

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
											<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# THE GIBBON

VOL. III.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874

PRICE : FIVE CENTS.

## THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

LIII.

### CARMEN'S DISGUISES.

Carmen had them shown in. "Gentlemen," she said. "I have discovered the whereabouts of my husband. You will come with me and we shall be on his track."

"Shall we go on horseback or in a carriage?" asked one of the officers.

"In a carriage."

"Will the journey last long?"

"Several weeks."

"When do we leave?"

"This evening."

The officers assented and took their departure.

Morales entered.

"What do you mean to do, little sister?" said he.

"I mean to start."

"To go where?"

"To St. Nazaire."

"When?"

"To-night."

"How?"

"By post-chaise."

"With whom?"

"With my two *Alguacils*, and with you, if you wish to come."

Morales hesitated a moment, and at length decided to remain at the house to watch events during his sister's absence.

Carmen resumed:

"Take a conveyance and go down to Havre. Bring back to me the best tailor of the city, with all the ready costumes of my fit that he has in store. Simple garments, mind. No embroideries, no gold lace. Fetch me also a shortsword, pistols, high-heeled shoes, gloves, spurs, in fine everything that belong to a masculine outfit."

Morales hastened to do the errand, and soon returned with the tailor.

Carmen chose three costumes.

The first was wholly black—velvet coat, waistcoat and trousers. The dress of a young ecclesiastic.

The second consisted of maroon coat, pearl-grey waistcoat and trouser, and riding boots with spurs.

The third comprised coat of king's blue, red waistcoat, white breech. A military costume.

Three hats of different styles completed the accoutrements.

In a few moments, the necessary alterations were made in the dresses and a perfect fit was obtained.

Carmen kept the black costume for the journey and had the others packed up with her own dresses.

She then retired a moment to don the new suit. When she reappeared, Morales could not restrain a cry of admiration.

Indeed, the dancing girl, in her male disguise, with her long hair rolled around her head and hidden under her little lampton hat, was sweet and seductive enough to make all women fall in love with her.

"Caramba!" exclaimed Morales. "You will strew the way with conquests."

"I intend to," replied Carmen gaily.

She then enjoined upon Morales to keep an eye on Zephyr so that he did not, in any way, communicate with Oliver during her absence.

At the appointed hour, the officer arrived and the horses were drawn up.

Carmen had her pistols loaded with ball and put them into her belt. Then wrapping herself in her cloak, she took a seat in the carriage. The two officers sat down in front of her; the postilion cracked his whip and the horses started in a gallop.

LIV.

A small vessel of the royal navy going from Cherbourg to Brittany had been hovering from an early hour in sight of Havre. It finally lowered a boat into the sea.

Two men, of whom one wore the uniform of an officer, took seats in the stern, while four sailors seized the oars and rowed rapidly to the harbor.

On reaching the quay, the two men stepped out, and entered directly into the city.

They were Tancred de Najac and the Indian Quirino.

We must here take the reader back a little to the first chapters of our story.

It will be remembered that when Tancred was fired upon by Quirino, he dropped his wea-

pon and rushed to the house of Morales, but that was abandoned.

"They have left for France," said Berenice, the mulatto woman.

When his rage and disappointment had somewhat subsided, Quirino returned to the place where Tancred lay. He found the body in the same position, but by no means rigid or cold. The blood had ceased to flow.



"CARMEN STARTS FOR ST. NAZAIRE."

pon and fell backward heavily, uttering a cry of agony.

Quirino ran up to him and found that the ball which had entered the right breast had lodged itself in the flesh of the shoulder.

"What have I done?" exclaimed the Indian.

"He was not the guilty one. I must now avenge his death upon Morales."

He looked to the place where the Gitano had been tied, but the cords had been cut by the negro calesero, for ten doubloons, and Morales had escaped.

"He is not dead! I will save him," murmured the Indian.

He took up the body in his arms and carried it to his hut. He then gathered some medicinal herbs with which he dressed the wound and strange to say, with wonderful success. Later, the ball was extracted from the shoulder and in a comparatively short time, Tancred was restored to full health and strength.

The Chevalier de Najac was also completely cured of his passion for Carmen. He longed to return to France to have his marriage with her

annulled, on the ground of the grossest fraud and imposition.

But he had to wait many months. At length a French frigate arrived, and Tancred obtained passage on her for himself and his friend Quirino. Their destination was Brest.

When the vessel arrived, Tancred would have wished to go direct to Havre in order to obtain from Annunziata Rovero, intelligence of Carmen and her brother.

But he received orders to take command of a coaster with twelve men, and to make for Boulogne with despatches to the naval commander of that port.

It was on his way to Boulogne that he stopped for a few hours at Havre.

After wandering objectless about the quay for some moments, Tancred accosted a lounging whose countenance had something good-natured in it, and asked to be directed to Philip Le Vaillant's house.

"Sir," replied the man, "Philip Le Vaillant died some months ago."

"Did he not leave a son?"

"Yes, but his son has taken flight, being accused of murder."

"Whom did he murder?"

"The governor of the city."

"In a duel I suppose."

"No, it was not a duel, it was a mere murder."

"That is serious, very serious. But pardon me, sir, if I trespass on your kindness. Could you tell me if a young lady, a stranger, came to live with Mr. Le Vaillant about a year ago?"

"The daughter of Don José Rovero, the rich shipowner of Havana, you mean, no doubt?"

"Exactly."

"She did come to live with Mr. Le Vaillant. And more than that, she is now married to Oliver Le Vaillant, who is wanted on a charge of murder."

"Is she in Havre at present?"

"I could not inform you. But you will be able to find out on applying at those buildings you see there—they are the offices of the firm."

On applying at the offices indicated Tancred and Quirino were informed by the chief clerk of the loss of the "Marsouin" and of Annunziata Rovero's marvellous escape and arrival at Havre.

"Then you are sure, sir," asked Tancred, "that only one person escaped from the wreck?"

"Yes, I am perfectly certain. There were two ladies on board the "Marsouin"; a young lady recently married at Havana to an officer of the French navy, who had lost her husband very shortly after her marriage; and Miss Annunziata, the daughter of Philip Le Vaillant's old partner. The latter only was saved. The body of her unfortunate companion was found at Cape St. Adrian. As for the men on board, the captain and crew, and the only male passenger, the brother of the young widow, were all lost."

"I am extremely obliged to you, sir," returned Tancred, "for the information you have given me. I now know all that it was necessary for me to know. I have the honor of knowing Madame Le Vaillant, indeed was her father's guest while I was at Havana. Could I, do you think, possibly see her and pay her my respects?"

"Madame Le Vaillant does not live in Havre, but at Ingouville, and she would doubtless be glad to see you, but she left last night on a voyage the object of which is unknown. It is also unknown how long she will remain away."

"Then would you be kind enough to inform her, on her return, that the Chevalier Tancred de Najac was here, and regretted having been unable to see her. She will hardly, I think, have forgotten my name, for at the time when I first had the honor of seeing her, she saved my life."

Leaving the offices Tancred and Quirino paced for some moments up and down the quay without exchanging a word. At last the younger man broke silence:

"Friend," he said, "so this marriage is dissolved more surely than it could have been by the Pope—But you don't know who the Pope is? I willingly forgive the poor girl. She is dead,

I am a widower, and so there is an end to my desire for revenge."

Quirino made no reply.  
"Frankly," asked Tancred, "did you still care for her?"

"I did," murmured the Indian sadly.  
"Do you know that for a savage you are doing pretty well? You tell a man that you are in love with his wife. That is pretty hard, for after all she was my wife."

Quirino again made no answer. He was still occupied with his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped, and uttered an exclamation of surprise; then he hastily threw a corner of his Mexican mantle across his shoulder, so as to hide the greater portion of his face.

"What is the matter?" asked Tancred in astonishment.

"Go on without me," returned the other hurriedly. "Go to Boulogne, carry out your orders, and return as quickly as possible. You will find me here."

"You want me to leave you?" cried Tancred, more amazed than ever.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it must be so."

"Remember I shall be away a week."

"That doesn't matter. I must stay here."

"Where will you be to be found?"

"There," said the Indian, pointing to a neighboring inn.

"Have you any money?"

"Yes, a thousand dollars."

"With you?"

"In my belt."

"Well, do as you like, but for friendship's sake, tell me what this strange fancy of yours means."

Quirino seized Tancred's hand and pressed it affectionately.

"It is no fancy that is keeping me here," he whispered; "it is a duty. You think that we have been hearing a true story; you are mistaken. We have been told a pack of lies. So sure as I am standing here, so sure is Carmen living. Why? Because I have just seen Morales."

In vain Tancred tried to persuade the Indian that he had been mistaken. Quirino insisted that he had seen Morales in the flesh. It was useless to try to dissuade him from his determination to stay at Havre, so Tancred returned to his vessel and made sail for Boulogne.

#### CHAPTER LV. THE CAPTURE.

Eight days after the Chevalier Tancred de Najac presented himself at the inn the Indian had indicated and asked for Quirino. He was not in, and was not expected before night, so to while away the time the young officer set off on a stroll among the wharves. He had not gone far, however, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. Turning round he saw a young man, very much bronzed, and dressed in European style.

"Did you wish to see me?" asked the unknown, with a short, guttural laugh.

Tancred looked again. It was Quirino, in disguise. He was going to break out with a string of questions, but the Indian put his hand over his mouth and led him off to the inn.

"Well?" asked Tancred, when they were alone together. "What does all this mean? What have you been doing while I was away?"

"I have been looking for what I wanted and I have found it."

"Found what?"

"Found Morales."

"So you were not mistaken, after all? And Morales is still alive?"

"Does he live in Havre?"

"Close by, at Ingouville."

"With his sister?"

"No. Carmen has really disappeared."

"What is the scoundrel doing at Ingouville?"

"He is robbing on a large scale Annunziata Rovero's husband, whose steward he is."

"Under his real name?"

"Under that of Don Guzman."

"So he is under the patronage of Don José's daughter?"

"Yes, so much so that she is suspected of being his accomplice."

"This is very strange, Quirino."

"There is something stranger yet."

"What is that?"

"Do you remember the color of Annunziata Rovero's hair?"

"Certainly I do. It was a light brown, with a golden shade here and there, and wavy as a lion's mane."

"And the color of her eyes?"

"Light blue."

"And what was the tint of her skin?"

"As white as alily, with delicate pink cheeks. But why do you ask?"

"You will understand just now. I asked for a description of Madame Le Vaillant's appearance. The description I got anything but tallies with yours. I was told she has long black hair, dark eyes, and the dark complexion of a Gitana. She whose appearance was described to me is certainly not Annunziata Rovero."

"Who then can she be?" murmured Tancred, not without an inward suspicion.

"The name on your lips is the same as that I have in mind. Who can she be, Morales' female accomplice if she be not Carmen. I believe it! We both believe it, but we must have proofs, and we shall not have long to wait."

"Is the false Annunziata returned?"

"No. She is following up, no one knows where, her husband, who is accused of a murder

which there can be little doubt he committed—the murder of her lover."

"And can this be the pure sweet Annunziata that I knew. No! Impossible! But where are we to get the proofs we need?"

"From Morales."

"What! Do you think he will tell us?"

"I do."

"When?"

"This very night. For this very night he will fall into our hands and we shall be his masters and his judges."

"How so?"

"We will carry him off."

"And then?"

"We will take him on board the vessel you command."

"Can it be done?"

"Easily."

"But think, Quirino, it is no easy thing to carry off a man from a large and populous city like this."

"Listen to me, and you will soon change your opinion."

Hereupon the Indian informed Tancred of the results he had attained by the incessant watch he had kept on Morales' movements. It seemed that the Gitano, notwithstanding the disdain with which he usually looked down upon the fair sex, was in the habit of visiting every evening a woman who sold parrots, and whose shop gave on the harbor. It would be an easy matter for a few determined men to seize him as he came out.

Tancred admitted that this plan, although not without its dangers, was perfectly realizable and it was agreed that the attempt should be made the same night.

(To be continued.)

#### SAINT ANNIE.

All saints are not numbered in glory,  
They humble appear, now and then,  
The aureole round them is hidden  
From sight of the children of men.  
God's heroes are quietly bearing  
Their armor, though wounded, in pain,  
And earth-walks, all quiet and lonely,  
Show Ephesus' martyr-won stain.

Here—brain-workers loitering, linger,  
While summer winds rock them to sleep;  
There—weary hands folded together  
Their holiday thankfully keep.  
But Annie—dear heart—from her window  
Looks out on her atom of sky,  
With a thought of the far-away coolness,  
That trembles at last to a sigh;

Then turns to her burden right bravely,  
The burden she never lays down,  
Upholding which, sunshiny summer  
Must find faithful Annie in town.  
Wouldst ask of the burden? 'Tis yonder,  
Where helpless an idiot lies—  
A brother, sore stricken, at manhood,  
Whose speech is but gibbering cries.

And yet at her near-drawing footstep  
The face wears a pitiful smile;  
The soul, from its dim, darkened window,  
Peers wistfully out for a while.  
And this is the tale of the summer,  
This summer, as if those passed away;  
And this is the burden Saint Annie  
Bears patiently day after day.

Oh, that beautiful, beautiful waking,  
To come after easket and pall,  
When off from the soul in its whiteness  
The cumbrous clay-fetters shall fall!  
When the voice that is stifled be lifted  
Its glad halloinjuts to shout—  
When the sister-love, patient and saintly  
Shall shine like a glory about.

#### THE COUNTESS INSFELDT.

It was a gay season in the higher circles of London society, and among the lovely women who adorned those circles none attracted such universal admiration as Lady Minnie Insfeldt, the young widow of an old French count.

She was perfect itself, in feature, form, and motion, and not the least of her attractiveness lay in her captivating manner, and in the witchery of her matchless eyes through which there flashed the fires of an ardent and burning soul. She was one of those creatures whose very look is conquest, and whose sway over the heart of man is as unquestioned as her beauty.

She was the guest of my father, and as I was then absent from my regiment on leave I was thrown daily, nay, almost hourly, in her company. Was it strange, then, that I felt a growing interest in her which gradually deepened into love? Yet it seemed a hopeless love; for when one dared to touch upon the subject the instant coldness of her manner and look threw back upon the heart in a moment all those feelings which were ready to gush out at the shrine of beauty.

I was but twenty-two, and inexperienced in the mysteries of the heart, and, one or the other of my sisters being always with her, I never had an opportunity of pouring out my soul at her feet. The sentiments I experienced towards her gradually deepened and strengthened, till I determined that in despite of all her coldness to

the words of love I would risk all my hopes upon a bold declaration. I was the heir expectant to a title and untold wealth, and she would have graced the title and been worthy the wealth were they even the title and wealth of a prince.

The opportunity did not present itself for several weeks. Then, at a magnificent assembly at the house of the Lady Mostyn, I saw the countess, late in the evening, retire to one of the embowered alcoves which joined one side of the assembly room, and were in fact almost a part of the gardens which they overlooked. With eager steps I made my way amid the throng to the alcove, and had very nearly reached it, when Colonel Gannett, of the Light Dragoons, passed into the recess. I knew he, too, was deeply in love with the countess, and from the excitement depicted on his features I feared that he was on a similar mission with myself. I felt half inclined to enter with him and thwart his opportunity by my presence. Prudence withheld me, and I remained as near the spot as possible without attracting attention.

Two minutes elapsed. Then the countess swept out of the alcove with flashing eyes and compressed lips, and went through an adjoining door, which opened upon the balcony. Passing the entrance of the alcove, I eagerly glanced in. Colonel Gannett was sitting on the velvet couch, his face buried in his hands.

I followed my fair friend, and found her at last in a little arbour in a retired part of the garden, with her handkerchief over her eyes and her bosom convulsively heaving. The apparent defeat of the colonel, instead of irritating me, seemed strangely to add a new fire to my determination. I paused a moment in astonishment. I had never seen the proud beauty thus giving way to her natural feelings. Her tears touched my heart; and sitting softly down beside her, I took her hand.

"Dearest Minnie, what has the colonel said to cause those tears? Why do you weep?"

She hastily withdrew her hand and sought to rise.

"Stay, Minnie," persisted I; "I have a right to know, for you are my father's guest. Has he insulted you?"

"Grossly, deeply. I rejected his suit firmly and calmly, and he broke out into the wildest reproaches. What have I done to merit such epithets as he showered upon me?"

"He shall meet his reward," I replied, as I turned hastily away to seek him.

The countess imploringly placed herself before me.

"No, no, not for me, Charles; do not think of it. There, I am better now; I shall soon be happy."

I was struck with the change in the countess.

"But he dared to insult you. I cannot think of it with patience. I must see him immediately."

"Do not go, Charles—do not go," said Minnie, imploringly. "I do not care for what he said. See, I am smiling."

And she whom I thought so cold and proud was gazing in my face, smiling through her tears. I was astonished.

"Fear not," returned I; "I will act prudently."

"Oh, Charles, stay, stay! I know the imprudence of hot, young blood, and the results of a hasty word. There must be no bloodshed on my account. You may fall, and then—"

She suddenly paused, in embarrassment, and looked down, while a rich colour suffused her face. I gazed upon her earnestly. What could that unfulfilled sentence mean?

A new hope came thrilling into my bosom. Col. Gannett, my own fears, everything but Minnie was forgotten.

I took her unresisting hand, and my arm stole around her waist. What a thrill of joy passed through my frame when I found that instead of withdrawing from my embrace, she rather leaned upon my bosom!

"Minnie, I love you," whispered I; "and you do not scorn my suit, you do not turn from me! What unexpected joy is this?"

Her large, dark eyes were raised to mine with a searching gaze, but their expression changed, and she smiled, as she said, earnestly:

"You thought that I would look proudly down upon you, and turn away; but you see I do not. I love you, Charles; I will not, must not deny it."

She paused, and regarded me with a glance of love. To my surprise, she uttered a quick exclamation, and, darting from my arms, hurried from the arbour and disappeared. The cause was at once apparent. Col. Gannett stood before me, with all his passionate nature gleaming forth in his countenance, yet silent, and with his arms folded on his bosom.

"Eaves-dropper!" muttered I, between my closed teeth, filled with the fury his intrusion at such a moment and in such a manner had excited.

"Eaves-dropper!" echoed he, in a cold, firm voice, while the expression of a demon rested on his features.

"Colonel Gannett," responded I, with difficulty restraining my hands, "you are a pitiful and contemptible scoundrel, who has dared to insult an unprotected woman, even while seeking to force on her your unaccepted love."

"It is sufficient. You shall hear from me again."

He was evidently rejoiced at the opportunity my hasty word had given him of bringing me to a hostile meeting.

"I am ready," responded I, recovering an appearance of calmness. "I shall not return home to-night. Your friends will find me at my club."

We separated. Avoiding the possibility of meeting any of my own household, or the countess, I sent a servant for a few necessary articles, and acquainting one or two of my friends with what had occurred, departed hastily to make my arrangements.

During the night all was made ready. The colonel's challenges came and was accepted. Lord Grantville, as my second, named pistols as the weapons to be used. I had written two or three hasty letters, to be delivered to my friends, in case I should fall; and then after snatching a few hours' sleep, if it might be called by that name, arose just before daybreak. It was early in May, and the mornings were quite cold and raw; so that, when passing with two friends from the door of the club to the carriage which was to convey us to the rendez-vous, I was chilled to the heart. By an extraordinary effort I gained command of my feelings sufficiently to counteract the gloomy tendency of the morning, yet remained silent, and not till the carriage suddenly drew up at the end of an hour's drive did either of my friends break the silence.

"Here we are," said Lord Grantville, briefly, as he took up the case of pistols. The door was opened and he sprang out.

Dr. Moriarty followed, exclaiming as he did so:

"Colonel Gannett is already on the ground." In a moment more I stood on the green turf beside them, and bowed to the friends of the colonel, with whom I was intimate.

The spot was well chosen. It was a green lawn, bounded on one side by the Thames, and surrounded on the other three by very thick hedges. There was a carriage road, now fallen into disuse, which passed through the ground, but was obstructed at each side by heavy gates, one of which had been opened for our entrance.

"There is no time to spare," said the colonel; "and as the distance has been marked out we may as well take our places."

I assented, and took the pistol which Lord Grantville handed me, whispering in my ear at the same time:

"Charles, my boy, do not miss him; let it be a dead shot; he has sworn to kill you. I never knew one half his nature until this moment. Your own safety, therefore, demands that you should make no child's play of it; winging him will be of no use in his present state of mind."

"I am aware of it," returned I, calmly; "I have been in the same circles with him for two years, and know too well his remorseless, pitiless heart. If I fall you will deliver that packet I gave you for the countess?"

"It is a sacred trust; and, more, I shall make it my duty to guard her from his rudeness," said he, solemnly. I thanked him with a glance.

"But I have no fear of your being struck by his ball. He is too eager to have a true aim."

"Gentlemen, we are waiting," called out the colonel's second.

I grasped my pistol, and faced my antagonist. "Aim at the waistband, Charles."

"At the word three the handkerchief will drop, and both must fire. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Yes, and anxious," muttered Colonel Gannett, with a look of demoniac exultation in his dark eye.

I read his thoughts in an instant. He was a most expert marksman, and could strike a crowd as far as a pistol would carry. On the contrary, I had benefited but slightly by my practice, and he knew it, for we had frequented the same gymnasium.

"One, two, three—fire."

Both pistols rang simultaneously. I felt a twinge in my left arm. The colonel stood erect, with a frenzied disappointment depicted in his features, but the blood trickling from the little finger of his right hand, which had been shot away. His pistol lay on the ground, the butt having been shattered by the same ball, which must have narrowly missed his side.

"I aimed at your heart; next time I shall hit it, for I never in my life missed an object at that distance."

"Look to yourself," returned I, "for this hour may be your last as well as mine."

"You are wounded," said Doctor Moriarty, taking my left hand. There was a rent in my coat sleeve, between the elbow and the shoulder.

"One inch more to the right, and he would have touched the fountain of your life. But, Lord Grantville, this, I hoped, would be the end of it."

"No," returned Grantville, "he will listen to no terms. He is bent on killing or being killed."

"It's downright murder," whispered the doctor, as he bound up my wound.

The colonel's pistols were in requisition, as one of mine had been injured. We were again placed at our distance apart.

"Gentlemen, I protest against this," interposed the doctor. "It is going too far altogether. One shot should have sufficed."

"You have my leave to retire," said the colonel, with a sneer; "men of your profession are not generally squeamish, if the term may be used. Are you so unused to the sight of blood?"

"Colonel Gannett, you are a blood-thirsty scoundrel if you do not stop this affair at once."

"Doctor," interposed Lord Grantville, "this will not do. We will both be involved in a quarrel."

"When I have finished this love-sick strippling," said the colonel, "your case shall be prescribed for."

"Gentlemen, ready! One, two—"  
 "Hold, hold! in the name of His Majesty. I command you to hold."  
 I turned to see whence the voice proceeded. A troop of horse had dashed in at the opening, and we were surrounded. I glanced at the colonel. He was just rising from the ground, his face bleeding. Dr. Moriarty had saved me from little less than murder; for, as I had turned at the harsh command, Colonel Gannett had essayed to fire, but the quick and powerful arm of the doctor had sent him reeling to the ground with a blow in the face.

The doctor picked up his weapon, which had fallen from his hand.  
 "Colonel Gannett," said a tall man in a cloak, retreating his steed close to the person addressed, "you deserve to be cashiered for this. Leave the spot at once, sir, and make your preparations to depart for Belgium with your regiment. And as for you, Major Ingleside," continued he, turning to me, "your regiment is already in the field, and needs all its officers. You will sail this day. A boat will wait for you at Gravesend at noon, to convey you to the transport fleet. See that you are on board."

"But he is wounded, your highness," said Lord Grantville, interposing.  
 "Only slightly," echoed Dr. Moriarty, in his eagerness to separate me from the colonel. "He will recover in a week or two at farthest."  
 "My orders, gentlemen, are peremptory, and you may consider yourselves under arrest till they are executed to the very letter."

On arriving home I hastened to seek my father and informed him of what had occurred. To my astonishment he gave me to understand that everything was known, and the Countess Minnie had been the cause of the interruption of the duel. Fearing from my sudden disappearance that something had happened, she had given the alarm, and in answer to her intercessions the duke, who highly esteemed her, had placed spies on the alert, and succeeded in discovering the place of meeting. My father could not, however, blame me for taking up the cause of our insulted guest, but did not wish bloodshed to grow out of it. I then inquired for the countess. She had not arisen.

I was alone in the drawing-room at eleven when she came in. I sprang to her side and took her hand. There were traces of tears in her eyes, while pride and coldness seemed struggling in her bosom with the love she had professed for me.

"I have come to bid you farewell," said she. "And to give you a letter."  
 "For whom, dearest Minnie?"  
 "For yourself, Charles; but it must not be opened till the shores of England have faded from your sight."

She made me promise that I would comply, and it was with a strange foreboding I placed it next my heart. Our conversation was short and was interrupted by the entrance of my father. Minnie bade me farewell and passed out the door, then she darted upstairs to her own room, and I saw her no more.

At noon I was on board the vessel. It was with the utmost impatience that I watched every movement, anxious to read the letter she had given me, yet honorably determining to fulfil my promise.

Several hours elapsed and then the shores of my native land being lost to view I broke the seal with trembling impatience. The lines were full of meaning; love, unbounded love, breathed out everywhere. An inexpressible anguish filled my heart. She had written that, although betrayed into an avowal of her feelings, and only too happy to know that I loved in return, yet she felt she could not be mine. Her estates lay at the mercy of Bonaparte, and her very title was but a mockery. It perished with her husband—was hers only by courtesy. In the eventful contest which was to be waged the once conqueror of Europe might again become its master. Napoleon had created the title, and when he fell her husband had been one of the first to turn against him, and died a victim to the vengeance of a soldier of the Old Guard. And thus, without name or fortune, Minnie Infield would not seek to force herself upon the acceptance of a proud and noble house like mine, or have the world say that she married only to save herself from want. We had met for the last time, and, though we might never meet again, yet but one name should be in Minnie's heart—that of Charles Ingleside.

I bent over the letter in agony of soul. The night, before so bright, seemed an oppressive glare, the world a tedious round of duty, the future a blank. It was long before I could really compose myself, and not till the vessel had reached the Belgian shores, and the bustle of the camp was around me, did my natural energy return: and then only because, in the dim watches of a night on duty, a thought flashed into my mind—a thought of hope, based on the fall of Napoleon. Ah, said I, internally, if my arm and my will can aid in crushing out this giant of ambition, they shall be used unflinchingly, mercifully.

I need not depict the scenes of the few succeeding weeks. Napoleon flew from Paris to Belgium, strewed the corpses of tens of thousands of Prussians on the heights of Wavre, and swept down on Brussels. I was detached with a portion of my regiment to harass the advance of one of his divisions.

The dirt flew in a shower beneath our chargers' heels. Our front rank rushed full on the bayonets. A galling discharge emptied half our saddles, and at the same moment my horse

sank with me to the earth. I extricated myself hastily and seized a riderless horse. At that instant the light dragoons charged where my forlorn hope had led the way, and the very ground shook beneath the rush of twelve hundred noble steeds. The colonel was in advance. I had my hand on the bridle, and the next moment would have been seated, but with a yell of triumph and a meaning look of demoniac exultation the colonel trod me down beneath the hoofs of his charger. It was done purposely. I knew it, for he might with a turn of the rein have passed me by unharmed. How I ever escaped with life I cannot tell. I became insensible beneath the iron hoofs, and all the scenes that followed were to me an utter blank.

Yet it was with joy I heard amid my pain, a few days after, when I lay stretched on my couch in the capital of Belgium, the glad news of the great victory at Waterloo, for I thought of Minnie, and dared to hope. It was very long before I had sufficiently recovered to return to England, and then my health was so poor that the physicians deemed my hope of complete recovery but slight. I had received some severe internal injury, they said, and if I were not much better in a month the winter must be spent in Italy.

The Countess Minnie, I was told, had left England just before I did, and while I remained at my father's country seat at this time the news came to us that she was at Florence, whither at once my thoughts were turned with an ardent longing.

The month passed, and I was no better. I one day sought my father in his library, and unbosomed everything to him, excepting my suspicions of the malice of the colonel in the occurrence I have related. He sympathized with my feelings, declared that neither poverty nor a want of proper title should be any objection to my union with Minnie, and in reply to my entreaties sallied forth to endeavor to accomplish a purpose regarding Minnie which would remove all her objections.

I had been in Florence but a week before I saw Minnie, but not near enough to speak. She passed me in a light barouche, drawn by four horses. One other lady, as beautiful as she, sat by her side, and on the opposite seat were two gentlemen, evidently Italians. The whole party seemed in a gay mood, and Minnie's well-remembered smile smote my heart, for it seemed to me that she could not love me and yet seem so happy in what she meant should be an eternal separation.

In a few weeks I had sufficiently recovered to allow of venturing into society. My name and my father's rank were magic passwords, and ere long I had made many acquaintances. Invitations were overwhelming, and, though prudence might have forbidden, I accepted them, hoping that I might meet Minnie. I sought her everywhere, but in vain, and all my inquiries, made in a casual way, were fruitless. I thought of Rome, of Naples, but then again travelling in search of her without some definite clue to her whereabouts would have been idle, and such thoughts were relinquished.

While I was in this unsettled state, seated one day at my window, having just returned from a ride, the same barouche I had before seen passed by at rather a slow pace; it was driven by postillions. There were three ladies on the seats and one of them, I knew at a glance, was Minnie. The steeds of myself and valet were at the door, where my valet was detaining the hostler with some trifling remarks of his own. I leaned out of the window.

"Giacomo," said I, "come up, quick—quick!"  
 He was at my side in half a minute. I pointed to the barouche, then just visible through an opposite grove, for it had turned down a side road.  
 "Giacomo, that carriage contains a lady who pleases me. Mount and ride; you shall have your wages doubled if you can trace her home. There are three, but she is in snowy muslin. Hasten."

He needed no farther bidding. He returned in three hours in high glee at his success. He had traced the carriage to the country residence of a French exile, at some eight miles' distance; the family were but five in number, and lived quite secluded.

In my impatience I at once set off to find Minnie, my valet leading the way. His exultation at his success seemed to make him superior to fatigue. It was late in the afternoon when we drew up at the gate of a spacious mansion; I sent in my card to Minnie. In due time I was shown into the drawing-room; she was not there, but a polite French lady informed me that Minnie could not see me, that it was unwise in me to desire it, and if I persisted she must seek some other place of refuge.

How those words struck to my heart. In vain I pleaded and prevailed on the fair lady to endeavor to change Minnie's resolution; the lady returned, but Minnie, she said, was unchangeable, though she seemed very sad. Of course, at that hour, I accepted the invitation tendered me by the lady to stay over night, and rejoiced to think that I was once more under the same roof with Minnie.

While conversing at the window with the exile, who came to entertain me after the lady retired, upon the beauty of the grounds I perceived a graceful female form which I instinctively recognized as the countess.

The opportunity was not to be lost. Love had a conflict with etiquette, and triumphed. It was Minnie I came to see, not my entertainer, and I stepped away from him suddenly. My valet

who had himself been looking for the lady, met me and led me rapidly to the opposite side of the grounds; a low fence stopped our progress, but was instantly scaled. We were now in a small enclosure, where the most beautiful flowers grew in luxuriant profusion, filling the air with their delicious perfumes. The moon had risen. Giacomo pointed to an arbor at a short distance. The moon's rays seemed to show an indistinct whiteness, as of a lady's dress half hidden by the leaves. The arbor opened away from us, and as I left Giacomo at the wall and cautiously advanced, my heart beat with fearful rapidity.

At last I stopped at the back of the arbor, and peered in through the foliage. I knew it was Minnie's form, but the face was hidden in her hands, as she half reclined on the arm of a cushioned settee. A moment more and I softly knelt at her feet.

"Minnie, dearest Minnie," said I, in a low tone.

