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THE GIBANA.

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PRICE : FIVE CENTS.

THE GIBANA.

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

XLVIII.—Continued:

DINORAH.

The young girl blushed as red as a rose. "When will you become my wife?" Oliver persisted. "It is for you to decide, Oliver," she murmured. "Are you not already my lord and master?" "Then you accept me as your husband?" "I do more than accept you, since I have fixed my choice on you."

"But you know that I am not of noble family?"

"What is that to me?" "Will you never be sorry for having allied your name—a name that has been borne with honor by twenty generations of noblemen—with mine, humble as it is?"

"My ancestors lie sleeping in their tombs, let us leave them there. Moreover why should you speak of a *métalliance*. You too are noble, Oliver, for you possess the true nobility of soul and of the heart."

"Dinorah, you are poor, and you do not know that I am rich."

"Were you as poor as I, we should still have enough for us two. What need have we for riches? What should we do with them? No, I do not know that you are rich, but I do know that you are good; I know that I love you, and that you love me. Is not that enough?"

"Yes, my dear child, you are right. Love alone is truth; all else is a mere chimera. Still I should tell you that I have enough to allow of our living at our ease."

"I shall gladly accept it then, for it comes from you. But God is my witness that I wish for no more than I have already."

"Then," continued Oliver, "since you are willing to take me as I am, do you not think, my beloved, that we should hasten on our union. Life is so short! Have we even the right to retard our happiness when it is within our reach?"

A slight pressure of his hand was Dinorah's only reply. For Oliver it was a most eloquent answer.

"Do you know," he asked, "the curé of St. Nazaire?"

"If I know him?" asked Dinorah, in astonishment. "Certainly I do. He is my spiritual director. I have confided to him the innermost secrets of my heart, and he never yet forbade me to love you."

"Is he a young man?"

"No, he is a fine old man, who looks like one of the patriarchs of the Old Testament—a good, honest, gentle, and true Christian. Why do you ask?"

"Because I intend going to him this very day, and asking him to fix a day for our marriage."

"But do not hurry him too much, Oliver."

"Why not, my love?"

"Because I must have the time to prepare my wedding dress."

"Cannot I get you all you want at Nantes?" "No; do nothing of the kind, Oliver. This is the first request I ever made you—let me prepare my dress myself and I promise you I will look my best."

Oliver answered with a kiss. Just then a rough good-humored voice was heard crying from the house:

"Miss Norah! Miss Norah! Where are you?"

"Here, my good Jocelyn," cried Dinorah.

"You will see," she added in a whisper to Oliver, "how surprised she will be to find you here."

"Your breakfast is ready," continued the Bretonne; "and you are not going to tell me to-day that you have no appetite."

As she said the last words Jocelyn turned the

Terpsichorean exercise concluded, she threw her arms round Oliver's neck and saluted him heartily on both cheeks.

"And when is the wedding to be?" she asked, after she had thus given vent to her emotion.

"Very soon, Jocelyn," replied the young man.

"Very soon—will that be inside of a week?"

"I hope it will not be very long. I would not put it off a day, if I could help it."

"That's the way to talk, Mr. Oliver. When you go away, Mr. Oliver, you stay away a long time, but when you do come back, faith, you talk like a sensible man."

Here the conversation took a new turn, Joco-

religious subjects hung on the wall, and on a side table was set out a small collection of humble curiosities.

As Oliver was making the tour of the room, the worthy curé entered and apologized for keeping his visitor waiting.

"You are, I think, sir," he went on to say, "a stranger in this part of the country. At least it is the first time I have had the honor of seeing you. Can I be useful to you in any way?"

"You are right, monsieur l'abbé," replied Oliver, "you now see me for the first time, but I know that you have often heard others speak of me."

"To whom do you allude?"

"Miss de Kerven."

"Can it be, sir, that you are —?" Here the abbé stopped short.

"Yes," returned the young man smilingly, "I am Oliver Le Vallant."

"I am indeed happy to see you, sir," said the priest slyly, "for it seems that your return to Brittany, and your visit to the curé of St. Nazaire portend a happy event. Am I right?"

"You are, sir. It portends an event that is full of happiness for me. Miss de Kerven has done me the honor of bestowing her hand upon me."

"Ah! then let me congratulate you, my son," cried the old curé. "You will permit me to call you my son, will you not? you, who are about to become the husband of my gentle Dinorah, whom I have been accustomed for many years past to look upon as my daughter. And you love her, do you not, this dear child who has already given you her heart, and is about to consecrate her whole life to you?"

"If I love her! Ah, sir, you have known Dinorah for so long, you ought to know that it is impossible not to love her."

"And you will swear to me—I ask it in right of my old age and of my paternal affection for her—you will swear to me that you will make her happy?"

"I swear it to you in the presence of God."

"I believe you, my child," said the old man, with tears in his eyes. "Now let us talk about your affairs and your projects, for you did not come here solely to tell me the story of your love."

"I come to ask you, father, to unite us as soon as possible."

"You do well. I am no believer in delaying marriages. Have you and Norah fixed the day for the ceremony?"

"We would wish it to take place on Monday."

"On Monday be it then, and on Sunday I will publish the banns. But first of all I must see your baptismal certificate. You have it with you doubtless?"

"I can bring it to you in a few moments; it is at my lodgings at the Arms of Brittany."

"Have you the consent of your parents to your marriage?"

"Alas! I never knew my mother; and the mourning I wear is in memory of my father."

"You are not already bound by any marital



"SHE BROKE INTO A WILD FANTASTIC DANCE IMPROVISED FOR THE OCCASION."

corner which hid her from the lovers, and beheld Oliver seated at Dinorah's side and holding her hands.

"Great Heaven!" she cried in amazement, rubbing her eyes with her fists, "am I dreaming?"

"No, Jocelyn," said the young girl, "come a little nearer, and you will see who it is."

The Bretonne made a few steps forward, half curiously and half defiantly. Then she stopped suddenly, and clapping her hands broke into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Aha!" she cried, "I'm not dreaming, I can see plainly yet. Yes, Faith, it's Mr. Oliver. Mr. Oliver himself, and no one else. Ah! but I'm glad! Good-day, Mr. Oliver! How goes it, Mr. Oliver? You had a successful journey, Mr. Oliver?"

"Jocelyn," interrupted Miss de Kerven in a low voice, "this is my husband."

This piece of intelligence had the most extraordinary effect upon the faithful servant. She did not exactly throw her cap in the air, for it was a Breton cap, but she broke into a wild fantastic dance improvised for the occasion. Her

lyn's thoughts having once more reverted to breakfast, and the happy party went indoors.

XLIX.

THE CURÉ OF ST. NAZAIRE.

Breakfast over, Oliver took his leave of Dinorah and made his way to the curé's house. It had been arranged between the lovers that the marriage should take place on the following Monday—this was Thursday—in order to allow of the banns being published on the intervening Sunday. The Church, it is true, required that they should be published thrice, but every parish priest had the power of dispensing with two of the publications.

On arriving at the presbytery Oliver was shown into the curé's private room—a small apartment humbly furnished with a low bed, a set of shelves containing a couple of hundred volumes, two arm chairs, a prie-dieu, and a large table on which were strewn a number of open books and papers. A set of mediocre paintings on

for her—you will swear to me that you will make her happy?"

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"Have you the consent of your parents to your marriage?"

"Alas! I never knew my mother; and the mourning I wear is in memory of my father."

"You are not already bound by any marital

ties?—The question is purely one of form," added the curé, remarking Oliver's discomposure. "I am perfectly free."
"As a widower you may be free. Have you ever been married before?"
"Never," returned the young man, coloring to the roots of his hair. Fortunately his embarrassment passed unnoticed.
"Then, my child," continued the priest, "go and get me your certificate of baptism, and that of Dinorah, and I will draw up a marriage certificate."
Oliver took his leave, and in half an hour returned with the paper which he had brought with him from Havre, as a necessary and valuable document with which it was inadvisable to part.
"It is perfectly correct," said the curé, glancing his eye over the paper. "I see that you were born in Havre. Are you the son of the rich shipowner of that city?"
"No, I am not," said Oliver. "I belong to a younger and poorer branch of the family."
"So much the better for you, my son. Riches are indeed a heavy burden."
This closed the ordeal. A few words more were exchanged, and Oliver withdrew.

L.

THE SCIENCE OF INTERPRETING DREAMS.

Some weeks had elapsed since Oliver Le Vaillant and Dinorah de Kerven had taken the solemn vows which bound them together. Their life had been one of intense and unalloyed happiness. In his present bliss Oliver had forgotten his past misery.

One night, however, he had a dream which took him back as if in the body to the horrors of his last hours' stay at Ingouville. He dreamed that he was in the room where he had compelled Annunziata to drink the fatal draught that had been intended for him. She was lying where he had last seen her, but her face and neck were discolored, like the face and neck of one long dead. In vain he tried to get away, or even to turn his eyes from the horrible sight. Some invisible, incomprehensible power compelled him to look.

Suddenly a noise of many feet was heard, and the room was filled with people. Two men clad in black raised the corpse, and he heard the voices of those around muttering, "She has been poisoned." "Who did it?"

Then an unheard of thing happened—a thing so frightful, that he shivered from head to foot and his teeth chattered in the excess of his terror.

The corpse slowly raised its eyelids and stretched out its hand; the sunken eyes rested upon him; the shriveled finger pointed at him; the ghastly blue lips moved, and a voice which sounded as if it came from the tomb denounced him as the murderer:—"You want to know who killed me? There he stands. My husband! my murderer!"

"Annunziata! miserable woman!" he cried in the fury of despair, "you know that you lie! You know I did not do it! Tell them so, Annunziata!"

But the corpse had already resumed its immobility and he saw the eyes of the crowd fiercely fixed upon him. He felt rough hands seize him, and he heard an uproar of voices, from which he could from time to time distinguish the words:—"The murderer!"—"Poisoner!"—"Justice, justice!"

In vain he tried to escape from the angry crowd that surrounded him. He was but one against a hundred, and finally he ceased to struggle. The mob, mad with rage, were trampling him beneath their feet; he was on the point of being torn to pieces when—

He awoke, bathed in perspiration.
"Thank God!" he murmured. "It was only a dream! But what a dream!"

During the rest of the night he strove to keep awake, for fear of a repetition of the terrible vision. So he lay awake and considered and gradually his thoughts took shape. What if this frightful dream were a warning? What had happened at Havre since his departure? His departure! Would not his very departure draw down suspicions upon him. He had left in haste and in secret, while his wife yet lay dead on the spot where she had dropped. Supposing he were accused of having poisoned her? The evidence was all against him. How was he to prove his innocence?

When Dinorah opened her eyes the first sight that met them was her husband, pale and distraught. She could not repress a cry of alarm.
"What is the matter?" she cried.
"Nothing, my child," said Oliver, reassured by his wife's tender tone.
"Then why are you so pale?"
"I do not know, I am sure!"
"Have you had a bad dream?"
"No, at least I don't remember having had any."

"And yet you talked in your sleep."
Oliver tried to force a smile. "What nonsense!" he said.
"And more than once."
"Ah! And what did I say?"
"Your talk was quite disconnected. I could not understand you."
"Are you quite sure, Dinorah, that you were not dreaming?"
"Oh! quite sure! I have a proof of it."
"What is that, pray?"
"Twice you mentioned a name; and I have not forgotten it."
"What name?" asked Oliver trembling.
"Annunziata."

Oliver endeavored to hide his terror by a burst of forced laughter.

"Annunziata!" he cried. "That's not a name."
"Yes, it is. It is a Spanish name. And I know some one with that name."

Oliver's heart almost ceased to beat.
"She was an orphan like myself," continued Dinorah; "a poor unfortunate girl from Havana who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Spain. She arrived at St. Nazaire in a small coasting vessel, and here she fell sick, but I was happy in being able to nurse her until she recovered. She was very beautiful, and was going to Havre, where, she told me, she was to marry the son of an old friend of her father. She promised to write to me, but has never done so, yet I have never ceased to remember her in my prayers. On hearing you pronounce her name, I thought that you might have known her."

"You are mistaken," murmured Oliver, half crazed with fright. "I never knew the person you speak of. I must have been talking nonsense, for I never heard the name before."
Here the matter ended, for Dinorah was too truthful herself to harbor any suspicion against her husband.

Nevertheless the dream had made such an impression upon him that he determined to learn the news from Havre. So profiting one day by the absence both of Dinorah and Jocelyn he wrote the following letter to Zephyr:—
"My old friend, I give you a great proof of my confidence in writing to you, but I know you are worthy of it and would die rather than betray it."

"It is a matter of vital importance to me, my dear Zephyr, that no one should even suspect where I reside."

"This is enough for you."
"I must know all that has taken place since my departure. Tell me about my unhappy wife. Speak calmly of her, for she is dead. Relate the impression produced in the city by that terrible catastrophe and my abrupt departure. Relate also what became of the Marquis de Grancey's body."

"On my side, I have but one piece of news to give you—I am happy!"

"To ensure the transmission of your letters you will do as follows:

"On a first envelope you will write my name, without further directions."

"This first envelope you will put inside another, very thick and opaque; you will seal it three times and write thereon this address:

"MONSIEUR LAUQUÉ,
Proprietor of the Breton Arms,
Saint-Nazaire,
Brittany."

Oliver despatched this letter, and for a few days thereafter enjoyed comparative ease of mind.

At the end of that time, he went to Saint-Nazaire and made arrangements with the host about the letters to be received from Zephyr. The host was to keep them in a secret place, and Oliver was to come every day to the inn to inquire whether any had arrived.

ZEPHYR'S REPLY.

Oliver made twelve visits to the inn, before he received the first of the expected letters from Zephyr. But it came at last. It read thus:

"Most dear and honored Master:
I answer your letter with pain, though glad to know that you are living and well. Why have I survived so long to see all these miseries fall upon your house?"

"I have not the heart to write, but as you ask to know everything, I am obliged to obey."

"Well, then, poor master, you must know this. Your wife is not dead, and you are charged with assassination and you will be condemned to death."

"Madame, whom you left in an insensible condition, was not dead, but quite alive, and the following day felt not the least effect of the catastrophe."

"Her women say that she had a remedy which cured her of her indisposition like a charm."

"The day after your departure, one of the magistrates of the city came up to the house at the request of madame."

"Mr. de Grancey had been missed and every one was in search of him. But it appears that madame knew something about it and directed the magistrate to the little kiosk in the garden. The door was opened by a locksmith and the body of the marquis found on a sofa. They found, besides, a bit of paper, half burned, bearing your name and dated 24th August. Everybody in the city declares you guilty. Powerful friends of the marquis have come from Paris and swear to have their revenge out of you. Secret police are also on your track in every direction."
"Hide yourself, my poor master, hide yourself."

"Madame is against you and says that she detects you. Don Guzman is now master of the house."

After Oliver had finished this letter, he thought that either he must become mad, or else nerve himself boldly for his fate.

After long reflection, he resolved to do the latter.

The charge of assassination did not trouble him. He had in his possession the note of de Grancey to prove his innocence.

The danger lay elsewhere. The terrible, inevitable danger was that Annunziata still lived.

By his marriage with Dinorah, Oliver had unknowingly committed the odious and disgusting crime of bigamy. He felt that he was lost and Dinorah with him.

The chaste girl, shorn of the veil of her spotless purity, ceased to be his lawful wife and became his mistress.

"I am not guilty," he exclaimed, "and God knows it, but it is impossible for me to prove my innocence to any one. Not even Dinorah will believe me."

LL.

MORALES AND CARMEN.

Oliver resolved to take three days before breaking the sad news to his wife. Having made up his mind on that point, he burned Zephyr's letter and called the innkeeper up to his room. With him he came to an agreement that if any persons called at St. Nazaire inquiring for Oliver Le Vaillant, he should profess entire ignorance of that person and put the searchers as much as possible off the scent.

Meantime Carmen and Morales had held, on their side, an important interview.

"What would you give?" said the latter to the former, "to the man revealing the spot where your husband lies hidden?"

Carmen fixed her sharp eyes on her brother. "Morales," she muttered, "you know something."

"Well, yes, I do."

"Then name your price."

"Fifty thousand livres."

"I accept. Tell me your secret."

"Give me that money first."

Carmen opened a casket, took therefrom a handful of jewels which she placed in the Gitanos' hand.

"That is well," said he. "Now this is what you have to know."

And he handed Carmen a paper folded in four.

"What is this?"

"Look at it."

The dancing girl opened the paper and uttered a cry on recognizing the handwriting of her husband.

It was no other than the letter addressed by Oliver to Zephyr.

Carmen read it through.

"Ah now!" she exclaimed with a ferocious joy, "now I hold him. Thanks Morales. I do not regret my diamonds. But how did you get this letter?"

"I stole it by a cunning stratagem from the room of old Zephyr."

"Morales, you are a precious man."

"Caramba! I know that."

"Now, a service."

"You may command me."

Carmen opened her casket again and took out her bridal necklace of pearls.

"You will sell your diamonds, will you not?" she said.

"That is my intention."

"Well, at the same time you must sell these pearls and fetch me the money."

"I shall do so faithfully. In an hour's time you will have the funds. Anything else?"

"Yes, tell the valets to hunt up two detectives."

"Very well."

"Make haste, brother. Time presses. I do not wish to lose a moment."

"What are your plans?"

"You will know them later."

Morales took his departure.

Two hours later he brought Carmen thirty thousand livres, the price of the pearl necklace.

At the same time the police officers sent up word that they were at the disposition of Madame Le Vaillant.

(To be continued.)

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

BY GARNET R. FREEMAN.

Dusk crept over the city hours ago. The hurrying crowd has found a resting-place, and the sounds of labor have ceased for a brief season. I am a Southern refugee. Far away, where summer sits a queen the long bright year through, my home lies a mass of blackened, unsightly ruins, as yours were when—that terrible night whose date is too recent to be forgotten—fiery, merciless flames rioted like fiends amid your household-gods. There was another—we were but two of thousands—who had not where to lay her head when they drove us, like thieves, from the luxury amid which we were born. Sweet Annie M.—wild grasses grow over her pulseless heart, while mine throbs on. The proudest blood of the South ran blue in her veins. While her father was yet a penniless man, without profession or name, the beautiful heiress of the old estates eloped with him from school, and they were married without so much as "by your leave" to a pompous suitor whose white looks and venerable years, backed by a million dollars, appealed more strongly to the favor of her family than her own.

Blinded by the adoration she bestowed upon her husband, the young wife fastened with him to her father, with never a doubt but that they would be welcome, or at least forgiven, to find herself a discarded, disowned outcast, disinherited and forsaken, the door of home closed to her

forever, and the curse of disobedience resting upon her shelterless head.

In a wild and rugged section of one of the Southwestern States stood a poor dwelling, half farm-house, half cottage, where the mother—a kind and generous woman, used to hardships and privations all her life—cooked the frugal meals, washed the home-made linen, and scoured the hard white floors with her own hands; and the father, sturdy and independent, tolled upon his scanty acres, and literally earned his bread "by the sweat of his brow."

This was the birthplace, and home of Annie's father; and here her mother, the late heiress and belle-petted child of fortune, whose lightest whim had been law—found a refuge. No show and pomp met the disheartened and humiliated fugitive bride, but love gave her tenderest greeting and welcome to a refuge from which she never went until her last home was made ready and she borne out to sleep in the valley. The daintily reared girl became the idol of the household, and in that vine-covered cot, where love transformed poverty into luxury and content sweetened hardship, were passed the happiest days of her life.

Little cared she—this bonnie bride, this love-crowned Queen of her husband's heart—for the palace wherein kings dwell. Soon a new joy stirred in her bosom, and day by day she busied her cunning white fingers with embroidery and bits of muslins; and here, a year after her marriage, she sang soft, sweet lullabies over her first-born, a little daughter whom she named Annie. "Surely," she said, with solemnly tender eyes, "my cup runneth over."

Sweet little mother!—I seem to see her now, as she lay, with her baby on her arm, studying the pink, placid, expressionless face of the sleeping mite of humanity, persuaded that it was the "very picture" of the dark, handsome, bearded face that bent smiling over his treasures.

But a shadow, dark as the grave in its gloom, hovered over the dear, new home—the shadow of the Angel of Death, who stood at the portal. Softer grew the voice of the young mother, and slower the step that tended downward to the valley of shadows. A mighty yearning was in her heart to see her father once more, to hear his voice pronounce her forgiveness and give assurance of protection to her babe, so soon to know, as she had, the want of a mother's love and guidance. "I cannot die if I may not see him; I could not rest in my grave at last if I do not hear him promise," she pleaded, as she tossed with fever-crimsoned cheeks and lips. So he came in time to hear her last eloquent appeal to grant her petition with tears and sobs, and to pour out unavailing prayers that her life might be spared him. True to his prejudice against her husband, he stipulated that the child should never bear its father's name, but adopt that of its mother—Annie M.—

Objection could not be made at such a time; but when, with her last words, she asked that it be left in care of her husband's mother, his wrath blazed in fiercely; but the will that never bent before yielded to the pleading eyes of his dying child as they followed him, and he sealed his consent upon the lips that would ask no more of him on earth. An hour later, with her hands clasped in her husband's, and her head pillowed on the bosom where it had lain in its infancy, she slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Mr. M.—returned home after the funeral; but slaves were sent to care for the babe, the cottage was made comfortable, and even elegant, and every luxury surrounded the little heiress. The loss of his wife was a terrible blow to the husband, who reproached himself for the blindness of the love and the rashness of the youthful passion that had led him to take her from inheritance and friends to share his poverty and struggles. Nothing was left him now but fame—no home on earth—no hope but for position—no love, no wife, no mistress, but ambition. The babe she had borne him had been torn from his heart, separated from his protection, given for a price to strangers who despoiled him; even his name was stripped from her, as if it were some filthy and polluted garment that defiled her infant purity. In after-years we hear of him from the battle-fields of Mexico, from the Senate Chamber, as a leader in the counsels of the nation; but he never returned to his old home—never married or saw his child again.

Annie's education was finished at a city in the Southwest; and here, as if some fatality attended them, at the same school from which her mother eloped she learned to love a penniless man by the name of Charles L.—the last scion of an impoverished family, whose patent of nobility dated back to the Norman Conqueror. He had left England to establish himself in business in America, wishing first to graduate from a Southern college; but the rigid caste—at that time more tyrannical there than in India—barred his entrance. The principal of the school, himself an aspirant for the hand and estate of one of the wealthiest and most beautiful heiresses in the State, looked with little pleasure upon the intimacy between the young people. At this time a forgery was committed upon the Principal, who charged it to Mr. L.—A warrant was issued, and he arrested. On her way to the recitation-room Annie heard the facts, and, glancing from the window, saw him passing in charge of an officer. All the hot, ungoverned temper of her race leaped to her heart and brain. She knew, though she could not prove it, that the whole thing was a plot to ruin her lover, against whom prejudice already existed on account of his openly expressed anti-slavery sentiments. That night she had a council of war with her room-mate. The girls were both

rich; but now the pretty spendthrifts had but empty purses and no time to lose. Money there was none, but fabulously rich were Annie's jewels, and these stood steady. She dare not leave the house, but her friend obtained a suit of male attire, shaded her lip in imitation of a downy moustache, crept from the window on to the porch, clung to lattice and vines with the super-ease of a cat, let herself down over the door of the Professor's study, and made her way to a lawyer.

In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

soliloquized the laughing masquerade. The case was laid before the man of briefs, who listened in silence, then questioned respectfully; but a closer observer than the innocent but reckless girl would have seen that he penetrated her disguise, and believed it some love-affair of her own. His services were engaged, and the jewels left as security for payment. When the trial came on, and gossip mixed Miss Mason's name with the prisoner's, he learned his mistake. A most able defence cleared Mr. L.—but so strong was public opinion against him that he was obliged to leave the town. We will not intrude upon the last sad interview, but vows of constancy were exchanged, to be kept sacredly by one, who believed then that

Fate, in its bitterest mood,
Had no pain for her like the pain of that night.

Miss M.—spent the winter with her grandfather in Cuba, and here met for the first time the lawyer who had conducted the case for Mr. L.—. Thrown much together in society, the acquaintance ripened into friendship on her part, love on his, and an offer of marriage ensued. Surprised and grieved, the gentle girl firmly but kindly declined the honor, when, to her astonishment, he presented a casket containing her own jewels. To that moment she had not known him; and pride, humiliation, and regret struggled with her gratitude. "Forgive me," she sobbed, "that I cannot love you." He listened as a doomed man listens to a sentence he knows is irrevocable—calm, firm, and pale, too proud to plead for what he craved more than life, then bent over her hand a moment in silence, and left her alone. I do not think that then, or ever, Annie realized that Mr. L.—'s regard for her was not the same as hers for him. She loved him with all the passionate love of her nature—would have bestowed upon him her wealth and social rank, or have gone out from them gladly, as her mother had done, to share his ~~and~~ and poverty. He loved her as we love those who are kind to us in the dark hours of our lives—as one who had stood between himself and a blow he was powerless to avert—as his angel of deliverance—and with a calm affection that was tempered by wisdom. He never knew how full of pain those days were for her, or that the thought that came first at dawn and last at night was, "I will be true to him."

From Cuba Annie and her grandfather went to Europe, and made the tour of the Continent at their leisure.

They looked at the works of the masters in the art-galleries of the Old World; ate grapes on the sunny hill-sides of France; took part in the festivities of her gay but wicked capital; drank Imperial Tokay of Hungary's richest vintage in the lands of its own press; stood in the palaces of Moscow and the silent streets of Pompeii; floated down the canals of the "Mistress of the Sea" to the dreamy music of their boatman's song; but, feted, honored, worshipped almost for her magnificent beauty and enormous wealth, with nobles for her slaves and princes at her feet, who would have laid down title and power for one smile of favor, and thought it cheaply bought, she was as cold, as calm, as proud and unbending as a statue; and still, amid an adulation that would have turned the brain of another girl, her lips echoed the refrain of her heart, "I will be true."

Yet, five years later, we find her married to a gentleman belonging to a prominent family in the South. When he asked her to be his wife, she told him the history of her life, and ended with the prophetic words, "I have no heart to give you; I shall never love again." He was one of the most polished, chivalrous men of his day, elegant and handsome; and the imperious, impassioned lover, who had never asked but to receive, who had never knelt to mortal woman in vain, who counted his amours by the score—this petted darling of society, this "glass of fashion," whose word was law—world-weary before his time, blasé ere one thread of silver shone in his crisp black curls—this man, who was used to be flattered and courted, listened to his refusal only to repeat the proposal again and again, begging only for such esteem as she gave him now, incredulous but that he should make a stronger love in her heart than the one he believed to be only a girlish fancy. But, even in the last hour before their marriage, she had said with tearfully beseeching eyes: "I shall never love again;" and he had kissed away the tears with tender assurances that he would be content. The prediction was but too true, and the gloom that lay on her heart chilled and clouded his life, though no word of reproach was ever spoken.

When the storm that had long threatened our beloved Union burst in fury over the land, he joined the Confederate army, and fell in battle. Where the fray was thickest and hottest; where blood had baptized the soil like water, he had led on his men to face the leaden hail; and, when it was ended, they found him dead on the field, his head resting on his arm, his broken

sword by his side, and a more peaceful look on his face than he had worn of late.

When I next met Annie we were prisoners at a Southern village. One day, a Union officer, who was passing a window where we stood, glanced carelessly up; but, as his eyes caught hers, a look of recognition and astonishment passed over his face, then it grew white as death. Annie was scarcely less moved, for the man who had lifted his cap and passed on was Charles L.—. Later in the day they met, and she listened to his story, never having heard from him since they parted a Wheeling. He had amassed a fortune, and married, upon short acquaintance, a lady in the North. The union was a wretchedly miserable mistake, without one palliating circumstance; and he was repenting at leisure. His wife was a stylish, artful, superficial, narrow-minded woman. He had dreamed of the angels, and waked to find himself fettered to a mockery of womanhood, who made his home a hell; and a separation, partial in one sense, entire in another, took place between them; by his forbearance she still wore the name she dishonored; but for four years they had neither met nor spoken. Heretofore there had been no strong motive for taking legal steps towards a separation; perhaps he had never really loved; but the knowledge of Annie's changeless devotion, even while she was the wife of another; her desolation; her radiant beauty, that as far outshone the beauty of the girl he had known years ago as the beauty of the morn exceeds that of dawn—stirred his heart as it never had stirred before.

This gratitude he had cherished all this years swelled into a love that was almost worship. It was the love of the boy magnified a hundred-fold, and he begged with passionate entreaties to be allowed to protect her; that she would be his wife when he had put away from him one who was but a wife in name—a hated burden. Until this time Annie had loved him devoutly, and, even with her head pillowed on the loyal breast of her noble husband, dreamed of the absent lover, until it broke that heart and sent it to an early grave. But now that he—married, bound, though but by an empty form, to another—dared to speak such sentiments, and asked of her a promise so near allied to dishonor, she answered with contemptuous refusal, and sent him from her with scorn. In that hour the love of a life time lay apparently dead, shrouded for sepulture—waiting for a burial from which there would be no resurrection. There was never, in all her life, an hour of such utter loneliness—such weary hopeless despair; and she wept aloud with sobs and moans, as if her heart had at last broken. I am afraid I did not pity her then. Soon after this she was freed and made as comfortable as possible; but her property was confiscated, and she became a dependant upon bounty.

Six months later she was on a Mississippi River steamer. The boat was crowded with passengers, gathered in groups on the deck or in the cabin; and from the brevities of the day, conversation turned upon the ever-present subject of the sad difference between the North and South. Ladies and gentlemen took part in it, and Annie, whose deep mourning, beauty, and air of refinement had attracted attention, was kindly drawn into the discussion. She told her experience of suffering, bereavement, and loss of home and wealth, with an unaffected simplicity; and her sorrow, unmixed with bitterness or a spirit of retaliation, touched every heart but one, and tears stood in many eyes.

Opposite, and near her, sat a woman whom Annie had already noticed on account of her peculiarly repellent personal appearance, who in a venomous manner assailed Southern refugees at the close of the unvarnished tale told at the request of the passengers. She so evidently hated Annie for the interest others felt in her, and looked at so plainly, that my poor little friend shrank into the corner of her sofa, and gazed at her with eyes dilated with terror. In some unaccountable way she felt her to be connected with all the pain of her life. On the boat she had met by accident Colonel and Mrs. A.—, old friends, whom she had known in brighter days, and renewed the acquaintance with pleasure. When the bell rang for supper Colonel A.—gave her his arm to the table, and seated her beside himself and wife as politely as if she had been a princess of the House of Hanover.

The hungry passengers seated themselves with pleasant bustle and good-natured jest that amused her, and as she listened, smiling at the waiter's volubly strung-out bill of fare, she heard a sharp, querulous, fretful tone, and her first glance froze her blood with a horrid revelation. Opposite sat Captain L.—and the woman whose uncharitable attack upon her had been as cruel and unjustifiable as would have been blows upon a chained and defenceless captive. Worse than all, this was his wife, the woman of whom he had told her, and his manner to her, icily courteous, said more plainly than words, "I hate you; I detest and loathe you; but the world looks on." For a moment the table seemed to whirl and the floor to slide from beneath her feet; then, with a mighty effort, she recovered, excused herself on the plea of sudden illness, and retired. Mrs. A.—soon came to her with refreshments, but she could not taste them, and lay with eyes fast closed as if she would shut out the horrid vision. So this was the end of her romance—this the woman he had sworn to cherish—this the creature who having voluntarily abdicated her place in his heart, he had proposed to compel to abdicate his home that he might give her, legally and honorably, the vacated place.

"Ah! bitter, bitter, were the lees."

