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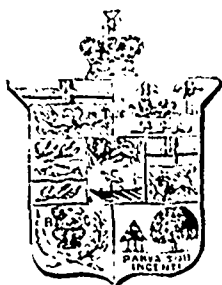
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AN IDYL ON THE ICE.

Fur-apparelled for the skating,
Comes the pond's acknowledged Belle,
I am duly there in waiting,
For I'll lose no time in stating
That I love the lady well.



Then to don her skates, and surely
Mine the task to fit them tight,
Strap and fasten them securely,
While she offers me, demurely,
First the left foot then the right.

Off she circles, swiftly flying
To the pond's extremest verge;
Then returning, and replying
With disdain to all my sighing,
And the love I dare not urge.

Vainly do I follow after,
She's surrounded in a trice,
Other men have come and chafed her,
And the echo of her laughter
Comes across the ringing ice.

Still I've hope, a hope that never
In my patient heart is dead,
Though fate for a time might sever,
Though she skated on for ever,
I would follow where she fled.—Punch.

FROM LIFE.

Miss Saint John—I want to introduce you to Herr Squeekstringer, Uncle Reuben. You've enjoyed his playing so much you know.

Uncle Reuben—Proud to meet you, my friend. Proud to meet you. (In a whisper) Say, if you'll fiddle out th' "Rutland Quickstep." I'll give yer a quarter and dang th' expense.

EVERYTHING LOVELY.—“Why, you dear thing! How do you do? And how do you do? And where have you been all this time? I am so glad to see you! So glad! And you're looking just lovely—just perfectly lovely! What a sweet bonnet! Paris? I thought so. I'm so delighted to see you! And you are looking so well? What lovely weather we are having! And oh, how's baby? Dear, sweet little thing! He's the living image of you and Charlie!”

“Oh, thanks, dear, baby's doing splendidly, got another lower front tooth through and is so good! Never cries. Only we're afraid he's going to have a big pimple on the end of his dear little nose!”

“Oh, how perfectly dreadful! And how's Charlie? I heard he was run away with and awfully hurt, and I've been meaning to call and ask after him, for I knew you would be so awfully worried, but I've been so busy, you know!”

“Oh, thank you, dear, that's ever so kind of you, but it wasn't anything serious; he was only trying his new tandem pair, and he found out afterward that the shaft horse had belonged to a politician and had learned to stop at every rum shop they came to, and the leader was a circus horse that had been taught to reel, and so bolted for every sign of ‘Hay for sale’ or ‘Meals at all hours’ that he saw, and so poor Charlie was a bit shaken up, and decided to sell the beasts for ladies' saddle horses, and so he—oh, have you seen those new black silk stockings with the silver clocks that they've got at Carsley's? You must get some. They're just perfectly lovely—long ones, you know!”

“Yes, I just bought some; they are too sweet for anything, aren't they? Are you going to the Robinson's to-night? I hear it is going to be charming!”

“No, I don't think we shall be able to. Are you going?”

“Well, er—no, I don't think we shall be able to get off. It's so wearing, this going out every night, isn't it?”

“So hand, isn't it? Well, I must be going, dear; I'm already an hour late for my appointment at the dentist's! But I'm so glad to have met you, dear! And you will come and see me very—oh, there's Fanny Jones! I must run over and congratulate her on her engagement being broken! Good-by, dear!”

“Good-by! (sotto voce) Gracious, how her dress hangs behind!”

she has been moved not only by a desire to acknowledge this proof of your Holiness's goodwill towards her, but also to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom which you have displayed in your high position. The temperate sagacity with which your Holiness has corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might otherwise have arisen inspires Her Majesty with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your beneficent action may be long continued.”

A PRETTY HOW-D'YE-DO.—A well-known and wealthy manufacturer, Dubot, of Paris, has had a young clerk in his employ for two years, with whose services and behavior he has been greatly pleased. In fact, so much had the young man endeared himself to his employer that he was taken into the family circle and permitted to enjoy the society of his daughter, a blooming miss of seventeen summers. Some time ago M. Dubot sent for his trusted clerk, and said to him confidentially,—

“You are a handsome, clever, and industrious young man. My Minnie is but seventeen years old, and you please her much. She has a dowry left her by her deceased mother of one hundred thousand francs. If you have a mind to marry her we will arrange the wedding before Lent.”

The young clerk, known to his employer as Ernest Lamotte, turned pale at this kind proposition, and was silent. Upon recovering himself he inquired,—

“Have I satisfied you in the performance of my duties during the last two years that I have remained with you?”

“More than satisfied me,” replied the manufacturer, enthusiastically.

“Well, whatever the consequences may be,” he began hesitatingly, “I now entrust you with my secret. My name is not Ernest, but Ernestine. I have passed through a commercial course of instruction, fitting me for my position in which a man would receive two hundred and forty francs per month. In female apparel I could earn but forty francs. This explains all.”

M. Dubot, of course, was duly astonished. Taking his worthy clerk by the hand, he reassuringly replied,—

“I hope to be able to console Minnie in her disappointment. Her husband, I see, you cannot be, but what would you think of the proposition of becoming her step mother.”

It was now the turn of Ernestine to show astonishment. Requesting a day for consideration, the friends under new relationship parted.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE TO THE POPE.—The Vatican official Gazette has given a translation of the address of the Duke of Norfolk when he was received by the Pope. The Queen's Envoy said:—“Her Majesty has commanded me to say that in confiding to me this high mission

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A SWINDLER CAUGHT NAPPING.

[From the Chicago Mail.]

I was at the Grand Pacific Hotel the evening that the victims of the Minnesota railroad disaster were quartered there by the company. The rotunda looked something like the offices of some Southern hotels which I saw during the war, when, after an engagement, wounded officers were sent in from the field. Tourists and travellers lounged about Mr. Drake's hotel with bandaged arms and heads. Of course they got the best there was in the house. Such were the instructions of the company. Some of the bruised ones were not so badly mangled as to prevent them dropping in at the exchange and there, as elsewhere, they got the best, and the mixers were instructed to take nothing for what they set up. This was kept up for a part of the day and resulted in a funny incident. About 3 o'clock a man presented himself with a bandage over one of his eyes and one arm in a sling. He called for an English invalid's delight—brandy and soda—and got it.

"How are you feeling?" asked the man who had served him.

The man replied feebly that he was slowly on the mend.

"That was a bad accident," continued the mixer.

The bandaged man said it was.

"The C. B. and Q. are noted for accidents," said the mixer.

"Yes," said the bandaged man. "I don't think I will ever go over that road again."

"I don't think you ever will, myself," said the mixer, and in a minute he had leaped over the counter like a cat, and had the bandaged man by the back of the neck. As he kicked his man out of the LaSalle street opening he called out to him: You get on the right road the next time, young man. There's a mighty sight of difference between the Minneapolis and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, when it comes to ringing in a drink."

France—You'd better not tread on my tail!
Germany—Why, I am treading on it.

France—Ah! I mean with both feet.—*Tid Bits.*

PEOPLING THE NEW WORLD.—The total immigration to the United States in 1887 was not as large as was predicted early last summer, when it was thought it might reach 800,000. The total for the 11 months ending November 30 is 486,660, against 363,453 for the same period of 1886. This indicates a grand total for the year of little more than half a million. There has been a large increase in those coming from Great Britain. The total for the 11 months is over 1,100,000, against about 1,200,000 for the same period last year. England and Wales have sent 79,000. The number from Ireland is 71,000, and Scotland over 20,000. The total for Great Britain is larger than that of any other country. Germany comes next, with over 106,000; Norway, Sweden and Denmark next with over 76,000, and Italy next with over 42,000. From all these countries, has been a marked increase over last year. The arrivals from Russia are almost precisely the same as last year, being a few more than 24,000.

A COLOURED PREACHER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.—At a meeting the other day at a home for aged and infirm coloured persons in Philadelphia, the Rev. John Gibson, a coloured man, who is 117 years of age, opened the proceedings. Mr. Gibson was born in Virginia, in February, 1771. He has been totally blind for a number of years, but his hearing is good. His long hair is perfectly white. He wears no beard, with the exception of a snowy tuft on each side of his face; and his skin, which is almost coal-black, is a mass of wrinkles. He says he feels as well as he did 30 years ago, and that he expects, barring accidents, to live to be at least 125 years old. In his younger days, Gibson was a slave in Virginia. He was married three times, his third wife dying in 1882. His mother lived to be 112 years old, and was the mother of 29 children—six boys and 23 girls. His father, Jas. Gibson, lived 60 years. Gibson has a son living who is 77 years of age.

WINNOWNED FROM CHAFF.

Golden Grains Garnered in the Harvest Field of the Wits.

Passenger (in crowded car)—Is this seat engaged? Occupant—Don't yer see it is? Passenger (forcibly removing bundles, placing them on the floor and sitting down)—Pretty comfortable kind of a sty, aint it?—*Puck.*

"He may not be much of a literary man, but he got into the *Century Magazine.*"

"You don't say so? Why, I did not expect it of him."

"No, and neither did the people in our village."

"What was his subject?"

"His what?"

"What subject did he write on?"

"None particularly."

"But you said he got into the *Century*?"

"He did. He came to our village soliciting subscriptions and got into the *Century* for about \$20, I believe."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

It is leap year, and it has just been 1,000 years since there were as many 8's in the year as we have just now. It is a good time for old bachelors to cogit-8. the girls to reciproc-8, and not hesit-8.—*Binghamton Leader.*

PACK Transparent Playing Cards \$1. Photos 20 for 10c, with large catalogue, illustrated, of all our goods. TURNER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

False Mustaches 3 for 25c. with illustrated catalogue. TURNER & Co., Main St., Bay Shore, N. Y.

THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.—The *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift*, (Dec. 10) reports the accidental discovery, in the Island of Cos, of some sculptured remains, which point plainly to the site of the once famous temple of Æsculapius. An altar has been found, and a marble snake, the sacred attribute of the medicine god. It will be remembered that Strabo gives an account of this temple well calculated to excite archaeological curiosity. It was, indeed, as we know from many sources, only third in importance to those of Epidaurus and Athens. Strabo says:—"In the suburb (of Cos) is the celebrated Asclepion full of votive offerings, among which is the painting of Antigonus, by Apelles. It used also to contain the 'aphroditic rising from the Sea' (Anadyomene), but this is now removed to Rome." He goes on to say that Hippocrates learned much of his medical lore by studying the inscriptions engraved in the temple recording cures wrought there. It is true the two chief works of art mentioned by Strabo are pictures, which must in any case long ago have perished; but then, who knows how many of the "votive offerings," and the medical inscriptions are yet below ground? The excavation of Asclepion at Athens, recently yielded a rich harvest, but there is much as to the details of the cult and ritual of Æsculapius still to learn. It is not reported yet whether the site is to be systematically excavated.—*Builder.*

IMPORTANT SALE OF COINS.—Messrs. Sothely, Wilkinson, and Hodge have concluded the sale of several private collections of coins, medals, and tokens. Some remarkable prices were realized. Five rare Anglo-Saxon pennies fetched £4 16s. Eight silver pieces of James I. and Charles I., mostly six-pences, sold for £7 12s 6d, while a Charles I. Briot's crown went for £7 2s 6d. A Charles II. pattern farthing, another of Anne, and a pattern sixpence of George IV., as Lord High Steward of Scotland, realised £5; and £4 was paid for a Commonwealth 10s piece and a James I. of Scotland Lion. The current bronze penny of 1868, the halfpenny, and the farthing struck in nickel sold for £12 6s, or £4 2s each. Only one other set of these nickel coins is known. A Manx proof halfpenny and penny struck in silver in 1733 cost a collector £7, and a William III. pattern farthing, another of Mary II., a Manx 5s token (1811), and a farthing pattern of Charles II., fetched £8. A proof set of the coinage of Victoria, dated 1839, with a 1847 pattern Gothic crown, and a maunday set, 15 pieces in all, fetched £32. Of the gold pieces, William III. five guinea piece (1701), sold for £10 2s 6d; George IV. pattern five-penny piece, by Wyon (1826), £14 15s; and Henry VII. sovereign, pierced and bent, £12 12s. The Hong Kong pattern dollar (1864), of Queen Victoria, very rare, fetched £20, a considerable increase on £1, the price paid for each of the last two specimens in the market. Of the medals the most interesting were the following:—William and Mary (coronation), £10 17s 6d; Anne (peace of Utrecht) £5 17s 6d; defeat of the French off Cape Finisterra (1747), head of Anson crowned by Victory, £21; Wm. Browne, President of the College of Physicians, £11 10s; and Queen Charlotte coronation medal, by Natter, 14 guineas.—*London Times.*

BRITISH ARMY STATIONS FOR
DECEMBER.

1st Life Guards, Regent's Park
2nd do, H. de Park
Royal Horse Guards, Windsor
1st Dragoon Guards, Rawul Pindeco; Canterbury
2nd do, Umballa; Canterbury
3rd do, Muttra; Canterbury
4th do, Dublin
5th do, Dundalk
6th do, Sealkote; Canterbury
7th do, Mhow; Canterbury
1st Dragoons, Aldershot
2nd do, Brighton
3rd Hussars, Cahir
4th do, Ballincollig
5th Lancers, Aldershot
6th Dragoons, South Africa; Canterbury
7th Hussars, Secunderabad; Canterbury
8th do, Meerut; Canterbury
9th Lancers, York
10th Hussars, Hounslow
11th do, Newbridge
12th Lancers (on passage home); Canterbury
13th Hussars, Manchester
14th do, Shorncliffe
15th do, Edinburgh
16th Lancers, Dublin
17th do, Lucknow; Canterbury
18th Hussars, Aldershot
19th do, Norwich
20th do, Egypt; Shorncliffe
21st do, Colchester (for India)
Cavalry Depot, Canterbury
Grenadier Guards, 1st, Wellington Barracks
2nd do, Chelsea
3rd do, Tower of London
Colestream Guards, 1st, Wellington Barracks
2nd do, Dublin
Scots Guards, 1st, Windsor
2nd do, Chelsea
1st Royal Scots, 1st, South Africa; Glencorse
2nd do, 1st Glasgow; Glencorse
1st Royal West Surrey, 2nd, Belfast; Guildford
2nd do, 2nd, Burma; Guildford
1st East Kent, 3rd, Ranikhet; Canterbury
2nd do, 3rd, Dover; Canterbury
1st Royal Lancaster, 4th, Buttevant; Lancaster
2nd do, 4th, Quetta; Lancaster
1st Northumberland Fusiliers, 5th, Colchester; Newcastle
2nd do, 5th, Meerut; Newcastle
1st Royal Warwickshire, 6th, Fermoyle; Warwick
2nd do, 6th, Jubbulpore; Warwick
1st Royal Fusiliers, 7th, Egypt (for India); Hounslow
2nd do, 7th, Wellington; Hounslow
1st Liverpool 8th, Dublin; Warrington
2nd do, 8th, Fyzabad; Warrington
1st Norfolk, 9th, Aldershot; Yarmouth
2nd do, 9th, Secapora; Yarmouth
1st Lincolnshire, 10th, Dublin; Lincoln
2nd do, 10th, Roorkee; Lincoln
1st Devonshire, 11th, Cork; Exeter
2nd do, 11th, Jhansi; Exeter
1st Suffolk, 12th, Kuldunnah; Bury St. Edmunds
2nd do, 12th, Curragh; Bury St. Edmunds
1st Somersetshire L.L., 13th, 1st Colchester; Taunton
2nd do, 13th, Belgam; Taunton
1st West Yorkshire, 14th, Dublin; York
2nd do, 14th, Mooltan; York
1st East Yorkshire, 15th, Barbadoes; Beverley
2nd do, 15th, Bombay; Beverley
1st Bedfordshire, 16th, Enniskillen; Beds
2nd do, 16th, Bollary; Bedford
1st Leicestershire, 17th, York; Leicester
2nd do, 17th, Lucknow; Leicester
1st Royal Irish, 18th, Devonport; Clonmel
2nd do, 18th, Subathu; Clonmel
1st Yorkshire, 19th, Egypt; Richmond
2nd do, 19th, Aldershot; Richmond
1st Lancashire Fusiliers, 20th, Manchester; Bury
2nd do, 20th, Nusseerabad; Bury
1st Royal Scots Fusiliers, 21st, Birr; Ayr
2nd do, 21st, Burma; Ayr
1st Cheshire, 22nd (on route to India); Chester
2nd do, 22nd, Solod; Chester
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 23rd, Lucknow; Wrexham
2nd do, 23rd; Galway; Wrexham
1st South Wales Borderers, 24th, Dublin; Brecon
2nd do, 24th, Burma; Brecon

1st King's Own Borderers, 25th, Meerut, Berwick-on-Tweed
2nd do, 25th, Aldershot; Berwick-on-Tweed
1st Cameronians, 26th, Fermoyle; Hamilton
2nd do, 26th, Ranikhet; Hamilton
1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, 27th, South Africa; Omagh
2nd do, 108th, Aldershot; Omagh
1st Gloucestershire, 28th, Preston; Bristol
2nd do, 61st, Ahmednuggur; Bristol
1st Worcestershire, 29th, Quetta; Worcester
2nd do, 36th, Pembroke Dock; Worcester
1st East Lancashire, 30th, Ferozepore; Burnley
2nd do, 59th, Nowry; Burnley
1st East Surrey, 31st, Allahabad; Kingston
2nd do, 70th, Dover; Kingston
1st Duke of Cornwall's L.L., 32nd, Malta; Bodmin
2nd do, 40th, Devonport; Bodmin
1st West Riding, 33rd, Gharia; Halifax
2nd do, 76th, Bermuda; Halifax
1st Border, 34th, Sealkote; Carlisle
2nd do, 55th, Guernsey; Carlisle
1st Royal Sussex, 35th, Aldershot; Chichester
2nd do, 107th, Rawul Pindeco; Chichester
1st Hampshire, 37th, Secunderabad; Winchester
2nd do, 67th, Secunderabad; Winchester
1st South Staffordshire, 38th, Gibraltar; Lichfield
2nd do, 80th, Plymouth; Lichfield
1st Dorsetshire, 39th, Portland; Dorchester
2nd do, 54th, Portsmouth; Dorchester
1st South Lancashire, 40th, Portsmouth; Warrington
2nd do, 82nd, Singapore; Warrington
1st Welsh, 41st, Egypt; Cardiff
2nd do, 69th, Tipperary; Cardiff
1st Royal Highlanders, 42nd, Malta; Perth
2nd do, 73rd, Dublin; Perth
1st Oxfordshire L.L., 43rd, Shorncliffe; Oxford
2nd do, 52nd, Bangalore; Oxford
1st Essex, 44th, Bradford; Warley
2nd do, 56th, Malta; Warley
1st Derbyshire, 45th, Kilkenny; Derby
2nd do, 95th, Dum Dum; Derby
1st Loyal North Lancashire, 47th, Mhow; Preston
2nd do, 81st, Jorsey; Preston
1st Northamptonshire, 48th, Aldershot; Northampton
2nd do, 58th, Hong Kong; Northampton
1st Berkshire, 49th, Cyprus (for Malta); Reading
2nd do, 60th, Templemore; Reading
1st Royal West Kent, 50th, Gibraltar; Maidstone
2nd do, 97th, Chatham; Maidstone
1st South Yorkshire, 51st, Burma; Pontefract
2nd do, 105th, Kurrachee; Pontefract
1st Shropshire L.L., 53rd, Malta; Shrewsbury
2nd do, 85th, Curragh; Shrewsbury
1st Middlesex, 57th, Aldershot; Hounslow
2nd do, 77th, Kamptee; Hounslow
1st King's Royal R.C., 60th, Parkhurst; Winchester
2nd do, 60th, Shorncliffe; Winchester
3rd do, 60th, Gibraltar; Winchester
4th do, 60th, Pashawur; Winchester
1st Wiltshire, 62nd, Athlone; Devizes
2nd do, 99th, Peshawur; Devizes
1st Manchester, 63rd, Aldershot; Ashton-under-Lyne
2nd do, 96th, Agra; Ashton-under-Lyne
1st North Staffordshire, 64th, South Africa; Lichfield
2nd do, 98th, Aden; Lichfield
1st York and Lancaster, 65th, Sheffield; Pontefract
2nd do, 84th, Halifax, N. S.; Pontefract
1st Durham L.L., 68th, Colchester; Newcastle-on-Tyne
2nd do, 108th, Poona; Newcastle-on-Tyne
1st Highland L.L., 71st, Curragh; Hamilton
2nd do, 74th, Dughal; Hamilton
1st Seaforth Highlanders, 72nd, Edinburgh; Fort George
2nd do, 78th, Barbilly; Fort George
1st Gordon Highlanders, 75th, Malta; Aberdeen
2nd do, 92nd, Belfast; Aberdeen
1st Cameron Highlanders, 79th, Devonport; Fort George
1st Royal Irish Rifles, 83rd, Gosport; Belfast
2nd do, 86th, Gibraltar; Belfast
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, 87th, Nowshera; Armagh
2nd do, 89th, Aldershot; Armagh

1st Connaught Rangers, 88th, Jullundur, Galway
2nd do, 94th, Portsmouth; Galway
1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 91st, Ceylon; Stirling
2nd do, 93rd, Cork; Stirling
1st Leinster, 100th, Fort William; Birr
2nd do, 100th, Limerick; Birr
1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, 101st, Dover; Tralee
2nd do, 104th, Burma; Tralee
1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 102nd, Mullingar; Naas
2nd do, 103rd, Poona; Naas
1st Rifle Brigade, Burma; Winchester
2nd do, Woolwich; Winchester
3rd do, Egypt; Winchester
4th do, Chakarata; Winchester
1st West India Regiment, Sierra Leone
2nd do, West Indies
Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, Malta

Partial list of Goods kept in Stock.

Drafts.	Scrap Pictures.
Notes.	Pass Books.
Receipts.	Time "
B. B. Note Paper.	Bank "
B. B. Envelopes.	Gum Tickets.
Note Papers.	String Tags.
Letter Papers.	Shipping Tags.
Foolscap.	Toilet Paper.
Bill Cap.	Tissue "
Legal Cap.	" Manilla.
Playing Cards.	Manilla Paper.
Visiting "	Brown "
Advertising "	Straw "
Easter "	Blotting "
Birthday "	Dry Felt.
"Only" Pencil Holder.	Gold Paper.
Penholder.	Silver "
Pens.	Window "
Inks.	Papetries.
Mucilage.	Wall Paper.
Lead Pencils.	Heavy Roll Manilla.
Red and Blue Pencils.	Paper Bags.
Automatic Pencils.	Twines.
Carpenter's "	Fishing Tackle.
Lumber "	Twine Boxes.
Slate "	Bill Heads.
Toothpicks.	Note "
Combs.	Letter "
Pins.	Writing Pads.
Needles.	Scrubbing Books.
Hairpins.	School "
Penknives.	Copy "
French Blacking.	Exercise "
Lampwicks.	Bill Book.
Photograph Albums.	Purses.
Autograph "	Slates.
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'MY RIVERSIDE ADVENTUR.'

(A True Fact as appened at Great Marlow on Bank Olliday.)

I was setting
one day in the
shade,
In the butifull
month of
August,
When I saw a
most butifull
Maid
A packing of
eggs in sum
sawdust.



The tears filled her butifull eyes,
And run down her butifull nose,
And I thort it was not werry wise
To let them thus spile her mee close.

So I said to her, lowly and gently,
"Shall I elp you, O fair lovely gal?"
And she ansered, "O dear Mr. BENTLEY,
If you thinks as you can, why you shall."

And her butifull eyes shone like dimans,
As britely each gleamed thro a tear,
And her emile it was jest like a dry man's
When he's quenching his thirst with sum beer.

Why she called me at wunce Mr. BENTLEY,
I ort quite in wain to dishever;
Or weather 'twas dun accidentally,
Or if she took me for some other.