She started to her feet, and gazed at me. The surprise prevented her from taking to flight, and she sank back into the seat, and wept freely.

"Minnie, forgive, oh, forgive me!"  
 "There is nothing to forgive, but much to regret," murmured she. "The bitterness of parting must come again, the task of recovering my fortitude be struggled through again, and struggle it was!"

"Minnie," said I, seating myself beside her, and drawing her towards me—for she was passive as an infant—emotion had vanquished pride, and mustered resolution for the moment.  
 "Minnie, we need never part again."

"Charles, you dream it—you dream it! You do not know me. This night is all that is left me of love; when we leave the arbor we separate to meet no more on earth. Yet I will love you for ever and ever, Charles."

"You did not hear me, Minnie; I said we need never part again, and I meant it. And you, too, will say it and mean it, before long."

She shook her head, and let it rest on my shoulder.  
 "Napoleon has fallen, you know, and you are still the Countess Minnie Infield, still the wealthy mistress of a broad domain, and I come to you, bearing the patent of nobility renewed, the certificate of full possession in property restored. What will you say now?"

She sat up, and looked eagerly, yet with a troubled air, into my eyes.

"Oh, Charles, you would not deceive me!"  
 "The papers are in my trunk, in Florence, Minnie; you shall see them to-morrow. Do you not believe me, Minnie—not me?"

A ray of happy light shot over her features. She leaned heavily on my bosom, but when I would have called assistance she prevented me, saying to me it was but a momentary faintness.

In due time we surprised our friends at the house by appearing arm-in-arm, both looking supremely happy, and, in less than three months after, our bridal day was appointed, and preparations set on foot for our nuptials to be celebrated at my father's house.

PUT TO THE TEST.

BY PAULINE GRANT.

"But suppose he should recognise me, after all, Helen?"

"Not a bit of danger of that, May, you are too well 'got up,' thanks to your humble servant."

"Let me take a long, last lingering look at myself, and I'm off;" and she stepped to the glass and surveyed herself. She gave a little laugh. "Ugh! how my teeth gleam through my dusky complexion! We must remedy that. Go down and get me some walnut-juice."

The desired fluid was brought, and enough partaken of to bring the gleaming teeth to a colour not conspicuously observable through contrast with the general appearance of the person.

"There you are, May, so transformed your own father wouldn't recognise you. Complexion utterly changed, eyebrows blackened, hair tucked out of sight under a widow's cap, seedy black dress, and worn cotton gloves. Who would look for the 'rich and flattered heiress' in this guise? Here, let me adjust your veil. There, you'll do now for a poor widow of thirty-five, I think."

"Well, Helen, I hope we may find that Henry Smith has been slandered," was the rejoinder; "but I could never promise to marry him with such a doubt unsolved."

"No, indeed, May. But go, my blessings will follow you," she added, laughing.

Down the back stairs stole the quiet poverty-stricken-looking little woman, and gained the street by a back alley. Drawing her rusty crape veil closely down over her face, she slowly walked along till she reached the door which bore the name "Henry Smith, Solicitor." Ascending the stairs, she stood at the office door, and tapped timidly.

"Come in," was the rejoinder from within. Timidly and tremblingly May pushed open the office door of the man who had but the day previously besought her to become his wife.

Henry Smith sat at a table which was strewn with law papers, with his feet thrown over the arm of a chair, and a half-consumed cigar in his teeth. Casting a glance at the meek-looking little figure before him, which glance seem-

ed to assure him there was no call for politeness on his part, he leaned back in his chair and remarked.

"Well, madam, what do you wish?"  
 "Can this be the exquisite Mr. Smith, who is so very courteous to ladies in society?" thought she. But she said, in a voice which trembled from suppressed excitement, "Will you please let me be seated a moment, sir? I am not strong, and the stairs have taken my breath."

"Chairs over by the window, there," was the reply; but he never lowered his feet from the one on which they rested, or laid aside the cigar.

After a moment's pause, in which the pale and sick woman seemed to collect breath and composure, she said, drawing a paper from her pocket:

"If you please, I called to see you for charity. My husband was killed six months ago by a fall from a building, and left me penniless. I worked, and earned a meagre support for myself and little ones by copying, until I was no longer able to get even that to do. Being ill with overwork and anxiety, I could no longer support my little family, and my children have been taken to the workhouse. People who had known how hard I tried to do for them have helped me a little, and so I have been saved from there to. If I can succeed in keeping along for a few days, until I have a little more strength, I hope to obtain work, and be able to take care of myself again. Here's a paper with the names of those who knew me, and that I am not an impostor, and who have helped me in my illness and poverty."

Not a word from Henry Smith all the while, but he coolly puffed the cigar.

"Will you not help me a little from your abundant means?" pleaded the poor woman.

"O dear!" yawned he; "I wished beggars could be abolished by statute." Then to the woman, "Really, madam, your story is very well got up; but, so far as I'm concerned, no beggars need apply. If you can't support yourself, why, go to the workhouse. That's the place for such as you."

"But sir—"  
 "My dear woman, there's the door. I can't be bothered any longer."

Slowly and sadly the poor woman wended her way down the stairs, and down the street until the corner shut her from sight, and then fairly flew until she reached the residence of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the city. Here she rushed in at the front door, and unceremoniously up-stairs into the pretty room she had shortly before left. Tearing off the widow's garments, she was soon engaged in telling her friend Helen the result of her mission.

"It's just as you told me, Helen. Henry Smith has no more heart than a block of wood, and no more politeness;" and her cheeks burned as she thought of his rudeness. "And to think he should come here, and be so very devoted and polite to me, when it is all false to his true nature! Thank heaven! I've found him out in time."

Helen laughed softly, and said,—  
 "What answer shall you give him this evening, May?"

"Wait until evening, and see," was the reply, as May went on with her becoming toilet.

Meanwhile, Henry Smith, after mentally condemning all beggars to torture, and arrayed himself himself to his lodgings, and arrayed himself scrupulously for the purpose of calling to receive his answer from the young lady of his affections; but in the midst of his thoughts of her, the pale face of the dark little widow would intrude herself.

"Confound that creature!" soliloquised he, as he neared the mansion. "I can't keep her out of my mind. There was something familiar about her, as if I had known her some time. But pshaw! who has any sympathy for beggars? I shall be one myself in a month, if I don't get this girl of old Bailey's, with her father's cash."

Ringling the bell, the servant showed him into a brilliantly lighted drawing-room, where, in silk and jewels, shone the fair young girl whom he had asked to be his wife.

She rose to meet him, and he eagerly began,—  
 "Dearest May, I'm all impatience for your answer. Don't keep me in suspense another moment. Is the treasure mine?"

With painful distinctness every word of the answer smote on his ear.

"O, dear! I wish beggars could be abolished by statute."  
 He opened his eyes and stared at her; then the truth seemed to burst upon him.

"May! Miss Bailey!" gasped he. "What is this?"

"Really, sir, your story is well got up, but so far as I am concerned, no beggars need apply."

Catching up his hat, Henry Smith left the house so hurriedly that the hall door slammed. If he did not gain the heiress and her money, let us hope he gained in wisdom and charity.

APPLE-SAUCE.—Pare and core four baking apples, and put them into a lined saucpan with half a tea-cupful of cold water; cover the saucpan close, and stand it by the side of the fire, just near enough for the apples to simmer gently until they are done—a certain time cannot be specified, as some apples will take only half an hour, others nearly two hours. When they are sufficiently done, pour off the liquid and let them stand for a few minutes to get drier; then beat them with a fork, add a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, and a tea-spoonful of powdered sugar.

## TO AN INFANT.

Sweet babe, I would the power were mine to draw  
 Aside the dark, impenetrable veil,  
 Which hides futurity, and gaze with calm,  
 Prophetic eye upon the path of life,  
 Ordained by Heaven for thee to tread; observe  
 Where fate shall kindly strew her sweetest  
 flowers,  
 Or, darkly frowning, scatter cruel thorns  
 To pierce thy tender feet.

Vain, idle wish!

'Twere better far in lowly faith to kneel  
 Beside thy bed and breathe this heartfelt  
 prayer

For thee—"Oh! Father, mercifully shield  
 This tender nestling from the storms of life  
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wing; endow  
 His infant soul with Heavenly grace; vouch-  
 safe

To guide his footsteps when the snares of sin  
 Are spread for his unwary feet; and when  
 The angel death shall bid his spirit quit  
 This mortal clay, receive his ransomed soul  
 To dwell with Thee in everlasting joy."

## THE CASUAL OBSERVER.

IN TERRA DEL FUEGO, SURREY.

How many years is it since we saved up for weeks every penny we could scrape together to buy squibs and crackers for the 5th of November, and also bought a whole pound of powder and turned ourselves into sweeps while powdering charcoal to make a golden rain? Perhaps it is as well not to reckon, but all the same, there were never such fireworks as those made before or since. Of course, that is and was our private opinion, and has nothing to do with Mr. Brock's manufactory, where we are standing this sappy wet day, ready for a tour of inspection to see how fireworks are made.

Most people must know these works almost as well as they know the glorious blazes of color that are produced at the Crystal Palace. They consist of those five-and-twenty lightly built sheds standing in a seven-acre field—wooden sheds, save one, which is of brick; and, while by law the sheds are five-and-twenty yards apart for safety's sake in case of explosion or fire, this one brick building, which we approach with fear and trembling, is fifty yards from its neighbors; and, on the door being opened, we go inside to stand amongst a lot of little barrels, every one of which contains enough gunpowder to blow the building down and scatter us in fragments all over the place.

There is not much to be seen here in this powder magazine; but it is the abode of the gentle—the slave of the firework-maker, for this plain gunpowder is the active principle in many of the glorious *feu de jote* which are here prepared; and knowing as we do its awful power it is with a feeling of calm satisfaction that we see the little kegs disappear behind the closing door, and breathe once more freely the open air untainted with the smell of the "villainous saltpetre."

Passing then from the powder magazine, we crossed to a shed where the other constituents of the fireworks were kept, to see them stored away in open tubs and great jars—curious chemicals, won from nature by the study of many years, and each possessing its peculiar property of giving a tint to burning flame. Here in this tub was a sort of sparkling black powder—antimony—for giving a white light or pale blue; in another tub resalgar, a rich orange sulphuret of arsenic; and by its side yellow orpiment, another combination of the deadly poison with sulphur, and, like its relative, useful for making a brilliant pale flame; in the next tanks familiar flower of brimstone or sulphur, and next snowy potash of saltpetre. In these jars are inoffensive-looking salts—this, strontia, which will burn of a ruby red; that, baryta, which will turn a flame emerald green; salts of copper for sapphire blue; cunning preparations one and all, which, when manipulated, have gladdened the eyes of thousands.

In the next shed we see women and girls busy with paper and paste brush, rolling paper pipes or cylinders for rocket, squib, and Roman candle, which when dried are light and hard, and ready for "choking"—that is to have one end closed in. They are of all sizes, from the tiny halfpenny squib to the great blue light which blazes for many minutes. But this is a very simple manufacture, and from here we go to another store, where paper and wood predominate. Ready-made cases, sheaves of rocket sticks, reams of paper, and half shells, like the *papier mâché* imitation of large half oranges with the pulp scooped out. Here, too, are wooden wheels of all kinds, carefully turned, and fitted ready even with an iron pin upon which they are to revolve, but harmless—lifeless one and all, for they are not charged or primed with those loaded cases, whose blue touch-paper, twisted up so neatly, seems to ask a light.

One of the great features of the firework-maker is the star, and this he introduces in nearly every beautiful work of his art; his Roman candle throws up stars, his rocket bursts and scatters stars of many tints, and the *papier mâché* shells which we saw empty are filled with stars, and sent on high from mortars, when they explode, and down falls a rain of the brilliant gems. This being the case, then we go to a

shed where a grimy boy is busy over a tray of composition—a mixture of chemicals in a state of moisture, and this he attacks with a little implement, something like the mould with which a cook will cut out ornaments from paste; but this implement is provided with a piston, and as the boy chokes it with composition, the little piston rod forces the plug out, just a tiny pill-box shaped piece of the hardened compressed material; and the lad, quick at his work, soon fills a tray with these little pellets, which goes with many more to a drying house, where they all stand round the hot-water heated place and grow dry and hard, ready for busy-fingered girls to wrap paper cases round them and paste them to make them firm. And these are stars—latent, glowing gems—that only need to be fired by the meal powder of their shell or rocket to burst forth in jewelled splendor upon the eye.

Going to another shed, we see the dry stars ready for use. Two of the paper shells have been turned into one complete sphere by gluing canvas round the edges; but a round hole is left and into this—according to the size of the shells, which run from three to sixteen inches in diameter,—dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of stars are poured. Then these are primed with powder, and have a cartridge attached ready for firing from a mortar, to burst in air.

So much for the shells, and we go on to the rocket shed, where men are busy with case, rammer, composition, mallet, and spoon. A core of wood is left up the centre of these cases as the composition is placed in, and they are rammed hollow, so that in a finished rocket there is a hole right up the centre of the charge to where, in a chamber at the top, lie a dozen or two of stars ready to light when the rocket has shot up with its trailing stick, burnt out its train of fire, and burst in a glory of many hues.

Again, here are men charging blue-lights, great heavy fireworks, into which the blackened dingy composition powder is driven with great force till it becomes almost solid, and is finished off with a layer of clay, to keep all safe where the priming of meal gunpowder is placed. Similar is the process by which the Roman candle is prepared; but here stars are required, and if we watch the man, he places in first, with a tiny measuring spoon, a charge of gunpowder on which is placed a star, then comes so much burning composition, well rammed down, next more gunpowder—meal powder it is called here when ground fine—another star, more composition, and so on, with red, blue, green, or white stars for variety, till the top of the case is reached, the whole being done by rule and graduated scale of amount of powder, etc., learned only by constant practice.

The firework-maker has his tools. More than once a spoon has been mentioned, but this is not the little implement with which Mrs. Perkins would stir up her tea, but a little circular dipper or measure which holds the exact quantity of the chemicals required—chemicals indeed, for your modern firework-maker is a chemist in a large way, and is ever on the experimental watch for new combinations and shades of color. As to being in a large way, here is a little fact, that at a display a few days since, on the occasion of Mr. Brock's benefit, about three tons of composition of one kind and another were burnt.

It was a busy season at our visit, and a long way on to a hundred employes were at work, for the time was fast approaching when the feast of the renowned Guido Fawkes was to be held, and not only were dealers to be supplied, but orders had to be made up for schools in different parts of the country; for a large and extended business is done here at Nunhead. In fact, if the Sultan of Turkey or the Pasha of Egypt wants what schoolboys call a good flare-up, he sends here, and shells, rockets, and set pieces go out, perhaps under the care of the maker himself, for the delectation of the Osmanli.

There is plenty to be seen though yet, for here are boys filling the immortal squib, looking the while like half of the ten little niggers of the song. Their business, too, was also—imps that they were—that of making blue devils, so called, because they are not blue, but only a larger kind of squib with a glorious bang; and the boys seemed to ram away and ladle in the black, grimy composition with genuine pleasure, previous to these same filled cases going to another or finishing shed, where they are covered with white paper and tipped with blue by deft-fingered maidens, who twist on this blue touch-paper, and then tie it securely on with red twine in a nimble way that the eye can scarcely follow. Before the looker-on could see how it was done a dozen squibs would be knitted on to a piece of string, and put aside to make place for another dozen, and another, till heaps of dozens were lying ready to be borne off to a fresh shed for finishing and packing.

It is to this care in isolating the different processes that the work people owe the immunity they enjoy from accident, though the obliging manager who took us round explained that, in the event of fire, there could be no explosion, only the rapid combustion of the made-up and unfinished fireworks.

But there was the finishing shed yet to be seen, where the tied-up fireworks came; and here were busy men ornamenting the outer cases with colored paper, tying them up in bundles, attaching rockets to sticks, Roman candles to frames, so as to form bouquets; and to every separate firework was fastened a label containing simple instruction for letting off, while to each wheel was also fixed a screw or pin upon which it should revolve. What a pile

of quiescent glories! It was enough to make one feel boyish again, and long for those good old times when it was the height of bravery in one's own estimation to hold a squib in one's hand until it gave its concluding pop, or to bear a squibbing without a murmur. On every side were piled up the neat cylinders and wheels, fascies, and great bundles, though these were but a portion of the finished articles; the manufacturer, for safety's sake, having stores at *Workington*, on the river, where a couple of barges are moored for that purpose. But, all the same, there are rockets here that it must require nerve to fire—great fellows with conical tops that might be used for the Ashantee war if bullets were substituted for the stars, and magnesium lights, and parachutes which they are destined to bear aloft. In fact, with the exception of the charge in the head, size is the only distinction between the rocket of the *feu de jote* and that used in war. The usage is different, though; for while the sightseer's rocket is trained for ascent, that which is to send alarm and destruction into hostile ranks is fired horizontally from a tube.

One peculiar feature here is the manufacture of slow and quick match, which is made by steeping the match in charcoal and petroleum. This is made by the hundred yards, and is used to form communications between the various cases of a set piece, going off with the rapidity of lightning, and acting to the various parts of a firework like an electric telegraph wire, if enclosed in a paper case, but burning slowly in the open air.—*Once a Week.*

## A REVELATION FROM THE SEA.

"I may write to you, Alice, mayn't I?"

Alice shook her head. "Better not," she said; "much better not." Still the denial was faint.

"But I shall write," said the young man warmly; "it is all the comfort I have. I don't ask you to write to me, but I will write to you, and—"

"He would be angry," said Alice, shaking her head; "no, you really mustn't."

"All right," said the sailor, with a warm sunny smile; "to your sister then—all right. I know you'll go and ask her for a letter sometimes. Good-by, darling—one kiss."

The kiss was given hurriedly and surreptitiously, and the sailor sprang from the landing-stage into a boat that was waiting alongside, and presently the oars were flashing in the sunshine as she made rapidly for a bark lying in the stream. Alice stood and watched the receding boat, watched it till it reached the ship and was hauled up on the davits. Presently the cheery song of the sailors was heard over the water, the clink of the windlass, as they hauled the anchor home. Then she shook out her sails and departed. A shore-boat, however, had put off from the ship at the very last moment, and came slowly against the tide towards the land. It reached the landing-stage, and a wizened elderly man landed and came up the stairs.

"Well, Alice," he said, "well, you've waited a long time for Dicky—good girl, good girl! Now, my birdie, we'll go home to our little cage."

Alice sighed and put her hand in his arm, and they went off, he with a springy shambling gait, meant to be sprightly and juvenile; she with a slow lifeless step that yet kept pace with him.

Richard Toft, the ship-owner, who had just landed, was seventy years old or more, and he had married Alice Graham, who was only nineteen. But then Toft was the richest man in the port of Melford Regis, and everybody said she had done well for herself. There had been some silly love-passages between her and William Black, the son of Widow Black, of Woodbine Cottage, but he was only a mate in one of Richard's ships, and could never have made a home for her, to say nothing of the misery of marrying a sailor, and being a widow, as it were, for four years out of five. Now it wasn't in the course of nature that Dicky Toft should live forever; and then, if she played her cards well, what a happy woman she might be! She would have to play her cards, mind you, for she was a poor girl when she married, and Dicky had kept all his money at his own disposal; but then what fool like an old fool? and a pretty girl, like Alice, ought to be able to wind him round her little finger.

Certainly Mr. Toft was wonderfully proud of his wife, and with good cause, for she was one of the prettiest girls in Melford. To be sure, after her marriage she seemed to fade a little, whilst Dicky seemed to grow young and green again, and responded to all the rallery of which he was the subject as archly and wickedly as any grizzled old monkey on a perch.

Nothing was too good for Alice in Mr. Toft's opinion. He bought her shawls from the Indies, beautiful muslins and silks that would stand on end; he gave her jewels too, and decked her out with chains and trinkets and earrings, till she grew ashamed of her splendor.

By and by, Willie Black came home from a long voyage, and one of the first to welcome him and invite him to his house was Mr. Toft, the ship-owner. He had heard all about this little love affair, but he had such confidence in his wife—she was such a jewel, so devoted to him—he was anxious that his rival should see how completely she had forgotten.

"You brought him yourself," said Alice in her own heart, looking rather hardily at her husband, as he tolled up the steep hill that led to their house, panting and shaking, but refusing to acknowledge that he was tired. "I had

school myself to be content, and with your own hand you shattered all my good resolves."

"Let us stay here for a moment," said Mr. Toft, "and admire this pleasant view. Oh, I'm not tired—no, no—not at all; but see the ship standing out the sea. She's a capital sailer, eh? ah, yes."

Her sails were spread out far in the distance, rosy with the beams of the setting sun, but a chilly mist was creeping up, and presently the glow vanished and the white sails were blotted out, disappearing in the great vague world of mist and sea and shadow.

"Why, what's the matter, Alice?" said Mr. Toft, turning sharply round. "Tears! Ah, well, yes, yes, we know—a little hysterical, eh? Don't excite yourself, dearest. My dear poppets, we will walk home very quietly, and then we will have tea in our little nest."

She followed her lord and master slowly up the hill to their home on Lookout hill; it was a pleasant little villa with a fine garden.

Things went on quietly enough at Lookout villa for another couple of years. Mrs. Toft had not been blessed by children, as Richard had hoped, and the old man was a good deal crest-fallen thereat; still he lived in hope and seemed fonder than ever of his young wife. By and by the rumor went about that he had sent for Lawyer Emlyn to make his will—he had always been very stubborn against making wills; and presently, when Mrs. Emlyn tolled up Lookout hill to visit Mrs. Toft—the Emlyns had never visited before at that house—and some time after invited her to spend a quiet evening in the High street, everybody shrewdly surmised how the will was made, and judged that the property disposed of was not inconsiderable.

Meantime the *Peruvia*, the good ship that had sailed away that fine summer's evening, had been heard of more than once. She had not been spoken, however, later than the last October, when she had left Krachee with the north-east monsoon for the Red Sea, intending to come home by Suez and the Mediterranean. Any day she might return, any day might witness William Black striding up Lookout hill; any one of the white-winged ships that dotted the horizon might be the one ship that heart-sore Alice was secretly longing to see. He had been very good; he had not written to her sister—she had forbidden him to do so, and he had obeyed her; and yet if he knew how she longed to hear he was safe—after all, it was better not.

Mr. Toft was breaking a little, people said. He was no longer as active as he had been only a short year since. He rarely came down into the town now, and when he did it was pitiable to see him toiling back up the hill, making believe that the ascent was not painful to him. He had been used to come each morning to the reading-room; but now he had given that up, and had the *Times* sent up to him on the next day after publication.

One summer evening—her husband had been poorly all day, and Alice had been constantly occupied in attending to him, but now he had gone off to sleep—she put on her things and went down into the town to make a few purchases, intending to spend half an hour with Mrs. Emlyn, to enjoy a gossip with that lively conversable lady.

Down the hill she went, the cool sea-breeze fanning her parched cheeks. The evening was divine, and the sea was stretched before her in long golden swatches, the murmur of it sounding gently in her ears. Ships were stirring, some outward-bound were heaving at their anchors, and the well-remembered sailor's song came softly over the waters: some homeward-bound were making for their anchoring-grounds with full-bellied sails. She strained her eyes, and fancied that now this and now that might be the long-expected *Peruvia*. But no, there would be no doubt then; her heart would tell her at once, "That is William's ship!"

The sun was getting low, and she hastened quickly down the hill. She met sundry townspeople she knew by sight, and nodded to them a good-natured greeting; they turned and looked at her, and watched her down the hill. "How rude people are getting," she thought. "There was a time when these would all have touched their hats to the wife of the ship-owner."

At each shop she visited she noticed something strange about the people. Mr. Meagre, the draper, came out of his little box and stared at her, and Mrs. Meagre's stony visage appeared over the glass door, sternly regarding her. It was the same at the other shops, everybody looked queer.

"Imagination," she told herself. "I feel altogether strange, and I find my own feelings reflected in other people's faces. Here comes Mrs. Emlyn."

Mrs. Emlyn came up to her and looked at her with vacant unrecognizing gaze.

"Mrs. Emlyn," she cried, "how fortunate I am to meet you!"

The lady gathered together her skirts and passed coldly on.

"Oh, what have I done—what is the matter?" cried Alice. She felt faint and giddy; something dreadful had happened. The air grew heavy and thick; all the houses in the red, quaint High street seemed to blink at her; the sky was brassy and dull above her. She was as if in a dream, when the last trumpet seems to sound, and the universe quakes around. But it was nothing; it could be nothing; Mrs. Emlyn was often queer.

But she turned round and made her way home. Her husband was awake and crying for her like a sick child. She could do nothing to-night, but in the morning she would go down

into the town and get to the bottom of this mystery, if it were a mystery, and not all a delusion.

Next morning Mr. Toft was better—much better; cheerful and chirrupy. He had his breakfast in bed, however, and Alice took it up to him. He was quite affectionate over his toast, and loving over his egg; and by noon he was down stairs in the sitting-room grumbling that the *Times* hadn't come.

"It is here now, Richard," said his wife, bringing him the great broadsheet. She left him to his paper and went on her way about household matters. By and by she heard a strange sound in the parlor as if somebody had fallen. She ran into the room; Mr. Toft was on the floor in a heap against his easy chair. He had fallen into a fit; the paper was scrunched up in his hand.

A strange pang shot through her. Grief, remorse, expectation, a flash of hope that would not be repressed. In a moment she was herself again. She laid him gently along the floor, rang the bell violently for assistance, undid his necktie and the front of his shirt, chafed his temples and hands. Servants came, and she sent off for the doctor. She moistened his lips with brandy. He revived.

Strangely he shrank away from her—would not suffer her to touch him; the gardener had come in to help, and, with his assistance, the old man made his way to his bedroom.

Alice was wounded and amazed; but she had heard of sick people suddenly taking fancies against those whom they loved the best. She went to the door to see if the doctor was coming. Mr. Emlyn, the lawyer, was walking quickly up the hill, a newspaper under his arm. He looked sternly at her as he approached.

"I must see Mr. Toft," he said, as he reached the door.

"You cannot see him; he is very ill," said Alice.

The window of Mr. Toft's room was open, and he must have heard Mr. Emlyn's voice.

"Show Mr. Emlyn up," he cried, in harsh shrieking tones. "Come here, sir—come here!"

Mr. Emlyn pushed his way in, and up the staircase; Alice was too frightened to forbid him. The gardener presently came in for pens and ink, took them up to his master, and then waited at the bottom of the stairs.

"You had better go to your work again, Thomas," said Alice; "we can manage without you now."

"Master said I was to stay here."

She said nothing more, but went into the sitting-room, and waited and watched in dull bewildered expectation. Then she heard Mr. Emlyn's voice:

"Thomas, come up, and bring one of your fellow-servants."

There was a tramping up-stairs and then down; after that Mr. Emlyn came out of her husband's room; he left the house forthwith without speaking to Alice. Then the doctor came; he too was shown up-stairs. By and by he came down into the room where Alice was. He took her kindly by the hand.

"My dear Mrs. Toft, prepare yourself for bad news."

"Is he very ill?" gasped Alice.

"Yes, very ill; nay, he is dead."

After that the days passed like a dream till the day of the funeral. She wished to follow him to the grave—for he had been very good to her, she thought; and now that he was gone her mind misgave her that she had been faithless to him, not in deed, but in heart—but this was forbidden by those who had the management of affairs.

A relation of Mr. Toft had turned up, a nephew, a lanky rawboned youth, with a long neck and a tuft of red hair on his chin; and this Ephraim Toft was the chief mourner. Mr. Emlyn also was at the funeral, and when they returned they went into the parlor and drank wine, and afterwards sent for Mrs. Toft to hear the will read.

He was a solemn courteous man, this Emlyn, with a full resounding voice, and he read out the terms of the will distinctly and sonorously. It was difficult to repress a feeling of elation as he rolled over the list of Mr. Toft's possessions, and ended with the clause that left his wife sole legatee and executrix. How, through the gloom of this day, bright vistas of the future gleamed and shone!

"Ahem! there is a codicil," said Mr. Emlyn; and bit by bit the codicil undid all that the will had done. The lanky nephew uncoiled himself and glowered and blinked with amazement and delight. There was but one bequest to Alice—a copy of the *Times* of June, of the day previous to the old man's death.

They left her to herself for a while, and she tried to grasp what all this meant. The lawyer had politely handed to the widow her legacy, the copy of the *Times*. What could it mean?

Ah, yes, it was dreadful, this poverty, after wealth had seemed within her grasp. But still there was youth and hope; and William—yes, she might think of him now, fully and freely. She carried no burden of gratitude, she was bound to no respectful memory of the dead. She was free now, and perhaps William was close at hand. Well, she would read this *Times*.

Presently she clasped her hands to her forehead, and, with strained and horror-struck eyes, read this paragraph:

**DERELICT AT SEA.**—A pathetic incident is narrated by the master of the steamship *Suez*, just arrived at Liverpool. It appears that in the Indian Ocean she met with a dismasted vessel apparently abandoned by the crew. A boat was sent to board her, when the following sight met the eyes of the officer. The main and

upper decks had been swept clean by the sea, the bulwarks were carried away and every vestige of the spars and rigging. No living being was found on board, but in the captain's cabin was the body of a young man with golden hair and beard, much decomposed. A letter was lying on the table, which was brought away by the boat's crew, and we are requested to give it in full, as it may lead to the identification of the ship: "Dearest Alice—How often have I thought of our last parting, and longed once more to clasp you in my arms! Love like ours is never to be parted, let the sulky old centenarian do as he please. I write to you at your sister's, as you desired me, No. 19 Bond street, Melford Regis. How well I remember the happy hours we have spent there! I am in command of the ship now." The rest of the letter is illegible except the words, "'Come to me, your loving William Black.'" The body was sunk in the sea, the vessel left to its fate, and the steamer continued her course.

That night, as the sun was setting, lighting up with golden flames the broad estuary of Melford, the tide was at its full, and white-winged ships were floating in upon its bosom, a young girl appeared on the farthest extremity of the landing-stage, and poisoning herself for a moment, and taking a last long look at all the beautiful scene around, cast herself into the waters, which closed around her with a sullen ripple. Once and once again a white arm was seen at the surface; boats put out, and men with ropes shouted and gesticulated from the shore; but it was of no use, the sea claimed its own, and still hoards in its hidden treasury the bones of William and Alice.

**ANNABEL BROWN.**

When I consider the difficulty with which I manage to support a rigid and penurious household on an income which, although small, accrued regularly and is paid to the day, I am all the more astounded at the way in which some people contrive to live. There's my friend William Brown, now, he is a married man, has half a dozen children, lives in a nice little house Clapham-way, always has something hot for supper and a glass of grog for himself and a friend afterward, and yet, as far as I know, he has no income whatever. He's an old school-fellow of mine, which gives him a kind of claim upon me; and ever since I have renewed my early acquaintance with him—he called upon me some years ago, when I first entered her Majesty's civil service, as a junior clerk, to request my interest with the authorities to procure him an appointment of some kind—ever since then he has been out of employment and on the look-out for an opening. I'm afraid that, in the self-importance of youth, I gave William a too exalted idea of my influence with the "authorities"—whoever they may be—that I patronized him a little, and held out some hopes, however vague, that I might possibly come across something that might provide him with the wished-for opening. Indeed I may say that I was as good as my word, and did put him in the way of obtaining a public situation of some emolument, having succeeded in placing his name on a list of candidates for an open competition for a situation in the Excise, for which the poor fellow was uncommonly grateful. It turned out by the way, that the limit of age for these situations was from eighteen to twenty, and William was getting on for thirty-five. But this obstacle, which would have been fatal, I should have thought, didn't seem to haunt William at all. He was thirty-five, it was true; but he had had a brother once who was dead, poor fellow, who, if he had lived, would have been just the right age, and it was evident he was wronging nobody by making use of the baptismal certificate and other papers that would have been poor Bob's if he had been alive. He showed, indeed, such energy and address in overcoming the various difficulties that presented themselves in making this arrangement, that I thought it argued very well for the fellow's real qualities, and that such industry and such perseverance would, if they once found an opening, be sure of success. But unfortunately, as he told me afterwards, the time and energy he had devoted to overcoming these preliminary difficulties had prevented his giving himself to the necessary preparation for passing the examination itself. He was plucked in the Rule of Three; a rule, he informed me, that isn't of the slightest use in mercantile affairs, and is indeed considered quite obsolete by men of business. But still, as I told him, "William, you ought to have got it up." Obsolete and stupid as might have been the system of examination, he ought to have accommodated himself to circumstances—he ought to have gone in for the Rule of Three; for it's a very simple thing. You put your figures in a row with dots between them, and if the answer comes out wrong—and it does sometimes, tremendously—you may be sure you've put the wrong figures in the middle, and you must alter 'em. But I've found that mercantile men, as a rule, are pigheaded. William was a mercantile man; he had been a clerk in a draper's counting-house; William was pig-headed. He would go in for the Rule of Three, and, "Then, William," I said, "you must abandon all thoughts of entering the public service of your country." He did so with the greatest philosophy, not appearing much cast-down by his ill-success.