The dead love stirred in her heart as if it would roll away the stone with which she had sealed its grave and come forth. Sobs, stifled and deep, shook her as the winter winds shake the aspen leaf; and Mrs. A.—, wise as she was kind, with delicate regard for her suffering, withdrew, expressing kindly worded hopes that she would be better. Happy wife! she did not know then—I hope she may never have learned it—later how far surpassing "the ills that flesh is heir to" are the wearisome and heart-sickness of hope deferred—the agony that is born of despair.

Later in the evening Mrs. A.—returned with her husband, who begged her to come to the parlor, and give them some of the exquisite music he remembered to have heard in her home; and in her gratitude to them, more than from a desire to please others, she consented. Her musical talents were very superior, and no expense had been spared to perfect this branch of her education.

Song after song was called for and given from the masterpieces of Beethoven to the tinkling serenade of the Spanish Troubadour; and, oddly enough, the last sad strains of the "Miserere" were followed by the merriest Bacchantine song ever given at unlicensed revel where wit and beauty graced alike the festive board, and joy was unconfined; but, as she ended with—

They hurry me from spot to spot,
To banish my regret,
And, when one lonely smile they win,
My sorrow they forget,

tears fell fast on the white keys that throbbed back their mournful response to her touch. That peculiar fascination that attracts our attention to one person in a crowd who observes us closely caused her to lift her eyes, and, through the shining mist of her tears, she saw Captain L.— standing apart from those who had gathered around her, his arms tightly folded over his chest, his proud head drooped slightly forward, his brow knitted as if in sharp pain, and his eyes bent upon her with such sorrow and reproach, such regret and unspeakable tenderness, as she never saw on a face before—something of the agony that must have been on Lucifer's when, hurled from the battlements of Heaven, he turned one last, despairing look at what had once been his own. It was as if an eternity of love were concentrated in a moment—a fierce and hungry love; as though, maddened by restraint, he would tear himself free, gather her to his bosom, and shield her in his heart from a world he was ready to defy.

At the same instant, Mrs. L.—, who was attentively regarding her, followed her eyes, saw, and read as well as she, the look on her husband's face. One glance of hate she gave them, then glided silently as a serpent from the room.

When Annie landed at the place of her destination rain fell in torrents, and the midnight was as black and the sky as starless as her life. In the darkness, through which she could not distinguish one face from another, a hand led her across the plank to a carriage in waiting, and then she was clasped for an instant by strong arms, while, between kisses, the words, "My darling! my darling! I cannot live without you!" betrayed his identity. A moment later, alone, she leaned back on the cushions, and almost unconsciously repeated them again and again, as if they were all her comfort upon earth. It was their last meeting—their last parting. After the war we drifted apart, and I heard from her but at rare intervals. Now the word has come to me that she is dead; and I wonder—I cannot help it—if, in that home that is fairer than ours—that world that is brighter than this—where storms never rage, where winter never chills, where night never darkens—if, in that Heaven where the will of the Lord is the light thereof, the sweet, patient life that was so utterly a failure here will be crowned with joy? And will they be united where no human frailties mislead, where the frown of society is not feared, where misunderstandings never arise or misconceptions blind? God grant it, else how could we endure?

HANDS.

"The direct telegraphic communication of the heart is the hand." Somebody said that, and although I really don't know who it was, I agree with him perfectly.

It is the touch of the hand at greeting which warms or chills my heart, and makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me.

If the fingers close about my own with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, I know that we should snap, snarl, and finally quarrel, and that the least I have to do with the owner and those wily digits, the better off I shall be.

If a nerveless, limp hand glides into my own, and seems disposed to lie there, without life, I drop it like a hot potato; for I know that all my happiness would be as nothing in that awful palm.

Don't trust the owner of those limp hands. They grasp at nothing—they take hold of nothing—whether they were your jewels, your money, your talents, your secrets, or the best feelings of your heart—would all slip through those cold fingers and be lost, and their loss counted as nothing.

But if the hands grasp your own and hold them firmly, in strong, warm fingers, cultivate their owner, for he or she will take hold of your life, and warm and strengthen it.

Oh, these human hands! How, from the beginning they are part of our inner life, more than any other part of the human body!

What mother does not recall, with ineffable tenderness, the first touch of the baby's hands—the weak, helpless straying of tiny fingers, pleading for love and care, even before the baby-life seems to have become a reality? Who does not remember the anxious fear with which we watch those fingers as they grow older, and become mischievous and busy?

"Look out for Kitty, or Johnny!" is the household cry. "Their fingers are into everything."

It is not the tiny feet, the bright eyes or the rosy lips we guard, but the destructive little hands, that are never idle, and ever to be feared and watched.

We are sick, and doctors come and bring us healing potions, and rules of health for us to follow; and yet, after all, it is the touch of loving hands alone that brings us rest from pain.

My mother's hand has brought sleep to me many a time, when sickness has racked and agonized me; and in these later years, when pain and trouble come, I invariably mourn for the touch of "mother's hand."

I think I used to fear it, too; for my childhood was in the old-fashioned days of spanking, and many a smart correction have I received from those hands, which could be so loving.

All the greatness on earth has laid in the hollow of a hand. The books, the music, the pictures, the wonders of architecture, the intricacies of mechanism, the mysteries of science and the government of countries, with all their god-like beauties of colour, sound, symmetry, usefulness, progression and wisdom have laid within a human hand.

The highest aspirations and realizations of the brain are brought to light through the hand, and the tenderest love and charity of the heart make the hand its dispenser. They can be tender ministers of comfort and peace, and yet as cruel and full of venom as the bite of an asp.

And with all their power—with their charities, their cruelties, their tender touches, their spankings, their mischief—they are folded at last and those who speak of us, tell of the closing of eyes and the folding of hands as the part of our going away.

THE NEW COMBUSTIBLE.

We stated, says *Galignani's Messenger*, a short time ago that a Belgian peasant had made the extraordinary discovery that earth, coal, and soda, mixed together, would burn as well and better than any other combustible, and the fact has since then been proved beyond a doubt. The way in which he found this out is curious. He had been scraping the floor of his cellar with a shovel in order to bring all the bits of coal lying about into a heap, which, mixed as it was with earth and other impurities, he put into his stove. To his astonishment he found that this accidental compound burnt better instead of worse than he expected, and emitted much greater heat. Being an intelligent man, he endeavoured to discover the cause, and found that a great deal of soda, probably the remnant of the last wash, lay about on the floor of the cellar, and that some of it must have got into his heap. He then made a few experiments, and at length improved his compound sufficiently to render it practical. The publicity given in Belgium to this discovery caused trials to be made everywhere and it has now been ascertained that three parts of earth and one of coal dust, watered with a concentrated solution of soda, will burn well and emit great heat. Many Parisian papers talked of it, but only one, the *Moniteur*, went so far, as to make the experiment at its printing office. A certain quantity of friable and slightly sandy earth was mixed with the quantum of coal-dust prescribed; the two ingredients were well incorporated with each other, and then made into a paste with the solution above mentioned. The fire-place of one of the boilers had previously been lighted with coal, and the fire was kept up with shovelfuls of the mixture. The latter, in a few seconds, was transformed into a dry brown crust, which soon after became red-hot, and then burnt brightly, but without being very rapidly consumed. The fact of the combustion is therefore well ascertained; but before the system can be universally adopted there are some important points to be considered, such as the calorific power of the mixture compared to that of pure coal, its price, and above all, a remedy, for the great drawback attaching to it—its fouling the fire-grate considerably.

PLAIN BREAD PUDDING.—Cut stale bread into slices, butter them, and lay them in a pie-dish; sprinkle them with a little brown sugar and a few currants. Repeat this until the dish is quite full; then pour on the bread boiled milk mixed with one beat-up egg, until the bread is soaked; bake it light brown. One may make a still plainer bread pudding of odds and ends, when too stale to use otherwise, by soaking them in skim milk, then beating the bread to a pap, adding a few currants and a little brown sugar, and boiling in a cloth. Or another very palatable and economical pudding may be made as follows: Boil the pieces of bread, crust and crumb together, until so soft that it can be beaten up with a fork; add a little chopped suet of some skim milk, and a few spoonfuls of treacle; put it into a pie-dish and bake it brown; leave the top of it quite rough, or scratch it rough with a fork.

EVANGELINE.

A woman with a restful, patient face;
Deep, tender eyes, and lovingness of touch;
With noiseless footsteps and a settled grace
That sorrow may have chastened into such.
A woman whom the children turn to bless—
Who fills the vacant places in their play—
Yet who has not of women-wisdom less
When sterner duties call her thence away.
Beneath the calm exterior of her smile
A world of pure and hergeless loving lies;
And Charity, e'er free from curious gulle,
Comes forth with her in animated guise.
No proud ambition stirs her lively breast
To deeds that swell the clarion blast of Fame;
No strife to bear a worldly-honored crest
Inflames her hope, as trumpets forth her name.
A welcome form of succour to the poor—
A ray of healing light to suffering age—
A minister of peace at every door—
A refuge from the storms of mortal wage—
A comforter—a vision of increase—
A woman past the clamor and the rush
That have assailed the spirit of her peace,
And left her sweet Contentment's holy hush—
A woman she (no being more than this
Hath visit here, but keeps its higher state),
And years ago her morning's freshest bliss
Began to dawn in shyness, yet elate,
Then soared in strength and guided every thought,
And made another life as like its own,
And felt the joy of pleasure free, unsought,
The veil of sweets enchanted o'er it thrown.

So, when its object on a Summer day
Went forth, all armored, to the field of fight,
Evangeline could hope, and, hoping, pray,
And, smiling, watch the soldier out of sight;
Till time had lengthened into weary days,
And every night new burden showed its God.
Men brought the tale of His diviner ways—
The soldier slept beneath a battle's sod.
She, laid apart from every common ill
By sickness long and sore, awoke to rest
And recognition of the Highest Will;
So bowed her head, and henceforth lived as blest.

The silver cords have mingled with the brown,
And gossips talk of what there might have been,
And how she could have worn a matron's crown,
But lives a maid—till death, Evangeline.

TOO CAREFUL BY HALF.

We were a party of four—four working men—two of us engaged in the works of Culvert Brothers, engine-makers, of Grubtown, and the other two employed in the factory of Messrs. Staples and Company, of the same place. We had all four managed, with some difficulty, to get our yearly holiday, of a fortnight, at the same time, and had arranged to make a walking expedition through the Lake Country, by way both of getting a present enjoyment, and also of laying up a pleasant memory to look back to in after-years. We meant, besides going through the Lake Country, to get a sniff of the sea, by visiting the little coast-town of Allonby. Before saying anything about our excursion, however, it is only right and proper that I should here set down our names. Our party, then, consisted of Matthew Moonside and John Barnacle—they were the two in the employ of Culvert Brothers—George Entwistle and myself, Gidon Crook, at your service.

And now it is necessary that I should say something at starting about the first-mentioned member of our little party, Matthew Moonside, namely, well, he was just simply the most remarkable man, of his position, in all Grubtown, a large place, with plenty of clever fellows living in it. He was a mechanical genius, and had given so many proofs of his ability in that line, that he had got quite a reputation all about the town, and further off, too; while with his employers he stood as high as might be expected of a man who, by the improvements which he had introduced into the working of their machinery, had saved them first and last a powerful deal of money. Indeed, he was always inventing, always making contrivances which saved time and labour, striking out something new and original perpetually.

And yet with all this, and although his inventions were invariably of a most practical and rational sort, he was himself in his manner of life the very most impractical, absent-minded, eccentric fellow that you would meet with anywhere. He really seemed to live in the clouds—we who were his intimates used to corrupt his name into "Mooney"—and half his time did not appear in the least to know what he was doing, which led to his getting into the queerest scrapes and difficulties imaginable. With all this, he was the most affectionate and winning fellow. I wish I knew how to draw, that I might do a likeness of his handsome face, with that far-off look about the eyes, which some of those who knew him best used often to comment upon.

Now it is certain that this absent-mindedness and wool-gathering habit of Mooney's would have mattered much more, and done him much greater injury, if it had not happened that he was always tended and looked after by the most loving and affectionate wife that ever any man had, I don't suppose that Moonside quite knew

what that woman was to him, though I will do him the justice to say that he was very fond and proud of her. Still I don't think—because of that very absent-mindedness of his—that he was fully aware how much better his house was looked after, and his children cared for, than were the houses and children of most of his friends and associates. The fact is, that his wife, besides being naturally a good manager and a sensible woman, thoroughly understood and appreciated her husband, believing in him in spite of his queer ways, and loving him with all her heart. I shall never forget, on the morning of our starting on our excursion, the state that this same Janet Moonside was in about parting from Matthew. She entreated all of us to be very careful of her Matthew, though for this there was little necessity, George Entwistle and myself—not to mention Moonside's more intimate friend and companion John Barnacle—all setting a high value on Moonside, as, indeed, everybody did who knew him at all well. It was quite early morning still when we got under way, all waving our hats and calling out "good-bye" to our friend's wife, she giving directions to Mooney up to the very last, and loading him with provisions enough for a journey across the Desert. I noticed, too, that after we had all left, she called back John Barnacle, and seemed to be impressing on him something very particular indeed.

The members of our little party all got on very comfortably, and well together during the early part of our excursion, and all seemed for a time to promise most favorably. It was not till we had been travelling together some little time that any interruption to the cordiality which existed between us appeared to threaten, and when it did so the interruption seemed likely to come from the quarter from which, of all others, it might have been the least anticipated. There appeared, in short, a likelihood of something almost approaching to discord, arising between Matthew Moonside and his friend John Barnacle.

It was one of the especial characteristics of our friend Mooney, and it was no doubt one which was intimately connected with his inventiveness and thoughtfulness, that he would at times take a fancy for being alone, and getting away for a while from all his companions, be they who they might. On general occasions, Mooney was sociable enough, and as fond of smoking his pipe, and having a chat with his friends, as anybody, but at other times he seemed to feel a positive necessity of being alone. I had never any doubt that this was not because of any unsocial thing in his nature, but because of his wanting to think quietly over those inventions and mechanical contrivances of which his head was always full. Indeed, all his companions were ready to fall into this mood of his in a general way; but on this occasion there was an exception, and it was furnished by no other than the above-mentioned John Barnacle. There never was anything like the way in which during this journey of ours he stuck to our friend Moonside. He never left him, and if by chance Mooney did succeed for a short time in getting away from his companionship—for it very soon became evident, both to Entwistle and myself, that Mooney did sometimes make strenuous efforts to get away from his friend—Barnacle would complain in the most serious manner of Moonside's unsociality, and hold himself up as a martyr because of it. It was not long, however, in becoming evident who was the real martyr in their case. They used both—Matthew Moonside on the one part, and John Barnacle on the other—to come to me with their complaints.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," says Moonside, on the occasion of his first confidence to me on this subject, made while we were walking up and down the little lawn in front of our quarters at Allonby, "but I cannot, for the life of me, get away from our friend Barnacle for so much as half an hour at a time. No doubt he's a very good fellow, and he and I are close friends, and have been so for years; but really one can have too much of a good thing. He never leaves me alone, and I want to be alone sometimes in order to think out several important matters connected with that patent which I want to take out, and all the details of which I had intended to get thoroughly hold of in the course of this holiday of ours. The way in which he sticks to me amounts to a positive annoyance."

"I'm quite sure," says I, "that he has no intention of annoying you."
"I dare say not," replies Moonside, "but he does, nevertheless. It actually seems, only of course I know that cannot be, as if he was watching me. Why I can see him at the window now; he is pretending to examine the prospect, but I know perfectly well that I am the real object of his scrutiny. I'll try and give him the slip though," continued Mooney; "I'll go through the house and out at the back door, and so get to the beach by a round-about way, but you'll see he'll be after me long before I can get there."

He had hardly disappeared through the house when down comes Barnacle from his post of observation.

"What's become of Moonside?" cries he, directly he gets within my hearing.

"How should I know?" I replied, willing to assist our scientific friend's escape. "He is about somewhere, I suppose."

"What a fellow he is," says Barnacle, with an air of intense vexation. "He's always getting away like this just when one wants him. Most annoying, really."

"He'll be here again presently," I said. "What do you want with him?"

"It's something very particular I want to talk to him about."

"Well, but won't it keep?"

"No, it won't keep." And off he bolted without waiting for another word on my part; and soon after, looking down towards the beach, I saw that Barnacle had succeeded in carrying his point. He had got hold of his prey, and was sticking to him as close as ever.

One day Mooney came to me almost desperate.

"I really don't think I can stand this any longer," he groaned. "You've no conception what Barnacle is. I had no conception of it myself till now. Up to the time of our starting on this expedition he had never gone on in this way. I used to see a good deal of him, of course both when we were at the factory and at other times but nothing like this. You saw yourself how he pursued me the other day when I got away to the beach by the back way. Well, that's only a specimen. The beach is an open sort of place, and there's not much chance of keeping out of sight, though I have tried among the rocks round the north point often enough, but the other day I did get away and made for a little wood up the country which I had observed, and where I thought I might hide to some purpose, and get an opportunity of developing some plans for a wool-carding machine, which I had been thinking over lately. Not a bit of it. I had been in my hiding-place about half an hour; I had got all my papers scattered round me, and with my writing case and instruments was fairly at work, when I heard, suddenly, a rustling among the leaves, and, looking round, there was Barnacle's grinning face—for the provoking part of it is that he's always in a good humor—hemmed in by a framework of boughs, and wearing an expression of the most perfect self-complacency and triumph. There was an end of my calculations. All my ideas were put to flight by that invincible formula of his, 'What a fellow you are! I've been looking for you everywhere.'"

I could not help laughing, but poor Mooney took it in a very different way.

"It's no laughing matter," he said. "I have a number of letters of importance to write, besides all sorts of calculations which it is necessary for me to make, and all these things require that I should be alone."

"Why don't you lock yourself up in your bedroom?" I asked, thinking I had hit upon a solution of my friend's difficulties.

"Bedroom!" he echoed. "That's the most hopeless place of all. I've tried it, and before I've been there five minutes, he is outside the door with the usual exclamation, 'What a fellow you are!' and then he goes on telling me what a fine day it is, and how my holiday will do me no good, if I don't keep out of doors; and even if I get him to promise me half an hour's peace, I feel entirely unable to settle to my work, because I know he won't keep his promise—and he doesn't."

"Why, even a bathing-machine," continued my unfortunate friend, after a moment's pause, "is not a safe retreat, though you would naturally suppose it would be. He either takes another, as soon as he sees me go into one, or else he sits upon the steps of mine, and at brief intervals rattles at the door, and roars out, 'Don't you stop in the water too long, or you'll get a chill;' or reminds me that the coast shelves down very suddenly here, and that I can't swim."

"That bathing-machine failure was a great disappointment to me," Mooney went on, "for I'd great hopes of it at first, and one day, after telling the proprietor not to hurry me, and promising to pay him double time for the machine, I shut myself up in one, intending only to remain in the water about a minute, come out again, get my clothes on, and set myself quietly to work. Would you believe it, that fellow had been on the watch as usual, had observed how short a time I stayed in the water, and when he considered I had been long enough to have finished dressing, began to batter at the door with all his might. At first, as the sea was making a good deal of noise, I thought I might pretend not to hear him; but that wouldn't do at all. 'I say,' he bellows, 'what a long time you are. You're not taken ill, are you?' 'No,' I roared, 'nothing of the sort.' For awhile, I thought I'd got rid of him after that, but in a minute or two he was at the door again. 'I know what it is,' he says; 'you've got your socks wet, and can't pull them on. It's happened to me often. I'll tell you what you do,' he screeches, for the noise made by the waves made anything less inaudible. 'Don't attempt to get them on, but slip on your boots without them. They'll soon get dry in the sun.'"

"The bathing-machine," continued Mooney, "was no good at all, nor anything else. Why, one day I actually got into a cave, which I had observed from the sea, and the entrance to which was under water at high tide, and encasing myself, with my books and papers, on a ledge of rock, which was high and dry, thought that I was safe, at any rate for six hours. Absurd! I had not been there half an hour, when a boat appeared at the mouth of the cavern, with Barnacle, in a high state of excitement, sitting at the stern. 'All right,' he cried; 'you're saved! Jump in. Luckily enough, I was on the cliff, opposite there, amusing myself with my telescope, and I saw you go into the cave, just before the tide turned. I've made all the haste I could, and, thank goodness, have arrived in time to save you.' It was in vain that I explained that I was quite safe on my perch, and rather liked the idea of stopping there. He would hear of nothing of the sort, and I was obliged to get into the boat and abandon my retreat, as Barnacle would only allow

me to stay on condition that he and the boat and the boatman should remain too.

"I think, however, I've hit upon a plan." Mooney went on, after a short pause, "which will give me a few hours to myself, and that will be enough for my present purpose. I shall want your help and Entwistle's though, in carrying it out. I have hired a dog-cart, and am going to drive out to-morrow morning to a village about nine miles off, where I intend to spend the day, not coming back till quite late in the evening. The only difficulty is the getting off; I have arranged to make an early start, but I don't feel secure of Barnacle's not being on the watch, and I want you to keep him engaged somehow or other, till I am fairly off. I shall direct my driver to have everything ready, and to put the horse into the vehicle in the coach-house, out of sight. We can get into the dog-cart in the coach-house, have the doors opened only at the last moment, and then make a bolt of it."

I promised Mooney that I would afford him all the help I could, though I own that I felt considerable misgivings as to my chances of being of any use.

Well, next morning, Entwistle and I, having first seen Moonside safely secreted in the coach-house, got hold of Barnacle, who, early as it was, was up and stirring, and drawing him to the front door of the house—he wouldn't come any further—made a proposal to him that we should all three go out fishing in the bay. I knew that Barnacle was fond of sea-fishing, and thought that, by this means, we should have at least some chance of tempting him out of the house.

"And Moonside?" he asked, at once.

"Well, you know, he's but a bad sailor," I replied, "and wouldn't enjoy it. We could leave him here to his own devices."

"Leave him to his own devices!" replied Barnacle, in a voice of dismay. "Oh dear no! that would never do—never do at all!"

"Never do?" I repeated, "and why not? Tell me," I continued, determined to make an attempt to emancipate my unhappy friend, "don't you think that a man—and especially a man like Moonside, whose mind is always full of all sorts of big schemes—sometimes likes to be alone? Don't you think you might leave him to himself occasionally for a little while?"

"Leave him to himself!" echoed Barnacle, looking at me with an air of great consternation.

"Leave him to himself!—but what's that?" he cried, in the same breath; and, turning about, he rushed through the house into the yard at the back, from which region the most infernal noise and clatter conceivable was at this moment proceeding.

I cast one despairing look at Entwistle, and then we both ran off in the direction from which the sounds came. Their origin was soon explained. That elaborate precaution of poor Mooney's, of having the horse put into the dog-cart in the coach-house, had entirely defeated itself. The place was of small dimensions, and encumbered with all sorts of objects, which had been stowed away there to be out of the way, so that only a very narrow space was left, through which the vehicle containing our friend and the driver had to be steered, in order to reach the yard in which the building was situated. The horse, which was a young one, had jumped aside at starting, and having succeeded in jamming the conveyance to which it was attached between a plough, which stood on one side of the coach-house, and a cart on the other, straightway proceeded to indulge in a series of rearings and flounderings, which had produced those sounds of stamping and clattering which had caught the attention of the vigilant Barnacle.

The animal was soon reduced to order, and the dog-cart speedily extricated and brought out into the yard; but, alas! for poor Mooney's deeply-laid scheme! Barnacle was up in the back seat of the vehicle almost before it was fairly out of the coach-house. Poor Mooney cast one despairing glance at us as he listened to his friend's expostulations.

"What had he been about to do? Were we he going, without telling anybody? It should not be, however. That horse was obviously dangerous. He (Barnacle) knew something of the management of horses, and out of that yard they should not stir unless he went with them, mounted there on the back seat, ready to jump down on any emergency, and run to the animal's head."

Of course, he carried his point, and remained on his perch. As the dog-cart drove off, he turned round and winked at us who stayed behind, with an air of triumph, which was exasperating in the extreme.

When they came back, late in the evening, Barnacle pronounced that they had had a most delightful excursion, but poor Mooney had nothing to say on the subject. One would have thought that this was to be the climax of the persecution which our friend was destined to endure from his companion's affectionate adherence, but it was not, worse was to come.

After we had stayed a little while at Allonby, we set off on our return-journey, making our way towards home through a different portion of the Lake Country from that by which we had travelled when outward bound.

One reason of our taking the direction which we chose was, that we might pay a visit at the house of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Thorneycroft, who had an estate in a beautiful part of the country, not far from Ulswater. Mr. Thorneycroft was a partner in the firm of Culvert Brothers, though his name did not appear in the business, and he and his wife, who had always had a high opinion of Moonside's abilities, had insisted

ed, when they heard of the excursion which he was going to make in the Lake District, that he and his friends should spend a night or two at their house. Mrs. Thornycroft had, moreover—as I heard afterwards—intimated to our ingenious friend, that there was a point connected which certain improvements in the house about which she wished to consult him, and as to which he was particularly well qualified to give an opinion. She mentioned, at the same time, that what she had in contemplation was to be kept a secret, as it was intended as a surprise for Mr. Thornycroft.

We found ourselves quite in clover at Lakeside, which was the name of Mr. Thornycroft's place. Everything was good and well-arranged about the place, our quarters were delightful, and the eating and drinking unexceptionable; so that we all enjoyed ourselves immensely—all, that is, except friend Barnacle, who now found it much more difficult than he had previously done to keep his companion Moonside in view. The fact is, that it was very evident that the position occupied by our ingenious friend in the estimation of our entertainers was very different from that accorded to the rest of us. Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft were perfectly kind and hospitable to every one of us, and in all things looked after our comforts, and even our enjoyments. Still it was Moonside whom they evidently wanted, and it was for his sake that all the other members of the party were made welcome. To Entwistle and myself this seemed only natural, and we fell into the arrangement quite easily; but Barnacle did not a bit relish so great a difference being made between him and his mate, and, above all, did not like the occasional separation which took place between them, when Mr. Thornycroft would carry Moonside off to look at his outbuildings, and give an opinion as to how they might be more conveniently arranged; or when Mrs. Thornycroft would lay claim to a share of the engineer's attention for her own schemes, and especially for that one as to which she had originally applied to him for advice.

It was in connexion with this last, that circumstances occurred which at last brought matters to a crisis, and led to a regular quarrel between the two friends.

Mr. Thornycroft had kept our man of genius to himself during the whole morning of the second day of our stay at Lakeside, consulting him about the construction of a sort of a rude lift, for conveying hay and corn up into a kind of granary, which was above the stables, where all such stores were kept. He kept him, in fact, so long, that Mrs. Thornycroft, who had her own scheme, which she was bent on carrying into execution, at last became impatient, and aided and abetted by her sister, fairly carried Moonside off from the stable-yard, where he had been victimized by Mr. Thornycroft, and insisted on his accompanying her sister and herself into the house forthwith.

"And mind," the lady said, "nobody else is to come at all, because we are going to consult about something very mysterious."

Mr. Thornycroft shrugged his shoulders and smiled, and the lady, who was pretty, and completely spoiled by her husband, was allowed to have her way.

Mrs. Thornycroft's project was on a very grand scale, and took quite a long time to explain.

"You see this dining-table, Mr. Moonside?" she said. They were standing before one of circular shape, the centre of which remained always the same; the table, when it had to be enlarged, having additional pieces—each a segment of a circle—added all round its outer circumference. The room in which the table stood was a very handsome one, of a square shape, and communicating with a splendid conservatory, full of the rarest and most beautiful plants.

"You see this dining-table," repeated Mrs. Thornycroft. "It is nothing as it is but an ordinary round expanding table; but I want to have a fountain, a delicious trickling fountain, coming out of the middle of it, surrounded by an ornamental basin, with gold and silver fish swimming about in it."

Moonside did not make any answer just at first; but first taking off his coat, which we working men are apt to do when we mean business of any kind, he got under the table, and examined it underneath, and then tapped on the floor, and asked—still under the table—whether there was a high service of water in the house. On being answered in the affirmative, he—still from under the table—pronounced that the scheme of the table-fountain was entirely feasible, and only a question of expense.

"Oh you charming man," cried both the ladies at once; "come out at once from under the table, and tell us all the particulars of how it's to be done, and whether it can be finished in time for a dinner-party which we have arranged for the second of next month."

Mooney completed his survey of the table, and coming out from underneath it, with the intention of answering this question, saw standing behind the two ladies, with a broad grin on his countenance—his friend and tormentor, John Barnacle. He had come in through the French window, unperceived by the ladies, who had their backs turned in that direction, and of course unseen by his friend, who was under the table. He had heard every word that had been spoken.

"So that's your little game, is it?" he says, smiling affably; "you come away for an outing with your friends, and then you desert them, and come and make yourself agreeable to the ladies—my service to you both—and set to work arranging fountains on dining-tables, with fish swimming about in basins, and what not,

for all the world like an Arabian Night's Entertainment. I've been looking after you all the morning, and at last I saw you going in at the window, and so I thought I'd come after you, and see what you were up to."

Now this was a very good fellow, who wouldn't have said anything to hurt any one on any account if he had known. Only he had no power of observing what was, and what was not, agreeable to those he was with—not a scrap of what is called, I believe, among superior people, by the name of tact. He was not long in being made aware that he had put his foot in it.

The lady of the house gave him a glance which was enough to freeze the marrow in his bones, and then turned round upon poor Mooney, who had been so "charming" a moment before.

"Really, Mr. Moonside," she said, "this is too bad. You should keep your friends under better control. The whole essence of this scheme of mine was that it should be kept entirely secret. Now that this person knows about it, it might as well have been told to the town crier, and I shall certainly have nothing more to do with it," and with that, and followed closely by her sister, she swept out of the room.

"Well," said the unfortunate Barnacle, looking after them in the extremest bewilderment and dismay, "if that doesn't beat everything."

"Beat everything," cried Moonside, angrily, for his naturally equable temper had at last fairly given way, "I think you confounded intrusiveness and impertinence beat everything. I have borne all this too long. I told you this very morning that you must look after yourself to-day, and not calculate on my being with you. I told you that this lady wanted to speak with me about some little fancy of her own, which she did not want talked about, and then you come forcing yourself where you're not wanted, and intruding as you've been doing continually ever since we started on this expedition. Ever since we came away from Grubtown," continued Moonside, determined to have it out at last, "you've been hunting and pursuing me about, tormenting me, and making a fool of me all the time. I have never had a moment to myself, for your following me about and watching me, and now at last you've made me offend people who have been hospitable and kind to us, and made us welcome in every way in their power. What is the meaning of it? Are you mad, or do you want to make me so? Come, there must be an end of all this. I ask you, once more, what does it all mean?"

"Do you want to know what it means?" asked Barnacle, speaking slowly, and not like himself.

"Yes, I do?"

"Then I'll tell you what it means, Matthew Moonside. Just before we started on this excursion of ours, your wife—who's just the loveliest wife, and the best that ever man had—she called me aside, and she said, 'John Barnacle,' she said, 'this is the first time that my Matthew and me has been parted since we've been married. You know Matthew as well as I do almost,' she said, 'you know what he is, how absent in his mind, how he's always thinking and speculating, and not minding what he's about along of his being altogether taken up with his plans, and his inventions, and his ideas, of which his brains are so full, that there's hardly room for them all.'"

Barnacle went on speaking this way quite unlike his usual self, and Moonside stood looking at him in a sort of fixed manner, which was likewise different from his ordinary absent ways.