I then set to work most discreetly,
And packed all the eggs with grate care;
And I did it so nicely and neatly,
That I saw that my skill made her stare.

So wen all my tarsk was quite ended,
She held out her two lily hands,
And shook mine, and thank'd me, and wended
Her way from the River's brite sands.

And from that day to this tho I've stayed,
I've entirely failed to dishever
The name of that brite Dairy-Maid
As broke thirteen eggs by the River.
ROBERT.—Punch.

WHAT AN ANTHEM IS.

Speaking of anthems reminds me of a story of two old British sailors who were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descending particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What," replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, "Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike, that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, give me that hand, handspike, spike, spike, spike, sp. ke. Bill giv, giv me that, that, hand, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, spike, ah-hem, ah-hem. Bill, givemethanhandspike, spike, ah-hem!" Why, that would be a hanthem.—*Nautical Gazette.*

An all-round wag has placed the following placard over his coal bin. "Not to be used except in case of fire." The cook's relatives are in consternation.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Only Forty Cents. In postage stamps for a new Nickel-Plated Stem Winder and Stem Setter Watch, just patented. Address ROY JACKSON, Box 15, 311 East 104th Street, N. Y. City. Mention this paper.

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ITALY.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made in the excavations at Pompeii. Many silver vessels, and three books were found in the Regio VIII., isola 2a, casa, 23, under conditions which lead to the conclusion that the owner of those valuables, a lady named Decidia Margeris, had packed them at the moment of the catastrophe in a cloth, in order to save something more than mere naked life, but that she perished in the attempt. Her name we learn from the books, important documents, and title-deeds which she would not leave behind. These are the usual wood tablets, 8in. by 5in., coated with wax, and several of them are fastened together in book form. For the first few days after their discovery they were perfectly legible, except in a few places where damp had destroyed the wood; after that time, probably because the wood began to dry, the layers of wax peeled partly off, splitting up into small portions. The contracts are all between the owner mentioned and a Poppæa Note, a liberated slave of Præsus, and from the names of the Consuls referred to in two of them the year (61 A. D.) may be fixed. In one of them Decidia buys of Poppæa two young slaves, Simplicius and Petrinus; another also has reference to a sale of slaves; the third contract mentions a sum of 1,450 sesterces, which Poppæa Note undertakes to pay to Decidia Margeris in case the slaves should not turn out profitable. The silver plate of Decidia formed a set for four persons; but, as it was gathered up in haste, it is incomplete. It comprises four goblets with four trays, four cups with handles, four smaller cups, four others, four cups with feet, a cup without a handle, a filter, a small bottle with perforated bottom, a spoon, and a small scoop. The total weight of the articles is 3943.70 grammes (not quite 127oz. Troy). There was also found a silver statuette of Jupiter on a bronze pedestal, as well as a large bronze dish with raised edge and inlaid with a finely-chiselled silver plate, and, finally, three pair of ear pendants. The excavations at Pompeii have yielded abundance recently also in other ways. Numerous surgical instruments (mostly of bronze) have been found, which appear to have been kept in a wooden box; also a small pair of apothecary's scales and a set of weights, equivalent to 14, 17.5, 21, 24.9, and 35.8 grammes respectively. Among various domestic utensils found may be mentioned as noteworthy a beautiful stew-pan of bronze, the silver inlay of which represents a head in raised work, and a bronze lamp, still containing the wick, finally various glass vessels, terra cottas, gold rings, and ear pendants. Among the finds of coin are a sesterce of Vespasian with *Fortuna reducta* and a dupondium of Nero with the temple of Janus and the inscription, "Pace per ubiq. parta Janum clusit."—*News of the World.*

INVASION OF PERSIA BY ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—The period is among the most interesting in the history of the ancient world, because of the results which followed. The great expedition of Xerxes was about to be reversed. On that earlier occasion, the enormous numerical forces of an Asiatic despotism were poured upon the shores of Europe, with every accompaniment of barbaric splendor which boundless ostentation could prompt, and boundless wealth supply. Had the Persian invader been successful, the great ideas of Grecian polity and culture—ideas essentially European, and immeasurably superior to the ferocious despotisms of the East—might have been destroyed in their adolescence, beyond all hope of renovation in that part of the world. The invasion of Persia by Alexander was the returning wave of Greek civilization, breaking upon the enormous, but decaying, bulk of Persian sovereignty. The force thus directed by the Macedonian monarch was singularly small for such an enterprise. It had neither the multitudinous vastness nor the external pomp which distinguished the hosts of Xerxes; but it was handled by consummate genius, and regulated by a scientific organization which had been advancing to perfection during many years. The expedition from Asia into Europe was the operation of matter upon mind; and it failed. The expedition from Europe into Asia was a manifestation of intellectual force, fresh, concentrated, and active, against the dull mass of Oriental immobility and tradition. It succeeded, because active forces are necessarily more potent than passive; because the Persian Empire had reached the stage of decrepitude; because the power of Macedon was youthful, energetic, and self-confident; and because the time had arrived when a new order of things was to be prepared in the most important regions of the globe. However much we may dislike the character or the personal aims of Alexander, we may say that, in a certain sense, he was a providential agent for effecting much which the world was the better for obtaining. His armies, and the kingdoms which arose out of his transitory empire, spread Greek civilization, Greek thought, and the resources of the Greek tongue over the whole of Western Asia; and the subsequent history of the Western world has been widely and deeply influenced by the campaigns of Alexander. It is amazing that a man of the intellectual power of Demosthenes should not have seen that, as the day of republican Greece, with all its virtues and all its faults, had manifestly passed, it was better that a Hellenised Macedon should prevail over Persia, than that the designs of Alexander should be thwarted by an alliance between the commonwealths of Greece and the unprogressive despotism of Asia.—*From "Cassell's Illustrated Universal History."*

JEWS AND THE AUSTRIAN COURT.—Baron and Baroness Albert Rothschild, of Vienna, have been declared *hoffähig*—that is to say, they will for the future be admitted to Court balls. This is the first time such a privilege has been conceded in Austria to persons of the Jewish religion, and the event is causing a sensation in society. A great many quartrings of nobility are the usual requisites of *Hoffähigkeit*, and it was not till last year that the wives of Cabinet Ministers not being of noble family were admitted to Court by right of their husbands' offices.

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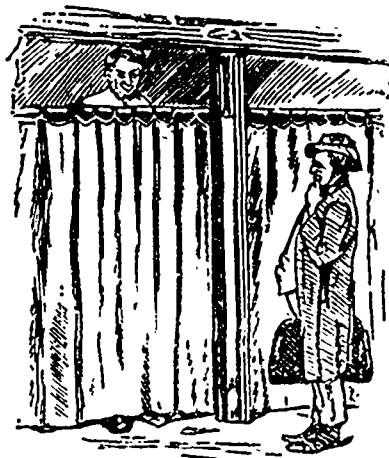
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THE MISSING TIMBER RAFT.

The United States Government steamer Enterprise reached New London on Sunday afternoon and reported finding the big raft, broken to pieces, 350 miles south south-west of Sandy Hook, and 135 miles from the spot where it was abandoned. About ten o'clock the lookout aloft reported logs floating some distance ahead. The speed of the steamer was slackened, and in a few moments afterward she was in the midst of a great mass of logs that stretched towards the west as far as the eye could reach. The logs first sighted were small pine timbers, evidently from outside the raft. It was at first concluded that only a few had broken adrift, and that the body of the raft would be discovered later; but the further the steamer went the greater the number of logs, and about noon the vessel was surrounded by timbers, varying from 40ft. to 60ft. in length. The sea was comparatively quiet the raft having evidently been broken up during the recent gale. For six hours the Enterprise picked her way through the seemingly interminable field of floating timber, but at four o'clock the logs began to grow scarcer, and shortly afterwards none were visible from the steamer's deck. The Enterprise steamed to New London, where the captain despatched reports to the Navy Department informing the Secretary of the discovery, and saying that the raft was no longer a danger to commerce. Many shipping authorities disagree with him about the danger, and maintain that a collision with a big log is capable of doing serious damage to a vessel. The floating logs are south and east of all the routes followed by the Transatlantic and coastwise steamships. Even ships from Baltimore pass to the north and west of that place, and only sailing ships blown out of their courses are likely to meet the logs until the latter get into the Gulf Stream. Then they will be carried north again to the routes of the steamships, unless in the meantime they become waterlogged and sink, which would not take long to do. The owner of the raft says, "The ocean is a big place, and ships are not likely to hit the logs. The largest does not weigh above a ton and a quarter, and a ship striking one would not be damaged. A hundred thousand logs bigger and heavier than those lost are thrown over from timber-carrying schooners every year; but no one ever hears of them again. I lost 1,200 not long ago. They were seen once and then disappeared."

A FATEFUL YEAR.—If there be any particular magic in the figures which compose dates, the year beginning on Sunday should be an eventful one. The fact that the three final figures of 1888 are alike is itself portentous. Fortunately for England this does not occur very often—as a rule, only once in 111 years—but even that is too often. The year 1555 (to go no further back) witnessed the Mariae persecution in its full fury, when Ridley, Latimer, and about 100 others perished at the stake. The Great Fire of London makes 1666 for ever memorable in our domestic history. The surrender of General Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga in 1777 was the turning point in the struggle in which we lost a big slice of our American colonies. In this view the outlook for the new year is dark, but still there are gleams of hope. The year 1888 is the centenary, the bicentenary, and the tercentenary of events closely associated with the progress of British liberty. In 1588 the Spanish Armada was destroyed, and England was saved from Papal domination. In 1688 the evil Stuart dynasty came, not too soon, to an end. In 1788 the Common Council of London petitioned in favor of the abolition of the slave trade, and in that year commenced the trial of Warren Hastings, which demonstrated to all Englishmen having charge of subject races that any abuse of the power entrusted to them would not escape punishment.



In the Sleeper.

(From Judge.)

Obliging stranger (from upper berth)—I reckon this is your section, sir.
Uncle Eben (sizing him up)—You kin have it all ter yerself, friend. I ain't sleepin' with no giants this year.

FROM TIP-BITS.

A large number of Chicago girls met one evening last week for the purpose of forming a "ladies' anti-slang society." The meeting was called to order and Miss Sadie De Pork elected President. Before taking her seat she said in a clear, calm, well modulated voice:
"Really, girls, I'm too badly rattled by the honor conferred upon me to give you much of my guff. It's the first time I ever tumbled to anything of this sort, and I hardly know just how to catch on. However, I'll try to be sufficiently up to snuff not to let any flies light on me while doing the President-of-this-society act. I'm with you in this move, and don't any of you forget it. All over our land slang words and phrases are multiplying like flies in sorghum time, and it is our duty to help knock this crying evil as silly as possible. Let our motto be: 'Shoot the Slangist.'"

HOW THE FRENCH AERONAUTS DIED.

(Paris Despatch to London Telegraph.)

M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle has received particulars from Mr. MacDonald, the master of the steamship Prince Leopold, respecting the fate of the Paris aeronauts, Messieurs Lhoste and Mangot, who were lately lost in the Atlantic. On Nov. 13 last the Arago balloon, in which were the two men, was seen from Cape Antifer and from the decks of the steamer commanded by Mr. MacDonald. The aeronauts were making westward, and were evidently trying to get into the upper currents of air, as they had lost the wind which had accompanied them on their departure from France. Later in the day they descended either because they lacked ballast, or because they deemed it safe to get into the wake of the steamer. About 4 o'clock they touched the waves, and Mr. MacDonald once changed the course of his ship and made preparations to launch a boat in order to rescue them. The weather at the time was, however, too rough. A tempestuous gale was blowing, the rain was falling in torrents, and the waves were very high. The aeronauts seemed dazed by the elemental war which was raging around them and had no longer the mastery of their balloon, which made frequent bounds in the air and then fell helplessly on the water. Suddenly a terrific gust from the northeast struck the car and capsize it. The Prince Leopold was steered to the spot, but before even a rope could be thrown out the ill-fated Frenchmen were engulfed in the warring waters. The vessel had to steam away from the spot as quickly as possible, as the night was falling fast and the place was dangerous. It was about thirty-nine miles southwest of the Isle of Wight.

A venerable New Yorker recently advertised asking any one who wished to go to Europe under pleasant auspices to apply to him, and giving his address. This advertisement was seen late one night by a young man who had been dining freely. He cogitated awhile and then told the club porter to call a cab, into which porter and cabby hoisted him. He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there he was assisted to the sidewalk, and with much dignity ordered the cabby to practice on the knocker of the old-fashioned residence. The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and howled "What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"
"Come tansher 'vertishment!'"
"Well, sir, what have you to say?"
"That's orrl. I've come to shay: Verry shorry, but can't go with you. Goo' ni."—*Boston Globe.*

IN BERMUDA.

Wife (on board a small yacht, tacking against a head-wind)—Ah, how delightfully exciting this is! Every time the boat tacks I feel a thrill of superb pleasure all through my veins.
Husband (gloomily)—Yes, my dear; very nice. You are not paying for this boat by the hour, I think.

IN CONCORD.

Native—Kerridge, sir?
Pilgrim—Is the home of Emerson far from the station?
Native—That depends on whether y' wan'ter see Hank Em'son, 'r Jed Em'son th' boss doctor. Hank lives pretty handy, but Jed, he's more 'n a mile down th' Lexin'ton road.

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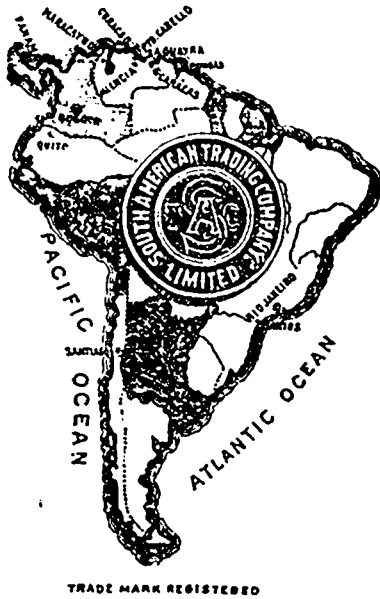
5th Regiment of Cavalry (Hd. Qrs., Cookshire, Que.) Lt.-Col. J. H. Taylor. Major, C. W. Shepard (Sutton).
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CANADIAN FIRE-SIDE

AN ENTERTAINING MAGAZINE

FOR THE LEISURE HOUR.



Vol. 1.

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No. 1.

IN THE DARKEST HOUR.

COMPLETE STORY.

By the Author of "IN THE SHADOW OF MILL-DALE," &c.

The evening is closing in; the clock in the barrack square has struck six some time past. The mists are rising across the fields by the river, and the last rays of a crimson sun glance through the staircase window straight into my eyes as I, Isabel Eyreton, with slow footsteps descend the uncarpeted flight. My boy has had his romp and said his baby prayers; he is asleep at last, and I am free to re-join my husband. I almost grudge the time my child has detained me in the room above; my heart is heavy, and my voice fails for tears, Frank and I have been married nearly four years, and to-morrow will see our first separation.

With a wretched attempt at cheerfulness I enter our sitting-room where my husband is busy packing away the books and small ornaments that have given a home-like air to our barrack-rooms. His coat is off, and he looks what he is, a tall, strong, well-made fellow, and to me the handsomest man in the world. He hears me come in and turns.

"Well, Isa, it is nearly finished. Does not the place look bare and ugly?"

It does indeed. We have put off dismantling our little room till the last possible moment; but it is done at length, and the place we have made our happy home these eight months past has resumed the bare, blank, furnished-by-contract look of "officers' quarters." I sit down carefully in a skeleton-arm-chair—one of those pieces of furniture which have a trick of folding up spontaneously—and survey the result of my husband's toil. He puts the lid on the packing case and begins hammering; I lean back glad of the noise. I want to talk but cannot speak without crying. In these few moments I may recover myself; for talk to Frank I must. Is not this the last evening we shall be together?

Oh, terrible to-morrow! We part for the first time in our wedded life—and when to meet again? No, no! Away haunting boding thoughts! I know my husband will meet danger in that far-off African land; but he is all I have in the world, he and my baby—just my two Franks. Surely Heaven is merciful!

It is my first trial. For nearly four years we have lived the rough moving soldier's life—now in pleasant quarters, now in some dull country town. Our surroundings were of little moment while we had each other and our child. We were almost equally alone in the world. I had never known mother or father, and the old aunt who had brought me up died soon after my marriage. Frank's people had cast him off on my account. They were proud, and, younger son, though he was, could not forgive his bride's having neither purse nor pedigree. Indeed some mystery had hung over my parents, into which I had never cared to inquire; but my aunt's silence and reserve on the point had been highly unsatisfactory to my new relatives. They were not rich themselves; but there was an old uncle whose wealth and estate were the heritage of Frank's elder brother. Two years after our marriage that elder brother died, and Frank became the heir. It made no difference to us at the time. Mrs. Eyreton was so stricken by the death of her favorite son that they took her abroad; and there she and her daughters are now, travelling about, seeking for her the health that will not come. Of course Frank was forgiven after a fashion; but no word of kindness was sent to me or the child, and our quiet life flowed on as usual till, just one fortnight ago, the news came that the regiment was ordered at once to the Cape.

My husband was a man and a soldier. Without any special desire to butcher his fellow-creatures, he loved his profession, and gladly welcomed the chance of seeing active service; but that which weighed on his mind and made the summons unpleasing was the perplexing question how to dispose of his wife and child during an uncertain period of absence. We had talked it over together; we had turned it over in our brains separately. It had been more heavily on Frank's mind than mine; for to me all considerations of personal welfare were swallowed up in the black, terrible prospect of parting. I had tried not to wor-

ry him with fruitless tears and lamentations; but night and day I had been haunted by the presentiment that when he had left me I should see his face no more. It was but folly, the fancy of any young wife at such a time; but it pressed sorely on my heart, and made me jealous of Frank's every look and word through those swift-flying days.

The feeling might have been lessened had there been a home to which I might have returned for the time of Frank's absence—an old life to take up, with the prospect, having left it to join him once, of the possibility of doing so again; but I was homeless. Our parting would send me adrift upon that sea of loneliness from which his love was my ark of refuge four years ago; and, if I had none to whom I could go, Frank had none to whom he could send me.

To join the Red Cross nurses—bringing the baby, of course—was my first wild scheme. Frank shook his head over that, and also negatived my next.

"A small cottage in the country. Baby and I could manage."

"Scarcely upon our income," said my husband—"not as I could bear the thought of your living; and, besides, my darling, you are too young and pretty to be alone."

Putting aside the last as unworthy of my dignity as a matron of over twenty years of age, I was obliged to acknowledge the force of the first objection. Frank's heirship did him no good now, and, though his mother—his only surviving parent, on whom he was quite dependent—had not carried out her first angry threat of depriving him of his allowance, that allowance had been barely sufficient to eke out his pay and keep us in necessaries while we lived in barracks. Lodgings were beyond our means.

"I tell you what!" cried my husband suddenly. "There's my uncle! We never thought of him. Why, of course, it is the right thing! Eyreton Court will be mine one day; I am the old fellow's heir; and, though he has taken no notice of us, he hasn't abused us like the rest of the family. I'll write at once, and propose your paying him a visit while I am away."

"But he is a little mad, isn't he?" I murmured doubtfully. "At least you used to say so."

"A little eccentric," said Frank—"that's all. He doesn't take kindly to his fellow-man, but his fellow-woman ought to be a different being. There was some dreadful unhappiness about his son's death, and he shut himself up, and took to hating everybody; but he ought to have got over that now. It is ages since it all happened."

Not altogether reassured, I begged my husband to consider his uncle's feelings on being unexpectedly called upon to shelter, not only a strange young woman, but a small boy and his nurse into the bargain.

"Oh, he'll get used to it!" cried Frank, to whom his own bright idea appeared the one thing feasible. "It will be a great charity if you rouse him up and induce him to take an interest in things. There, Isa—you can't go out with the Red Cross, my poor child, but there's a mission for you. I am sure he only wants rousing; and he is certain to take to you. I shall expect to see him quit an agreeable member of society when I return. You and he will be giving parties and entertaining the neighbourhood."

I tried to laugh, but did not succeed. However, Frank was prompt; he wrote the letter and posted it forthwith. By the end of the week an answer arrived. It was short enough—one line written lengthwise across the paper in a cramped, crabbed hand—

"If they must come, let them come. "FRANCIS EYRETON."

"Laconic," said Frank, "and not too encouraging; but there is no help for it, Isa—no help;" and I saw that.

So this last evening comes. Frank rises from his completed labour and stretches his weary arms.

"Our last evening, Isa!" he says sadly, as he comes over to me and puts his arms round me, looking fixedly into my face, as though to impress it more deeply on his memory.

"Couldn't we wait one day more," I suggest coaxingly—"just one, to see you off?"

"No," says Frank decidedly, turning his eyes from my piteous gaze. "I have written to say that you will arrive to-morrow night; and then, if you write at once, I shall hear from you before we sail. I couldn't leave England without knowing that you were safely settled."

So I submit to what may be my husband's last command, and the morrow sees our parting.

When I come to myself, but one Frank is left me, and he and I are speeding rapidly to our new home; my eyes are red and swollen, and I have the pale cheeks and unstrung feeling of a person who has cried herself ill. Fortunately we have no companions. The journey is a long one across country, with breaks and frequent changes, and trains to be caught, with only one minute to spare. Fortunately I am a good traveller—and it is well that I am forced to check my grief and turn my mind to other things. Little Frank and I are both weary when we reach Sloughbury, the small unimportant station where we must alight. I have no maid with me; the child is old enough for me to see after myself, so I have parted with nurse as a needless expense.

He clings to my skirt, tired and cross, as I collect our boxes, and, this done, I turn to the porter and ask if any carriage has been sent for us from Eyreton Court.

"Carriage from Eyreton Court, ma'am? Was it Eyreton Court you said?"

I say it again, and again a stare and repetition of my own words is all the answer. I turn to the station-master, as a person of superior intelligence; but the station-master also looks surprised, and shakes his head in strong disbelief of the possibility of any vehicle whatever being in waiting from Eyreton Court.

"Are you going there, ma'am?" he asks civilly.

"I must go there," say I pitifully, looking first at my tired baby and then along the vacant railway track, but its long lines guide my eyes to no other haven. "I am Captain Eyreton's wife," I explain with dignity—"Mrs. Francis Eyreton. I am come to stay at the Court with my uncle; something must have been sent for me."

"Well, ma'am," says the station-master in a tone of confidential apology, "I doubt if there is anything at the Court to send. Mr. Eyreton lives secluded-like, and he don't have occasion much for vehicles. I could get you a cart," he continues, pitying my disconcerted helpless look, "but it would take some time. If you do not mind, the carrier is starting now—he'll take your boxes; and, if I might make bold to suggest, perhaps you would take a seat too."

For one moment I hesitate. It is not a very dignified mode for Mrs. Francis Eyreton to arrive at her husband's inheritance, perched among the carrier's baggage; but it seems the only chance of reaching it at all to-night, so I swallow my pride and accept thankfully.

Twilight has almost faded when we drive up an ill-kept avenue and stop in front of a large, once handsome, but now almost ruinous-looking house. Only one gleam of light shows sign of habitation through the whole darkness, and this streams from one of the deep windows to the left of the hall door. The carrier takes little Frank from my arms, helps me to descend, pulls lustily at the rusty bell-handle, and then drives off to the back of the house to deposit my luggage. Five or ten minutes pass without any answer being accorded to the summons; and I am just gathering courage for another attempt, when the light leaves the window and travels into the hall. A slow step approaches the door: bolts are drawn and chains unfastened, and an old man looks out, holding a flickering candle high above his head.

As he steps into view, an undefinable likeness to my husband assures me of his identity, and I cry—

"Sir—Mr. Eyreton!"