The next time I met William he told me he was in the building trade. I couldn't learn that he had done anything in the way of building himself, but he was on commission he told me.

At all events, he had succeeded in obtaining a very nice little house, the one he at present inhabits, and on such advantageous terms that he had three landlords, each one of whom forbade him to pay any rent to the other. It was true that they occasionally varied their proceedings by putting in an execution, as they called it, upon William, who, however, with his usual resource, had hit upon an ingenious way of defeating their manoeuvres by means of a bill of sale, the operation of which he explained to me, but I can't exactly recollect the particulars.

William came to me one day in a state of jubilant excitement. The opening had come at last. William was on the high-road to fortune. When explained, the opening was found to consist of an operation, and in the building trade. It consisted in buying houses and selling them again at an immense profit; really on paper it looked most promising; but then one must make allowance for the sanguine nature of projectors. There was one little requisite, William added, a very trifling obstacle—capital.

"Now, you know," he said, "you can't expect me to have capital."

"Clearly not," I said.

"I look upon my family," William went on, "as my capital, the children I've brought up and educated; they represent an immense fund, but it is at present sunk—unavailable, in fact."

Yes, I didn't see how they could be turned to account.

"Then," went on William, "the question arises, how is the thing to be met? Clearly by somebody advancing the requisite capital—putting himself, as it were, in the place of the original investor, sharing his profits without sharing his risks; but that advantage," said William, "I'm quite content he should have. Now the question is, where to find the man?"

"Yes, there it is," said I: "there must be plenty of men who'd be glad of such a chance; but I can't think of anybody at present."

"I thought of you once," said William; "but I dismissed the idea. No; it wouldn't do for you."

"Oh, I don't see that," I said, "if the amount were a reasonable one."

"Reasonable!" said William: "it's ridiculous. Fifty pounds. The half-share in a fortune for fifty pounds! Bah! the thing's absurd."

Now it so happened that I had a little more than fifty pounds to my credit at the London and Westminster Bank, on deposit, and they'd just reduced the interest two per cent, which was disgusting; but still I'm such a cautious bird that I wouldn't give William an answer till I'd an opportunity of consulting an old friend of mine, a lawyer of large practice in the city. And, strange to say, he didn't think so highly of the scheme as William did, and yet they were both clever men—but sometimes these lawyers are over-cautious.

"Don't let him have the money without good security," he said; "personal would do—one good name besides his own."

I told William this, and he didn't raise any difficulty at all—thought it was quite a proper, though needless, precaution; and he named to me a man, one Wilks, whom I knew very well, and to be a good responsible man. There was no doubt of his consent, but as a matter of form it would be as well to ask him. In the course of the next day I had a note from William, saying laconically, "All right—will come to-morrow night." So I withdrew my deposit, and waited at home to meet Master William.

He came next night in the highest spirits.

"Well, I've succeeded admirably; better than I could possibly have expected. In point of fact, I shall no longer want your help. Still I shall be very grateful to you; and some other time I may have another good thing open."

"Then you've got the money," I said. "Well, William, I'm glad of it. It has put me to a little inconvenience withdrawing my deposit, and so on; but never mind that—I'm glad your friends have such confidence in you."

"I haven't got the money yet, but I'm to have it to-night; in fact, Wilks entered into the matter at once, in the handsomest way. 'Look here,' he said; 'I daresay our friend Malam hasn't any too much cash at his banker's, but I know him to be a good honest fellow; now, he said, 'I'll advance the money.'"

"That was very good of Wilks," I said.

"Wasn't it?—no consulting my lawyer there, Malam!—come, old friend, only my joke you know; but he says, 'I'll advance the money, and Malam shall be security.' It comes, to just the same thing, you see."

"Is it the same thing?" I said doubtfully. (To be continued.)

**A YOUNG SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.**

SOME years ago a young sailor, ragged, shoeless, and penniless, begged permission one night to sleep in the stable at the "White Lion," Monsel, near Godalming. The ostler gave him leave; but the master hearing of it, ordered him off the premises.

The ostler, who had perhaps been in Jack's circumstances, recommended him to apply at a widow's cottage in the village, which he did.

The widow gave him shelter in her cottage, some straw for a bed, a basin of milk for supper, and another for breakfast next morning, and sixpence to help him on his way to London, desiring him to call on her daughter (who was cook at the "Castle," at Kingston) for further assistance.

A few weeks afterwards the widow received a

letter, desiring her to meet a person on particular business, at the "Spur Inn," in the Borough. After consulting with her neighbours about the formidable journey, she undertook it, and was met at the inn by an elderly gentleman and a young one. The latter offered to shake hands with her. She said he had the advantage of her.

"Do you not know me, mother?" said the youth; "did you not give me shelter, supper, &c., when I was weary and destitute? I have not forgotten it. I had run away from my friends, been to sea, and was returning home in that state, when you showed me so much kindness. And now my uncle is come with me to settle on you ten pounds per annum for life."

This was done, and received by the widow as long as she lived.

The above can be attested by persons living at Monsel, and by a relation of the widow now living.

**VALUING BEAUTY.**—The Persian Ambassador, Mirza Aboul Hasson, while he resided in Paris, was an object of so much curiosity that he could not go out without being surrounded by a multitude of gazers, and the ladies even ventured so far as to penetrate his hotel.

On returning one day from a ride, he found his apartments crowded with ladies, all elegantly dressed, but not all equally beautiful. Astonished at this unexpected assemblage, he inquired what these European odalisques could possibly want with him. The interpreter replied that they had come to look at his excellency. The ambassador was surprised to find himself an object of curiosity among a people who boast of having attained the acme of civilization; and was not a little offended at conduct which, in Asia, would have been considered an unwarrantable breach of good breeding. He accordingly revenged himself by the following little scheme:

The illustrious foreigner affected to be charmed with the ladies. He looked at them attentively, alternately pointing to them with his finger, and speaking with great earnestness to his interpreter, who he was well aware would be questioned by his fair visitors, and whom he, therefore, instructed in the part he was to act.

Accordingly the eldest of the ladies, who, in spite of her age, probably thought herself the prettiest of the whole party, and whose curiosity was particularly excited, after his excellency had passed through the suite of rooms, coolly inquired what had been the object of his examination.

"Madam," replied the interpreter, "I dare not inform you."

"But I wish particularly to know, sir."

"Indeed, madam, it is impossible."

"Nay, sir, this reserve is vexatious. I desire to know."

"Oh! since you desire, madam, know then that his excellency has been valuing you!"

"Valuing us! how, sir?"

"Yes, ladies, his excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price on each of you!"

"Well, that's whimsical enough; and how much may that lady be worth, according to his estimation?"

"A thousand crowns."

"And the other?"

"Five hundred crowns."

"And that young lady with fair hair?"

"Three hundred crowns."

"And that brunette?"

"The same price."

"And that lady who is painted?"

"Fifty crowns."

"And pray, sir, what may I be worth in the tariff of his excellency's good graces?"

"Oh, madam, you really must excuse me, I beg!"

"Come, come, no concealments!"

"The prince merely said as he passed you—"

"Well what did he say?" inquired the lady with great eagerness.

"He said, madam, that he did not know the small coin of this country!"

"A FOND husband boasted to a friend, 'Tom, the old woman came near calling me Honey last night.' 'Did she?' 'What, did she say?'"

"Why she called out, 'Come now, Old Beeswax, why don't you come to supper?'"

**GUM CAMPHOR.**—Camphor is a vegetable gum semi-transparent and colorless. It is exceedingly volatile. When exposed to the air, it flies off in vapor. On account of its strong and aromatic smell, it is much used to preserve cabinets and clothes from insects. From its strong smell has arisen the idea that it was a preservative against infectious disorders; but as it is poisonous, disease is more liable from the camphor than from infection. Although camphor is dissolved in water only in a small quantity, sufficient, however, is taken up to give the water both its aromatic odour and its bitter taste. If some shavings of camphor are thrown on the surface of perfectly clean water in a basin, the pieces will immediately begin to move rapidly round on their centre, others from place to place. The cause of these motions is unknown. Camphor exists in many plants; but is chiefly obtained from two plants—one a native of China and Japan, much resembling the laurel. It is obtained by chopping the leaves, branches, roots, &c., into small pieces, and placing them in a still with water. The other camphor-tree is a native of Borneo and Sumatra. The camphor is obtained by splitting open the tree, when it is found in large pieces in the interior.

## FADING AWAY WITH THE FADING YEAR.

Raise me a little higher, Will,  
And let me behold the fair  
And delicate snow-flakes eddying through  
The bleak December air;  
And try to forget for a moment, dear,  
That I have so long been ill,  
And that soon you snow must softly shroud  
My grave on the windy hill.

The old year wanes like an old, old man,  
Who the goal of life hath won,  
Full of white peace, and of honored days,  
When the sands of his fate are run.  
Press me a little closer, Will,  
And weep no more, I pray,  
That I am dying, as well as the year,  
And this is the last sad day.

Very poor we have ever been, Will,  
And bitter hath been the strife  
For the bread we share and the clothes we wear  
Since I was made your wife.  
But I know you do not regret it, dear—  
Nay, nay, you must not weep!  
And the tender love I bore you here  
In heaven I still may keep.

And you'll still have our child to recal to you  
The love which his mother bore,  
To look with her look through his soft blue eyes,  
And to prattle her fond name o'er.  
Nay, do not disturb him now, he lies  
In his crib so fast asleep;  
It were pity to mar his guileless rest,  
And then he, too, might weep.

Fading away with the fading year!  
I think it is best it is so;  
For he will be your sole care now,  
When I am gone, you know;  
And times are so very hard, Will,  
And so many are out of work—  
But go not away; I am freezing cold—  
And the air grows strangely murky.

Ah no! it is but an illusion, Will  
That attends on the fleeting breath.  
What a glory breaks through the falling flakes!  
Dear heart! can this be death?  
Out with the year, as a waif that is borne  
By the tide to an unknown sea;  
To-morrow make ready my grave, Will,  
And weep no longer for me.

## THE DRAWING-ROOM DOLL.

I cannot tell you why I am here. If Fate were as good to me as my merits deserve, I should certainly be far away from this mixed and plebeian company. It is true I am in a glass case. That is some compensation; but I can hear and see all that goes on just as easily as if I were outside. Now and then a lady like yourself calls to see me, or my existence would be unbearable. The dancing nigger has only recently been introduced here. I have no serious objection to offer against him. He is a dancing nigger, and does not pretend to be anything else: and, what is more, he can dance. He goes by steam; but he is not so graceful, as the trapeze performer on the other shelf, who goes by sand. It must be very painful to him, having his box turned over and over when the sand has run down. Yes, these performers entertain me, it is true, but they are monotonous.

During my earlier days among these people, after I had done being vexed and annoyed at being left here, I used to be greatly amused at the Noah family. Did you ever see such a stiff, ridiculous set in your life? Old Noah, in his long brown coat without a wrinkle in it, and no room for his legs to move; and his wife and family in the same wooden fashion; and in those horrid colors—buff and brown and red—they look to me like an exaggerated Quaker family petrified during one of their religious meetings.

Oh! really I shall never get accustomed to that new toy, the mechanical mouse. I declare it has frightened me every time they have wound it up. It is so dreadfully natural. It is a pity they cannot make this mechanical fellow sit up and nibble cheese. The artist who made me would have done it for them; but is dead. It was so droll, poor man! he broke his heart over me. I will tell you all about it, if you can give me so much of your time. Dear, dear! how nervous I am to-day. It is only the Japanese top. Oh, you naughty, naughty Japanese, how you do frighten me! He is almost my only friend here. I dare not encourage him much, or he would, like every one else, trespass upon my condescension; but he is really a very interesting person. He has seen a great deal of life. The Emperor of Japan has often talked to him; and he hopes some day to get back to his own country. Some day, when he is flung up into the air, he hopes to overcome the magic of the operator's cord, and fly right up into the blue sky, and get the swallows to show him the way home.

I often wish I had not been made to fill the highest position in society. It is really a great responsibility to be a first-class invention: to be born, as you would say, to rank and station. Those heathen dolls, for example, at the further end of the counter, with red cheeks and fat arms—they always look happy, and

they get into all kinds of society. At night they are huddled together with rag dolls, india-rubber men, elastic bands, toy balls, marbles, drums, penny money-boxes, and all kinds of common creations, and they really seem to enjoy it. In the morning they come out as fresh and rosy as ever, and go off many of them during the day with plebeian children, who hug them and kiss them until it makes me feel quite faint to think what would become of me under such circumstances. If you would like to see me move about I shall be most happy to pay my respects to you as a distinguished visitor, and well introduced; but I will ask you to sprinkle a little *eau de Cologne* over me. There is a vaporizer close at hand. If you will bring that and use it I think we shall overcome the odors of this dreadfully low company. Thank you. Now take the glass case in both your hands, lift it gently, place it on the stand behind you. Thank you, that is very nice. You will see a key at my feet. Yes; now take me into your arms. How sweet you are! Ask papa to let me go home with you, if you really live in Society, as you say, and keep a crowd of servants. There! Now, wind me up and place me on that smooth table. Thank you. This dress was made for me in Paris. It is quite new. There now, observe, I go all round the table; I open and shut my eyes; I kiss my hand to you; I open my mouth, and say, "How do you do?" and I continue to do all this until I run down; then you can wind me up again or replace me in my glass case. You are afraid of hurting me? Then put me back again, dear, I am easily put out of order. Put me back and I will tell you my story.

My maker was a French exile living in London. He was a very ingenious man, and made all kinds of dolls. I never knew why he became an exile; for neither he nor his wife ever meddled in politics that I knew of. He used to make Emperor dolls, and was always trying to make them talk. Perhaps the *gendarme* whom he made one day heard something to the disadvantage of Monsieur; but I cannot say. I only know that just as he had commenced to make the masterpiece of his life he and Madame were obliged to hurry away and go to London. I was that masterpiece. It was a very curious sensation being made. The old man used to get terribly excited about me. At first he intended that I should speak French; but he changed his mind when he went to England. Monsieur vowed I should not only walk and kiss my hand, and open and shut my eyes and mouth, but he would have me make a graceful curtsy, and say *Au revoir* as well. But he could not accomplish all this. He lived at the East End of London, over a shop, and he worked at me almost day and night. His wife used to sit and sew and watch him and encourage his labors, and make common dolls herself to buy food. Although they lived at the East End their rooms were very neat and pleasant. I have sometimes wondered since whether my being made at the East End can be construed into any reflection upon my aristocratic origin; but I conclude not, my life being quite distinct from those early surroundings, and I was not allowed to associate with any of the other dolls. Moreover, I had a beautiful glass case and a velvet stand from the first, and almost as soon as I was perfected I took my proper position in Society.

Monsieur was very anxious to finish me by Christmas. As the days advanced nearer and nearer to my time of completion he grew thin and weak. His wife often tried to persuade him to leave me for awhile; but I lured him on. I wished to be finished, hearing so much of Christmas and the prospects of my being taken to a palace of the beautiful West End of town. What did it matter if I made Monsieur ill? He was simply an ordinary Frenchman. If he died I thought it would not make much difference in a world full of so many people. He must die some day, I used to think. So I was glad that he should go on making me. It nearly drove him mad when he found that he could not introduce the court-courtesy into my composition, and this also troubled me greatly, because I hoped to be presented, and I should, I thought, die of shame if I could not make that graceful backward movement which Her Majesty requires and expects. However, we cannot have all things as we wish. Monsieur used bad language when he found that his mechanical skill failed him, and then he fell to moaning and crying, and Madame brought a doctor to see him. The doctor said Monsieur was pining for his native country; that he was in low spirits, and must be built up with steel and quinine. He only laughed when Madame said it was I who was killing him. Having given up one portion of his mechanical ideas, Monsieur clung to the *au revoir* feature. He worked and slaved and thought and smoked cigarettes for days and nights, but nothing more than "How do you do?" escaped my lips. It was delightful, I thought, to have arrived at this stage. By and by he handed me, in a very primitive condition, to Madame. "Dress her," he said, "I am sick of her, I will let her go with her 'how do you do,' and make another *dat say au revoir*. I almost break my heart over this lady, but she will be ready for de Christmas." Madame brought a French milliner who worked at a fashionable *modiste's* at the West End, and in a week I was dressed in the height of the fashion. They placed me upon a table, wound me up, and I did exactly all that you have seen me do. The two women were delighted; but Monsieur, the monster, he called me a fool, a failure, and many other opprobrious names, and would have dashed me to the floor with the poker had he not been restrained.

He was very ill all the night afterwards, and the next day he died. They said his complaint was disease of the heart; but his wife, who laid down beside him and cried for hours, said I had broken his heart, and I think it was so. I was, of course, very glad that he had finished me before he died, and I have since thought that it was quite a fashionable thing to break a man's heart at the very opening of one's career. You do not think so? Ah, my dear, you will learn better some day.

They took Monsieur away in a box. Madame was very miserable. She made rag-dolls all day, and never spoke. She covered me up with a black shawl for a whole week, and when she removed the cover she frowned at me and burst into tears. One day the little milliner came and shook her fist at me. She said she would like to fling me into the street, and let the carts run over me. Madame, however, grow sad at this, and said after all I could not help it, and that as I was the last work of his hand they should rather cherish than destroy me; and so by degrees the old woman grew to like me, and would now and then wind me up and sit with the tears in her eyes watching me, while I kissed my hand to her and said, "How do you do?" This, however, grew tiresome; I wanted to go out into the world; I was finished; I was dressed; I was intended for Society, and I longed to get out of this East End place. Besides, the old woman bored me. What did I care for the first time when she met Jacques? What was it to me that they were married very young, and that they lived happily, and had two children buried in France? I had no interest in their plebeian lives. I had honored them by allowing them to make me, and was not that all they could expect from me? What do you say, my little dear—you think I am cold-hearted and cruel? No, dear, you are not old enough yet to understand the feelings of a lady of fashion. I assure you I am not cold-hearted nor cruel; see what trouble I take to entertain, and amuse you, because I know you belong to a rich and fashionable family. In being unmoved at the vulgar loves and joys of those common people who made me, I show a proper appreciation of my position; I do justice to my rank and station; I should do society a wrong if I condescended to feel for any person who lived outside the pale of the Upper Ten. You don't think you will grow up with such sentiments? Oh, yes, you will, dear. Your parents will send you to a select and expensive school where they will teach you all this, and wind you up for good, and you will go on just as all other dolls, I mean ladies, do in the beautiful world of fashion.

Well, one day when I was pining to commence my new life, the little milliner came and said Madame could now go back to France if she liked on a short visit. The French Consul had arranged this, and the little milliner thought it would do her good. Madame said she would go and look at the church where she was married and sit by her children's graves, and then come back to put flowers on her husband's tombstone. I could hardly help smiling at this affectation of sensibility in such common persons; but my smile changed to a feeling of mixed anxiety and joy when the little milliner said she thought she had found a customer for me. The old woman kissed my head and feet before the little milliner carried me away, but when I and the *modiste* were alone in the cab she abused me all the way to Hyde Park Corner, where we stopped. We were received by a tall footman and conducted into a splendid drawing-room. I expected a lady entering, but, on the contrary, a gentleman came in. He was a French nobleman residing in England for political reasons. I was placed upon the table and wound up, and I kissed my hand to Monsieur le Prince with as much ease as if I had been residing in that beautiful house all my life. His Royal Highness said I was indeed a wonderful little lady; he only regretted, he said, that he had neither wife nor children, but for the sake of the poor woman in question he would buy me, and he had no doubt I should amuse his lady friends.

I was very glad when the little milliner left me. I found myself in a noble apartment and in excellent society. I was placed by myself on an ormolu bracket close by a Sevres Venus. Now, although this lady was undressed I felt no sense of being shocked. I knew at once that she was quite proper, being so expensive, they will explain to you at school when they introduce you to the heathen goddesses and set you to study art.

Many ladies of the fashionable world came to visit at Hyde Park Corner, and I was always ceremoniously introduced to them; for I was the only real lady doll in the world then, and the only doll who could walk and talk, and open my eyes and mouth. The ladies walked about and moved their arms, and opened and shut their eyes, but it was generally acknowledged that I had the most perfect grace. They said I did not walk, I glided, and that in repose I was perfect.

If I had stayed at Hyde Park Corner long enough I think I should have had an offer from a duke. Several of the Bronze and China nobility proposed to me; but I rejected them one by one with disdain. This seemed to give great satisfaction to a white marble duke who stood alone at the farther end of the room with his hand on his heart and his cocked-hat under his arm. He was a very expensive duke, had been made in Rome, and lived in the Palace of Versailles; and I own I felt flattered by his attentions, for whenever I looked towards him I found his eyes resting upon me. But unhappily before he had summoned up

sufficient courage to address me, Monsieur le Prince succeeded in getting his party back into power, and left England. We had a dreadful time after that. I shall never forget it. I wonder such incidents are really permitted in Society. There was a farewell party, a very grand affair indeed—all the rank and beauty and fashion of the highest quarters of the Upper Ten were present. I enjoyed myself thoroughly. No person under the dignity of a count and countess was admitted. The dresses were gorgeous, and there was an easy grace in the manners of the distinguished company which I could not too much admire. There was hardly room to move. Dancing was out of the question. Every corner had its occupants—princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses; and it was delicious to hear them talk; they never mentioned any one outside their own select circles; and one lady spoke quite familiarly of Her Majesty the Queen. The scandal was of the most touching kind, so interesting, so full of intrigue; indeed breaches of the seventh commandment were so charmingly described that nothing showed me more than this how vastly superior high life is to all other kinds of existence. To be well born and have riches is almost to have an immunity from what is called sin, because Society has only to declare a certain kind of pleasure fashionable and even the moral code is altered. It seems a pity that all the rubbish of the world cannot be carted away and shot into the sea. The world was undoubtedly made for the noble and wealthy, and they should be left to enjoy it. Of course they must have servants and things to attend upon them, and bakers and *modistes*, and artists, and cooks, and all that; but what is the good of poor people and crying children? Ah, it is a very strange world, my dear, as you will discover soon; but you can be happy in it, if you only fulfil all the duties of society; and in order to do this you must get rid of that heart of yours, which betrays itself in your eyes and on your cheeks. You must have metallic works like mine; your governess and teachers will help to change your nature soon, just as the butterfly change from chrysalides to winged insects.

Oh, the change after that grand party! Just as the marble duke had made up his mind to propose to me, there entered two rough men who examined us all, and wrote our names down in a book, and stuck numbers upon us, preparatory to a sale by auction. I thought the duke would have fallen, with indignation and grief. They plastered his mouth over with "998" so that he could not propose to me, even had he been disposed to do so amidst the confusion that followed. The men laughed at the duke, and one of them took the Sevres Venus in his two hands and rudely clapped a number on her back and then roared with vulgar laughter. I dare not tell you all the indignities to which other Bronze and China ladies were subjected. Fortunately for me I was fully dressed, and protected further by my glass case. They were content to stick my number upon the outer rim of my stand. I think if they had wound me up I should have gone up to the duke and torn away from his dear mouth that most abominable paper. But it was not to be. We all stood there for days with our tickets, and in due time a crowd of people came and looked at us and talked about us. Plebeians from all quarters of the globe seemed to have congregated here. This dispersion of palatial gods in Society is one of the blots which I lament. How a nobleman can bring his mind to permit his treasures to go into the possession of low Jews and Gentiles, of shopkeepers, dealers in articles of *vertu*, and upstarts who have made money by trade is a marvel which I cannot understand even to this day.

I was purchased by a Jew, who carried me to Wardour street, where I was almost poisoned by foul smells. On my way thither, I saw his highness the marble duke in the arms of a vulgar porter, who was carrying him to an adjacent shop. The Sevres Venus also came into the same quarter, and they stood her, all nude as she was next to a great leering figure of "Falstaff." Poor lady! I felt really grieved for her. The table upon which I used to walk was carried over the way; it seemed to me, indeed, as if Wardour street had bought all the treasures of Hyde Park Corner. I was placed on a counter among all sorts of filth and dirt—though, happily most of it was aristocratic filth, which I could bear much better than if I had been taken to some common dealer's place at the East End. I made the acquaintance here of a very strange old gentleman who said he had written a book that was famous. He was a wooden image, carved out of oak by some very clever craftsman. He was mad upon the subject of melancholy, and said that, while baseness of birth might afflict a delicate feeling of mind, of all vanities and fopperies the vanity of high birth is the greatest of all absurdities. True nobility, he said, was derived from virtue and not from birth. You cannot imagine how many silly things he said. I was really very glad when an old gentleman in spectacles came and carried him off in a carpet bag. I was very much amused with an ugly dwarf, who told me that he had been sold over and over again, for large sums of money, as an Indian idol, although he was really made at Birmingham, by a man who ate onions and drank porter. Standing upon a chest of drawers within a few yards of my locality were two bronze figures of Antony and Cleopatra. I had never heard of them before. The quack idol from Birmingham told me a long story about them. It was altogether a wicked kind of story, though not quite so bad as one I heard a duchess tell to a countess of Hyde Park Corner. He was a very clever person, this ugly image. I

wonder he did not set up in business as a fashionable novelist.

And now I come to what seems to be the crisis of my life. I thought the end of my existence had come. One day, just in the midst of one of the idol's stories, a stupid porter, carrying in an antique bookcase that had been made in the next street, hit Cleopatra on the head and knocked her ladyship right through my glass case, and nearly frightened me to death. There was a great fuss. The master of the shop, his wife, two assistants, and a customer crowded around me. I was not hurt, but, deprived of my glass case, I was cognizant of a very offensive smell of old furniture and mouldy bronzes; so when they set about winding me up to see if I was all right, a sudden flash of inspiration came to my aid. I held my breath and refused to be wound up. This, I thought, would induce them to send me to be mended. Any change was better than Wardour street. I judged rightly; they packed me up and sent me away; but I had no idea that I should wake up and find myself in Doll's-land.

And I don't like Doll's-land. It is true they have given me a new wardrobe, and that I am regarded as a lady of distinction; but I am tired of being here, and long to return to Society at the West End of London; and if you will ask your papa to buy me, I will go home with you and tell you a hundred stories of life more curious than any you ever heard before. I cannot be happy here, Oh, dear, dear! there goes that terrifying top again right over my head. And only look at that absurd nigger! Surely I am not destined to spend the remainder of my days here!

**LINA EASTON.**

Miss Lina Easton was listening to a lecture, and Miss Lina, not being especially endowed with the virtues of patience and submission, was tapping a neatly-slipped foot rapidly upon the carpet.

The lecture was delivered by Miss Matilda Easton, the maiden aunt of Lina, and her guardian and adviser, during the visit of the pretty eyed girl to the city.

The aunt was tall, slender, blue-eyed, and middle-aged; the niece was short, plump, and eighteen.

"I must insist," Miss Matilda was saying, "upon your ceasing to speak among my friends, Lina, of your horrible country life. That is all past. My brother's estate in proper hands proves to have been an unsuspected mine of wealth, and you are now an heiress."

"I know," broke out impetuous Lina, "and you want me to be a mere fashionable doll."

"Do try, Lina, for my sake, to be a little more refined. Now, Tracy Landon is coming home, and he will come here, I am sure."

"Who is Tracy Landon?"

"The son of one of my most intimate friends for years, though she is dead now. Tracy is the most finished gentleman of my acquaintance. Now, Lina, for my sake, will you not try to be more subdued when he comes? I am sure his ideal of ladylike deportment must be very high."

"Then, don't you see," Lina said, interrupting her aunt, "how entirely useless it is for me to try to reach it? Well, there," seeing tears in the faded blue eyes—"I will try."

"That is a darling girl!"

So it happened that when Tracy Landon was introduced to Miss Lina, his eyes fell upon a very stiff, quiet young girl, dressed in the height of fashion, and evidently very ill at ease.

But the spirit of vivacity in the girl could not longer be held in check, and having undertaken to play a part to please her aunt, she began to bring the conversation to a high point of perfection in her mischievous enjoyment of it.

Only a month after he met Lina first, Tracy might have summed up his impressions in these words—

"She is a beautiful girl, and charming in manner when she puts off her lackadaisical airs. It is a pity she is so deplorably ignorant of all housewifely accomplishments. Mother used to say a lady could be a lady in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and every woman should know how, not only to direct, but to keep her household affairs herself in order.

"It does not do to air such old-fashioned ideas in society, but I should like my wife to understand such matters, even if her hands never touched them."

And Lina, musing over Tracy's handsome face and pleasant manners would think—

"He knows so much, has seen so much, and is so pleasant. What a pity he is so silly about us women. I suppose he would faint away if he knew I had ever made a bed, or baked a loaf of bread."

And yet, in spite of this undercurrent of unfavorable opinion, there were no days in Lina's calendar quite so bright as those on which she met Tracy Landon; while that gentleman found himself looking forward to his calls at Miss Easton's as the pleasantest hours he passed.

Matters were hanging by these unsteady threads, when there was a picnic arranged among aunt Matilda's friends, that was to be a final social gathering previous to the summer scattering of the city folks for watering places.

The spot chosen for the picnic was a grove some twenty miles from the city.

The party were to meet at the railway station, and take the train to the designated point.

The day passed as such days generally do pass,

in eating, flirting, rambling, and six o'clock found the whole party steaming homeward, tired, hot, and dusty.

One of the party, Tracy Landon, in addition to all these, was as much out of temper as a courteous gentleman of polite society ever allows himself to be.

Lina had been usually silly during the day, prompted by some new elf of mischief.

She had innocently asked the most absurd questions upon the vegetation around them, had fallen into an admirably-feigned swoon at the sight of a grasshopper upon her fleecy white muslin, and had indulged in dismal shrieks when a spider was discovered promenading up her monstrous chignon.

In short, she had reduced Tracy to a condition of utter disgust, all the more bitter that she had in one long delicious stroll, been her natural, sweet self, and chatted with unrestrained freedom and vivacity.

She had looked so bewitchingly pretty, too. Even now, Tracy, in stolen glances at the blooming face under the wide-rimmed hat, could not think there was another in all the fair faces around him, quite so bright and winsome as that one.

"She don't look a bit tired," he thought, looking at her animated eyes; "and she is flirting with that puppy Hollis as gaily as if we were just starting, when, an hour ago, she was assuring me the frightful fatigue of the day would surely kill her."

And Lina, stealing glances from under the hat, wondered—

"What made Tracy so cross?—sitting over there by himself, and leaving her to the mercy of young Hollis, who had not an idea above his fashionable suit and patent leather boots."

Suddenly, more quickly than it can be told, there was a shock through the smoothy gliding train, a crash, a sound of cries, groans, and prayers, and where there had been a gay, laughing party, broken carriages lay on the ground, and crawling out from the splintered sides were ghastly, maimed figures.

Lina, shocked, terrified, and scarcely realising what had happened, felt herself drawn by strong arms through an opening in the broken car, and heard Tracy's voice, all quivering, ask—

"Are you unhurt, Lina?"

