

don't deserve to get any. No, Madeleine, he shan't have it warmed;" for Madeleine was looking piteous, and commencing an order to the butler.

"I'll not hurt him, Miss Flutters," said Prior. "I've often gone without a dinner myself before this, it'll do him no harm."

"Oh, won't it?" burst out Splutters, delighted to have some one to pitch into. "How do you know? Who are you, I should like to know, putting in your oar? You think yourself very grand, I dare say. Nobody else does."

"If you're going to be impertinent, Splutters, leave the room," said Mr. Flutters.

"He's so precious cheeky," Splutters explained, "coming loitering here every day, and ordering me about! I've had about enough of him. What does he mean by it? Madeleine don't want his books, nor him neither. Stevens is worth three of him."

"Be quiet, Tom, this minute," flashed Madeleine, turning as red as the rose in her belt.

"Tom's a very naughty boy, isn't he, pet?" asked Mr. Flutters of his youngest little daughter, who had listened to this edifying scene with praiseworthy attention, and had brought her whole intellect to bear upon it.

"Very," returned Conny. "I don't like Mr. Prior myself, but Splutters shouldn't talk so."

And Conny swept herself and her sister out of the room.

All this was damping. We were so very dull, that Prior, who was easily bored, preferred the society of the ladies, and absconded to the drawing-room, whither I should certainly have followed him had not Mr. Flutters (who had as much tact as could have been expected from the father of such a boy as Tom) been so very anxious to know the exact point to which stupidity could carry me on the subject of "Reform," that, without positive incivility, I found it impossible to leave him. When, however, it had been clearly proved what a fool I was, there seemed nothing further for which to remain, and I left my future father-in-law to discuss the affairs of the nation with his son.

The evening passed quietly enough, enlivened by snatches of song from Madeleine, who seemed too restless to go steadily through anything, but made the room sweet with beginnings and ends. Tea was placed on the table, and I completely swamped myself in that liquid, Madeleine holding the uncomfortable theory that the more domestic a man was, the more tea he would necessarily take into his system; so Prior and I ran a race for reputation, and Prior won by a cup.

"Going my way?" said that hero at length, admiring his hands in lavender kids, and then generously offering them all round.

I assured him I was not; so, looking surprised, he took his departure.

"Mr. Stevens," said Madeleine, in a low chair, quiet and grave: like the heroine of Conny's story, when she had made up her mind, it would be very pleasant to have beautiful things "for her very own": "I have made a mistake."

I thought the assertion so very likely to be correct, that I made no attempt at contradiction.

"While you have been away," said Madeleine, telling a story I had heard before, "Mr. Prior made love to me, as I told you. I tried at first to prevent him, and, indeed, he knew I was engaged to you, but he went on all the same. He brought me all the last new novels, and—"

"And gave you a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and took you at night to hear music?" The words were Madeleine's, and she recognised them at once for her own.

"You know all!" she said. And there was silence between us. "Can you forgive me?" she said at length, nestling up to my arms, and laying her bright head down on my coat. "I'm so sorry, Jack! I can't think what made me do so, for I knew all along he could never make me happy, for I love you—"

"Better than you could ever, ever, ever love him!" I said. "Conny told me so. Oh, Made-

leine darling, this is much the prettier ending of the two!"

Madeleine seemed to think so also. She smited through her tears, and looked up at me from under her eyelashes.

"I'm so sorry," she said again.

I instantly said I was sorry too (that being the correct thing to say under the circumstances).

"Oh, my eye, what a game it is!" said Splutters, with his usual tact, bursting into the room at break-neck speed. "There's been such a jolly row! The governor's been pitching into Prior about coming here, and Prior says he's 'left for ever!' Ain't it fun? It's an awful sell, though," said Splutters, suddenly, with a face that had lengthened considerably. "Prior was going to have given me silkworms."

"Talking of pets," I said, carelessly, trying to attract Splutters into friendship, but scrupulously addressing Madeleine: "I am quite overrun with them, you know. I have so many dornice I don't know what to do with them; and as to my guinea-pig—but him, of course, I must get rid of."

"Give it us," said Tom, speaking in the plural, but by no means intending that Madeleine should share in the gift; and Splutters and I were friends for ever.

So happily the weeks went on to the eve of my wedding-day. It was getting dusk, and I was sitting by the fire in the dear old drawing-room, holding Madeleine's little hand in mine, and gazing at the sweet face that was so soon to belong to my wife; when to-morrow's little bridesmaid appeared at the door, in a white frock, and with long white mists floating backward from her pretty curls.

"How very nice, Conny!" I said, for she stood quite still to receive compliments; "very pretty indeed, dear."

I rather wish she would go away, for I was enjoying a last tête-à-tête with Miss Flutters, and telling myself that to-morrow I should lose that young lady for ever, and how would that feel! But Conny had caught sight of her sister down on the hearth-rug, and sprang to her with a little cry of pain that made me feel a wicked brute, and completely upset poor Madeleine.

"Hush, hush, darling," she said; "don't cry so, Conny. I shall soon be back, and then you're coming to stay with me, you know, and papa and Splutters and all."

But Conny had lost all her sense. She gave herself a little shake, and the frock and the mists were much injured.

