water, and simmer un liquor is reduced one-half; strain, coakim, and if boiled properly and enough, an excellent jelly will stock made from meat without be gristle, will not jelly, but will taste like good beef-tea. Never boil veg with it, as they will cause it to it seur.

of steak or roast-beef bones, adding piece of fresh meat, or nene at all, a lowing it to simmer at least five train, remove all fat the next day, vill be ready for use. will be ready for use.

To make soup from any stock, pu much stock as needed (if in jelly, the sediment from off the bottom seasoning, water and vegetables, potatoes should be peeled, sliced as in salt and water for half an hour, the bage parboiled and drained, and all either sliced or out fine before adding to the soup; boil until thorough solved, strain through a colander an atl once. Always use celd water in all soups; akim well, especially dur first hour. There is great necess thorough skimming, and to help the rise, pour in a little celd water in them, and as the soup reaches the point, skim it off. Use salt at first sly, and season with salt and pepper one quart soup to three or four p. Keep kettle cevered closely, so the