Even in her terror she recognised the tenderness in his voice as he spoke her name to her for the first time.

"Yes; I am not hurt. What is it all?"

"A collision. Oh, turn away!"

For, as he spoke, there were drawn out more of the bruised, bleeding forms, some insensible, some past all help from man.

"Turn away!" she said, her voice, thrilling.

"God forbid!"

And she left him to kneel beside one of the insensible women to loosen her hat strings, to wipe the blood from her bruised, bleeding face.

"Can you get water?" she asked, turning to Tracy.

"I will try. But can you bear this sight—you who are so fragile?"

"Is this a time to think of myself?" she cried, the tears rushing into her large eyes.

"Let me do what I can, thanking God for my own deliverance. Oh, how glad I am now that Aunt Matilda's headache kept her at home!"

They worked faithfully, those young people, doing all in their power, and finally assuming care of ten of the injured, who were carried to a small farm-house near by.

Here they were received by an extremely aged couple, all sympathy and hospitality, but very feeble.

"Our daughter," the old woman told Lina, "was married yesterday, and Jack and she have gone a wedding tour to see the city sights. Jack ain't got much, but he's 'masin' forehanded, and Sue she will have the farm. But how ever you will feed them poor critters passes me. I'll do all I can."

"You tell me where to find things," Lina said cheerfully, "and I'll soon do the work."

"There's the cow, too," said the old woman; "they've sent our only hired man to the doctor, and there is no one to milk her, and it's near nine o'clock, and a cup of milk might taste good to some of them."

Tracy, doing the work of two men in helping to move dead, dying, and wounded, was superintending the last litter that was to come to the old farm-house, when, by the moonlight, he saw Lina on a little stool, milking the patient cow with the rapid dexterity of experienced hands.

Before he came out again, she had carried her foaming pail to the kitchen, and was hunting up food under the direction of the aged farmer's wife.

There were four of the unhurt in the sitting-room of the farm-house, where mattresses had been spread for the injured women, while in the best room, the men were accommodated.

Every house within reach was similarly occupied, and nurses were busy until proper medical aid arrived.

But after Lina had done all in her power in the sitting-room, she found herself the only volunteer to supply needful food, and thus it was that Tracy, coming to the kitchen for water, found her with her sleeves rolled off her round white arms, cutting bread, stirring custard, and flying from stove to table, with deft fingers and quick feet.

While he was watching her, Tracy suddenly gave a moan of acute pain, and staggered as if fainting.

In a second she was beside him with a chair, into which he sank, the cold perspiration starting to his face.

"My arm," he said, faintly; "I sprained it, I had—thought—"

And then he fainted outright.

Lina grew sick for a second, his set face looked so much like many she had seen in the last three hours, but she rallied instantly, and looked at the left arm.

It was evidently badly sprained, swollen to double its own size, and deep purple in color.

In a moment Lina had cut the coat and shirt sleeve away, bared the arm to the elbow, and bathed it with cold water.

The relief from the pressure of the sleeves revived Tracy, and with a sigh he opened his eyes to see—what?

Lina, with fast falling tears, press a kiss on his swollen arm.

"To think he has worked so bravely, and never spoke of his own hurt," she whispered, tenderly.

Then Tracy could not retain a little teasing laugh.

"Laugh at me if you will," she said, bravely: "keep still now for a little while, and I will bring you some tea."

It was a terrible night, never forgotten by those who bore part in it.

Three of the ten who were lying in the farmhouse never left it, being beyond the aid of the surgeons.

All night Lina watched and comforted in one room, while Tracy bravely kept his post in the other.

His arm was dressed by a physician, and Lina renewed the cooling lotions from time to time.

But his admiration and amazement were not complete until morning, when Lina got breakfast for invalids and nurses.

The supper had been a catch affair, supplied from the already cooked provisions, but breakfast was a serious business.

The suffering needed food, the nurses refreshment, and Lina was sole cook.

Indeed, not more than one could be spared at a time from the sick room.

Many a tear fell from the girl's eyes as she worked, but she bore up bravely.

Supplies poured in freely from all sides, and after the one early meal, Lina was released from kitchen duty.

By night the wounded had all been carried to their homes, or to a large, airy house offered for the sufferers.

Relatives and friends had come to nurse their own, and Tracy and Lina were free to return home again, after astonishing the old farmer and his wife by a present of a sum of money.

The sprained arm proved to be a serious affair, and Tracy was kept in his room for many days, but when he met Lina once more, all her attentions were laid away.

Those hours, face to face with death, seemed to have added years to the young life, but the gentle gravity of manner, the deeper expression in the dark eyes, were but new charms to Tracy.

Manfully he told his love, and when she owned her own, she blushing confessed the follies of her conduct.

"I will never be so foolish again, Tracy," she said, "for I am convinced that I was not meant for a fine lady."

"Fine ladies are far inferior to true-hearted, unselfish women, Lina," Tracy said. "I don't want a piece of mincing affectation for a wife, but a noble girl, such as I saw revealed at the old farm-house."

"One who could bravely put aside her natural shrinking from the sight of blood and suffering to give ready help."

"One"—and here he smiled saucily—"who can even milk cows, and prepare the most delicious coffee."

"You see it is no use now to try to hide your perfections from me, for I have found you out!"

**A RUSSIAN TRAGEDY.**

The *Débat* quotes from the St. Petersburg *Golos* an account of a domestic tragedy which reads like a play of Dumas the younger. Some years ago a Russian merchant was staying down in the country at the house of a friend of his, in a town called Narojen. While there a *liaison* sprung up between him and a Russian damsel, who is described as Mlle. D—.

It lasted some time, and was kept profoundly secret. Ultimately the merchant, a M. Tchikhatchew, went back to St. Petersburg. He settled there and married, and was leading a very comfortable life, when one fine morning he was disagreeably surprised by getting a note from his former flame, Mlle. D—.

It was to this effect: "Dear J., I am going to marry your friend N—, at whose house you were staying when I made your acquaintance. What passed between us must be kept quiet, I need hardly say. I want you to come to the wedding and give me away."

M. Tchikhatchew complied with the request, gave the bride away, and went home again. In July last, however, business called him to Narojen, where, of course, he saw his old friend N—, who warmly invited him to come over and have some lunch. He unsuspectingly complied. But when he had entered the dining-room, to his great astonishment, Mme. N— rose from her chair, went to the door, locked it, and put the key into her pocket, and, addressing her pre-nuptial lover, coolly told him she must have an explanation with him husband's presence. Tchikhatchew stood aghast. The lady, however, with the most imperturbable demeanor gave an account of their past

*liaison*, in which she described herself as much more of a victim than had really been the case, and called on Tchikhatchew to confirm the truth of her story. He could not, of course, go into details, and gave a general assent. Mme. N— then proceeded, "You understand—the past must be wiped away and atoned for—you will find on that table a dagger and a revolver. My husband and I will leave the room. You, as a man of honor, know what course you have to follow." Tchikhatchew did not see what course he had to follow, save to leave the room, too. But the lady sternly rebuked him, and informed him that her honor and her husband's peace of mind required that he should commit suicide. Upon which she and her husband went out, locking the door after them. Tchikhatchew miraculously escaped, and rushed off to St. Petersburg, giving out there that he was off to Paris. The irate couple rushed after him, and after an exciting chase came up with their victim early in the present month. N— proposed a duel, and on Tchikhatchew protesting that he was not a fighting man, rushed at him with a knife and dealt him not less than seven wounds, while the amiable Mme. N— twice discharged a revolver at him. Tchikhatchew has since died of his wounds, and his murderers have been arrested. Thus runs this extraordinary tale. The moral it suggests is a very obvious one—"Where were the police?"

**THE CHINESE.**

The whole of the Chinese nation is divided into families, each of which bear the same surname, and consider each other cousins. These clans are bound to assist each other in any way that may be required; and the most powerful of them act as a salutary check upon local despotism.

The women of China occupy a lower scale in the estimation of their countrymen than those of other nations. A broad face, diminutive waist, pale features, and feet small to deformity, constitute female beauty in the eyes of a Chinese. To ensure this last, their feet are confined in tender age in shoes calculated to stop their growth, so that the feet of some ladies only measure three inches from toe to heel. Females are universally objects of traffic. Marriages depend entirely upon the will of the parents, who sell their daughters at from 5,000 to 6,000 dollars a piece, according to the beauty or the rank of the female. Early marriages are universal; no man who can afford the expenses of the ceremony deferring it after the age of twenty, and parents get rid of their daughters as soon as they can; even at the early age of fourteen.

The Chinese may be said to be an omnivorous people. The principal part of their food consists of rice, which is generally eaten dry; but in the south provinces it is mixed with the sweet potato in a sort of soup. Vegetables are the chief provision of all ranks, who do not consume a fifth part of the animal food that Europeans do. Pork is the favorite dish, and the head of the ass is esteemed a great delicacy. To eat everything which can possibly give nourishment is the comprehensive principle upon which Chinese diet is regulated; so that dogs, cats, and even rats and mice, are not rejected by them. They are the most expert fishermen in the world; no aquatic creature escape their vigilance, whether it inhabits the sea, lake, canal, or river; even pools and the ridges of fields are searched for fish. Every kind of meat is minced into small pieces, and is eaten with chop-sticks. The Chinese epicure delights in soups made of edible birds' nests of the swallow species, and imported in great quantities from the east islands. It appears that the birds make use of great quantities of a peculiar sea-weed, and when it is sufficiently softened in their stomachs, it is returned and used as a plaster to cement the dirt and feathers of the nest. These nests, after having been purified in immense manufactories, are eaten with great relish by the Chinese.

The favorite beverage is tea, drunk out of small cups, which are seldom washed, for that process is thought to diminish the flavour. In this article the Chinese are as great connoisseurs as Europeans are in wines. Distilled liquors are chiefly made from rice; rum is much used, but grape wine has not been met with. Drunkenness prevails, especially in the north provinces; but the worst species of debauchery is opium smoking, which, when carried to excess, deprives the victim of strength; he becomes a walking shadow; his eyes are vacant and staring; his whole frame is demaged, and he soon sinks into a premature grave. But it should be observed that these are the consequences of the abuse of the practice; when used in moderation, it is said to be comparatively innoxious. The fumes of the drug are inhaled through a peculiar pipe, in a recumbent position, and the smoker soon sleeps. When he awakes, he drinks a cup of tea, and smokes again. The Chinese delight in the drama; they will attend a play for a whole night without being wearied, and recourt with ecstasy what they have seen. In their pastimes the women are never associated.

"Dwellers in crystal palaces should refrain from the propulsion of irregularly-shaped particles of granite formation," is the way in which a Californian editor puts the English proverb about stones and glass houses.



## "THE FAVORITE"

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THE FAVORITE..... \$2.00 p. an.  
 THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... 4.00 "  
 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE..... 1.50 "  
 L'OPINION PUBLIQUE..... 3.00 "

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to,  
 THE MANAGER,  
 DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and literary contributions to be addressed to,  
 THE EDITOR,  
 DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

When an answer is required, stamps for return postage should be inclosed.

## THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1874.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

## ON TEMPERANCE.

Of all the maladies to which the human species is subordinate, that of intemperance is perhaps the most distressing, virulent, inexplicable, and perverse. That intemperance (by which is meant that inordinate indulgence of the physical appetites which reduces the moral and intellectual faculties of man to a state of mere abnormal instinct) can be classed among the diseases incident to humanity, many are unprepared to admit. Indeed, thousands of the most prominent advocates of temperance insist upon its being simply a depravity. Much has been written and much more said to shake the theories of this latter assumption. The theories may have been affected; but the great principles which lie at the base are fixed and immovable in support of the truth, that intemperance is a voluntary surrender to the animal influences of our common nature, of the holy endowments bestowed upon man by a great and loving Creator.

To the many troubles to which "the flesh is heir" man is involuntarily amenable. By any one of them he may be stricken down in an hour—in the bloom of health, the midst of social enjoyment, in the heat of his professional or business labors, or at the centre of the domestic circle, the pride of a loving wife, and the joy of his little ones. But to intemperance no man need bow the knee. The evil lies with himself. It is of him. It is not an afflicting physical frailty, but a free-will moral transgression. The man who, in all the majesty of his moral and intellectual faculties, proceeds to indulge an appetite the results of which he knows will obliterate his senses, is not assailed by any form of disease, but deliberately, and with aforethought, attacks, with malignant purposes, the greatest work of the Creator—human reason—and reduces himself to a stratum of existence to which that of the brute is dignity itself. In the prosecution of his evil work the intemperate man casts from him all the teachings of his rationality, all the elevating influences of his moral nature; crushes consciousness and self-command; courts the demon Freudy, and, in his insanity, revels in the extinction, one by one, of his every noble attribute. In sinning against his rational nature he sweeps away at one stroke the only principle which enables him to draw the line between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, and which distinguishes between man and the inferior animals.

None are more in danger from intemperance than the young. Impulsive, thoughtless, ardent, excitable, and imaginative, pleasure is the elixir, the highest ambition of youth, and danger is in the easy almost imperceptible step or transition from innocent enjoyment to guilty revelry. Nor can it be said that age is any protection to the dangers of intemperance. Advancing years enervate the mind as well as the body; and age is a thief that, however silent in operating, none the less effectually steals away the supports of man's self government. The idle are not less exposed, if, indeed, not more in danger, than the toll-worn and exhausted laborer. What unemployed mind can be exempt from that craving for excitement so absolutely demanded to control the exorciating feelings engendered by a want of purpose? That men of unrefined natures—unlettered men—should fall readily into habits of intemperance, is, if not natural, at least comprehensible, because they cannot stop to reflect upon the debasing influences of the vice; but it is a grievous thought that men of culture, genius, and refined intelligence, are scarcely less exempt from danger than their less favored brethren. How or why this is, is a problem for both philosopher and philanthropist.

Active and assiduous mental exertion is undoubtedly an exhausting as physical action. It strains the more delicate tensions of the heart, and creates a vacuum, as it were, in the system, that excites a desire for support, or an irritableness which is calmed by the indulgence of seducing sedatives. Minds of laborious activity often crave the charms or fascinations of exciting amusement; and when this cannot be satisfied readily through innocent enjoyment, it naturally happens that the desire is sated in vicious indulgences. This may be submitted as the essence of any palliation that may be offered for that guilt of the "gifted drunkard."

One of the means of what we may call the success of intemperance lies in the silence with which it approaches, and the insidious aspect it assumes towards its victim. Few young men feel in the exhilarating, joyous sensation drawn from the beverage they imbibe, the rankling barb of drunkenness; the sick see no danger in the relieving cordial; the most brilliant in intellect see no danger in the goblet which gives such buoyancy and inspiration to the heart, conception, and imagination: he who loves the charms of convivial pleasure would scorn to think that the draught which is taken now to inspire his wit and fascinate his conversation, will yet be taken in gloom, in the solitude of his chamber. The bony talons of intemperance are invisible. They bind us, unfelt, with cords of silk, which, when we would be free, become resistless chains. Those who would live long and honorably should take warning from the truth, and let it guide them over the stormy waves of life.

## A MEMORABLE RIDE.

BY A CANADIAN FARMER'S WIFE.

"Hadn't you better leave the door unfastened, Ellen?" said my husband, as I turned the key in the lock, then dropped it into my pocket.

"I don't know," I said, doubtfully; then, after a moment's hesitation, "No, I think it had better be fastened. The children might get out and run down to the gate at the foot of the meadow to play, and it is but a step from there to the creek, you know."

He made no reply, but stooped down and looked at some part of the harness with a slightly perplexed air.

"What is the matter now?" I said with some asperity.

The truth is, my husband belonged to that numerous class of individuals whose motto is, never to do to-day what they can put off until to-morrow; while I, on the contrary, was prompt and decided. With me to will and to do were synonymous, and I had little mercy for such a falling.

"I fancy this little piece of twine will bring us through this time, but I will certainly mend it to-morrow," he replied, as I climbed into the clumsy, old-fashioned phaeton.

The harness being adjusted to his satisfaction, if not to mine, he seated himself beside me; and nodding a last good-bye to the little faces pressed against the window-pane, we drove off.

Our cottage was situated in the little valley lying to the south-west of what was at that time the village of Lanoy, in Canada. A hill of considerable height stood between us and the village, on our side a verdure-crowned gently rising slope, on the other a more abrupt descent, with a rather circuitous road winding past little cottages and farm-houses of more or less pretension.

Our present errand was to the shop, to which we carried our produce as it accumulated from time to time, and received in exchange groceries, clothes, &c. Our load consisted in part of a basket of eggs; consequently we were obliged to drive rather more slowly than usual. I left, as I had often done before, the younger children to the care of Grace, who, though but eight years old, had a mind far in advance of her years, and who was never more pleased than when entrusted with some similar duty or responsibility. I charged her not to take the baby from the cradle, but to rock him gently to sleep if he wakened, or, if he would not sleep, to amuse him with his playthings until our return.

I was a lovely day in the latter part of September, copious showers of rain had alternated with midsummer's suns, and the freshness of the verdure was still undimmed. It was scarcely yet time for the "sere and yellow leaf," though the maples had hung out their golden banners, as if to try the effect of contrast with the living green of the other forest trees. The birds still sang cheerily as they fluttered to

and fro in the hedgerows; and numerous little ground squirrels skimmed along the fence-rails, dropped suddenly, and disappeared mysteriously.

Old Whitey ambled along after his usual monotonous fashion; and we soon reached our destination. I had a number of articles to purchase and examine, as well as the merits of a new churn to discuss; and, just as we had settled all to our satisfaction, a neighbor whom we had not seen for some time came in, which detained us still longer, so that when we turned our horse's head homeward, I saw with some surprise, as well as a slight feeling of alarm, that the sun had already set, and the soft gray of twilight was stealing up the valley. Our load was a pretty heavy one, my husband having purchased several agricultural implements, of no great weight individually, but collectively making no small load for one horse: so that though we were necessarily anxious to get home, we were obliged still to drive moderately, particularly as the road was not only hilly, but rough.

Chatting upon the various little items of gossip which we had heard, we drove on until we had nearly reached the top of the hill, when, turning to make some remark to my husband, I saw a change come over his face, which struck me with a sudden terror. He was pale as a corpse.

"Look!" he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion, pointing in the direction of our home.

My heart gave a sudden bound, then fell like a lump of lead, in my bosom. A cloud of thick, dense smoke, distinctly defined against the clear sky beyond, rose above the tree-tops. I tried to speak, but I could not utter a word. At last I said, steadying my voice, "I think it must be Morrison's. Isn't it to the left of our house?"

"No!" he said, quickly, as he seized his whip, and urged old Whitey to his utmost speed. "Don't you remember that when we are at the top of the hill the smoke from our chimney rises just over the centre of that little group of cedars?"

Alas! I did remember; and as he spoke, we reached the summit, and saw enough to change our fears to certainty. Neither spoke; but each turned and looked at the other with quivering lips and dilating eyes.

"My heavens! and I had locked them in!" I was fairly beside myself, frantic with terror. I felt as if I must leap from the vehicle, and fly to their rescue.

Old Whitey seemed to understand that life or death depended upon his efforts, and he exerted himself nobly. On we flew, down the hill, dashing through the stony little brook that crossed the road, over the tumble-down bridge, whose rotten boards rattled and started up from their places, past the hedge-rows, that looked like one continuous mass of flying green; past the little cottages, with the startled children staring from the doors, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but to rescue our darlings. I buried my face in my hands; and rocked to and fro in my seat almost bereft of reason, as I thought of the scene with might be awaiting us. Imagination conjured up all the dreadful tales I had heard or read, to add to my horror. Once only I raised my head, and saw, or fancied I saw, slender tongues of flame cleaving the mass of smoke, which had by this time increased fearfully in volume and density.

At last, after what seemed an age, but was in reality only a few minutes, we reached the bottom of the lane which led to our cottage. The angle was a sharp one, and we turned with such speed as to send the hind wheels of the old phaeton spinning high in the air. How I got out I never knew. I am sure I did not wait for the horse to be stopped. Rushing to the door, I threw myself against it with such force as to break it in. The room was full of smoke; but as the opening door dissipated it a little, I saw that it was empty. Then, suffocated by the smoke, and overpowered by excitement, I fell fainting to the floor.

When consciousness returned, I found myself in the house of a neighbor, with the children all about me, pretty well frightened, of course, but entirely unhurt. How the fire originated was a mystery which we never could unravel. Grace, sitting with her back to the stove, and with her attention entirely absorbed by the pictures in the family Bible, did not see it until Rover, the Newfoundland dog, who had been before quietly dozing by her side, attracted her notice by his evident uneasiness; after which he sprang through the window, fortunately taking the whole sash bodily with him, and, running at full speed to the nearest house, soon returned with some of its inmates. Grace, in the meantime, after letting down the two elder children through the window, which was only about four feet from the ground, took the baby from the cradle, and was preparing to follow when the neighbors arrived. The house being old, and built, as such houses usually are, of the most combustible materials, notwithstanding all efforts, soon became a blackened, smoking ruin. Rover and Old Whitey lived to a good old age, and were ever afterwards held in affectionate remembrance for their services on that occasion.

One evening, about a year afterwards, as we sat in our new house, built on the site of the old one, but more commodious and comfortable in every respect, I remarked "that the fire had benefited us in at least one way, for unless the old house had been actually consumed, we should never have had the new one."

"I have felt the benefit of it in another way," said my husband, gravely; "it has taught me never to put off doing anything which should be

done at once until a 'more convenient season.' If the harness had given way on that day, where I minded it so slightly before we started, though it would not have interfered with the safety of the children, it would have added tenfold to our anxiety, because it would have delayed our reaching them. I made a vow then that if we were permitted to reach home without accident, I would use my utmost endeavors to overcome the habit of procrastination; and I think you will allow that I have been pretty successful, so that, in more than one respect, we have reason to regard that as a 'memorable ride.'

## NEWS NOTES.

THE President has sent a special message to the Senate regarding Louisiana.

MORE stolen property is reported to have been found in Trinity Church, N. Y.

A SPANISH spy has been roughly handled at a Cuban meeting where he had no business to be.

CHIEF Justice James Thompson, of the Supreme Court, Penn., dropped dead while speaking in Court.

ADVICERS from Sumatra announce the capture by the Dutch of the principal stronghold of the Acheenes.

THE report that Mr. Gladstone is summoned before the Court of Queen's Bench is authoritatively denied.

THE remains of the Siamese Twins are to be sold to medical authorities for the purposes of scientific investigation.

THE Queen held a Council at Osborne on the 26th and issued a proclamation ordering the dissolution of Parliament.

A BILL is to be brought before the American Congress imposing a 5 per cent tax on all national Bank notes to effect their retirement.

A DISASTROUS railway collision took place between Glasgow and Edinburgh, killing sixteen persons instantly and injuring a number of others.

It is rumored that Jefferson Davis is to fight a duel with ex-Senator Foote, of Mississippi, probably based on the Washington newspaper correspondence.

THE ship-carpenters and caulkers of Philadelphia have struck for \$3.50 per day, there being seriously interfering with the interests of the ship-builders of that city.

THERE is great excitement in England concerning the general elections, which it is believed will be completed about the 16th of February. Both parties are confident of success.

A QUANTITY of jewellery, stolen from a Brooklyn store, was found locked up in Trinity Church safe, where the sexton declares it had been deposited for safe-keeping by one McKee.

THE War Department at Washington has received reports from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, of an attack on a detachment of the 20th Infantry by Comanche Indians. This is the first instance of Indians molesting white men at that post.

MR. GLADSTONE'S great mass-meeting on Blackheath was not so largely attended as was expected on account of a heavy fog and drizzling rain. He admitted Parliament had been dissolved because Government felt their power was ebbing.

GENERAL Sheridan, before the Military Committee at Washington, referring to the United States Army, said he considered it good enough for all practical purposes, but that a reduction would endanger the peace and safety of the frontier settlements.

THREE miles of the Great Western Railway track, between Windsor and Chatham, have been swept away by the recent flood, and it is feared the track will not be in a condition to move trains over for several days. The Eastern bound mails from Windsor have been returned there.

A LARGE and important meeting was held at St. James' Hall on the 27th, the object of which was to express the sympathy of Englishmen for the German Government in its struggle with the Ultramontane party. Letters supporting the meeting were received from the Archbishops of York and Canterbury and 237 members of Parliament, and speeches were made by Messrs. Newdegate, Peel, Chambers and others. The meeting lasted over four hours.

HEER Brenner, the German explorer of Africa, in a letter to Dr. Helbemon, of Gotha, dated Zanzibar, says Livingstone died on the 15th of August. This date differs from that of a previous despatch; but all doubts have been set at rest by an official despatch received by the Government to-day from Zanzibar, which states circumstantially that Dr. Livingstone died in Lobisa, after crossing marshes with the water at one time for three hours consecutively above the waist. The sufferings of his whole party were terrible, and ten of them died in consequence. The members of Cameron's expedition were suffering from fever and ophthalmia, but would await the arrival of the doctor's remains and bring them to Ujiji. From the latter place they would be carried to Zanzibar, where it is expected they will arrive next month.

THE LITTLE TWINS.

BY MAY HUNTINGTON.

O funny yittle boys are my yittle bady bwoders,  
 Yittle twins dey tall 'em, and deir eyes are yite  
 deir moders',  
 Wid noses yite deir papa's, deir tehins are dust  
 yite mine;  
 Deir yittle tcheets are velly soff, deir eyes, O how  
 dey shine.  
 Deir heads are bald as tan be, for dey have n't  
 any hair;  
 I should tnat dey would be told, wid deir yittle  
 heads so bare.

I didn't yove 'em velly well, I didn't want 'em  
 yound;  
 I tould n't help it any way, I velly quilty  
 found;  
 I made some faces at 'em, but dey did n't seem  
 to tare,  
 I did n't know what else to do, I tould n't  
 pull deir hair;  
 I did n't dare to stweeze 'em, dey was so velly  
 small;  
 I fort dey'd tome to pieces if I toot 'em up at  
 all.

And nurse she tastes 'em bof at once, and tots  
 'em up amd down,  
 And dey bedin to holler, and den she bedins to  
 frown;  
 Den she looks so velly toss dat she stares 'em  
 mos' to def,  
 And dives 'em such a shating it mos' tates away  
 deir bref;  
 Den dey putter up deir moufs in a velly funny  
 way,  
 And if dey tould talt to nurse I tan dess what  
 they would say.

Dey would tell her she was toss, and dey wished  
 she'd do away,  
 Dat dey did n't lite the shatins dat she dave  
 'em evvy day;  
 De shatins and de washins, and de stweezins dat  
 dey det,  
 De yottins and de stoldins dey never will for  
 let;  
 And dey suates deir yittle fists, dey would hit  
 her if dey tould,  
 And would dive her such a poundin', O how I  
 wish dey would.

O, I did n't use to yove 'em, I tould not velly  
 well;  
 Fotes asked me why I did n't, I was toss and  
 would n't tell;  
 I spose I did n't yove 'em tos dey would n't  
 twy to pay;  
 Dey ticked me wid deir yittle feet in such a fun-  
 ny way,  
 Wen dey were in de tadle, I would yot 'em hard's  
 I tould—  
 Dey did n't seem to yite it, and I should n't fort  
 dey would.

Mamma twied to make me yove 'em 'twas more  
 dan she tould do;  
 She for 'twas wong—I did n't—and my papé  
 fort so, too;  
 But now de babies twi to pay, deir hair begun to  
 drow,  
 And dey do not yoot at all as dey did sits monts  
 ago;  
 Now I yove 'em velly mute, and I'm pwoud as  
 I tan be  
 Of de yittle baby bwoders dat Dod has diven  
 me.

HOW I "SAVED FRANCE."

Those be big words, my masters! I can only  
 say they are not mine—I am far too modest to  
 utter any such high-sounding phrase on my  
 own responsibility—but they are the exact terms  
 used by a high municipal dignitary in char-  
 acterising the result of what he was pleased to  
 term my "chivalrous conduct." My sardonic  
 chum, on the contrary,—an individual wholly  
 abandoned to the ignoble vice of punning—  
 asserts that my conduct was simply "barbarous."  
 It will be for the reader to judge.

St. Meuse—let us call it St. Meuse—is a town  
 of what is still French Lorraine; and to St.  
 Meuse I came drifting up the Marne Valley,  
 over the flat expanse of the plain of Chalons,  
 and by St. Menehould, the proud stronghold of  
 pickled pig's feet, in the second week of last  
 September. St. Meuse was one of the last of  
 the French cities held in pawn by the Germans  
 for the payment of the milliards. The last  
 instalment of the blood-money had been paid,  
 and the *pickethaubes* were about to evacuate St.  
 Meuse, as soon as the cash had been method-  
 ically counted, and after they should have les-  
 surely filled their baggage trains and packed  
 their pertmanteaus. My intention in going to  
 St. Meuse was to witness this evacuation scene,  
 and to be a spectator of the return of light-  
 heartedness to the French population, on the  
 withdrawal of the Teuton incubus which for  
 three years had lain upon the safety valve of  
 their constitutional sprightliness. I had been a  
 little out in my reckoning of time, and when I  
 reached St. Meuse, I found that I had a week to  
 stay there before the event should occur which  
 I had come to witness; but the interval could  
 not be regarded as lost time, for St. Meuse is a  
 very pleasant city, and the conditions which  
 were so soon to terminate, presented a most  
 interesting field of study.

You must know that St. Meuse is a fortress.

It has a citadel, or at least such fragments of a  
 citadel as a bombardment has left, and the  
 quaint old town is surrounded with bastions  
 which are linked by curtains, and flanked by  
 lunettes, the whole being girdled by a ditch,  
 beyond the counterscarp of which spreads a  
 sloping glacis, which makes a very pleasant  
 promenade. The defensive strength of the place  
 is reduced to zero in these days of far-reaching  
 rifled siege artillery, for it lies in a cup, and is  
 surrounded on all sides by hills, the summits of  
 which easily command the fortifications. But  
 the consciousness that it is obsolete as a fortress  
 has not yet come home to St. Meuse. It has, in  
 truth, a very good opinion of itself as a valorous,  
 not to say heroic, place: nor can it be denied  
 that its title to this self-complacency has been  
 fairly earned. Spite of its defects, it stood a  
 siege of over two months, and succumbed only  
 after a severe bombardment which lasted for  
 several days. And while as yet it was not  
 wholly beleaguered, it was very active in mak-  
 ing itself disagreeable to the foreign invader. It  
 was a patrolling party from St. Meuse that in-  
 tercepted the courier on his way from the battle-  
 field of Sedan to Germany, carrying the hurried  
 lines to his wife which the Crown Prince of  
 Prussia scrawled on the fly-leaf of an orderly  
 book while as yet the last shots of the combat  
 were dropping in the distance; carrying too the  
 notes of the battle which William Howard  
 Russell had jotted down in the heat of the action,  
 and took the first opportunity of despatching.  
 St. Meuse, then, had baulked the Princess of the  
 first tidings of her husband's safety, and the  
 great English newspaper of the earliest details  
 of the most sensational battle of the age. It  
 had fallen at last, but not ingloriously, and the  
 iron of defeat had not entered so deeply into its  
 soul as had been the case with some French  
 fortresses, of which it could not well be said that  
 they had done their honest best to resist their  
 fate. Its self-respect, at least, was left to it, and  
 it was something to know that when the Ger-  
 man garrison should march away it was bound  
 to leave to St. Meuse the artillery and munitions  
 of war of the fortress, just as they had been  
 found on the day of the surrender.