"Now," she goes on, "so long as Matthew is along of me, and I'm able to look after him, it's all very well; but now, when he's going away from me, I do freely own that I'm uneasy and fearful lest, in one of his absent fits, he should get into some trouble, or fall into some kind of danger; and what I want you to do, John," she says, "you being a wide-awake, go-ahead sort of chap, is to promise me that, whatsoever happens, and whosoever you may go you'll keep your eye upon my Matthew, and never let him out of your sight." That's what she made me promise, and that's what I did promise, and that what's has led to all that you complain of."

There was a short pause, during which Moonside still continued to stare at his friend.

"And do you mean to say that Janet gave you such a commission as that?" he said at last.

"Yes; I do."

Again there was a pause, Moonside's consternation seeming to increase with every word which Barnacle uttered.

"Why, I can hardly believe it," said Moonside, passing his hand over his forehead. "It's making me out a contemptible creature, incapable of managing his own affairs, or arranging properly the conduct of his life—a child, an idiot. Oh! Janet, Janet, how could you?"

Barnacle did not answer just at first, and Moonside began to pace up and down the room in extreme disturbance of mind, walking first in one direction and then in another, as if seeking some outlet. At last, with an exclamation of positive pain, he flung himself into a chair, and remained buried in thought, evidently of a most distressing kind. Barnacle waited a little while, looking uneasily from time to time at his friend.

"You are angry and put out," Barnacle said at last, "and I can partly understand your being so at first."

"At first," interrupted Moonside.

"Yes, at first," continued Barnacle; "but not after a moment's thought. If you will try

to calm yourself—as I know you will, because it is not your nature to be intemperate about anything—I firmly believe that you will be able to see that you have no real cause to be angry."

"No cause?" echoed the other.

"No cause whatever, but entirely the reverse. Why, what," continued Barnacle, "does this that your wife has done prove? What sort of feeling does it show towards you—a kind feeling or an unkind? Just let me ask you that. You are a just man, Moonside. Ask that question yourself, of yourself."

Moonside made no reply for a time. He was still not himself in any sense of the word.

"Leave me a little," he said at last, speaking in a milder tone, "I want to be alone awhile, and think this matter over. You are not afraid to lose sight of me for a little?" he added, with a half-smile.

"Yes, I am," added the other, doggedly. "But I will leave you, nevertheless, if you will promise to ask yourself that question."

"I promise."

Barnacle left the room, and Moonside began once more to walk backwards and forwards, absorbed in deep thought. The tone of his mind was by no means as yet restored. He changed his course as he moved about the room, directing his steps now this way, now that, and turning over the same things in his mind continually.

"What a miserable contemptible creature it makes me out," he said to himself. "To have it plainly intimated to me that I am incapable of taking care of myself, or directing my own way through life; to be treated like a child, or an imbecille, who does not know what he is doing, or where he is going; to be—"

Crash! smash! a sudden blow, and a shower of myriads of fragments of glass all around, a rush of warm blood, a sharp pain, torn garments, a cut hand. What was this? What had happened?

Simply he had walked straight through an entirely invisible glass door which divided the room in which he had been pacing up and down from the conservatory without. It was one of those exceedingly dangerous doors which consists of a single sheet of plate-glass, extending from top to bottom, and which, when closed, being entirely transparent and impalpable, fail to proclaim themselves as doors at all. In his agitated walk poor Moonside, seeing nothing but what appeared to be an opening into the conservatory, had made straight for it, and, entirely unconscious of that insidious sheet of glass, had crashed through it with his knee, shivering the whole fabric to atoms, and cutting his leg and one of his hands badly in the act.

Of course the tremendous noise made by this mighty catastrophe brought a number of persons who were within hearing to the spot, among them Barnacle, Entwistle, and myself. We found our poor Mooney sunk down upon a chair, to which, unable to stand from the hurt done to his knee, he had managed to stagger, and endeavoring, with his handkerchief, to stanch the blood which was flowing profusely from his leg and one of his hands. The damage done was probably not serious, but the poor fellow was very faint, and hardly able to speak. He pointed to the broken glass, and to his maimed limb, by way of explaining what had happened, which was, however, obvious enough without any explanation, and then, motioned to Barnacle to stoop over so that he might whisper something in his ear.

He spoke in a very low tone, and in indistinct accents, but I was standing near, and I managed to hear what he said.

"She was right," he whispered; "Janet was right, John Barnacle, as she always is."

"And you're not angry with me any more? You see, you do want a little looking after."

"I'm afraid I do," said Moonside, taking the hand which his friend held out to him; "I'm very much afraid I do."

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—Grate 8oz. stale bread, mix with 6oz. shred suet, 2oz. flour, 2 large teaspoonfuls ground ginger, and ½ lb. treacle. Boil for two hours in a buttered mould.

LEMON PUDDING.—½ lb. bread crumbs, 6oz. suet, 6oz. sugar, the rind of a lemon chopped fine, and the juice. Mix with two eggs, and boil two hours in a buttered mould. Serve with or without wine sauce.

SAVORY DISH.—Melt a quarter of a pound of good cheese in the oven; when sufficiently melted, add one egg and a wineglass of milk, beat together till it resembles a custard. Bake in a hot oven a light brown.

FRIAR'S CHICKEN.—Take clear white stock, add to it a chicken or a rabbit cut in small pieces, season it with salt, white paper, mace, and chopped parsley. When the soup is finished add the beaten yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of cream; the eggs and cream ought to curdle. Serve with the meat in the soup.

RISOTTO.—Fry in a saucepan, with butter, an onion finely minced, and when it is of a golden color put in your rice, keep adding stock or broth as fast as the rice will absorb it, and throw in a pinch of saffron. When the grains begin to burst remove from the fire, add plenty of grated Parmesan, a little salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a piece of butter. Stir well, and serve.

CHEESE STRAWS.—½ lb. Parmesan cheese, ½ lb. flour, ½ oz. butter, half-teaspoonful dry mustard, and a little cayenne pepper; grate the cheese, mix it and the flour into a paste with as small a

quantity of water as possible, and the butter, which will be nearly sufficient to make the paste without water; roll and cut as thick as straws, and mark with the marker in stripes; bake a nice brown. This quantity will probably last for some time, and can be kept in a tin. When required for use re-warm before the fire, which crisps them better than re-warming.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Put into a well-buttered pie dish a layer of finely-grated bread crumbs, then a layer of apples, pared and cut as for a tart, and a little sugar; then another layer of bread crumbs, and so on till the dish is full, taking care to have a layer of crumbs at the top; bake nearly an hour, turn out of the dish, and strew sifted sugar over. The pudding should be covered during part of the time of baking. It is also very nice made with marmalade, or any kind of jam instead of apples.

A CHEAP PUDDING FOR CHILDREN.—Pare and core five or six apples, put them in a pie dish with half a teaspoonful of sage or tapioca which has been washed, fill the dish to within ½ in. of the top with water, add a little sugar and any spice, as ginger, cinnamon, &c., according to taste, bake in a good oven, but not too brisk. If the oven is very hot, turn another dish over the pudding while baking, to prevent the top from drying; serve with cold milk or simple sauce made of arrowroot or cornflour or custard. If eaten cold, may be turned out of the dish and smothered with custard.

RIZ A LA TURQUE.—Put into a saucepan six cupfuls of stock or broth into which you have previously dissolved a good allowance either of tomato paste, French tomato sauce, or the pulp of fresh tomatoes passed through a sieve; pepper and salt according to taste. When it boils throw in, for every cupful of stock, half a cupful of fine rice, well washed and dried before the fire. Let the whole remain on the fire until the rice has absorbed all the stock, then melt a goodly piece of butter, and pour it over the rice. At the time of serving, and not before, stir lightly to separate the grains, but do this off the fire.

BURNING SUGAR, OR CAMEL.—The utensil used to make caramel or burned sugar can not be used for anything else afterward. An old tin pan or old ladle answers the purpose. White is better than brown sugar or molasses, having a finer flavor. The process is to put about two ounces of sugar in the ladle or pan, and set it over a rather sharp fire; stir with a piece of wood, or a wooden skewer used by butchers, till it is black, and begins to send forth a burning smell, when add a gill or so of cold water; stir and boil gently for four or five minutes; take off the fire, strain, let it cool, and it is made. When cold it is put in a bottle, corked, and used whenever wanted. It keeps well, and may be used warm as well as cold.

ROAST SUCKING PIG.—Take a sucking pig about three weeks old the day it is killed; be particular to see it is well cleansed; when this is done and the stuffing sewed into the belly—before doing which the inside must be well wiped with a clean damp cloth—wiped the outside of the pig, and rub it well all over with some salad oil; while it is roasting baste it well very frequently with dripping, to keep the skin from blistering, till within a quarter of an hour of its being done, when you must baste it with a little fresh butter. When you serve the pig the two sides must be laid back to back in the dish, with half the head on each side, and one ear at each end, all with crackling side upwards; garnish the dish with slices of lemon, and serve it up with a rich brown gravy in the dish, and also a sauceboat of the same, with one likewise of bread sauce with a few currants in it. Some add a little port wine to the gravy. N.B. When the pig is baked, which is the best way of dressing it, you must mix the yolk of a raw egg with a tablespoonful of salad oil to rub it well all over with, basting it frequently with 2oz. or 3oz. of butter tied in a piece of clean rag. Stuffing for the pig.—4oz. or 5oz. of bread crumbs, 2oz. chopped sage leaves, one egg, a little butter, pepper, salt, and cayenne.

CABINET PUDDING.—The materials for this are composed of sponge-cake or lady's-fingers, butter, citron, raisins, conifed fruits, milk, four ounces or sugar, and four yolks of eggs. Process: Take a pudding mould and rub it well inside with butter; cut some citron in different shapes, imitating stars, lozenges, &c., and tastefully cover the bottom of the mould with them, or alternating them with raisins or other conifed fruit; over this you put a layer of sponge-cake, cut in any shape, and about half an inch thick; then over the sponge-cake put another layer of citron, raisins, conifed fruit, &c.; then again one layer of sponge-cake, etc., until the mould is full. Set about a pint and a half of milk, or more if necessary, according to the size of the mould, on the fire, and as soon as it rises take it off. Then mix well in a bowl the yolks of eggs and the sugar, after which you turn the milk little by little into the yolks and sugar, stirring and mixing the while, and then turn the mixture into the mould over the sponge-cake, etc. The mixture is turned into the mould gently, but not too slowly, until the mould is full within half an inch. Put the mould in a pan, and then pour cold water into the pan until the mould is about one-third covered with it. Set the pan on the fire, and at the first boil put pan and mould as they are in an oven (heated at about 375° F.), and bake. An hour afterward see if it is baked; put a dish over the mould, and turn upside down. Take the mould off carefully, so that the pudding shall be dashed, and serve warm, with a sauce.

MAKE FRIENDS WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

Make friends with your children—
Ne'er let them be strangers,
For many have thus been made
Ne'er-do-well rangers;
The little ones know,
With their quick intuition,
The true hearts that sympathise
With their condition.

Their sorrows are heart-felt,
Their troubles are many,
While the tears that they shed
Are as bitter as any;
And their joys are as real,
Their pleasures as glowing,
As the joys that you know
With your long years of knowing.

Make friends with your children—
They can't do without you;
With game and with story
Of draw them about you;
And thus may you fasten
The bright silken tether
That, "blow high or blow low,"
Will e'er bind you together.

Make friends with your children,
In youth; do not tarry,
Lest in their young bosoms
Some secret they carry.
Make friends with your children.
Don't trust them to strangers,
For many have thus been made
Ne'er-do-well rangers!

MORELLE'S FLIRTATION

"That was ten years ago—ten?—bless my soul, it was nearer fifteen, for it was before the war, and before I fell in with Madama over there. Good gracious, Kitty, what old stagers you and I are getting to be!"

Fred Wright shook the ashes out of his cigar and gazed with his brown eyes across the piazza at Mrs. Fred, who was seated sewing under the purple bloom of the wisteria vine, and in some kind of low, wide, wicker chair. I don't know that it signifies specially, but I always remember Mrs. Fred in one of these chairs; also in a white dress, her dimpled face, with its sweet-pea tints, bent above her work, stitching away as demurely as though she had not brought her husband the handsomest fortune and the handsomest children in Marina. The baby, a gorgeous fellow, was tumbling about on a deep rug, pummelling his mother's slippers. It was a June morning, I was in the hammock, and as for the master of the house, he occupied two chairs. He had divided between them the responsibility of his support—Fred was waxing obese, and such responsibility was becoming a serious matter for any chair—and there was a look in his face which was unmistakable, the look of a man about to favor the world with a story.

"I was clerking it in those days," Fred proceeded, "for a firm on Broadway, Dyce & Dillon—you don't know them, Mantor—for a season. Dillon is dead, and Dyce is gone to Europe. But they were well enough known then, for they did a brisk business, retail, and we fellows behind the counter didn't take naps in working hours, I can tell you. Jove! but we were a jolly set." Fred sent a laugh ringing up among the elm boughs, and set the baby crowing in response. "I say, Mantor, I wonder sometimes if clerks in these days laugh and grow fat the way we used to. It can't be they do. They have too much serious business in the way of kid gloves, plug hats, and silk embroidered braces—the young cubs. But speaking of kids, &c., that's what I was going to tell you about. Our boys were, in the main, common-sense chaps enough. Dyce & Dillon rather made a specialty of common sense. Their clerks were expected to present themselves after a respectable fashion, but it wasn't the thing to look smart. We used more cold water and less patchouli than the counter-jumpers of this day and age of the world, I suppose, and that was the reason why Johnny made such a stir when he lighted down in our midst. (Kit, don't let that boy swallow your foot. It might strangle him, though you do make believe it's so little.)"

"Frederic!" and Mrs. Fred, to whom her spouse's raillery was "a deep wherein all her thoughts were drowned." And with an immovable phiz, that worthy man went on.

"He was a small specimen of a fellow, this new clerk of ours. He oiled his curls, and waxed something that he called his moustache. Moreover, he put on a mansard on himself in the shape of a tall hat, indulged in rainbow neckties, and went near to ruin himself and his father's house in light kid gloves. He came to our place in the room of Barney, promoted. Barney had been a family man, grizzled and wrinkled, and a little seedy as to raiment. That made the contrast all the more glaring, when this gorgeous specimen flashed in on us. Dick Cheever said it was like a peacock strutting in among a pack of barn-door fowls, he all sunshine like Solomon in his glory, and we in our business suits staring at him. For we did stare, you may be sure. Johnny hailed from somewhere off on the Sound, Stamford, I believe, and used to come into town every morning on an early train. The governor, too, came on the same. That was Dyce, you know, and he used to walk up from the station, or, on rainy days, take a horse-car, and his magnificence, young Johnny, would charter a carriage. O, that was fun, though, to witness his advent. It was busy time with us clerks, you may be sure, when we

hadn't leisure to crowd to the windows and behold Johnny light down, while the driver grinned and the newsboys cheered.

"But one morning along in the winter, Morelle was late. Morelle—yes—didn't I tell you that was Johnny's other name? Morill it used to be while the family 'made bricks in Egypt,' that is, raised horses in Vermont, but since the pater and mater familias had come back from abroad, they had bloomed out into Morelles. Innocent enough diversion, this Gallicising a man, if he feels good to the—nominees. You remember, Puss"—this to Mrs. Fred, who answered to as many names as a German princess, and never the same one twice consecutively—"the Riddles, who pleased themselves with becoming Ridelle, likewise young Deacon, who developed into Deaconne? Our little cousin Sallie Wright, says she is in daily fear lest some branch of our family shall come back from other lands a 'Riggety'."

"But to Morelle. 'Where's Johnny?' Dick Cheever inquired of the governor that morning, and it was rare sport to watch the slow kind of smile that woke up on Dyce's sober old face, as he set his umbrella into the rack and pulled off his gray overcoat. 'O, Johnny's chariot-wheels have been delayed this morning,' he said, 'but he'll be along shortly. There he comes,' and the jolly old man took a step towards the window to look. He was a quiet man, but he was more than suspected of enjoying Johnny's daily advent as much as any of us. The sturdy, gray millionaire would walk away after it with a gleam in his eye, and a chuckle to himself that was a richness to any of us youngsters who chanced to be near him. Well, as I said, it rained a trifle this particular morning, so the flourish of trumpets was louder than usual. Cabby descended from his perch, opened the carriage door, also a big umbrella, and Johnny lighted down, and tripped across the sidewalk under it on tiptoe, remembering his boots, while Bert Fletcher the wag of the store, sprang out, and flung down, *à la Raleigh*, a big sheet of wrapping paper, and so our dainty young gentleman was gotten under cover without harm to himself or his habiliments.

"Late this morning, eh, Johnny? Anything up?" queried Dick Cheever. Dick was a bachelor, older than the most of us, and though he was as grave as a judge to all appearance, he lived and moved and had his being on the fun to be derived at Morelle's expense.

"I was detained," replied Johnny solemnly, and then he put his hat lovingly away, and tossed up his curls and smoothed his plumes generally, and admired himself in a long mirror till I expected to see him walk up and kiss his double there represented. He was not bad looking really, only small, and rather of the pink and white cream-candy style.

"Yes, I was detained. There was a lady on the train who seemed to be without a protector—and so—so—"

"So you protected. All right and proper, my son," quoth Dick. "Never omit an opportunity of ministering to the suffering. Was the female old, or infirm, or crippled in any manner?"

"Old? Infirm? Crippled? Why, man alive, she was the most transcendent piece of human flesh I ever saw in my life. Tall and commanding, and oh! such eyes! You should have seen her smile when I put her into the carriage. Ah! and he made a sort of titillation with tongue and lips, as though he was looking at something good to eat.

"Johnny, like many little fellows, admired the regal style of woman. It was a sight to see Morelle gallanting about a girl whose bonnet plume waved over the top of his tall hat; but he could not see it himself. The taller the better for him, and, moreover, he was like Kitolin over there in one thing. She's so sweet on babies that the last one she has seen is always 'The loveliest child she has ever beheld,' and Johnny always swore that his last flame was 'the most magnificent woman under the sun, moon, and stars.' Dick kept drawing him out on the subject of his travelling companion and Morelle was solemnly holding forth on the topic of her hair, when a shadow darkened the door, a slender shape swept down the floor to the lace counter, and I heard a very quiet voice say, 'Valenciennes, please. Two inches in width.' The next instant, Bert, whose place was at that counter, had been hustled aside and Johnny had taken his place. This was outrageous, of course, and out of all precedent, and why on earth Bert bore it I couldn't then conceive, though I found out afterwards. Now he only stepped along to Dick Cheever, and began talking in an undertone. The lace was purchased, the lady left, and Johnny plucked me by the sleeve. 'It's her! it's her!' he cried, in a tragic whisper, and then I looked down and saw him standing there, his mouth wide open, a sight for men and angels. 'Who's her?' I snapped, for Johnny had quite lost sight of his grammar in his rapture. 'Why, she, that exquisite creature? Oh, Wright, I'm done for now. Did you ever see such eyes in any living woman's head? Jove! when she looked at me I felt it in my toes. I did, on my honor.'

"Don't doubt it, Jacky. She is rather a good-looking person."

"Good-looking! Dick Cheever. Confound you for the besotted pagan that you are. Good-looking! you booby. She's divine; I'd give a fortune to know who she is. I wonder what her name can be? I'd suffer torture to find out."

"Bring on your tortures, then, cried Bert, looking not at Morelle, but at Dick. 'I can tell you that I saw the name on her shopping-bag.'

"O Bertie!" begged Johnny, 'I'll do anything for you. I'll—'

"Bah! Hush up, Ring, and I'll tell you.' 'Ring' was short for 'Ringlets,' a title which Bert had conferred on Johnny by virtue of his curls. These, Morelle's sisters were more than suspected of doing up nightly in papers, the three taking the duty on themselves in turn. "The name was Helena Bristed."

"Of course Johnny went into raptures over the name, and we all, to do ourselves justice, cheered him on. It was a dull day, and we could think of no better sport that morning, nor, in fact, for many mornings after it, than to stir up Johnny and to draw him out on the subject of the magnificent Miss Bristed. Volumes would not hold the written out details of that fellow's love affair. The toilets that he made, the gloves he ruined, and the jewelry that he bought and was going to buy; the letters he wrote and destroyed; the whispered confidences with Dick and Bertie; and after all, the fact that the thing was entirely on one side, for, barring two or three meetings on the train, when Johnny picked up her handkerchief or opened a window for her, and received the shortest words of thanks, Miss Bristed herself appeared not to have figured in the proceedings at all. But at length three came a change. One morning Johnny danced in upon us as if on air, all his pink and white face aglow, and his tongue just frantic in the effort to do the work of ten tongues at once. He had sat beside the beautiful creature all the way into town. 'And she talked, and I know where she lives, a gorgeous place, with lawn and green-houses, and she's a queen, and she should have a palace, and O—' Customers stopped Johnny's tongue. Nothing else could have done it, and that afternoon, in the midst of this ecstasy, Satan put into Bert Fletcher's heart to tempt Johnny to indite some poetry to Miss Bristed. Would you believe it, that goose actually equipped himself with a quire of foolscap, plus a ream of gilt-edge note paper, and went into retirement behind a packing box, and set about it. We agreed to do his work for him, and two hours later the young lover came out with his eyes big and bright, his cheeks burning, his curls like a mouse's nest, and some rhymes about 'love' and 'dove' and 'crown' and 'moon' and 'mourn' and 'forlorn,' and no end of stuff, and which we all swore—mercy on us for the perjury—was poetry. It was actually sent, Bert undertaking to convey it to the post himself, and coming back looking wickered than ever. Only two days afterwards, if it can be credited, Johnny came flying in with a flutter of note paper, a general flutter, in fact, flourishing the tiny sheet aloft, and summoning all hands to an audience, while he read some very smooth little rhymes over the sign manual of Helena Bristed. The poem of Johnny had actually brought an answer. "That woman hadn't written really to him!" exclaimed Mrs. Fred, looking shocked. "Written? You should have seen the piles of poetry and other effusions that passed between them after that. Morelle waxed more sublime than ever, began to take airs as of a family man elect, and consorted chiefly with Dick Cheever, who was known to be engaged. All this while Bert was running over with fun, and, indeed, he himself darkly hinted to me more than once that there would be richer sport by and by.

"Wright, just you look here." That was one evening when Johnny had dragged me off to a corner, and whispering mysteriously, if people have got anything to tell, they, you see, always take me to tell it. Don't know why, I'm sure. It's my phiz, I suppose. I must have a receptive air, I think. Anyhow I'm always made the victim of secrets. Now, Johnny's was a box as big as your thumb, and in it, on a velvet cushion, a ring. 'What's that for, Jacky?' says I. 'Can't you think, Wright?' 'Not if I were to die for it,' I said—I lied, of course. "Fred" "Oh, if I could but show you how that little scamp looked, so portentous and solemn. 'Fred, the time has come. I'm on the eve of great events.' I think I shall have my crisis to-night." 'To-night?' 'To-night, Frederic. She has promised to meet me in the Laurel Terrace of her home to-night, and walk with me. She has promised.' 'All right. I wish you joy, Johnny, only it's dark as Egypt, and you'll have to imagine each other's beauties; but that you're equal to, I suppose. You're good at imagining. Good night.' So I left Johnny to flirt with his divine Helena, and that evening I had a telegram from Cousin Duff, in Baltimore that Aunt Nan was dying, and I set off express for her bedside. She didn't die then, and she hasn't died yet, and I have a premonition that she'll live to wear crape for me and my wife and children. But, anyhow, I was gone a fortnight, and when I came back there was a great to-do at 789 Broadway. Dyce & Dillon proposed to send some one to Paris. Dick Cheever was the man, so he was to be married, and take madame on the wedding tour, and so 'kill two birds with one stone,' as the saying goes. Thus, instead of weeping at Aunt Nan's obsequies, I was bidden to dance at Dick's wedding, I and the rest, and we did it with a will. Of course, we all dressed in our best clothes, and our best tempers, and two of us, Johnny and I, as it chanced were elected to escort the two Varney girls, Dick's Massachusetts cousins. Pretty girls they were too, with hair like yellow floss silk, and long enough to tread on, but Morelle's heart was elsewhere; I could see that. 'Look Fred,' he whispered, and spread out that little paw of his with a seal-ring on the finger. 'Helena Bristed!' And he gazed at his hand as a mother on her first born. I expected to see him tear down the finger of his lavender kid, that he might de-

vour the ring with his eyes all the while. But he didn't.

"It was a church wedding, and an evening one. We'd just got well seated—I must hurry up this long story; it takes forever to tell a thing, but the cream of it is just coming—we'd got seated pretty well up in the church, and the organ was thundering away the Wedding March, and the ushers were flying about like several cats in several fits, when I felt Johnny grasp my arm. 'Look, Fred,' he whispered huskily. 'There she is, sir! Isn't she glorious? Confound that red-whiskered fellow!' I looked, and there, sure enough, all in a shimmer of lace, and with white roses in her black hair and her great slow-moving eyes. (I don't mean roses in her eyes, you know), came Johnny Morelle's divinity up the aisle.

"O Helen Bristed!" signed Johnny, 'What a queen among women you are?'

"The apostrophe was cut short by the entrance of the bride herself, and then the performance began. Morelle had no eyes for any body or thing, save the regal female in lace. I noted the tall Saxon escort alongside of her, thought what a handsome pair they were, and as I was watching Dick and thinking how specially uncomfortable he looked, and as though he'd be jolly glad when he was well out of it. Fact is, I never went to but one decent wedding and that was my own; but now the rector went on with the service, and I heard:

"Helena Bristed, wilt thou have this man, &c? I heard no more. I glanced quick as lightning at Morelle. I expected nothing but he would jump up and forbid the bans; but he was staring with a sort of frozen look at the bride. This Helena Bristed at all events, was not the lady of his love. She was slight and blue-eyed and petite.

"The ceremony over, and we whisking away to the reception. Johnnie, whispered, 'Strange that there should be two.' Strange, I thought; but a stranger thing was coming. At the door I was attacked again. 'Fred, as I'm a living man this is the same house.' 'Do hush up, Johnny.' 'No, but I tell you there's the Laurel Terrace where I walked with Helena.'

"I contrived to suppress Morelle till we got into the dressing room, and the next I remember we were waiting for our ladies in the upper hall. It was well lighted, and there was no end of flowers everywhere, and I was thinking what a fine berth Dick had got into, when I looked at Johnny, and saw the pluck suddenly go out of his smooth cheeks, and his eyes fix at something down the hall. 'There she was coming slowly towards us, sailing along on the arm of her big blond cavalier, calm and smiling. That instant a door somewhere burst open, and a little fellow three years old toddled out, curls flying, and arms raised towards Morelle's divinity; and then straightway, we looking on, the lady left her escort, took a quick step forward and seized the child in her arms, giving a little, low, motherly cry.

"Max is glad to see mamma again?" she cooed, and Johnny grasped my arm, or I verily believe he would have dropped. 'What does it mean?' 'She's a widow,' I answered, snatching at the only hope that came in sight. But no sooner were the words out of my mouth before a low voice, a woman's voice, at our side spoke, so quietly. 'Ah, here is my railroad friend. Aleck, this is Mr. Morelle. (I think I have the name, have I not?) Mr. Morelle, Dr. Ames, my husband.'

"Her husband! How I ever got Johnny decently out of that I never knew, but I had him in a corner of the dressing room in sixty seconds, and there I stood over him comforting him with the firm avowal of my intent to kill him then and there if he didn't behave himself. 'Oh, but Fred, dear Fred, what does it mean?' he whispered, when he found a tongue at last."

"Yes, and what did it mean?" asked Mrs. Fred.

"Bert Fletcher was the one to ask. The truth is, it was all a device of that imp, slightly aided by Dick. 'I tell you, Bert, you ought to be lynched,' I said to him next day. 'Well, it was too bad I suppose, Fred,' he answered. 'Really though, I didn't mean to go quite so deep into it that first day when Mrs. Ames came into the store with her sister's shopping-bag. But I have owed Johnny a grudge ever since he got me left all night in the Hoboken station, last fall.' But the notes, and the poetry? and the ring?—and, Bert, the walk on Laurel Terrace?' 'Wrote 'em all myself, and for the walk I dressed up in my sister Libby's tweed and hat, and it was pitch dark.'

"And you knew all the time who this Mrs. Ames was, Bert? You knew she was married, and not Helen Bristed at all?"

"Knew? I should think I knew, as they are both my cousins; but Johnny is such a coxcomb about ladies—always was. Besides I've bamboozled other people that way. I've always been said to speak like Alice Ames. I've played her part in a tableau twice. Oh, but it was too rich."

"Bert Fletcher, I hope Johnny will make himself even with you some day or other," I said, and when I heard, last year, that Morelle had married Bert's sister, I said to myself that matters had been righted. Kitty, that boy'll be tumbling off into the colic tub next. Let me take him."

"It is a mystery to me," said Mrs. Fred, "what pleasure you men find in such jokes as that."

"As what? Carrying big, thirty pound babies round the house? That's no joke, I assure you, ma'am," and Fred went laughing down the hall.

THE STROLLER'S DOG.

"They're called the friend of man, and I'm blest if they ain't; they're the faithfulst, cheerfullst, and most unselfish a fellow can have, whether he's jolly or in the blues, with a copper or without. Why, look at Rumelus here; he wags his tail just as readily, when I speak to him, though neither on us hasn't had no dinner, as when we have. But, then, he is a genius; and to think he might have been drowned in puppyhood—it would have been a downright shame!"

It chanced, while making a pedestrian tour through Warwickshire, with sketch-book and pencil, that, towards sunset on an exceedingly hot day, I had come upon the speaker of the above, seated, with the luxurious free-from-care ease of the nomad, on a refreshing patch of mossy grass, under the shade of a wide-spreading beech. He was a stroller of the theatrical profession, and, by his side, sharing his meal, was one of his company—a French poodle, attired in a spangled scarlet jacket, and feathered cockat hat.

The master greeted me with a rough but genial "Good day," which—being an ardent admirer of the study of human nature in all classes—encouraged me to share the soft, green couch, and enter into conversation by requesting him to honour me by partaking of the contents of my well-filled knapsack. He made not the least demur in accepting my overtures, but did so readily; and we had talked of many things, of neighboring bits of lovely English scenery, and the pleasure of the nomad life in summer, when an observation of mine respecting the poodle, who by this time had coiled himself up near his master, and was enjoying a dog's sleep, occasionally waking to lift its eyes with evident love to the rugged face, elicited the above speech.

"Drowned!" I repeated. "Why, how was that?"

"I'll tell yer, sir. But as it ain't wise to take anythink on hearsay, and as ye're goin' in a hopposite direction, and can't patronise our show, which stops in the next town westward, I'll let yer see some of Rumelus's tricks gratis."

Taking up a short stick from the grass—at the sight of which Rumelus immediately arose—he held it a good two feet from the ground, saying, "Now, Rumelus, old feller, think as how the audience is afore yer, and jump for the gentlefolks as he got money in their pockets, and spends it to patronise the genius and talent of Bradley's show."

The poodle instantly, with the greatest ease, leaped the stick, leaped back again, wagged his tail, rose on his hind legs, and bowed gracefully.

"Now, Rumelus, jump for them as has money, and is too stingy to spend it."

The dog ran to the stick; then, halting abruptly, turned his back upon it, scratching the ground indignantly with his hind paws; then, getting up, his nose in the air with disgust, walked proudly away, all being performed with such an unmistakable comic humor, that I laughed long and loud.

"Now, lad," continued the showman, "try, if possible, to forget you are General Wolf, with yer scarlet coat and cocked hat. It's Christmas and the pantomime, in which the clown is taken by that most highly talented hanimal of the universe, Master Rumelus."