But the words have scarcely left my lips when the candle drops from his shaking hand, and he leans against the door for support.

"What brings you here?" he cries, scanning my face. "Who are you?"

"Frank's wife," I stammer. "He sent me—you said you might come." And here I stop short, for even in the dim light the old man's face looks pallid, and his lips form words he has no voice to utter. At last, with a great effort, he speaks in a slow wandering tone.

"Frank, my son, you must know my repentance; why do you mock me, offering me opportunities that are but fantasy?"

I touch his arm, crying—

"Are you ill? What is it?"

My touch rouses him, he starts, looks into my face and murmurs—

"The likeness is not fancy. Who are you?" Then more calmly—

"You spoke of Frank—whom do you mean?"

"Frank your nephew," I falter, heartily frightened, for the old man seems really mad. "He has gone to the Cape, and you said we might come here."

As I speak, lights appear, and two or three women-servants enter the hall. One, old and pleasant-faced, hastens forward, and, on seeing me, scans my face as curiously as her master has done, and with a slightly startled air. My speech has cleared matters a little to him, for he replies in a perfectly sane but somewhat sarcastic tone—

"Oh, so you are the girl of whom I have heard—the 'blow to the family pride, my nephew's hopeful achievement!'"

The old woman touches his arm, and whispers—

"Don't, sir—don't! 'Tis a young thing, and——"

Mr. Eyreton's face changes with a sudden spasm.

"So Captain Francis Eyreton has handed you over to me to be lodged and cared for till he can undertake the trust again?"

His voice is gentler, and I venture to suggest meekly—

"He wrote and asked you."

"Did he? I forget. Did I tell you to come? Well, enter then Norris, see to them."

He leaves us, and returns to his own room. Mrs. Norris comes forward civilly,

"The master forgets things," she says. "We did not know you was expected; but you are welcome, ma'am. Is that the Captain's little boy? Let me take him. I hope the young gentleman is well."

I am far too frightened to preserve my dignity. The kind face overcomes me, and, as she takes the child from my arms, I clutch her dress, crying—

"What is it? Why does he behave so?"

"The poor master? He's taken aback, ma'am—no wonder!" she adds under her breath, with another quick glance at my face. "'Tis a mistake, my dear ma'am; don't you mind. But whatever on earth made the Captain send you here?"

Days and weeks have passed, and I am quite at home in the old house, quite used to the new, strange, lonely life. We never see any one; and the evenings often fall without my having exchanged a syllable with any one save my child. Mr. Eyreton is rarely visible. He keeps in his rooms below. My meals are served in one of the many empty apartments in the upper part of the house, two or three of which, bare and half-furnished like the rest, have been put into some sort of order for our abode. I should think that my husband's uncle—I cannot bring myself to call him mine—had quite forgotten our existence, but for the curious friendship that has arisen between him and little Frank.

The child strayed from my room one day, and was found by him playing in the large hall. I do not wonder he was taken by my bright handsome little boy; but it was more than a kind passing fancy. Since then he sends daily for the little fellow, and makes him his companion. At first it was only for a few minutes; now it is often more than an hour before the child returns to me. At the outset it made me uneasy—I feared some harm; for our strange reception has made me suspect that the old gentleman may be somewhat out of his mind at times; but now I have gained courage, and the desire that was wont to haunt me to steal away with my child, in order to live in some more cheerful though humble abode, has been crushed by the force of circumstances. I am well off here, and have nowhere else to go, so I yield to fate, as we all do, and live out the life put ready to my hand.

The weather has been beautiful; and, though badly kept, the Court is a fine old place. Frank and I spend our days in the fields and woods amidst the late spring freshness, and the child is brown and rosy. I am a little worn and wearied by the dull monotony of my life and the anxiety for my husband; but his letters are regular, and so far all is well. Of the interior of the house I know very little beyond my own corridor. I believe it is bare and desolate enough. Mrs. Norris, in one of her lamentations over the departed glories of Eyreton Court, has accounted for its present condition. Some twenty years ago, when the old man lost his son, everything saleable in the house was sold to pay off heavy debts—the son's, I suppose. Once I asked what the son was like, and what was the story connected with his death. The second query she evaded, and answered the first by referring me to some picture down-stairs, in the deserted suite of rooms to the right of the hall door.

I have never had the curiosity to look for it; but one day, as Frank and I return from our walk somewhat sooner than is our usual custom, the fancy takes me to make a little exploration in this unknown territory. Frank has scampered off in the direction of the kitchen, where he is sure of care and petting, and I am alone as I gently try the door. It is locked, but the key has not been removed, and, turning it with a little difficulty, I enter the room.

All the shutters are closed, and it is quite dark save for the light from the open door. I grope my way across to the centre window, and undo the shutter. This room is one of two occupying the right wing of the house, and does not look to the front, but out on what has once been a well-laid-out pleasure-ground at the back of the building. The window is made to open on to the lawn by a half-door and a sash, which I push up a little to let some air into the long-disused room.

There is little to see by the light I have taken the pains to admit. The room is empty but for some forms ranged round the walls, above which are fastened branches of withered dusky evergreens, and a festoon of faded pink calico has fallen from its nail and waves drearily in the draught from the window.

On the wall facing the door hangs the picture I have come to see—yes, it must be it. It is a full-length portrait of a young man wrapped in a blue cloak, with a riding-whip in his hand. As I gaze I am startled by the strong likeness to my husband. Old Mr. Eyreton resembles him somewhat, old as he is; but this seems Frank himself, only however as he might look after some illness, white and thin, with a curious mournful light in the dark eyes.

At first I remain fascinated by their strange earnest expression, trying to separate the likeness and the unlikeness to my husband. Then, as I stand alone in the great room, the strange sad eyes, confronting mine seem to move—to live. In vain I laugh at my nervous folly. A sudden irresistible fear takes possession of me; I hasten to the door, and, as I pass the threshold, meet old Mr. Eyreton issuing from the opposite room—his study.

I have done no wrong, and yet I wish he had not caught me indulging what may seem to him an impertinent curiosity. He seems surprised

at my appearance, and stops short. As I close the door a pained expression crosses his face, and he speaks with an effort.

"Viewing the family mansion?" he says a little bitterly. "Well, it would be hard no doubt to go back to your friends and be unable to relate its glories."

I murmur that I have no friends to whom they might be related. I was dull and sought amusement; I am sorry if he is displeased at what I have done.

"Poor child!" he says, softening. "No wonder you are dull here; it is no place for the young. Have you no friends, child, with whom you could make a happier home during your husband's absence?"

I shake my head.

"Your parents?"

"I don't remember them. Only their grave was shown me at Farmcroft once."

"Farmcroft!" he exclaims, seeming struck by the name. "Did you live there?"

"Oh, no!" I explain. "My aunt took me once to see the place because they died there."

"And your name?"

"My aunt was Mrs. Brand. She adopted me, and I was called by her name; but I believe my father's was different. It was not upon the headstone—only the date."

"And that?"

I repeat it, puzzled by his eagerness; I am still more puzzled when without another word, he turns back into his room and shuts the door. Perplexed, and fearing he is for some cause displeased, I return to my own apartments. Heartily do I wish that my curiosity had never led me to pry into that old room and vex my host as I seem to have done.

The days pass on, and now I feel no more the dulness of my late quiet life. Oh, why did I murmur against it? Willingly would I endure an existence even more monotonous could I enjoy the peace of mind which has hitherto been mine. I bewailed my anxiety for my husband while I received his letters regularly. Ungrateful that I was! Now I have my punishment—they have ceased altogether!

The days have become weeks. I have given up reckoning time. It seems months to me since I heard from him. Hitherto I have not felt the want of newspapers in this out-of-the-way country place. Frank's letters told me all the war-news I cared to know; but since they have ceased I have chafed and yearned for intelligence.

Some time ago I subscribed to a newspaper on my own account, but Frank's name has never been in its columns. Mrs. Norris has promised to try in the village if the blacksmith or the doctor—the two literary characters—have back numbers of any journal of about the date when Frank's letters ceased to reach me. She has as yet been unsuccessful in her quest; all she can obtain are of a more recent date. I skim their pages, pore over the lists of the killed and wounded, and feel relieved not to meet Frank's name—at least the uncertainty leaves me hope.

Yet the suspense is more than I can well endure, I become thin, white and nervous. Yes; I who scarcely knew the meaning of the word "nerves" have come to start at the least sound, to find a presentiment in every trivial mood, a warning in the smallest daily accident. My night are sleepless, spent in conjuring up a thousand frightful visions of my darling—dying alone in an enemy's land, wounded on some battle-field, amid ghastly heaps of slain, or dead in some rude hospital, with none to close his eyes tenderly or kiss his brow. I am ready to start off to Zululand to seek my husband or learn his fate, but a helpless clinging to the one thing I have left forbids me to leave my child.

Old Mr. Eyreton has changed wonderfully towards me since the day on which he found me quitting the deserted room. He seems to have compassion on my loneliness and anxiety, talks kindly when we meet, and more than one evening he has made himself my companion in the nursery, speaking such kind words of consolation and hope that, though I cannot always comprehend his strange speeches and sharp curious glances, I am quite ashamed ever to have suspected this kind old man of insanity.

Mrs. Norris is much struck with the change in her master, and likes me and my boy all the better for it: but even all their kindness can but ease my burden in very slight degree. My anxiety becomes more unendurable day by day.

At last certainty comes. One evening Mrs. Norris brings me a newspaper containing an account of a great battle fought on the very day I received Frank's last letter. I seize it eagerly, and turn to the list of names. I look first at the killed. Thank Heaven, not there! Then I glance at the wounded. I stare stupidly at the page for a moment, then slip off my chair on to the floor, and burst into such tears as I have never shed before or since. Yes; his name is there, and among the first.

The night falls. I have not moved from my place. Mrs. Norris, entering with little Frank, finds me still crouched by the window, staring at that one line in the newspaper.

My tears are stayed; I think I must have cried them all away. Frank tumbles over my feet while seeking to know what is the matter. I rouse myself to soothe him, and find my own first ray of hope in the repetition that "papa is only ill—yes, only wounded." Sickness and death are but

words as yet to my little boy. As soon as I move and speak to him he is consoled, and is speedily asleep in his crib. Mrs. Norris tries vainly to persuade me to follow his example.

"The master knows, ma'am; and he sends his love, and he will not come to see you till the morning; but you are to keep up your heart and sleep, now you know the worst. He's very down to-night, poor gentleman, or he'd have come to you before; but he's always had this day, though 'tis one-and-twenty years gone now—dear, dear!"

"What is one-and-twenty years gone now?" I ask, with languid interest, repeating her words, not caring for the reply.

"His poor son, ma'am. Oh, 'tis a very bad thing giving way! You should take heed," she continues in a warning voice. "Just think how much better it would have been for the poor master if he'd but kept up—not but what his was a real sorrow too."

"How was it?" I cry eagerly, with a sudden sense of sympathy for my strange old host. "How did he lose his Frank? Tell me. Can there be a curse on all the heirs of this dreadful place? Mr. Eyreton's son is gone, and Frank's father and brother; and now my Frank perhaps—" But the sentence ends in sobs. I cannot finish it.

"Hush, hush!" says the old woman soothingly. "Don't take up such silly notions. If our poor Master Frank died by any curse, 'twas the one that falls on disobedient children. Stay crying, my poor dear, and I'll tell you."

She seats herself, after lighting the candle and drawing the curtains close. I nestle down beside the lilac print gown which clothes the first woman who has given me a word of motherly tenderness; and, moved, I fancy, by the sight of my trouble and excitement, and desiring to calm and divert my mind, she breaks the silence she has hitherto observed concerning the family misfortunes, and begins her story.

"Master Frank," she commences—"my Master Frank, you know—was as fine-looking a young man as you'd see anywhere, and the master's darling. Maybe he spoilt him; but 'twas all the child he had, and the mistress died when he was born. Anyway, Master Frank grew up wild, though good-hearted he always was; and he got into debt and gave the master a deal of trouble, and the master was hard upon him then, all the more perhaps because he loved him so. At last, when things seemed to be at the worst, they mended. Master Frank turned over a new leaf, and promised to settle down steady. Poor young lad! He wasn't one-and-twenty then, but his birthday was coming on, and there was to be a fine fuss when he came of age—addresses and speeches, and a dinner to the tenants, and a ball for the gentry in the evening."

"That was in the big drawing room," I interrupt, remembering the faded decorations.

"Ay—have you found your way in there?" says Mrs. Norris. "That's where his picture is; but it won't tell you how handsome my Master Frank looked, for that picture was done after his bad illness—a year before the time I'm talking of. But about the ball. It was to be a real grand affair, and there was a fortnight's notice given; but some time before, I noticed as the old master and his son weren't getting on as well as they had been doing lately; and one day Master Frank told me—for, you see, having been his nurse, he'd a way of talking to me—as how it was about a Miss Denison the master wanted him to marry. She was a very nice young lady, with a bit of money—as wouldn't have come in badly just then, for Master Frank's debts were heavy—and they had known each other from children; so I says, 'And why not?' And Master Frank only laughs and says, 'Oh, there's plenty of "why nots"!' "

"Well, a week before the ball, he and the master had a dreadful falling out, and Master Frank went off with himself, no one knew where. We heard afterwards as he had told the master he couldn't marry Miss Denison, being engaged to another young lady, which, it seems, had no grand family and no money, like the match his father would have him make. So the master was furious, and said he should give her up. He said he would not, and they had hard words; and Master Frank went off. But old Mr. Eyreton and all of us felt sure he'd think better of it and come back for his birthday, seeing it was his coming of age. So the preparations went on; and we did up the dancing-room with colored calicoes and green boughs—you wouldn't wish to see anything prettier; and day by day the poor master watched for his son. But he never came.

"On the morning of the birthday the dog-cart was sent to the station to meet the earliest train; and, if the young gentleman wasn't in that, the groom was to wait till he did come. But the hours passed, and the company arrived, and poor Mr. Eyreton had to go out and make excuses to the neighbors and tenants, and hear the speeches. Still Master Frank didn't come; and I could hear the people saying how odd it was; and the master got right down angered. However, we servants hoped as he would come in time for the ball and make things right; but he never came.

"Well, bit by bit the evening wore through and the dancing gave over. The company left, and, when all was gone, I went into the ball-room to shut it up, and see as all was safe and the lights out. I had it all done, and just my own candle in my hand, when it came to my mind as the shutters of the middle window weren't barred, and I turned back to go to it. Just then there was a noise as of some one outside it, and I says to myself, 'There's Mr. Frank!' I can't tell how I knew; but I did know. For one thing, he often came in that way, the window being low and opening to the ground. So I went forward just as he throw

back the shutter, and there he was! 'Oh, Master Frank, my boy!' I cried; and just then, hearing the noise, in comes the master!

"Well, I can't tell you the scene there was then. Master Frank told us how, fearing his father would find some way to stop his marriage, that very day, seeing he was one-and-twenty, and nothing could be said he had gone and married the young lady he'd spoken of. It seems he thought to slip in and bring her forward before all the company, thinking his father, for shame's sake, w. 'In't say a word. But there had been a heap of delays, and a train missed; and, when they did arrive, 'twas so late, the house was dark and the company gone. So then he thought, if he could get in unbeknown, he'd find me, and get me to make his peace. And there the young lady was standing behind him—a poor, pretty, timid young thing. Oh, but you looked like her the first night you came; and often now you mind me of her!

"Maybe, if Master Frank's plan had succeeded, and the poor young thing had once been introduced as his wife, the master might have made the best of it and cooled down, for shame's sake, before the company; but now he was furious. He would hear nothing, right or wrong; and, though I begged him on my knees to have them in, if only for that night, he swore that inside his house they should never set foot! Poor Master Frank. He had counted too far on his father's love. He turned white, and made an oath in his bitterness as he would never ask again for forgiveness, or seek his father's face. He just put his arm about his pale trembling young wife and turned away off into the darkness.

"I tried to follow, but the master wouldn't have it.

"Let them go!" says he. "I'll never see them more!"

"Poor man, he never did! He repented after, when, before the year was out, they was both dead; and he tried hard to trace their little child. I think her people kept the baby away for pride, for he could never find it."

"Did you never know more about her?" I ask. "Who was she?"

"A Miss Hartley, from Farmcroft in Yorkshire."

"Farmcroft!" I exclaim. "My people come from there; and Hartley was my aunt's maiden name. But it is so common in that part."

"Very like," says the old woman, regarding my face with attention; "still it would be strange now if you was a cousin of some sort. I never saw the poor young lady but that once; but you did mind me of her strangely as you stood at the door that first night you came."

Mrs. Norris does not leave me till I am in bed and have given her my promise to sleep like a good child.

I have every intention of keeping my word; but at first no artifices will win oblivion. I have had a headache all day. The night is hot. I am feverish and excited by the news I have received of Frank, an excitement which Mrs. Norris's tale has temporarily diverted, but not dispelled. On the contrary, my imagination has been roused; and, as, after weary tossing, drowsiness at last steals over me, the Frank of her story and my husband get mixed up together in feverish half-waking dreams.

The picture down stairs comes back to my mind. "Like Frank after some bad illness." It must be like him now then. His father was cruel to him—Mr. Eyreton that is—would he be good to Frank when he comes home? Will he come? It is a week since he was wounded. If he were alive he would write.

Then comes uneasy slumber, and with it come horrible dreams—Frank lying dead, and I kept away from my last sight of him by Mr. Eyreton; Frank alive, but wounded and in pain, trying to crawl to me, while some invisible barrier keeps us apart; Frank imprisoned by his uncle in the desolate room below—no, not Frank—the pale-faced image of my husband. The door is locked; Mr. Eyreton never enters it. Frank does not come to me!

I awake, terrified and bewildered. Dreams and reality are so entangled in my confused brain that I cannot separate them. Vainly I strive to reason away my vague fears. If Frank were in the room below, I must have seen him the last time I was down there. It was only that dreadful picture. Well, I will go and see.

Half ashamed of this foolish impulse, which nevertheless I am constrained in some strange fashion to obey, I rise and throw on some clothes. As I am about to leave the room, I remember the child. Some evil may happen to him while I am gone, suggests an excited brain. He may awake frightened, says struggling reason. Snatching up a thick shawl, I wrap it round him and take him in my arms. The little fellow wakes, and I hush his wondering cry. Satisfied that he is with me, he obeys my injunction to be silent, and nestles down in my arms.

The moonlight makes the corridor as light as day. Cautiously I pass along it and descend the wide low-stepped staircase. I have forgotten to bring a light, but it is not needed. We traverse the hall and pause before the door of the old drawing-room. The handle is stiff, and a slight difficulty in turning it rouses me from my state of semi-somnambulism.

For one moment the utter folly of my errand overwhelms me. What idiotic fancy has brought me prowling down to the hall in the small hours of the night, dragging my baby from his warm bed to wander along draughty passages?

But here I am; and, being here, I will enter the room, look round, and quiet once and for ever my excited fancy, then go sensibly back to bed. Turning the handle, I pass the threshold and stand just inside the open door.

Though knowing the room to be unobstructed by furniture, I hesitate to advance. An unreasoning dread of "the dark" is constitutional with some persons. I have been subject to it from a child; and, though the moon shines in through the door from the hall, her rays scarcely light the great empty room. There is a dim unbearable twilight. See that picture I must before I retrace my steps; therefore I stand irresolute, lamenting my stupidity in not bringing either lamp or candle.

I can distinguish the picture's position, for the moonbeams have marked out the tarnished frame with a line of light. Suddenly, as I gaze, the line widens, widens slowly till the whole frame stands out against the dark wall. Turning with an involuntary shudder of fear to discover the cause of this phenomenon, I see that the shutters of the window which I opened on my first visit to the room are slowly moving back.

"The wind—nothing more. Be brave!" I whisper to my beating heart.

The next moment they are noisily pushed farther apart; and there, in the open window, with only the low half door between us, stands the figure of the picture—the white face, with its strange dreadful likeness to my husband, the blue cloak thrown round one shoulder—all, all the same!

My heart stops beating, the darkness seems closing round me. My little Frank, whose innocent heart knows nothing of spiritual terrors, sees the likeness, and, stretching out his arms, calls—

"Papa—papa!"

I clutch him tightly to my breast, turn, try to fly, and sink down in a swoon.

When I come to myself, I am lying on the bed in my own room. The night-light burns steadily on the dressing-table; little Frank lies sleeping in his cot. Gradually the horrors through which I have passed recur to my mind. Were they indeed but a bad dream? Am I even yet awake? Asking myself this question, I try to rise in bed in order to look round the room and assure myself that all is real. To my surprise, I am unable to move; my strength has vanished.

"It is certainly a dream," say I mentally. "Such helpless feelings are common in dreams."

I fall asleep again almost immediately, and when next I open my eyes it is broad day. I lie quiet for some time, with not even the wish to move as the incidents of the preceding night pass before my mind.

At last I notice that the child is not in his cot, and over a chair, half hidden by the curtains of the bed, lies a blue cloak. It is no garment of fantasy, but solid blue cloth; and, as I stretch forward to examine it, I notice buttons, the device of which is not unfamiliar to me. Surely no ghost would adorn its raiment with the crest of my husband's regiment! As I stare in wonder at the well-known sign, a slight noise attracts my attention. Who is this rising from the fireside chair and stepping forwards towards me? The face is pale indeed, and one arm is resting in a sling; but, even as my senses fail, the face bent over me with such a look of tenderness, the loving well-remembered voice, tell all. No ghost, no spirit from another world, could have so real a presence. Oh, Frank, my Frank!

They all make a great fuss over me, and treat me as an invalid; but my strength is returning very fast, though they tell me there were two long days between the night that Frank found me swooning in the old drawing-room and the morning when I woke to recognise his old Lancer cloak lying by my bed. He and I have had much to tell each other. He was badly wounded, and lay ill in hospital for days and weeks, too ill to hear or know anything. When he began to recover, and reflected how long I had been without news, he was frightened at the thought of my anxiety, and longed to scrawl, if it were but one line; and he did make a left-handed attempt, but I suppose there was some mistake, for I never received it.

Then came the tidings that he was to be invalided home. He travelled day and night to join me. My letters having always been cheerful, he knew nothing of the peculiarities of my life at the Court, and came straight on the night he arrived in England, never heeding the lateness of the hour till he arrived at the Sloughbury station and found it impossible to procure a conveyance. He walked, lost his way, and reached the house quite tired out, to find all dark and no sign of life and wakefulness. Hoping to see a light in some servant's room, he went round to the other side of the house, climbed the low pleasure-ground wall and then saw that one of the windows of the old drawing-room was open and the shutter ajar. He determined to try whether he could not get in and spend the night in some arm-chair, or even on the floor, wrapped in his cloak.

As he pushed open the shutter he saw little Frank and me standing in the moonlight, and heard the baby-voice call to him. Ah, my baby's innocence, that feared neither ghost nor goblin, was quicker to greet him than all my anxious love! As I fell, Frank sprang in and tried to raise me with the arm he had free; and, as he was bending over me, the door creaked, and, looking up, he saw old Mr. Eyreton, who had been roused by my fall, and had come to discover the cause.

Frank was much mystified, and did not know how to end the scene. He could not lift me without help, and old Mr. Eyreton seemed quite incapable of rendering any. At last Mrs. Norris was alarmed by the noise

and hastened to the room. Once her astonishment was over, she proved a most efficient help, and I was carried to my bed.

The next day Frank and Mr. Eyreton had a long talk and explanation, which resulted in inquiries being set on foot about my relatives. This morning I was thought sufficiently strong to be made acquainted with their issue.

Wonderful! I can scarcely believe it! Is it possible that I—the little unknown girl whose obscure parentage has been the scorn of Frank's own people—is it possible that I am Mr. Eyreton's granddaughter, the child of his unhappy son?

