

"Stay on the hill all night, woman! My daughter with that young man? Good gracious, Mr. Salway, you must do something! This is too dreadful!"

So a search-party was organized, though with some difficulty, and guides, brandy and lanterns obtained; but before it had set out Mrs. Salway had been moved to contemplate the affair from a different point of view. She heard the "tarn" and the "cliffs" mentioned in whispers by the guides with ominous glances, and saw from her husband's face that he knew and did not think lightly of their suspicions. Up to this time she had thought only of her daughter's good name, and the way in which it was being compromised, but now her fears for her daughter's safety, took the place of this feeling. Agnes and Laura, eloquent before, were awed into silence, and the affair was assuming a very serious light in the eyes of all, when a cry outside proclaimed some news, and just as the party was starting into the mist and rain, the lost ones stood before them.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Mrs. Salway, taking charge of Mary, who, what with her worn out condition and her very natural confusion, was near fainting. Mrs. Salway in the revulsion of feeling from fear to relief and then to anger, had nothing to say on the spur of the moment. The girls surrounded Mary, and as they did so they looked defiance, and yet a sort of admiration, at her daring companion.

"Please look to your daughter, Mrs. Salway; she is very wet and fatigued. It is my fault and that of the mist that we are so late. But I will explain to your satisfaction, in the morning."

"To my satisfaction, sir!" cried Mrs. Salway, taking up an indignant attitude between him and Mary; but before she could say any more the greater culprit had gone, and the lesser one was not in a state at present to hear the lecture which Mrs. Salway was prepared to administer. And I think it was still being held in *terror* over the young lady when they took their seats outside the coach for Bowness next day; she was evidently in disgrace, and her mother would not let her quit her side for a moment. For a wonder Mary had escaped all injurious effects of the exposure, and though very quiet this morning and very shy, she did not look altogether unhappy, and once or twice on the road a smile would cross the demure little face, and a twinkle of fun appear in the big brown eyes. Mrs. Salway saw something of this, and feeling sure that Mary was infatuated with that "dreadful young fellow," added a few severe phrases to the lecture she was giving, and hardened her heart to administer it without mercy. "Mary shall go home to Hampstead to-morrow; with Anne she will be out of danger," she mentally determined; Anne being the source of Mary's maiden aunts, at this present moment taking care of their house during the holidays. "No more holidays for you, young lady," thought her mother to herself.

They had passed Esthwaite Water, and were nearing Windermere, when the attention of all upon the coach was attracted by the sight of a four-in-hand behind them. It was splendidly horsed, and, as two servants in handsome liveries were sitting behind it, it was clearly a private coach. It came along with a wonderful smoothness, which put the spring of the rickety vehicle upon whose top they were perched to shame. Nevertheless it seemed in no hurry to pass them; and presently Mr. Salway, who had been running his eyes over the horses with an expression of critical approval, asked his own driver whose was the four-in-hand following them.

"I guess it will be Sir Henry Norborough's," said he, whistling up his horse, and getting to the side of the road. "I see his team standing in the hotel-yard when I was a-starting. They're four as pretty bays with white stockings as ever I see together."

Ah, Miss Mary, how your cheek has been flushing and blushing, your eyes brightening, and your mouth smiling a proud happy smile, though you have never looked up to see who is the spruce driver of this gallant equipage turned out in all respect fit for Hyde Park! Now he is alongside, handling the ribbons, though the road is narrow and steep, with the ease of custom, looking, with his tall hat and black coat and the flower in his button-hole, every inch a baronet and a member of the Coaching Club. He is alongside, and not until then, when he lifts his hat and shoots one glance at Mary, sitting well protected by her mother and sisters from the wolf—wolf indeed! wolf no longer—not until then do the others recognize their old acquaintance of the knickerbockers and shabby hat. He is gone before they can express their astonishment, or any; but she, who is so well prepared for it, returns his salute.

"Good gracious!" uttered Mrs. Salway, slowly, her eyes glued to his back, "Can it be? I suppose it really is. Why, who can it be? Can it be his coach?"

"Sir Henry Norborough, I suppose," answered her husband dryly, who has secretly sympathized with Mary, and has been puzzling his brain how to rescue her from that lecture and other disagreeables that he suspects are being prepared for her.

"Mary, is that Sir Henry Norborough?"

"He told me so," answered the girl demurely, as if the most impossible assertion from his lips would not have commanded her credence.

And it was really true. If the early part of Mary's courtship had had something of the bitter mingled with the sweet, that was all over now. No lectures, no banishment to Aunt Anne for her. "It was so unlike Mary," said her sisters among themselves, meaning it was so unlike

her to gain the heart of a baronet. But they were good girls in their way and tolerable unselfish—just as ready to fall down and worship and pet the successful sister as to repress and snub the schoolgirl. As for Mrs. Salway when she found Sir Henry's four-in-hand standing at the door of the Crown, and half the visitors in Bowness standing round admiring it; when the cynical young gentleman received her at the door with all honor, and a few minutes later proposed to her youngest daughter; when he put that very coach at their disposal, and the whole party had a week's tour in it; when all these things and many more almost as pleasant (including going to the *table d'hôte* dinner on a baronet's arm) had happened, why, Mrs. Salway taught herself to believe that this match was entirely of her own contrivance, and was owing simply and purely to her—good management and diplomacy.