I came to like St. Meuse immensely in the  
 course of the days I spent in it waiting for the  
 great event of the evacuation. If you are partial  
 to good fare, good cookery, and good unmer-  
 cenary attendance, let me suggest to you a  
 sojourn at the Trois Maures in St. Meuse. Ma-  
 dame is a jewel, Mademoiselle is next door to  
 an angel, and as for Monsieur, he is as obliging  
 as he is amusing. Take my advice and help  
 yourself twice to crawfish at déjeuner, nor ne-  
 glect the desert-biscuits indigenous to St. Meuse.  
 The company at the table d'hôte was varied and  
 amusing. The German officers ate in a room by  
 themselves, so that the obnoxious element was  
 not present overtly at the general table d'hôte.  
 But we had a few German officials in plain  
 clothes—clerks in General Manteuffel's bureau,  
 contractors, cigar merchants, etc.—who spoke  
 French even among themselves, and were pain-  
 fully polite to the French habitués, who were as  
 painfully polite in return. There was a batch  
 of Parisian journalists who had come to St.  
 Meuse to watch the evacuation, and who wrote  
 their letters in the café over the way to the  
 accompaniment of *verres of absinthe*, and books  
 of beer. Then there was the gallant Captain of  
 Gendarmes, who had arrived with a trusty  
 band of twenty-five subordinates, to take over  
 from the Germans the municipal superintend-  
 ence of the place, and, later, the occupation of  
 the fortress. He was the most polite man  
 I ever knew, this Captain of Gendarmes,  
 with a clever knack of turning you outside  
 in the course of half an hour's conversation,  
 and the peculiar attribute of having to all  
 appearance eyes in the back of his head. To  
 him, as he placidly ate his food, there came,  
 from time to time, quiet and rather bashful-  
 looking men in civilian attire of a slightly seedy  
 description. Sometimes they merely caught his  
 eye and went out again without speaking;  
 sometimes they handed to him little notes;  
 sometimes they held with him a brief whis-  
 pered conversation, during which the captain's  
 nonchalance was imperturbable. These respect-  
 able individuals who, if they saw you once in  
 conversation with their chief, ever after bowed  
 to you with the greatest *empressement*, were  
 members of the secret police.

As for the inhabitants of St. Meuse, they ap-  
 peared to await the hour of their delivery with  
 considerable philosophy. Physically they are  
 the finest race I ever saw in France, their men  
 tall, square, and muscular, their women hand-  
 some and comely. Numbers of both sexes are  
 fair-haired, and the sandiness of hair which we  
 are wont to associate with the Scottish Celt is  
 by no means uncommon. A sardonic compa-  
 nion, whom I had picked up by the way, at-  
 tributed those characteristics to the fact that in  
 the great war, St. Meuse was a dépôt for British  
 prisoners of war, who had in some way contrived  
 to imbue the native population with some of  
 their own physical attributes. He further pro-  
 phesied a wave of Teuton characteristics as the  
 result of the German occupation which was  
 about to terminate; but his insinuations seemed  
 to me to partake of the scurrilous, especially as  
 he instanced Lewes, a British dépôt for foreign  
 prisoners of war, as a field in which similar  
 phenomena were to be discerned. But, never-  
 theless, I unquestionably found a good deal  
 of what may be called national hybridism in St.  
 Meuse. I used to buy photographs of a shop-  
 keeper over whose door was blazoned the Scot-  
 tish name Macfarlane. Outwardly Macfarlane  
 was a "hielanman" all over. He had a shock-  
 head of bright red hair such as might have  
 latched the pole of the "Dougal cratur;" his

cheekbones were high, his nose of the Captain  
 of Knockunder pattern, and his mouth of true  
 Celtic amplitude. One felt intuitively as if  
 Macfarlane were bound to know Gaelic, and  
 that the times were out of joint when he evinced  
 greater fondness for *eau sucrée* than for Talisker.  
 It was with quite a sense of dislocation of the  
 fitness of things that I found Macfarlane could  
 talk nothing but French. But although he had  
 torn up the ancient landmarks, or rather suffer-  
 ed them to lapse, he yet was proud of his an-  
 cestry. His grandfather, it appeared, was a  
 soldier of the "Black Watch," who had been a  
 prisoner of war in St. Meuse, and who when the  
 peace came had preferred taking unto himself  
 a daughter of the Amalekite, and settling in St.  
 Meuse, to going home to a pension of sevenpence  
 a day and liberty to ply as an Edinburg cadie.  
 As for the German "men in possession,"  
 they pursued the even tenor of their way in the  
 precise yet phlegmatic German manner. Their  
 guards kept the gates and bridges as if they  
 meant to hold the peace till the crack of doom,  
 instead of being under orders to clear out within  
 the week. The recruits drilled on the citadel  
 esplanade—straightening their legs and pointing  
 their toes, as if their sole ambition in life was  
 to kick their feet away into space, down to the  
 very eve of evacuation. Their battalions practised  
 skirmishing on the glacis with that routine  
 assiduity which is the secret of the German  
 military success. Old Manteuffel was living in  
 the prefecture, holding his levees and giving his  
 stiff ceremonious dinner parties, as if he had  
 done despite to Dr. Cumming's warnings and  
 taken a lease of the place. The German officers  
 thronged their café, each man, after the manner  
 of German officers, shouting at the pitch of his  
 voice; and at the café of the under-officers tough  
 old wachmeisters and grizzled sergeants with  
 many medals played long quiet games at cards  
 or knocked the balls about on the chubby little  
 pocketless tables with cues, the tips of which  
 were as large as the base of a six-pounder shell.

The French journalists insisted I should ac-  
 cept it as an article of faith that these two  
 races dwelling together in St. Meuse hated each  
 other like poison. They would have it that  
 while discipline alone prevented the Germans  
 from massacring every Frenchman in the place,  
 it was only a humiliating sense of weakness  
 that hindered the Frenchmen from rising in  
 hot fury against the Germans who were their  
 temporary masters. I am afraid the gentlemen  
 of the Parisian press came rather to dislike me  
 on account of my obdurate scepticism in such  
 matters. That there was no great cordiality  
 was obvious and natural. Some of the Germans  
 were arrogant and domineering. For instance,  
 having a respect for the Germans, it pained and  
 indeed disgusted me, to hear a colonel of the  
 German staff, in answer to my question whether  
 the evacuating force would march out with a  
 rear guard as in war-time, reply, "Pho, a Field-  
 Gendarme with a whip in rear-guard enough for  
 such *canaille!*" But in the mouths of Hans  
 and Carl and Johann, the stout *Kerle* of the  
 ranks, there were no such words of bitter scorn  
 for their compulsory hosts. The honest fellows  
 drew water for the goodwives on whom they  
 were billeted, did a good deal of stolid love-  
 making with the girls, and nursed the babies  
 with a solicitude that put to shame the male  
 parents of these youthful hope of Troy. I take  
 leave, as a reasonable man, to doubt whether it  
 can lie in the heart of a family to hate a man  
 who has dandled its baby, and whether a man  
 can be rancorous against a family whose baby  
 he has nursed. But fashion's sway is omnipot-  
 ent in emotion as in dress. Ever since the war,  
 journalists, authors, and public opinion generally  
 has hammered it into the French nation, that  
 if it is not to be a traitor to its patriotism, the  
 first article of its creed must be hatred against  
 the German, and that the bitterest this hate,  
 the more fervent the patriotism. It is not indeed  
 incumbent on French men and French women  
 to accept this creed, but it behoves them at least  
 to profess it; and it must be admitted that they  
 do this for the most part with an intensity and  
 vigour which seems to prove that with many  
 professions has deepened into conviction. Then  
 in every town, and more especially in every  
 French town, there is a class that is swayed by  
 an impulse to mischief, undeterred by the con-  
 trolling power of self-respect. The violence of  
 thought, opinion, or profession, call it what you  
 will, that actuates this class has a tendency  
 from a variety of causes to work upward through  
 the social strata, especially when the tempta-  
 tions, alike in circumstances and in natural  
 character, are so strong in favor of such a  
 leavening.

While as yet the evacuation had been a thing  
 of the remote future, the people of St. Meuse  
 had borne the yoke lightly, and indeed had, I  
 believe, privily congratulated themselves on the  
 substantial advantages, in the way of money  
 spent in the place and the immunity from tax-  
 ation, which were incidental to the foreign  
 occupation. But as the day for the evacuation  
 drew closer and closer, one became dimly con-  
 scious of an electrical condition of the social  
 atmosphere, which any trifle might stimulate  
 into a thunder-storm. Blouses gathered and  
 mustered about the street corners, scowling at  
 and elbowing the German soldiers as they  
 strode to buy sausages to stay them in the  
 homeward march. The gamins, always covertly  
 insolent, no longer cloaked their insolence,  
 and wagged little tricolor flags under the nose  
 of the stolid German sentry on the Pont St.  
 Croix. At the table d'hôte the painful politeness  
 of the German civilians had no effect in thawing  
 the studied coldness of the French habitués.  
 Mutual good feeling was not increased by the  
 reports which reached St. Meuse of a disturb-

ance which had occurred at Luneville, conse-  
 quent on the return of a couple of Germans to  
 that town after German troops had evacuated  
 it. A story got abroad that the evacuation of  
 St. Meuse was to be postponed for this and other  
 reasons, and the tension of the restrained ex-  
 citement was absolutely painful.

As for myself, I was a neutral, and professing  
 to take no side, flattered myself that I could  
 keep out of the vortex of the soreness. Soon  
 after my arrival at St. Meuse I had called upon  
 his worship the Mayor at his official quarters in  
 the Hotel de Ville, and had received civil  
 speeches in return for civil speeches. Then I  
 had left my card on General Manteuffel, with  
 whom I happened to have a previous acquaint-  
 ance, and those formal duties of a benevolent  
 neutral having been performed, I held myself  
 free to choose my own company. Circum-  
 stances had some time before brought me into  
 familiar contact with very many German  
 officers, and I had imbibed a liking for their  
 ways and conversation, noisy as the latter is.  
 Several of the officers then in St. Meuse had  
 been personal acquaintances in other days, and  
 it was at once natural and pleasant for me to  
 renew the intercourse. I was made an honorary  
 member of the mess: I spent many hours in  
 the officers' casino, I rode out with the officers  
 of the squadron of Uhlans. All this was very  
 pleasant; but as the day of the evacuation  
 became close, I noticed that the civility of the  
 French Captain of Gendarmes grew colder,  
 that the cordiality of the French habitués of the  
 table d'hôte visibly diminished, and that I en-  
 countered not a few unfriendly looks when I  
 walked through the streets by myself. It began  
 to dawn upon me that St. Meuse was getting to  
 reckon me a German sympathiser, and, as there  
 was no half-way house, therefore not in accord  
 with the emotions of France and St. Meuse.

On the afternoon immediately preceding  
 the morning that had been fixed for the eva-  
 cuation, there came to me a polite request that  
 I should visit M. le Maire at the Hotel de Ville.  
 His worship was elaborately civil but obviously  
 troubled in mind. He coughed nervously several  
 times, after the initiatory compliments had  
 passed, and then began to speak.

"Monsieur, you are aware that the Germans  
 are going to-morrow morning?"

I replied that I had cognisance of this fact.

"Do you also know that the last of the  
 German civilian officials depart by the five  
 a.m. train, not caring to remain here after the  
 troops are gone?"

Of this also I was aware.

"Let me hope," continued the Mayor, "that  
 you are going along with them, or, at all events,  
 will ride away with Messieurs the soldiers?"

On the contrary, was my reply, I had come  
 not alone to witness the evacuation, but to note  
 how St. Meuse should bear herself in the hour  
 of her liberation; I desired to witness the re-  
 joicings; I was not less anxious to be a spec-  
 tator of any disturbance, if such unhappily  
 should occur. Why should M. le Maire have  
 conceived this desire to bask my natural  
 curiosity?

M. le Maire was obviously not a little em-  
 barrassed; but he persevered and was candid.  
 This deplorable occupation was now so nearly  
 finished, and happily, as yet, everything had  
 been so tranquil, that it would be a thousand  
 pities if any untoward event should occur to  
 detract from the dignified attitude which the  
 evacuated territory had maintained. It was of  
 critical importance in every sense that St.  
 Meuse should not give way to riot or disorder  
 on that occasion. He hoped and believed it  
 would not—here M. le Maire laid his hand on  
 his heart—but a spark, as I knew, fired tinder,  
 and the St. Meuse populace were at present  
 figurative tinder. I might be that spark—

"You much resemble a German," said M.  
 le Maire, "with that great yellow beard of  
 yours, and your broad shoulders, as if you had  
 carried arms. Our citizens have seen you  
 much in the society of Messieurs the German  
 officers; they are not in a temper to draw  
 fine distinctions of nationality; and, dear sir,  
 I ask you to go away with the Germans, lest,  
 perchance, our blouses reckoning you for a  
 German, should not be very tender with you,  
 when the spiked helmets are out of the place.  
 The truth is," said the worthy Maire, with a  
 burst of plain-speaking, "I'm afraid that you  
 will be mobbed, and that there will be a row,  
 and then the Germans may come back, and  
 the evacuation be postponed, and I'll get wig-  
 ged by the Prefect and the Minister of the  
 Interior, and bullyragged in the newspapers,  
 and St. Meuse will get abused, and the fat  
 will be generally in the fire!"

Here was an awkward fix. I could not com-  
 ply with the Mayor's request; that was not to  
 be thought of, for reasons I need not mention  
 here. I had no particular desire to be mobbed.  
 Once before I had experienced the tender mer-  
 cies of a French mob, and knew that they  
 were very cruel. But stronger than the per-  
 sonal feeling was my sincere sympathy with  
 the Mayor's critical position, and my anxiety,  
 by what means might be within my power,  
 to contribute to the maintenance of a tran-  
 quillity so desirable. But then what means  
 were within my power? I could not go; I could  
 not promise to stop indoors, for it was incum-  
 bent on me to see everything that was to be  
 seen. And, if through me trouble came, I  
 should be responsible heaven knows for what!  
 —with a sknful of sore bones into the bargain.

"If Monsieur cannot go"—the Mayor broke  
 in upon my cogitation—"if Monsieur cannot  
 go, will he pardon the exigency of the occasion  
 if I suggest one other alternative? It is"—here  
 the Mayor hesitated—"it is the yellow beard

which gives to Monsieur the aspect of a German. With only whiskers nobody could take Monsieur for anything but an Englishman. If Monsieur would only have the complaisance and charity to—

“Cut off my beard! Great powers! shear that mane that has been growing for years!—that cataract of hair that has been, so to speak, my oriflamme; the only physical belonging of which I ever was proud, the only thing, so far as I know, that I had ever been envied! For the moment the suggestion knocked me all of a heap. There came into my head some confused reminiscence of a story about a girl who cut off her hair, and sold it to keep her mother from starving, or redeem her lover from captivity, or something of the kind. But that must have been before the epoch of parish relief, and kidnapping is now punishable by statute. What was St. Meuse to me that for her I should mow my hirsute glories? But then, if people got savage, they might pull my beard out by the roots. And there had been lately dawning on me the dire truth that its tawny hue was becoming somewhat freely streaked with grey, a color I abhor, except in eyes. I made up my mind.

“I’ll do it, sir,” said I to the Mayor, with a manly curtness. My heart was too full for many words.

He respected my emotion, bowed in silence over the hand which he had grasped, and only spoke to give me the address of his own barber.

This barber was a patriot of unquestioned zeal, but I am inclined to think his extraction was similar to that of Macfarlane, for he combined patriotism with profit in a most edifying manner. He shaved the German officers during the whole of their stay in St. Meuse, he accompanied them on their march to the frontier; he earned the last centime in Confians, and then driving forward to the frontier line, he unfurled the tricolor as the last German soldier stepped over it. It is seldom that one in this world sees his way to being so adroitly ambidexterous.

But this is a digression. In twenty minutes, shorn and shaven, I was back again in the Mayor’s parlor. The tears of gratitude stood in his eyes. I learned afterwards that a decoration was contingent on his preservation of the public peace on the occasion of the evacuation.

Started by the Mayor, the report rapidly circulated through St. Meuse that I had cut off my beard rather than that it should be possible that any one should mistake me for a German. From being a suspect, I became a popular idol. The French journalists entertained me to a banquet at night, at which in libations of champagne eternal amity between France and England was pledged. Next morning the Germans went away, and then St. Meuse kicked up its heels and burst into exuberant joy. The Mayor took me up to the station in his own carriage to meet the French troops, and introduced me to the colonel of the battalion as a man who had made sacrifices for *la belle France*. The colonel shook me cordially by the hand, and I was embraced by the robust vivandière, who struck me as being in the practice of sustaining life on a diet of garlic. When we emerged from the station I was cheered almost as loudly as was the colonel, and a man waved a tricolor over my head all the way back to the town, treading at frequent intervals on my heels. In the course of the afternoon I happened to approach the civic band, which was performing patriotic music in the Place St. Croix. When the bandmaster saw me he broke off the programme, and struck up “Rule Britannia!” in my honor, to the clamorous joy of the audience, who were thwarted in their aim of carrying me round the Place shoulder-high, only by the constancy with which I clung to the railings which surround Chever’s statue. But the crowning recognition of my sacrifice came at the banquet which the town gave to the French officers. The Mayor proposed the toast of “Our English Friend.” “We had all,” he said, “made sacrifices for *la Patrie*, he himself had sustained the loss of a wooden outhouse burned down in the bombardment; the gallant colonel on his right had spilt his blood at St. Privat. Them it behoved to suffer, and they would do it again, for it was as he had said for *la Patrie*. But what was to be said of an honorable gentleman who had sacrificed the most distinguishing ornament of his physical aspect, without the holy stimulus of patriotism, and simply that there might be obviated the risk of an embroilment, to the possible consequences of which he would not further allude? Would it be called the language of extravagant hyperbole, or would they not rather be words justified by the facts, when he ventured before this honorable company to assert that his respected English friend had by his self-sacrifice saved France from a great peril?” The Mayor’s question was replied to by a perfect whirlwind of cheering. Everybody in the room insisted upon shaking hands with me, and I was forced to get on my legs and make a reply. Later in the evening I heard the Mayor and the town clerk discussing the project of conferring upon me the freedom of the city, and this I now expect from day to day, let us hope in the customary gold box.

To be beardless I find a state of mingled happiness and misery. Nobody knows me until, as the phrase goes, “I name myself;” and though this is occasionally awkward, still it saves annoyance from creditors. The great trouble is that I cannot shave myself, and I think of applying to the corporation of St. Meuse to make me a grant to pay a barber wherewithal.

### MY MARGUERITE.

BY ELLA DIETZ.

To-night I took her picture out,  
And looking long in the dear face,  
I sought to find some little trace  
Of the old smile; a shuddering doubt  
Fell on my heart, for strange and cold  
Seemed the pure face I loved of old;  
So fair, so sweet,  
My Marguerite!

There were the deep and perfect eyes,  
The crown of hair, the chin, the mouth  
(How bitter is a frozen south!)  
I tried to hear low-voiced replies  
To my soft childings, but none came—  
Only the echoes of her name—  
My fair one sweet,  
My Marguerite!

And you did love me once so well,  
So well you could not bear to part?  
Weeping you clung, while in my heart  
A wealth of love I could not tell  
Was yearning, burning, all for you;  
Of all your words, was one word true?  
Tell me, my sweet,  
My Marguerite!

I clasped your hands to give you strength,  
I would not take your plighted word,  
I said—“Fly free, fly free, my bird;”  
But if the time shall come at length  
When weary you shall seek for rest—  
Come seek it,—and it in my breast.  
I loved you sweet,  
My Marguerite!

It may be that you thought me cold,  
Because my love was so restrained;  
It may be that your heart was pained,  
You could not guess what was not told;  
But while I seemed so strong to bear,  
Darling, my heart was lying there  
Beneath your feet,  
My Marguerite!

### THE LAST JEST OF EOLF.

A TRANSLATION FROM PETER OF BLASTON-BURY.

Laugh, hinds, laugh! Your lord has wedded the sweetest maiden under heaven; there is wine enough to swim in withal, and your new mistress has brought to you me, Eolf—the fool Eolf, who knows not what heaviness of heart means, who never felt a sorrow, or yearned hopelessly for anything. Be merry and glad, for you are to serve the sweetest, gentlest, kindest, fairest lady that ever breathed. Mind—it is I tell you this; I, who have known her all my life. Ay, that’s right, laugh. It’s my humor to look sixty. I warrant you never saw another young stripling of eighteen with a comical old face like mine. Yet I tell you ’tis true, that I have known the Lady Edith since I was a child no higher than this broken knee of mine. And she has set me a chair beside her at the wedding-feast, and bidden me take off my motley dress and be a fool no more. No, no; you shall laugh at her fool before he lays aside his bells and his bauble. There’s music in the bladder. Hark how the peas rattle, like teeth in an empty skull. There’s nothing but joy in this house. Ha, ha, ha! Laugh, you dull gaping jolter-heads! There is no care in this world to-day. Fetch me a horse-collar, and I will show you faces in it that when you see your sides shall ache with laughter. See here: would you think a man with a withered leg could pitch a summersault like that? Look! I can hold straws in the furrows of my cheeks so, and walk on my hands thus. Laugh, laugh! Why do you stare at me as though I were a ghost? Have you never seen a merry fool before? Ha, ha, ha! Laugh as I do; see how the tears run down my cheeks with gaiety; hear how mirth chokes my voice. For the love of fun tell me if these wrinkles about my mouth don’t betray my merriment? Bring me a horn of wine, and a good stout rush to lean upon, for I die with laughter. Now will I tell you the merriest jest you ever heard.

Once upon a time, a lord and a lady lived in a brave castle on a hill. But the castle was empty, for the noble pair had never a child, and they needed but few servants to minister to their few wants. They loved each other well. Both felt the want of children, but most the lady regretted this childlessness; for the lord had his horses and his falcons for pets, and in hunting and hawking with neighbouring lords he passed his days pleasantly; but when her lord was absent the lady found nothing that she could love, and wandered through the empty rooms of the castle, thinking how sweet it would be to see young faces and children’s toys in them, and to hear merry laughter and pleasant voices instead of the echo of her own foot-fall. She was happy when her husband returned, and never told him of her yearning; but he, because he loved her, saw that she pined, and knew full well the cause. One night he drew her on his knee, and said:

“Wife mine, to-morrow is thy birthday; what shall I give thee as a token of love?”

And the lady kissed him and said:

“I need no token, dear love, whilst thou art

with me. I want nothing that thou canst give.”

“But thou needst a token when I am away; and, indeed, I fear that hound and hawk take me too much from thee. I will bring thee to-morrow a fair child, and thou shalt rear it as though it were thine own. It will be a comfort to thee, ay, and to me too when I grow too old to be anything but a good stay-at-home. Tell me which it shall be—a little maid or a little man? For I can make choice of either, and both are equally fair.”

Rather to please her husband than herself—for she had little faith in a strange child filling the place in her heart that was vacant for one that should be truly her own—she accepted the proposed gift, and said she would have the child a little maid. So the very next morning the Earl Percy rode away to fetch his wife her birthday gift.

Now I shall make you laugh. A league from the castle were two huts in a wood. In one lived Gib, who kept the lord’s horses, and in the other Balder, who managed the hawks. Now the reason they lived so far from the castle was this: Balder’s wife gave birth to a daughter every winter, and Gib’s wife gave birth to a son every summer. Each child was gifted with healthy lungs, and was six months before it tired of exercising them; so that a continual wailing and gnashing of gums arose from the one or the other of the fruitful servants’ homes. It was pleasing to the lord when he first married; for he said to himself, “Ah, presently there shall be such a yelling in my nursery as shall outshriek all this;” but when a year passed and no whimper was heard in the castle, the sound became hateful to him, and he bade Balder and Gib build themselves dwellings where their progenies’ shrieks might be unheard of man. He advised them to go into the wood, because of the wolves; “for there,” he said, “if the children don’t frighten the wolves away—as I suspect they will—the wolves will eat them; so any way this removal to the woods will benefit mankind.”

The lord’s anticipations were correct; the wolves disappeared from the woods. The children of these two henchmen, as soon as they were of an age to do anything beyond frightening wolves, associated together. Balder’s daughters played the whole day long with Gib’s sons. The two youngest, tied to one post, sucked one crust, and developed their strength in scatheless combats, whilst the two eldest wandered through woods and over heaths hunting for birds’ nests and berries and flowers. The girl was now eight years old; her name was Edith, and her companion’s name was Eolf—ah, that Eolf was not ugly and broken as I am, but a bright, shining-haired youngster, with a skin of milk and teeth of pearl. These two children were all in all to each other, and were never separate. They were seldom at home. The hut contained few charms for them, and their mothers had sufficient children to love and cherish and cherish without them, and indeed were well content to give them their share of food and let them take it to eat where they liked. Better than the rangers they knew the woods and what they contained. They made the acquaintance of a field-mouse, and cultivated a friendship with the interesting family contained in her nest; and Edith took upon herself the duty of maternity to some orphan magpies whose mother Eolf had incontinently slain. They had a castle in the roomy branches of a tree that was easy of ascent to Edith—a sanctuary whither they could fly when any thing like the howl of a wolf fell upon their ears. They had a bower where they spent hours when the sun was high and hot, and a palace under a rock where they could laugh at rain, and shelter themselves from wind. These possessions were extensively ornamented with the eggs and feathers of birds, fir cocoons, and flowers. The eggs and feathers Eolf procured, whilst Edith collected the flowers; and when she had arranged them, they would both sit and admire the effect. It was of these two children that the earl offered his wife the choice.

One morning early, as the children were sleeping side by side in Balder’s hut, the earl rode up to the door, and Balder, who knew for what he came, bade Gib hold his boy whilst he loosened Edith from his arms. It was done in a moment; but Gib had an hour’s work after that to hold Eolf; for the boy finding Edith taken from him, and himself restrained from following her, writhed and bit and struggled like a wolf’s whelp. Meanwhile Edith was set in front of the earl and borne away to the castle, never more to return to her playmate or the woods. Soon, soon she must have overcome her grief in losing them, for how much more had she gained in their place! Her heart was too tender and loving to retain a single affection, shutting out all others. So that she have love, a child’s heart does not ache. What had she to regret? What memory of the past could rival the joys of her new life? Frequently the two had hungered when food was scarce at home, and found their rags an insufficient protection from the north wind; now she had the costliest garments, and every desire was gratified. Between her and the gentle wife of Earl Percy grew a love more full and tender than she felt for Eolf. For though the boy would have given his life to please her, he could never have gained her whole heart. There is a love possessed only by a good and loving woman whose delicate softness inspires a devotion in children as none other can. This it was that linked Edith to her foster-mother; and but for this, like a bud that is concealed from the light, the more beautiful phase of her nature might never have been known. And she was happy; and there was indeed now laughter and prattle in the castle.

But it was otherwise with Eolf. There was none to fill the place in his heart that Edith had possessed. At home he was regarded as an unnecessary nuisance and a misfortune. Circumstances fostered the feeling of exclusive affection which had been growing in his heart, and he felt less than ever able or desirous of associating with the younger children. When Gib, in consequence of receiving a blinding kick in the eye from the struggling urchin, permitted him to escape, and indeed expedited his departure by propulsion with his own foot, Eolf ran to the familiar resorts in the woods where Edith would be likely to fly if she followed a course with reference to her captor similar to his own. He slept in the wood and before the sun he rose, and continued his search. At night he went home for food. But all the day he wandered through brake and brier, in vain endeavoring to find his lost Edith. He would climb hills that tried the strength of men, his little heart filled with the hope that from the crest he should see some trace of her. There he would look around over the desolate valleys and call her name, and listen long for the answer that never came. He penetrated the scrub of tangled forests, and there, in the stillness which mayhap had never before been broken by a human voice, he cried, “Edith, Edith!” until his piping voice broke with the grief of his heart. He would despair, and sit down in the midst of a wide heath crying and sobbing until a kind of desperation possessed him, when he would jump up, and run along hopelessly frightening the timid rabbits to their burrows with his blubbering. The exercise preserved his health from the effects of this unnatural sorrow; yet may be his mind became affected, and his love was but a madness.

One day Eolf’s mother said to Gib, “Eolf eats and grows, but does nothing but hunt and rave after Balder’s child.” Gib kept awake until Eolf wandered in at night, and said to him, “To-morrow, Eolf, go you to the woods, and bring in dead boughs, and pile them against the hut right up to the eaves.” When Gib returned from work the next night and found no wood piled he was vexed, and again sat up yawning. Gib loved to sleep after his work, and remaining awake annoyed him even more than Eolf’s disobedience; so when the child came into the hut, Gib seized him by the hair and beat him, and told him should fare worse if the next night a stack of wood was not found.

But he never touched his son again; for when Eolf was free he went out of the door, and no more passed in. From that time he lived totally in the woods and was a savage. He understood how to make fire, and grew cunning in the trapping of bird and beast for food. When winter came he made fagots, and drew them before his cavern, burying himself in moss and leaves, and fur and feathers. He became brown with exposure to the weather; and his fair hair, all tangled and ragged, descended about his shoulders. As years passed and he grew, his aspect became still more strange and formidable, so that he was regarded with fear and dread throughout all that country. In the most diverse places and times he would suddenly appear and scare travellers by rushing to them, staring in their faces, and as suddenly disappear with a wild cry of despair. If, seeing him at a distance, they spurred on their horses to avoid him, he would pursue, and when he found it impossible to overtake them he would stretch his arm towards them, crying in a piteous tone of supplication, “Edith, Edith!” He was never heard to say any word but this, and it was believed he could speak none other. When the earl heard of this and found that it was Gib’s son, he ordered that the lad should be captured and treated kindly, yet with restraint whilst his madness lasted. Also he took such precaution that Edith never heard a word that should make her remember with sorrow the playmate of her childhood. But it was found impossible to catch Eolf; his cunning and agility defeated the greatest efforts of those sent to capture him; indeed these efforts were not very great, for the poor rascal, filled with superstitious dread of the “wild man,” were well content when he ran away from them. His strange appearance added greatly to the terror his habits inspired. With the skins of rabbits and squirrels and a wolf he had contrived a covering for his body which protected him effectually from the rain and frost, but gave him a terrible likeness to the beast and fend he was by most supposed to be. And, but that he worshipped a being of infinite grace and sweetness instead of a thing of evil, he was a fiend. There was no love or feeling in him but for one. The changing seasons, the flowers, the starry heavens, the song of birds, never stirred a fibre of his heart. What were the golden valleys, what the purple hills and the silver rivulets, to him? In the valleys he found not Edith, from the hills he could see but the desolate empty world, in the water he saw but the reflection of his own sad wild face. All, all was barren, cold, dead lifelessness to him.

And now Edith was grown tall and womanly, and her heart was old enough to choose out of the whole world one being for its devotion. And she loved Brown Harold. But deep and fond and pure as was her love, it was not exclusive; she was not mad. Every thing of beauty appealed to her gentler nature. Every phase of life excited her sympathy. The love for her foster-mother, whose gentleness and sweet simplicity she shared, was not diminished because she loved Brown Harold more. Many a wooer had she; for the fame of her beauty and amiability spread all over the land. Even the king’s son sought her hand, but she gave it to Brown Harold, the poorest of her lovers, and so made him the richest. Neither the earl nor his lady

was quite pleased with her election; they would have had her marry a prince; but when they found how truly these two loved each other, they refrained from saying or doing anything which might cloud Edith's happiness, and with a somewhat rueful joy the noble foster-parents betrothed them and beheld their gladness.

I tell you what, my fellow fools, we have reason to be thankful our senses are no better than they are. It would have banished the smile from sweet Edith's cheek, as she listened to her lovers singing beneath her window, to have seen afar off a mad savage standing up to his knees in the wet ferns upon the waste, looking round about in the moonlight to see if she were there, and to have heard she poor wretch crying from his lonely miserable heart, 'Edith, Edith!'

One night when Eolf crawled from his burrow he smelt smoke, and beheld a tongue of flame flickering in the distance. He walked towards it; it increased, and the smoke grew lurid. He passed the confines of a park, and presently found before him a blazing castle. The castle was ancient, and unlike the castles we build now. It had no bayle and no outer work, save the fosse and barbican. At each corner stood a tower five stories high, and each was clothed in green ivy. The fosse, filled by a natural spring, was broad and deep; yet of what avail was the water that flowed around the blazing pile? Except one of the four towers the whole building was in flames. A group of deeply engrossed people stood before Eolf. They were not looking at the castle, but at the earl, who was kneeling over a charred body.