Mrs. Norris has told me of the father's tardy repentance and unavailing efforts to trace the little orphan. It seems that Mr. Eyreton has suspected the truth since the day he met me in the hall below, and asked me about my relatives. Some scruple of feeling always stayed him from entering on the subject with me; but the conversation with Frank—who knows as much or as little of my people as I do myself—gave him the clue to the mystery and supplied the link that has always failed him in the chain of his researches.

My grandfather is quite changed. His love for me was born out of pity for my sorrows and loneliness even before he suspected my identity; now it knows no bounds. His old fancy for solitude and seclusion is gone; he is not happy save with me and my child. Frank says he was quite right about my "mission;" but I say it was the laddie's doing, not mine, for "grandfather" took to him first. More—Frank's own people are "coming round by degrees."

E. F.

[From the *St. Paul Globe*.]

The subject of human greatness was touched upon in a Sunday-School class, and the teacher aptly illustrated by reference to the President. Then she made the application. "Now, children, great as the President is, wise and all that, as much as he is loved and honored, there is one we should love and honor far above the President of this great country. Do you know who that is?" The teacher paused, solemnly and reverently, for an answer. And she got it. Not from one or two or three of the class. But in concert and instantaneously every little boy and girl shouted out, "Mrs. Cleveland."

A STAND-OFF.

[From the *Alton Telegraph*.]

Little Stuart had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" was his auntie's question. "Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell 'cut' and I told her."

CONFUSING DARKNESS.

[From the *Philadelphia North American*.]

Tot, aged four, asked her mother if she might have an apple, and obtained the privilege of going to the barrel in the storeroom and taking "just one." She came back with two large apples.

"Why, Tot!" exclaimed her mother, "didn't mamma say you must take only one?"

"Well, mamma," said little Innocence, "it was so berry dart in zere, how tood me see to tate jes' one?"

CLASH OF IMPORTANT MATTERS.

[From the *Providence Journal*.]

A Boston gentleman came home the other evening rather late for dinner. He had had a very fatiguing day in his business, and was by no means in the most serene of tempers, and his spirits were by no means raised when he discovered that a water pipe had burst, and that it was necessary for him to go out at once to procure a plumber. As he was putting on his overcoat in the hall he heard the voice of his six-year-old daughter calling to him over the railing from the hall two stories above.

"Papa," she cried, "I want to see you."

"I am going out," he cried back, "and I am in a great hurry."

"But, papa," she persisted, "mayn't I ask you one question?"

"Yes, if you'll be quick."

"May I ask you two questions?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry. I'll answer them when I come back; but you musn't ask more than two."

"Well, papa," pursued the shrill tones from above, "I want to know how they make condensed milk, and how Christ did his miracles?"

The despairing father gave a groan and rushed out of the house to find the plumber.

CAST UPON HIS CARE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF ESTCOURT," "VERE LORRAINE," "HALF A TRUTH," ETC.

"I bear a vow of sinful kind, a vow for mournful cause;
I vowed it deep, I vowed it strong, the spirits laughed applause;
The spirits trailed along the pluces low laughter like a breeze,
While, high atween their swinging tops, the stars appeared to freeze."

CHAPTER I.

ONE MORNING IN JANUARY.

"MURDER!"

"It looks like it. This way."

The policeman flashed the light of his bull's-eye up into the face and over the tall figure of his informant, a very handsome face, with clean-cut features and brilliant dark eyes—a slight, commanding figure, clothed in a richly-furred ulster, with collar up; a broad felt hat set low on the man's forehead; a gentleman—the policeman's ear had told him that by the voice—intonation—speech, before, in the snow and the darkness, he had seen more than a form, tall and erect, by his side.

How grim and dreary were time and place and season, for the words that fell a few seconds ago on the air—five a. m. of a January morning; a retired suburban road, the snow falling fast and thick—as it had been falling for hours. There was not a soul in sight, how should there be?—but these two—the policeman and the gentleman who had hailed him—not to ask him the way—as Robert imagined when he stopped, but to tell him there was the body of a man lying in one of the gardens in the next road.

"Is there a doctor hereabouts?" said the gentleman, as he turned back in the direction whence he had come, striding through the thick snow at a pace which put his companion on his mettle to keep up with him.

"There's a doctor at the top of Belinda Road, sir—Dr. Wescott."

"Which is Belinda Road?"

"Round the next corner, sir, to the left."

"That's where I found this poor fellow. I was on my way to the Queen's Hotel. I have been spending the evening with some friends, and passing one of these gardens," they were in Belinda Road now, "I caught sight of something dark lying on the path—" He paused, and shuddered, and went on, leaving the other sentence unfinished. "The man was quite dead—I could discover so much; but I'll fetch the doctor. Here we are."

The gate of the garden stood a little open; it was a small forecourt, such as is common to suburban villas, with a low stone wall, behind which grew laurels, now white with snow. The house, like the rest in the row, was a two-storied dwelling; on the gate-pillars were painted the figures "23" which the policeman read by the light of his lantern.

"It's Mrs. Frost's sir," he said, "she lets lodgings."

Even he—professionally callous though he was—spoke low, seeing that terrible something lying in the pathway, which the snow was fast shrouding in its soft mantle of white.

The two living men passed through the gate, and stood beside the dead man. His hat had fallen as he fell, and lay a few feet from him, almost buried under the snow. He was lying on his back, with his head towards the gate, his face up turned to the wintry sky.

The policeman stooped, and with his handkerchief brushed the snow from the dead face, then turned the light of his lantern full on it. The gentleman bent down suddenly, stifling an exclamation, and had the lantern-light been on his face instead of on those ghastly features below, the policeman might have noticed the flash of surprised recognition in the dark eyes—the quick compression of the lips that followed that look.

The dead man's face was calm and peaceful, the eyes closed, but the perfect rigidity of every line told that he had been some time dead. The features were strongly marked, and comely, though not handsome; the hair, a little tinged with gray; he wore no hair on his face; the man might be between forty and fifty; on his shirt front was a dark stain of blood, that told its own grim tale.

"He's been dead a good while, sir," said the policeman, in a subdued tone, after that brief inspection.

The other made no answer. Perhaps the terrible sight—for death when murder looms behind it has a terror all its own—had shaken him—strong man though he was; or perhaps that recognition—real or fancied—had moved him. He made a step towards the house; then paused.

"Best to rouse the house," he said, "and I will help you to carry the man in. Then I can fetch the doctor; though there's nothing he can do."

"No, sir, I'm afraid not."

He followed the gentleman in silence to the door, and the next moment the three loud knocks that always send a thrill of fear or apprehension through the hearer, suddenly aroused by the ominous summons, rang through the frosty air.

The gentleman asked in a low tone:

"Do you know if he lived here?"

"I ain't sure, sir; but I fancy so. Anyone comin'?" He stooped to listen. "Lor, sir, how some people do sleep!"

Again he knocked, more loudly, a window in a house near was opened, but shut down almost immediately; the next moment the two men who stood on Mrs. Frost's doorstep heard a door shut somewhere within, then shuffling footsteps on the oil-cloth, next the street-door was opened—it was on the latch—and there appeared a figure, which, even amid the horror of the situation, struck the policeman's companion as intensely ludicrous.

Full fifty years of age, short, and rotund, was worthy Mrs. Frost. Her present apparel was a flannel petticoat, nastily thrown over her *robe de nuit*, a blue flannel dressing-gown, and slippers, into which her feet were thrust. Her "front-hair" was in curl-papers; and, to crown all, her plump-featured countenance expressed the liveliest alarm. The bedroom candle she carried shook in her hand.

"My goodness!" she began; "is the house on fire?"

The policeman took her up:

"No, ma'am. There's one of your lodgers been found by this gentleman lying yonder, in your front garden."

"What?"

The candle would have fallen, but the gentleman snatched it from the woman's hand, and seeing there was a gas-lamp in the passage, stepped past her and lighted it. She collapsed into a chair, panting and helpless.

"One of my lodgers, sir?" she gasped, looking up at the tall intruder. "Not dead—you don't mean?"

"I am afraid so," he said, gently.

"Mr. Mansfield's in," she said; "it must be Mr. Berningham, in the parlour."

The policeman had opened the parlour door and lighted the gas there, and then he and his companion went out into the garden, leaving Mrs. Frost gasping and wringing her hands.

While she was thus engaged, a door opened on the floor above, and a querulous female voice called out.

"What is the matter? What was that knocking?"

"Oh, ma'am!" cried Mrs. Frost, hysterically, "they're bringing it in! Oh! I can't see it—I can't!"

"Bringing what in?" repeated the voice, and there was a rustle of feminine apparel.

"H—him—!! the body!—poor Mr. Berningham. He must 'ave fell down in a fit, or disease of the 'eart!"

There was a dim vision of some one leaning over the banisters, as the gentleman and the policeman bore into the house the body of the murdered man, and laid it reverently on the sofa in the parlour.

CHAPTER II.

A SCRAP OF WRITING.

THE stranger had gone for the doctor, and the second door lodger, a young solicitor named Mansfield, had run for the inspector of police, and in the house reigned general consternation. Mrs. Frost, who remained on the stairs, was joined by her maidservant, Jessie, also *en deshabille*, and in semi-hysterics. Miss Murray, the old maid who lodged in the drawing-room, had indulged in a few little screams on the landing; but being gruffly admonished by the policeman from below that two screaming women were enough, retired to her apartment, and was heard no more.

And by and-by came doctor and inspector, almost together, with the discoverer of the murder and young Mansfield respectively.

"This is a terrible thing!" said the surgeon, as he shook the snow from his coat.

"It'll be the death of me," sobbed Mrs. Frost, from the stairs. "A nice quiet gentleman as ever was—who could bear him a grudge?—and it'll be the ruin of me, it will!"

To do the good woman justice, her thoughts were in the order of their utterance, but human nature is human nature, and ah! as she beheld her lodgers leaving, knew her house as marked with an indelible brand, and saw ruin in the near future.

The doctor made his examination, and his verdict was conclusive.

"The blow has been struck obliquely," he said, with a very sharp "knife. It must have caused instant death."

"The murderer came behind," said the soft, clear voice of the stranger, "and struck over the shoulder!"

The inspector glanced keenly at the speaker, and proceeded to take down all particulars.

"Yes, that was it! Well, there is nothing more I can do. Has this unfortunate man any relations or friends who can be sent for?"

Mr. Mansfield went out to Mrs. Frost—who had grown calmer—and questioned her on this point, but she declared she knew absolutely nothing about her lodger.

It seemed strange that a man, evidently a gentleman, should be so friendless.

The apartment was searched by one policeman, while the other

went to search the garden for any possible weapon, the doctor having departed, but young Mansfield and the stranger remained.

Nothing of the slightest importance was found, unless importance could attach to a scrap of note-paper on which were a dozen lines of small cramped writing, part of a passage from one of George Eliot's novels; this was found in the dead man's pocket, but there was nothing to show whether it was his writing or some one else's.

"May I look at it?" the stranger asked, quietly.

The inspector gave it into his hand, watching the handsome face, but could not make anything out of it.

The stranger looked at the writing keenly and steadily for a few minutes, then returned it to the policeman.

"That is graven on my mind now," he said. "If ever I should meet with that writing again I should know it."

"Even after years had passed?" asked Mansfield.

"Even after years had passed. You keep that, of course?" to the inspector.

"Yes, sir; it goes to Scotland Yard."

The search in the garden proved fruitless; the constable returned, having found nothing.

They all went out of the parlour, the inspector locking the door and taking out the key, he also locked up the back parlour, which Mr. Berningham had used as a bed-room.

The stranger drew out a card, and handed it to the inspector.

"That is my name and address," he said.

"Thank you, sir!"

He read the card aloud:

"Eugène Albert Eriksen, Adelphi Terrace."

The name conveyed no news to him, but Mansfield turned to its owner.

"Mr. Eriksen, the dramatist?" he said, involuntarily.

"This distinguished-looking person was some one famous and important, after all," said Robert, inwardly; he had not been mistaken when he thought so.

"Yes," Eriksen said, and held out a slender white hand. "Good morning, Mr. Mansfield—good morning, policeman."

"Good morning, sir."

"The tall figure went out into the snow and the darkness, and the dead man was left alone in his awful sleep."

CHAPTER III.

THE INQUEST.

BEFORE ten o'clock that morning Norwood was all excitement, and crowds gathered outside No. 23 Belinda Road, where, of course, there was nothing to see, save lowered blinds, until the undertaker's men were seen approaching with a shell, with which they entered the house; and after that sensation the crowd watched in vain for another, and were at length dispersed by the police, for they became noisy and troublesome, as is the manner of such idlers.

The evening papers came out with "Mysterious Affair at Norwood," "Suspected Murder," "Terrible Murder," and so on, to which startling headlines were appended accounts more or less correct.

But there seemed no hope of any elucidation of the mystery until the inquest, though the police were hard at work during the intervening days making inquiries.

In certain circles in London an interest not due to the actual circumstances of the crime attached to it from the collateral connection with it of a man famous and a favourite, and so it came to pass that when the inquest was opened a number of literary and theatrical celebrities might have been seen among the crowd which thronged the large room.

Whatever the interest was that Eugène Eriksen felt in this case, he kept his own counsel—perhaps he best knew why—but not even to intimate friends did he speak of the fact that when he beheld the dead face of James Berningham he did not look upon it for the first time.

The newspapers had spread from Land's End to John O'Groat's the news of the murder, but no letter or telegram had been received from any friend or relation of the dead man, nor had anyone appeared to claim or identify him.

Never was wayside tramp more friendless than this apparently well-bred and certainly competent gentleman—for his clothes were all of fine quality, and there was gold in his pocket; his watch also—a foreign watch—was an expensive one. Yet, if he had no friends he must have had at least one enemy—unless—as was possible—he had been murdered in mistake for someone else.

Eugène Eriksen was the first witness called. He had been spending the evening of the —th with some friends at Norwood, and was on his way to the Queen's Hotel between four and five A.M., when passing along Belinda Road he noticed something that looked like a human form lying in one of the gardens. He went in and saw the deceased lying on his back quite dead, and partially covered with snow. He cleared some of the snow from the man's breast to feel his heart, and then saw a blood-stain on the shirt-front close above the heart. He

did not move the body, but finding no signs of life went at once for a policeman. In answer to the coroner:

He knew nothing about the deceased; did not know much of Norwood; the policeman told him the name of the road.

William Jukes, constable, followed; deposing to the last witness having called him, and to the fact which followed. Then came Dr. Westcott. When he arrived at 23 Belinda Road, the deceased was lying on a sofa in the parlour. It was then about half past five. Deceased was quite dead—must have been dead for at least three hours. The wound (scientifically described) seemed to have been struck from behind, over the right shoulder; the weapon, a sharp knife, had struck downwards, diagonally; it was hardly possible such a blow could have been given any other way than over the shoulder.

The deceased could not have stabbed himself in the manner described. He was about five feet eight inches in height; the assassin must have been tall or of full medium height to reach over as he must have done. The deceased would have staggered forwards and fallen backwards, death being almost instantaneous. The blow must have been given by a strong hand.

John Lescombe, inspector of police, saw deceased at 5.30 A.M., of the —th, and took notes of all he saw; also of the information furnished by Constable Jukes as to the position of the body, etc. Upon deceased were found a Russian leather purse, containing some gold and silver, but nothing else; a latchkey, a foreign gold watch, and a piece of letter paper containing an extract from a book of George Eliot's. The apartments were thoroughly searched, but nothing else was found, save wearing apparel, which was all of good quality; but the underlinen was not marked; the clothes appeared to be of foreign make. Deceased wore no rings. Witness and the constable had twice searched the garden and had found no weapon; they had also searched the two adjoining gardens with a like result.

Said the coroner: "Is there any place where a murderer might have concealed himself so as to spring on the deceased from behind?"

"Yes, sir, easily. The gate is between two thick buttresses, about five feet odd high, and between Nos. 23 and 25, on the right, there is a party wall, not a railing, nearly as high as the buttress; the right buttress and the wall form, on the right side of the gate of 23, an angle, where a man could crouch, and in the dark and the snow he'd not be seen. The constantly-falling snow would obliterate all foot-marks."

The next witness caused some sensation. This was Thomas Ray, jeweller, of Southampton Row, Holborn. He had come forward from seeing the account of the murder in the papers. He would not positively swear to the deceased, but he was strongly impressed with the opinion that it was the same gentleman who came to his shop on two different occasions, and gave the name of James Berningham. He called first on the 6th of December, bringing a gentleman's little-finger ring to be repaired. It was a gold chased ring, set with small rubies and diamonds, of somewhat antique make, but with no crest or initials upon it—it would be worth about twenty pounds. The jewels were not of great value. One of the rubies was missing, and this Mr. Berningham wished to have renewed. He gave no address, but said he would call for the ring on the following evening, the 7th. This he did, and it was given to him. Witness would know the ring again certainly.

The foreman of the jury: "But you must have many ruby and diamond rings in your hands, Mr. Ray. Was there anything peculiar about this one?"

"Not to most people, sir, maybe; but it was old-fashioned for one thing, and I noticed the setting particularly; not the appearance of it but the manner of it; it's a technical matter. I don't know if I could make it clear to anyone not in the trade."

Here one of the jury, who was a jeweller, interposed, and said he perfectly understood what the witness meant, and the matter was allowed to pass.

Maria Frost, landlady of 23 Belinda Road. Mrs. Frost was attired in a black shawl and bonnet, out of respect to her late lodger, and the solemnity of the occasion. Denuded of the remarks, conjectures and other by-paths into which witnesses of her class invariably stray, and for which the worthy landlady had frequently to be called to order—the following was Mrs. Frost's evidence:

Mr. Berningham had taken her two parlors on the 25th of November last year. He called in the morning and came in the evening. He had no trunks with him—only a large portmanteau, which he carried himself. He came in a hansom. He took the rooms from week to week, and always paid regularly. She did not know what his profession was, or if he had any. Sometimes he went out early and returned the same night, sometimes he was away for days at a time. The door was always on the latch. The gas in the passage was turned out at eleven o'clock, but deceased could light his own gas in the parlour. Now and then he dined at home, but not often. Witness slept at the top of the house at the back. She seldom heard deceased come home; he was very quiet in his movements. He never spoke of himself; no one ever came to

see him, so far as witness knew, and he received no letters. He was always very polite, but reserved. Witness never saw the least sign of intoxication about him, nor any sign of mental aberration—certainly not.

She cannot say that the writing found was that of the deceased. She had never seen him write. The other lodgers in the house were: Miss Murray, in the drawing room; and Mr. Mansfield, in the second floor, Miss Murray came a fortnight ago. Miss Murray was old—well, between sixty and seventy, and had not been out since her arrival, the weather being so cold.

Here the coroner asked if Miss Murray was in court; but Inspector Lescombe said that having questioned her, he did not think her evidence would amount to anything. She did not seem to have known anything more of the deceased than the mere fact of his lodging below her. She slept at the back.

Mrs. Frost (continuing) Mr. Berningham had left the house about ten o'clock in the morning of the day preceding the murder. She had no intimation of what happened until the policeman knocked at the door,

The evidence of Jessie Finch, the servant, was simply corroborative. It threw not one ray of light on the mystery.

Maurice Mansfield, solicitor, junior partner in the firm of Walton, Euerly, and Mansfield, of Bedford Row, deposed to the circumstance of the morning of the —th, so far as he knew them.

He had lodged with Mrs. Frost since May last. Knew nothing about deceased—did not even know when he came, he (witness) left the house early, and returned late. He saw the deceased once or twice, but never to speak to him—only noticed him in a passing way. On the night before the murder he went to bed about half-past eleven; he was roused by hearing footsteps and voices below, and, after listening a moment, he dressed and went down.

Inspector Lescombe, recalled, said that diligent inquiries had been made in the neighborhood, without eliciting any more information in regard to the deceased and his movements.

The coroner observed that, this being the case, it seemed useless to adjourn the inquest, which had already been put off as late as possible to enable the police to collect evidence. He would therefore proceed to sum up:

"This is a most mysterious affair," he remarked, in the course of the summing up. "Here is a respectable, quiet-living, middle-aged man foully murdered within a few yards of his own doorstep, and there is not a tittle of evidence to show who the murderer is, or what was his motive for the crime unless we accept the theory that robbery was the motive and that the thief was interrupted by hearing someone approach, and ran away without effecting his purpose. But this is only a theory. There is nothing to show that even an attempt at robbery was made."

"The fact that the deceased appeared to occupy a good position in life, and that yet all the usual evidences of identity are absent, and no friends or relatives have come forward seem to point to a suggestion that he was for some unknown purpose, living in concealment; but, on the other hand, remembering that his watch and clothes were of foreign make, he might only be an Englishman who had lived much abroad, and had entirely lost sight of all his friends. The ring which he had given to be mended was not found; but it might have been lost, or given away. At any rate the police will not relax their efforts to unearth this terrible crime, and he (the coroner) thought it was a case in which the Government might well offer a reward."

There was but one verdict possible and that verdict the jury gave, "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

So the inquiry closed, leaving the mystery where it found it; and in all probability the tragedy which startled quiet, respectable Norwood, that January day, would sink, in a very short time, into the limbo of forgetfulness, and live only in police records and the files of the current newspapers.

Forgotten! Yes, by the world at large; but one man did not forget—one man kept green in his memory all that had been said or done as he had kept the face of James Berningham living, to meet it one more—in death!

It was no man's business to bury the murdered man, and so he was buried by the parish, in a nameless grave, and the money found upon him paid for his funeral. The watch and the scrap of writing went to Scotland Yard.

But what was poor Mrs. Frost to do? Her house had earned a terrible fame! Who would stop in it? Who would come to it?

Miss Murray paid her week in lieu of notice and departed, bag and baggage, the day after the inquest. Jessie gave warning, and preferred to sacrifice her month's wages rather than remain one single day more in that "ere place."

Even Maurice Mansfield hardly cared about it; but if Mrs. Frost would take a house elsewhere he would go with her. So the landlord finding that if he held his tenant to her agreement he would get no rent at all, let her off with a half quarter's rent, and she took a house in Birch street, Brixton, where Mr. Mansfield had the drawing-room floor or instead of the second-floor.

The police have the matter in hand," said the young solicitor, as he

shook hands with the famous dramatist outside the inquest room, "and there it will end."

Eugène Ericson shrugged his shoulders in reply; but to himself he said:

"Will it?"

CHAPTER IV.

CECIL RENA.

In the foreground the muddy, turbid Scheldt, the wharf, the crowd led shipping; in the background the picturesque roofs, and the glorious spire of Antwerp Cathedral.

The Steam Navigation Company's London boat was just about to swing off from the quay—another half-minute and the gangway would be up—when a young man, tall, slight, strikingly handsome and well-dressed, came along at an easy stride, and without the least appearance of hurrying himself, crossed the gangway, and went on board.

The word was given the gangway swung aside, the last rope was flung to the man on the wharf, and the "Cygnet" steamed slowly out into the sluggish waters.

It was spring-time—a lovely April day—and there were not a great many passengers on board. The young man went aft, and seating himself on a huge coil of rope—few seats are more comfortable, by the way—took out a letter, which had evidently been opened before, and read it over again. It was dated from "16, Mervyn Street, Brompton, London," ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. ERICSEN,

"I am delighted with your comedy, and should like to see you about it, if you will give me a call when you return to London.

"Yours truly,

"WALTER MAITLAND."

Pleasant reading this, for a young dramatist only just turned twenty-one: for Walter Maitland had a few months ago taken the management of the Corinthian Theatre, a leading West-end house. He was known to be a thorough man of business, and one, also, who usually did more than he said; in any case, the approbation of so experienced and able a man meant much.

"I wonder what will come of it?" said Ericson to himself, pulling his silky moustache, thoughtfully. "If he would take the piece for the country, it's more than I expected; not likely he would mount it at the Corinthian. But, then, it's hardly the kind of thing for the country. However, whether it leads to nothing, or to something, I am bound to return in response to this letter."