And demure, quiet Mary, with the shy little face and the big brown eyes, the baronet's wife to be, what of her? Well, nothing more I think; for this happened in August of this year, 1881, among the forthcoming Christmas festivities an event of the utmost importance in Mary's life was arranged, which is looked upon by Mrs. Salway with much pride and satisfaction.—*London Society*.

CHILDREN'S DROLLERIES.

The interest shown in the droll doings and amusing observations of little folks is proved by the success of recent works on the subject. Most of us have some time or another heard children come out with as comical things as any, invented or otherwise, that we see chronicled. Not long since, a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of the kind referred to, of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop, and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go up-stairs to my cash box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: 'Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything,' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him.' You may imagine what a position I was in."

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"—A little one returning from the "Zoo" through Regent's Park with a friend of the writer's, pointed to some flowers growing there, and inquired if they were *tame* ones; meaning, of course, with his thoughts on the animals he had just seen, the reverse of wild.—At a whale exhibition a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

"You must think Jonah was a fool: he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a foaming pan of milk, that he suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, where do cows get the milk from?"—"Where do you get your tears?" was the answer.—After a thoughtful silence—in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations—he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"—On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to get shaved.—"Do you know how I get into bed so quick, mamma?" said a little girl.—"No, darling; how do you?" was the reply.—"Why, I put one foot on the bed, and then holler out 'Rats!' and scare myself right in."—A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked, in the most innocent way by her little son of five years old, if those were the nails that held up heaven.

Apt replies of little people when scolded or questioned find many illustrations, as, for example, when a little girl, after being sharply reproved by her mother for some misconduct, said after a moment's pause: "I should fink, mamma, from the way you treat me, you was my step-mother."—A four-year-old boy lying in a bed in which his brother was also to sleep, replied, when his mother exclaimed: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, mother, Harry has got both sides."—Another youngster of about the same age, seated at a tea table said: "Mamma, may I have some sardines?"—"Wait till I'm ready, child." "Why, Ma, it's me at wants 'em," was the comment, in tones of surprise.—A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, and, daily surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

A little girl one morning remarked to her mamma that her "button-shoes were hurting;" and probably thought relief might come by changing right to left. "Why, Lucy, you've put them on the wrong feet!"—Puzzled, and just ready to cry, she exclaimed: "What'll I

do, mamma? They're all the feet I've got!"—An affectionate mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for, and received for answer: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street; that's what papa does with his."

Children's remarks are at times even more entertaining than their comical queries and replies. One of two children who were amusing themselves by colouring pictures, suddenly exclaimed: "Well, how stupid of me to paint that cow blue!"—"Oh, it's blue with the cold!" quickly observed the other.—A little girl on being told something that greatly amused her, vowed that she would remember it the whole of her life, and when she forgot it, would write it down.—A canary had begun to twitter a little after moulting, but was unable to sing its entire tune. A little four-year old, after listening to one of the bird's vain attempts to master his tune, said very composedly: "Mamma, birdie only sang half a verse."—Canaries bring to mind their enemies the cats. A gentleman had a cat which gave birth to five kittens. On ordering three of them to be drowned, his little boy said: "Pa, do not drown them in cold water. Warm it first; they may catch cold before they are dead."—A relative of the writer's crossing the Channel when he was a very small boy, suffered much from sea sickness. Hearing a good deal of talk on board about the motion of the steamer, he confidentially informed his parents on landing, that "if he had a boat, he wouldn't have any motion to it."

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. "O dear!" she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while?"—In contrast to this was the delicate compliment paid by an American boy to his mother. The family were discussing at the supper table the qualities which go to make up the good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening or could understand the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother, and said: "Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE rehearsal of *Henry the Eighth*, the new opera M. Saint-Saens, has just commenced at the Opera.

A FAMOUS British bicyclist has arrived in Paris to do—for a bet—the journey between Paris and Nice, and back, in twelve days.

To vulgarise the duel still more, latterly before fighting, the combatants have given a display of their prowess in fencing to the public at the fencing rooms. Sending round the hat will be the next thing.

M. GOUNOD has persuaded Madame Kraus to sing in the opera of *Faust*. We shall again see a Marguerite with dark hair, as Madame Kraus has stipulated that she shall not change her *coiffure*. Sellier will play *Faust*.

A LATE revived French caprice is to wear earrings of real Brazilian beetles. Another style is that of a tiny bird about an inch long made of fine, beautiful feathers dyed crimson and green. The eyes of the bird are formed of diamonds.

THE Paris municipality have voted a sum of 12,000fr. for the erection at Montparnasse cemetery of a monument to the firemen who have perished in the different conflagrations which have taken place in and around the French capital.