Again he held the stick, and the poodle immediately went through a series of clownish antics. He ran at the stick, then pretended to fall. Darting at it at full speed, he would stop, and sneak under it, turning over head and heels afterwards. He would pretend his feet slipped from beneath him, and give back-falls. He would simulate death—the old trick—then hurry off at a great rate at the name of a policeman, the whole performed with such marvellous humor, that, in amazement, I confessed Rumelus to be a genius indeed.

Having rewarded him with a wing of my cold fowl, the showman then told me his history, and how he became possessed of him.

"He, this here genius, sir," he began, "was born one of a litter of five. He can't sactly say what his mother was like, as, before his infant eyes opened on to the world, the pitiless hand of Fate caused him and three of his brothers and sisters to be flung, with a stone round their little necks, into a stream. But the genius which has made him famous commenced, even so early, to show itself. He managed to get free of the stone, and he washed on to the bank, where, with all his puppy might, he called for aid.

"A company of poor strollers in my own walk of life, happening to pass, was attracted by his heart-rending whines; and the manager's daughter, a pretty little thing, in muslin, and very short petticoats, took him up in her small arms—ugly as he was then—and warmed and fondled him in her affectionate bosom. Yes; she saved the poor pup, and, by her father's permission, the gentlest-hearted feller going, she adopted him. They didn't know which to call him—Rumelus or Moses—'cause of the way he had been found, but they fixed on Rumelus. You see the manager was a scholar, and had an eddication.

"That saving the poodle was the luxiest piece of business he ever did, for soon Rumelus's genius began to display itself. He took to the tricks they taught him quite nat'ral. He rolled barrels, scaled ladders, jumped through hoops, and clowned to a wonder of perfection; till, after a short time, all the posters in the towns had his name printed in the largest type. Yes; he was the attraction which brought the

money in, even more than his young missus's feats on the tight-rope.

"Jim Royden, the manager, made Rumelus his friend, his companion, just as I do. He went nowhere without him, and he'd began to look for'ard, with brighter 'opes than he'd ever had to the future—for our profession's a hard 'un at times—when, while passing through a town, his wife took ill of a fever; then, his pretty little daughter; then, one or two of his comp'ny; and every one on 'em died, leaving poor Jim Royden crushed, broken-hearted, with only one comfort left him—Rumelus. He declared—and the tears was in his eyes as he said it—that he didn't know who felt their loss most, the dog or him.

"Afterwards, of course, there were the doctor to pay, and the burryin', besides the lodgin'. The doctor, howsoever—they is good chaps in the main—wouldn't take a copper. He was a young man, he was; and, smillin' while he pressed the manager's hand quite kindly when he offered the money, said that 'he allus attended professional's gratis.'

"But the undertakers nor the burial fees didn't say the same. I'm blest if they did! No, they forced him to sell nearly all his wardrobe—his stock-in-trade—to pay 'em; and that was a crushing down the poor chap never got over. He had been so hopeful before, that it made his ruin worse.

"If he'd been a different man, he might have fought over it; but he was allus depressed and spiritless like. Some said he'd once been a gentleman; and, with his long, thin, 'andsome face, his upright figure, and black slops, when in the ring, he looked every bit a lord, he did.

"But he never had much energy, and his great trouble knocked it all out of him. For some days, almost like one in a sleep, he wandered listless about the town, his hair grayer, his body stooped; then, suddenly, as if he'd come to a resolve, he sold his few remainin' articles, and started to walk to Derby, where I 'spect, though I never know'd, his family lived.

"He'd only a few shillings in his pocket to do it on—a matter of eighty mile. The shillings might have been pounds, if he'd consented to sell Rumelus; but he wouldn't. He swore he'd starve first; that he and the hanimal should never part; and carrying the dog in his arms, as if he feared it might be taken from him, he left the town.

"How he managed to get over sixty miles of the way, he said, he couldn't tell—he was so weak. He fell ill at one place, and that took all his money. Then he had to live by exhibiting Rumelus's tricks at village public-houses; but he found the clod-hoppers awful stingy. They was hard times.

"He succeeded, as I've said, in dragging his poor, feeble body and broken heart over sixty mile; then dropped, exhausted, dying, on the roadside. Rumelus thought he was only resting, and coiled himself up, as usual, by his side.

"But after a while, happening to look in his master's face, he seemed to understand all, like a Christian. First licking tenderly the hands which had so often fondled him, he gave a piteous moan, then darted madly one way and another, filling the air with shrill barks and pleading whines for help.

"It so happened, now, that not a dozen yards off I and my troupe were takin' a snack in a meader, and hearin' the dog, curious to know what was up, I went into the road, where I recognised Rumelus and my old friend, which I hadn't seen for years.

"I perceived too well how matters stood—that he had the stamp upon him; but rousin' him, I spoke cheery words to the poor fellow, and callin' some of my people, we carried him to the village inn, and put him to bed.

"Times was good with me at the moment, praise Heaven! and I could purchase the dyin' man some comforts. Rumelus, of course, accompanied us. He walked at the side, in his shabby general's dress, as sedate as a judge, with his head and tail droopin'; and when his master was put in bed, he took his place at the foot, looking at him with such affectionate commiseration and love, that it brought the tears in yer eyes to see the creatur.

"Well, I got medesun and I got food for Jim Royden; but it wasn't any good. He couldn't eat; neither could Rumelus, for grief. He knew as well as me that his master was dyin', and never uttered a sound nor moved from his place except to creep softly up at times to lick the beloved hand.

"Jim Royden was aware his fate was sealed as well as either on us, for he allus shook his head with a faint smile when I tried to cheer him by talking of his recovery.

"It was on the evenin' of the day after I had found the poor chap that I was sittin', as usual, at his pillow; a feeble taller candle burnt on the table, and Rumelus was in his old place, his eyes on his master, who for the last hour had been so quiet I thought him asleep.

"How 'andsome he was! His white face was quite delicate and refined. Ah! there was no doubt he was a gentleman. Suddenly, I saw his eyes were fixed, dreamily, yet with a kind of stare, on the wall. His back was to'ards me. Still I distinctly heard the faint words he uttered.

"I wonder whether they would be sorry could they see me now?—whether they would forgive when—too late?"

"After that, he was silent a space. Then, turnin', moved his thin hand, as if in search of some one. I put mine into it.

"Ah! he said, smiling, 'you are here? My sight gets dim. You've a noble heart, Bradley!' Excuse my vanity in mentionin' his words," interrupted the stroller, brushing his

sleeve over his eyes, "but that's what he said. What wonder?—I was the only human friend he had. 'Heaven bless you, Bradley, for what you've done for me!' he went on. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Do you know if it's very expensive to announce a person's death in local papers?'

"No Jim," I answered as well as I could for my shaking voice; 'but—but, if it's dear or cheap, if it would please you, it shall be done, old chap.'

"He pressed my hand; and I saw by the tears in his eyes that emotion stopped his speaking.

"Afterwards, trying to blink them away, he remarked, 'It isn't in my power to recompense nor thank you, Bradley; but Heaven will—I know it will! I've put you to much expense,—am I can do nothin' to'ards it, without—with-out you sell Rumelus.'

"Sell Rumelus!" I cried; 'never! Jim Royden, if he'll only consent to it, he shall be as dear to me as he's been to you!'

"I shan't forget how he looked at me—how his dark eyes sparkled with joy.

"Will you—will you keep the poor little fellow?" he said eagerly. 'God bless you, Bradley! and I don't think I've sinned so very much in life that my blessing mayn't be heard.'

"I felt the tears trickling down my nose, but it was no good blowing it; it wouldn't pass for cold. So, to turn the subject a bit, I said, 'But about the paragraph, Jim?'

"Ah, yes; I was forgettin'." He paused, then continued: 'If—if it is not very expensive, I'd like to have put in the Derby paper, 'James Trevas died here, at this village, on such a date.'

"I told him it should be done; when, exhausted by talking, he fell into a doze. It was about a hour after that he awoke, and making a haicion as if holdin' up a stick, murmured, 'Now Rumelus, for those who have money in their pockets, and won't spend it!'

"The poodle moved a step, looked at me, and whined piteously. A brief silence, and the dying man gave a peculiar whistle, low and faint. Rumelus instantly bounded to his side, and crept close to him. Jim Royden's white, worn hand moved caressin'ly over the dog's coat with an effort, as the pallid lips murmured, 'Brave old fellow! Rumelus, I see them all now;' then fell heavily back on the coverlit.

"It was all over! Jim Royden, or James Trevas—that being his baptism name—was dead. Never shall I forget the heart-rendin' cries this poodle uttered, as, findin' it out, he nestled on the chest of the corpse, and licked its face.

"Well, I buried him. It wasn't a pauper burial; no, not if it had taken my last copper it shouldn't have been that. The chief mourners was me and Rumelus. The poor creature, I thought, was a dyin' too, he looked so miserable. He waited till the ground was filled in, then he took his place on the top, crouching his nose on the earth, and wouldn't leave the grave for two nights and days, when I had to carry him away, 'cause we were leavin' the village.

"Of course, I had put the announcement of James Trevas's death in the Derby paper. I didn't go near that there place again for nigh on two year, when I missed Rumelus. I tracked him, and I'm blest if I didn't find the poor, faithful creature, in his spangled coat and cocked hat, enterin' the churchyard. I followed him; but, for a moment, couldn't find his old master's grave.

"Not there, old chap," I said to Rumelus, as, after a angry, indignant bark, with a low whine, he crouched down by a 'andsome, big white tomb.

"But he knew better than me—it was there. It had been put over the stroller's grave, and on it was cut, in black letters, 'To the memory of James Trevas, &c. Raised by his afflicted friends.'

"I preferred the simple stone and bright flowers I had put, to that big bit of ostentation. But I couldn't alter it; only I didn't give much commiseration to his afflicted friends.

"Rumelus was of my opinion; he didn't like it, neither, for, after about a hour, he consented to come back with me to the show; but while we remained in the village, once a-day, reg'lar, he went to the churchyard, allus givin' an angry bark at the big white thing before he laid down.

"Now, sir, you've got his history, and I must skedaddle, and my company 'll think I'm lost."

Thanking him for what he had told me, we bade each other farewell; and never did I feel prouder to shake any man's hand than I did that of the warm-hearted showman; while, as a recognition of his genius as well as devotion, I presented Rumelus with an amount which would keep him in new spangled jackets, cocked hats, and fresh-meat bones, for more than a year to come.

MY FIRST GUINEA.

It was my first and my last! How I worshipped that piece of gold! My dear mother gave it to me as a reward for having gained a prize at school—a prize for a copy of Latin verses. Alas! that was forty years ago. You may think perhaps that the Latin was not worth a guinea; or that if it were worth anything, it was worth more than a guinea. Perhaps it was so; but in the pride of her heart, my dear mother robbed that day more than one poor family of its expected soup of charity. Whodares blame her? None: for she stinted the widow

and the orphan to reward and encourage her only son.

My poor mother, thou wast not rich; yet thy generous heart opened at the attempts of thy beloved son, the only hope of thy venerable age! Thou gavest into his hands, thy little—little savings!

How did he requite thee? Woe, woe to him who gives a trembling answer to that awful question! Yet, trembling, he replies, "Mother, my more than mother, I squandered away thy money, and by my follies hurried thee prematurely to thy grave?" Silence, reader; hast thou no sin wherewith to reproach thyself?"

But my first and my last guinea—one of my poor mother's last bright remnants of happy and prosperous days! What did I do with thee? I looked at it long before I would change it; but love of gold on the one hand was no match for love of cakes and fireworks on the other, and the bright piece was changed at last. I did not hesitate from avarice; it is not often that a boy at seventeen entertains feelings of avarice; yet I grudged to change it, because the sight of it recalled my victory over my competitors to my recollection; and when I looked on it, I thought of the pleasure that awaited my dear mother's eyes as she gave it into my hand as the reward of my success.

But before I changed my guinea, I determined to mark it, with a faint hope than in happier days it might come again into my hands. I took my penknife and engraved my initials on the coin; under them I scratched as well as I could those of my beloved mother. Four-and-twenty hours afterwards, I had sold my guinea, and spent all the change I had received out of it.

I went to college, but my mother was not rich, as I have said before: she fell lower and lower in the scale of pecuniary respectability—she could no longer maintain me at the University. I was therefore obliged to quit it, abandon all hopes of distinguishing myself there, and take a situation as a merchant's clerk.

I soon found one, for, owing to my knowledge of accounts and my handwriting, I easily obtained a place at a pound a week. A pound a week was not much; but I gave all I received to my mother, and we lived.

I had not been long in my situation when, one day, as I was settling the account of money due to me from my employers, I perceived among the pieces, which he counted out to me, my guinea—that guinea which I had welcomed with so much joy, which I had let out of my hands with so much regret, and on which I had imprinted a mark not to be mistaken.

I kissed the coin—I could not help doing so; it brought consolation to my thoughts, when it was really welcome, for my master, as he paid it to me, told me that he had no farther need of my services.

I left his house, thinking how I should break these distressing tidings to my mother. As I walked along with my guinea in one hand, keeping it apart from my other money as a talisman, I passed a lottery office. Guineas and lottery offices existed in those days! An evil genius prompted me, I believe, to risk my beloved piece of gold. I entered. "There is the price of a sixteenth," said I telling down my money on the counter; "but do me the favour to put that guinea on one side, because, whether I win or lose, I will come back and redeem that guinea to-morrow." The office keeper laughed at the singularity of the request, but promised to attend to it. I went home, but said nothing to my mother.

The next morning I returned to the lottery office, and found myself the gainer of a sixteenth of £20,000! I received back my guinea with joy indescribable. I was so foolishly attached to it that I had a small morocco case made for it, in which I enclosed it; and I swore that it and I should never part again.

With my gains in the lottery, I embarked in sundry commercial speculations. I was lucky, and at the end of two or three years was worth twenty thousand pounds. My mother—my ever kind, provident mother, begged me to invest this sum, and live upon the interest of it, with her and a wife of my own choosing. But, no; all her advice was useless; fortune had turned my brain—I thought myself doomed to be lucky—I entered into larger speculations; they failed, and I was ruined!

On the receipt of this intelligence, my dear mother was seized with an apoplectic stroke; her life was saved by her medical attendants, but she remained a paralytic—living only in mind and sensibility. Her body was dead.

All my household goods were sold by my creditors: I had not a sou left. As I could no longer support my poor mother, I used the little remaining influence I had with my friends, and got her admitted as a patient in a hospital. The ticket of admission arrived; but how to get her conveyed thither—there was the difficulty! I had not a farthing! I had nothing left me in the world but my mother's love—a sorry coin to give to those sordid beings who knew not its value. In this agony of despair, I tore open drawer after drawer in an old desk which the mercy of my creditors had left me; and on opening the last, I saw my cherished guinea, which had escaped their Argus eyes.

I descended the staircase three stairs at a time; do not know how I got to the bottom, but when I was there, I sent for a hackney-coach. I assisted my poor mother, my revered mother, into it: my last guinea, that guinea which she had given me in her pride and in her joy, served to convey her to her death-bed in a hospital, in her humiliation, in her sorrow.

My poor mother!

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THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 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.

MAGAZINES.

"St. Nicholas" for February is on our table. It is no exaggeration to say that this Child's Monthly is a gem, both in its matter and in its execution. The letter-press is admirably adapted to the intelligence of the young and its illustrations are as near perfection as may be. A bound volume of the Magazine will form the choicest of holiday presents for a child. We strongly recommend the "St. Nicholas" to our large circle of readers.

The February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* amply redeems the promise of the new proprietors, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, to continue the traditions of the popular old periodical under the former management. We need not recommend the *Atlantic* to our readers, as a simple list of its contents is recommendation enough of itself. "Naples under the Old Regime," "A Gambrel Roof," "Prudence Palfrey," "A Chain of Italian Cities," "Nooning in Florida," "The Anti-slavery Convention of 1833," "Wherefore?" "Over Iblem and Ida," "Baddeck and that sort of thing," "Sheriff Thorne," "Faithful Beane," "Mose Evans," "A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party," "Recollections of Agassiz," "Recent Literature," "Art," "Music."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February opens with a verified and illustrated rendition of *Rishyasringa*, a Tale of Mahabharata, which, although a love story we know not how many thousand years old, is as fresh and "modern" as if written but yesterday. Then comes an illustrated article on the French song writer Béranger, by Albert Rhodes. The principal illustrated paper of the number, however, is Edward King's second article on Texas, in the Great South Series, with pictures from Champney's portfolio. A quaint story from the Danish, is called "The Black Marble." A new paper by the poet Stedman is on the poets Hood, Arnold, and Procter, whom he calls a Representative Triad. A sketch by E. S. Nadal, of "English Sundays and London Churches"; a reply by Prof. Atwater, of Princeton, to Dr. Blauvelt; Prof. Wm. S. Tyler's address on "The Higher Education of Women"; the continuation of Miss Trafton's and Mrs. Davis's serials, and poems by Celina Thaxter Julia C. R. Dorr, and Louise Cheneler Moulton complete the list of the principal contributions. Dr. Holland, in *Topics of the Time*, writes of "Rich and Poor," "Organs," "What Has Been Done About It," and "The Watchman and Reflector." In the Old Cabinet are "The Artist and his Picture," "A Deed of Abomination," and "More Villainous than Vice." The most noticeable of the reviews this month is that of Strauss's last book, "The Old Faith and the New." The Editor announces that hereafter "Social Science" information will appear in the department of Culture and Progress.

"OLD AND NEW" for February is a sprightly and entertaining number, on the principle of being a popular and useful magazine, instead of being useful, and taking the chance of being popular. Mr. Trollope's novel grows readable and interesting. Mr. Perkins's novel contains some curious matters illustrating the interior of the book-agents' "dreadful trade;" and the Washington novelette fills the second of its three parts. Bishop Ferrette of the Syrian Church—a man of much curious Oriental learning, and who can read the "Arabian Nights," at sight, into good English, from the Arabic—contributes a fanciful legend, which might well be added to the famous Eastern story-book. Mr. Harlow's sketch, "The Lost Child," is a sad but interesting legend of Wachusett Mountain, which, the author says, "is well known in all that region to be entirely true." Mr. Hale gives us a capital practical paper on "Exercise," a spirited introduction full of patriotic memories of the Revolutionary War and a lively introduction to the Examiner, with suggestive thoughts about poetry, and magazine poetry too. In the "Record of Progress" there is a bitter epigram on Carlyle, and some seasonable information on money matters and on the American Social Science Association. There are two poems,—"Sea-Tangle," by T. G. A.; and "Mistaken," by Clara F. Guernsey. And there is a fervent and forcible article by one of the Old Guard of Kentucky Republicans, Mr. Fairchild of Berea, in favor of having all public schools open equally to black and white children. And Mr. Quincy, whose articles on the proper way of exempting public institutions from taxation have attracted a great deal of attention, has another pungent paper on the subject.

SNOW-STORM OF THE OLDEN TIME.

SNOW-STORMS nowadays are neither so extensive nor productive of so many fatal consequences as those which happened in the days of my boyhood, and of which I give the following true account:—

On Saturday, March 3rd, 1827, the storm commenced, and its effects extended over the whole of Scotland. The snow continued to fall for a week, until in Edinburgh the streets were so choked as to be almost impassable. On the Sunday after the commencement of the storm the snow wreaths in several of the streets were drifted as high as the tops of the area railings. The churches were deserted, and few people were visible out of doors throughout the day; indeed the avalanches falling from the roofs of the houses rendered it dangerous to venture abroad. All the public clocks had stopped during the night, the snow which had drifted on their dials having arrested the pointers. The next day a partial thaw commenced; but on Wednesday, the 7th, the storm returned with increased violence, blocking up with snow every road all over the country. Travelling was impossible. On many parts of the roads between Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow the snow lay to the depth of twenty-five feet. On the road between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-two miles, a path had been cut out by the labour of men the whole way; the snow was so deep as to rise in many places above the heads of the outside passengers of the stage coaches, while those in the inside saw nothing to right and left but rough walls of snow. The mail which left Glasgow for Edinburgh on the Monday was able to proceed only three miles, though drawn by six horses. The guard and coachman set forward with the mailbags on horseback, and with great exertions reached Holytown, seven miles further, at half-past five in the evening. They started at eleven on Tuesday, but after proceeding a mile were obliged to return. A number of men were then employed to clear the road, and they made a second attempt at three in the afternoon, but could proceed a very few miles as the men engaged in cutting the road were obliged to desist in consequence of the wind filling up the path as fast as they cleared it. Next morning they started again at half-past five, and reached Edinburgh at about six in the evening in a very exhausted state. Over the face of the country only the chimneys and gable ends of cottages and out-houses were visible. This last fact reminds me of a story I read in the *Annual Register*. On the 20th of November, 1807, a fiddler was returning home from a merry meeting between Alston and Harwood in Teesdale, Northumberland, and the night being very stormy he took shelter from the drifting snow in a low outhouse in one of the hollows of Alston moor. During the night the snow fell and drifted to such an extent that when morning came the hollow was filled up and the outhouse was entirely hidden. During the day some shepherds, who had wandered to the neighborhood in search of their sheep, heard to their great astonishment the sounds of a fiddle proceeding from beneath the snow. One of them, who was a simple and ignorant fellow, said he was sure it was the fairies playing on the fiddle, and advised his companions to hurry away. They did not listen to his foolish advice, but cleared away the snow with the spades they carried, and rescued the musician from his perilous situation.

To return to the Scottish snow-storm. In every part of the country a number of lives were lost, and the destruction of property on the sheep-farms was immense. On the coast of Cowal, in the West Highlands, one farmer dug out 150 dead sheep in one place. Many shepherds, too, had hairbreadth escapes, and some perished in trying to drive their flocks to shelter. One, named James Brydon, was found dead within two

hundred years of his own door. He perished on the Saturday, and his body was not recovered till the following evening. With the exception of the point of one of his shoes, he was completely immersed in snow, and his faithful dog was found lying under his right arm. The affectionate animal had suffered dreadfully; but, weak and almost dying as it was, it refused to be separated from its master. Another shepherd belonging to Ullisde, who was missing on Saturday, was not found till the following morning. He had fallen down from cold and exhaustion, and though immediately carried to the nearest house, warmed, and fed, it was long before he could tell what had befallen him. A third shepherd, though very nearly frozen to death, was found standing in an erect posture but deprived of all consciousness and feeling. The post-runner between Whitburn and Wilsontown was found standing upright in the snow with the post-bag in his hand, and quite dead. The schools remained closed, for neither the teacher nor pupils could make their way to them. For similar reasons the churches in the outlying districts were as silent as the graveyards around them.

It would take long to tell the many incidents of this great snow-storm, the like of which happily has not occurred since.

Frost and hail and snow are instruments in the hand of a loving God, although we cannot see much of the good which they accomplish. Yet we may rest assured as we listen to the snow-laden storm sweeping over our dwellings that it has been sent on an errand of goodness and mercy.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

As rather an unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down one morning, he met Tom and stopped him.

"I say, Tom," he said, "here's a pretty good counterfeit sov. If you pass it, I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom, and after examining it carefully, put it in his waistcoat pocket remarking—

"It is an equal division—a half sovereign each."

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom.

And off he went.

A few minutes afterwards, he quietly stepped into the shop of his friend Ben, and purchased a barrel of oysters for half a sovereign, laying down the sovereign for them.

The clerk looked at the coin rather doubtfully, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who said—

"There is no use in looking, for I received the coin from Ben himself not ten minutes ago."

Of course the clerk, with this assurance, handed over the oysters and a half sovereign change; with this deposit and the oysters, Tom left.

Shortly afterwards, he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the sovereign.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, at the same time passing over the half to Ben.

That evening, when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit coin in his drawer.

Turning to his *locum tenens*, he asked—

"Where did you get this? Didn't you know it was counterfeit?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me, and I suspected it was fishy, but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the brain of Ben.

With a peculiar grin, he muttered, "Sold!" and charged the oysters to profit and loss account.

A PRECAUTION.

Mr. Bellows has been paying attentions to young Miss Snively for some time, and a few evenings ago he called for the purpose of making a formal proposal.

Miss Snively, it would appear, has had other and rather unfortunate love affairs in the past, and a melancholy experience has made her singularly cautious.

After talking with her for awhile, Bellows hemmed, and hawed, and blushed, and then, suddenly seizing her hand, he was about to plump the question right out, when Miss Snively interrupted him.

"Ah, excuse me for asking you, Mr. Bellows, but are you going to propose?"

Amazed and somewhat bewildered, Mr. Bellows replied—

"Well, I—that is, I should say that—that I did, perhaps, cherish some—some—as it were some—idea, that is to say—well, yes."

"Oh, very well," rejoined Miss Snively, "very well; but just wait a moment, please, while I call my aunt downstairs."

"Wh-wh-wh-what for?" asked Bellows, in astonishment.

"Why, so that I can have a witness in case I'm obliged to sue you for breach of promise, of course. The last man who proposed got off; but I reckon you won't if I know how to fix things. Wait a minute."

And then, as Miss Snively went out in search of her aunt, Bellows glided through the front door, and, crashing his hat down over his eyes, he dissipated his love's young dream, stifled his grief, and went home to bed. Miss Snively will not sue.

AN UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

The worst blunder in what was intended for a pretty speech that I ever heard of, however, was perpetrated in modern times by a dignitary of the church, who was asked to marry a young couple in a country place where he happened to be staying, and was also called upon to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom at the subsequent breakfast.

Now the host and hostess were noted in the country round as the most genial, and the happiest couple that had ever gone hand in hand through life; so the good divine thought that he might as well turn this to account in his speech.

"To sum up all our good wishes for the happy pair, whom we have seen united this morning," he said in conclusion, "we cannot, I am sure, do better than express a desire that the result of their union may prove strictly analogous to that of the parents of the fair bride."

Whereupon the "fair bride" went into hysterics, the bridesmaids coloured and looked down, the master of the house blew his nose violently.

He who had caused all this commotion, wisely sat down and held his peace, wondering at the effect of his innocent compliment to the host and hostess.

He soon, however, found someone to enlighten him.

"She is not their daughter at all," his informant explained, "but a niece who came to live with them when her own father and mother were divorced."

NEWS NOTES.

It is reported that the Siamese twins died on the 17th.

THE "Numancia" has sailed from Mersel-Kebril for Cartagena.

THE "Numancia" has been delivered to the Spanish Government.

THE report that Cardinal Antonelli is seriously ill has been contradicted.

PASSPORTS for travellers between France and Italy have been abolished.

THREE more Madrid newspapers have been suspended by the Government.

THE Spanish insurgents have gained a victory over Colonel Espanda, near Melones.

The steamer "China," so long missing, has arrived. A defective piston caused her delay.

A LARGE portion of the business quarter of Charlestown, West Virginia, was destroyed by fire.

MAYOR Havemeyer's message states the city debt of New York to be some hundred and six millions odd.

GENERAL Dominiquez has been appointed to the command of the Central Army in operation against the Carlists.

SERIOUS election riots are reported from Limerick, Ireland. Knives and pistols were freely used, and many were wounded.

MR. WASHBURN, the American Minister to France, presented ex-President Thiers with a gold medal, on behalf of the French residents of Philadelphia.

MR. HAWKINS, counsel for the prosecution in the Tichborne case, was mobbed by the claimant's friends on coming out of Court. The police had to rescue him.

In the United States Senate, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, made a long and able speech favoring the immediate resumption of specie payment, and opposing inflated currency.

The boy Dillon, who shot Mr. William Campbell, an East India planter of Florida, by accident by pointing a loaded gun at him in fun, has been acquitted by the coroner's jury.

THERE has been a most destructive fire in the naval dockyard at Portsmouth, England, and thousands of pounds worth of stores accumulated there for the Ashantee expedition have been destroyed.

THE proprietors of places of amusement in New York city have been notified that hereafter no sacred concerts will be permitted on Sunday nights. This order is said to create intense excitement amongst the Germans.

THE nomination of Judge Waite to the Chief Justiceship, seems on the whole to be more satisfactory than the President's former nominees. The general feeling seems to be that the Senate would do well to confirm the appointment.

FROM Austin, Texas, we learn that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate accompanied by several deputies, proceeded to the Government offices and took possession. The new officers are now installed, and things seem to give promise of some quiet.

A LARGE fire took place in Chicago, in the Union Central depot building. The Michigan Central, Illinois Central, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R. have all sustained more or less loss, the baggage in the baggage-room of the last being nearly all lost.

THE strikers on the New Jersey Southern Railway have torn up the track, disabled the engines, and cut the telegraph wires, so that communication between principal points and Philadelphia is stopped. Passenger and freight trains are completely suspended.

FROM Algeria news reaches us that on the arrival of the "Numancia," the Military Government sent a force of 1,200 men to guard the coast and prevent the landing of any refugees. The "Numancia" was boarded, and part of her machinery removed to prevent her departure. Orders have been issued from the French Government to disarm all intransigent vessels and confine the crews.

HOW IT HAPPENS.

For a fortnight you are moody, for another you are rash—
 And you smoke with mad indifference to your liver and your cash—
 Grow quite mute in Nettie's presence, glare defiance at her beaux,
 And at last, in desperation, you resolve that you'll propose.
 You'll propose—you think it over—she is modest, sweet and wise,
 With a whole domestic heaven hidden in her azure eyes!
 You'll propose—that puppy Larkin has grown too presumptuous quite,
 And you make your toilet, swearing you will "settle him" to-night!
 You arrive—and Fate's propitious! Yes, Miss Nettie is alone.
 With the lamplight softly shaded to the most becoming tone;
 In an artful ruffled apron, with a rosebud in her hair,
 And her sweet unconscious greeting sends you headlong to despair.
 Then you grasp her hand so rudely that you fairly make her quail,
 And you stumble to the sofa, treading, on her lap-dog's tail!
 While, as she soothes the yelping of the wretched "little dear,"
 You mutter something naughty—that 'tis well she doesn't hear.
 Then she prattles on; you listen, in a dazed, unconscious way,
 Wondering how you'll ever say it, and what the deuce to say;
 And you think of Harry Larkin, ever gallant, gay and cool,
 While you crimson like a school-boy, and you stutter like a fool!
 Then at last—though how it comes about you scarcely care to know—
 When all hope and courage vanish, and you grimly rise to go,
 There seems something like a rainbow gleaming in her downcast eyes,
 And you burst into the folly that is wisest in the wise.
 You say—well, all the foolish things that other men have said;
 You give your rushing heart the reins, and quite disdain your head;
 You swear you've felt a thousand things man never felt before,
 And vow, if life or death betide, you'll love her evermore.
 You're reckless as to perjury, and reckless as to lies,
 And reckless as to all the world, save that in Nettie's eyes.
 You pause; and blushing, trembling like a rose-bud 'neath the dew,
 She whispers of "dear Harry!" and "she really thought you knew!"

ENGLISH BOARDING HOUSES.

A MERCHANT CAPTAIN'S ROOST IN LONDON.