From which soliloquy it will be seen that Mr. Eugène Ericson possessed an almost cynical philosophy for twenty-one.

Most men, years older, would have at once sprung to the most ambitious conclusions, and seen, in prospects, the new comely crowded houses at the Corinthian.

He was roused from a further reverie into which he drifted, his face turned towards the quaint old city fast disappearing behind the bend in the river, by a light touch on his knee, like the touch of a child's hand, and, starting, looked round quickly.

A little child stood there, looking up at him with wide-open smiling eyes.

In all his after life Eugène Ericson's mind retained in its primeval vividness the memory of this vision, for vision it was—the loveliest fairy an artist could picture—a soft, brickdust skin, superb violet eyes, set wide apart, under straight brows, and shadowed by long upward-curling black lashes, delicate nose, beautifully cut; and perfectly moulded lips, and the hatless head crowned with curling masses of chestnut hair.

The child who seemed about three years old, though she was tall for that, was daintily dressed, in foreign fashion; but in rags she would have looked a young aristocrat. She was not fat or "lumpy," as such young things usually are, but slenderly made, and the more lovely than that ethereal look which, to a mother's eye, may mean lack of robust health.

For a moment the child's beauty took the young man's breath, the next he bent down to her, putting his own hand on the tiny hand that still rested fearlessly on his knee.

"Well, Fairy," he said, in his soft, rich voice, "what can I do for you? Have you come to make friends with me?"

The fairy shook her curly head, and began, in the sweetest of childish trebles, a long sentence, in broken Italian, from which Ericson made out that he was handsome, and she thought she would like him, and so she had come.

Italian, however, was as familiar to him as English—it was only the little one's broken, baby language that puzzled him, as he replied at once.

"Come, then, and let us have a talk together."

Fairy laughed, and clapped her hands gleefully, as the young man lifted her on his knee, and she nestled within his arm with the coaxing manner which is fascinating even in a plain child.

Ericson, who knew no more what to do with a baby than any other

young man, was quite at home with a child of this age. It was no new experience to him to have children run up to him and make friends with the delightful frankness of innocence; but he had never yet encountered so bewitching a specimen of young humanity as this.

"And what is your name, Fairy?" he said, caressing the silky curls.

"Cecil Rena," replied she, promptly. "Mamma says Cecil, but Rosetta says 'Chechil.'"

"Is mamma with you?"

"No; only papa. Were are you going?"

It is not to be supposed that Miss Cecil spoke as distinctly as the above; but as her language was broken Italian, that is hardly adequately rendered by broken English.

"I am going home—to London."

"You live in London?"

"Yes, I live in London."

"I shall come and see you," said the tiny lady, confidently.

"I hope you will; we must ask papa, mustn't we?" said Ericson, kissing the rosy lips.

To his surprise a half-frighted look came into the large eyes; the child nestled closer to him.

"What is it, Fairy?" he said, tenderly.

"Papa doesn't want me!" said the child her sensitive lips quivering.

"Could mortal man help loving such a creature as this?" thought Ericson, in wonder.

But the instincts of children—especially a child of Cecil's temperament—are too keen to be deceived. They know, unerringly, if they are not loved.

"Oh! but papa loves his little one," said the young man, brightly. But Cecil shook her head.

"No, no; mamma does, not papa. Oh! how pretty!"

Her fancy was caught by a diamond-ring Ericson wore. She turned the ring round and round, and examined it with intense interest then his watch, of course must come out, and be examined in its turn, with many exclamations and sighs of delight, and questions about this and that; and finally the signorina's own pretty fingers must restore the watch to its pocket, and then the child laid her curly head on the young man's breast, and laughed softly, in that supreme happiness of childhood which has in it so much of pathos, for we know how short-lived it is.

"Carissima!" said he, tenderly, looking down on the exquisite little face, and involuntarily he folded the fragile form closer to him, and kissed the rosy sinless lips, with a pang of passionate longing to possess a winsome creature like this, whom he could love and cherish.

For he had a nature brimming over with capacity to love—in absolute need for love, that had never been satisfied.

An only son, his parents had died almost before he could remember them, and his early childhood had been passed with relations who misunderstood him, and had their own preformed interests. So he had speedily struck out his own path, being haughty, independent, and gifted far above his fellows.

He made friends, but perhaps they loved him better than he loved them; he was a man formed to win loved; but, impressionable and imaginative though he was, he was not quick to give it. He had not even yet fancied himself in love!

Presently missey intimated to her handsome young cavalier that she wanted to look over into the river; so Ericson carried her to the side and seated her on the bulwark, keeping his arm firmly round her—a necessary precaution, for she was an exceedingly vivacious dainsel, and by no means disposed to sit still.

Suddenly the look of fear he had seen once before flashed into the child's eyes, and she clung tightly to her companion.

Instinctively he looked round, and saw a gentleman, a fair, good-looking man, apparently about thirty-five, between whom and the little one there was not a particle of resemblance. Ericson, whose perceptions were exceedingly keen, was not favourably impressed by the countenance of the stranger, who approaching, said, with a kind of apologetic smile:

"My little one has quite made herself at home with you, sir. I hope you don't allow her to bother you."

"No fear of that," returned Ericson. "I am very fond of children, and your wee daughter is the loveliest child I ever saw."

"Yes, she is a beauty; everybody notices her," returned the gentleman; but there was a shade of annoyance in his tone, instead of the fatherly pride that might have been expected. He frowned, glancing at the child, who had hidden her face against her new friend; and then he looked searchingly into the striking face of her new protector, and smiled.

"I am not surprised children take to you," he said. "Well, you must not let Cecil trouble you." He raised his hat slightly, and turned away, and Ericson caught a fleeting expression which gave him no special impression at the time, but which he recalled very distinctly a few hours later.

"He must be a heartless wretch!" thought the young man, "to make a child that anyone else would worship tremble like this. So!

my darling,—look up and give me a kiss, my little Fairy—you are not afraid of papa, are you?"

"Si—Si—don't let him take Cecil!"

Ericson soothed and caressed her, but of course he could not undertake to grant her prayer. He wondered what kind of woman the mother could be who resigned her child to a father who was unkind to it; but perhaps the mother had no choice.

Everybody on board noticed Cecil, but she never left her cavalier's side for more than half a minute, and then she kept watch on him lest he should move away, or made him promise that he would stay till she came back; nothing tempted her to go out of his sight. One pleasant-faced lady asked her to come and speak to her own little girl. Cecil hesitated, and seemed in no mood to accept the invitation.

"Go with the lady, Cecil," said Ericson, laughing up in the lady's face.

The child slipped obediently off his knee, but held up her finger warningly.

"You stay here," she said, with her head on one side.

"Yes; I will stay here!"

So Cecil allowed the lady to lead her away; but when her conductor was about to take her below, the child cried out, and tried to snatch away her hand.

"No, no!" she said, looking back to where she had left Ericson.

"No, no!" she said, looking back to where she had left Ericson.

"But, my dear," said the lady, "I'm not going to hurt you. My little girl is downstairs."

But Cecil seemed to suspect a conspiracy to separate her from her friend, and she scarcely understood the explanation.

"No, no!" she repeated, passionately, and snatching away her hand, she ran back with all her might to Ericson; and when he caught her up in his arms, she clung about his neck, crying excitedly but not noisily.

He kissed and fondled her, and when he had soothed her into calmness again, explained that the lady would not have taken her away, and there was nothing to fear; but his heart ached while he spoke, for he thought—what would it be when the father came for her, and she must be given up to him?

"I wish I could keep you," he whispered to himself in English. "You have taken my heart by storm, you winsome baby. How I would love you, and make your life all sunshine!"

But that was impossible; in a few hours he must give up his Fairy to a man who seemed to regard her as a nuisance and a burden. A wild idea, too, for a young man of one-and twenty to take upon himself the responsibility of a young child. As to scandal, it was characteristic of Eugene Ericson that he did not take this into consideration.

At ten, Ericson sat next the lady from whom Cecil had fled so rapidly, and apologized for the child's conduct.

"She thought you were going to take her away," he said, "and she hardly understands English, so nothing you could say would reassure her."

"Oh, I saw how it was," the lady answered, smiling. "You have made a complete conquest. I don't know what the poor child will say when her father takes her."

Ericson bit his lip under his moustache and glanced down at Cecil, who of course sat by his side, and then across at her father, who was at the other side of the table, talking to a man next him. He did not concern himself at all about his little one.

After tea a few of the passengers went upon deck again, among them Ericson and his young charge; and by-and-by when it was beginning to grow dark, he asked the child if she was not tired.

"Cecil doesn't want to go to bed," she said, looking frightened.

Heaven knew he did not want to put the little creature away from him.

He smiled.

"You shall go to sleep here, in my arms, he said, "but I must get something warm to put round you."

He carried her down to the lady's cabin, and there easily borrowed a warm shawl, in which to wrap his charge; then he stepped across to the steward's room, and asked the name of Cecil's father.

"Longmore, sir," was the answer, "but it seem more like as if the young lady belonged to you than to him, sir."

Ericson laughed, and went on deck again. He chose a secluded corner, and there sat down—he himself had donned an ulster, for spring nights at sea are cool—and wrapping the shawl well round Cecil, bade her go to sleep.

"You go to sleep too?" she said, wistfully.

"I am not tired; I am grown up, you know. Give me a kiss for good night, and shut your blue eyes, *cariissima*."

He bent his head to hers, and the child kissed him several times, and whispered; "*Buona notte, carissimo*," and he kissed her fondly, and said nothing, for his heart was very full just now, and so the violet eyes closed, and the child slept.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU MUST COME WITH ME!"

FIVE A. M.; a dull, misty dawn, when the "Cygnet" hove to alongside St. Katharine's Wharf, and in about ten minutes the custom-house officers came aboard; but Ericson was an experienced traveller and did not hurry himself. He was not going to wake Cecil before it was necessary, and he wanted to keep her with him as long as he could. Now that the actual hour of parting was come, it cost him more than he could have thought possible to give the child up. He dreaded every moment to hear her father's step, her father's voice; he could not think calmly of the child's piteous wail, her pretty hands stretched out to him in vain. He strained the little sleeper closer to his breast, and bent over the peaceful little face, and often his lip pressed the white brow; but there was no help for it; he must give her up when the time came.

But he must wake her now; the baggage was being examined; he must restore the shawl to the lady who had lent it, and find Mr. Longmore. So he gently woke Cecil. She sat up and rubbed her eyes, and then looked up at him, inquiringly.

"We are in London, Cecil," he said, gently, "and papa will want his little one."

She seemed bewildered for an instant, and then burst into passionate weeping, clinging to him, and beseeching him not to let papa take her, and he had to soothe her as best he could, his own heart sorely aching, promising her that he would ask papa to let her come and see him. That, at any rate, was some comfort; but when he rose up to carry her down below, the poor child nearly burst out afresh, and pressed her wet cheek to his as if in a last appeal; the infinite pathos of the act almost broke down the young man's self-command; he could not speak, but went quickly down the companion-way, restored the shawl to its owner, and asked the stewardess if Mr. Longmore had been inquiring for the child.

"No, sir," she said, "no one has asked for her, and there's nothing here of hers, but this," bringing forth a pretty velvet cap. "Shall I put it on her, sir?"

"Please."

He put Cecil to the ground, and the cap was set on her chestnut curls.

"He's a queer fellow, anyhow," remarked Ericson. "I suppose he is outside. Have any passengers gone ashore yet?"

"Five or six, I believe, sir; we hadn't many aboard, you see."

Ericson went for his own valise, and came out on the lower deck. There were only three passengers there; two ladies and a very young man. Ericson's valise was not opened; he left it in safe custody, and began to make inquiries for Mr. Longmore. The steward "fancied he had gone ashore, thought he saw him—more than half an hour ago;" the mate and the captain had not noticed anyone in particular, the boat was searched, but there was no trace of Mr. Longmore; all the passengers had left; Eugène Ericson was the last; he entered the saloon and saw the under-steward there.

"Mr. Longmore?" he said, "was that the gentleman as come aboard with this little lady?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm almost as sure, sir, as I can be of anything, that he was among the first to go ashore. I noticed little missy when he came aboard with her, as she's such a beauty; and when I see him going ashore I says to a porter as was near, 'That gentleman had a little girl with him, I s'pose that good-looking chap I see her with 'll bring her along,' those were my very words, sir. I thought you might know him, you see."

"Thanks, very much."

Ericson looked down at the little form beside him; involuntarily his hand closed more tightly over hers, a curious feeling was creeping into his heart—was it exultation?—a sense of possession?—and yet he was strangely perplexed too. Was it possible that this man Longmore—a gentleman he certainly was—could have deliberately abandoned his child?

"It's odd, sir," said the under-steward. "Couldn't be a mistake, neither."

"No," Ericson said, "it couldn't be a mistake."

He turned away and sat down, lifting the child to his knee; the under-steward went out, wondering very much what the "young swell" meant to do with the child.

Whatever the future might bring, there was only one course clear to Ericson now; he must take the little one home with him. But what if she were never claimed? What if she were left on his hands?

Perhaps for a minute he did hesitate; a man must be thoughtless indeed who does not feel a sense of responsibility in being answerable for the moral well-being of a human creature; and was he, Eugène Ericson, fit to be the protector of this young child?

But there was no time for such thoughts now, and they were useless. The thing was that Cecil was in his care now, abandoned deliberately by her father—he recalled now with a strange thrill Longmore's look at him—and he could not leave her—had no wish to do

it. Not his heart throbbed with a bounding sense of a wholly new happiness, as he clasped the little creature to his breast and looked down into the glorious eyes that met his with a trusting smile.

"My darling!" he said, his soft voice trembling, "my precious pet! you must come with me. Will you come, Cecil?"

Would she come? She threw her arms round his neck, her young face one sunbeam.

"Papa gone?" she said, in delight, yet half fearful, too, that he might, after all, spring from some dark corner and lay hold of her.

"Yes, my pet, he is gone. You must come home with me now."

"Oh, yes, yes!—come—quick!—quick!" said the child, eagerly, and glancing round.

She was in a fever to be off; she would not feel safe until she was well beyond the possibility of papa returning for her.

Eriksen smiled at her childlike terror. Poor little mite! There was not much danger of a man who had intentionally left her to the chance of a stranger's kindness returning to claim her. The young man kissed the child, and rose.

"I wonder," he said to himself, as he went towards the gangway, "what Mrs. Bramwell will say to this last and greatest escapade of mine. She will say it beats record; but what else, in Heaven's name! could I have done?"

He took the child up, carrying her on his right arm, and his valise in his left hand, and so he went off the boat, across the wharf, and out into the narrow street.

"That swell chap's taken charge of the kid," said the steward to the stewardess; seems her father's left her—a rum go ain't it? He was a gentleman, and the kid a lady born, if ever there was one."

The few cabs there had been about were all gone, so Eriksen walked on, across Trinity Square, and up the Minorities; he would be able to get a cab in Leadenhall Street, if not before.

Cecil did not seem tired at all now, but very wide awake, but she did not talk much; she seemed too happy as yet, with an amazed kind of happiness, to give audible expression to her feeling, but often as her tall protector strode onwards, she pressed her rosy lips to his cheek, and caressed his face or hair with her little hand.

It was strange, Eriksen thought, that though the child had said "Mamma loved her," she had not once afterwards alluded to her mother, or in any way fretted after her. He would try and get at the root of this.

"*Carissima*," he said, presently, "don't you want to go home to mamma?"

"I love you," said Cecil, rather irrelevantly, it might seem, dropping her curly head on his shoulder.

"But don't you love mamma, too, Cecil?"

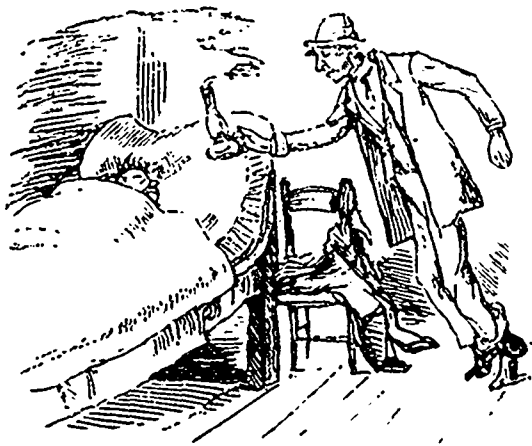
"You said I go with you," said the child, nervously.

"And you shall come with me, my pet."

It was pitiable to find that a creature so lovable seemed not much loved by those who should have been her world, and yet, in one sense, it gave Eriksen a thrill of pleasure to hear this, the child would be more entirely his own; but stay! was he not in duty bound to try and discover this mother, or was she not a consenting party to the child's abandonment? Most likely the latter. He could relegate such reflections, to a more convenient season.

Here was Leadenhall Street, and a hansom cab on its way to the stable; but the driver was willing to turn back towards the Strand for the promise of an extra fare, so in another minute Eugène Eriksen was sitting in the cab, with his new-found treasure in his arms, and little dreaming of the terrible drama in which he, through Fairy Cecil, was to play a leading part.

[To be continued.]



IN A NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

If this ish my room, and dat ish my bed and dat ish me in my bed. Who the D—ish carrying round dish lamp dat's what I want'er know.

REVISION.

[From the *Oil City Derrick*.]

Mr. Robert Johnson, who lives on the Fisher farm, has a little boy Dave, who is just old enough to be taught to say his prayers. The other evening his mother was teaching him the Lord's Prayer, and got along very well until they reached the line "Give us this day our daily bread."

The mother repeated it twice, but the child made no attempt to follow her.

"Why don't you say it?" urged the mother.

"Cause I don't want bread," said the boy; "I want pie."

THE CLASS IN SCRIPTURES.

[From *Chamber's Journal*.]

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-School class: "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels." "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," was the quiet response. "What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday-School class. There were silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with: "The baby, please, ma'am."

Boy—Oh, ma, does that passenger train carry Anarchists? Ma—Why, no, of course not. Boy—But it's got a red flag on behind. Ma—That is simply a danger signal. Boy—Oh! I s'pose the cars have stoves in 'em.—*Omaha World*.

THE BAFFLING BABY.

This simple but amusing trick never fails to be effective. Procure a fine silk thread, and during the temporary absence of the nurse tie it tightly around baby's leg in one of the creases caused by the fat; then cut the ends close to the knot and it will be invisible. After a few minutes you will notice various emotions stealing into the household, and the excitement may last all night.

KEEPING BABY QUIET.

[From the *Savannah News*.]

A lady in Pensacola, temporarily deprived of the service of a nurse, has adopted a novel mode of keeping baby out of mischief and in content at the same time. Placing all of his playthings in a large wash-tub, she puts the little fellow in with them, and there he plays, unable to get out, and perfectly happy until he gets sleepy or hungry. The father calls the boy Diogenes.

"There is a little four-year-old niece of mine who was almost a babe in arms when we were living side by side on Swampscott Highlands. She had been prepared for bed one night, and was asked to say her prayers, when she replied—

"I shan't say them any more; God knows them well enough by this time!"

"And afterwards, when her mother was about to turn off the gas and leave the room, the child said—

"I don't want to be left alone in the dark."

"You won't be alone, dear; God will be with you," said her mother.

"Well, I don't care for him; I'd rather have one of my own family?"

AN ORIGINAL THEORY.

[From a *World Correspondent*.]

A little four-year-old boy was standing at the window watching the rain, which much to his disgust, kept him in the house. Turning to his mother, with puckered brows, he said: "I guess God took a drink and forgot to turn the water off"

JOHNNY SPOKE BOSTONESE.

[From the *Chicago Tribune*.]

Little Johnny (Boston boy who has been permitted to see his new baby brother)—Are we going to keep it, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Johnny: won't you be glad?

Johnny (wiping his spectacles dubiously)—I fear, mamma, I cannot welcome it with the affection of a brother so long as it has that absurdly florid complexion. I have heard almon-d-m-a-l recommended. Have we none about the premises?

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BUTTERCUPS.

Let me see if 'oo loves butter;
 'Es 'oo certilly do;
 There's some yellow on 'oo chin,
 And 'oo loves butter too.

Thus a pretty dimpled maiden,
 Playing with the girls;
 Cheeks abloom with sweet wild roses,
 Framed in sunny curls.

How the little drama touched me,
 Took me past the years,
 Set my listless heart a throbbing,
 Filled my eyes with tears.

Plain I saw the ancient schoolhouse
 And the pasture wide;
 And I saw my little sister
 Pressing to my side.

Heard her say: "Does 'oo love butter?"
 Ah, fair baby hand,
 Long you've held the fadeless lillies
 Of the better land.

Winsome little yellow blossoms
 Darling group of girls!
 Flowers are faded, hearts are aged,
 Gray are golden curls.

Happy is the little sister
 Whom God called away.
 She can never know the longing
 That I feel to-day.

MEDICAL ADVICE FROM NYE.

(From the Sunday World.)

A CAUSTIC CRITICISM OF VALENTINE'S BOOK OF "DON'TS."

Bill suggests a few "Don'ts" which are based on Human Experience—Why poor people are generally ill—The dinner spiced with jokes—A magnificent opening for the Humorist.



R. Ferd. C. Valentine has just published a small, olive-green volume entitled "600 Medical Don'ts." It is couched in perfectly plain language, so that it may be readily understood by any plain, self-made man with a \$150 cyclopaedia and dictionary of medical terms in his pocket.

In a list of articles pronounced as difficult to digest I find buttered toast, salt meat, rice, sago, stale bread and tapioca. Among those articles easy of digestion Dr. Valentine names grapes, grouse and partridges. So that poor people who wish to be well and strong and avoid indigestion should

avoid buttered toast, salt meat, rice and stale bread and subsist mainly upon grapes, grouse and partridges.

This is really the first time that a New York physician has had the moral courage to come out and show people how to keep well and avoid doctors' bills. There can be no doubt that people in the lower walks of life are too prone to load themselves down with toast and tapioca, when a light lunch of grouse with a few pounds of hothouse grapes or a brace of partridges and a dozen nightingales' tongues, with a little turtle-soup and Neapolitan ice cream, are all they need.

Poor people often wonder why their doctors' bills are so great while the wealthy are rarely ill. This is due to the fact that poor people are



THE SUBWAY SUFFERER.

too prone to eat salt pork and bread on an empty stomach and then neglect exercise. A workingman who has been assisting in digging the large subway tells me that he attributes his poor health to those causes, and says that if he had confined himself to grapes and grouse for the past ten years and then taken a canter 'cross country every forenoon on the hot trail of a light-running and domestic fox, instead of eating so much fried pork and bread, and then working instead of taking regular exercise in a Victoria, he might have been alive to-day.

There are many other suggestions in this little book worthy of a place in every household, such as the Don't No. 534, which reads; "Don't endeavor to remove substances from the nose with pins, hairpins, etc." A person who will put kernals of corn, unanswered letters or carpet tacks up his nose should call a physician and not undertake to remove them himself, as he might tear a hole in the roof of his mouth.

Quite a number of these Don'ts wind up with the suggestion: "Don't do anything in such a case till a physician arrives." In order to avoid delay, Dr. Valentine puts his street and number in the book, and thus it is so arranged that a person who dies in New York since the publication of this little volume really has no one to blame but himself.

"Don't chew anything that you do not intend to swallow," says Dr. Valentine. This, however, does not bar a "chappie" who is cutting his front teeth on a large, intellectual cane.



CHAPPIE.

Don't Nos. 63 and 71 refer to names of diseases showing how the name "plague of 543," has been simplified, so that we know it now by the brief title of cerebro-spinal meningitis. This book also deprecates the custom of calling stomach-ache "gastro-enteralgia," and it is right. People who are afraid to call stomach-ache by its proper name are liable to steal away to the hay-mow on Sunday and revel in the beautiful word-painting of Emile Zola.