'It is his wife,' said one.

'No,' replied another; 'it is the Lady Edith.'

'Edith!' shouted Eolf, bursting through the crowd.

'No, no,' cried Brown Harold, who, too, was beside the body; 'it is not she. Edith is still in the castle!' and he sprang to his feet, and rushing to the barbican would have plunged into the fire, but that hands restrained him. At that instant a piercing shriek issued from the uppermost casement in the tower which yet remained untouched by the fire, whilst for the time a figure was seen standing there. Then it disappeared, and after the scream with which the crowd beneath had echoed that from above, only the roaring of flames, the cracking of timbers, and the hiss of embers falling in the moat were heard. The voice was still. Probably she—either the wife or child of the earl—was suffocated by the smoke now issuing freely from the casement. All were silent in presence of the tragedy taking place within two hundred feet of them, but which they were powerless to prevent. The fosse was twenty yards broad and the lowest aperture in the tower thirty feet above the water's edge. The means of access by the draw-bridge and through the hall was impracticable; a furnace forty yards through must be penetrated to reach it. For now the fire was eating into the lower chamber of the tower, and through the arrow-slits the smoke spurted out. Presently another rending scream from the tower was heard, and the figure was seen standing on the crenelated top.

Then answered Eolf: 'Edith, I come!'

He plunged into the moat, and like a cat he scaled the face of the tower, clinging by toe and finger and tooth to the ivy. But the ivy had little hold upon the centre of the wall and broke beneath him, frail as he was; he contrived to get his fingers in an arrow-slit, and hanging there, cast his eyes to the right and to the left for some better support than the fragile ivy. The smoke issuing from the arrow-slit to which he held would render climbing above it abortive; and the opening through which he was to enter was yet twenty feet higher. He again grasped the ivy, and worked obliquely upwards until by this means he reached a buttress that ran up against the corner of the edifice. Here the irregularities of the surface were greater, and not only afforded the ivy a firmer hold, but presented some kind of scaling assistance. Eolf rapidly ascended and passed the level of the casement; then he quitted the buttress, and quickly jerked himself towards the centre. As the ivy broke he descended, but every fresh hold brought him nearer to the centre, and at length he threw himself in the aperture of the thick wall. Through this the smoke that poured was no longer black, but red and scorching. The means of communication between the chambers was by hatches in the floors and ladders between. When Eolf had entered the chamber he could see the chinks in the floor by the fire beneath, and through the opening from the lower chamber a flame was shooting upwards to the one above and licking the ladder. Through that flame and up the crackling ladder he must go. Closing his eyes against the stinging smoke, he rushed forward. His foot struck something, and he stumbled and fell upon the very edge of the hatch. It was the door of the hatch against which he stumbled, and the door closing with his fall shut down the flame. He sprang up the ladder and found his way from chamber to chamber instinctively, until presently he beheld the glowing sky through the last remaining opening above him. And then he stood upon the leaded roof.

Cowering in a corner, appalled and stupefied by the fate which seemed inevitable, was Edith—Edith no longer a child, yet still Edith. He knew it was she. Had he been blind he should have known that. Ay, though a swallow be forsaken and left to wither in solitude, it will find its way to the South, and think you it knows not when it has reached the goal? Altered! How can the thing we worship alter beyond our knowledge? Ye who find your God in the oak, know ye Him not in the lightning that strikes it to the earth? What had this

Eolf pictured his Edith but a being of infinite grace and beauty? and there in the corner lay that being of infinite grace and beauty. He threw himself beside her and buried his face in her bosom, murmuring her name again and again. Until she heard his voice and felt his head upon her breast, Edith knew not that help was at hand. At once it aroused her from her dull apathy; but to what knowledge? Did she recognise Eolf? Did she know who had braved fire and death for her? A cry of joy came from her lips, and she threw her arms about the panting boy's neck, and for one instant in his life Eolf felt rapture.

But harken, ye who love a good joke and can laugh at the agony of fools, hearken to this excellent quip: as her head dropped fainting upon the madman's neck she said, 'Harold—my Harold!' Eolf was dull at reading riddles then. His dull wit was not capable of finding the point of this excellent joke for a while; and as he held his beloved in his arms a vague wonder filled his mind, that he should be called Harold who believed his name to be Eolf. But the recollection of him they had called Harold, who had attempted to rush into the burning hall, came upon him, and with it a dim perception of the fact which in all his thoughts of her had never entered his imagination. Cannot you imagine what a comical frenzy filled the wretch's heart as he said to himself, 'She knows me not, she loves me not! Another is to her what she is to me, and I—I alone am forgotten?' He rose to his feet and took her up in his arms, and with a strength ye young ones know not, he leapt on the parapet of the tower, and held her before him in the full light of the fire below. He looked at this creature for whom every action of his body, every thought of his mind, had been spent. She was still Edith, so fair, so beautiful, yet not his—his Edith no more. What symbol was there for him in the pale cold shadow of death that invested the worshipped being in his arms? Had he found her but to know that he had more surely lost her? For ever she was dead to him. Dead, dead! Yet now she lay against his breast as she had lain before; this was happiness? Why should he not so die, and feel no more the pangs of consciousness? He looked down into the pit of flame. He had but to incline his body a few inches, and who should separate him from his beloved? No more vain yearning and despairing lonely unlovedness. Why should he not forget her one word 'Harold,' and in the utter happiness of union perish? Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! This fellow was born a fool, and educated himself into a madman, as I have shown, and the result of both was he could not forget when he wished. When he turned his eyes from the tempting flames below to the face of the girl in his arms, it seemed to him as if she was but sleeping there a child, as she had slept on that last night when they had taken her from him; and upon his memory came the words she whispered before she closed her eyes: 'Eolf, wilt thou make me a daisy-chain to-morrow?' and how, when he had answered her 'Yes,' she had kissed him and said it would make her happy. His heart was touched; his strength failed him; he tottered on the wall. And then he regained his strength as he kissed her for the last time in his life and said, 'I will make thy chain.'

A few moments in this man's lifetime comprised more emotions and perils than happen to another in sixty years. Five minutes had not elapsed from the time of entering the tower by the casement to the time he reentered it by the upper hatch. But in that five minutes the fire had been eating its way upwards, and flames now curled through the casement by which he had entered, and the beams in the roof of that chamber were splitting and spluttering in the heat. Eolf had no plan of escape; all that entered his mind was that he would. And to descend as he had ascended was the means he at once essayed. His eager haste had made him omit to close the succeeding traps after him as he ascended, and the flames having overcome the first, there was no impediment to the smoke, which now belched up through the hole he must descend by. Into this cloud, and down the ladder into the first chamber, he slid and scrambled, careful only that Edith should suffer no contusion. The necessity forced him to the casement. A brisk wind swept the face of the tower and enabled him to gasp a few mouthfuls of air. Again he rushed into the smoke and descended. The current of smoke scorched his face as he entered the second apartment. He thought of Edith, and as he stood at the casement he tore the still saturated furs from his body and wrapped them about the girl. He lifted her upon his shoulder, and once more groped to the hatch and got his feet upon the ladder. Half-way down he stopped. The heat was fearful. He opened his eyes. The lower part of the ladder was burning; jets of flame were flickering from the floor, and a shaft of flame and sparks rising through the trap. It was impossible to descend there. He began to reascend. The ladder crumbled and slipped side-ways; still he clung to it, and with the next step put his hand upon the edge of the hatch above. The ladder crumbled again, and with his weight slipped entirely from under him, falling and throwing up a thousand embers. Eolf hung for a moment by one hand—for one moment—and then fell. Then in some way, though how God who guided him only knows, he got to the casement with Edith, thrust himself through, and holding her against his breast, flung himself back downwards into the moat, and in that position by a mercy he fell into the water, so that Edith was saved. The water split open Eolf's naked back, as neatly as

a fletcher runs his whittle down a hart's back; that was a fine thing to bring him back to life and make him forget his burns! Not until they dragged him from the water, with her he still held in his arms, did consciousness kindly consent to leave him.

O you clowns! you don't deserve a fool. You can't appreciate a funny story unless it be seasoned with fire and blood. But I'll make you laugh for fun's sake before I've done. Bring me a horn.

This is what the chatterbox told Eolf, as he lay on his litter, and when his consciousness, after some week's absence, returned to him. When the Lady Edith recovered from her shock, which was speedily—for she was a strong and a healthy girl—she suffered one still greater. She heard that her gentle foster-mother was burned and dead. Then the earl bade her prepare for a yet greater ordeal, and told her that Brown Harold was no more.

'No, oh no, it cannot be!' cried Edith. 'He saved me! Had he perished, I must have perished too.'

'He saved thee?' said the earl.

'Yes, yes. I held him in these arms upon the tower top and in the moat.'

Then the earl buried his face in his hands for some moments in thought or grief, and when he raised it, he said:

'For all that, he perished by the fire. The injuries he sustained then have been fatal since.'

For some time Edith was inconsolable; but one day the earl drew her to him and said:

'I too have lost. Be thou my comfort, and let thy father's love in part fill the place of that which is no more.'

Then she took his hand, and pressing it, she said:

'We will both struggle to forget, my father.'

The earl came to the bedside of the wild man, the madman, the beast, and said:

'I would repay thee, if it is possible, for what thou hast done. Tell me what I can give thee.'

Eolf answered: 'Edith.'

The earl frowned, but the good woman who nursed Eolf took him aside, and whispered to him that Eolf was mad; then the anger vanished from the earl's brow, and compassion was there as he said:

'Yes, yes, my poor boy, you shall have Edith; you shall live with us in the fine new castle I am building, and be ever beside her.'

Eolf snatched his hand and pressed it to his lips and sank back exhausted, for he was still weak. But with the prospect of being near his beloved Edith once more, he rapidly recovered strength; so that in a few weeks he was suffered to walk in the sunshine alone. The earl's considerate care had provided for him brave clothes, such as never before he had worn. No single garment of thonged skins, but hose, and a jerkin likewise. As he stepped into the sun in those fine things the wildest dreams filled his imagination. Brown Harold was dead and Edith forgetting him; might not her old love for the companion of her childhood return? In his new clothes, and with his light hair kept, might he not look, when health returned to him, handsome even as Brown Harold? Might they not love each other as of old, nay, with a love grown deeper and stronger with the years that had passed? He saw a man leading a gaily-caparisoned horse, and him he followed until horse and servant stood upon a grassy slope before the house wherein the earl lived whilst his new castle was a building. Eolf waited trembling; perhaps this was her steed, and now he should see her. In one supposition he was right, for presently from the door there came the earl, all prepared for riding, and upon his arm hung Edith. For one moment Eolf could not move; the next he ran forward and called her name. He was close upon her before she was conscious of his presence, but when turning she saw him, she screamed and clung tight to her foster-father, as if for protection. The earl twisted himself between them, raising his hand; but he had no need to strike, Eolf had received his blow. Edith feared him, and shrunk away as if he had been a viper. Eolf cowered on the turf as though he had been whipped into subjection like a hound. The earl dropped his hand, and taking Eolf kindly by the shoulder, said:

'This is the poor boy I told you about; he is perfectly harmless and good.'

Edith looked up at him with tears of pity in her eyes, and boldly took Eolf's hand in hers as she said:

'I am weak and easily frightened. Thou must not startle me again. I want one to protect me, and give me courage. Thou shalt stop with me whilst my father is away, and amuse me—wilt thou?'

For nine years Eolf had not used his tongue but for the utterance of one word, and now he could find no expression for the thoughts in his soul. The muscles of his face moved, and his earl burst into laughter loud and long; and when Eolf looked at him in astonishment, he laughed again.

'He has the drollest face I ever beheld,' said the earl. 'He's a born fool. This very day I will get a set of bells for him, and he shall be my zany henceforth.'

Eolf was stupefied and bewildered. He could understand nothing then—Why did his face move one with terror and another with mirth? Why was he pitied and compassionated like a miserable dog? It was not until he had seen his face in a brook that he knew how frightful he was; with what comic lines and dimples those burning embers and blazing beams had covered his face. He was frightened of himself; and shrunk from the reflection; then, as he ventured

again to look, and saw the expression of his face, he laughed—laughed for the first time—laughed ten times louder and longer than the earl. I tell you it makes one laugh to find for the first time in your life that you are a fool instead of a man; that God's put you here for men to laugh at and women to pity; to know that you are fit for nothing amongst men but to wear bells.

Something else made Eolf laugh before long. He found out that he was just coming to his senses, and that he had been stark mad all his life. When he made faces and beat people with his bauble, and shouted and laughed, folks said:

'It's pleasant to see what kind treatment can do. Here art thou, who wast as mad as a dog, getting quite sensible and like other human beings. If thou couldst only get that idea out of thy head that thou savodst the Lady Edith, thou wouldst be all right!'

Yes, indeed, [this Eolf was coming to his senses. All day long he sang and capered and laughed, making the whole house merry with his antics. Even the Lady Edith smiled at some of his tricks, and this pleased the earl greatly. But he pleased her in other ways, for he would be absent for hours, and return with such flowers from wood and heath as she most loved. She used to say how curious it was that he should know what flowers she liked. He watched her face and seemed to divine her thoughts, and with his utmost tenderness regarded them, doing nothing which might not harmonise with them and everything that could soothe her or give her pleasure. One day she said to him:

'Eolf, I know not how I could live without thee.'

But when she gave him at night her hand to kiss, it was as the mistress gives her hand to a slave, and he knew how much, how little, her words implied. She, too, was delighted to think he was recovering from his madness, and once or twice put him to trial. She spoke of Brown Harold, of his bravery in rescuing her, and of his death, and Eolf said, 'Brown Harold was brave,' and never contradicted her or tried to put her right. Why should he? Would anything transfer to him, an ugly fool, the love she held for one handsomer than he had ever been? Would she love him more, because she loved Harold less? But sometimes when Edith sat alone, pensive and sad, when the earl was away and she seemed destitute of a loving heart, in whose shelter she could forget her great sorrow, Eolf, watching her, felt his heart beat high, and the yearning came upon him to snatch her into his arms and to say, 'Edith, my heart's love, I am the Eolf who was thy first love, with whom thou wanderedst years ago. I am Eolf, who for thee lost my manliness and beauty and strength and health and reason. Tell me of thy trouble, and let me comfort thee as my heart prompts.' But the first movement of his body set the bells a-tinkling, and he said to himself, 'No, I am a born fool, and must live and die accursed.'

The earl was selfish, as men are, and seeing Edith on his return in the evening with the cheerful smile she assumed to give him pleasure, he was quite content, and ate and drank and hunted as of old. He saw not that Edith's cheek was pale and thin, and knew not how for long hours she brooded over her love for Brown Harold. But the fool did; and frequently his face, as he looked at the earl, wore a look that was not comic. One day the fool found Edith with a curl of brown hair in her lap and her face buried in her hands. Eolf would have crept away unseen but for his cursed bells. Edith raised her head and beckoned to him. He knelt beside her.

'Thou must not tell my kind father that I am so foolish; but O, Eolf, I did love Harold so.'

As Earl Percy slept that night there came one in the dark and knelt upon his throat, and the point of a knife pricked the flesh of his breast. Hot breath was on his face, and these words were whispered in his ear:

'Where is Brown Harold?'  
'You are choking me.'  
'Where is he?'  
'Take that knife from my breast.'  
'Where is he?'  
'I cannot breathe.'  
'Where is he?'  
'Burned.'  
'Where is he, har?'  
'Dead.'  
'Then die thou too!'  
'Wait.'  
'Where is he?'  
'Under the care of my brother in Kent.'  
'Rupert? Now if thou liest thou diest.'  
'Rupert.'  
'Give me thy ring. So! Now, move but an inch, and thou diest.'

The knee was removed from the earl's throat, and presently the knife from his breast; but when he moved the point returned. So he lay back, and no sound told him that that he was not still threatened. He prayed for daylight, and when it came and showed him no foe, he sprang from his bed and summoned his household. Eolf was missing. Whilst his men armed themselves at his direction, and one went for horses, he questioned, but could learn nothing to prove that his night attacker was Eolf. Only Edith had heard him. He had whispered into her chamber, 'I go to complete thy daisy-chain.' More she knew not.

'Where is my horse?—quick!'  
'Sir, the stables are empty.'

On the ear's mare Eolf sped noiselessly over the green grass, taking no course save that

which the horse chose, and which seemed to tend away from the starting-point.

When the morning came he saw a cowherd, and to him he rode up and asked in which direction lay Kent. The herdsman looked at the mare all speckled with flecks of foam, and then at the fool in his motley, and asked,

"Whom dost thou seek?"

"That matter doesn't concern thee. Tell me how I may get to Kent."

The herdsman patted the mare's neck, and coming beside Eolf said:

"Oh, you can keep your secret if you like, and I can keep mine; and so we may both part."

"It is no secret; I do but seek my brother, who is a falconer there."

"Well, I have no secret neither, for I know not the way to Kent; but my father, who owns wood on the hill, knows. We will ask him."

The two ascended the slope; Eolf not without fear that his guide was dishonest, and his companion with somewhat similar apprehensions regarding him. He kept close to Eolf's side, and said little until they were within sound of the axe, and at the outskirts of the wood; then he said:

"My father is cutting wood for our master the baron, who lives in the castle up there."

Eolf pulled his horse's rein.

"I pay no mail to your master," he said, and digging his heels into the mare's side he jerked her round, and in another moment would have been half down the hill, but that the cowherd had slipped his knife under the saddle-girth. A moment sufficed for the mare to slip the rider from her back, and Eolf found himself on his back with the herdsman upon him, holding him by the throat, and shouting for help. When Eolf was secure between four or five lusty woodmen, the herdsman laughed and said:

"The mare will get home safe; she knows the road between this and Earl Percy's well enough, I trow. Why, thou fool, that mare was our young master's, and before he gave it to the earl he rode day after day upon it to see his lady-love, the earl's daughter. Thou wilt be hanged for this jest, my fine fellow."

But hanged he was not; for Brown Harold's kinsmen, when they heard all Eolf had to tell, fed him, gave him wine, covered his motley with a chain hauberk, and his striped legs with greaves, put a mace in his hand for a bauble, and set him on a brave horse. Then Brown Harold's brothers arrayed themselves in proof, and placing the fool amongst them rode into Kent; but night fell upon them before they had arrived at their journey's end; and as they could find neither their road nor one to guide them to it, they tethered their horses and made a fire on a hill's side. They set pickets, and of these Eolf was one. He knew every sound of the night, and his ear and eye had long sought in the dark. He was the first who heard the jingling of arms and casarions far down below in the hollow. But before he gave the alarm he hurried down the hill until he found himself in the road they had lost. He listened. The jingling became more distinct. Like a hind he ran forward along the road, and finding it wound upwards, he kept along its course until he beheld on one side the glimmer of the fire. When his friends heard his tidings they broke green boughs from the trees, and gathered brake, which was wet with dew and threw them on the fire. Then they mounted their horses and followed Eolf, who led them into the road; and there they halted. As yet none but Eolf could hear a sound, and some were inclined to mistrust him. But he bade them follow him, and post themselves where they might lie in ambush, and attack with advantage the party, if it proved to be of their foes. So they ascended the hill still farther, until they came to a part where Eolf, who was on foot, bade them advance with care. Ethelbert, the brother of Harold, said if the place were dangerous for them, they might make it still more perilous for others. So he got from his horse, and others with him, and they examined the spot carefully. The road was cut in the chalk-hill; on one side was nothing but a few bushes between it and the precipitous hill-side; on the other a fir-wood ascended. Then Ethelbert ordered his little troop in this wise: six stout men he made to lie down in the fern by the roadside, and under the firs, with their drawn swords beside them and their crossbow bolts upon the spring. The horses of these were tied up in the wood. Two skilled horsemen he posted so that they might attack the troop in their rear, and another with himself stationed themselves upon the road above the footmen. Eolf was allowed to fight as he pleased, so that he came not between the horsemen. These arrangements were made so well and speedily that the rattle of the accoutrements were but just audible when Ethelbert took his position. Then they waited, listening to the approaching party, each man shivering with excitement and hopeful that those who approached were foes, and would fight. Presently Eolf brought word that the party numbered twelve and shortly after an owl hooted. That was the signal that the party had passed the foremost men. The advancing horsemen were laughing and jesting, but when they heard the owl they were silent. Then from the darkness in front spake Ethelbert:

"Who are ye who travel armed by night?"

"Who are ye who question us?"

"Such as will have an answer. Speak!"

"I am your master if, as I think by your voice, you are Ethelbert of Tretton."

"I am Ethelbert of Tretton, and God shall decide which of us is master if you are no better than Earl Percy of Anjou."

"I am Percy d'Anjou."

There was an audible murmur of satisfaction under the firs.

"Then defend yourself, accursed villain!"

"Truce! We are ambushed. Give us fair fight, or take my wager."

"We are eleven to twelve; think you I will trust the honor of Brown Harold's gaoler? In the name of God and chivalry, at them, men of mine!" Then the cross-bowmen yelled and the strings of their bows sang, and the bolt crashed through helm and corselet. The horses durst not move for the dread of the hill-side and of the clattering steel before and behind them, but reared and plunged in answer to the spur; and the horsemen, knowing not but that the foes were amongst them, were bewildered. The foremost succeeded in charging forwards; but the whirling ball of Ethelbert's mace struck the head of Earl Percy's horse and felled him, and he who rode beside was turned from his course and leaped down the hill. And the footmen, grasping their swords in both hands, clove at the horsemen; whilst they, not knowing friend from foe, struck madly about them, goading their horses with their spurs and striking them with the butts of their swords; then the harassed beasts turned this way and that, and sprang forward like mad things, some of them falling on swords, and others leaping down the declivity, but few passed scatheless from the battle-place.

Ha, ha, ha! That's woke you up, has it, you blood-and-thunder-loving scullions? You want to know how many were killed, why Earl Percy was spared, and how they wrested Brown Harold from Rupert d'Anjou. Ah, well; ask Steward at the door there; he fought in the fight, and knows; but I shall tell no more—that's my humor. But Eolf took a lover to his own love—there's a jest for you!—and what did he get for his pains? Did she notice crooked, maimed, burned Eolf, whilst beautiful Brown Harold held her in his arms? Did he feel that happiness which attends all doing of good? Why, don't I laugh—ha, ha!—till I cry with my laughter? and can any one laugh who isn't happy? I'm to take off my servant's livery—these merry bells and all—and I'm to live well, and die fat. For I've brought your master home from captivity, and restored him to the loveliest, sweetest, gentlest lady that lives.

And now that she is happy, what need has she of a fool? What need has the sweet bird that skims over the golden cloud of the beast that crawls wearily under its black shadow? Hark, hark! They are toasting the bride, and that rippling music is her laugh. Listen, listen! The sweet bird sings.

Then Eolf threw himself upon his bauble, and the bladder burst with a snap. He raised himself, and with a laugh almost like an echo of his burst rattle, he said, "That was my heart that snapped; and so ends this merry, merry jest." And dropping his head upon the floor, the fool died.

THE LORD OF EDENDALE.

CHAPTER I.

"I shall not say 'forgive' until I can, indeed, pardon the wrong which I am to forget, and when an hour so weak comes upon me may that day's sunset be the last that I shall see!"

So spake the Lord of Edendale, and as he did so he pointed to a bright autumnal sun, whose softened rays were tinging with pleasantest hues the meadowy fields of Devonshire. Many a glorious landscape in that shiral garden did the glowing beams smile upon, enriching their beauty, but on none so pleasant as the lands of Edendale. Nature had herself made it all but Paradiseal, and the labors of art, which had been bountifully extended upon it, had in no place failed to confer additional grace. It was, indeed, a spot, where, if such an one could be found on earth, a man might let smoothly glide over his head a long, long life, and then pass away from it as from a pleasant dream; and yet the Lord of Edendale was not happy. Much less happy, indeed, was he than the peasant who, as he each day returned from his hewing and delving toil, thought, as he glanced at the castellated and warm-looking mansion, how comfortable a thing it would be to be one of those patrician men who have not to roughen their hands with labor for bread. Much less happy was he, for he was now reaping the fruit of humiliation after he had sown the seed of pride, and therefore it was that, in the stubbornness of his heart he imprecated that if ever he could forgive he might be taken from the pleasant lands which in his pride he loved, because they were things of which a man might well be proud.

He to whom he spake was a young man with the pale but interesting face of a student, and as he heard the inexorable sentence he listened for a few moments in melancholy silence. At last, in a respectful but firm voice, he observed, "Remember, sir, that she is now your only child."

"Would that I were childless!" fiercely exclaimed the other; "would that she had died before the day when I brought you into my house to teach my infant grandchild—brought you, a beggar's brat, because I thought you had genius, forsooth. But I ought to have known better—to have known that that was the phrase which modern cant gave to the upstart impudence which sets a little knowledge above wealth."

The young man's cheeks flashed angrily for a moment, but he subdued his resentment, and with a sigh of despair, which involuntarily escaped him, turned to depart. As he reached the door he bade him try one effort more, and, lingering at the threshold, he asked, "Shall I

depart thus, sir? Shall I not bring her one word from you?"

"You have heard me once—twice," said the other. "Do you wish to bear her my curse that you tarry?"

The suppliant turned from the threshold and departed, and the Lord of Edendale was left alone with his own thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

Years rolled on, and the Lord of Edendale, if he had not altogether recovered the shock done to his pride and to his hopes, had at least become serene before the world. For honors he no longer cared, for he had none whom he loved to inherit them. His son had long been dead and his grandchild heir, and as for his daughter, who had married the low-born tutor from his house—if it had been the scullion the Lord of Edendale would not have felt more wrath—he thought of her as worse than dead. Still, as the world goes, he was happy in his pride and enjoyment of that pleasant spot, whose Paradise-borrowed name not inaptly described its marvellous beauty. On each fine sunny day he sat in an old window of his ancestral mansion, and as each successive prospect met his eye—the still mirrored lake and the coralled cascade, the wooded steep and the velvet green of the low valley—he thought how long and pleasant he would yet live. He thought not of his outcast child, or if he did he banished the idea of forgiveness, for he remembered his imprecation, and he could not yet allow the sun to set for him over so pleasant a prospect as the lands of Edendale.

He cannot even tell where she is, and to search for her we must turn not to bright sunny fields, where happy prospects cheer the mind and healthful breezes freshen up the frame, but to a poorly-furnished lodging in one of the by-streets of Manchester, with no more cheering or varied view than factories and chimneys. It is summer, but like the summer days in every manufacturing city; the only difference was that the red-hot bricks looked hotter, and the orators of the vast chimneys seemed more choking and fiery as they vomited out their vast clouds of smoke and gases. The daughter of the Lord of Edendale—Marion Wentwood—now sat alone, her pleasant and kindly face crossed with an expression of anxiety and impatience as she continually looked down the dingy street, expecting the approach of her husband. At last she discerned his approach, and as she did so a flush of joy rose upon her pale face, and, rushing to the door, she had it opened for him before he could place his hand upon the knocker. "Michael," said she, "you do not look worse today."

"I am sure of that, Marion," he answered smiling, "for I feel better. Even, here, notwithstanding the many fogs it has to pass through, the sun is pleasant when it reaches us."

"But that dreadful school! Oh, if you could get some more healthful occupation," said the anxious wife. "You know the doctor said it was injuring your health."

"Why, yes," was the reply: "but I must, I suppose, take the same chance with the other laborers in this busy hive. The artisan who stands over the cauldron of molten metal, which is to be moulded into forms fit for stupendous mechanism or simple convenience, draws in with each breath that which is slow poison to his vitals, yet he must needs pursue his occupation, and we can hardly expect that those who have to fashion and to cultivate the yet unhardened mind, must run no risk of health or comfort."

"If my father would but relent," said Marion, "would there be any use in making another trial?"

Michael shook his head hopelessly, but seeing her downcast look he presently led her to the window, and, kindly pressing her hand in his, talked of happier days which might be nearer than they expected. Some kind of change was nearer than they expected, for as he spoke a loud knock was heard at the door, and in another minute a letter in an unknown hand was delivered to him. Opening it hastily, he read it with agitation, and it was only after a little while and even then bit by bit, that he ventured to communicate it to Marion.

CHAPTER III.

Edendale is as beautiful as ever—more beautiful—for tasteful art has been busy since we first saw it, and nature wears at this moment her richest and most luxurious garb. Graceful are the fountain statues and the rustic bridges; rich is the foliage and beautiful are the blossoming trees; the bright still lake glitters like gold beneath the sun, and the weather is just sufficiently overpowering to render pleasant the sight of the distant cascades and the cool spattering of the nearer fountains, which dash the refreshing water over their cold marble basins.

Beautiful indeed is the prospect, and yet the Lord of Edendale is leaving it! He has received a writ of ejectment from that grim old bailiff—Death—and not all the wealth of his house could purchase him an hour beyond the time allowed him by that grim minister of arrest. Oh death, how terrible art thou; and yet how just! If thou art a boon, the poor man is as certain of thee as the rich, and if thou art an enemy, the possessor of millions cannot buy thee away for a moment.

So the Lord of Edendale lay sick in his bed, and this grim Death was waiting in his chamber and the rich man knew it.

Beside the couch stood a physician—a man of great skill and deep thought—but not so successful in his profession as had been others, for he was a truthful man who knew not how to gloss and flatter, but when the shadow of death was darkening men's faces, would talk to them of solemn things,—which mortally offended the rich relatives who stood by, because it made them quake with fear. He had been speaking, but he now stood in silence, and after a time the Lord of Edendale spoke—"I am rich, very rich," said he, "so that I can do what I promise, and I will make you the wealthiest man in the broad shire that stretches before us, if you give me twelvemonths' life."

"Man," said the physician, "I am no god that I can give you life; all that is within my skill from practice and from study I am doing for you—but were you to offer me the treasures of the deep I could not prolong your life twelve hours, much less so many months."

"Not by ordinary means, I know," feebly answered the dying man; "but then you might have some secret which you would sell, and I would pay for it well. What eh?" he asked, as he looked wistfully in the physician's face.

"Your very minutes are numbered, unhappy man," said the physician; "tarry yet a very few moments indeed, and you will be in the presence of Him in whose sight you will be but as the leprous beggar."

"No, no," said the Lord of Edendale, impatiently; "I cannot part with the beautiful paradise which I have made myself; I must have a few years longer; or, if I must die let it be in winter; it is hard to be obliged to leave it now, when everything looks so beautiful and so happy." As he spoke the tears of agony rolled down his cheeks, and he wistfully cast his eyes out on the glorious prospect which met his eye as he lay in his luxurious bed.

The physician suffered the paroxysm to pass by, and then he asked the dying man whether he would not wish to see his daughter, and be reconciled to her before he died?

"Is it not too late?" was the reply. "It would take some days before the communication and the answer could be exchanged."

"No," answered the other; "when I perceived that your illness was fatal I wrote to your son-in-law, and even now he and your daughter are in the neighborhood."

For a moment the dying man appeared to struggle with some angry feeling, but it was soon subdued, and he cast a grateful look towards the physician, who retired for a few moments from the room and then returned.

"Doctor," said he, "I prayed that when I forgave her the sun might set upon me for the last time, and my prayer will be accomplished."

"You have suffered many suns to go down upon your anger," answered the physician, "grudge not one, even though it were your last, to set upon your forgiveness."

"I do not grudge it," said the Lord of Edendale. "I am thankful to you for sending for my child. I believe that when I have forgiven her I shall part from this world with less reluctance."

"When you have forgiven her," added the physician, "and her husband."

The dying man moved uneasily in his bed, and an angry scowl crossed his face as he muttered, "a beggar's brat to be the husband of my daughter."

"Lord of Edendale," answered the truthful monitor, "there died once a rich man, and he left his child to be the wife of a beggar's son, and he refused."

"Her husband then be it," replied the dying man in terror.

"Would that it were from love though, not from fear," urged the physician.

"I shall be glad to see and forgive both my children," was the answer.