Oh! dear Mrs. O'Canikin, what muse is fit to sing your charms; to dilate gleefully upon your stalwart form, like that of a very fully developed life-guardman in petticoats, your bright round face with its profusion of untidy iron-grey hair, your strong rich voice embellished with the very finest Tipperary brogue, your big spay feet encased in nankeen boots, with each its rent and patent-leather tip, and finally your rollicking hearty manner, and friendly slap on the back? Truly you are a broth of a woman, and all who know you love you—ay, and respect you, spite of your queer ways. No wonder that your house is always full, that the same set of highly respectable merchant-captains, ship-owners, and mates, frequent your boarding-house, returning faithfully to you at the close of each recurring voyage; for you are merry as the day is long; joyous with the highly-coloured exuberant ever-welling fun of the better Irish farmer class, churring up-stairs and down-stairs, looking after every body's comfort, bandying jolly jokes, exchanging firm hand-shakes with all, having a hard word for none. The O'Canikin's establishment stands very near the Docks, within the precincts of the Minorities, down a blind alley so dull and still, at a first glance, as to suggest an asylum for mutes. There are six houses in this blind alley, all of a quaint, cock-eyed, shambling sort, thin, tall, dirty, vacant of expression. One hangs out signs of being a nautical hotel, but mould appears to have gathered on its hinges, herbage to have sprung up about its door-stones, while its windows are so carefully packed in cobwebs as to suggest that it will shortly be shipped off with the other cargo ever groaning past the outer thoroughfares for some colonial destination, possibly as a model lodging-house for the Fiji Islanders. The other houses show no sign of being inhabited at all, except the centre one, from the open windows of which shirts and socks imbibe the balmy air, while a tiny brass plate above a bell bears a modest announcement that its owner is O'Canikin. The alley stands like an islet of silence amid a sea of sound, for on one side a stream of merchandise is ever drifting towards the Docks, from whence penetrates

a continuous hum of lading and unshipping, of hammering and nailing, varied with a measured cry at intervals as one man tosses a keg or package to another in the string; from the Tower hard by come whiffs of regimental orders, and then a sharp musket click and tramp of men; omnibuses roll incessantly down Eastcheap, and the thunder of trains to Woolwich and the wharves causes each tenement to vibrate and shake itself together after the shock, as they tear over the iron bridges.

One Saturday evening the boarding-house door was open, but not to take in the summer air; trunks and boxes, umbrellas and wraps littered the stones, while a powerful voice cried from within, "Now then Kattie, jewel, call those cabs; Mrs. M'Faddle is ready, and the dear old lady will catch cold. The Paratamna starts tomorrow, and she must ship to-night. Try a glass of cordial before you go, Mrs. M'Faddle, darling; it's very soothing." But the old lady wouldn't, and finally got under way—a hale old lady of seventy-six, part owner in several vessels, who had made the voyage to Sydney twelve times, and was now starting on probably her last. Attendant and expectant nephews and nieces were zealously "seeing her off;" the grumpy cook from below stairs nodded farewell from her area; the housemaid from the first-floor front; and every window framed its two or three weather-beaten faces, each waving the veteran traveller God-speed. At length the cavalcade was fairly off, and the O'Canikin turned briskly from the past, wiping a tear from her "eye," to attend to the clamorous demands of the present. "Och! Kattie, and how'll we get 'em all in? We've only one room free, and there's Captain Lucas coming to-morrow, and Captain Felsen coming to-night, and Mrs. Moriarty, the ship-owner's lady, who's so fond of beer, and whom I couldn't refuse as belonging to our Imberald Oisle; she must have a bed somehow; and then there's two mates coming from the Pernambuco, but, bless me sowl, theirs are young legs, and we'll provide them at the top. Let's see. I can make up two beds in the front parlour, with a mattress on the floor. Captain Lucas must have a shakedown on the sofa in the dining-room. Oh, we'll do it somehow. He had the best bedroom last toime, and it's fair he should suffer a little now, as I make the same charge to all, two shilling a noight. Och, but he calls this place Hullabaloo Hall; I call it Ramshackle Castle, and we must all do what we can." And the good body bustled off, shouting her orders in all directions, dragging about mattresses and pillows till the stair-well was choked, and the evil-smelling street was pleasanter than remaining in-doors with its attendant odours of musty old clothes-bags and unaired feathers.

Although the O'Canikin is all-powerful, a male semi-dependent unit exists in the back-ground in the person of a venerable, white-haired stone-deaf, smoking-capped individual, who sits generally silent in the dining-room, behind a large pipe, a cake of cavendish, and a board fitted with a hinged knife for cutting the tobacco, which he offers—the cavendish as well as the knife or board—to anybody who is willing to smoke patiently opposite to him, and shake his head knowingly at intervals in default of conversation, for any period of time not less than sixty minutes. Unable to hear anything less forcible than a shout, Mr. O'Canikin gives vent to his sentiments, some of them of an especially personal and pointed character, in stage whispers much more audible than ordinary speech, which give rise to complications and little embarrassing dilemmas requiring presence of mind from all parties. But all fully comprehend how the matter stands, accepting his mistakes good-naturedly, and so the old gentleman is somehow or other usually the dignified centre of a little circle of seafaring persons of the merchant class, who smoke and nod and smoke again imperturbably until the whirlwind O'Canikin shall sweep them all into the garden, either for the preparation of some meal, or for the manufacture of impromptu shake-downs.

The "garden" is a very wonderful place, entered from the dining-room window, consisting of some four square yards of earth surrounded on all sides by high walls, giving it the appearance of an embryo mining shaft, from which about strange ledges and gables, of no use, it would seem, except as a promenade for cats. The garden boasts of no flowers, but instead is made glorious by ornamental layers of great pink and mother-of-pearl shells, such as we see exhibited sometimes in oyster shops, varied by rows of huge flints like fossil octopuses, further diversified with stray water-pails and torn paper collars, accompanied by a sardine box or two, a pair of braces, or other stray fragment of cast-off apparel. The chief feature of the garden, however, is a wooden arbour set against the wall, made of wide green-painted planks, like half a boat set up on end, with benches and three-legged stools about, and here the old gentleman and his captains sit on fine days, or when ejected by the O'Canikin, enjoying perpetual twilight, and occasionally pelting with pebbles and mud any unwise grimaldin that shall be misguided enough to indulge in a gymnastic walk within reach of their missiles.

The O'Canikin's arrangements extend generally far into the night; for no sooner has she flopped down panting upon her sofa, exposing a fine view of stocking and nankeen boot, with a yawn like the gape of a hippopotamus, than a telegram is sure to arrive from Plymouth or Southampton, announcing the coming of yet other captains between the hours of twelve and two, which will necessitate still more scheming and ingenious pic-nicking among the furniture.

"Ah, now, Captain Wellin's coming; well,

he'll be welcome, he's a dear man. I'm glad he should arrive. Kattie! There's another coming. Another mattress and a pilly. Where can we put him? There are two already in the front room up-stairs. The two-pair back is ready to burst. Well, we'll put him somewhere—last toime he brought me some guava jelly that was mighty nice."

The constancy of the ocean kings is very touching. One would imagine that after a long voyage in rough weather, and privations of every kind, they would be glad, when once on terra firma, to enjoy comfortable quarters in one of the numerous hotels about America-square sooner than be the victims of such shifts, with no abiding place but an ill-stuffed pallet beneath the kitchen table; but constant they evidently are, and grateful too for small mercies, which is evidenced by the fact that they never return empty handed, bringing always either some preserved fruit, or a trinket, or a silk handkerchief, for the gratification of the kind lady, who never fails to embrace the donor with a loud smack of the lips like the crack of a coach-whip, and a "Well, now, you're a good chold."

Very free and easy is the O'Canikin in her ways, although her morals are beyond all reproach. She calls everybody, servants, boarders, old ladies, battered seamen, and budding hobbledoys, by their christian names. The servants are generally "jewel," the old ladies "darlint," and the rest "dear boy." She is extremely garrulous, sitting down in intervals of management beside you, and discoursing of her most private affairs, although she saw you for the first time but ten minutes ago, then bustling off to hold a stentorian colloquy down the back-stairs, and returning with her hair about her ears, and scratching her head pensively with her back-comb, to continue her confidences, as to how Aunt Jenny died at Melbourne, leaving a legacy of five hundred pounds, and how an heir-at-law intervened, and won a lawsuit, thereby behaving very shabbily. And then she will start up again, tossing the comb upon the table, exclaiming, "Now do try a polpe, now do, doether, dear; I'm going to do a drhop of something, feeling cauld in my insolve." Presently she creates a diversion by altogether vanishing from the scene for awhile, till the deaf old gentleman, having hunted for her high and low, announces that "somehtin's took her." We rise and explore the place. She certainly is neither in her room, or in the kitchen, or anywhere apparently, unless she be devising new impromptu beds among the chimney-stacks. "Yes, somehtin's took her, sure enough," the old gentleman repeats in his loud stage whisper, on the stairs. "Is it me you're wanting? Sure, I'm in the front parlour, busy," calls out the jubilant voice, and we rush anxiously thither, to find her gravely sitting on the floor beside old Captain Bluffer, each with a hot flat-iron and a cut brown paper like a tailor's pattern. "Sure, we're smoothing rheumatiz. The tar, or something in the paper, with a little heat's mighty good for it, and, as I can't reach my shoulder, the captain's kindly doing it for me, while I smooth down his shin." And thus the evening will pass away, varied by departures and arrivals; by schemes for packing people as closely as possible, utilising every inch of space; pipes, and little drops of something, until it is time to go to bed. And what a strange house it is up-stairs! Ever so many little doors open on to each landing, displaying vistas of wonderfully incongruous things within. Uniforms, caps, telescopes, hung on pegs along the wall; sea-chests, half unpacked, with corroded brass ornaments; tiny parcels, evidently presents for friends; ill-made mufti coats, and brand-new tall hats; opossum skins, skins of birds; nicknacks from the South Seas; Fiji curiosities; tropical linen clothing, woollen Arctic clothing, and generally a dirty bed or shakedown, sprinkled with boots, and not made or arranged since the previous night. Many of the rooms have been subdivided into two or three, barely capable of holding more than a bed, by means of wooden partitions overlapped and painted, giving the queer little pigeon-holes the aspect of ships' bunks. I enter the one assigned to me, having declined the resting-place under the dining-room sofa, and observing large yellow squadrons winding across my pillow like ants about their hill, or like the huge German columns leaving Kaiserslautern previous to the battle of Werth, set to work to investigate my surroundings.

The feather-bed and pillow with its tawny blanket is quite an interesting study of animal life. There are large insects, small insects, running insects, creeping insects, scuttling insects, long insects, live centipedes; mothers of families and their offspring to the fourth generation; tribes more numerous than the children of Israel in the desert; all winding in and out, falling into patterns like the fragments in a kaleidoscope, most entertaining to behold provided one were not expected to join them in their gambols through the night. I, accordingly, commence a wholesale slaughter, sardonically arranging my game in tasty rows along the wall-paper until I achieve a bag of forty-three, when observing the number of my enemies apparently undiminished, I give up the chase, throw open the window, and prefer endeavoring to forget their presence by admiring the prospect thence. This affords me quite a picturesque view of cats jumping on the tiles, throwing diabolical shadows in the moonlight of tails curled and straight, lengthening and shortening with distressing suddenness. Tower Hill, the scene of so much bloodshed, glitters innocently white beyond. The grand old Tower, with its four turrets dark against a scudding sky, is before me; beyond again I can make out a misty array of masts, infinitely various, stretching

away indefinite and vague, like some gaunt geometrical forest. The groaning and tearing down the Minorities had by this time ceased; the rushing trains from Fenchurch-street were still, and the silence was broken only by far-distant sounds of merriment, of carousing and fiddle-playing, evidently a final orgy of some ship's crew about to start to-morrow on a voyage of years. Peals of laughter came upon the air; faint hurrahs as the prosperity of the fatherland about to be left behind was toasted in bumpers; sounds of scuffling in the streets, coupled with laughter or occasional cries of women; and above it all a scarce perceptible monotonous thud from some far-distant vessel making up for wasted time by receiving her cargo after hours. Little by little the shadows of the cats waxed fainter; ere those animals retired to bivouac in the summer-house below; the orgy terminated in a final three cheers more, the City clocks told morning watches in keys varying with the importance of their situation, sullen or flippant, deep or high in tone; a roar seemed to rise up from the distant sea, advancing with increasing thunder as it eddied nearer, washing and lapping lovingly around the cold grey feet of one bridge after another, until a rosy light tipped the tower vanes; then, policemen standing statue-like at corners cut strangely black against the ground; then pale slouching idlers began to creep to and fro; then bands of stevedores marching to their work seemed to spring up from somewhere underground; then the streets by slow degrees became thick with hurrying people; vans and wagons groaned, and creaked, and rumbled in a confused but deafening uproar; and vast, seething, boiling, palpitating London had shaken itself up for the business of another day.

In the morning the O'Canikin is as blithe as Milesian skylark ever was, bustling about her house in a drab dressing-gown and red leather slippers, with her iron-grey locks flapping down her back.

"Hurroo, doether, you're down the first. Kattie, bring up that steak and some tay and a shrimp or two. The captains are all snoozing, bless you, and why shouldn't they? They've no responsibility now, being off duty, and I lolke them to take their rest. Any toime between this and one they'll find a bit o' breakfast. I lolke my children to be happy. Didn't I tell you this was Ramshackle Castle?"

Being Sunday morning we are favoured with captains in every sort of disguise; bluff hearty fellows, who appear first in all kinds of incongruous toggery, many in stockings and un-kempt heads, to blow off a few clouds of cavendish in the "garden," and to hold playful passages of arms with their hostess through the open window; to burst forth, later on, the same but other gentlemen, in all the panoply of ill-fitting black frock-coats, creaking polished boots, and amazing paper collars. Others drop in by twos and threes to breakfast, all ravenous, all cheery, bronzed and battered, some with hands like those of laborers, for in the merchant service the lower grades of officers are frequently expected to work along with those before the mast. Mr. Fruellin, returned from some trip late the night before, comes down with shaky hand, grey, like an unboiled prawn about the face.

"Ah, now, mee chold!" said the O'Canikin shaking her head at him, and endeavoring the while to coax her flying hair into something like order. "Ah, now, ye've been indulging in spirits, and you promised me to stick to beer. Not but what I think spirits; judiciously administered, the most wholesome of the two to the inside, when you can restrain yeasif. Didn't I make you take a private pledge? Oh, but, boys, I must tell you all something. You know the two German children, Herman's their name, mates belonging to the Thecla, of Hamburg? Well, what do you think? Their mother's arrived who hasn't seen either of them for twelve years and more, and they're in such a stew up-stairs; have been crying out for pomatum and hot water ever since eight o'clock, and won't let the old lady see them till they're titivated up. And they've bin questioning me about her, as to what she's lolke. Has she grey hair or dark, is she short or tall, does she look hearty or the other thing? And they won't believe a word I say, and none of their clothes are good enough to wear. It's a mercy it's Sunday, or we'd have them spending all the money they've earned on the last trip in whoite waistcoats and macassar!"

At this juncture one of the lads came rushing down the stairs, in a white heat of anxiety. "We must have a bottle of wine," he said; "and is the front parlor made nice and tidy? She'll be down presently and we shall see her once again!"

"Bless the chold, how he goes on," responded she of Tipperary; "I haven't a drhop of wine in the house. If I had, you'd be welcome to it all. Ask the neighbor on the right. He's a German like yourself; there are enough of them about here. Ask him to let you buy a bottle. Stay, won't spirits do? I've got some lovely poteen?"

Spirits not being sufficiently aristocratic for the emergency, the young fellow, quite magnificent in a vast display of shirt-front, cuffs like topsails, his hair nearly brushed off his head, flew into the garden, placed a step ladder against the wall, and straightway there ensued a long guttural discussion through a little hole high up, which ended in the unhooking of a grating and the appearance of a withered hand with a bottle in it, which precious flask was well-high broken by the flying leap of the young gentleman as he skipped into the room.

"Now, dear Mrs. O'Canikin, a clean de-

canter, some glasses, and some biscuits. Are you sure the beds have been removed from the front parlor? Do tell me, is she as tall as you; thin or stout? Oh, you won't tell me anything." Off he flew again, unable to sit still an instant, to put the finishing touches to himself, as well as to his arrangements, and presently the three had met, coming forth later, calm, subdued, and happy and red about the eyes. Meanwhile late captains still appeared out of all sorts of unlikely holes and corners, with stockings feet and broad, honest faces, sat over shrimps with "tay," or smoked and gossiped round the tiny space among the shells, the flints and palls, discussing Lloyd's, the reason of such a one throwing up his command at the last moment, the opinion of Green's on the tea race, the prospect of shipping off soon once more, and nautical matters of still more intimate nature. One was brisk, and burnt his mouth, laughing over the mishap, for was he not about to start for Sydney almost instantly, and had he not chosen his first and second officer from those in the harbor hard by?

"Kettle, sure they're all done but old Bluffer, whose rheumatics are no better, though mine are. Take his tay and shrimps up to him in bed. He's cosy there, and bring me the poy; I'll make it here." And while some munched their toast at one end of the tay table, the O'Caannikin settled herself at the other with a dish, green apples, board and rolling-pin complete, and proceeded to perform culinary prodigies, still in her drab drapery and red leather shoes. "There now, it's done. An illigant poy. I'll just put a mark on the crust outside, so that the baker nain't disappoint us as he did last Sunday. Only fancy, I made a poy last week of great mogul plums, with such a crust of fresh butter with an egg in it, as a thing for Mrs. M'Faddle to remember the auld country by one far away. And would you believe it, it was changed at the baker's, who sent us back a common low thing made of dripping and mess, and we couldn't get our poy back anyhow, for the doctor's lady had it, and wouldn't give it up, saying that she made it herself. To think of such lies on Sunday too! So I made a poy yesterday, sending it privately to the ship, so that she will eat it when far out at sea, and think kindly of us all. Who knows? Perhaps she'll yet come back again."

And so she rambled on, putting away stray bits of paste, mumberling the shreds of apple, reforming a toller in a corner of the dining-room at the same time, before a glass set on the inside of a cupboard door. She brushed up her hair into a loose knot, talking all the while, inspected her stock of jewellery, trying on several pairs of earrings before she was satisfied with the result, and departed, climbing over the shakedown now returned to their normal condition of stopping up the stair-well, to return presently in a gorgeous Sabbath dress of grass-green silk, with a narrow red stripe on it, and white bows. Her good-natured face dimpled all over into smiles as she observed my intent look of observation. "Green is my favorite color," she remarked, "in honor of the Imberald Oisle. I bought it for a friend in Melbourne who's very sandy and fat, and she sent it back again, saying it didn't suit her complexion. Well, it suits mine anyhow. Ah, now, I wish I could just run over to Erin: I've invested my money in houses about Dublin, and I've bought a little place. But I've never seen any of them, as I'm afraid of travelling by train, and the boat makes me sick, and so I know that if I got up courage to go, I should never come back again. I'm getting unwell; I do so run to flesh. I'm not stout to look at yet, but I'm mighty weighty." Indeed I could quite conceive that she was, judging of the way in which she caused the room to shake, and the stairs to wheeze and moan. "But if I went over there, and never came back, what would all the captains do at all? And where would I be without them? Mighty dull indeed. They're father, and mother, and children to me, and I love them all, every one. Where's that whisky? I must give a drop of it to the cook, who's dreadfully overworked just now. This glass is bulky, and she won't be satisfied if it isn't full," she continued, breathing on it, and polishing it up with her elbow. "Just fill it up with wather, chold." And presently we heard the rich brogue rising in trumpet-tones from down below. "Take care what you're after, it's awful strong, but it'll put the sperit into you to get the beef well basted, and the gravy browned. Kettle, take those dirty sheets away; it's a scandalising sight upon a Sabbath, littering about the stairs. Who's that ringing at the bell? What! Captain Pottle, is that you come back? Well, you are welcome indeed. Come in, it's just our dinner toime, and take a bit with us, and tell us all about it. How long have you been back? Why ain't ye staying here? I heard yesterday that your ship had been seen off Gravesend. Come in, you'll find the old man inside somewhere. He'll be delighted to see you. He's terrible deaf. Worse than ever. But come in and sit down. We'll find a place for you. There are nineteen at dinner. We had one-and-twenty yesterday. Come in, all the same."

CAPTAIN LEMONKYD.

AN ENGLISH YACHTING STORY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

In the well remembered yachting season of 186— (you will easily recall the particular year; it was that in which Commodore Plugnyly of

the "Westweehaken" U. S. A. Squadron won, with his marvelous cutter yacht the "Pollywogg," the beautiful black-tin cup offered as a prize by Lord Tumbledown, owner of the schooner "Groggy") there was no more popular personage on the south coast of England than Captain Algernon Lemonkyd. A curious name—"Lemonkyd," is it not? It was settled on all sides that the Captain came of a very "high" family—as high as a brace of pheasants sent you just before Christmas by a friend per Great Beasty Railway, and which turn up about the middle of January: at all events the altitude of Captain Lemonkyd's extraction was so excessive as to be beyond ordinary human ken. Neither Burke nor Debrett contained any notices of any noble or landed Lemonkyds; but Tom Ferret, who knows everybody, and has a cousin in the Lord Chamberlain's office, was wont to say that he rather thought the Lemonkyds were an old Dutch family—"cinnamon plantations in Java, lots of niggers, and that kind of thing, you know," and that by rights the prefix "Van" should usher in their patronymics. It was certain that Captain Algernon had been presented at court so far back as 185—, his sponsor on the occasion being Sir John Clam Chowder, late lieutenant-governor of the Larboard Islands; "and they're somewhere near Java, and the Chowders themselves are a Dutch lot," little Tom Ferret, who knows everybody, used to say. In point of fact the Larboard Islands—which were engulfed by a tidal wave the year before last—were many thousands of miles distant from Batavia; but Tom Ferret's geographical information was acquired long before the day of competitive examinations and before those detestable Civil Service Commissioners began to expect candidates for government appointments to be able to spell the word "Mediterranean" with accuracy.

About the family of a gentleman who has been presented at court there can scarcely be any mistake. He must either be an alderman or sheriff, or some City person of that kind, or he must be a "swell." Captain Lemonkyd had obviously and avowedly nothing to do with the City; and he was as obviously and avowedly a "swell"—thoroughly aristocratic in feature, stature, demeanor, and dress, a strong Conservative, presumably a military man (but of this anon), and wont to express himself on all occasions in terms of the strongest contempt and aversion with regard to individuals in any way connected with trade or commerce. Such despicable creatures he ordinarily designated as "cads."

With regard to his martial title, he was half frank and half mysterious about it. Of course he was in the habit of meeting on familiar terms during the yachting season numbers of military men; and if some half-fledged subalterns, as occasionally happened, asked him to what branch of the service he belonged, or had belonged, Captain Lemonkyd's reply was usually to this effect: "Never belonged to any branch of your Service at all. You may hunt up Hart's 'Army List' for the last twenty years without finding my name in it." (Many curious impertinents of the rank of subaltern had indeed consulted the Military Register at their clubs with this intent.) "I've two commissions," the captain would continue, with a yawn, "which you shall see one of these days; and 'pon my word, I think I belong quite as much to the navy as I do the army." This explanation could not be taken otherwise than as satisfactory; and from the circumstances of the Captain's being an accomplished linguist (he spoke, with perfect ease and fluency, at least half a dozen languages), of his being a brilliant performer on the pianoforte, there were some of his acquaintances who were led to opine that Tom Ferret was mistaken, and that he was no Dutchman, but a Moscovite.

"And, by the way, Lemonkyd," an intimate was bold enough to say to him one day, "you have something of a foreign accent, you know." The intimate was afflicted with an inveterate lisp, and said, "thumthing of a fowein accent." Captain Lemonkyd gave him (for such a remarkably placable fellow as he was) a remarkably ugly look. "Some fellows talk in one way, and others in another, Spoonbill!" (the intimate's name was Spoonbill), "and some fellows talk like Tom Fools, as they are." This (said openly on Ryde Pier) was a terrible blow for Spoonbill, who did not recover his spirits until Captain Lemonkyd, after winning a hundred and fifty pounds from him at Van John, the night afterwards told him that he freely forgave him the impertinence of which he had been guilty.

A touch of mystery does a man no harm; rather the contrary, when he has plenty of money. Captain Lemonkyd had large quantities of coin. He used to say so himself. "I'm as rich as a Jew," he would confess, laughingly; "perhaps they'll say I am a Jew, some of these days." He might have had a slight strain of the Mosaic Arab in him, certainly, for his hair was blue-black, and his eyes coal-black; his tint was somewhat sallow, and his nose aquiline. But his mouth was not that of an 'Ebrew; it was the mouth of Napoleon the Great—exceedingly beautiful in its symmetry, but in its every line eloquent of iron will.

He was the owner of an exquisitely beautiful steam yacht of considerable burden, named *La Couleuvre*—somewhat of an odd name—and during the yachting season, which with him began early and terminated late—was here, there, and everywhere with his craft, which carried a crew of thirty-five men. They were a picked crew, but were mainly foreigners: a good many Dutchmen and Spaniards among them. Lemonkyd (evidently a practised seaman) was his own skipper; but when he was absent on shore the

command was assumed by his first mate, a wary, battered old salt, English to the backbone; he came from Great Grimsby, I think, named Higginthorpe. He was an excellent officer, and, like his commander, could speak many languages, although to the whole of them he applied the pronunciation of "twe scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe," or rather of Great Grimsby.

It was not alone on the south coast that Captain Lemonkyd and *La Couleuvre* were known. He and his craft were as popular at Scarborough or in the Clyde as at Ryde, or Cowes, or in the Southampton Water. Then he would be heard of at St. Malo or Cherbourg, or up the Mediterranean, or in the Baltic at Swinemunde, or in Flensburg Fjord. "What a customer you must be to the coal merchants," the intimates would say, admiringly. "After all, there's nothing like a steamer for seeing the whole fun of the thing." Evidently Captain Lemonkyd thought so too. He would go out in the very roughest weather, but *La Couleuvre* was an admirable sea-boat, and never came to grief. Do you remember, for example, that terrible storm in 186—, in which the English brig *Endeavor*, Dempsy Master, bound from Southampton to Genoa with a very valuable assorted cargo, was totally lost? Only a few spars, and a portion of her stern, were picked up off Havre, a few weeks afterwards, to tell the tale. Even sadder was the fate of the *Ellen and Catherine* clipper from Buenos Ayres, and the *Luisa da Gloria*, a passenger steamer from the Brazils, both wrecked within a few hundred knots of shore. Captain Lemonkyd weathered that fearful gale, in which two life-boats were swamped, vainly endeavoring to reach the doomed ships—Captain Lemonkyd all but succeed, he said, in boarding the *Ellen and Catherine*, but was baffled in his merciful attempt. As for the passenger steamer from Rio, she took fire during the storm; and all her crew, and the *Dons* on board, with all their diamonds and their gold dust, were burned or drowned with her. Captain Lemonkyd lay to as near as he could to the burning vessel; and lowered his boats, which were rowed all night round the wreck; but the crew of the Brazilian vessel were apparently too terrified to launch their boats, and not a soul was saved. It was the gallant Captain Lemonkyd who brought the melancholy tidings into Southampton. The honest folks there wanted to get up a testimonial to him; but he steadily refused the honor. Had he been enabled to save any lives, he said, the case would have been different. As it was he had only done his duty.

It was in August 186— that *La Couleuvre* and her gallant commander being, with a vast number of yachts of every grade of tonnage, at a port I will call Greymouth, Captain Lemonkyd gave a grand ball and supper on board his vessel. Of course all the *élite* of Greymouth rank, wealth, and fashion had been proud to accept the invitations lavishly sent forth by the Captain, whose hospitality was known only to be exceeded by his bravery. And by this time I may as well whisper in your ear a little secret, which will be kept, I have no doubt, with the inviolate strictness with which secrets confided to the readers of popular magazines usually are kept. Captain Algernon Lemonkyd was in love with Miss Lenore Fonteverard, commonly called the Beauty of Greymouth: at all events, whatever may have been the state of the captain's own feelings towards Miss Fonteverard, it was plain to the most casual observers—that is to say, to at least six hundred young (and disappointed) young ladies in Greymouth, that Miss Lenore Fonteverard was madly in love with Captain Algernon Lemonkyd.

She had no money—not a sou; but that did not matter the least in the world. She was an amazing beauty, high spirited, accomplished, and witty; and her family was as old as King Arthur's, which is saying a great deal, seeing that we have no means of telling how old King Arthur was when he founded that family, the most notable scions of which have been a number of stirring ballads, and a score of more or less epic poems of a wearisome description. In any case, history knew nothing of a period in which there had not been a Fonteverard family, of which all the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous (a compliment once applied in an after-dinner speech by the great Sir Robert Peel to the Orleans family, and which has always struck me as being one of the plainest and most wooden compliments ever paid, the implication inevitably being that in the majority of families the sons are cowards, and the daughters no better than they should be). Old Colonel Fonteverard, late of the Heavies, had nothing but his half-pay to bring up his numerous children upon; but he had been a terrible fire-eater in his time; was covered with wounds and medals; had been several times mentioned in the *Gazettes*; to say nothing of his enjoying the personal friendship of his late R-y-l H-g-h-as the D— of Y—k. As for Mrs. Fonteverard, she had been a Miss Ironstone; and the Ironstones (or Ironzons) as all genteel people know, date from the Crusades, when they came over here as cadets of the princely Italian house of Saxaferrata; themselves descendants of the Saxaferrata, a Consular Family of the Umbrian Marches. The Fonteverards of Greymouth hadn't a penny piece between them, but they had blood by the bucketful.

Mrs. Colonel F. was slightly annoyed when Captain Lemonkyd proposed to her youngest daughter, Lenore, instead of to Isabeau, the eldest; nay, there were three other Miss Fonteverards, all beautiful, high spirited, accomplished, and witty; Berthe, Almond, and Rénée to wit who were all entitled by the laws of seniority to pass before Lenore; but as she was the Beauty, tremendously so, passionately ador-

ed by her papa; as Captain Lemonkyd's suggestions respecting settlements were of a positively princely nature; and as there was some perilous probability, in the event of the Colonel and Colonelless saying "no," of the Captain's proposing to Miss De Fudgeville, orphan daughter and heiress of the late Rear-Admiral De Fudgeville, who, though she was as ugly as sin, and had something the matter with her spine, had a fortune of ninety thousand pounds, the gallant Colonel, late of the Heavies, and his wife, condescendingly agreed to accept Algernon as their son-in-law. All in good time, you know. It is to be presumed that the Captain fully satisfied his intended connections as to his family, his position, and his prospects in society. Certain it is that he was received in the Fonteverard family on the footing of an accepted suitor; and it was understood that when the yachting season was over an adjournment should be made to London, and the family lawyers set to work to prepare those needful settlements with which middle-class people seem to be able to dispense so comfortably; and the principal use of which, in high life, seems to be that they should be subsequently squabbled over in the courts of law and equity.

That ball on board *La Couleuvre* was a most gorgeous affair. Waggtystles, the "sensational" reporter—at eighteen shillings aweek—of the "Greymouth Comet," said that it was to be a gorgeous affair for full a week before the actual occurrence of the event, at which he had been invited to be present. But Bulby, of the "Greymouth Beacon" who hated sensationalism, and had not been asked to the festival, spoke of it in anticipation as the "approaching High Jinks on board the 'Captain's' steamboat." He put "Captain" in inverted commas in order to vex Lemonkyd, who sent word to him to say that he intended to horsewhip him the morning after the ball. He never carried out his threat.