Don't No. 87 tells us not to call a physician otherwise than "Doctor." This, too, is right. Nothing sounds more rude in addressing a doctor, especially a doctor of divinity, than "Doc."

Dr. Valentine thinks that a true record of all cases should be kept in the family, like those in the hospitals, but very few of us have the time or command of language to keep an accurate diary of our personal croup and other cases so that the future historian will yearn to publish it. In case of a fatal termination, too, it would worry a parent and embarrass him to keep a reliable record of

pulse, temperature and respiration towards the last. It would take a cool, methodical parent to do this by the death-bed of a child who had never injured him in any way.

"Don't indulge in idleness," says No. 104. Invalids are proverbially idlers. People who are sick abed are too apt to neglect rowing, cock-fighting and pugilism in order that they may indulge themselves in the false and damning desire for sloth.

Don't bathe immediately after a hearty meal in rivers infested by crocodiles. This is an extract from a book of my own.



SLEEPING IN THE CELLAR.

Don't sleep in your cellar with nothing but a few vegetables over you, unless your wife's relations towards you have been strained, through no fault of yours. Do not sleep there even to mollify and placate your wife. Unless you are absolutely helpless, arise and assert yourself. I once knew of a woman, however, who led her husband a dog's life. She got him down into the root cellar one

day when he was bewildered by the fumes of rum, administered by his own hand. She then, in the intense darkness, tripped him up as he was sauntering rapidly across the cellar, and, there, where his stifled cries could never be heard by the outer world, she unbuckled his wooden leg, threw it into the furnace, and with a weird laugh which made the goose flesh arise and protrude through his overcoat she fled. He remained in that condition for four days, when, with nothing in him but good resolutions and raw turnips, he came forth, and, in his poor, weak way, signed the pledge, and promised to live as a one-legged man should. This should teach us never to allow rum or our wives to get absolute control of our whole being.

Don't sleep during the summer months with your feet out at window. It closes the pores of the feet too suddenly, especially if the sash comes down on them in the night.



Don't sleep in an Elevated Railway car with your head on the shoulder of a lady on whom you have not called, especially if you are very fat and partially drunk. Even if you have lived in New York for years and feel that you own the town and that too many people are coming here without getting a permit from you, it is a bad practice to lean on the shoulder of a lady who is not acquainted with you while you sleep off your drunk, for she might have to leave the car suddenly when she gets to her station and thus thoughtlessly perhaps break your neck.

(Some of the above Don'ts are suggested to my mind as I go along.)

No. 178 is the most sensible Do Not in the book referred to. I give it verbatim: "Don't forget that your heart has a certain number of

beats to make in your life, to urge it to excessive work by alcohol or excitement is to abbreviate your existence."

"Don't insist upon a patient's taking food which is repugnant to him, unless you are the proprietor of a second-class hotel," ought to be in this book. Also the following:

Don't eat ice-cream that has stood in a tin pail all the forenoon while the pastor has been addressing the children in the grove, even though by so doing you may help on a good cause. Give the value of the ice-cream in money to the cause and feed your share of the cream to some one who is better prepared to die than you are.

Don't allow your servants to put meat and vegetables into the same compartment of the refrigerator; that is if you have sufficient political pull so that you are not afraid to talk to your servants as social equals, and surely there ought to be no reason why here in America an employer should feel abashed in the presence of his employee.

Don't drown your children just to gratify the morbid whims and caprices of the man who owns your flat or because he is opposed to children, believing that the American should maintain the strength and purity of his race mentally and physically by importing his literature and his descendants.

Don't try to blow the breech-pin out of an old gun unless you have a very strong breath and more brains than you require for ordinary business purposes.

Don't try to wrench loose the tail of an infuriated lion because you see it hanging out of his cage. They are putting the tails on lions this year more secure than ever, and he has the right to wear it outside his cage also, if it is more becoming that way.

Don't eat tainted meat. The only good feature about Anglomania is that our Anglomaniacs are cultivating what they consider to be the taste of the able-bodied, high-priced and beefy English landlord-for gamey meats. In this way the bizzard and the Anglomaniac will soon fall victims to their acquired appetites and become even extinct than they now are.

Dr. Valentine says: "Don't allow a meal to pass without a joke between each mouthful." This will enhance the value of American humor to a great degree. Dinner will move along something like this: Mouthful of soup—"Did you ever see a horse fly?" "Ha! ha!" Mouthful of bread—"I think that the Anarchists ought to be Austriacized. He! he!" Bite of celery—"How did Eve get into the Garden of Eden? Give it up? Got in by Adam's Express wish!" Great laughter. More bread and silent mastication—"How did she get out? Give it up? Got snaked out!" Screams of mirth, flakes of laughter and bread crumbs prevailing the air. Mouthful of roast duck reminds domestic humorist of something. "Do you know why a duck goes into the water?" Large gobs of silence and more pensive eating. Domestic humorist answers it himself as follows. "For divers reasons." More bread, ice water and general good feeling. "Why does he come out?" No answer, and no sound but that of an old joke under the table cracking its knuckles and getting ready to spring out and hit its heels together. "For sun-dry purposes!" exclaims the ready and bratry man, looking casually at a memorandum on his cuff. More dinner, and then—"Why does he go in again?" Nothing can be heard but the low rumble of a thinker, perhaps as it grapples with the great problem. "To liquidate his bill!" Yells of laughter, screams of delight and astonishing feats of digestion promoted by mirth. "And why does he again come out?" More thought and mastication, then the gastric jester says: "To make a little run on the bank," and amid a general shower of vest buttons and wads of mirth as big as hickory nuts the genial, all-around tonic humorist and joy promoter goes on. Pleasant little dinner parties one of these days will telephone for a caterer or marshal of the day to, inquire what will be the price per plate at his place, including appetizer, dinner, wine, fruit, dessert, finger-bowls, cigars, toothpicks and Hygienic Humorist.

Brethren of the American press, the hour of our emancipation is at hand. The time is rapidly approaching when Little Tom Tucker may joke for his supper. Avast pumpkins on subscription! Avast there muskrat pelts for pay locals! Adieu thou economical party that seekest to win the indorsement of the press by laying a double-yolk egg on our table with a wild cackle of delight, for we see our opportunity looming up in the distance!

BILL NYE.

THE BABY WAS NOT THERE.

[From the Peru (Ill.) Call.]

A good story is told on a married man in town who refused to go with his wife to the fair last Saturday, saying that he had to attend an important meeting; so the woman stayed at home, but the man went to the fair just the same, and got home about 2 o'clock in the morning and stealthily crept into the house and to the bedside where his wife was sleeping. After getting his clothing off ready for bed he imagined that his wife was waking up, so he began rocking the cradle, which stood near the bed for that purpose. His wife, after he had been rocking about five minutes, raised up in bed and said, "You infernal old bald-headed fool, come to bed. I have the baby here." He went.



Guilty or Not Guilty.

AN HONEST JOCKEY.

OLD JOHN OSBORNE, WHO IS KNOWN AS "THE BANK OF ENGLAND" RIDER.

[From London Vanity Fair.]



JOHNNY.

Johnny Osborne has long been known as "the Bank of England jockey," because he enjoys an absolutely spotless reputation. He is one of the four sons of "Old John," the famous Yorkshire trainer, whose stables on the verge of Middleham Moor have sent forth many race horses of great celebrity. The homestead at Ashgill was that in which John Osborne was born about five-and fifty years ago. Before he was ten years old he was riding some of his father's horses in their gallops. He began to ride in public nearly forty years ago, soon becoming a favorite light-weight, and it would be difficult to speak too highly of the ability which he has displayed in all the great races, north and south, not one of which has escaped him.

He first made his mark on Newmarket Heath by riding to victory Manganese, a mare trained by his father, in the One Thousand Guineas. Six years afterwards he achieved the greatest triumph of his career, for in 1863 he rode Lord St. Vincent's colt Lord Cluden for the St. Leger. Riding soon after this for Mr. (now Sir Robert) Jardine, he scored his first and only Derby victory upon Pretender, with whom he had previously won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1869. In 1871 he again won the Two Thousand Guineas for Mr. Jardine with Bothwell, while in the year following he had the mount for that race on Prince Charlie, the conqueror of Cremorne. In 1874 still further triumphs awaited him, as in that year he rode Apology when she won the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger. This mare was not only ridden but trained by him, for when his father died, in 1865, he and his brother Robert took over the stables at Ashgill, and have trained there for some of the leading north-country sportsmen ever since. In the spring of 1875, John Osborne rode Camballo for Mr. Vyner in the Two Thousand Guineas, and this was his last victory in any of the classic races, so that he has up to the present time won the Two Thousand Guineas five times, the One Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger twice, and the Derby and the Oaks once.

If not quite so quick now at "getting off," as some of the younger jockeys, John Osborne has still preserved his nerve and his unrivalled knowledge of pace, though for the last twelve or thirteen years he has divided his time pretty equally between the training ground and the race-course. For in the same year that he was preparing and riding Apology for her valuable engagements, Lily Agnes, the dam that was to be of Ormonde, was also winning many good races for the Ashgill stable; while within the last two seasons he has delighted the heart of Mr. Vyner and all the north country folk by sending Stone Clink and Gloria to Newmarket, and winning with them the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

THE ARMY AND NAVY ESTIMATES.—According to the Army and Navy Estimates for the ensuing year, as submitted by the departments to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the gross sum required for the former is £21,485,018, and for the latter £15,162,247.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN ENGLAND.—The places of amusement in London number between 550 and 600, and of these more than 450 are music-halls. The places of amusement in the provinces are upwards of 1,300, and of these only about 160 are music-halls. The theatres in London are about 50; in the provinces they number about 200. The concert-halls and palaces in London are about 30, while in the country they reach the enormous number of nearly 1,000. But many of the halls in the provinces have the power of representing stage plays on their ill-adapted platforms, but at the same time they are frequently supplemental chapels and churches and places of political meetings. The capital invested in London in places of amusement is little short of £4,000,000, without reckoning places like the Crystal Palace, the Albert Hall, &c. Direct employment is given to about 150,000 people, besides indirect employment to a host of tradesmen and their workpeople. The London theatres, music-halls, and concert-halls have accommodation for about half-a-million of sightseers. The capital invested in similar places of amusement in Great Britain (excluding Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands), and comprising about 550 towns and cities, is over £6,000,000. This gives direct employment to about 350,000 people, besides indirect employment to many more and provides accommodation for nearly 1,250,000 spectators.—London Times.

A MUSEUM OF RELIGIONS.—Great progress is being made with the building of a museum near the Trocadero Palace in Paris, for the exhibition of the magnificent collection formed by M. Guimet at Lyons to illustrate the different religions of the world. M. Guimet's collection was started at Lyons, but he has been induced to take it to Paris, and the Greco-Roman edifice which is being built for it will be a very large one, comprising as it will, in addition to the galleries in which the public will be admitted to view the collections themselves, libraries and studies for professors and other scientific men. The total cost of the building is estimated at about £40,000, a third of which will be provided by the Ministry of Public Instruction, and the remainder by M. Guimet himself, who has also taken upon himself the expense of moving the collection to Paris, which of itself is estimated at nearly £3,000. In one wing of the museum will be the Japanese divinities and the Mandari, a kind of Japanese Olympus, the Egyptian divinities, and collections of Japanese porcelain, while the galleries which face the Avenue d'Éna will contain the divinities of China, India, Greece, Italy, and Gaul. In another wing not built will be exhibited the divinities of Africa, Oceania, &c., while in another part of the building will be studies for the use of the persons employed to translate India, Chinese, and Japanese manuscripts.—*Times*.

THE QUEEN HAS JUST RECEIVED a magnificent Jubilee present from the diamond-fields of South Africa, in the shape of an ivory casket, lined with curled ostrich feathers. The lid is mounted with gold filigree-work and profusely studded with diamonds.

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO SOUTHERN ITALY.—The *Cologne Gazette* hears that the English Consul at Naples has received orders to hire a villa near Amalfi for Queen Victoria, who intends to pass some time in Southern Italy and to spend a few days en route at San Remo.

ON THE APEX OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

"The views from the Great Pyramid, though at all times sublime, vary with the time of day and night, and with the courses of the sun and moon. The first look is for Cairo. It is plainly visible, with its tall minarets and broad domes of glittering metal and colour, and beyond it the dark Mokkatam hills are seen. A forest of immense palms, far away upon the border of the Nile, marks the site of ancient Memphis; still farther south are the pyramids of Sakkarah, the great 'Step' pyramid, 'the father of pyramids,' among them. Farther on is the desert; on the right is the desert, in front is the desert, all around is a vast plain, now golden, now red, now in part black, now gray, changing as the sun changes, as the great shadows of the pyramids are projected upon it, or as the moon comes with its pale light and tones down the grand chromatic display. The only variation in the wondrous expanse comes from the mounds of sand here and there. These last change agreeably to the whims of the wind. Like draught-animals, at one moment they seem to be resting and waiting for their call to labour. Then the airy messenger comes and gives the word. At once the sand begins to rise in slender spirals. Body and strength are gathered as it continues whirling and ascending, until it towers aloft like a great black column. Now it is joined by a wild company impelled by the wind, and all hasten across the plain—all rising higher and higher, all wavering, spinning with awful velocity, until, their destination reached, they flare at the top like water-spouts, break and burst high in air, and are diffused—a terrible storm—upon the plain below. Woe be to man or camel on whom descends the awful weight! As far as the eye can see southward lies Egypt, the silvery Nile creeping along between the bands of emerald. Within view are over forty pyramids. At sunset, when all the neighbouring pyramids may be seen tinged by the red glare, and the approach of night is heralded by the intense, sharp-pointed shadows which fall upon the plain toward the east, the vultures come swooping along through the gulf which separates Cheops's pile from Chephren's. Then the scene is most dramatic. The sun gone down, the rising moon blanches all and shifts the shadows to the other side."—*Telegraph*.

LANDLORD AND PEASANT.

In Tuscany, where the *mezzeria* or system of division of profits between landlord and peasant prevails, the fate of the latter is comparatively happy. The *padrone* provides the cattle, pays the taxes, gives a house; the peasant "has a direct interest in the produce of the land, and in bad years his master helps him with grain, wine, oil, beans, maize, and other accessories, often at a heavy loss to himself."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Peel, steam, and slice potatoes thin, same as for frying. Butter an earthen dish, put in a layer of potatoes, and season with salt, pepper, butter, and a bit of onion chopped fine; sprinkle with a little flour. Continue thus till the dish is filled; let it stand for half an hour, then pour over one cupful of milk. Bake thirty-five minutes.

LARK-PIE.—Make a stuffing of chopped parsley, fresh mushrooms, minced lemon-peel, sweet herbs, the yolk of a hard boiled egg; stuff the larks, from eight to ten in number, roll them in flour. Lay some slices of lean ham in the bottom of a pie-dish, put the larks in, sprinkle them over with a seasoning of herbs, pepper and salt, and finely-chopped parsley, laying some slices of bacon over all. Pour in some good veal stock, fix on a good crust, and bake for an hour in not too hot an oven.

SMALL PASTRY CUSTARDS.—One pint of milk, one ounce of corn-flour, four eggs, two yolks, the rind of one lemon, about a quarter-pound of sugar, three drops essence of lemon. Boil up the milk, corn-flour, lemon, and sugar, take out the lemon rind, whip up the eggs, and stir in slowly. Line some patty-pans with puff-paste cuttings, notch the outer edge, nearly fill with the custard, grate a little nutmeg on the top, and bake in a moderate oven.

ROAST PIG'S HEAD.—The head must first be boiled until sufficiently tender to allow the bones to be taken out. After removing these, shape the head neatly, and skewer it together firmly; then mix some powdered sage leaves with pepper and salt, and sprinkle the mixture over it. Then hang it on a spit and roast it before a clear fire, basting it well while roasting. When done—which, if the fire is in proper condition, will take about half an hour—serve at once on a hot dish, pouring over it a good gravy. Apple sauce is the proper accompaniment.

LEMON PUFFS.—Powder and sift a pound and a quarter of loaf-sugar, and mix it with the grated rind of two fresh lemons. Then whisk the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and add gradually to it the mixture of sugar and grated lemon. Whisk all thoroughly together until it becomes a thick paste. Then cut it into pieces of the desired shape, handling the paste as little as possible. Place the pieces upon oiled white paper, and bake on tins in a moderate oven. Eight to ten minutes will suffice.

TOMATO RICE.—While sufficient rice is being boiled, put into a little saucepan three ounces of butter, which should be allowed to brown by very slow degrees; and when that rather difficult feat is accomplished properly—as, if it has the faintest tinge of "burn," it is spoiled—put into it a large breakfast-cupful of tomato-juice, which should be left to simmer for about a quarter of an hour. When the rice is nicely piled on the dish, throw the contents of the saucepan over it, and then place it in the oven for a few minutes, because it requires to be served exceedingly hot.

MINCED KIDNEYS AND MACARONI.—Boil four ounces of macaroni in veal broth; skin four fine fresh mutton kidneys, fry them lightly in butter, lift them from the stewpan, and mince them finely. Make a gravy in the same pan, adding a dessertspoonful of brown flour, half a pint of rich gravy, a couple of shallots minced, and a pinch of cayenne. Stew the minced kidneys in this gravy for ten minutes, when part of the macaroni, which should have been kept warm, may be mixed and tossed in the pan to absorb the gravy. Serve turned out on a hot dish, arrange the rest of the macaroni on the top, and pour hot tomato-sauce over.

ROLLED HERRINGS.—Choose herrings with soft roes. Scrape and cleanse the fish, split open, and remove the roes and all the bones. Dissolve some fresh butter, and steep the inner side of the fish in it; then sprinkle pepper and salt lightly over it, and roll up tightly with the fin and tail outwards. Roll it in flour, and sprinkle over it a little pepper and salt, and finally put a sewer through to keep the herring in shape. Have ready a good quantity of boiling bacon fat, and fry the herrings in a wire basket. Take them up and set them before the fire, so that the fat may drain off them. Pass the roes through flour, sprinkle with pepper and salt, fry them brown, and serve with the herrings.

POTATO CHEESECAKES.—Take a few lumps of loaf-sugar—two ounces will be sufficient—and rub them upon the rind of half of a fresh lemon until all the zest is absorbed. Then pulverize the lumps, and mix the sugar with three ounces of boiled potatoes—the potatoes should be dry and meaty; then add to the mixture two ounces of clarified butter and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Now beat up the whole thoroughly, and add the white of one egg whipped to a stiff froth and stirred in lightly. Have some patty-pans ready, lined with puff paste; put enough of the mixture in each to half-fill them, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

FAMILY MATTERS.

From the Family Herald.

Home, in a measure, is what the presiding spirit of the family makes it—the brightest or the gloomiest spot on earth.

No one can help being superficial, but each one can help mistaking superficiality for thorough knowledge.

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinions of things which ruin us.

It is the best, because the most benevolent, good breeding which, without regard to personal preference, deals to all in general society an equal, or at least a fair, measure of social attention.

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

A boy who has learned that it is manly to be tender to the weak is rarely a coward, for the strength and courage of his nature are developed by teaching him to protect those who cannot defend themselves.

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.

Each of us as we travel the way of life, has the choice, according to our working, of joining all the voices of nature into one song of rejoicing, or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful silence of condemnation, or into a crying-out of her stones and a shaking of her dust against us.

Good manners must spring from the innate dignity and gentility of a man's nature, or they are worth nothing. A gracious manner that is assumed, a pleasant or sympathetic word that is spoken as a mere passing flattery or without any real feeling, can easily be distinguished; the ring of the true metal is wanting.

Good nature, benevolence, and consideration should always have a place in our intercourse with others. Never laugh at people, or turn them into ridicule, or show an exclusive preference for the more youthful or attractive to the neglect of those who are older and of greater importance.

The gifts of knowledge enables a man to enjoy all he sees. Every one can redeem himself from that animal life which is a living death. The object of education is to make the most of life, by which is meant not the attainment of mere worldly success, but an esteem for what is really good, a desire to benefit one's fellow-men, and, above all, to find a real peace with God.

Skeletons there must and will be in every cupboard, but the most hideous specimen of the kind is family ill-will. No country can prosper with civil war gnawing at its heart; and a house divided against itself must sooner or latter inevitably come to grief. Tact and worldly wisdom will go far towards the prevention of family jars, but kindness, mutual forbearance, and self-control will go still farther.

Play and rest at proper seasons are essential to the production of "a sound mind in a sound body." But the object of having that sound mind and sound body is that the possessor of them may be enabled to do that work in life for which his tastes and talents fit him. He is to serve the present age. Rightly considered, his period of rest is not so much a device for his amusement as it is a preparation for further work. He rests in order that he may afterwards work longer and do better service.

BUSINESS FAILURES.—No man truly succeeds in any calling who has a poor opinion of it. No man has a good opinion of his business who uses it only to make money out of it. No man can have the best conception of his business who does not esteem it for its usefulness. And the higher we go—if "higher" and "lower" are proper terms to use in considering the different honorable and useful walks of life—the more clearly will it appear that he who esteems his business only for the living or money that is in it must, if judged by any high standard, be a failure.

BRAIN-WORK.—So long as a brain-worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, it may safely be said that it is not necessary to impose any special limits on the actual number of hours which he devotes to his labors. But, when what is generally known as worry steps into complicated matters, when cares connected with family arrangements or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a source of anxiety, then we find one or other of the three safeguards broken down.

DUTY IN LIFE.—A man is put into this world to do a certain share of the world's work, to stop a gap in the world's fencing, to form a cog, however minute, in the world's machinery. By the defalcation of the humblest individual some of its movements must be thrown out of gear. The duty is to be got through, and none of us may shirk our share. Stick to your post, like a Roman soldier, enduring the watches of the night. Presently morning will come, when every phantom must vanish into air, every mortal confront that inevitable reality for which the dream we call a lifetime is but a novice and a school.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

From the London Family Herald.

The most important elements of plant-food are carbonic acid, water, potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen.

Lamp-chimneys are easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a tea-kettle, then rubbing with a soft cloth, and finally polishing with paper.

Flanges jointed with a cement of cast-iron drillings and slugs, mixed with sulphur and sal-ammoniac moistened with water, have been found to become quite inseparable.

Cure for ringworm: Wash the part affected with a little lemon-juice; then rub in with the finger a little indigo which has been bruised in a mortar. Do this gently about twice a day.

Lather for cleaning windows: One part of olive-oil, one part of spirit of ammonia, two of chalk or whiting, and one of water. Mix to a thick paste.

To make papier-mâché for fine small work, boil clippings of brown or white paper in water, beat them into a paste, add glue or gum and size, and press into oiled moulds.

Violin varnish: Twelve parts sandarac, six parts shellac, six parts mastic, one hundred a. fifty parts ninety-five per cent. alcohol, six parts Venice turpentine; mix and dissolve warm.

Enamelled or glazed bricks, for outside or interior decoration, are made by applying to the surface a flux, which during the burning causes the silica to melt and form a vitreous covering. Such flux is easily colored, and thus very beautiful fancy bricks are produced.

Green paint for Venetian blinds which will stand the heat of the sun without blistering. Rub two parts of white lead and one of verigris with nut-oil or linseed oil varnish, mixed with oil of turpentine, and dilute both colors with ordinary drying-oil.

Wooden trays for photographic purposes: Make them of white pine. Halve the corners, put them together with brass screws. Soak the tray when made in hot paraffin, or make the joints with glue to which has been added a little bicromate of potash. Expose to daylight for ten or twelve hours, and finally varnish heavily with alcoholic shellac varnish.

The process of fastening ferns to a book is very easily accomplished. With a small brush gently touch the back of the fronds here and there with a little common gum, putting only sufficient to keep the fronds from turning up. Place a piece of blotting-paper on the top of the fern, and put a weight on top of the book, and when dry the process is complete.