The physician smiled with joy as he heard the words, and beckoning with his hand Michael and Marion were in another moment beside the bed.

For some minutes the dying man was overcome with agitation, but as soon as he recovered he took a hand of each, and pressing it to his throbbing bosom exclaimed, "Marion, my child I forgive you, and you too, Michael, my son. This morning I thought I could not utter these words, but I say them now freely and sincerely. Do you forgive me?"

Both Michael and Marion pressed his hands to their lips, and as the tears coursed down their cheeks, assured him how freely they extended to him their forgiveness, if any such were required.

"A film is coming upon my eyes," said the Lord of Edendale: "is the sun nearly set, Michael?"

"Almost, father," was the reply, "but direct your thoughts to the place where there is no sunset, nor no need of sun or stars."

"I do, I do," answered the dying man, "but you recollect how I prayed that the sun that set on my forgiveness might be the last."

"Yes," whispered Michael, "but such a sunset is but the prelude to the dawning of a light that shall never wane."

A grateful smile crossed the lips of the dying man, and he essayed as though to clasp something in his embrace. Marion led by her husband folded herself in his arms as they propped him with pillows, but though for a few moments he seemed by his conscious expression to know that he embraced his child, his mind soon wandered, and he muttered strange but not unpleasant things. There was a sort of wild meaning in them now and then, and soon it seemed as if, though he had not yet left the shore of Time, he had got a view into the bright harbor

of the future, and thus, having a glance of both worlds at once, could see how poor and paltry a thing was the brightest spot of that which he was leaving. It was so, for by and bye they heard him mutter, "How glorious! immeasurably more beautiful than Edendale—trees—golden flowers and crystal waters, with gentle breezes breathing soft music!"

And so the Lord of Edendale died, and, when Michal raised up Marion to conduct her from the chamber of death, he just glanced for a moment out at the evening sky, but that glance was sufficient to tell him that the sun had set.

AN ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

What's the use of being sad, as you journey through life,  
Why not always be happy and gay?  
To folks without sense leave all quarrelling and strife,  
And despondency banish away.  
If ill fortune attends you, your courage keep up,  
Better days for you are in store;  
Many others like you, of misfortune's dish sup,  
After you there will be many more.

If your fair-weather friends in adversity turn  
Their backs upon you, let them go;  
It will teach you in future such fellows to spurn,  
For just then they their true colors show,  
If for the fortune and wealth you strive with the crowd,  
And Dame Fortune to you seems unkind,  
Cheer up! and remember that every dark cloud  
Has a bright silver lining behind.

To-day the clouds lower, and the rain it falls fast,  
But to-morrow all sunshine may be;  
So your day of misfortune may soon all be past,  
And the future all sunshine for thee.  
And yet, though great wealth you may not acquire,  
Still enough for your wants you may save;  
To be happy with that should be all your desire,  
And, with that, nothing else you will crave.

ST. NICOLAS OF TRANI.

The life of this extraordinary man is given to us with much detail by two eye-witnesses of his doing. Bartholomew, a monk, who associated himself with Nicolas, travelled with him, admired, and after his death worshipped him, wrote one of these lives. He had heard from the lips of Nicolas the account of his childhood and youth, and he faithfully recorded what he heard. Therefore Nicolas himself is our authority for all the earlier part of his history, whilst he was in Greece. For the last part we have the testimony of Bartholomew, his companion night and day.

Secondly, we have an account of the close of his strange career by a certain Adelfert of Trani, also an eye-witness of what he describes; and thus there is every reason for believing that we have an authentic history of this man.

Nicolas was the child of Greek parents, near the monastery of Sterium, founded by St. Luke the Stylite. His parents were poor laboring people, and the child was sent, at the age of eight, to guard sheep. About this time he took it into his head to cry incessantly, night and day, "Kyrie eleison!" The mother scolded and beat him, thinking that she might have too much even of a good thing. But as he did not mend or vary his monotonous supplication when he had reached the age of twelve, she angrily bade him pack out of the house, and not come near her again till he had learned to keep his noisy cries to himself.

The boy then ran away to the mountains, where he turned a she bear out of her cave, and settled himself into it, living on roots and berries; and climbing to dizzy heights, spent his days in yelling from the crags where scarce a goat could find a footing, "Kyrie eleison!"

His clothes were torn to tatters, so that scarce a rag covered his nakedness, his feet were bare, and his hair grew long and ragged.

The poor mother, becoming alarmed at his disappearance, offered a small sum of money to anyone who would find the boy and bring him home. The peasants of the village scattered themselves among the mountains, caught the runaway, and at the mother's request took him to the monks of St. Luke's monastery to have the devil exorcised out of him, for she believed he must be mad. But Nicolas in his cave had one night seen come to him an old man of venerable aspect, with long beard and white hair, stark naked, who bade him be of good cheer, and pursue his admirable course of conduct. The monks of Sterium brought him into the church and endeavored to exorcise the demon. Nicolas rushed from the gates of the church shrieking, "Kyrie eleison!" He was brought back and shut up in a tower, with a slab of stone against the door, to keep him in.

During the night the sleep of the monks was broken by the muffled cries of "Kyrie eleison!" issuing from the old tower. A thunderstorm burst over the monastery at midnight, and Nicolas dashed the door open, threw down the stone, and leaped forth, shouting between the thunder crashes, "Kyrie eleison!" The monks

caught him, put shackles on his wrists, and thrust him into a cell. As they sat next day at their meal in the refectory, the door flew open, and in stalked Nicolas with the chains broken in his hands; he eluded them down on the table before their eyes, and shouted "Kyrie eleison!" till the rafters and walls shook again. The monks rose from table, and thrust him forth, whilst they proceeded with their meal.

Nicolas ran to the church, scrambled up the walls—how no one knows; his biographer Bartholomew thinks he must have swarmed up a sunbeam—reached the dome, and mounting to the apex, began to shout his supplication, "Kyrie eleison!"

The monks despaired of doing anything to him, and abandoned him to follow his own devices. He ran wild among the mountains, and constructed a little hut of logs and wattled branches for his residence. One day he descended to his mother's house and carried off a hatchet, a knife, and a saw, and amused himself fashioning crosses out of the wood of the cedars he cut down, and erecting them on the summit of rocks inaccessible to everyone else.

On another occasion he carried off his brother; but the boy was so frightened at the wild gestures and cries of Nicolas, that he refused to remain more than a night in his cell, and ran away home, to the inexpressible relief of his mother.

Nicolas rambled over the country, dirty, dishevelled and naked, asking and enforcing alms. He was known to the monks of the monasteries throughout the neighborhood as an importunate beggar at their doors. The lonely traveller hastily flung him an offering, glad to escape so easily. On one occasion Nicolas waylaid the steward of the monastery of Sterium, and arresting the horse he rode, reproached him with stinginess. The monk, who was armed with a cudgel, bounded from his saddle, fell on Nicolas, and beat him unmercifully, then mounted and then pursued his road.

Nicolas picked himself up, and followed him at a distance with aching bones to the village where the steward slept that night. Then, stealing to his bedside in the dark, he roared into his ear, "Kyrie eleison!" and woke him with a start of terror. The monk jumped out of bed, call up the house: the watch dogs were let loose, and Nicolas fled from their fangs up a tree, where he crouched till daylight.

On the Feast of Sts. Cosmas and Damian, Nicolas went to the monastery of Sterisica to receive the Holy Communion, but was repulsed as being in an unsound state of mind, and driven out of the church, where his religious emotions found noisy vent, to the confusion of the singers and the distraction of the congregation. Nicolas was much distressed at the treatment he had received; he cried bitterly, and then resolved, as he was despised in the Greek Church, to secede to the Roman obedience; and according to his own account this excommunication was the reason of his flying from his native land to visit Italy.

Greece was now too hot for Nicolas, and he hurried to Lepanto, to take ship for Italy. There he met Brother Bartholomew, who was so edified by his frantic piety and the odor of sanctity which pervaded the pilgrim that he attached himself to the young man as an ardent disciple.

Nicolas and Bartholomew took ship and crossed over to Otranto. Before entering the port, however, Nicolas cried, "Kyrie eleison!" and jumped overboard. Everyone on board ship supposed he would be drowned, and Brother Bartholomew tore his beard with dismay.

But Nicolas was not born to be drowned. He came ashore safely, and declared that he had seen a beautiful lady draw him out of the water by the hair of his head.

One day, at Otranto, a procession was going through the town, bearing an image of the Virgin, when Nicolas, who had walked for some time gravely in the train, suddenly started out of it to make humble obeisance to an old man who attracted his respect.

"See! he is worshipping a Jew!" exclaimed the people; "this strange fellow is no good Christian. Bring hither the image."

Then the Madonna was brought before Nicolas, and he was bidden to bow before it. He refused. Then the people fell on him with their fists and sticks, and beat and kicked him into a ditch.

Papebroeck suggests that his reason for refusing to worship the image was humility, hoping to draw on himself the indignation of the multitude, and thereby acquire the merit of enduring insult and suffering wrongfully. Perhaps, as a Greek, Nicolas was unaccustomed to other images than his pictures; perhaps he did not understand the language of his assailants; but probably he was actuated by no reason, but a mad freak. In the Italian versions of the Life of St. Nicolas, sold at Trani, this incident is omitted for obvious reasons.

Leaving Otranto, Nicolas came to Lecce, which he entered bearing a cross on his shoulders, and uttering his usual cry. He spent the alms given to him in the purchase of apples which he carried in a pouch at his waist, and these he threw among the boys who followed him in crowds, and shouted after him "Kyrie eleison!"

The noise he made in the streets, the uproar caused by the children, were so intolerable that two brothers named John and Rumbert, seized Nicolas, and binding him hand and foot, looked him into a room of their house. But he suddenly disengaged himself from his bonds, and was again in the street, calling "Kyrie eleison!"

He took up his abode outside the town, and

continued to astonish and edify the peasants who came into Lecce to market.

At St. Dimitri he was locked up in the church, heavily ironed; but at midnight he broke off his chains, and entering the tower, pealed the bells.

Then he went to Tarentum, where he stationed himself outside the bishop's palace, under his bedroom window, and through the night yelled "Kyrie eleison!" It was the duty of the bishop to watch and pray, and not to sleep, thought Nicolas. But the prelate differed from him in opinion, and sent his servants to dislodge Nicolas. He returned to his post, and continued his monotonous howls. The bishop could endure it no longer, and revenged his sleepless night on the back and ribs of Nicolas, already blue with the bruises received at Lecce and St. Dimitri; and he was ignominiously expelled the city.

He proceeded thence to Trani, which he entered on May 26, 1094, carrying his cross, and distributing apples among the boys, who crowded about him, and made a chorus of his cry.

The archbishop, hearing the disturbance, had him apprehended and brought before him. He asked Nicolas what he meant by his eccentric conduct. Nicolas replied, "Our Lord Jesus Christ bade us take up our cross and follow after Him, and become as little children. That is precisely what I am doing."

The archbishop began a long discourse, but Nicolas impatiently shook himself free from his guards, and without waiting for the end of it, bounded out of the hall to the head of the steps leading into the street, crying "Kyrie eleison!" which was responded to by a shout from the boys eagerly awaiting him without.

At the head of a swarm of children he rushed madly through and round the city, making the streets resound with his monotonous appeal and bringing the wondering citizens to their doors and windows.

But the blows he had received at Tarentum had done him some serious internal injury, and he now fell sick at Trani.

The boys who had run after him and partaken of his apples came to see him, and the dying man gave them his cross, and bade them march about the dormitory of the hospital where he lay, bearing the cross, and vociferating "Kyrie eleison!" Night and day the dormitory was crowded, and the excitement of the fevered man kept constantly stimulated. He died on June 2, 1094, and till his burial his body attracted ever-increasing crowds.

He was buried at Trani with considerable ceremony.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**BRANDY-SAUCE.**—Take a tea-spoonful and a half of arrowroot, mix it with a little cold water, then pour upon it nearly half a pint of boiling water; add a tea-spoonful of powdered sugar, a glass of brandy, and the juice of half a lemon.

**HARICOT BEANS A L'ESPAGNOL.**—Soak a pint and a half of haricot beans in cold water, then boil them until they are tender. Pass them through a sieve, and add six ounces of butter. Season with salt, beat well together, and they are ready to serve.

**TO COOK ONIONS.**—The strong disagreeable taste and smell of onions may be in a large measure removed by leaving them to soak in cold salt and water for an hour after the outside skin has been removed; then boil them in milk and water till thoroughly tender; lay in a deep dish, season with pepper and salt, and pour over them some melted butter.

**BREAD SAUCE.**—Put a pint of milk into a saucepan, with an onion and seven or eight peppercorns. When it boils add 5 oz. of bread crumbs, and let it simmer for ten minutes; season with salt, and add a piece of butter the size of a walnut and one gill of cream. Cream is a great improvement, but at the same time an expensive one. When it is unattainable milk may be substituted.

**SOUP** is considered an indispensable overture to a French dinner; and if immediately followed by *le coup d'après*—a glass of pure wine—it is supposed to be so wholesome that they have a proverb which says the physician thereby loses a fee. Whether the disadvantage to the doctor is owing to the wine, I shall not here attempt to prove; but it cannot be denied that the custom of beginning a dinner with soup is both salutary and agreeable.

**WASH FOR FRECKLES, &c.**—Dissolve in ½ oz. of lemon juice ½ oz. of Venice soap, add ½ oz. each of oil of bitter almonds and deliquated oil of tartar. Place the mixture in the sun till it becomes like ointment. At three drops of oil of rhodium, apply it to the face and hand as follows: Wash at night with elder-flower water, then rub on the ointment. In the morning cleanse the skin from the oily adhesion by washing in rose water.

**RABBIT PIE.**—Skin two rabbits, wash them thoroughly, and cut them into small joints. Have ready some lean bacon and 1 lb. of rump or beef steak; cut both into small pieces, place them on a large dish, or on a chopping board, sprinkle them with salt, pepper, chopped parsley and thyme, mix all well together, and put them in the pie dish adding force meat balls, or the yolks of hard boiled eggs. Fill the dish with water, cover the whole with a light paste, beat up an egg with a pinch of salt, glaze the pie with it, and bake in a hot oven two hours.

**COD-FISH.**—What a marvellous influence upon civilization and human progress the

humble but nutritious cod-fish has had. He has been a mine of wealth to a vast population. It seems as though good Mother Nature, foreseeing the needs of humanity, had made special preparations for a good supply of this very necessary article of food for body and brain. She floated her icebergs, which were filled with the sandy bottom of northern seas, down to the Gulf Stream, where they melted, and, depositing their debris, formed the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. It was the work, the slow and toilsome work, of ages. Every spring, thousands of these bergs, one third above water and two-thirds below, the upper part clear, sparkling, and translucent, reflecting the sunshine, and giving it back to the enraptured eye with that prodigality and brilliancy of coloring which only nature can afford, the lower part mixed with the coast bottom of Greenland or Labrador to the extent of thousands of cart-loads, came floating down majestically through Davis' Straits, and meeting the warm air and warm water of the Gulf Stream, melted and deposited their contribution, until at last those immense shoals were formed where the cod and haddock swarm. And it is said that these sand banks have huge depressions, like vast valleys, which serve as a squaria, and that when a fishing vessel is lucky enough to anchor over one of them, it can fill its hold and deck with as many as it can carry. For generations the inhabitants of Newfoundland, and the venturesome folk who live on the coast as far south as Long Island Sound, get their daily bread, or lay up a competency from this never-failing source of wealth. We have often wondered how many people on the globe get their living of and subsist principally on the invaluable cod.

**CONJUGAL LOVE.**—Affection may be won by the sweetness of disposition, and esteem and respect by talents and by virtue; but no other quality can confer the nameless interest which arise from a happy congruity of tastes and of pursuits. To feel with one heart, to judge with one mind, and to look to the same high and pure source for happiness, are the most beautiful links in the golden chain of domestic union.

**THE DAUGHTER.**—There is nothing more desirable in a daughter than intelligence joined to a gentle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished, in the main, at school; but the character is derived chiefly from home. How inestimable is the confidence of that mother, in producing kind feelings in the bosoms of her children, who never permits herself to speak to them with a loud voice, and in harsh, unkind tones!

**BEAUTY.**—After all, the truest beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us each call up to memory the faces that have been most pleasant to us—those that we have loved best to look upon, that now rise most vividly before us in solitude, and oftenest haunt our slumbers—and we shall usually find them not the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression.

**BEAUTY OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.**—There is a spell in woman. No man, not utterly degraded, can listen without delight to the accents of a guileless heart. Beauty, too, has a natural power over the mind; and it is right that this should be. All that overcomes selfishness, the besetting sin of the world, is an instrument of good. Beauty is but melody of a higher kind; and both alike soften the troubled and hard nature of man. Even if we looked on lovely woman but as a rose, an exquisite production of the summer hours of life, it would be idle to deny her making even those summer hours sweeter. But as the companion of the mind, as the very model of friendship that no chance can shake, as the pleasant sharer of the heart, the being to whom man returns after the tumult of the day, like the worshipper to a secret shrine, to revive his noble tastes and virtues at a source pure from the evil of the external world, and glowing with a perpetual light of sanctity and love, where shall we find her equal?—or what must be our feeling toward the Disposer of earth and all that it inhabits, but of admiration and gratitude to that disposer, which combines our highest happiness with our purest virtue?

**REARING CHILDREN.**—Children should not go to school until six years old. They should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted. They should be fed with plain substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours. They should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed-time. They should sleep in separate beds, on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body. They should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of day, from after breakfast until half an hour before sunset, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should never be allowed to go outside the door. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, but compel regularly as to both; it is of great importance. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyments, as long as it is not injurious to person or property, or against good morals. Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust, and dangerous. What you have to do do it at once, and have done with it. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and, when needed, firmly—no more. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed-time, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed affection.

## TYING HER BONNET.

BY NORA PERRY.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied her raven ringlets in;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely, floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and  
chill;

And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy peach-colored face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;  
Madder, merrier, chillier still  
The western wind blew down, and played  
The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
To play such tricks with her floating hair?  
To gladly, gleefully do your best  
To blow her against the young man's breast,  
Where he as gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

## A TRIP TO AN ERUPTION.

I have never been able to decide with any degree of certainty whether or not I should feel grateful that the Fates ordained for me a rather longer sojourn in the City of Naples than they generally do for young Englishmen who are not constrained by business to reside there. I think the remark has been made before about there being no joy without its share of alloy; and, as certainly the pleasures of life in the sunny South—such as the lovely climate in spring and autumn, the luscious fruits, the glorious scenery—are great, so the draw-backs of detestable climate in summer and winter, of fleas, flies, mosquitoes and worse, of dust, dirt, and their accompanying fevers, are as great, if not greater; and when you throw into the balance that worst of all Neapolitan evils, the strocco, I think there are few, except those who have passed half a lifetime in India, who would not agree with me in the conviction that, like Ireland, Naples is a very good place to live out of.

As a matter of course, a large percentage of the visitors to the south of Italy make a point of going up Vesuvius; but yet I was astonished to find the number of sight-seers, and enthusiastic ones, too, who were perfectly satisfied with the aspect of the mountain from the different points of view at its base; still more were content with ascending only as far as the Hermitage and Observatory, which lie about half a mile from the base of the cone, and which can be reached, in a three-horse carriage nearly as easily as Hampstead from the City.

At this point you have really done as much as is necessary to enable you to say with truth you have been up Vesuvius; as the view from here is very fine, and you have passed, by means of a capital road, the expanse of old lava, which is the most curious part of the whole mountain, and the most difficult to realize mentally as photographs and paintings can give but a very feeble notion of the grand desolation of this out-come of one of Nature's greatest convulsions.

The idea conveyed to my mind was that, on a slope of ground about a mile in length and a third of a mile in breadth, a battle of elephants had just taken place; that some hundreds of thousands of these animals had been slain, and torn limb from limb, but had so fallen as to completely cover the plain four or five deep, showing only their black skin with its peculiar shiny surface, with here and there a recently deceased carcass throwing off a jet of such vapor as would arise from perspiring horses on a damp day. This will give a pretty correct notion of the old lava beds, as the blocks have by time and weather been worn almost smooth, and through their fissures there issues a sulphurous steam, showing that, although more than fifteen years have elapsed since its expulsion from the bowels of the mountain, there must be pools of lava underneath the surface still molten and unextinguished; and if the visitor should push a stick to the depth of a couple of feet into one of the crevices, the end will be charred in a few moments. We can in some measure understand, from this power of retaining its heat in the lava, the immense amount of time our planet must have taken to cool down to its present state of solidity.

From the observatory, too, you can distinctly see the construction of that gigantic heap of

sand and ashes, the cone; and no amount of ascending will give one a better idea of it. If the top of the cone is gained the greater elevation gives a slightly farther range of view, but not sufficient to compensate for the fatigue and annoyances of the climb.

Men who have scaled the highest European peaks have informed me that the cone of Vesuvius, though hardly an hour's ascent, is the most fatiguing—from the roughness and insecurity of the foothold in the ashes, as they imagined; but the difference in the heat and relaxing effect of the climate must have a great deal to do with the difficulty experienced.

I can easily imagine the ascent of the mountain being made most unpleasant to casual visitors by the dishonesty, laziness, and obstinacy of some of the guides. Even with a knowledge of their extraordinary dialect, and choosing my own weather, and having everything in my favor, I always declared, on returning home from each ascent, that that particular one should be my last; and after my third I really believe I should have carried out my resolution, had it not been for the magnificent eruption which burst out shortly after, thus enabling me to witness an effect I had long desired to see.

Although no one could tell when the eruption would commence, yet the people, wise in the signs of the mountain's laborings had prophesied that something uncommon was about to happen, as for some time past the usual streak of smoke that issues from the great crater at the apex of the cone had become intensified in volume, and at night flashes of light could be distinctly seen reflected on the lower surface of the smoke-cloud, indicating that not far from the mouth of the crater there was a reservoir of boiling, seething fluid, which every time a bubble burst, shot forth a flame sufficient with its reflection alone to light up the adjacent parts of the mountain and sky. This continued for a space of three months or so, the brilliancy and frequency of the flash increasing with the growth of the moon, and dying away as she diminished—when all at once, without any further warning than what I have endeavored to describe, there appeared a thin, ribbon-like streak of fire, extending from nearly the top of the cone (through the side of which it had forced its way) to the bottom. Of course all was excitement and commotion amongst the visitors; and, after allowing the first rush of tourists to pass, a party of us organized a trip for the purpose of reaching the point where the lava had burst from the mountain, and exploring the whole affair, with as much ease to ourselves as possible. So, after a good luncheon, off we started in two carriages, each drawn by three good (for Neapolitan) horses; for the ascent is made by a sort of zigzag road, parts of which are very steep, and without any wall or protection to speak of; so, unless the horses are staunch, one stands a very good chance of being jibbed over on to the rough lava and seriously hurt.

Leaving Naples at two o'clock, we arrived safely and in comparative comfort at the Observatory at half-past four, and, after a short rest, started along the ridge of ground that leads from there to the foot of the cone; and during our progress we were amply rewarded for any trouble we had been put to, by the most gorgeous sunset I have ever seen.

By the time we reached the "Attrio del Cavallo," or waiting-place for horses (for by riding it is easier to get a mile farther on the journey than in a carriage), it had become quite dark; and the stream of lava, which by day appears a stream of smoke, was blazing away in its sublime brilliancy about a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

Then came the tug of war; to reach the fiery current it was necessary to cross this quarter of a mile of old lava—a difficult task by day-light, but much more so by night, when the only light was from the glowing stream of lava above, which sent a lurid glare over surrounding objects, rendering still more dark and deceptive the numerous pits and holes, to which its reflection did not penetrate. The elder ones of the party determined to remain where they were, and wisely too; but five of us had made up our minds to reach the brink of the lava stream, and have a good look at it. Two of the less vigorous, however, soon gave in, and we had to leave them to find their way back to the others as well as they could. We had, in fact, determined to climb the cone to the fountainhead, as it were; but we very soon called a council of war, and gave up that project, with the excuse that there was too much danger of the stones thrown up by the big crater falling on our heads, though I really believe that the almost herculean labor of ascending such a rugged precipice was the true deterrent; so we determined to make for the point at the foot of the cone where the stream joined the plain.

The space to be crossed was certainly not more than a quarter of a mile as the crow flies, but it seemed never-ending, and took us at least an hour and a half to get over it. The only description that will convey an idea of this bad quarter of a mile is that of a good cross-sea, with waves from ten to fifteen feet high, suddenly petrified; the sides of each wave composed of those large cinders known in foundries as clinkers, each clinker being nice and loose, so that when you stepped on one you might confidently expect to sleep a foot or two, till it chanced to fix itself firmly in its neighbors, which if it did not happen to do, you slid on till the bottom of the descent was reached, lucky if you kept your perpendicular, but peculiarly unlucky if you did not, as in your slide, all the neighboring clinkers having been set in motion, if you reached the bottom first, they took the greatest pleasure

in life in falling on the exposed portions of your defenceless body. I found the best plan was to outwit them by pretending to go back again directly I felt I was in for a good slide; for although by struggling back I never reached the point I started from, yet I reversed the order of things, and letting the clinkers precede me, had the satisfaction of falling on them.

When the bottom of one wave had been reached, the side of the next had to be climbed—a still more tedious, though not so dangerous, operation, giving one an idea of the mode of progression experienced on a treadmill; as just as one had raised one's head above the crest, the foothold would give way, and down to the bottom would go again, with a rather aggravated repetition of the sexton-like episode of the clinkers. There is a sameness in any quantity of this mode of proceeding that soon becomes irksome, which joined to the rather severe toil, made me heartily rejoice when our goal was reached.

What a sight was there! On the right a cascade of living fire from eight hundred to a thousand feet high—when I say cascade I use the word as the best I can think of, but it was not a cascade in the least, all the noise, splash, and dash of which was absent; the lava descending noiselessly, majestically, with a peculiar serpent-like, gliding motion, which gave one an idea of resistless, inflexible power when used cruelly and revengefully, or, if an absurd simile may be used, of a large quantity of treacle poured down-stairs; on the left the said stream winding away like a calm river till it rounded a corner and was lost to sight. Just where we struck the stream, it began to slacken speed after pouring down the almost perpendicular side of the cone, and was gliding along about as fast as one could walk—that is, the centre was, for the sides had already begun to cool, and consequently moved less swiftly. The heat was tremendous, and we could only look on the molten current for a few seconds at close quarters, when we were forced to retire behind the banks to cool. This was easily done, as the lava had sunk for itself a regular channel in the ashes, the banks of which rose about six feet above the surface of the stream, which was about twenty feet wide; its depth we could not tell, but I should guess it at about six feet. Like a river, the farther from its source the wider it became, and, as it cooled, moved more and more slowly, until at last it seemed to have solidified and stopped entirely, forming itself in cooling into a rampart of immense masses of some tons weight, through the chinks of which occasional red hot places could be seen. Suddenly a crash would be heard, and the front of the rampart would roll over, pushed by the weight from behind and a fresh front would be formed, to be pushed over in its turn, and so on, till the lava power behind had ceased to exert itself, through the cessation of the eruption. In this way the large rocks of lava are ground down to the peculiar size and sharpness of the clinkers, that give us so much trouble and annoyance.

After a good examination of this astonishing sight and a long rest we renewed our struggles over the lava beds in the direction of the Observatory, and after a lovely walk from the Attrio del Cavallo to our carriage—for the bay was now wrapped in the soft southern moonlight—we descended the mountain in safety, and reached our palace considerably after midnight, with boots and clothes destroyed and hands and faces much in need of plaster, but with the satisfaction of having thoroughly done one of the, if not the, grandest of Nature's wondrous phenomena.—*Cassell's Magazine*

## FLITTING.

When we look upon it through a tender haze of intervening years, there is a good deal of poetry about the "move" that exercised our spirits most sorely perhaps at the time. But in practical earnest, there are few more trials laid upon erring humanity that are heavier to bear in the present, than the position of the heads of a house from the day that the board is up.

In the first place, even if the move be an advantageous thing for us, no human being, with anything like a heart, can contemplate quitting for ever the place that has been "home" to him or her for many years, without a qualm. In Martineau's charming picture of the Last Day in the Old Home, though the pain and misery of a fine old family house being broken up is placed vividly before us, it is only the stately side of the sorrow that is shown. The artist has studiously avoided painting the pettiness which add poignancy to the big grief. On that canvas there is grandeur in the grief of the old matron lady-mother, and the heart-sore refined wife. And there is redeeming grace and light-heartedness about the debonair handsome young spendthrift who has brought them to this pass, and who sits with his gallant little son at his knee, uplifting a glass of sparkling wine on high, and toasting his parting glory. A poetie, if a painful, part of the day has been selected for portrayal. But in real life the last day in the old home is all pain and no poetry generally.

We leave those who are leaving the homes of their ancestors and their youth, the exclusive copyright in this peculiar sorrow. We, who have sojourned in, and paid rent for a house for two or three years only, feel a certain pang when about to quit it "for ever."

It is in these two last words that the real pang lies—the real romantic pang that is; the

practical agony shall be treated of later on. We must have been frequently very happy, and very wretched, in this place in which we have dwelt for any length of time. Hopes have been born and have died in it. Friends have been made and lost. Anxieties have trailed their slow length through many of the months probably. Here we have had our victories, and suffered our defeats, many of them being patent to the world, and many, many more being very sacred to ourselves, and known to none. In this darkened corner we have bent under the burden, and mentally laid down our arms, and surrendered to some of the light skirmishing bands of Fate which have been lurking near us unsuspectedly. In this sunny alcove we have rebounded under the influence of some sudden stroke of good fortune, which has made us feel so able, so full of endurance, so charged with better resolves for the future, that we can but love the place for ever which witnessed such happiness, and the birth of such good intentions, however short-lived they all may be. Down that staircase which we have trodden carelessly some thousands of times, a pet child prostrated himself on one occasion. We remember this now that we are about to quit it "for ever," with something akin to the same throbbing dread we felt that day, when we picked the child up fearing he might be dead.

Thousands of recollections throng upon us as we roam in an unsettled mood through the partially dismantled rooms. Recollections that bring the heart up unpleasantly high in the throat, and teach the feet to thread the floors tenderly, no matter whether they be of joy or sorrow. For it is a fact that there is an element of sadness in looking back, whether it be upon a vista of pleasure or of pain. Whatever it was, it is over now. It belongs to that inexorable Past which never renders up a moment he has seized. It is in vain we pray gentle Time to give back to us one hour that he has taken. And probably the impossibility of his doing so is a blessing. A second edition of this coveted home would most likely be as disappointing to us as it was to the imaginary maiden whose request Time granted:

And gentle Time he heard her prayer,  
He touched the hour she cherished;  
He brought it back to her—the day,  
The hour that long had perished.

He brought her back the same sweet sky,  
The flowers around her growing;  
Shedding their gracious fragrant,  
As though they still were growing.

But still she cried in accents meek,  
"All blessings on the spirit,  
But where is He for whom I seek,  
Whose love I do inherit?"

And Time he answered mournfully,  
"Poor maiden, all is over!  
Thine is a woman's destiny,  
My power has changed thy lover."

It is many and many a year ago since I read these lines—which possibly for that reason I may have quoted incorrectly. But at any rate I have retained their meaning fully enough to illustrate my own—namely, that it is a very good thing for us that detached portions of even our happiest Past cannot be restored to us, however golden it may have been.

Even the cats of the household seem to understand that a change is coming. And as for the dogs, I firmly believe that they read that their residence was "to be let or sold" the instant the board was put up. For they are strangely tolerant to the miscellaneous herd who inquire within, as to the capabilities of the house, and who embrace the opportunity of finding out what we are like behind the scenes, and in the secret corners of our establishment. One of them (the dog) who passed through the trials of his puppyhood here, would have been less forbearing than the golden pair who merely follow our strange visitors with their scornful sad eyes, for he was of a bright, bold, domineering spirit. But he died one dark winter's night, that is still an anniversary of gloom in our family, and is buried out in a corner of the garden, in a grave that is overgrown already with trails of ivy and rich waving grass. When the board is taken down and the new people come in, will they level that grave, I wonder, and laugh at the sentiment which could squander feeling and flowers over the grave of a dog?