At the sale of the jewels of Mme. Marie Blanc, the first day realized over 631,000 francs, the lot which fetched the most was a pearl necklace for £14,000. There were 315 pearls; one of 100 pearls fetched over £7,000.

The mourning in the Rothschilds family forbids all great gaieties, but Baron Adolphe of Naples has broken the ice in a degree by giving a dinner *en petit comité* at his hotel in the Rue de Monceau. It was in honour of—Mlle. Van Zandt.

THE collection mania has many followers. The latest is a rage for hairpins, which fall (or are filched) from the heads of their beautiful owners. These are arranged in a scrap-book, accompanied with the name of the whilom wearer.

AMONGST the new toys of the year are the singing bird, which "opens its beak," as the vendors din into the ears of the passers by; a little sailor, who descends a wire to which he is attached by the foot; and a combination game by which a variety of humorous facial expressions may be obtained.

Mlle. JEANNE BONAPARTE, daughter of the late Prince Pierre, is to be married next month to the Marquis de Villeneuve Bargemont, the scion of a staunch Legitimist family. The lady's dowry is to be 1,000,000fr., given by her brother, Prince Roland Bonaparte.

THE Committee of the Parisian Press have decided that the total net sum received in aid of the sufferers by the fire at the Ring Theatre at Vienna, and by the recent storms in the Channel, shall be divided equally between the victims in France and Austria respectively.

A WELL-KNOWN character has just passed away in the person of the waiter of the Café de la Paix, well-known to its habitués, who for more than fifteen years used to pour out their coffee. The deceased, who was named Théophile Lebreton, weighed no less than two hundred and sixty pounds at the time of his death.

MEDIUM SIZED fans are now carried instead of the immensely large ones that were popular during the summer. The most fashionable pattern shows a large bird painted with great accuracy as to form and plumage—a cockatoo, a parrot, a falcon—on neutral-tinted satin, gray or light-brown being considered the best background.

THE late Cardinal Borromeo has left by will an immense income to Saint Peter's Seminary. The heir to the rest of the Cardinal's fortune is Count Gilberto, his nephew. One of the conditions of the will, is that the Count must never sell a single thing belonging to the inheritance. If he should sell even a pin, the whole of the inheritance would then go to the Pope. Count Sanseverino, of Milan, is executor, and has had a valuable diamond ring left him by the Cardinal.

THE *Figaro* says that M. Gambetta was dining with the Ambassador of Germany when he received the news of M. Rochefort's acquittal. He appeared astonished, but he immediately observed jokingly that the acquittal of M. Rochefort proved nothing against the jury in a newspaper question, and that the verdict only proved the inexperience of the jury. "We believe," says the *Figaro*, "that M. Gambetta is mistaken. It would have been wiser for him to say that political considerations predominated this trial, and that what the jury did was to condemn an expedition which has become unpopular on account of the manner in which it has been conducted."

AMONG the cheap toys of the season offered for sale on the Boulevards was a miniature guillotine, in pasteboard, so disposed that the criminal's head being cut off by the executioner could be replaced on his shoulders, and the operation recommenced. It was certainly something original and would have proved a success for its inventor, but it appears that toy manufacturers are liable to have their wares seized by the police if they show too great a want of discrimination in their ingenious devices to cater for the favour of the public, and in the present instance, just as some one was in the act of paying for the toy, two policemen interfered, took possession of the stall with its wares, and marched the proprietor off to the police station. The inventor of the "novelty" complained bitterly of his hard fate, and explained to the police that he had devoted months to prepare the toy, totally unaware that the sale of the guillotine as a plaything was an offence against the law.

A POPULAR REMEDY.—Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is one of the most deservedly popular remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, whooping-cough, croup, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints. For sale by all dealers.

ELECTRICITY is now recognized as a remedial agent of prime importance, and medicinal articles in which this principle is developed by contact, are among those most highly esteemed. Physicians and others who have observed or experienced the action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, testify to the thoroughness and promptitude with which it effects curative results. Losing no strength by evaporation, like other oils, pure in its constituents and efficacious inwardly and outwardly, this supreme remedy is, moreover, sold at a price which enables all to avail themselves of it. It is a prime remedy for affections of the throat, chest and lungs; conquers rheumatism and neuralgia; subdues inflammation, eradicates piles and remedies all manner of outward hurts. Colic, sweeney, garget, harness and collar galls, and other maladies and injuries of the brute creation, are completely cured by it. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

With a view to obtain information for transmission abroad to societies who are expected to be represented at the meeting to be held in this city in August next, the Committee on Board and Lodging would be pleased to receive from householders willing to provide lodging, or board and lodging, for the members of the above Association during their meetings, information, stating numbers they can accommodate, and terms.

Citizens who are willing to entertain members are also requested to communicate with the undersigned. A list of the members from a distance who have signified their intention of coming will shortly be opened, and can be seen at the Natural History Society's rooms. Address

J. BEMROSE,
P.O., Box 158, City.