A French physicist has been making researches recently into the action of cane-sugar and treacle on iron, and finds that they corrode iron with the formation of an acetate of the metal. The fact is of practical utility in connection with boilers, because it happens sometimes that sugar gets into the water supplied to boilers in sugar-refineries, and consequently tends to deteriorate the boilers.

A medical practitioner, writing to the *Lancet*, says that for some years he has treated all his scarlet-fever cases with, in addition to the ordinary treatment by salines, an application every day of one in twenty carbolic oil to the whole of the surface of the body. By this means he has always been able to prevent the disease from attacking others in the house; and he has noticed that all cases so treated from the beginning have done well.

To curl feathers after the curl has come out of them by washing the feather or getting it damp, place a hot flat-iron so that you can hold the feather just above it while curling. Take a bone or silver knife, and draw the fibres of the feather between the thumb and the dull edge of the knife, taking not more than three fibres at a time, beginning at the point of the feather and curling one half the other way. The hot iron makes the curl more durable.

The abolition of resistance is absolutely necessary in connecting a lightning-conductor with the earth, and this is done, say Professor Tyndall, by closely embedding in the earth a plate of good conducting material and of large area. The largeness of area makes atonement for the imperfect conductivity of earth. The plate, in fact, constitutes a wide door through which the electricity passes freely into the earth, disruptive and damaging effects being thereby avoided.

TO COLOUR COPPER AND NICKEL.—The following process is given in the *Journal des Appl. Electriques*, by which it is said eleven different tints can be produced upon copper and eight upon nickel. The articles are thoroughly cleaned and polished, and placed in the following solution: Acetate of lead, thirty-one grains; hyposulphite of soda, ninety-three grains; water, one quart. The bath must be heated nearly to the boiling-point before the copper or nickel articles are placed in it, when a grayish tint is first produced, which changes successively to violet, chestnut-brown, red, and blue, including the intermediate shades. When any desired color is obtained, the articles are withdrawn from the bath, washed, dried, and varnished. This process is especially adapted to the coloring of buttons or similar metallic articles.

STATISTICS.

From the London Family Herald.

The 20,000 miles of railway in the United Kingdom now carry every year over 700,000,000 of passengers, and the passenger receipts annually amount to about £70,000,000.

Colorado maintains first rank as the largest producer of the precious metals in the United States, the value of its production of gold and silver having been over £5,000,000 during last year.

The total amount of trade in the world, including imports and exports, amounts to about £1,800,000,000, 80 per cent. of the whole being in the hands of eight countries—the United Kingdom, Germany, France, United States, Belgium, Holland, Austria and Italy.

The Brazilian diamond-mines are said to yield about £300,000 worth of diamonds annually, and those of India, Borneo, and Australia £200,000 worth; but these sums are insignificant now in comparison with the South African yield of about \$4,000,000 worth yearly.

The pearl-fisheries on the coasts of Central America furnish about £100,000 worth of pearls, and employ about 1,000 divers. Our imports of pearls average in value about £100,000; France receives about the same.

Tea, and at a slower rate tobacco, have been annually consumed in the United Kingdom in greater quantities for the last six years. At present about 1 lb. 7 oz. of tobacco and 4 lb. 13 oz. of tea are credited to every man, woman, and child.

The returns of the Postal Savings Bank of Canada, at the close of the last financial year show a sum of nearly £4,000,000 standing to the credit of over 90,000 depositors. The amount of deposits in the savings branches of the chartered banks during the last financial year increased by £1,200,000 as compared with the returns of the previous year.

Every company registered at Somerset House is required to forward annually a return of its shareholders, to be filed with the original entry of articles of association for reference by any person desiring to see it. The number of these returns received during 1876 was upwards of 21,000; and the fees received from the companies for registration and from the public for searching the files reached the large sum of £33,000.

Of 1,000 persons 990 would doubtless say that a baby in the cradle would be likely to live longer than a man of 65, but statistics prove indisputably that 500 in every 1,000 infants die before the age of 5 years is recorded, while out of 1,000 healthy men aged 65 more than 500 of them will be alive in 5—aye, in 10 years, or even a longer time. So it will be seen that a man of 65 may be considered younger than an infant so far as his chances of future life are concerned.

TEA AND SUGAR.—The consumption of tea per head in these islands rose between 1855 and 1865 from 2·3 to 3·3 lb., or 43 per cent.; between 1865 and 1875 from 3·3 to 4·4 lb., or 33 per cent.; and between 1875 and 1885 from 4·4 to 5 lb., or 13½ per cent. In sugar the progression was in the first period from 30·6 to 39·8 lbs. per head, or 30 per cent.; in the second period from 39·8 to 62·7 lb., or 58 per cent.; and in the third period from 62·7 to 74·3 lb., or 19 per cent. only. In the last 10 years in both cases the rate of increase was less than in the 20 years before.

MOROCCO.—Morocco has a population of from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 on a surface which could support in comfort from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000. The Kabyles number about 3,000,000. The 2,000,000 of Arabs on whom the Sultan and the Empire chiefly depend occupy the great *tas*—Fez with 80,000, Morocco with 50,000, and Mequinez with 15,000—the great plains, and the lower valleys of the streams. The Jews, who serve as intermediaries between the Kabyles, the Arabs, and the scattered Christians, and who also conduct the commerce of the ports with Europe number 300,000.

SPIRIT-SHOPS IN FRANCE.—On the eve of the Franco-German war the number of retailers of spirits in France, exclusive of Alsace-Lorraine, was about 360,000. It remained about the same until the year 1880. Then was passed a law making the commerce of wines and liquors absolutely free. The effect of this has been to bring the number up to 425,000. For the whole population, including women and children, this would be about one spirit-shop for every 94 inhabitants. That means probably one for every 35 men. As for Paris, it now contains 30,000, which is double the number existing seven years ago.

THE CHICAGO PACKING-HOUSES.—During the past twelve months the packing-houses of Chicago killed and packed 4,426,000 hogs and 1,008,000 heaves, their product going to all parts of the world. This represents a very large proportion of the whole number of these animals in the States which are fatted to kill, for at the opening of this year it was estimated there were in the country of hogs of all ages 44,000,000, and of cattle, exclusive of milch cows, 33,000,000. The products of the packing reach enormous figures, being no less than 1,055,000,000 lb. of pork and lard for the year, and 573,000,000 lb. of dressed beef. A very large proportion of the pork and lard, 810,000,000 lb., were exported beyond the States, and of this 90 per cent. went to the United Kingdom. The packers say their hog trade does not increase, but their beef trade grows at an extraordinary rate.

VARIETIES.

From the London Family Herald.

It is customary in Sweden to hang the door-key up outside the house to show that the family is not at home.

Pheasants first came into England during the Roman period; they did not make their appearance in Scotland much before the seventeenth century, or in Ireland before the fifteenth.

Wood cut down in winter is considered more durable than that felled in summer. In many countries the forest-laws enjoin the felling of trees only between November 15 and February 15.

The mace of the Speaker of the House of Commons is a notable historical relic, for it was the mace which was carried before King Charles I. as he walked to the scaffold.

In Turkey the disappearance of the sun at night is accounted for by the periodical retirement of that pious luminary for prayer and religious reflection.

The first auction ever held in Great Britain was in 1700, when Elishur, a governor of Fort George, in the East Indies, publicly sold the goods he had brought home to the highest bidder.

It will perhaps be news to the travelling public that the penalty for bringing or importing a pirated edition of a copyright book into the United Kingdom is a fine of ten pounds, which, it seems, must be inflicted for every such offence, plus double the value of every copy imported.

Perhaps one of the most primitive of independent kingdoms is the little island of Johanna, in the Comoro group. The Sultan boards any ship that may call there, and endeavors to secure the washing for his wives, while the Prime Minister peddles coconuts and bananas.

The rapidity with which fungi grow is sometimes very remarkable. The *Boristo gigantea* in a single night has increased from the size of a pea to a melon. The force with which they expand has been shown by their raising pavements under which they had been developed.

The Persians are of opinion that a lion will never hurt a person of their religion, which is somewhat different from that of the Turks. They firmly believe that their lions would devour a Turk, but that they themselves are perfectly safe if they take care to let the lion know by some exclamation of what religion they are.

The river Zambesi marks the limit of South Africa as a colony in which children of European extraction can be reared, because the tableland of Bechuanaland and Matabeleland within the tropics falls down towards the Zambesi; it is only in the high lands within the tropics of South Africa that white children can be successfully brought up.

About four hundred thousand pounds of rough coral are brought annually to Italy, and the shaping and working of this into the varied forms it assumes for commercial purposes give employment to hundreds in the chief cities. The value of the coral shipped from Europe used to reach about six hundred thousand pounds annually. But, with the change of fashion, this has declined considerably.

A pleasant beverage called "chica de mirtillo" is obtained in Chili from a species of myrtle-berries, *Mauria simplicifolia*. These are about the size of a large pea, of a deep red color, and of a peculiarly sweet and delicious aromatic flavor. They are prepared by crushing them in water, and allowing them to ferment for a few days. The black cluster-berries of the melle-tree are also gathered for this purpose by the Indians. They have a combined flavor of juniper and pepper.

The liqueur called "maraschino," which is chiefly manufactured in the Italian States and Dalmatia, is prepared from a variety of cherry. The fruit and seed are crushed together, one part of honey to the hundred added, and the whole mass subjected to fermentation; during this process it is distilled. The kernel of the cherry contains the elements of hydrocyanic acid, and is accordingly much used for communicating its peculiar flavor to brandy and liqueurs.

"MOVE ON!" OUT WEST.—As is well known, the American Indians have been removed farther and farther from their homes to make room for the whites. Once, relates the author of *The Making of New England*, when an agent of the government was sent to a certain tribe to notify them that they must again remove, a chief asked the agent to sit down on a log. The agent did so. The chief then asked him to move, and very soon to move again, and again, until the agent got to the end of the log. The Indian then said "Move farther." "I cannot," replied the agent. "Just so it is with us," said the chief. "You have moved us as far as we can go, and then ask us to move still farther."

JENNY LIND AND HER ENCORE.—The following anecdote is told of Jenny Lind's experience in Vienna. She had been singing in *Somnambula*, and, after the curtain fell on the last act, the audience persistently encored the final rondo, which Jenny Lind hesitated to sing again. The house was getting uproarious, when she came forward and said, "Five minutes for lemonade." Accordingly, after a five minutes' rest and a glass of lemonade, she repeated the song. The Archduke Franz Karl, who was present, sent for the manager, and said to him, "Give my compliments to Miss Lind, and tell her I am very sorry; but the people have no consideration. Tell her also that I waited till she sung her song again."

PRIZE LIST FOR THE YEAR 1888.

"Work while it is day for the night cometh, when no man can work."

No 1—Boys Watch Prize.

Boys require a watch to tell how near it is to dinner hour. If you do, send us 25 subscribers to "THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE" and we will send you a good watch valued at \$5.00, by mail registered.

No 2—Girls' Prize.

School girls can work for "THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE" and get a beautiful organetto with music, complete, invoice value, \$7.50, by sending us during the year 50 subscribers at 50 cts. each, that is only one subscriber per week.

No 3—Ladies Watch Prize.

Jewellery has a great attraction, and a watch is both attractive and useful. We will send a ladies pretty watch, value \$10, to any young woman who will interest herself to the extent of sending us 50 subscribers, at 50 cents each.

No 4—Type-writer Prize.

Young ladies make good, steady clerks and are getting in demand more and more daily, in fact where there is any volume of copying to be done, you will find a young lady clerk. To meet the requirements you must have a type writer. We will send you a good instrument, value \$15.00, for 75 subscribers to the FIRESIDE.

No 5—Home Comfort Prize.

We will send per express 12 lbs of good Japan Tea (tested) crop 1887, to the getter up of a club of 25 subscribers at 50 cents each, to the THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE.

No 6—Watch Prize.

We are not very much in favor of duds but a good watch is indispensable, and many a young man would not know what time it was if his intended father-in-law had no watch. Well, a watch it is, good value, invoice price \$22.50, English Lever with written guarantee for 150 subscribers at 50 cents each to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE.

No 7—China Set Prize.

He is coming to tea at our house for the first time, what are we going to do? Well, if you had gone to work and got 200 subscribers to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE at 50 cts. each there would be no occasion for the remark, 125 pieces complete. Value \$30.00

No 8—Dining Room Set Prize.

A place for everything and everything in its place. Everybody knows that good knives, forks and spoons, on a snow white table cloth add to the appetite. 150 subscribers to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE, say two a week and you will have one doz. knives, one doz. forks, one and one-half doz. spoons of the best make and pattern for next Christmas, or perhaps before, who knows? Catalogue Price, \$30.

No 9—Bed Room Prize.

It is just lovely to have in a cosy little bed room a neat black walnut marble top set, so that any stranger stopping for the night can have a comfortable rest, 7 pieces, Catalogue Price, \$50 for 300 subscribers to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE, 6 subscribers weekly and the thing is an accomplished fact.

No 10—Gold Prize.

Money. What can you do without money, it is an evil. True in some cases, and in others we trust it is a blessing, in any case it is needful, so say all of us. We will send you in gold, if you prefer, \$20.00 for 200 subscribers at 50 cents each to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE.

No 11—Model Press Prize.

School boys can work for THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE and get a valuable model printing press, and necessary type complete, invoice value \$22.50, by sending us during the year 150 subscribers at 50 cents each, just 3 subscribers a week, and you will have a press that will print cards, envelopes, bill, and letter heads for your neighbor or hood, country store, etc.

No 12—Sewing Machine Prize.

Now that you have left school you should be of great help at home. You will have no doubt a few hours daily to spare and meet a good many friends. We will, if you wish to interest yourself and get 300 subscribers to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE before Christmas, at 50 cents each, send you a first-class sewing machine that you can call your own, Catalogue Price, \$50.00. Full Nickel Plated.

No 13—Ladies' Harmonium Prize

If you are fond of church music the Harmonium is indispensable in a well regulated home. We are prepared to send one at Catalogue price, maker's guarantee, securely packed, free on the cars at Montreal or New York, value \$75.00, 500 subscribers, eight a week, would see you through. It would pay even if you had to canvass part of your county once in a while. Ask your brothers to help you.

No 14—Young Gentlemen's Printing Press Prize.

You are likely in some situation or will soon be, and no doubt have the evenings to your own use, we will make a bargain with you. If you interest yourself and procure 600 subscribers to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE, just 12 a week, and no one will refuse to subscribe 50 cents for a 36 page 80 column magazine for one year, we will ship you a printing press and type, chase 6 x 10, complete, that you can make a few hundred dollars yearly by working in the evenings. Type setting is not very difficult to learn.

No 15—Fathers' Buggy Prize.

A top buggy for church use, special outs, something stylish, neat and durable. Trade price \$125.00 for 825 subscribers to THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE, at 50 cents each. Do the county and try who are your friends, 50 cents each will not break, but might make them, for THE FIRESIDE gives a good many hints to make money, in any case they will have more than their monies worth.

No 16—Billiard Table Prize.

For those fond of the ivory and green we offer a fine billiard table complete in all its appointments, value, \$250.00. Form a club and send us 1500 subscribers at 50 cents each. It would no doubt take some time, but it is worth working for, this prize applies to the larger towns, commercial travellers, tea peddlers, book agents, &c., &c.

No 17—Mothers' Piano Prize.

Who has anything to say against mother? THE FIRESIDE has a good deal to say in her favor, and would like to see a good piano in her parlor and she will have one if the boys and girls with their cousins will go to work with a good will and get 2,000 subscribers at 50 cts. each THE CANADIAN FIRESIDE will do the packing, shipping, &c. Value, \$300.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above prizes are no catch penny advertisement, but are based on solid business principles. We consider that if you carry out an agreement to send us in so many subscribers you are entitled to so much, the same as the engagements made with our advertising canvassers, printers, and paper maker. You enhance the value of our paper to the extent of the numbers of bona-fide subscribers you send in, therefore we are pleased to offer the above inducements.

The above prizes (with the exception of the money prize which will go direct from this office) will be shipped in good order and condition by us, those to Canadian agents from Montreal, to American agents from New York city. Agents will kindly mention what prize they are working for, so as to have their names entered in the Prize Ledger. We might here mention that should any agent fail in sending in sufficient subscribers for the object he or she has in view it can be changed to a prize that will cover the number sent.

P.S.—All prizes are subject to be exchanged for cash less 12½ per cent. should the winner prefer. Prizes shipped and settlements made within 48 hours after agreements are carried out.

THE AUSTRALIAN RABBIT PLAGUE.

[From the *Pittsburg Dispatch*.]

A gentleman who spent several years in Australia, and is recently from that Continent, said to me yesterday: "The rabbit plague is the most important question before Australia to-day. On the sheep station in Victoria where I spent a year there were no less than twenty-six acres absolutely given over to the rabbit warrens. Shooting them is too expensive a luxury, poisoning them breeds a noxious stench which is most dangerous to health, weasels do not clean up their work properly, and as yet no really feasible remedy has been suggested.

"I was struck with the coincidence in one respect of the habits of the rabbit in Australia with those of the jack rabbit of Colorado. I had seen the jack rabbit, the owl and the rattlesnake getting along nicely in partnership in Colorado, and I was surprised to find the trio doing business at the same stand in Victoria. I suppose the Australian snake, as the rattlesnake in Colorado, draws for its share of the profits the young of the rabbit. Where the owl derives any benefit from its strange alliance has never been explained to my satisfaction.

"I remember," continued the Australian traveller, "one awfully hot day in Victoria I was riding alongside of one of the gigantic rabbit warrens. The rabbits were lying out at the mouths of their holes, sleeping for the most part. Across the white belly of one of them I noticed that a big snake, 8 or 10 feet long, was stretched. Rabbit and snake were asleep. The snake was enjoying the combined heat of the rabbit's body and the sun's rays. The Australian who accompanied me told me that probably the snake—which was not of the sort which form partnerships with other animals—had selected this rabbit for his meal at a later hour. The rabbit would sleep comfortably on unconscious of his doom until evening, and then on awakening would be so paralyzed with fear that the snake would have hardly to offer a word of explanation about being sorry to eat such a comely and well-conducted rabbit. It would be all understood by both parties at once. But we left the pair sleeping, with possibly fresh cabbages flitting through the rabbit's dream-wrapt brain."

SOMETHING LIKE A PEDIGREE.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were disputing about their respective ancestries. Said Sandy, "Man, when Moses was leadin' the Israelites to the Promised Land, ma forbears, the M'Buckies, were big fowk in Strathscone."

"Is that all yez can boast about?" exclaimed Pat, who was possessed of rather "advanced" ideas. "Bedad, I can trace my family—the O'Dhudeens—right back through the bronze age, the stone age, an' no age at all. I'm not done yet, I can prove that, after the great evolutionary process, the first O'Dhudeen was the cloimax or human completeness having been developed on a special and shupairior brade of monkeys."

A solemn-looking fellow, with a certain air of dry humour about the corners of his rather sanctimonious mouth, stepped quietly, one afternoon, into the tailoring establishment of "Call and Tuttle," Boston, and remarked to the clerk in attendance, "I want to tuttle."

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired the astonished official.

"Well," rejoined he, "I want to tuttle. Noticed your invitation over the door, so I called, and now I should like to tuttle."

He was ordered to leave the establishment, which he did with a look of angry wonder, grumbling that it seemed duced hard he couldn't be allowed to tuttle after an express invitation. Probably he supposed "tuttle" to be Bostonian for "Have a drink."



I VE A TELEGRAM sent by "Harry,"

It asks me to go to the Beach,
And the eloquent lines before me
Flatter and urge and beseech.

To the Beach! - with its bright buoyant break-
ers,
With its stretch of smooth marble-like
sands,
With its murmur and rustle of romance
That the heart hears and quick under-
stands!

To the Beach!—where the fluctuant waters
Throb in time to the beat of our hearts,
Where the tender-keyed music of ocean
Shall seem of our being a part!

To the Beach—where we'll gather the seaweed
And sit on the sand in the sun,
Beneath my red parasol shaded,
Till the glory of daylight is done!

To the Beach! where we'll watch o'er the
heaving
And tremulous breast of the sea,
The moon as she rises in beauty,
And lights up my Harry and me!

To the Beach!—oh, the note is suggestive
Of dinner and Pummery fizz—
But his first name is all that he's signed here,
And I don't know which Harry it is!

THE MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

CHATHAM, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.

Weekly, \$1.50 a year in advance.

Published in the great Lumbering and Fishing centre of Northern New Brunswick. Twelve steam gang mills within a radius of six miles. Transatlantic shipments of sawn lumber average 120 million ft. per year. Over three thousand tons of fish are shipped annually from Miramichi Railway Stations. Chatham is the Eastern terminus of the Northern and Western Railway and is connected with the Intercolonial Railway by a branch nine miles in length.

The *ADVANCE* is largely circulated in Counties of Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester and Restigouche, Province of New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspé, Quebec.

D. C. SMITH, Publisher.

THE ALGOMA MINER & HERALD,

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE

Mining and Agricultural Interests of West Algoma. Only mining paper in Northwest Ontario. Sample copy free. \$1.00 a year.

JAMES DICKINSON, Publisher.

Port Arthur, Ontario.

A MAIL CARRIER ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

A despatch to the *New York Herald*, dated Jacksonville, Florida, says.—The dread of the mail carriers on the Florida south-east coast are the Hillsboro and New River inlets, which have to be crossed by small boats. Here the dark water of the Everglades empty into the Atlantic with tremendous force at this season, and if the ocean is rough the meeting of the cross currents produces heavy and dangerous seas. Sharks of the fiercest kind fill the inlets. James E. Hamilton, the mail-carrier from Miami to Lake Worth, was an athletic young man, and carried the light mail on his shoulders, walking the entire distance, 75 miles, on the beach. He left Lake Worth on Tuesday, in the morning, and should have reached Refuge Station, 25 miles distant that afternoon. Late at night a fisherman named Waring came to the station and told the story of Hamilton's horrible death. Waring was about one half-mile from Hillsboro Inlet when he saw Hamilton get into his boat to cross. He noted that the sharks were about in unusual numbers, and just as Hamilton reached the centre of the crossing a huge one drove at the boat and bit a piece off the gunwale. Hamilton struck at the sharks, but nothing could drive them off. Soon both oars were bitten in two, and then the fierce tigers of the sea seemed perfectly ravenous. They tore at the boat, snapped at one another, and the water for yards around was dyed with their blood. The boat began to fill, and the sharks, scenting their prey, redoubled their dashes. Hamilton stood on the middle seat as if stupefied, glaring at them. Looking up and seeing Waring, he cried out to him, but in vain. Even as he shouted a huge shark dashed up and hit the partially filled boat a tremendous blow, throwing Hamilton out into the midst of the monsters. A cry of agony was heard as he went down, and the devourers had him piecemeal before the horror-stricken spectator could take in the full measure of the tragedy. As soon as Waring recovered his senses he went to the station and told of the affair. A searching party went out at once, but nothing was found save the remnants of the boat cast on the shore.

COSTLY CARELESSNESS.

[From the *Savannah (Tenn.) Courier*.]

We regret very much to learn of the misfortune of our friend, J. W. Burks, of Nixon. On last Wednesday night he was counting out some money to pay over to G. W. Grisham, of Newburn, and, having finished, left the money on the table where a candle was burning, and stepped into another room to get a rubber to put on his pocketbook, and when he returned he found that the candle had fallen over and consumed the money which amounted to \$1,200.

THE PRICE OF LOVE.