The ball and supper, which fully bore out Waggtystles' enthusiastic, although somewhat hyperbolic prognostications—the sensational reporter drank an enormous amount of champagne on the occasion, and fought with the waterman who conveyed him to shore—had come to a most brilliant conclusion, and the fashionable company had, with a solitary exception, departed. Who do you think this solitary exception was? Oh, folly! oh, infatuation! oh, dissimulation of womankind! the exception was Lenore Fonteverard. That beautiful and accomplished, but, unfortunately, romantic young woman—three volume novels from Miss Pibb's circulating library in Royal Crescent had done it all—forgetting her duty to her family, her sex, and herself, had consented to run away that very night with Captain Algernon Lemonkyd. The plot had been most artfully arranged. The whole Fonteverard family were to be, of course, at the ball. At an early period of the evening, Lenore was to plead slight indisposition, and accompanied by her maid—who, with many other females of the humblest class, had been invited by the hospitable Captain to witness the grand doings on the quarter-deck—was to enter a boat for the ostensible purpose of being rowed to shore. The Fonteverard family resided at a distance of some three miles from Greymouth; so Lenore, always pleading her headache, was ostensibly to stay for the night, her faithful maid—the *mix*!—with her, at the house of her aunt, Miss Ironzou, an ancient spinster of laughty mien who dwelt in Royal Crescent, in Greymouth itself. But the seeming shoregoers were to return to the steamer; and, shielded by night, and the noise and excitement of the proceedings aft, reboard her. This preclous plot was carried out in all its integrity: and while the fond mother's enjoyment of a copious supper was ever so slightly dashed by the thought that her darling Lenore must be by that time in bed with a bad headache at her aunt's, Miss Ironzou, in Royal Crescent, the darling Lenore herself, with a waterproof over her ball dress, was with her maid, snugly ensconced in a cabin in the fore-castle. It was the first mate's cabin, and his name was Higginthorpe: a wary, salt old man from Great Grimsby. The foolish, foolish girl! when there were so many highly respectable conveyancers in Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, all anxious to prepare the necessary settlements. Could she not bestow one thought, even, on the blood—the unadulterated blood of the Fonteverards and the Ironzons: to say nothing of the parent Saxaferrata of the Marches of Umbria? My dear madam, when a girl has determined to make a fool of herself, do you think that the Pope and all the Apostolic College, assisted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, and the members of the Wesleyan Conference in a body would be of the slightest use in dissuading her from her rash resolve? Besides, had she not her faithful maid—the *mix*!—with her? and were not Captain Lemonkyd's intentions strictly honourable? Everything had been arranged. *La Couleuvre* would get her steam up before daybreak, and ere the flight could be discovered they would be on their way to Scotland to be married.

The last boat had left the ship a full half-hour since, and there was a great silence on deck and on the sea, which was perfectly calm, when the cabin door opened, and there stood before Lenore, not Algernon, with protestations of love upon his lips, but that wary, salt old mariner from Great Grimsby, Higginthorpe by name, the Mate of *La Couleuvre*. In one hand he bore a lantern; one tarry finger of the other hand he laid on his lip.

"It's Dead Silence, to begin with," he said, in a tone which was half a whisper and half a growl. "If you don't keep Dead Silence, you'll

be a Dead Woman, and was, in a trace of shakes. Now will you stow your jaw?" He was not polite, assuredly, but he was emphatic; and the terrified Lenore, comprehending that he had something terribly important to communicate to her, mutely signified that she would be silent.

"Wot you've got to do is this," pursued the First Mate; "you've got to drop into the dingy as is lying alongside and row yourself ashore. I know you can do it; all you gals know how to pull here about."

"Have you betrayed me to my papa?" the agonised Lenore began.

"I ain't done nothin' of the sort," echoed the ancient mariner. "Your father and mother, bless their innocent souls, thinks you're safe in R'yal Crescent. Will you hold your tongue?" This was parenthetically observed to the faithful maid the (m)nx, who was evincing symptoms of beginning to yelp. "Nobody knows nothin' about you bein' on board this craft except me, and them of the hands as is sworn to secrecy, and the captin." Mr. Higginthorpe concluded by a reference to his commander's eyes and limbs, the exact meaning of which Lenore, in her agitation, could scarcely make out; but it was certainly not complimentary.

"Take me at once to Captain Lemonkyd," Miss Fonteverard indignantly exclaimed. "He will know how to punish your insolence. You must be tipsey, man."

"Wrong again," replied the unabashed Mate. "I'm as sober as the Purser on pay-day; but the Skipper's as tight as Jack when he comes to the pay-table. There's a deal of grog drunk aboard this here wessel, miss; but it ain't aboard John Higginthorpe."

"What is it, then? Explain—oh! explain this dreadful mystery."

"The missery's this," pursued Mr. Higginthorpe, who, while objecting to loquacity on the part of others, did not seem very averse from hearing himself talk, or, at least, growl. "The Skipper's in his bunk aft, as drunk as David's Sow. He'd had enough champagne to float the Mericadamyeen (presumably Mediterranean) Squadron afore he turned in; and then I made his steward give him somethin' in his soda and brandy as 'll keep him quiet for some hours more. By the time he open his ports agin we shall be in a fair way to the coast of—well, of, Nomanland." He was a crafty customer, that Mariner of Great Grimsby.

"In the name of all that is maddening, let me go to Captain Lemonkyd."

"You won't go to him," the Mate returned, laying a heavy, but not unkindly hand on the girl's outstretched arm; "and he shan't come nigh you. I'll blow his infernal brains out first."

Lenore started back in horror. Her faithful maid was so much limp muslin, heaped in hopeless collapse of terror behind her.

"It wouldn't be the fust nor the last time that brains has ben blown out, let alone throats cut, and other salwaggeries on board this here wessel. We're a bad lot altogether. We're thieves; and when them as we robs cut up rough, we sends 'em to Davy Jones's locker."

"You freeze my very blood with horror!"

"I mean to freeze it harder afore I've done," the mate continued. "Captain Lemonkyd!—he ain't no more a Captin than I am. His name's Jack Kidd, a marauding Yankee, out o' Salem, Massachusetts; he's got a ware'us for his plunder, and a yard for refittin' his craft down in Florida; and he's a pirate!"

"Mercy! mercy!"

"That's just what I mean you should have. I'm a bad lot, I know; and oughter have ben 'ung in chains at Hexecution Dock fifty times over; but I can't stand by and see two young gals—for your maid's yer own flesh and blood, though she's not a Kernal's darter—given up to a fate five hundred times wuss than any death as I knows on. John Higginthorpe won't see that done, willin as he is. I allers was a willin since the Stepany Workus 'prenticed me to a collier at Great Grimsby. Wot you've got to do," observed, in conclusion, this remarkable man, "is to get out of this here wessel as soon as ever you can. There's the dingy, and you and the other young gal must pull to shore the best way you can. Say wot you like; gals can allus huent yarns. Say you've bin up to a lark. With your waterproof on, nobody won't know you. But if you see a word to the polis, or to the coastguard, about wot this here wessel's up to, John Higginthorpe's ghost shall 'aunt you. Will yer swear to hold yer tongue now and for hever about this here wessel, and Jack Kidd, who owns and commands her, and has ben runnin' under the Black Flag in different crafts, come a man and boy, these twenty year?"

The two girls took a dreadful oath, dictated to them by their strange deliverer; and half an hour afterwards Miss Fonteverard, without a headache, but with a remarkable sensation creeping about her heart, was safe in bed at her aunt's in Royal Crescent.

La Couleuvre, had disappeared before sunrise. Why should she not? Her papers were in order—they were always in order—and she was free to come and go as she liked, like the yacht of any other private gentleman. On the south coast of England, however, she was seen no more; and when the name of Captain Lemonkyd happened to be mentioned in the presence of Colonel Fonteverard, he would casually remark that he had had a very narrow escape from that scamp. "By Jove, sir," the gallant colonel would say, "my womenkind were within an ace of planting him upon me as a son-in-law; but in the nick of time we found out that he was a mere swindling adventurer, who would have broken my poor dear Lenore's heart, and who hadn't a shilling in the world."

Miss Lenore Fonteverard eventually married the Rev. Goodwin Winebush. She is very Low Church, and has a rooted abhorrence for novels. I forget whether it was at Hong Kong or at Singapore that, in the year 187-, the renowned desperado Eli Blagden was hanged by sentence of the Admiralty Court for several atrocious acts of piracy in the China seas. The newspapers giving an account of his trial and execution described him as a singularly handsome man, of considerable attainments, and of most fascinating manners. He had had half a dozen aliases; but his real name, it was said, was Kidd, of a very old Puritan family, and hailing originally from Salem in Massachusetts.

MARGARET AND ISABELLE.

When I was a young girl—a girl of sixteen, with all my life before me—I used to sit at the windows of my father's house at twilight and watch the ladies of St. Martha as they passed in slow procession to vespers at the neighboring church.

There were nine of them—always nine. If one died, another came to fill her place.

The house and the funds that supported them had been donated by an old lady who died many years before and whose name was on a slab of marble over the entrance door, and the ladies who dwelt there devoted all their hours to deeds of charity.

They nursed the sick, they watched beside the dead, and they gave food and work to the poor.

Some of them were old, some very, very plain. One good face among them was scarred by small-pox, one had been seared by burns, and another sister was terribly and painfully deformed.

I could understand why these latter should fly from the world that gives such honor to outward beauty, to live where beautiful deeds alone should be asked of them.

I could comprehend how the aged, looking back upon the dead hopes and dead loves of the past, and having nothing in the future but the grave, should consecrate their few remaining hours to such a life as theirs; but when I looked at two faces in the group, I could only wonder how they came there.

They were young; they were beautiful; they had the air of women of society.

That such as these should voluntarily leave the world and all its pleasures, forbid themselves the hope of love, and marriage, and motherhood seemed incomprehensible to me.

Sister Margaret and Sister Isabelle they were called.

I learned, as I had guessed from their resemblance to each other, they were sisters in reality.

I suppose they were about twenty-five years of age—beauties, with dark eyes and fair hair, tall, elegant figures, and white and dimpled hands.

In the procession they walked together; in their missions of charity they always went together.

Even the costume of the sisterhood, which was a ghostly sort of thing—a black-hooded cloak, a white book-muslin cap, with a band of the same covering the forehead—could not conceal the elegance of their figures, or the delicate beauty of their faces.

Often I used to follow to church, and sit looking at them shyly, wondering about them, making stories to fit them, but never hoping to know whether any of them bore a resemblance to the truth.

But one day a placard on the door of the Sisters' house and an advertisement in the morning paper, told all the little world of W—that the ladies had established a finishing school for day pupils, where lessons in French, music, embroidery, and flower-painting, could be obtained by any who chose to pay for them.

Funds for charitable purposes had run low, and the ladies prayed for patronage, giving this reason and speaking of the hard winter close at hand, during which the poor must suffer greatly.

Amongst others I became a pupil, and Sister Margaret taught me music.

She was lovelier than ever in her indoor dress, and I admired her exceedingly.

She also seemed to like me; and at last, one day, when we were alone, the question always upon my lips burst from them.

"Sister Margaret, how did you and your sister, so pretty and so young ever think of entering this establishment? I cannot understand it. How could you renounce the world when the world must have held so much for you?"

Sister Margaret looked at me gravely.

"You are very young," she said. "At your age I should have had the same feeling. I also, at your age have watched the nine ladies."

"I also have said to myself, as I know you have—what a sad life—what a terrible fate."

"I thought no more of entering a sisterhood at sixteen than you do."

"I believe I will tell you my story."

"There may be a sermon in it—a sermon on the futility and uncertainty of all earthly happiness."

You may learn from it how little trust a girl may place in a lover—and how little constancy there is in man.

"Yes, I will tell you, but never speak of it to me again."

"There were only two children born to my parents, who married twenty-eight years ago. These were twins, both girls."

"They resembled each other exceedingly except in one respect."

"The forehead of one of them was marked with a broad red splash, that spread from temple to temple."

"The mother grieved over this, but greater sorrow was in store for her."

"As the children grew older, it was discovered that the little one who was disfigured by the birth-mark, had also been born deaf and dumb."

"I have been told that it broke the mother's heart."

"She died, and her husband always a delicate man, followed her speedily, leaving the children orphans."

"A good grandmother adopted the little disfigured deaf and dumb child."

"A more fashionable relative took the other little girl to heart."

"Young as they were, they wept bitterly at parting, and pined for each other for many a long day."

"The head-dress of our order conceals her forehead, so that you have never seen the mark that disfigures it."

"I was brought up in luxury; she in plain and substantial comfort."

"Great pains were taken with her, and she was taught to read and write."

"Her first letters were to me."

"When the days of childhood had passed by and we became women, it touched me to see how much her afflictions troubled Isabelle."

"She wrote bitterly of the 'hideous mark upon her forehead,' and told me how she shrank from all society."

"Happy indeed did I feel when suddenly all this ceased."

"She wrote cheerfully, joyfully, and at last made me a confession."

"She wrote—

"DEAREST SISTER MARGARET,

"I cannot believe the truth of what I tell you; but I have a lover! Yes, I—disfigured and dumb as I am! He is beautiful, I think! and he tells me I am precious to him. He writes it in words; but, ah! I need no words in which to speak to him. He talks to me with his eyes—his beautiful eyes, with the hand that holds my own; and I ask myself, can this really be I? I am so happy. My darling—you who have had lovers—why did you not tell me how sweet love was to a woman?"

"I was very glad."

"I told her so; and I told her also that, though I had had lovers, the one whom I could love I had not yet met."

"I was not even sure that I ever would."

"But before winter had passed I knew that he had come."

"He was a man from whom it would be hard for a woman to withhold her love if he wooed her—a man of the world, gay, elegant, and beautiful."

"He knew just what to say, and when to say it."

"He was generous and gallant."

"What he said to me, and how he said it, I cannot and need not tell."

"He won my heart and my promise."

"He stipped his betrothal ring upon my finger."

"I wrote to Isabelle, and told her so."

"I also am happy," I said.

"But this was her answer—

"I am not happy now; I am anxious. Some time ago he went away. He kissed me when we parted, and bade me write to him often. But he has not written; no, not once. I do not know what can have happened. He must be ill. He may be dead. I weep all night. I grow thin and pale. I long for him so. Ah, what shall I do? Pity me, Margaret."

"Pity her. Ah, poor Isabelle, my heart bled for her. But not as it did when her next letter reached me."

"It ran as follows—

"DEAR MARGARET,

"It is over—I have heard from him. He tells me that we have made a mistake. He asks to be released from his engagement. There is but one answer to such a request. So I have written good-bye and sent his ring to him. I cannot wonder—a deaf and dumb girl, with a face so spoiled as mine is—only, I wish he had not even thought he loved me. Perhaps I shall die. Beglad if I do."

"Your loving sister,

"ISABELLE."

"This came to me while I was preparing my wedding outfit."

"With it came a letter from my grandmother."

"She spoke more plainly of the rascal who had flirted with poor Isabelle, and nearly broken her heart."

"What I wrote back was this—

"DEAR GRANDMAMMA,

"You know Isabelle better than I do. Do what you think best. But I long to have her here with me, and if a change of scene will do her good and no harm, let her come to visit me."

"The answer was an assent."

"Isabelle was to be sent with an old friend, who was about to make the journey."

"She is very sweet and uncomplaining," wrote grandmother, "and but for one thing, would be beautiful. You will not be ashamed of your sister."

"Never shall I forget the evening on which we assembled in the brightly-lighted parlor, awaiting Isabelle's arrival."

"I was too greatly agitated to talk much."

"My betrothed husband was at my side; my uncle sat reading at the centre table; my aunt was knitting some trifle in scarlet wool."

"We were all listening for the carriage wheels, and I was thinking of Isabelle."

"To one of any delicacy, it is almost impossible to speak of the infirmity of a beloved one. I could not do it."

"I had simply told my future husband that my sister, who had lived with our grandmother since childhood, was coming to us."

"I could not speak of her want of speech and hearing, or of the poor, scarred forehead; and yet it troubled me that I had not done so."

"Something else troubled me."

"What I knew not."

"A premonition of evil was in the air."

"What was it I dreaded?"

"Had some accident happened upon the road?"

"Would she fall to come?"

"What was it?"

"I arose and paced the floor."

"I looked at my watch. I peeped through the curtains. I wandered out into the hall."

"At last, among the multitude of vehicles that had cheated me into hoping they would stop at our door, and had passed on and rumbled out of sight, one actually did stop."

"The bell rang. I hastened to the door, and stood before my sister."

"Instead of the child from whom I parted, there stood a young woman, whose eloquent eyes called me sister, and who stretched her arms towards me, and clasped me to her bosom."

"There was a moment of pure happiness; the next—ah, me! shall I ever forget it!—the next I had turned to my betrothed husband."

"Charles," I said gently, "this is my dear sister."

"But he did not advance."

"He stood in the full light of the hall lamp, motionless, and pale as death, and while I marvelled at his conduct, my sister turned and looked upon him."

"Their eyes met, and she fell forward into my arms in a death-like swoon."

"I knew at that moment, as well as I knew afterwards, that it was the man whom I had promised to marry who had flitted her."

"The aunt who had adopted me had given me her name. I was called Miss Heathwood, and my sister was Miss Muswell."

"I had, as I have said, never spoken of her infirmity, and my lover had not guessed our relationship."

"All this ran through my mind as I bore my darling from the presence of the man who had been so cruel to her."

"From that moment, marriage with him became an impossibility."

"I saw him again next day."

"He made no excuses."

"He told his story frankly enough."

"When I met her," he said, "I thought no woman was ever so sweet. I rushed into love-making at once. Now and then I felt that I should suffer a little mortification after we were married, but I thought I loved her well enough to bear it. I should have married her had I not met you. You have all her sweetness without her blemishes. I wonder I did not guess you were sisters; and so I did what I have done. I love you, Margaret; don't cast me off."

"Ah, poor, weak creature that I was, I loved him still; but I bade good-bye to him then and there."

"It was worse than death, but it would have been worse than perdition to have married the false lover of my afflicted sister."

"It was just then that there were two vacancies in this sisterhood."

"Life's joys were over for both Isabelle and me, but not life's duties, and I, I fear, doubted myself a little."

"I longed to set an insurmountable barrier between the man I could not forget and my poor heart."

"We came here three years ago, and we are not unhappy. We have too much to do."

"We saw him again."

"Six months from the day of our entrance here there was a collision on the railroad."

"The sisters were needed, and we all went together to the scene of accident."

"Among the wounded was one man, for whom there was no hope of life, who suffered greatly."

"As we ministered to him, Isabelle and I, we recognised his features."

"His mother might have failed to do so, so changed and distorted were they."

"But we had loved him."

"We knew him, and he knew us."

"As the shadow of death stole over him, he looked up into our faces and stretched out his trembling hands towards us."

"Could we refuse, at such a moment, to give him ours?"

"Little by little the earth was fading from him, but he found strength to speak."

"Margaret and Isabelle," he whispered, "Do you forgive me?"

"She knew what he said by the motion of his lips, and smiled."

"Yes; we do," I answered.

"Then he said—

"Will you kiss me?"

"I bent my head, and touched his lips; but Isabelle put her arms about his neck and, kissing her, his soul passed away from his body!"

"So it ended."

"She looked at me with tears in her eyes, as she ceased."

I bent and kissed her hand, and left her. But the sisters had a new interest to me from that moment, and I never saw them gliding churchward at the vesper hour that I did not hide myself behind the curtains and watch for the sweet faces of Margaret and Isabelle.

A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD COATES PINCKNEY.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon,
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is magic's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of the hours;
Her feelings have the fragrant,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, the latest sigh
Will not be life's but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

NEVER TRUST THE FOX.

"Daddy, daddy! the fox is asleep; just look at him!" screamed the geese to the old gander, as they were crossing the common.
"Ah! he may be, though probably he has at least one eye open. Keep your distance, I advise you; remember always that a fox asleep is more than a match for a goose wide awake!"

CRUMBS OF CHARITY.

"I can give you but a crumb or two," said the beggar to the hungry dogs; "what good will a few crumbs do you?"
"Good? why you know by experience what it is to be famishing, so you are no stranger to the value of a crumb," answered the dogs.
"Take it; but it grieves me to see you so thin and to give you no more," said the beggar, sorrowfully.
"Grieves you! what, this bit of your little you can give but little? Dear kind heart, don't be troubled; the crumbs thus lovingly given are so sweet that they will do us far more good than the finest bone thrown at us grudgingly."

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

"How in the world did we get here?" cried the mice, one to another, as they ran hopelessly round the wire walls of a large trap.
"I think something fell down and shut me in," said one.
"I think I was so taken up with looking at the cheese that I lost sight of the way I came in," said another.
"I can't account for it all," said a third.
"What's the use of wasting time in trying to account for it?" said an old grey-beard; "here we are, and the question to be considered now is, not how we got in, but are we are to get out."

NOT WORTH THE COST.

"By your leave, sir," said the water-rat to the king-fisher, "this is my house," and he sat still in the doorway to prevent his entrance.
"Nay, but I want to come in," said the king-fisher; "I have paid you visits before, and why not now? Think how handsome I am, and how much my family is sought after."
"You have been in before, sir; but, to tell you the truth, that's the very reason I prefer keeping you out now, notwithstanding your high family and fine clothes. You have an awkward habit of eating fish and leaving your bones at my door. Now I don't want anything laid to me that I don't deserve, and as I don't catch and eat fish, I won't have the credit of it; I consider no company worth having that takes away my character, however high in rank or fine in appearance."

EXPERIENCE BETTER THAN ADVICE.

"Just let me put that creature out of the way," cried Young Snap to Old Barker, as they passed a hedgehog lying by the roadside.
"All right!" said Barker, trotting on till he heard Snap behind him.

"Well, finished him?" he asked, trying to catch Snap's eye, which was turned away.

"Why, no," said Snap; "the brute wasn't worth the trouble."

"Ah! how's your nose?" said Barber; "I think by the color of it, if you had made at him much longer, he would have finished you. I had a taste of a cousin of his once, and since then I have kept clear of the race. I dare say for the future you will do the same."

EASY TO BRAG.

"What a poor dull thing!" said some newly-sharpened blades to each other, as they glanced at a scythe somewhat the worse for wear.
"Dull!" cried the scythe, contemptuously, "you've only just come from the grindstone, or you wouldn't be so sharp. Do the work that I have done since I was there, or send me there again, and then see which of us will make the best appearance, and cut the keenest."

KEEP TO YOUR VOCATION.

"Pickle," said Dick, the bull-terrier, to the pretty little Skye, "as long as you keep to your tricks and winning playful ways you are charming; but when you come to the gate after me, putting in your shrill, sharp-pipe, and spoiling my deep hoarse bark, you look positively silly; excuse me, but true friends must be faithful."

"Dick, dear," said Pickle, "that reminds me of something I have often thought of telling you; as long as you keep to guarding the house and frightening the beggars, you are highly respectable; but when you try to come sprawling on my lady's lap, in imitation of me, you have no idea how foolish you look. Excuse me, but one good turn deserves another, and true friends must be faithful."

TRAINING.

"And is this all my mother could do for me?" grumbled the woolly-bear caterpillar, as he crossed the gravel path where the little golden beetles shrank from him in something like disgust. "Frightful, of course frightful; very humiliating!" he exclaimed, as he began to make his dinner of the dead nettle to which he had crawled.

"Patience!" said the dead nettle; "you won't always be a woolly-bear."

A little time and the woolly-bear became a pupa, that is, an insect mummy, or a baby in swaddling clothes.

"Is this change for the better? am I any nearer beauty now?" he asked despairingly of the nettle. "Surely I was better off when I could at least show life and move about, than I am in this living tomb?"

"Patience; when things come to the worst they mend," said the nettle; "you won't always be a mummy."

One morning the sun shone on the glorious wings of a tiger moth, as it balanced itself on the hedge, trembling with delight.

"Ah," cried the nettle, "I told you so, the training wasn't pleasant, but see what has come of it!"

THE BAT WOULD BE A BIRD.

There was a commotion such as has never been known among the beasts and birds. The bat, for reasons of its own, claimed to be a bird, but the birds unanimously voted him a beast, so it was brought to trial. The eagle was judge, the jury were half of them owls, and half of them falcons.

There was very sharp pleading on both sides, and witnesses without end came forward till the owls blinked and the falcons looked bored to death. The eagle, with his grave magnanimity, sat it out in grim patience, but seemed much relieved when he came to sum up.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you have heard the claim of the bat to be a bird and you have heard the evidence of many inferior beasts to prove him so; you have also heard the counsel and witnesses on the other side. Now, gentlemen, so far as I can see (and every one knows I can see a great way), the bat is indubitably a beast. His habits are those of a beast, his voice is what any bird would be ashamed of, and his form, with the exception of wings, is a beast's without controversy. Those wings, on which his counsel lay such stress, are not like those of any bird we are acquainted with, and such as they are, he uses them only at night; by day he either crawls or clings. As to your verdict, gentlemen, I rely on your wisdom and keenness; but my opinion is, 1st. That the whole affair has been an affront to this honourable court; 2nd. That it matters not at all to any of us whether he is a beast or a bird; 3rd. That it is a scandalous thing our time and trouble should have been spent on such an unworthy inquiry. One thing more—I trust when you have given your verdict that one of you will eat him; that will settle the question for ever, and prevent him from giving the public any more trouble."

THE LAKE AND THE FOUNTAIN.

"Always giving out!" murmured the lake; "that river—that streamlet! am I never to be left free to keep my own?"

"Oh, lake!" cried the fountain-head, "remember you have nothing of your own. I could supply the river and those streamlets without first flowing through you; but I honour you with fulness that you may have the greater honour of dispensing my riches; beware, lest losing sight of this, you make me leave you to dry up, and choose another channel for my bounty."

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN THE TYROL.

Theophilus Lane and Francis Abbot were old college companions and fast friends; but though still young, their paths in life had diverged. Lane had become an ecclesiastic. He was not so broad perhaps in his religious views as his emancipation of them from the pulpit was long, but nevertheless he was an excellent fellow. Abbot was a barrister, eminently respectable in his conduct and behavior, and a regular attendant at his parish church, but not a glutton for sermons. He had a logical mind. But the two men had still one taste left in common—that of mountaineering. They both delighted in the strength of their legs. They did not talk much together—no great pedestrians talk. A few words may be interchanged during the first six miles, but a solemn silence soon intervenes; the distance between them, as they plod on side by side, imperceptibly widens; they are hot they are thirsty, they are each a little bit cross because the other shows no external symptoms of weariness; but until kindly nature drops the veil of evening on the scene does either propose to halt. Then they eat enormously, and fall asleep immediately afterwards like anacondas.

In the part of the Tyrol into which the unreflecting legs of these two men had carried them in August last, there happened to be nothing to eat; there was no meat, no wine, no beer, nothing but a sort of thin meal made of the same bran with which pincushions are stuffed at home, stirred up in milk, and which they described eulogistically as "very filling;" the effect, indeed, was to give them both the appearance of pincushions. The Divine, being used to fasting, suffered no particular inconvenience from this scanty fare, but the Lawyer did: his spirits were greatly subdued—a circumstance which must be the apology for his apparent pusillanimity in the crisis to be presently described. Hunger will tame a lion; and it is probable that a continuous diet of bran and milk would much diminish the spirit of the king of beasts, even if it did not induce him to lie down with the lamb. This was Abbot's case; and he would have given for a lamb, on the sixth day of that involuntary abstinence, would make the high meat prices of our own metropolis seem cheapness. The seventh day (even in the Tyrol) was Sunday, and after their bran breakfast, instead of setting out to walk as usual, the Rev. Lane thus addressed his friend. His voice (as the matter was subsequently described to me by an unseen spectator of these proceedings, one whose beard and green spectacles concealed the fact of his British origin, and who kept his mouth shut lest he also should fall a victim to the oppressor), Lane's voice, I say, had an unctuous persuasiveness about it which it did not exhibit upon a week day; and while he spoke he held his doomed companion by his glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner in the ballad.

"Don't you think, Abbot, it would be very nice if we had a church service this morning?"

"It would be charming," answered the other, confidently; "only unfortunately there is nobody to attend it! There is not a Christian, or at least an Englishman—for I am sure that hairy man with spectacles cannot be one—within a hundred miles of us, so I don't see where you are to get your congregation."

"My dear fellow," answered the Divine, softly laying his hand in an episcopal manner upon the other's knee, "there is you, and there is I."

The earnest gravity of this remark, joined with the contemplation of what it was evidently leading up to, was such as to paralyse poor Abbot's already enfeebled powers; and his grammatical sense, which at home would have been outraged by the expression "There is I," was now only faintly irritated.

"There is I," he repeated mechanically.

"Just so," continued the Divine, with cheerful acquiescence. "I will read the service to you!"

"But there is no room where we can be alone my good soul," pleaded Abbot.

In one part of the rude apartment in which they sat was a party of natives (among whom they included the bearded stranger, carousing over bran and milk, and in another the goat which supplied the milk was being taught a variety of accomplishments by the junior members of their host's family; especially to stand with all four legs upon a penny piece, generously supplied for that purpose by one of the two English visitors.

"Nay, my friend, there is our bed room."

The remark was undeniable; there was their bed-room; accessible, though with difficulty, by a ladder that led out of the common room through a hole in the ceiling. In the early days of Christian persecution, or in Covenanting times in Scotland, such an apartment would, without doubt, have had its advantages as a place of public worship, since nobody would ever have suspected its being used for that purpose even by the most fanatical; but in that year of grace, 1873, it did seem a little—well, incongruous. That two people, and one of them the clergyman, should join in supplications for the Royal Family and for the high court of Parliament was in itself a somewhat astounding proposal, but that they should do so in a rickety chamber, with a roof so sloping that the congregation couldn't stand up even when so commanded by the Rubric, and with a running accompaniment of Tyrolean jargon coming up through the open space where the ladder was, revived in Abbot a transient sense of the ridiculous; but he was gone too far (through bran and milk) to discuss the matter.

They accordingly climbed up the ladder into this wretched apartment, and from the breast-pocket of his coat the Rev. Theophilus Lane produced a pair of snow-white bands, and tied them round his neck. His design, it was therefore evident, had been premeditated, and in his countenance was an expression not only of fixed resolve but of placid triumph.

"Has he brought a surplice with him," thought the unhappy congregation, "or will he put on the counterpane?"

He did not, however, proceed to that extremity, but sat down, with the washing-stand—the only article of furniture in the room—between him and his helpless victim. A spectator who had not overheard their previous conversation would have imagined that they were about to baptize an infant.

The victim had never been so near an officiating clergyman before, and the Divine apparently fascinated him. He could not keep his eyes off those bands, one of which he perceived had a spot of iron-mould upon it; would it annoy him (the congregation seemed to be thinking) if he should mention the fact? Not of course now; that was not to be thought of; but when the service was over—if it ever should be over. He was spared nothing, absolutely nothing, except the Prayer for Rain; if a collection should presently be made from the congregation would he have to drop something into the soap dish, he wondered, and found himself reading the directions in the Prayer Book, instead of following his pastor. They were so close together that it was impossible to follow him. "In choirs and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem." Will he propose an anthem? The congregation could not sing; it would do anything to oblige, it had no force of will to resist its minister; bran and milk had sapped its vitals, but it could not sing. The reader was, for the most part, monotonous, but at times his voice gathered strength and volume—it seemed to the unseen spectator (who was now looking through the hole in the floor) at the wrong times; when he was talking about "the sinner," for example, he could not help casting a glance in the direction of his congregation, as much as to say, "You hear that." Abbot's lips were moving all this time—but as my informant imagined, by no means in devotional exercises. "This is hard," he seemed to be muttering to himself; "this is really very hard; he shall never have this chance again, by jingo—never, never! I will take care not to travel with him in future, except on week days; or if I do, I will take a Dis-senter with us; somebody that will protect one from him; who will have something to say on the other side of the question. How monotonous he is getting." Here the victim (as my informant supposes) must have dropped asleep, for the tones of the Divine had a sharpness in them which savoured of reproof. But flesh and blood—or at least flesh and bran and milk, could not indefinitely endure such an infliction. The service had lasted three-quarters of an hour, though the congregation had not dared to look at its watch. However it was over now. The Rev. Lane was about to dismiss his hearer. "Now shall the priest let them depart," says the Rubric. A quaint, but admirable sentence. What was he about now? "This is terrible, this is shameful," thought the spectator (and so do I). He produces a sort of black copy book from the rocket whence he took the bands. He is about to preach a sermon—a sermon, too, of his own composition.