Prowling round the place which will soon know us no more, it is very desolating to the spirit to come to the empty stables, and to find a couple of fussy hens clucking, and generally "chortling" in their absurd joy at having achieved the laying of an egg between them, in the stall that was once occupied by the handsomest chestnut mare that was ever true in grace and wickedness to her colors. Desolating to see the dimmed harness, and the vacant saddle-trees, and the bins innocent of corn, and the universal air of "Going, gone!" that hangs over everything. Desolating to feel that the days are gone for ever which shall witness our exit from this special yard, on horses that we have broken in ourselves, behind dogs we have bred for long happy hours of that coursing which only the owners of greyhounds can thoroughly appreciate.

From the moment the board is up, how all these trifles magnify, and make themselves disproportionately important to us. "No more by thee, my steps shall be. For ever! and for ever!" As we recall these words we are inclined to bow, for that the fact we have striven hard to accomplish—removal, namely—has

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

come to pass. And probably as we come back into our tenement from that which was the horse's, we are saluted with the information, "A gentleman and lady to see the house, and please would it be inconvenient for them to see every part of it."

Of course, it is inconvenient to us that they should peer, and prance, and pry into the remotest corners of our domestic stronghold. But it behoves us as citizens of the world, as people who may shortly be keen on the discovery of the shortcomings of our own possibly future home, to bid the intruders kindly welcome, and give them a free pass all over our fastness. The worst of it is that we can tell at a glance those who come in a spasm of idle and easily gratified curiosity, from those who come in good faith, hoping that here at last they may find rest for the soles of their feet. And though we can thus easily distinguish between the false and the true, we are compelled by the exigencies of good society to treat them both alike.

Every one who has once moved must swiftly recognise the different types—must surely mark down with unerring eye, those who come in idleness!

How well we know the elderly gentleman who circulates freely through the land in the late summer and autumn months, with a puggaree round his hat, no matter how chill be the winds that are blowing, or how little sun has the heart of grace to shine. As a rule he is a retired military or naval officer, and he bears down upon those unoffending ones at whose gates the board is up, with all the pomp and majesty of a man who holds discipline to be Heaven's greatest gift to fallen mankind. He speaks in short commanding sentences with an air of affable superiority, cavils at the accommodation, or rather at the lack of it, denounces the folly of the fool who built a house that would suit him in every respect if it had three more reception, and five more bedrooms. He declares open war upon anybody's imbecile supposition that he is going to be tricked or "humbugged" into hiring a house that is grossly inadequate in its arrangements to his needs, and finally goes off in a whirl with many fierce shakings of the head, and twirlings of the stick, treating the harassed occupants as if they were a nest of unsuccessful spiders, who had sought to lure him, a wide-awake fly, into their net.

He is infinitely to be preferred, however, to the middle-aged, keen-visioned ladies who come in couples, and between them detect all the weak places in your household in the course of their leisurely progress. These sweep in upon you ruthlessly as you are reading, or writing, or resting from the fatigue consequent on the raid made upon you by the last invader. They poke their umbrellas at the cracked paintwork; they glare at the discolored papers on the wall; and openly look upon you as an unjust steward, in a way that makes you feel inclined to go mad at them on the spot, and thoroughly frighten them.

But the possible, though highly improbable, tenants who exercise one's spirit most severely, are the happy pair who have recently married; who come in with a most oppressive air of recently-married freshness and satisfaction about them. If the others have nearly driven one raving mad, these nearly steep one in supine idiocy after a few moments' observation. They entwine their foolish hands before the eyes of your giggling servants. They address inanities, at which they both blush furiously, on the subject of the disposition of the upper portion of the house, and of the nursery of the future especially. He affects to kindle into animation when he hears there is a "capital wine cellar." She does the same thing when she hears there is "no linen press," and wonders, with all a raw school-girl's delicacy of breeding and perfect tact, "how we can have lived without one so long." They cause one to reflect savagely, that however sweet love's young charm may be to the ones who are dreaming it, that it is a detestably mawkish spectacle to lookers on. They goad one by their tomfoolery into a repellent demeanor, which they by-and-by assert to have been the cause of their not having pushed inquiry further respecting the house. They openly "wonder" at your allowing large dogs to lie about in the drawing-room, telling each other that such an iniquity shall never be committed in their house. They call one another "darling" in accents that are not decently suppressed. And finally they go away to carry on the same little interesting game, probably, in the next house they may see where the board is up.

The last days come, and your household gods are in the hands of the men who are moving you, and you must stand by uncomplainingly while these latter shy about your cherished old china and glass, with what looks like disdainful carelessness, until you discover that they never break anything, and that the carelessness is in reality consummate skill. The carpets are withdrawn from under your tired feet—the chairs and sofas are sitting in the vans outside—the curtains are rolled away round some statuettes, and the sun glares in scorchingly unchecked through the windows—the children are crying for the toys that are carefully packed away in the heart of one of the biggest cases—the dogs are whining for the mats on which they have been wont to lie—your voice echoes through the dismantled rooms—dirt, confusion, disquiet reign in the place that is your home no longer; and you turn your tired mental vision with an effort to the abode of the future, and thank Fate for that the anarchy is nearly at an end which has reigned from the hour the board was put up.

A SOCIETY has been formed at Zurich, under the name of *La Société de la Mort*, the object of which is to found a sect which, at the death of each member, orders and provides for the incineration of his body.

A STRANGER in a Liverpool street-car, when asked for his fare, pull off one of his shoes and drew out a fifty-pound note, remarking that if a little prudence on his part would prevent it, he didn't propose being left penniless in a strange city.

A CORRESPONDENT very truthfully and indignantly asserts that no woman, however nervous she may be, has a right to wake her husband from a sound sleep only to tell him on his inquiring what is the matter, "Nothing, only I wanted to know if you were awake."

In consequence of the judgment of the court-martial the portrait of the ex-Marshal Bazaine has been removed from the well-known Salle des Maréchaux in the Palace at Versailles. Contrary to the usual custom the portrait will not be burnt, but will be covered with a black cloth and consigned to the archives of the Museum.

THE following *Jeu d'esprit* is by a club poet:—"I was asked by a lady to answer her this—How a sermon—a good one—was like to a kiss?"

By preaching or practice the cause I'll impart. Both win through the lips the approach to the heart."

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.—He said of the English, "Their music is vile—the worst in the world!" He thought French music almost as bad as the English, and that only the Italians could produce an opera. He thought English ladies were too fond of drink—brandy and gin.

CHIC.—The Parisian word *ohé*, signifying all that is stylish, elegant and fashionable, and which has been adopted into French, is curiously enough of Teutonic origin, coming from the German word *geschick*, meaning apt or clever. Germans staring at the windows of the Paris shops were wont to say *geschick*, and the Parisians, says "Bertall," borrowed the adjective.

ECCLESIASTICAL ETIQUETTE.—Cardinal Guibert, the Archbishop of Paris, did not go to President MacMahon reception on New Year's day, because of the question of precedence between him and the Bishop of Versailles, who claims to be the first ecclesiastic in the city, now the French capital. The Grand Rabbi, in plain clothes, left his card with the porter, but did not go up.

MOST Frenchmen, when they commit suicide like to do it in a way which will render them celebrated in the papers. A man living at Montmartre invited his friends to dinner one night last week, and on arriving there, instead of finding their host at the head of the table, ruddy and joyous, they discovered him dead, hanging. He had taken the precaution to provide bread, cheese, and wine for his guests.

THERE is a singular tradition in the parish of Vervan, Cornwall, to the effect that when the church clock strikes during the singing of the hymn before the morning sermon, or before the collect against perils at evening prayer, there will be a death in the parish before the next Sunday. It is very rarely indeed (says the *Cornwall Gazette*) that the clock does so strike, and many persons have often noticed that on such occasions a death does follow.

A TOUCHING incident has occurred in connection with the funeral of Rollo, one of the men drowned by the foundering of a steam-tug in the Tyne, which has moved the seafaring population of North Shields deeply. He buried a favourite child on Christmas eve. On leaving the grave-side he was heard to say, "Good-bye, darling; I will come to see you on Sunday;" and on the afternoon of that day his body was placed in the grave alongside his little pet.

GOLD COAST NEGROES.—Speaking of the colored folk on the Gold Coast, a war correspondent says:—"Their tint, by the way, is extraordinarily diverse, varying from the deepest, glossiest black to a light brown. I speak of negroes pure-blooded, of course; the mulatto color is unmistakable. In Dunquah Camp we have even two specimens of red-headed natives, both girls; and at Mansu, a doctor tells me, I shall find a man with a red beard, quite hale and intelligent too—as intelligence goes in Africa. I know a child, also, who has grey eyes, extraordinarily piquant and roguish, in his jetty face. None of these anomalies have the slightest connection with the deformity called albino."

HISTORY OF SHAVING.—Pliny states that the Romans did not begin to shave till the year of Rome 454, when Publius Ticianus brought over a cargo of barbers from Sicily. He adds that Scipio Africanus first set the fashion of being shaved every day. But, according to the same authority, after the age of forty-nine, every man was expected to wear his beard long. Young men underwent their first snipping at the age of twenty-one, and visits of ceremony were paid on that important occasion. This first chin-crop was devoutly inclosed in a small gold or silver box, and then presented as a votive offering to some divinity, mostly Jupiter Capitolinus. The first fourteen Emperors of Rome were shown, down to Adrian, who revived the beard to hide certain blemishes on the imperial skin. Beards held their own till Constantine, whose mother, Helena, became famous as the "inventress" (in the classical sense), or finder, of the True Cross.

AT CAMBRIDGE.—There are three terms in the year—viz., the Michaelmas Term, beginning October 1st, and ending December 15th; the

Lent Term, beginning January 13th, and ending the Friday before Good Friday; and the Easter Term, beginning the Friday after Easter Day, and ending the Friday after the last Tuesday but one in June.

It is necessary to reside two-thirds of every term, that it may count for a degree. Nine terms' residence is required for each of the degree B.A., LL. B., and M.A. Students are not to engage lodgings for themselves without the consent of the censor, nor for more than one term in advance. In considering any proposed lodgings, they are advised to ascertain clearly whether the price charged includes (1) attendance, (2) boot-cleaning, (3) firing, (4) lights for passages or for rooms, (5) cooking, (6) use of linen, articles for the table, crockery, and all other requisites.

THERE are thirty ex-Confederates in the present Congress, three in the Senate and twenty-seven in the House. Four were major-generals, five brigadier-generals, eight colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, five majors, two captains, and two privates. Three are Republican in politics, and the remainder Democrats.

ABOUT NOSES.—There are three national noses among civilized peoples, and only three—the Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman. Each is of a description totally different from the other two, and all three have a distinct character of their own. The Jewish is the only national nose now remaining; the Greek and the Roman are occasionally reproduced among modern nations, but as national characteristics exist no longer. That the ancient Jews attached no slight importance to this feature is evidenced from Leviticus xxi. 18, where "he that hath a flat nose" is ranked with the blind and the lame, the crooked, the scurvy and the scabbed, and is forbidden to take part in the service of the sanctuary.

The Greek nose has come down to us in the Greek sculptures, and certainly accords better with our northern ideas of personal beauty than any other. Seen in profile, the outline in almost a continuation without curve or deviation of the outline of the forehead, and would seem, phrenologically considered, quite in harmony with the unparalleled progress of the Greeks in art, science, and philosophy. Among us moderns the perfect Greek nose is extremely rare, save on the canvas of our painters.

The Roman nose is the very incarnation of the idea of combativeness, and suggests the notion that it was borrowed from a bird of prey.

RIVALRY OF ACTORS.—It is said that some of the best tragic actors have descended so far as to cut out whole speeches from a rival's part and to put them in their own, spoiling the play, but getting the applause. One indeed, it is stated, not only did this habitually, being manager, but would spoil, in a new play, the heroine's part so as to get "all the plums in his own pudding;" and he defended the practice. Nor must we condemn it. There are many actors far superior to such jealousy, but they do not rise in their profession. Applause is simply their life-blood. An actor who is merely a good solid useful performer, and who never strikes fire out of the pit and moves the gallery, will not attract sufficiently to please the manager. "Ah, you—villain!" cried a man in the gallery to Iago. The actor turned and bowed—it was his first appearance, and he knew that he would henceforth win his way. A story is told of an Irishman who, after delivering a message, came forward with some fustian verses merely to get a little applause. And it is to be noted that, beside the real art, the public will always applaud certain sentiments. But this matters little to the actor, and he will "gag," or introduce popular conceptions for the claque which is sure to follow. Again, the dramatic authors have certainly not been true to virtue, though they have been truer in England than in France, putting out of sight Wycherly and Aphra Behn, who are quite as coarse as any French author.

GILLINGHAM.—Gillingham was in Birkenhead the other day, and while attending to his business there he had a strong premonition that something was the matter at home, so in order to satisfy himself, he determined to run over to Manchester by the next train. In the mean time, his mother-in-law sent him a despatch to this effect: "Another daughter has just arrived. Hannah is poorly. Come home at once." The lines were down, however, and the despatch was held over, and meanwhile Gillingham arrived home, and found his wife doing pretty well, and the nurse fumbling around with an infant a day old. After staying twenty-four hours, and finding that everybody was tolerably comfortable, he returned to Birkenhead without anything being said about the despatch, his mother-in-law supposing that of course he had received it. The day after his arrival the lines were fixed, and that night he received a despatch from the telegraph office dated that very day, and conveying the following intelligence: "Another daughter has just arrived. Hannah is poorly. Come home at once." Gillingham was amazed and bewildered. He couldn't understand it. Daughters appeared to him to be getting entirely too thick. He walked the floor of his room all night trying to get over the thing, and the more he considered the subject the more he became alarmed at the extraordinary occurrence. He took the early train for Manchester, and during the journey was in a condition of frantic bewilderment. When he arrived he jumped into a cab, drove furiously to the house, and scared his mother-in-law into convulsions by rushing in in a frenzy and demanding what on earth had happened. He was greatly relieved to find that there were no twins in the nursery, and to learn how the mistake

occurred. But he is looking now for the telegraph clerk who changed the date of that despatch. Gillingham is anxious to meet him. He wants to see him about something.

CHEAP SUGAR.—It is reported in England that a French firm has discovered a method of making artificial sugar from materials so cheap that it can be sold at a farthing a pound. Concerning which the *Manufacturer and Builder* says: "When we consider that sawdust is cheap and rich in lignite, which by chemical treatment with mineral acids may be changed into grape sugar, we should not at all be surprised that the above report turns out to be true, and the sawdust is the material from which this cheap sugar is obtained. Changing old linen rags into sugar is a well-known chemical experiment. Such rags are almost pure lignite, while sawdust also consists of lignite, however, with some other ingredients, easily removed. From rags to sawdust is but one step."

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.—The Romans celebrate Christmas in their own way. Christmas-eve is dedicated completely to the eating of fish. The Church forbids any kind of meat on that day; but a man may eat to repletion of fish. And the Romans keep the fish festival, not so much from religious feelings as from carnal gratification. The fish market, which is certainly not a most elegant place, possesses then a certain artistic importance. The dark and dingy porticoes of the Temple of Ottavia are during the whole night brilliantly illuminated by torches. The fish dealers, in enormous numbers, never cease shouting, and in some instances sell by auction the finest stock. This scene continues throughout the whole night, and the concourse of purchasers and idlers is extraordinary. There is not a family, however humble in rank, which does not indulge in the luxury of fish, and a Trastevere family supper is worth seeing.

DISAGREE TO AGREE.—There is a remarkable freemasonry in the French press; editors may fight like Christians, abuse each other, exchange shots and sword-thrusts, when dynamite leaders fall to convince; but against the Prussians they are round shoulder to shoulder. Thus, by a unanimity most strange, a *mot d'ordre*, not an opinion of what Germany expressed on the Bazaine verdict has found notice in the journals. Curious also, in private conversation there is not the slightest anxiety to know it either.

FRANÇOIS HUGO AS A TRANSLATOR.—The death of François Victor Hugo, last surviving son of the great poet, removes one who in his time has done good service to English and French literature by mingling the literary wealth of both countries. His great feat—that by which he deserves to be gratefully remembered—was the translation of Shakespeare's works—plays, poems, and sonnets—into French literal prose. This labor occupied him twelve years, for it was faithfully performed, each play being accompanied with an introduction in essay form, which attested the research and scholarship of the translation. Save in François Victor Hugo's book, French readers are without a literal transcription of Shakespeare.

QUEER DEVICE.—An ingenious invention for Bonapartist propagandism is a portrait of the Prince Imperial on a small square of paper not much bigger than a postage stamp, and bearing the inscription, "Appeal to the people," and "Everything for and by the people." These little bits of paper are gummed at the back, and may be stuck upon walls, windows, door-posts, &c., with little risk on the part of the persons who circulate them of being found out. It is said that as many as three millions have been struck off. The party is sticking to it.

LITERARY EMPLOYMENT.—It is surely not the least advantage of literary employment, that it enables us to live in a state of blissful ignorance of our next door neighbor's fortune, faith, and politics: that produces a state of society which admits of no invasion on domestic privacy, and furnishes us with arms against *ennui*, which supersedes the necessity of a standing army of elderly female moralists and domestic politicians.

THE ACTOR'S LIFE.—"The worst of being an actor," says Taine, "is that it eats into your soul. In the company of actors we become actors. It is in vain to wish to keep clean if you live in a dirty place; it cannot be." All actors are more or less conscious of this. Liston, a gentleman of feeling and education, discharged his servants if he found that they had seen him act. Why is this? To deny the feeling would be to deny the experience of the best actors—of the great Molière, Lekain, Garrick, Kean, the Kembles. "How proud you be of must the applause you get! Why the pit rose at you!" said a young fellow to a great actor. "Yes, I am at the time, my boy—there's no greater pleasure in the world—but it's so short, and afterwards I am but a poor play-actor, only an actor!"

THE DODO.—Ever since their discovery, the bones of the Dodo have been bones of contention. They have been weighed, measured, built up, reconstructed, and their original owner made to represent a fat old washerwoman of a bird, with a leering, intoxicated look that must have been extremely disgusting to any descendant variety of allied species of the said-to-be-extinct feathered biped. At last we have an announcement that the Dodo is not extinct; more, that a living specimen has been captured. Our savans were all agog, and expectation was at the highest pitch, when down comes Professor Owen with a wet blanket, and declares that the supposed Dodo is but a Dodlet—a degenerate descendant, only about one-sixth the size. "Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Mem. for the future: always take strange poultry with a pinch of salt.



**HINTS FOR THE AGED.**—Old people cannot eat large meals, therefore they must take them more frequently. Many old people will wake up about three or four o'clock in the morning. It is a good plan that they should have some nourishment then; otherwise the interval between their night and morning meals is too long for their declining strength. It is by care in such minutes that we may prolong the life of the aged.

**A SMILING FACE.**—Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let the joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day, when about your business.

**A STRANGE CASE.**—A curious phenomenon is now existing in Paris. Dr. Tenting received the visit of a young girl named Marie Verdun, living with her mother in the Rue du Colomber. She is afflicted with the infirmity of *nyctalope*—that is to say, she loses the faculty of sight in daylight and recovers it in darkness. Although her eyes do not present any special morbid character, she is forced to keep her eyelids closed during the day, and to cover her head with a thick veil. On the other hand, when the shutters of a room are hermetically fastened she reads and writes perfectly in the deepest darkness. She feels no pain beyond a slight lassitude when the solar light strikes her visual organs. The cure of affections of this kind is said to be extremely difficult, as the cause can hardly ever be discovered.

**SUBSTITUTES FOR TEA.**—The American Agricultural Bureau brings mate under attention, and by comparative analysis proves that yupon, mate, and tea and coffee all contain the same active principle—thein. Mate, says the *Philadelphia Medical Reporter*, is a Peruvian weed, largely indulged in by Indians and half-breeds. It is concocted in a small silver porringer with a tight lid and a small spout, which spout goes the round of the blackened mouths of the mate-sucking circle. It is a great breach of etiquette in Peru to refuse to take mate on such conditions. The last proposition is to supplant tea and coffee by "yupon;" and the proposition also comes from the National Department of Agriculture. "Yupon" is an Indian word, and the plant itself is the cassine yupon, the *flex cassina*, a diuretic, and in large quantities emetic. It was used by the aborigines, and also by the "poor white folk" in former days.—*British Medical Journal*.

**HUMOROUS SCRAPS.**

WHAT is that which has eyes yet never sees?  
—A potato.

MARRIAGE is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.

THERE is one personage who always carries everything before him, and that is—The alter.

A YOUNG lady lately went to a photographic artist, and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

A STAR actor out West is announced by the local paper as one who will show "benighted citizens how Shakspeare out to be slung."

NASHVILLE has a club of rejected lovers. One of the rules inflicts the penalty of expulsion upon any member who visits the lady who once rejected him.

AN honest old farmer, on being informed the other day that one of his neighbours owed him a grudge, growled out, "No matter, he never pays anything."

AUNT JANE having read in a Chicago newspaper that a champion boatman would row a rival for two thousand dollars a side, wanted to know how many sides the rival had.

THE editor of an Illinois paper thinks that fishing, as a general rule, doesn't pay. He says, "We stood it all day in the river last week, but caught nothing—until we got home."

"Och," said a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!"

"TADY, my boy, jist guess how many cheeses there is in this ere bag, an' faith I'll give ye the whole five." "Five," said Taddy. "Arrah, be usy sowl, bad luck to the man who could ye!"

AN attorney was making a high-flown speech the other day, telling about angels' tears, weeping-willows, and silent tombstones, when his honour said, "Confine your remarks to the dog-fight."

A NEW YORKER advertised an umbrella which he had found, the other day, and a morning paper sent a reporter to interview him, and gives the public all the points about the extraordinary man.

A DISCOMFITED WIT.—Paddy Doolan, a keen, ready-witted Hibernian wag, always had a word for everybody, let it hit how it might. Paddy went into a shop one day to buy eggs. "How is eggs, to-day?" "Eggs are eggs to-day, Paddy," replied the shopman, looking quite triumphantly at two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the shop. "Faith, I'm glad

to hear yez say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."

**THE LAWYER'S PORTRAIT.**—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing, with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! It's the very picture of him." An old farmer once dissented—"Tain't like!" exclaimed everybody, "Just show us where 'tain't like." "'Tain't—no, 'tain't!" responded the farmer. "Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket; 'twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

**EARLY RISING MADE EASY.**—"My old friend, Rossiter," says a writer, "fixed his alarm so that at the foreordained moment the bedclothes were dragged from the bed, and Rossiter lay shivering. I have myself somewhere the drawings and specifications for a patent—which I never applied for—which arranges a set of cams and wheelwork under the bedstead, which at the moment appointed lifts the pillow end six feet, and delivers the sleeper on his feet on the now horizontal foot-board. He is not apt to sleep long after that. Rossiter found another contrivance, which worked better. The alarm-clock struck a match, which lighted the lamp which boiled the water for Rossiter's shaving. If Rossiter stayed in bed too long, the water boiled over upon his razor, and clean shirt, and the prayer-book his mother gave him, and Cole-ridge's autograph, and his open pocket-book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had so get up before that moment came."

**EXPLANATION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.**—"Sam," said a ducky to his ebony brother, "how am it dat dis yaa telegraf carries de news froom dem wires?"

"Well, Cesar, now you s'pose dar am a big dog free miles long."

"Neber was such big dogs; don't b'lieb dat!"

"You jest wait minit; I'ee only illustratin', you stupid nigger. Now dis yaa dog, you see, jest put his front feet on de Hoboken sho', an' puts his behind feet on de New York sho'."

"Yesser."

"Now, s'pose you walk on dis paa dog's tail in New York—"

"Yesser."

"He'll bark, won't he?"

"Yesser."

"Well, where will dat dog bark?"

"In Hoboken, I calc'late."

"Dat am jess it! You walk on de dog's tail in New York, an' he barks in Hoboken; an' dat's de way de telegraf works!"

"Yesser; dasso—dasso! You's right, to be snah."

**OUR PUZZLER.**

**43. TITLES OF BOOKS.**

1. Cease! learn folios of nap.
2. What very novel eels!
3. He find a long story?
4. O thou calm one,
5. Ye least cursed lady.
6. Where, old antagonist?
7. Soul! do not fear fire.
8. I, the sea, and pomps to fly.
9. Ears! he speaks plays.
10. Has J. Arr eaten hot chaff pie?

**44. CHARADES.**

1. Along the beach my whole is left,  
In mem'ry of the storm just past;  
But if of tall 'tis now bereft,  
And when transposed, you gain my last,  
Which by the singing waves were toss'd  
And struggled midst my whole, but lost.
2. The sportsman saunters out with gun and dog,  
And meets with famous sport upon the bog;  
Up starts a covey! take his aim as erst,  
And fires! when presently falls my first.  
A bar of impediment is termed my second,  
My whole, an ornament, by the fair is reckon'd.
3. To every one my first refers,  
To brute as well as man;  
But to you alone my next avers,  
Who use it when you can.  
Transpose my last, if you are willing,  
And if no mistakes you make,  
'Twill prove to be part of a shilling,  
The value of such part take.  
If the assertions of naturalists really are true,  
My whole's is not in the old world found—  
but is in the new.

**45. FLORAL ANAGRAMS.**

1. Then Mary's much!
2. O Clara, I lace!
3. Louisa Bag Monk!
4. R.—Susan, I love it!
5. Ha? U.—Lucy's tea!
6. Ma?—Alice L.

**46. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.**

The following is a new and simple form of an old and rather curious question:—Being a general provision dealer, a man called at my house with a hamper of eggs. I bought the half of what he had and a half one. He went to another dealer across the street, who bought the half of what he had left and a half one. A gentleman standing by bought the half of what he had left and a half one, and all his eggs were sold. How many eggs had he?

**47. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

1. A poet born in Worcestershire,  
Who lived and died obscure;
2. A river that in Italy  
Runs beautiful and pure.
3. A wealthy man in Hindostan,  
A woman full of tears;
4. What reigns in every household where  
Godp management appears.
5. A Benedictine Monk of France,  
Well versed in Scripture lore;
6. A small projection on a tree,  
Or handle on a door.
7. A poet and instructor to  
The Scotch King, David Bruce;
8. A Turkish town upon the Er-  
trench next I introduce.
9. A silent, sad remembrancer,  
Or souvenir of the past;
10. A river, with a source long sought  
In vain, but found at last.
11. Initials of these words will name  
(If you will downward trace)  
A battle by the English fought  
With Scotland's hardy race.  
The finale now in order take,  
Each letter place aright;  
And they will name (or I mistake)  
The hero of the fight.

**48. BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.**

1. A very beautiful verse, in an early chapter of II Corinthians, may be considered as containing the Apostle Paul's conception of godliness. Mention it.
2. Quote a verse which contains the topics of a discourse preached by Paul to a congregation numerically small, socially great, and morally base. One was a woman, who, historians affirm, was subsequently consumed in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius.
3. In what part of the Bible are the following words to be found: "Old shoes and clouted?"

**49. ENIGMA.**

In the midst of peace and war alike  
My first is always seen;  
Without my next, the good or great  
Would not be so, I ween.  
The eye and ear then claim my next,  
The first, too, in their way;  
My whole of time a period is;  
Now tell me what, I pray.

**CAISSA'S CASKET.**

SATURDAY, Jan. 1st, 1871.

\* \* All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

**SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 35.**

By F. W. MARTINDALE.

White. Black.

1. Castles (ch)
1. Kt to Q 7th
2. Kt to B 5th (ch)
2. Q takes Kt mate

**SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 36.**

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

White. Black.

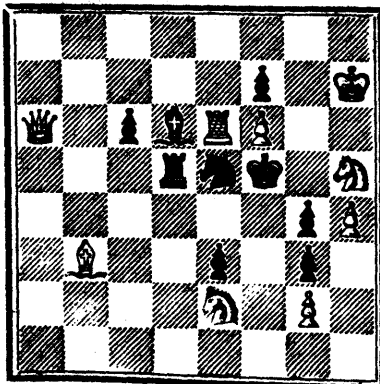
1. B takes P at Kt 5th
  1. P takes P
  2. Q to Q 8th
  2. Any
  3. Q mates acc
- (a.)
2. Q to K 4th
  1. B takes B
  3. Q mates acc
  2. any
- (b.)
2. B to B 3rd or Q 2nd
  1. B to Kt 7th or B 8th
  3. Q takes P mate
  2. P to Kt 5th

Solved by Delta (neat and puzzling); also by Janius (pretty and complicated for a problem with so few pieces.) Neither, however, give the solution complete.

**PROBLEM NO. 43.**

By H. MEYER.

BLACK.



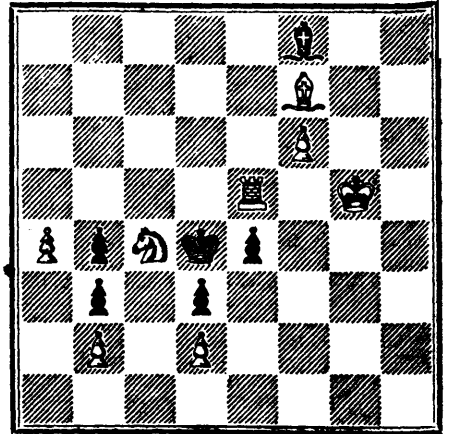
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**PROBLEM No. 44.**

By A. ARNELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**AN ACROSTIC.**

A talented young composer, Mr. Hunter, of Edinburgh has written several little poems. We extract the following from the "Westminster Papers":

— "Mark them standing, valiant soldiers,  
A ll drawn up in stern array;  
Y onder, see their banners floating,

C onquest calls them to the fray!  
H ark! their lines are moving onward,  
E ager in the strife to meet;  
S oon their fates are overshadowed,  
S wift pursuit or skilled retreat.

A ll to battle fast are pouring,  
N ow the blood-stained hour is nigh—  
D ying for their Sovereign's safety:

C ravens only fear to die,  
H ot and fierce the conflict rages,  
E ither side may gain the day;  
S killful bowmen, gallant spearmen,  
S talwart knights lead on the way.

P roudly, 'mid the din and carnage,  
L ook where towers the Royal throne;  
A t it fast the foes are pressing—  
"Yield!" they cry, "the day is won!"  
E arnest fight the falling heroes,  
R ound their King, in silence deep;  
S peeding on, in whelming numbers,

Fierce their foes relentless sweep,  
Loyal, around their Kings, his soldiers,  
O ne by one, are falling fast;  
U rged by vict'ry nigh approaching,  
R ush the foe like thunder-blast.  
I n destruction, sure and direful,  
S hort resistance, onset fearful,  
H ath the monarch fall'n at last!"



**EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL**

GEORGE BRUSH, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED, 1823.

Manufacturer of Steam Engines, Steam Boilers and machinery generally.

Agent for JUDSON'S PATENT GOVERNOR. St. 1-26-sj

**\$3.00 LORD BROUGHAM**

**TELESCOPE.**

Will distinguish the time by a church clock five miles, a FLAGSTAFF and WINDOW SASH 10 MILES; landscape twenty miles distant, and will define the SAMANTRAS of JUPITER and the PHASES of VENUS, &c. This extraordinary CHEAP and POWERFUL LENS is of the best make and possesses ACROBATIC LENSES and is equal to a telescope costing \$20.00. No STUDENT or TOURIST should be without one. Sent Post free to all parts in the Dominion of Canada on receipt of price, \$3.00

H. SANDERS,

Optician, &c.

163 St. James Street, Montreal.

Illustrated Catalogue 16 pages sent free for one stamp.

**AVOID QUACKS.**

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. 2-18-1 an

Printed and published by the DESERATE LITHO-GRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine St., Montreal.