"Conny," I said, taking her from her sister's arm: white as the veil that now hung limp around her, wet with her tears: no longer an emblem of to-morrow's joy: "listen to me. You shall keep Madeleine. I'll not take her from you."

"Oh, hush, Jack," said Madeleine. "Poor little Conny!" But Conny herself looked up.

"Really?" she asked; "not a story?"

"You shall keep her," I said, "if you say so."

After this there was a pause, during which I gave vent to some very affecting sighs.

"What will you do?" asked Conny, at length, laying a caressing check against mine, and covering me up with her veil.

"I? Oh, I shall go away, Conny; the beautiful young lady won't come to me."

"Was that you?" asked Conny, in great surprise; "were you the good one, and was Madeleine the beautiful young lady? Oh!"

"How shall the story end, Conny?"

Conny looked up with a flash of her old quickness, but the dear head went down again on my shoulder.

"Shall I finish it, Conny?" said her sister, softly; and Conny's grasp tightened round my neck.

"Say 'Yes,'" she whispered. So I said "Yes," and Madeleine finished the story.

Glycerine paste for office use may be prepared by dissolving one ounce of gum arabic and two drachms of glycerine in three ounces of boiling water.

PASTIMES.

MODERN HISTORICAL ARITHMOREM.

- | | | | |
|---|-----------|---------------------|--|
| 1 | 500 and 0 | <i>Overture A</i> | = A celebrated battle |
| 2 | 1000 | " <i>tar U</i> | = A general who was made king of Naples. |
| 3 | 61 | " <i>Ezra Stut</i> | = A celebrated battle. |
| 4 | 500 | " <i>No rye</i> | = An English admiral. |
| 5 | 101 | " <i>not P.</i> | = A general killed at Waterloo. |
| 6 | 1101 | " <i>E a robber</i> | = An English general. |
| 7 | 500 | " <i>Owasa</i> | = A celebrated battle. |
| 8 | 150 | " <i>Leah K</i> | = An American general. |
| 9 | 101 | " <i>afar</i> | = Is not found in the New World. |

The initials of the above read forward will name a Turkish general.

SQUARE WORDS.

My first is a flower, of a beautiful hue,
And will lead imperceptibly, my second to you;
My third is a look respectability hates,
A tar's delight my fourth 'mongst his shipmates.

My first is an ingredient, much used in our fare;
My second conscientiously is, "I declare;"
A name is my third, 'mongst Jews often heard;
My fourth in music is a familiar word.

JAMES G. PENNY.

CHARADES.

My first crawls slowly on,
But still it has its use,
Though many cruel boys
Oft treat it with abuse;
More useful still 's my second
As everybody knows,
We could not do without it,
I very well suppose;
My whole's a noted shrub, I ween,
Which you perhaps have often seen

I am composed of 16 letters. My 11, 5, 2, 13 is an article of dress; my 16, 5, 3, 7, 8 is a county of Ireland; my 15, 9, 10, 2, 13, 12, 1 is a man's name; my 4, 12, 7, 14, 6 is a bird; my 13, 12, 5, 15, 4 is a blood-sucker; my 7, 2, 11, 10, 13 is an opponent. My whole names a general who greatly distinguished himself during the Indian Mutiny.

LOGOGRIPH.

Vesuvius from out its mouth, flames to my whole
Discharging floods of lava o'er which none have control;
Reverse and change the scene. I am ever on the move
And yet no living mortal my ago shall ever prove;
Again my nature change, and if you now transpose
On looking in your larder, your cheese may me disclose;
Again transpose. I may be large or may be very small,
But take this for a hint, I'm of consequence to all.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Three of my friends A, B, C, owe me some money. Forgetting both the sum and particulars, I remember that the debt of A and B is 47l., that of A and C 71l., that of B and C 88l., How much do they each owe me?

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, &c., No. 94.

Double Acrostic, *Evangeline, Longfellow*.—1. Ethereal; 2. Verona; 3. Aspen; 4. Nag; 5. Gulf; 6. Embrasure; 7. Liverpool; 8. Instal; 9. Nero; 10. Eyebrow.

Cryptograph.—

On she came with a cloud of canvas
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Charade.—*Dieu et mon droit.*

Riddles.—1. The Giaour; 2. Nowhere-nowhere.

Double Acrostic.—*Fenian, Canada*.—1. Frolic; 2. Elba; 3. Napoleon; 4. Ithaca; 5. Add; 6. Nera.

Decapitation.—*Pearl-pear-ear-rape-ape.*

Arithmetical Question.—Wife's share \$4096, 1st daughter's \$3072, 2nd daughter's \$2304, 3rd daughter's \$1728.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Double Acrostic.—B. N. C., Edith H., H. H. V., Argus. A. W., Niagara.

Cryptograph.—B. N. C.

Charades.—Bericus, Edith H., A. W., Argus, Camp, Niagara, George B., Allons.

Riddles.—Allons, B. N. C., Bericus, Geo. B., Niagara, Argus, X. Y., F. W.

Double Acrostic.—Bericus, Geo. B., Argus, B. N. C., X. Y.

Decapitations.—B. N. C., Edith H., X. Y., Niagara, Geo. B., F. W.

Arithmetical Question.—B. N. C., Bericus, X. Y., Geo. B., Niagara.