The victim's emotions became obviously almost too much for him. His countenance revealed him to be indignant, irritated, and even revengeful, but he was not strong—the very worm it is said will turn, but not when it has been fed for six days on nothing but bran and milk—besides there was no room to turn. He was obliged to sit and listen. When he heard himself addressed as "my beloved brethren," and even as "my dear brothers and sisters," he did not remonstrate. In spite of those plural expressions, it is my informant's conviction that the discourse had not been delivered before; there were descriptions of Tyrolean scenery in it, allusions to a diet of locusts and honey, and other local colouring that proclaimed it to be a recent effort of its author, yet it was obviously framed for a larger audience. Poor Abbot was the housekeeper to whom this clerical Mollère rehearsed his composition before trying it on his congregation at home. Its reception was ensured, even if it should not prove to be an oratorical success. Tied and bound by a delicate sense of the becoming, the unfortunate congregation had to sit it through. If every point did not "tell," at all events it could not be escaped, the missile being cast as it were at such a very short range. When the Divine rose upon the wind of eloquence, my informant described his own sensations as those of one who is blown from a gun. What then must the sensations of the victim have been, who was still nearer to the impassioned preacher?

The victim never revealed his sufferings (though it is highly improbable that he ever forgot them), but my informant adjures me to make them public.

"Not," says he, "that it is possible such a catastrophe can occur in my own case; I will take good care of that. But I hope (in spite of what Lane said in his sermon) that I sometimes think of others; and I adjure you to put the human race upon their guard. Let no one travel alone with an enthusiastic Divine in a district unfrequented by his fellow countrymen, and towards the latter end of the week, lest a worse thing betide him than ever happened to that unhappy and depressed young man."

"Well, upon my life," said I, "I don't see

how the adventure could have been more terrible."

"Yes, it might," returned he in a hushed voice, "I have had dreams—nightmare dreams—since I was witness, to that occurrence, wherein the infliction took a form even yet more aggravated. Suppose that this Divine, so young and enthusiastic, and with such excellent lungs, had had the gift of preaching extempore? What would have stopped him? certainly not a congregation enfeebled by bran and milk; he might have gone on for ever!"
And there is no doubt he might.

ECONOMICAL GOVERNMENT.

OR THE SCIENCE OF "REPAIRS."

The following outlines for a new play are submitted to the writers of American comedy:

SCENE 1.—The Treasury Department workshop. Enter a messenger, with spoke of a carriage-wheel.

Messenger (to Foreman)—Mr. Saville [Chief Clerk] wants this spoke repaired.

Foreman.—All right. Single or double team?
Messenger.—Double, of course, stupid! Do you suppose the Head Clerks of our Department drive their wives or sweethearts around in one-horse drays?

Foreman.—Do I look like a fool? Don't some of 'em have both kinds? and when only a spoke is sent down, how's a fellow to know which kind they are out of?

Messenger.—Oh, I see, your head's level. Hurry the thing up. It's wanted before the holidays, when there's nothing to do, and plenty of time to spurge around on the avenue bright afternoons. And then their New Year's calls, you know.

Foreman.—Tell Mr. Saville we'll do the best we can; but there's a great press for repairing just now. We've got a pair of shafts to repair, double team; and a lynchpin, single dray; and a set of wheels, landaulet, silk upholstery, to outshine Department of Justice; so, you see, we're pressed, but I think with the extra force of "temporary clerks" just put on in the blacksmith-shop, we can come in time.

Messenger.—Well, I'll tell the boss you'll be on time for him.

Foreman (looking at the spoke).—Double, you say; best Spanish goat cushions, brown rep upholstery and linings, silk curtains, circular glass front, silver trimmings, monogram on doors? All right; will be on time.

SCENE 2.—Same messenger at a saddler's on Seventeenth-st.

Messenger.—Here is a buckle that the Treasury Department wants repaired.

Saddler.—Can't undertake it for two months.
Messenger.—Two months! The panic don't seem to have affected your business.

Saddler.—No, indeed! There will be no panic for us as long as the Treasury reserve holds out; but that's got down to \$17,000,000, I hear.

Messenger.—That's so; but I hear 'em talk up there about getting in enough more from taxes before that's gone to keep things moving lively.

Saddler.—But I can't repair your buckle this time, because you see I've got a hitch-strap to mend up into a double set for one department, and a girth to repair—single set, gold-mounted, you know—for another, and three sets, one single, but splendid, and two double, same sort, for some of the bureaux, and all to be done by New Year.

Messenger.—Who can do it? Somehow, this buckle has got to be fixed, and, since every one else is going to shine out New Year's, my boss shan't look dim by the side of any one of 'em. Where can I take it?

Saddler.—There ain't a place in town can do for a month. Every man in the business has got more mending than he can possibly do. You see, this new-fangled law about unexpended balances keeps the harness and carriage business brisk. If they don't spend it all, they have to turn what's left in; and you know nothing goes so hard here in Washington as turning anything into the Treasury—turning out is popular enough; and, by the way, that reminds me, just let me change that buckle of yours into this splendid ready-made double set, and I can send the whole thing up at once.

Messenger.—But this buckle is silver, and your set is gold mounted.

Saddler.—What of that? How long have you been a messenger or a temporary clerk? What use do you suppose I have for the gold buckle I am taking out? Just take this with you, and when you get the harness and the bill for repairs, why charge it both; you see?

Messenger.—Surely. Make out your bill for repairs of harness, and send to the chief clerk direct. Good day, Sir.

SCENE 3.—A fashionable tailor's on the avenue.

Enter driver and footman in livery.

Driver.—Here is some cloth and silk Missus the Secretary sent down, and won't you please measure me and the footman here, and repair Missus's two liveries—long, double-breasted, high gold buttons, broad collar, deep cuffs, lined with this here blue silk, quilted in, you know, and Missus says be sure and have it beat the turn-out of the Attorney-General all hollow. And repair us both a pair of tight breeches, with bottoms down the legs, and Missus says, while you are at it, just get a couple of cockades for our hats, and get all this mending done as soon as you

can and before New Year's, without any fail, because we've got to stand around among the other Secretaries' teams at the President's reception.

Tailor.—All right. We're mighty hard pushed with our repair—ten sets, as I'm alive—but tell Mrs. Secretary we never failed her before, and we won't this time. Those temporary clerks they send us are pretty spry with their needles.

Footman.—Fix 'em up bully, boss.

Driver.—Send your bill up to the Disbursing Clerk; and make it out for repairs, do you understand?

Tailor.—Of course I do. That's the usual way. There is precious few of 'em has it done any other way.

SCENE 4.—Norfolk Navy-Yard. Enter messenger with a small piece of live-oak in his hand.

Messenger (saluting Commandant, and handing him the block of oak).—Secretary Robeson wants this ship repaired.

Commandant (to marine on guard).—Take lunatic out of the yard.

Messenger.—Here is a letter from the Secretary which I forgot.

Commandant (reads).—Confidential.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR: The block the messenger will hand you is, or if it is not no matter, a piece of the sloop-of-war Galena. Congress is stingier than ever, and I couldn't get new sloops authorized, but I did get \$3,500,000 for "repairs," and so am going to "repair" six of our old sloops, and you can fix up the Galena. Take the piece I send and spike it on somewhere. Make the new ship—when repaired, I mean—900 tons, and employ lots of men while the Congressional election is going on, so that Platt will be sure to get back. I've got a quarter of the two Houses fixed up with this sort of thing.—Maine and New-Hampshire at Portsmouth, Hooper and Twitchell at Boston, and so on round to Sargent and his set at San Francisco.

(To the marine).—Never mind taking this man off.

(To an orderly).—Give my compliments to the Chief of Construction and Repairs.

(Enter Chief Constructor).
Commandant.—The Secretary wants this piece of the Galena repaired.

Chief Constructor.—Aye, aye, Sir. Steam or sail? How many tons? Please send down length of keel, breadth of beam, and displacement, and I'll tell the foreman to call all hands and clear out the yard ready to begin.

Commandant.—You seem to understand this sort of thing.

Constructor.—Aye, aye, Sir. When Robeson makes an appointment he selects men who understand his ways. This is a good thing. It will keep us busy repairing for two years at least, and when a ship is once launched she'll have to be finished, no matter who is Secretary.

Whoever concludes to write the play can add to the number of scenes by following the messengers around to gas-fitters, where single burners can be repaired into parlor chandeliers, and to furniture establishments, where a set of casters can be made over into elegant drawing-room sets, and then, if the whole play is written upon the theory that exaggeration is almost if not quite impossible, it will reflect one side of Washington "Court" life with very considerable accuracy.—*Chm. Gaz.*

Karl Weiss's Treasure.

Karl Weiss—so at least the story goes—a student of Göttingen, paid a visit to the ruins of Plesse, situated at a short distance from the town. After wandering about alone he sat down and read until a deep sleep came over him, from which, after some hours, he was awakened by a heavy clap of thunder. By so thick a darkness was he surrounded that he at first believed that he was blind, till a vivid flash of lightning convinced him to the contrary, and while the heavy rain fell densely upon him, he felt that his condition was nearly as desperate as possible. After a while he observed a light, which the storm had not been able to extinguish, advancing toward him, and soon perceived that this was carried by a little old man with a long beard. Seeing that he was somewhat alarmed, the little man bade him not to be terrified, but to follow in his footsteps; and they went on until they came to a deep well, covered by a sort of scaffolding, which, when they had taken their station upon it, gradually sank till it brought them to a level with the water.

"Would you like to remain where you are, or would you rather go down further and see the wonders of the inner earth?"

Though Karl was sheltered from the rain, the situation in which he was placed was not very desirable, and he naturally expressed his preference for a visit to the inner earth. He only asked how, in case he met a race of people to whom he was unaccustomed, he had best conduct himself. The advice given was simple. He was to adhere to the maxim which teaches us to see, hear, and say nothing, as closely as possible, and rigidly to avoid impertinent questions. The people whom he was about to visit where remarkable for their taciturnity; they had but little to do with the upper world, which they only visited at night, and though they were rather well disposed than otherwise toward mankind, they were certainly tetchy, and were very likely to avenge an insult by damaging somebody's cattle.

Thus advised, Karl Weiss followed his leader through a narrow passage, being compelled to bow down his head all the way, while the guide thanked to his short stature, strode on as briskly as possible; and so uncomfortable was this position, and so oppressive was the air, that Karl felt on the point of fainting. Just, however, as his feelings were at the worst, he suddenly found himself on a broad plain, in the open air, dotted about with a number of small villages, which gave signs of rich cultivation, and the darkness which he had hitherto endured was now exchanged for a sort of twilight. After resting awhile by a flowing stream, they proceeded till they came to an exceedingly well-paved street, bordered by small houses, remarkable for brilliancy of colors, resembling those which we see in Chinese pictures. One of the handsomest they entered; it was the residence of the guide; and Karl, conducted into a beautifully-furnished room, was introduced to two very aged men and three very aged women, who, with great state, occupied five chairs, but received him graciously on hearing that he was a well-behaved, docile young man, who had followed his guide without grumbling, and requested him to seat himself beside them. The company was presently increased by the appearance of a young lady, who, though no taller than a child of six, had evidently attained her full growth, and who, with the most winning air, invited them all to supper. Karl, somewhat doubtful as to the nature of his new friends, had resolved, though he was devoured by hunger, not to let a morsel pass his lips; but, at a tacit sign given by his guide, he not unwillingly altered his mind, and entered the supper-room with the others.

The meal was not on a large scale. Three dishes only had been served, but the table was most tastefully decorated, the dishes, plates, knives and forks were all of polished silver, and by every cover stood a richly-chased golden goblet. When the meal was finished, the eldest of the company raised his goblet and said what you would call grace, thanking Providence for the good things afforded. Karl, who had consented to eat, felt reluctant to drink; for the liquor in his goblet was of a suspicious color, and he did not like the look of it, but so earnestly was he pressed by his munificent hosts that he could not persist in a refusal without a breach of courtesy. He raised the goblet to his lips, and so thoroughly delighted was he with the exquisite flavor of the draught that he not only expressed his admiration aloud but begged a recipe, which would enable the less fortunate inhabitants of the outer world to enjoy a beverage so delicious. He was informed by the little woman that it was not a manufactured article, but flowed naturally from the earth, and when he asked his hosts why they were so especially blessed, the eldest man looked somewhat serious, and spoke thus:

"Your brethren above, and you among the rest, have all one fault. You do not sufficiently appreciate the gifts which Heaven has bestowed upon you. While you envy us because our wine comes to us naturally, and without trouble, you forget that you have the privilege of beholding the sun in the daytime, the moon and stars by night, which is denied to us, who are obliged to content ourselves with a fainter light."

When those words were concluded a sound like that of a horn was heard, and all the company, falling on their knees, prayed in a low voice. The evening was approaching in this strange country just at the moment when day was breaking in the other world, and candles in silver stands having been brought in, all retired into the room into which Karl Weiss had been first introduced. The eldest man told the student that the storm was now over, and that now he must return to the upper world, assuring him that his hosts could not let him go without a little keepsake.

By this delicate hint Karl was decidedly upset. His visit had proved so agreeable that he had hoped to remain with his new friends for at least a fortnight and further pursue his subterranean studies; however, he found himself compelled to take leave without further ado, and followed, in very sour mood, the little man who had previously been his guide. Soon a sunbeam of joy lit up his dismal features, for he unexpectedly entered a large vault, where grains of gold and silver as large as beans, had been collected in large heaps, and precious stones of incalculable value sparkled in every direction. All his feeling of disappointment was utterly obliterated as he surveyed the glittering treasure, and mentally calculated how much of it his pockets would hold. His brow was indeed a little clouded when his guide made him a present of a dozen precious stones, but the cloud at once passed away when he was informed that he might take as much gold and silver as he could carry. He did not wait to receive that information twice, but in the twinkling of an eye, not only his pockets, but his hat, his handkerchief, and even his boots were full. So generous, too, was the little man, where only metal was concerned, that he made him a present of a small box filled with golden grain.

Having returned to the earth by the way of the well, and taken leave of his munificent guide, he rested himself after a while on a craggy part of the mountain, walking, under the circumstances, being a somewhat painful exercise. Lumps of gold as big as beans in a boot though affording matter for agreeable reflection, are apt to cause a sensation less pleasant. Nor were the reflections of Karl altogether of an unmixed kind. True, he had not unlawfully come by his unexpected wealth; it had been given to him by one who was, to all appearance, its

rightful owner; but then, what was the character of the donor? The discourse and the demeanor of the small subterranean had been decorous and even pious; but, whereas some people are not so black as they are painted, others are a great deal worse. Had he possibly been tempted to sign some compact, after the fashion of Faust, and forgotten all about it? Somehow he felt inclined to wish that he was just as poor as he had been on the day before, when who should come up to him but his fellow-student, young Baron Franz, who had also been indulging in a mountain stroll, and who, in spite of his high lineage, appeared to be in very shabby condition. Now this same Franz, while in the receipt of handsome remittances from his friends, had been remarkable for his insolence toward his more needy comrades, and Karl could not help teasing him a little by making him acquainted with his own good fortune, so completely had the sight of threadbare clothes banished all his scruples on the subject of strangely acquired wealth. So he gave, in full detail, an account of his visit to the little people and its valuable results, and was answered by a shout of incredulity on the part of his hearer, who refused to believe one word of the narrative. Thus challenged, Karl took off his boots with a triumphant smile, showed their contents, produced and untied the pocket handkerchief, unlocked and opened the little box, and suddenly—fell off the crag to the path below.

It is possible that a slight push administered by Franz had something to do with this accident. At all events the fall was mortal, and the first proceeding on the part of Franz was to secure the box and the handkerchief, and to retreat as fast as his load would permit him, leaving in his haste the boots behind him. About an hour or so afterwards they were discovered by Count von Stutterheim, also a student of Göttingen, whom chance had brought to the very spot where what we will call the accident occurred. Boots containing gold are not to be seen every day, even by the rich, and the Count was turning over his treasure trove with much curiosity, when the lifeless body of Karl was discovered on the path below by a number of laborers. The Count was arrested, booty in hand; suspicion that he had caused the death of his fellow-student fell heavily upon him; and though, on the ground that evidence against him was not sufficiently conclusive, he was acquitted by the magistrates, a slur was upon his character which could not be removed.

How, as a matter-of-fact, Karl Weiss obtained the gold which was the cause of his untimely end I never knew. As to the inner-earth story, I did not, of course, believe one word of it, nor indeed, did many other people. I need not, however, trouble you with all the speculations and theories which gradually grew up round Karl Weiss and his gold. It is enough that he undoubtedly had the property. Were not his boots and nether garments stuffed with gold, preserved for years in the town museum?

HATS AS LIFE-PRESERVERS.

In the absence of the proper appliances for preventing accidents by drowning, it may be the means of saving a few lives if we call attention to some suggestions printed in 1866. "On means of assisting persons in danger of drowning," by Mr. Lawson. It seems that this gentleman had taken some trouble to ascertain what articles were most readily and universally to be found at hand in all cases with could be converted into a floating apparatus, either for the use of the person in danger, or of those who might venture to his assistance. Mr. Lawson came to the conclusion that the buoyancy afforded by a common hat reversed on the water, answered in great measure those conditions. A hat thus reversed will admit of being loaded with nearly ten pounds' weight before it will sink, and will bear seven pounds with safety; and as the body of a man is about the same weight as the water, a buoyancy of seven pounds will effectually prevent his sinking. To render the hat more manageable for this purpose, and less liable to fill with water from accidents, Mr. Lawson recommended that it should be covered with a pocket handkerchief laid over its aperture, and tied firmly on the crown; a single hat prepared in this manner, held by the tied part, would, he asserted, enable a man who did not know how to swim, safely to assist any man in danger. When two hats can be had, a stick should be run through the tied parts of the handkerchiefs which cover them, and if more hats can be got, so much the better. Four hats thus fastened to a common walking stick will sustain at least twenty-eight pounds. When a stick is not at hand, another pocket-handkerchief tied to the lower parts of those which covered two hats, would thus unite them like a pair of swimming cords, and make them equally convenient. If a man happens to fall out of a ship or boat, he may support himself till he can get assistance by turning his hat on its crown, and holding by its brim with both hands so as to keep the hat level on the water.

DRIPPING.—An eminent physician recommended a person, who was in delicate health to eat beef dripping on bread or toast instead of butter, as being more nutritious. He did so, and found benefit from it. It is very good and more wholesome for children than butter, and if they only have it twice or three times a week they prefer it to butter.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

BY LUCY LABOUM.

Poor loue Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woo;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coo;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rock of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose.
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views;
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

ALPHABETS.

I have before me copies of some fourscore alphabets, classified into eastern and western. As I compare these different sets of phonetic symbols, the questions arise,—Why does the letter A stand first in almost every one of them? Why is it followed immediately by B? Whence the shape or form of both the characters? In answer to the first question, Jacob Grimm, in his "Deutsches Wörterbuch," says: "A is the noblest and earliest of all sounds, issuing full from the chest and throat, which the child learns first and most easily to express, and which the alphabets of most languages rightly place first." Let me also quote Noah Webster:—"A is naturally the first letter, because it represents the first vocal sound naturally formed by the human organs, being the sound uttered with a mere opening of the mouth without constraint, and without any effort to alter the natural position or configuration of the lips."

Other writers go so far as to ascribe, not only the sounds, but the visible forms of letters, to the same origin. Each side of a child's mouth, when uttering this sound, gives likewise a copy of A. The lips are apart, forming an acute angle with sides of equal length. The perpendicular position in present use is not the oldest mode of writing this symbol. The oldest eastern forms are nearly horizontal. I do not here take into account the little *a*, which is evidently a modification of *a*. The first sound puts the lips apart—in antithesis; the second, B, shuts them—causes a synthesis. Now, look upon the side of a child's face, and you see a B formed by the closed lips; not, however, the well-rounded letter of modern typography—this belongs to a high degree of art,—but a slender form, such as may be seen on old gravestones, or in copies of old Greek and Italian inscriptions. The Phœnician and old Hebrew shapes are still nearer the scrawl which children make in their first attempts at writing. Let us see now what the child can say with these two vocables, keeping in mind that *m* and *p* are merely modifications of B, both in speaking and writing. Long ago, in the East, it learnt to name its father *ab* and its mother *am*. These are probably the oldest words in human speech. They are monosyllables, the natural result of a child's capacity of articulation, an historical necessity. Names of the objects nearest and dearest to it are the child's first words. But these one-syllable names are soon doubled—they become *abba*, or *papa*, and *amma*, or *mama*. As a sacred name applied to the Supreme Being, *abba* has its historical rise in Assyria. It travels westwards, and becomes an epithet of ecclesiastical superiors. As *baba* it passes to the Bishop of Alexandria; it comes to Rome in the form of *papa*, holy father. It is used by Jew and Gentile as a secular name for father. In the Russian language, without an alphabet till late in the ninth century of our era, it appears as *baba*, but means an old woman. In Spanish it is likewise *baba*, and signifies saliva, or slaver, such as issues

from the mouth of a child. In short, it becomes *babe*, *baby*. Father and child, *papa* and *baby*, are complements one of the other, mutual correlatives in word and fact. And let me remark here also that the form of the word *Babel* is worth reconsideration.

Horne Tooke showed, more than eighty years ago, that "all our words, even those that are expressions of the nicest operations of our minds, were originally borrowed from the objects of external perception." Well, if words are borrowed from things, there arises a presumption at least that symbols or letters employed to represent words are also borrowed from things. In point of fact, our ten fingers have determined our decimal system of arithmetic.

These same fingers have been used as copies for the primary elements of the Roman notation. We have I, II, III, IIII, as on clocks and watches—plain imitations of the four fingers. But how did V come to indicate five? Look at your open hand, with the thumb on one side, distended from the four fingers kept together on the other, and you have a natural V. So much for the left hand. Proceed now similarly with the fingers of the right, and they lead us up to ten, represented by X, or two V's. A basis of number is thus obtained from our own bodies, which basis may be amplified and modified to an indefinite extent. I need scarcely observe that the mode of writing four and nine—IV and IX—in our Bibles, for instance, were after improvements.

It seems to be unquestionable that obscure and unwieldy hieroglyphs were long antecedent to systematised alphabets. But so was the standard yard measure long preceded by the variable cubit and arm's length. The standard inch rose from a finger's breadth, and this again was measured by barley-corns. Ages passed away before any exact system of weights was elaborated. Thirty-two dried grains of the "staff of life" were reckoned as the weight of a small and now very old penny. Twenty of these ill-coined pennies were an ounce in weight, the counterpart of an inch in measure. Weights and measures are not arbitrary, not an invention; they are copied from the human body, or from things very near to us, and essential to human life. So numbers and their symbols from the hand, so primary letters from the mouth. Nature's ways are one and of a piece. They start uniformly from very simple beginnings; and in working out any system we are at first liable to a maximum of error. It is only after innumerable partial failures, slow attempts, that we arrive at a maximum of truth.

If we look at alphabets in the light of the organs of speech, we find the lips represented by the most numerous class. But lip-sounds are dependent to some extent upon education and physical surroundings over which we have no control. Upper class education or a level country develop lip-speech, while a good deal of manual labour or a hilly country strengthen the gutturals, or throat-speech. In the relaxing atmosphere of tropical climates the strong consonants of northern languages disappear, and soft sounds increase.

If we search for historical sequence among these lip letters, it will appear evident that while B and M are contemporaneous, P is later, and nothing else than B reduced by nearly one-half, that V is later still, since it is numerical and taken from the hand, is left-handed, is easily vocalised into u, which returns again to a semi-consonant power, for the Latin Paulus, by way of example, becomes the Spanish Pablo.

The reader may find the semi-labial F fully discussed in Donaldson's "Varronianus." The earliest dental, D, combines easily with the labials, and is clearly a modified P or half B. Probably all the lip letters in our alphabet, as well as the dentals, spring from only two primaries, one of which is copied from the lips, the other from the hand. They are all mutually interchangeable, not only from one language to another, but often in the same language. In reading different languages no character has given me so much trouble as S. It disappears and reappears in a most fugitive and tantalising manner. But it would be impossible, probably, on any hypothesis to assign the original of each letter. This, however, is not of very great importance. If a beginning is once made, the thing goes on, must go on. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte"; it is only the first step which is difficult.

What I have here written occurred to me twelve years ago. Some seven years since I was delighted to find that Professor Melville Bell had arrived at similar conclusions. In his pamphlet on "Visible Speech"—my copy has the date 1865—he says:—"The idea of representing sounds by letters is no novelty; it is as old as the first alphabet. Nor, perhaps, is the idea new of designing the forms of letters so as to suggest their sounds. Some principle of association—pictorial or otherwise directive—must have guided the framers of all original alphabets. It is even likely that, in many cases, the mouth itself may have been the model copied in the letters. But although this principle of symbolisation may have been kept in view by the designers of primitive letters, it has evidently been quite lost sight of by subsequent alphabetarians. These seem to have been guided merely by associations and convenience. Familiar forms were adopted from old alphabets in reducing new languages to writing, and symbols for unrepresented sounds were selected or invented to harmonise with the other characters. Then all became arbitrary, as alphabets remain to this day, leaving only here and there faint fossil traces of the original representative principle—like footprints in the buried sandstone—to reveal the secrets of an earlier

world." And again, "I went to the same source from which, as I conceive, the earliest alphabetarians derived their symbols, and constructed from the mouth itself, a new set of representative letters."

THE TWO WIVES.

"Such a child to be married!" said Aunt Tabitha.

"Not sixteen yet!" said old Mrs. Merwin. "I don't know what this world is coming to!" said Desire Higgins, who at forty-six, was an ungathered rose upon the bush of "maiden meditation."

Yes, it was all quite true. I was very young to be married, and yet it seemed as if I had lived a whole century since first I had seen Edward Rayner.

Only sixteen, and yet as I walked down the broad church aisle with the orange wreath in my hair and the gleaming wedding-circlet on my finger, I could hardly realize that it was only yesterday I was playing with dolls and chasing butterflies down the shady aisles of Aunt Tabitha's garden.

"I hope you won't regret your precipitancy, child," said Aunt Tabby.

"I know I shall not, aunt," I flashed back. For was not my hero stainless as Galahad, without fault, like King Arthur's self? "Oh, yes," said Aunt Tabitha, in that dry way of hers that I particularly detested, "that's what all young wives think. I've heard girls talk just so before."

All this was very provoking, but what could I do? Only preserve a dignified silence, and leave time to disprove all Aunt Tabitha's gloomy forebodings.

Oh, the cloudless summer sunshine of those first days of my wedded life. Shall I ever forget them? Our sunset walks, the wild flowers we used to bring home from the meadows; the sweet, low singing of the birds.

I remember, even now, how people used to pause and look at us, and whisper one to another how handsome Edward was, and what a youthful bride I seemed.

N—was very gay that season, and when a telegram unexpectedly arrived, summoning my husband back to London, on business of vital importance, he left me with the less apprehension that I should be lonely.

"It will only be for a week, Rosa," said he. "And you must be as gay and happy as you can until I come back."

So he left me. And on that first evening of his departure I put a knot of white rosebuds in my hair, and went down into the great, cool verandah as gay as a lark.

Mrs. Ingoldsby Bennet was there—a friend of mine from London, with three blowy, overdressed daughters—and she smilingly made room for me, and introduced me to a friend sitting at her side.

"Mrs. Rayner—Mrs. Tennington." Mrs. Tennington bowed and smiled in an automatic sort of way. "Mrs. Edward Rayner, of Budding Vale?" I bowed in some surprise.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Tennington. "The world is quite full of curious coincidences. I knew your husband's first wife, Mrs. Rayner."

I coloured and then grew pale. "I think you must be mistaken in the person, Mrs. Tennington," said I. "Mr. Rayner—my husband—has never been married before."

"Ah-h!" said Mrs. Tennington, with a little contemptuous laugh that made me hate her cordially; "it's so natural for a wife to believe as she chooses. But that don't alter the true facts of the case. Mr. Rayner was married, three years ago, to Isabel Mortimer, a friend of mine—and two years ago he was divorced from her. Yes, yes, I remember it all very well. People gossiped a good deal—they always will in a small place like Budding Vale—and how you ever lived there without hearing of it—"

"But I never lived in Budding Vale," I interrupted hotly. "I am only just from London."

"Oh," said Mrs. Tennington, wisely, "that accounts for it. And I dare say I'm telling tales out of school, if Mr. Rayner himself has chosen to keep his counsel on the matter."

And she nodded more provokingly than ever. Just then, to my infinite relief, a party of friends swept up to Mrs. Tennington, and I was able to slip away, with wildly-throbbing heart, and cheeks alternately flushed and ashy pale.

Was this true? Had my husband, then, deceived me? Was I the wife of a divorced man—the successor to a heart which had lost all the bloom and freshness of a first love?

I was crying and sobbing with all the agonized anguish of a sixteen-year-old bride, who first finds out that life is not all a rose-twined holiday, when a soft, cool hand fell on my brow.

"Pardon me, but I was passing your half-opened door, and I could not help hearing your sobs. I, too, have been troubled. Will you let me help and comfort you?"

She was tall and slight, with dewy, dove-like eyes, a face like Raphael's Madonna, and a dress of deep mourning that made her ivory skin appear whiter than it actually was.

The tender light of her pitying eyes, the sweet sympathetic tones of her voice went to my heart at once.

I fell weeping on her shoulder. "I don't know who you are," sobbed I; "but, oh, I am very unhappy."

She listened to my tale with soft, wistful interest.

"Do not judge him harshly," she said. "Remember, he is your husband. Wait, and let him speak for himself."

"Never!" I cried, indignantly. "He has deceived me; that is enough. Where are my trunks? I will return home at once, and never look upon his face again."

"Of whom are you speaking, Rosa?" I started and uttered a low cry.

My unknown comforter and companion hurried from the twilight room, murmuring some incoherent apology as she went. In the opposite doorway stood my husband. "Edward!"

"Yes, Rosa, it is I. Before I had reached B—, I discovered that I had left some important papers behind by mistake. My journey is deferred until to-morrow morning. And now will you give me some explanation of this mystery?"

By this time my pride had rallied to the rescue.

"The mystery is very simple of solution," said I, haughtily. "Only that I am about to leave you."

"Rosa!" "To leave you—at once and for ever," I repeated, firmly; "the husband of a divorced wife; the cold-hearted, treacherous deceiver—"

"Stop!" he said, coldly, and with a strange tremor of repressed excitement in his voice; "say no more. Rosa! surely I must be dreaming. This never can be true."

"Leave me, please," I said, faintly; "I would rather be alone."

"Do you really mean it, Rosa?"

"I do."

"Tell me first what is the accusation which you have to bring against me?" he persisted.

"Never!" I said, haughtily. "Am I, then, to be condemned unheard?"

"Leave me!" I reiterated, passionately; "for I never will call you 'husband' again."

"Rosa," he said, gravely, "remember, that the decision of this hour will last for ever."

"So let it be," I muttered.

He turned away. But as he turned a cold hand encircled my wrist.

The lovely lady in black was by my side again like a phantom.

"Stop a minute," she murmured; "I am your husband's first wife."

"Isabel!" he cried, starting as if some stunning blow had stricken him.

"Yes, Isabel," she answered; "your unworthy, sinning, yet repentant wife. Now, listen, Rosa Rayner, to the story of my life, and let your husband be acquitted or condemned according thereto."

And in a low, monotonous tone, like one reading a death warrant, she told of how an old lover had wooed and won her away from her wifely fidelity ere yet the honeymoon had waned over her bridal flowers; how she had fled with the gay Lothario; how judgment and repentance had come all too late, when her false lover left her to her fate.

"My life is blighted," said she; "but it is no reason that yours, too, should wither. The only reason for Edward Rayner's silence is a sense of pity and delicacy towards me—towards one who is not worthy of it. Oh, child, child! his heart is a heart of gold. Be thankful that you have won his love. I speak this as one may speak from the grave."

I rose, and tottered towards my husband.

"Edward, can you forgive me?"

"My Rosa!"

And all this time he never spoke to the shadowy form in black.

The next morning N—was all in a commotion. Mrs. Mortimer, the pale, beautiful widow, whose room had been next to mine, had accidentally strayed too near a ledge of rock that overhung the sea, which became her coffin and her grave.

Two or three little boys had seen her fall. "She walked right over," said they; "just like as though she was blind and didn't see the water."

"May Heaven have mercy on her soul!" I whispered.

And Edward, drawing me closer to him, murmured—

"God bless you for those words, my wife!"

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—The great mart for the wool of which these shawls are made is at Kilghet, which is said to be a dependency of Ladak, and situated twenty days' journey from the northern boundaries of Cashmere. There are two kinds of it—that which can be readily dyed is white; the other sort is an ashy color, which being with difficulty changed, or at least improved by art, is generally woven of its natural hue. About two pounds of either are obtained from a single goat once a year. After the down has been carefully separated from the hairs, it is repeatedly washed with rice starch. This process is reckoned important, and it is to the quality of the water of their valley that the Cashmerians attribute the peculiar and inimitable fineness of the fabrics produced there. At Kilghet, the best raw wool is sold for about one rupee a pound. By the preparation and washing referred to, it loses one-half, and the remainder being spun, three rupees' weight of the thread is considered worth one rupee. Shawls are made of various forms, size, and borders, which are wrought separately, with a view of adapting them to the different markets.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

FIRE PROOF PAPER.—A fire-proof paper is said to have been invented in England, consisting of vegetable fibre, one part; asbestos, two parts, borax, one-tenth part; and alum, two-tenths of a part. The principal ingredient in the ink to be used with this incombustible paper is graphic.

THE years between 17 and 20 are, in most cases, the best years of a woman's life for uninterrupted study. Her health should then be vigorous; she should then have the enthusiasm of youth; should not be burdened by social duties or domestic cares; should be prepared for the college course by her training in the public or in private schools, and should find those last years of study years of thorough enjoyment as well as of increasing mental and physical strength.

In Hesse a very old custom was that of punishing a hen-pecked husband by removing the roof of his house, on the ground that "a man who allows his wife to rule at home does not deserve any protection against wind and weather." If two women fought in public they were each put in a sort of closed sentry-box, which only left their heads exposed, and then posted opposite to each other in the market-place, where they remained for an hour face to face, but unable to use their hands or feet.

STANDARD WEIGHTS.—For grain, seed, etc., per bushel:

Wheat should weigh.....	60 pounds
Corn, shelled.....	56 "
Corn, on the cob.....	70 "
Rye.....	58 "
Oats.....	38 "
Barley.....	46 "
Buckwheat.....	52 "
Irish potatoes.....	60 "
Sweet potatoes.....	50 "
Onions.....	57 "
Beans.....	60 "
Clover seed.....	64 "
Timothy seed.....	45 "
Flax seed.....	45 "
Hemp seed.....	45 "
Blue grass seed.....	14 "
Dried peaches.....	38 "

DETECTING ARSENIC.—Professor Hager recommends the following method for detecting this dangerous class of arsenical colors, which we may remark, are not confined to green alone, for red sometimes contains arsenic: A piece of the paper is soaked in a concentrated solution of sodium nitrate (Chili saltpetre) in equal parts of alcohol and water, and allowed to dry. The dried paper is burned in a shallow porcelain dish. Usually it only smoulders, producing no flame. Water is poured over the ashes, and caustic potash added to a strongly alkaline reaction, then boiled and filtered. The filtrate is acidified with dilute sulphuric acid, and permanganate of potash is added slowly as long as the red color disappears or changes to a yellow brown upon warming, and finally a slight excess of ammonium solution is present. If the liquid becomes turbid, it is to be filtered. After cooling, more dilute sulphuric acid is added, and also a piece of pure clean zinc, and the flask closed with a cork split in two places. In one split of the cork a piece of paper moistened in silver nitrate is fastened, in the other a strip of parchment paper dipped in sugar of lead. If arsenic is present, the silver soon blackens. The lead paper is merely a check on the presence of sulphuric acid. According to Hager, the use of permanganate of potash is essential, otherwise the silver paper may be blackened when no arsenic is present.

UNDER THE SURFACE.—A glance into what is called "society" will show how unreal everything around us is, and that many of its attractions turn out to be nothing more nor less than social mirages, that cannot bear approach, and which entirely vanish when one comes in close contact with them. There is, everywhere we go, a tendency towards keeping up false appearances. Conventionalities of society are half of them founded upon hypocrisy and built up with affectation. Every one affects a hatred of humbug, but not a day passes that it is not brought into play in some form or other, either in a greater or less degree. A man meets B, whom he wishes at the other end of the globe, and dislikes beyond measure; but watch them when they make their salutations, and it would appear that the terms in which they greet each other are indicative of the warmest friendship. Mrs. C. is perpetually applying the epithet "dear" to Mrs. D., when in her company; but words are not sufficient to express her feelings of dislike for the "dear creature" the moment Mrs. D.'s back is turned. The apparently amiable and pleasant man in society very often is found to be a very brute at the domestic hearth. The demonstrative pair, who in public, apparently, have no other object but to live for each other, no thought but of each other, whose affection is the subject of general remark, and who outwardly continue the loving cooing of the honey-moon, in the privacy of their homes lead the most miserable cat-and-dog life, and for days together are not on speaking terms. The pleasant smiles and loving epithets, which have deceived the world, are seemingly dropped at the thresholds of their houses, or put aside with the well brushed hat or latest sweet thing in bonnets, the scowl of anger and the nagging tongue being assumed for domestic purposes. All that we have described are every day incidents which happen among people who pride

themselves upon the fact that they exist in our matter-of-fact age.

FIRE-PROOF PARIS.—A correspondent, who has been studying the cause of the comparative immunity of Paris from fire, says that it is due to "a simple principle of construction." He states the reason as follows: "In building it is understood that there shall be no air-spaces left between floors, or between the plaster of walls and the studding or wall itself; and that the roof must be covered with tile, slate, or metal. There is not such an incendiary thing as a wooden or tar-and-gravel roof in Paris, and, for aught I know, in all France. The spaces between the floors must be filled with cement or plaster-of-Paris, which is here cheap and abundant, and the wooded floors must rest close down on this cement, so that in case of fire there is no air space under the floor. The spaces between the studding in partition walls are also carefully filled up with cement, and against it the plaster is placed, so that there is no chance for fire to get between them to rush up from one story to another or to fly along between floors. When a fire breaks out it spreads so slowly in houses thus constructed that it is always quenched before doing much damage or extending to other buildings. Another precaution is intended to prevent carelessness and incendiarism, so common in American cities. If a fire, no matter how it may happen, does any damage to any other person, he has full recourse at law for all his damages and cost against the person in whose premises the fire broke out. This simple rule of equity and right makes everybody watchful and careful of fire. The gross carelessness everywhere witnessed in American cities is never seen in Paris or France. It don't pay here for a man to set fire to his stock of goods in order to get a high insurance; nor for a landlord who has an idle tenement on his hands, or bad tenants, to fire his premises for the sake of realizing on his policy of insurance; nor has any one an object in effecting large insurance. Indeed the chief insurance taken out in Paris is in the nature of an indemnity against the damage one may have to pay his neighbors in case of fire spreading from his premises to theirs.

THE ANIMAL WORLD OF ASHANTEE.—The animals of Ashantee are very numerous. Elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, buffaloes, deer, antelopes, sloths, civet cats, apes, monkeys, baboons, porcupines, and goats, are among the harmless kind; lions, tigers, leopards, jackalls, wolves, wild boars, and wild cats among those of a ferocious sort. The rivers swarm with hippopotami and alligators of several species; some of which are eaten by the natives. A gigantic rat, an odoriferous mouse, and a small animal called arampo (man-eater), which digs up and devours dead bodies, seem to be peculiar to Ashantee. The domestic animals are the same as those of Europe, but the horse is scarce, and of bad breed and the sheep peculiar in form. Reptiles are prodigiously numerous; serpents of every size, from the enormous boa to a frightfully venomous creature, scarcely a yard long, infest not only the woods and long grass, but the dwellings of the natives, and the foras of the Europeans. Scorpions (sometimes as big as a small lobster) and centipedes—the wound from which, though not dangerous, is extremely painful—abound in every place; and toads and frogs are not only as plentiful as in Europe, but the former grow to such a size, that Bosman, when he first saw it, took it for a land tortoise. Lizards of all sizes, from the iguana downwards, including two species of cameleons, are found here. Of birds, there are pheasants, partridges, wild ducks (of a beautiful plumage), doves, crown birds, parrots, paroquets, Guinea sparrows, beccaficos, and a multitude of all kinds, great and small, many of them yet unclassified by naturalists. The water-fowl are herons, bitterns, and sea-mews; the birds of prey—eagles, kites, and a peculiar species, which, though not larger than a dove, is bolder and more rapacious than any other. A large and ugly bird, called the pookoe (of great service in destroying field-rats), is peculiar here, as is also a creature, about twice the size of a sparrow, with a remarkable hollow and piercing voice, the sounds of which is regarded by the natives as of evil omen. The general characteristic of the Ashantee birds is extreme beauty of plumage; but pleasing voices are rare among them, the nightingale and thrush being the only songsters known. Sparrows and swallows are very numerous; and the domestic owl are the same as those of Europe. The woods abound in bees; and the destructive species of ant, called termes, is so numerous and rapacious, that a sheep attacked by them during the night has been found a perfect skeleton in the morning. It is said they will attack any animal, even the most powerful and venomous serpent, and destroy him. Fireflies, dragon-flies, a fly exactly resembling the cantharides in appearance and scent, together with all the insect tribes common to the tropics, except the mosquito, are found upon the coast, and in the interior. The locust is not wholly unknown, but its destructive visits are rare, owing probably to the great distance of the desert, and the intervention of high mountains between it and Ashantee. Black and hump-backed whales are numerous on the coast between September and December. Sharks are very numerous, are frequently captured, and form the most common food of the Gold Coast negroes. Other sorts of sea fish are very abundant; and the rivers are as well supplied as the sea, yielding, among others, great quantities of oysters and crabs, which feed upon the branches of mangrove and other trees, but are not good for food if the water be fresh.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CHEESE PUDDING.—Mix two eggs with 5 oz. of cheese and half a pint of boiling milk; put into a pie dish, and bake a quarter of an hour; to be turned out and sent to table on a napkin.

ODD SOUNDS.—Boil them tender, cover them with forcemeat made with oysters, grated bread, and the yolks of two eggs. Roll them in the form of small chickens, skewer them, dredge them with flour, and bake them; serve with egg sauce.

COVERING STRAWBERRY.—Evergreen boughs are excellently adapted for covering newly planted strawberry beds, since they admit air and shield the plants from the sun and wind, which is all they require as the best conditions for wintering.

KEEPING APPLES.—Apples always keep best when protected from currents of air, which change the temperature often. A uniform temperature is best. Hence they do better in barrels headed up than exposed on shelves or in tight boxes.

SOLDER.—A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* writes: "Solder of excellent quality is to be obtained from the joints of old sardine tins or meat tins. I believe it is almost pure tin. I have not analyzed any of it, but from the way it preserves its lustre, it must be very much richer in tin than ordinary solder."

THE MEDICINAL VALUE OF THE CABBAGE LEAF.—Cabbage leaves, according to a recent article in a French medical journal, have proved of special value in disease. The leaf possesses the property of exciting suppuration in ulcers and pustules, and has thus an indirectly curative property, which, however, is thought not to consist in any principle which the leaf yields for absorption, but rather in an affinity which the leaf has for the vitiated secretions. The cure of an ulcer by these leaves, however wide spread and long-standing it may be, is without danger, and relapse is very rare.

GREEN FODDER.—A method of preserving green fodder, such as turnip tops, beet tops, or other succulent vegetables, has been in use for many years in Europe, by which this green fodder is kept in good condition for six or twelve months. A trench two or four feet deep is dug in a dry spot in the field, and the tops of the roots, carefully gathered when free from rain or dew, are thrown into it. They are very compactly pressed down, and when the pit is filled some straw is laid upon the fodder, and the earth is heaped over the whole. In this manner this product, which is generally wasted in a great measure, is utilized.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—Sleeping rooms should always be so arranged, if possible, as to allow the head of the sleeper to be toward the north. Frequently in cases of sickness, a person will find it impossible to obtain rest if the head is in any other direction, and often a cure is retarded for a long time. A Vienna physician had a patient who was suffering from acute rheumatism, with painful cramps running from the shoulders to the fingers; and while his head was to the south he could do nothing toward his relief. On turning the bed, however, so that the head was toward the north, the patient uttered expressions of pleasure, and in a few hours a great improvement had taken place, and in a few days he was almost entirely cured. Many other cases are given by scientific persons; and people in building houses, should always have this in view.

TO SELECT EGGS.—Encircle the egg with the thumb and the forefinger of the right hand, placing it with its small end towards the tips of the thumb and finger; hold the egg close to a gaslight or the flame of a powerful lamp, and look through it, turning it round on its long axis with the left hand. If the yolk be seen in the centre of the egg, and the white be clear, the egg is newly laid and good; if the yolk be not in the centre, but towards one side or end, the egg is not quite fresh, but is eatable if the white be clear and the yolk not touching the shell; if the yolk be in contact with the shell and very opaque, the egg is unfit to eat; and, if the whole egg be opaque and dark-looking, it is rotten. Due allowance must be made for shells of more than ordinary thickness; but ninety-nine out of every hundred eggs may be sorted in this manner with certainty.

UTILIZING DUST.—An exchange paper says: "The slate dust, which accumulates in such quantity around the quarries, was until quite lately considered a waste product, and was, moreover, a source of annoyance and inconvenience to the stone workers. But it was found that by mixing it with certain ingredients, a paste could be formed which, while plastic and capable of being moulded into any shape, would become perfectly indurated and compact on drying. The compound, then, is neither more nor less than ordinary slate, supposing the latter to be possessed of the additional good qualities which have been secured. It is certainly water-tight, and is claimed to be a reliable defence against fire. At all events it would prevent falling sparks and cinders from igniting the wood work beneath, in the same manner that natural slates do. We see no reason why this liquid slate could not be so tinted by admixture of various mineral oxides as to take the place of the tessellated designs which make ordinary slate roofs, when artistically planned, so much admired. It appears that the new compound had been already adopted quite extensively in Eastern cities, and that in a quiet, business-like manner, its manufacturers have been steadily enlarging its use, while the general public, and all not immediately concerned, were ignorant of its very existence."

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrement," says Mr. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

Those old soakers never lack for arguments. Lately one replied to a temperance lecturer by the following poser: "If water rots the soles of your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

It is suggested that the immense door-plates worn by the ladies on their belts might be utilized by engraving thereon the wearer's name, age, residence, fortune or expectation, and stating whether her heart is free or engaged.

THE famous wit and beauty, Lady Wortley Montague, made the most sarcastic observation ever published about her own sex. "It goes far," she said, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one."

JONES has got a wonderful dog, a trusty dog, for if he is lying on a rug, you can't get it away unless you pull it from under him; and such a watch dog—if he is lying in the passage there is no getting into the house unless you step over him. He is not a bit afraid of rats, for he is such a sagacious dog, he knows that if he lets them alone they won't trouble him. The other day he came home with a tin kettle tied to his tail, and Jones says it was quite affecting the way he smelled at it, to see if there was any thing to eat in it.

ONE day last summer a gentleman from the country-hailed a cab in the Strand, but, before getting into it, drew his watch from his pocket, pointed out the time to the cabby, and said, "I shall hire you by the hour. Drive first to No. 010, Oxford Street." He entered the cab, was driven to his destination, and from a quarter-past three the unusual sight of a stout gentleman asleep in a hansom cab in Oxford Street was visible to the passers-by. At last a young "Arab" of the district addressed the Jehu—"I say, cabby, what's yer fire up to?" "You can see very well—he's asleep." "Why don't yer wake him?" "Oh, he took me by the hour!"

AN old gentleman, one evening during the recent heavy fog, was making his way from the City to dine with a friend at the Union Club, when, somewhere in the region of the Strand, he became so hopelessly involved as to be unable to ascertain his exact whereabouts. He walked on and on, until at last he found himself descending some steps, and jostled violently against a man who was ascending them. "Hallo!" said the old gentleman. "Hallo!" said the stranger. "Can you tell me where I'm going to?" asked the old gentleman. "Certainly," replied the stranger; "if you go straight on, you will walk into the Thames, for I've just come out of it."

ROBERT Hall, the celebrated preacher and writer, could make a sharp repartee upon occasion. It is related of him that while in his prime, and before the painful disease which afflicted him for so many years had come upon him, he paid his addresses to Ann Steele, the distinguished poetess, but was met with a decided repulse on her part. One evening in company, not long after his unsuccessful courtship, he was rallied by a sprightly maiden lady, who said to him, "My dear Mr. Hall, why do you not try again? We are not all cold and selfish. If you have courage, you may find somewhere a heart that is not all steel!" "No," replied Hall, looking unutterable things; "but I might find what would be far worse—heart minus, and face all brass!"

A SERVANT-girl of no strong intellect, who lived with a lady, one day surprised her mistress by giving up her place. The lady inquired the cause, and found it was that fertile source of dissension between mistress and maid-servant—a lad. "And who is that lad?" inquired the mistress. "Oh, he's a nice lad—a lad that sits in the kirk just forment me." "And when does he intend that you and he shall be married?" "I dinna ken." "Are you sure he intends to marry you?" "I dare say he does, mem." "Have you had much of each other's company yet?" "Not yet." "When did you last converse with him?" "Deed, we hae nae conversed any yet." "Then how can you suppose that he is going to marry you?" "Oh," replied the simple girl, "he's been lang lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speakin'."

At the beginning of the French Revolution a Marquis, about to quit Paris, was required to give up his name at the barriers. "I am Monsieur le Marquis de Saint-Cyr," he said. "Oh, oh, we have no Messieurs now!" objected the official of "the sovereign people." "Put me down as the Marquis de Saint-Cyr, then." "All titles of nobility are abolished," opposed the stolid Republican. "Call me De Saint-Cyr only," suggested the nobleman. "No person is allowed to have 'De' before his name in these days of equality," explained the servant of the "one and indivisible." Write Saint-Cyr." "That won't do either—all the saints are struck out of the calendar." Then let my name be Cyr," cried the marquis, in desperation. "Sire!" exclaimed the Republican ("Cyr" is so pronounced)—"that is worse than all. Sires, thank goodness, are quite done away with!"

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Jan. 31st, 1874.

All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 33.

By F. C. COLLINS.

White. Black.

- 1. Q to Q B 8th 1. R to K 6th (ch)
2. Kt takes R (ch) 2. Kt takes Kt
3. Q to Kt 8th mate

Our correspondent "Junius" points out that, if Black plays any other first move, White has two ways of proceeding to mate. Barring these defects, the problem is a very "neat" one.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 34.

By B. M. NEILL.

White. Black.

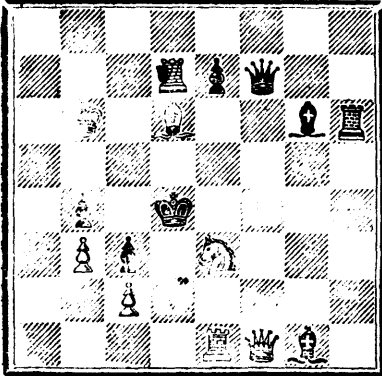
- 1. R to Q 5th 1. Anything.
2. R to K 8th 2. Moves.
3. Kt mates acc.

"Junius" correctly says this is "a very pretty and a first-class problem." "Delta" also sends us the correct solution, and declares it to be "very neat."

PROBLEM No. 41.

By JAMES PIERCE, M. A.

BLACK.



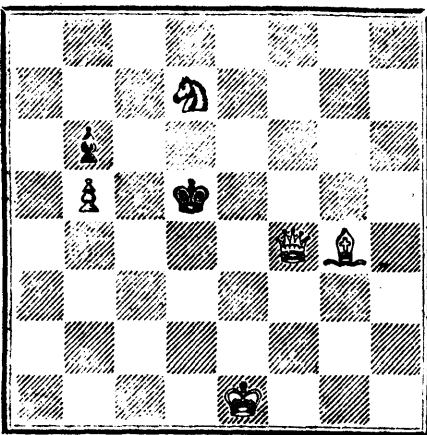
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 42.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

OUR PROBLEMS.

This week we make a selection from a very handsomely printed book of 300 problems just issued from the press, by the celebrated English problematists whose names appear above. The problems are tastefully printed on large diagrams, each one occupying a page, making a good-sized volume, and one of the neatest we have seen in the whole range of chess works.

No. 41 will be found a two-mover of rare merit, at once original, pretty and difficult, while No. 42 will be found, if not difficult, at least exceedingly well worth an examination.

We should be happy to receive a few original, unpublished problems from our readers for publication. Let them be as good as you can make them, and as difficult as possible, but under five moves deep.

OUR PUZZLER.

37. ENIGMA.

I'm long, and short, and curious, Of many forms am seen; I'm straight, and smooth, and curled, and rough And handsome oft, and mean; And then, too, I'm dependent quite Upon my owner's will; When pleased, he lends me quite a grace, When not, he keeps me still— Save in some cases, then, I am told, I am even more graceful to behold. Besides, I've yet another form. When men their wealth recount, And ask of me (a gift I have) To name the just amount. Or yet another, wherein I All passions, loves, portray; Life, too, some think an idle me, The memory of a day.

38. SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. A fixed look; one who tunes; a part of yourself; a memorial; upright.
2. A kind of fruit; one who makes lines; a country in Asia; articles to cover the face; to scratch off.
3. A mountain in Europe; part of an animal; a river in Africa; a Dutch painter.

39. CHARADE.

My first is a fish, but 'tisn't a dace— He's uncommonly greedy, and eats his own race; And wouldn't object to a nice plump place For dinner, or supper, without any grace. My second we pass through every day, If well enough to go on our way; But one there was that gave no cheer— "Abandon hope all ye that enter here." My whole is a thief, but pray do not start, He will not poison or stab to the heart; But should you leave money or ring near the pest, He will take and hide it away in his nest.

40. RIDDLE.

In the singular number there's a word I'll call this, if you please, In the plural number, this same word. Below, I will call these. Each is a noun, spelt just alike— The first's a man well known; The last, kind reader, you'll confess That many persons own.

A fair girl named Louisa Gray, Devotedly loved this; And when she call'd on him one day He stole a gentle kiss; Then smiling, said, "Louisa dear, I deed not mean to tease." She answered, as she left, "I fear You will neglect your these." She drove home in her these so smart; Alas! that very day Poor this was killed. It broke the heart Of sweet Louisa Gray.

41. SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. A lake; new; to shun; French "queen"; a town in Portugal.
2. A lake; to depart; a lady's title; to shut; a town in the Morea.
3. A lake; wide awake; royal; a play; a range of mountains.
4. A lake; steel covering; to instill; to sorrow; part of a theatre.

42. ENIGMA.

How many soft words have been spoken, Admiration, expressive of me; How oft am I used, as a token, And prized where none other would be. How many fair forms have I graced, How many more dote o'er me now; And carefully see that I'm placed, To add to the beautiful brow. I'm seen with the great and the small, With the bondsman as well as the free; I'm placed in the coffin with all— What a wonderful thing I must be! How many sly thieves have me cursed, As sleeping 'twixt them and their prey; Ye, in struggling I oft get the worst, When assistance is out of the way.

ANSWERS.

157. ENIGMA.—Snowdrop.

158. SQUARE WORDS.—

Table with 3 columns and 5 rows of words: SABLE, ATLAS, BLESS, LASSA, ESSAY, SLOTH, LULKA, OLAND, TENSE, HADES, CAMEL, ADULA, MURAT, ELATE, LATER.

159. CHARADES.—1. Mot-mot; 2. Hamlet. 160. PALINDROME.—Karak, Seres, Urulo, Lepel, Irsaal, Hamah.

161. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Scott, Byron, thus; StarB, Canary, Orator, TurinO, Turin.

162. SQUARE WORDS.—

Table with 3 columns and 5 rows of words: GENOA, ENACT, NATAL, OCANA, ATLAS, ILAMA, LABEL, ABATE, METER, ALERT, WIGAN, ITATA, CADOR, ATOOI, NARIM.

163. CHARADE.—Written.

164. MEN OF LEARNING AND THEIR WORKS.—1. Benjamin Franklin—Electricity and Natural Philosophy; Oliver Goldsmith—Poems and Essays; 3. Alexander Pope—Translation of Homer.

165.—TRANSPPOSITION.—Snipe, Spine.

205.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Jupiter, Galileo, thus; 1. Jetakosinburg; 2. Utopia; 3. Pearl; 4. IllimanI; 5. TriAL; 6. Exile; 7. Rosario.

206. TRANSLOCATIONS.—1. Dan, den, din, don, dun; 2. Mass, mess, miss, moss, muss; 3. Mate, mete, mite, mote, mute.

207. CHARADE.—Corn-sack. 208. LITTLE CHARADES.—1. Backgammon; 2. Tillage; 3. Leaden; 4. Inutile.

209. LOGOGRIPII.—Glance, lance, calne, clean, lean, ale, lace, ace.

210. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—

Thus—9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 (whose sum = 45) Deduct—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 { " " " " } 8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2 (" " " ")

211. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.—Ruffed Lemur, Strong Voice, thus; Rhodes, Utrecht, FalsieR, Frio, Elisabeth, Driburg, LiakhoV, Essequibo, Matsmai, (s) UdetiC, Rio del NorteE.

212. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—

100 x 10 = 1000 s. 100 - 10 = 90 = 11 1/9 a doz.

213. CHARADE.—Bay-o-net.

21. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Helen—Paris—thus: HarP; Eva; LeandeR; Eli; NereideS.

22. CONUNDRUM.—Because where there's a Will there's a way.

23. BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.—1. Jeremiah, xxxviii. 2. The bush burning with fire, and not consumed, Exodus, iii, 2, 3. "For there shall be no night there," Revelation xxi, 25.

24. LOGOGRIPII.—Facetiously, thus: Aceous, cause, sauce, sea.

25. TRANSPPOSITION.—Leda, deal, lade, lead, dale.

26. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—This is a catch question; it would practically never arrive at its journey's end.

27. CHARADE.—Insignificant—Inn-sign-if-I-can't.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

HAM TOAST.—Scrape or pound some cold ham, mix it with beaten egg, season with pepper, lay it upon buttered toast, and place it in a hot oven for three or four minutes. Dried salmon, smoked tongue, potted meats, or any other relishing viands, answer equally well upon toast.

HAIR LOTION.—If you find your hair is beginning to fall off, you should use a good hair restorer. The way that women with long hair should apply such preparations is to first brush the scalp until it becomes red, or a warm glow is produced, and then rub among the roots of the hair the lotion, whatever it may be. This should be done once a day, or at intervals of a few days, according to the state of the scalp.—If tender less and if not so sensitive, the more frequently. An excellent hair restorer is made as follows: Mix half an ounce tincture of cantharides, two ounces eau de Cologne, half a drachm oil of nutmeg, and ten drops oil of lavender; or, mix half an ounce of vinegar of cantharides with an ounce eau de Cologne and one ounce rose-water.

COCOA.—Cocoa, when unadulterated, forms a wholesome, nutritive beverage, but it is apt to disagree with those unaccustomed to its use on account of the large quantity of gluten, starch, and fat it contains, in which case an excellent plan is, before partaking of the cocoa or chocolate, to chew well and swallow a dry crust just previous to the cup of cocoa.—It has the effect of exciting the saliva. Of the preparations of cocoa the best descriptions for use are cocoa nibs, which are simply cocoa nuts ground. To make cocoa from nibs place them in a clean coffee pot by the side of the fire, pour on boiling water, allow the infusion to simmer eight hours, taking care it does not boil.—If it does, a coagulum will form, which cannot be dissolved by water—and then strain clear.

OXFORD PUNCH.—Put the thinly pared peelings of four lemons and two Seville oranges into a mortar containing one pound of loaf sugar, which beat up into a smooth mass, into which squeeze the juice of the fruit, adding the juice of four sweet oranges and half a pint of water. Strain the mixture into a jug standing close to the fire, add one pint of calf's-foot jelly, which thoroughly incorporate, pour in two quarts of boiling water, half a pint of syrup, one teaspoonful of orange-flower water, a wine-glass of curaçoa, half a pint of sherry, one pint of cognac brandy, one pint of pine-apple rum, one quart of orange shrub, and stir well together. Cambridge Punch. Boil in two quarts of new milk one dozen bruised bitter almonds, the parings of two lemons, and half a pound of loaf sugar. When well flavored, strain clear and keep warm, stir in the well-whisked white of three eggs which have been mixed with a little cold milk, and while still stirring add one pint of rum and half a pint of brandy. Muddle the punch to a froth, and serve immediately in glasses.

REGULAR EATING.

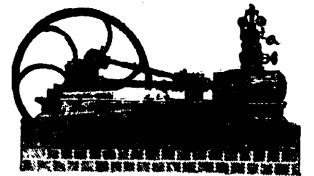
Half of all ordinary diseases, says Dr. Hall is "Journal of Health" would be banished from civilized life, and dyspepsia become almost unknown, if everybody would eat but thrice a day at regular times, and not an atom between meals, the intervals being not less than five hours, that being the time required to digest a full meal and pass it out of the stomach.

If a person eats between meals, the process of digestion of the food already in the stomach is arrested, until the last which has been eaten is brought into the condition of the former meal; just as, if water is boiling and ice is put in, the whole ceases to boil until the ice has been melted and brought to the boiling point, and then the whole boils together.

But it is a law of nature that all food begins to decay, after exposure to heat and moisture for a certain time. If a meal is eaten, and in two hours another, the whole remains undigested for seven hours, before which time the rotting process commences, and the very idea of his stomach full of carrion—the very idea of which is horribly disgusting.

As, then, all the food in the stomach is in a state of fermentive decay, it becomes unfit for the purposes of nutrition and for making good pure blood. Small wonder is it that dyspeptics have such a variety of symptoms, and aches and complaints in every part of the system, for there is not one drop of pure blood in the whole body; hence, the nerves, which feed on this impure and imperfect blood, are not properly nourished and, as a consequence, become diseased. They "complain"; they are hungry—and like a hungry man—are peevish, fretful, restless. We call it nervousness, and no one ever knew a dyspeptic who was not restless, fretful, fidgety, and essentially disagreeable, fitful and uncertain.

The stomach is made up of a number of muscles, all of which are brought into requisition in the process of digestion. But no muscle can work always. The busy heart is in a state of perfect repose for one third of its time. The eye can work twice in a second, but this could not be continued five minutes. The hands and feet must have rest, and so with the muscles of the stomach; they only can rest when there is no work for them to do—no food in the stomach to digest. Even at five hours' interval, and eating thrice a day, they are kept constantly at work from breakfast until the last meal is disposed of, usually ten o'clock at night. But multitudes eat heartily within all hour of bed time; thus, while the other portions of the body are at rest, the stomach is kept laboring until almost daylight, and made to begin at breakfast time. No wonder is it that the stomach is worn out—has lost its power of action. Many girls become dyspeptic before they are out of their teens, in consequence of being about the house and nibbling at everything they lay their eyes on that is good to eat.



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