Why, cruel maiden, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,—
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great,
For pay, let armies move.
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art—
Ah, Myra? if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

Situations Vacant.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

EXECUTION OF 150 MEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A recent telegram from Bechuanaland, relative to the supposed massacre by Lo Benquilo, the King of Matabeleland, of 900 men, proves to be exaggerated. Mr. Fred Seton, the celebrated hunter, with some English friends, Mr. Jamieson, of Dublin, Mr. Fountain, and another, who were on a hunting expedition to Lo Benquilo's territory, were away in Mashonaland after big game, accompanied by a bodyguard of 150 Matabele warriors under an Induna. Their duty was while ostensibly acting as guides to watch the white hunters, and prevent their leaving the actual hunting grounds, and above all to thwart any attempted gold prospecting. The latter attraction, nevertheless, induced the whole party to deviate from the hunting grounds towards the northern gold fields prospecting by the way. The Induna neglecting to prevent this, one of his followers, fearing the consequences, returned and informed Lo Benquilo, who dispatched a regiment to administer the inevitable punishment. The king's messenger overtook the party and communicated the death sentence, which was immediately carried out. All the 150 natives died without a murmur, the mode of execution being two spear thrusts and a blow from a knobkerrie. The English hunters were simply cautioned and conducted back.

Sir Donald Currie, speaking recently at a banquet in Johannesburg, said that the wealth of the gold fields would astonish the world.

A SLIPPER-HINT.

"No person should run about sleeping rooms or into halls from bed in bare feet. Air currents are constantly in motion near the floor, and circulation is more easily retarded in feet and legs than near the heart. It is therefore a good plan to have a warm pair of slippers always close to the bed, that may be slipped on quickly before one's feet touch the floor; made loose enough to be kicked off when climbing into bed again. For one who is liable to be called up frequently, as in cases of illness, this slipper-hint will prove valuable if followed."

THE ENGLISH WELCOME.—Gen. Adam Baden says: The English welcome is never inspiring. The English entertain so constantly that they do not attempt to stay at home to receive their company. They would have no other occupation of an afternoon if they did. No one, therefore, expects the ceremonies of welcome or feels himself neglected at their absence. The Queen was out driving even when Gen. Grant arrived at Windsor, and he did not see his royal hostess till he went in to dinner.

You generally arrive at a great house in the afternoon at four or five o'clock. The station is often several miles away, and, as a rule, no carriage is sent for you. Some people take their own carriages to their friends' house, and if you are to hunt, your horse and your groom go with you, as a matter of course, though there are hosts who offer a mount. When a large party alights at some obscure station, used only by the family and the guests, there may be difficulty in obtaining a fly, as the country cab is called, and may take the precaution to order horses in advance. In some parts of England postillions are common, who always ride in breeches and bright jackets, with high white hat and top boots. You put your man on the box and drive over miles of your host's estate before you come to the home park. The gates form an imposing structure of stone and iron, ornamented often with armorial bearing, and an old woman in a cap, or a pretty little red faced girl, comes out of the lodge and drops a courtesy as you roll inward, under the heraldic beast or sculptured bird.

Employment Wanted.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

Miscellaneous.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.



A CHOICE OF IDIOMS.

Mr. Brown. "I say, Maria, what's the meaning of 'Sarnar Fairy Hang,' which I hear you say in all the French Shops, when they haven't got what you want—which they never have?" Mrs. B. "Oh, it only means 'Its of no Consequence.'" Mr. B. "Now I always say 'Nimpor!' But I dare say it comes to the same in the end."

INDIA.

BRavery of a Commanding Officer.

The *Pioneer* of Nov. 18 reports that the 1st Battalion King's Own (Yorkshire) Light Infantry (late 51st), under the command of Lieut-Colonel C. K. Chatfield, arrived at Mandalay from the Upper Burmah frontier on the 31st October, in the Indian Marine steamer Sir William Peel, en route to England. A short time after their arrival, a lance-corporal of the battalion, named Upton, fell overboard; the colonel, who was standing with his officers on deck at the time, seeing the man fall over, ran to the bridge and jumped overboard in his uniform after him. The corporal, who was unable to swim, rose only once to the surface, and sank just before the colonel could reach him; he was never seen again. The Irrawaddy runs with dangerous force past Mandalay, and has proved fatal to many of our gallant soldiers. Colonel Chatfield's right hand was partly disabled and bandaged at the time he jumped overboard. He swam some distance down the river in hopes of the unfortunate corporal coming to the surface again, but no trace of him was seen, though hundreds of eager eyes were watching from the decks of the steamer. Two men of a company of the battalion which had disembarked, Privates Mills and Straton, both fine swimmers, seeing the excitement on board and someone in the water, pluckily went into the stream and swam on towards the steamer, and afterwards followed their colonel down the river. All three succeeded afterwards in reaching the shore without much difficulty. On the 2d November Major-General Sir George White, K. C. B., V. C., commanding the Upper Burmah field force, accompanied by the whole of the head-quarter staff, inspected this fine battalion, which had disembarked for the oc-

casión, and at the conclusion of the parade Sir George White referred to the above occurrence in stirring address to the regiment. He said that, while sympathising with them deeply on the sad fate of their comrade, he could not but congratulate them on having at their head an officer who had shown such gallantry, and who had not hesitated to risk his life in the hope of saving one of his own men with desperate odds against him. He felt sure the regiment would not misunderstand him when he said he felt thankful the attempt had failed, as there could be little doubt that, had their colonel succeeded in reaching the drowning man in that dangerous current, he must have perished with him, and two lives would have been lost instead of one.

FRIEND of the family (to little Ella, et. ten, who has just returned from a holiday trip): "You do look wbl, child; wherever did you get that rosy colour on your cheeks from?" —Ella: "From mamma's dressing-table."

POLITENESS IN THE ROCKIES.

[From the Omaha World.]

Eastern Lady (travelling in Montana)—The idea of calling this the "Wild West." Why, I never saw such perfect politeness anywhere.

Native—We're allers perlite to ladies, marm.

Eastern Lady—Oh, as for that, there is plenty of politeness everywhere, but I am referring to t're men. Why, in New York the men behave horridly to one another, but here they all treat each other as delicately as gentlemen in a drawing room.

Native—Yes, marm; it's safer,

Professional.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

MONEY WON AND LOST.

FORTUNES MADE ON THE TURF IN A SINGLE RACING SEASON.

[From the Boston Courier.]

It is surprising to note the amount of money won and lost on the turf in purses and in the pool-box in a single season. A gentleman in this city who is struck on running races, and who keeps track of the winnings of all the leading horses, furnishes the following: Imported Glenelg, of the Elmendorf stud, heads the list of winning sires for the present racing season, \$110,000 to his credit; and Hindoo, of the Runymede stud, comes next with \$100,000; and Longfellow third with \$82,000. Glenelg's largest winners are Firenze \$24,000; Los Angeles, \$22,000, and Dry Monopole, \$17,000. Hindoo's are Hanover, \$85,000; and Jim Gore, \$6,000. The heaviest winners to the credit of Longfellow are Linden, \$17,000; The Bard, \$16,000; and Kaloolah, \$14,000. The largest winning two-year-old of the season is Emperor of Norfolk, he having won \$35,000. Dwyer Bros.' stable is first, and Lucky Baldwin's second in the list of winning stables. More money changes hands through the medium of the pool box during the season than is won in purses. Pittsburg Phil, who created such a sensation on the race course the past year, is one of the heaviest players the American turf has ever known. The writer saw a letter from Phil last week, and among other things he said: "I've been pretty lucky in Washington, and have won very close to \$20,000. My biggest winnings were \$3,000 on Barnum, \$5,000 on Patrocles, and \$5,500 on Vallant. They broke very bad for me at Baltimore, and during the meeting I dropped \$7,000. A great many people wonder how I beat the races. Well, I play the horses on their form. You see a horse at even money to-day. He loses, and the next day there is five to one against him. It may be that he only lost because of a jumble, or some other little accident. I've often only played one race a day and watched the rest. I've put a bet down when the horses broke away two or three times, and put as high as \$5,000 on that. Another point is that I play on the idea that luck is always going to turn. If I lost \$5,000 I usually bet \$2,000 to get even, and if I lost that I would double up again. It's very seldom that I play jockey, but I have been lucky on Garrison's and McLaughlin's mounts. I don't often take stable tips, except tips on Richmond, and I've made lots of money on him. The biggest bet I ever won was just after I was barred out by the bookmakers at Saratoga. I went to Moumouth Park and put up a neat little sum on CamBysea. I got odds of 15 to 1 straight and 6 to 1 for place, and I pulled off a clean \$20,000. It was the closest race I ever played, as Banner-Bearer, who came in second, was less than a head behind. The biggest wager I ever lost was \$10,000 on Brait at Jerome Park. I'm going to Florida after I leave Washington, and then I'll go to California. I'm going to see a good deal of the country before another season opens."

CUSTOMER (getting measured): "How much are those trousers going to cost me?"—**Tailor**: "Forty-two shillings, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?"—**Customer**: "None. I won't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."

Real Estate.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT FOOTBALL.

We owe football to the Romans. There is no doubt that it "came over" to England with Julius Caesar. It was played, too, by the Greeks and, in all likelihood, but more ancient peoples before them. But the actual origin of the game is lost in the mists of Time. Fierce wordy warfare has been waged about the invent on of printing, of gunpowder, of the mariner's compass, and so on; but the mysteries would be trifles light as air compared with the effort, if any man were sane enough to make it, to discover the inventor of football. Depend upon it, the simpler ball games are as old as the human race; and the man, woman, or child who first kicked something round, or threw it about sportively, gave rise to a rough-and-ready pastime out of which football and host of other games grew during the centuries. Do not, however, run away with the notion that when the civilized Britons saw the Romans at their game they saw football played as it is played to-day in London or Glasgow. The pastime was of a much simpler sort than ours, though, curiously enough, the Greeks seem in some form of the game to have handled the ball in a way that suggests at least the crude idea of Rugby style. From the Romans the natives soon learned the game, and it got that firm foothold in this country which it has ever since retained. It is strange that football took root in the northern parts of England before the southerners adopted it; and it is recorded of the colliers of the north that they used to be in wait for the bridegroom, as he left the church after the wedding ceremony, and demand money from him for the game.—*Little Folks Magazine.*

Lost, Found, Rewards.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

"THE REGINA JOURNAL," published at Regina, North-West Territories. Eight pages—Weekly. The only pronounced Liberal Newspaper published in the North-West. Has special correspondents in all parts of the Territories, and gives a greater amount of North-West news than any paper published. To keep posted on North-West affairs from the standpoint of the people subscribe for the JOURNAL.

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C. J. ATKINSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"THE REGINA LEADER," published by the Leader Co. (Limited), Regina, N.W.T. The leading paper in the North-West. Has a wider circulation than all the other North-West papers put together. Advertisers will do well to write for terms. The LEADER's influence throughout the country, its wide, large and growing circulation, make it the best advertising medium in the West. Subscription, \$2.00. In advance, \$1.50.

HENDERSON, Mr. R. requests the pleasure of entertaining the travelling public, should they be in the vicinity of Charles Station, Restigouche Co., N.B. They will find all the comforts of a home at reasonable rates and the time spent at the Hotel will be made as pleasant as possible.

READ "LIFE INSURANCE" is reliable Company's written, ages 40 to 75 years. "A sturdy people" can be insured as well as the young. H. W. PRATT, General Agent,

P. O. Box 443, Antigo, Wisconsin, U.S.



THE UBIQUITOUS.

At. "Ullo, 'Arry! 'Ow did you come down? 'Arry. " 'Ow? Third-Class Ticket—Second-Class Carriage—An' Fus'-Class Comp'ny!

Agencies Wanted.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

PITTSBURG'S GIRL DRUMMER.

SHE IS A FAVORITE, BUT SHE WON'T STAND BEING SNUBBED.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

A trim little woman skipped lightly from the steps of a Baltimore and Ohio passenger coach at the Chestnut Street Station the other night. Walking ahead of her were Senator Thomas V. Cooper and wife, who came in the same car from Washington. There was something about the female that would attract a second glance as she hurried off in her neat-fitting, long plush coat, showing just the lower plaits of a stylish woollen travelling dress, and a jaunty bit of a brown velvet bonnet bobbing with her head as lively as the convent grip-sack rattled which she carried in her hand.

"That's a travelling saleslady," remarked a train hand. "Yes, she's a regular female drummer. She travels on the road regularly and makes herself quite at home in the car. She's not over eighteen years old, though if you heard her talk you'd think she was twenty or more. She's as bright as a dollar, and a very pleasant and ready talker. She lives in Pittsburg travels for a millinery house and is very popular with her customers."

In all her travelling alone between Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington she is said to have suffered no annoyance or insult. Though quite free to make and pick acquaintance with fellow-passengers of her own sex, she carries herself with lady-like dignity and yet her manner might seem a trifle familiar to strangers unacquainted with the fact that she virtually makes her home in the cars. It would be hard to tell just how many new-comers on the line have had their journey shortened by the pleasure of her company. It is said that her bright and interesting chat has touched sparks of friendship in the bosoms of many fair travellers whom she has met. Mrs. Senator Cooper and she parted great friends. An incident which shows her composure occurred on her last trip South. After travelling some distance with a party homeward bound from California, she seated herself beside one of the women and opened up a conversation with some remark about the weather.

"I don't think I know you, miss," exclaimed the woman, with a haughty air, and drawing herself away as from a thing unholy.

"Excuse me, madam," said the young daughter of trade, jumping up like a flash, "I thought I was addressing a lady."

A CERTAIN well-known fashionable Parisian lady emphatically rules the roost. When literary "lions" dine with her, she gives each guest his turn to speak. One evening lately M. Renan was talking, when another guest ventured on some remark in an undertone. He was peremptorily silenced; but, when M. Renan had finished, the hostess touched the silver bell she keeps by her side, and said, "Now, sir, you can speak."—"But, my dear madam," rejoined the guest, "I only wanted to ask for some more spinach!"

Mrs. SUDDENLV RICH: "I wish to buy one of these globes."—Clerk: "Here is one, madam, that is used in all the schools."—Mrs. S. R. "Well, if you will have me a few more islands painted on those empty places I'll take it."

Inquiries.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

THOUGHTS UPON THE PAST YEAR, 1887.

Good-by, good-by, old Father Time,
How quick thou doth disappear;
With thy staff in thy hand, thou hast given space
To the bide of another year.

How short does it seem since thou entered in,
To partake of our joyest cheer;
And now thou art gone with thy wonderful page,
True record- of the by-past year.

Silent, but sure, thou hast journeyed on,
With thy cold and thy chilling breath.
Entering the palace as well the cot,
Pronouncing those words "I am death."

And now, as I count o'er the list of my friends,
Those friends that I knew so well,
I find from this world of sorrow and sin
Some have taken a last farewell.

The beautiful flowers, with their petals so bright
Which shed all around rich perfume,
They are faded—and now in the old churchyard,
There they rest in the silent tomb

And the aged ones too, with their hoary hair,
Who tarried with us here till late,
They also have gone, and have entered in,
I trust through the golden gate.

While I am spared from the reaper's scythe,
My Father has kept me here,
To praise him, I trust, with a grateful heart,
For his love in the by-gone year.

JOAN KELLY.

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ZINGS VON VOOT RAHZER HAF LEFT OONZET.

He. "Achl how bretty are zose Green Leafs on your Cown!" *She.* "So glad you admire them. It's an idea of my own." *He.* "Kvite scharming! Zoy remiqd von of Ify clinging rount an Olt Ruin!—Punch.

Wanted.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

A STORY OF PINKERTON.

HOW THE VANITY OF A WIFE SAVED HER OWN LIPS AND HER HUSBAND'S.

[From the Worcester Spy.]

I believe Allan Pinkerton to have been the greatest detective who ever lived. Aside from this distinction, he was one of the most interesting of men, and no writer ever had a better chance to judge than I. For some years I was daily in his company, indeed in his confidential employ, and in such capacity that there were repeated occasions for good fellowship, and as many for confidences and reminiscences. Among the countless incidents of his life which thus came to me, one that impressed me more deeply than the most thrilling of his exploits was one in which the pardonable vanity of one good little woman saved her own and her husband's life. Pinkerton never told anybody anything "by request." It always came on impulse. We had been in New York and Philadelphia together, visiting Gen. Marcy and McClellan, Tom Scott and others, and were returning west over the Pennsylvania Railroad. He never dined at railway stations, but was always provided with a well-stocked hamper. We had eaten, and he had just settled back comfortably in his seat with a few hearty clappings of his hands together (an old habit, bespeaking content with him), when he saw a bottle, carelessly flung from a forward coach, barely graze a track-mender's head. A look of indignant anxiety flashed into his face, soon giving place to a smile, and finally followed by roars of laughter from the rugged old man whom it took paralysis many long years to kill.

"I never see a bit of luck like that without minding me of the biggest piece of luck I ever saw," began the veteran criminal catcher, "and it happened a raw Scotchman and his wife that I knew. This Scotch-fool had been a Chartist; a price was set on his head; he had a sweetheart, Joan Carfrae, a bookbinder's apprentice, and a lass that had caught his heart a-singing Chartist songs, who married him with his head all but in the noose, and some friends shipped them by stealth to Quebec, he as a ship's cooper and she as a cook, on the bark Kent, April 9, 1840. On May 8, the Kent was wrecked on Sable Island, but the crew and passengers were saved by the aid of friendly Indians, who took everything that came ashore. The cooper and wife finally got from the scene of the wreck to Fisherman's Village, in a small boat, and from there by fishing smack to Aspy Bay, where the Unicorn, of Quebec, changed mails with the Britannia, one of the first steamers across the Atlantic. They were helped from here to Montreal, where the cooper got work heading beef barrels, and the couple soon got to house-keeping famously in one room. But members of the Coopers' Union confidently told him this job would shut down at a certain date, and so he impulsively decided on going to the thriving little city of Chicago. After buying their tickets they had no money left. The steamer was to leave that very afternoon. The cooper's little bit of a wife came and confessed that she had criminally ordered a bonnet at the milliners; that it could not be got for the charges, and pitifully pleaded that they wait for the next boat a week later, that the money might be earned and the precious bonnet secured. The Scotch cooper roared like a mad bull, but finally consented. They got the bonnet, but that husband made that wife's life little short of hell, till"—and here Pinkerton roared the

School Teachers Education.

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startled passengers out of their dozings—"news came in a few days that the boat they would have taken, had it not been for that lucky bonnet, blew up and every soul on board was lost!

"I tell you, that little song-singing wife has had her way about bonnets ever since!" chuckled Pinkerton. "For that little Edinburgh girl was my Joan!—and that fool cooper who ran away from the Queen's officers was me!"

SELLING IVORY FROM THE CONGO.

SIX TONS SENT TO ENGLAND BY STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

(From the London Times)

The London and Liverpool ivory sales have just been concluded. An interesting feature of the London sales was the offer of six tons of what was termed "Stanley's ivory." It was the first lot of ivory sent by Mr. H. M. Stanley from the Congo. It was forwarded to the Belgian Government, from which it came to London. The quality and weight were very good. One parcel of four hundred weight, knocked down to Messrs. Joseph Rodgers & Sons (limited), the Sheffield cutlery manufacturers, averaged about three teeth to the hundredweight. A new source of supply would be exceedingly acceptable, for ivory is now so freely used for so many purposes that there is some peril of the elephant being exterminated. Messrs. Rodgers' consumption is twenty-five tons per annum, and includes Gaboon, Angola and Niger, East Indian, Cape and Egyptian. The large tusks weigh from fifty to one hundred pounds each; middle from twenty-five pounds to 50 pounds each; and small from 3 pound to 10 pounds. The firm's average weights are 35 pounds. Twenty-five tons contain 1,600 tusks of 35 pounds each, and as each elephant provides only one pair it follows that at least eight hundred elephants per annum must suffer from Messrs. Rodgers & Sons alone in their cutlery and other productions. Very little Egyptian ivory has recently come to hand. The Cairo merchants buried their treasures during the Soudan war to keep them out of the Mahdi's hands, and even now they are reluctant to send to market. What is sent is the result of hoarding, not hunting. Egyptian ivory, which is mainly sold in London, is largely used by cutlery manufacturers and in other Sheffield industries, as well as by pianoforte makers for keys. The paucity of Egyptian is largely compensated for by the increased weight of West Coast Africa, which is growing in favor for baffling the higher classes of table cutlery. The ivory dealers of Africa are very good hands at obtaining full value for their goods, some of the Sheffield firms find that they are not novices in fraudulent trading. They can "load" ivory quite as cleverly as Lancashire can load cottons. By pouring lead into the cavity of the tusk the weight is greatly increased, and there is no possibility of discovering the deception until the ivory has passed through various hands to the cutlery or other manufacturer. Then the workman finds the saw grind against the lead, sometimes snapping the steel teeth. One Sheffield firm recently found lead embedded in several elephants' tusks from 8 to 12 pounds in weight in each. As ivory is worth 12 shillings per pound, there is a perceptible profit in selling lead at that price. At London the prices of soft Indian and Eastern African tusks, soft Egyptian, Cape and West Coast African were dearer, but in the opinion practical brokers, ivory has not much altered for fifteen years, for, while some qualities are now of greater value, others have got cheaper.

WHEN a soldier once fell into the Thames, one person asked another what regiment he belonged to, and was answered, "The Lifeguards.—"Nay, my good sir," said he, "there I think you must be mistaken, for he is certainly in the Coldstream."

Business Opportunities.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

AN INDUSTRIOUS HOUSEWIFE.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

Mrs. E. F., of Lapeer county, Mich., one day this fall prepared breakfast for nine persons, and, after washing dishes, doing her housework and milking four cows she hitched up a two-horse team, drove about half a mile, loaded thirty-five or forty bushels of sugar beets, which she fed, one-half to the cattle and the rest to the hogs. Then she drove to the house prepared and put dinner cooking, and while the meat and vegetables were boiling on the stove, drove one mile to the cornfield and helped to load a load of corn; then drove back to the house, finished her dinner, and, after washing the dishes and cleaning up things, baked four large loaves of good bread, five pies, stewed a kettle of apple sauce, peeled a pail of sweet apples for pickles, scrubbed three rooms, then went with her husband and helped him load another load of corn. After she came back from the cornfield, she prepared supper, and after everything was properly put away and the family was gathered in the parlor, she went to the organ and played and sang as sweetly as any city belle—"Dreaming of Home and Mother." After all, she did not call it a very hard day's work.

THE BUSTLE IN A NEW ROLE.

THE WAY IN WHICH IT SAVED A YOUNG LADY'S LIFE.

[From the Haywards Col. Journal.]

We don't believe history has chronicled a more singular escape from death than occurred in Redwood Canyon last week. The male sex, who are an unteeling lot, taken altogether, have severely criticised bustles, which are a most important part of the female wardrobe, but after reading this thrilling episode should "forever hold their peace." A handsome young lady of sweet seventeen arrived from Arizona a couple of weeks ago and spent a very pleasant visit with friends in the above canyon. One evening when the head of the family was away the milking naturally fell on the female portion of the household. The Arizona fair one at once offered to do her share, but the aunt protested. The protest was of no avail, however, and shortly afterwards she started for the corral, pail in hand, a typical Maud Muller. The young lady was just in the act of milking when a ferocious bull spied her and at once started on the warpath. It was a critical position, and, as the bull came charging at her with lowered horns, with blood in his eye, the young lady quietly dropped on the ground, face downward, and lay as still as death. This manoeuvre was something new for the bull, and he was a moment nonplussed, but he soon recovered from his surprise and made for the prostrate maiden, and had it not been for that bustle the young lady never would have lived to tell this exciting experience. The bull gored that tenderly framed air castle, called a bustle until it gave way and he retired with the trophy. The aunt saw the charge and was about to run in to assist when the brave girl called out to keep back or else both would be killed. As it turned, the bull, after discovering the bustle, concluded that he had made a slight mistake and retired from the battle. Had the young lady started to run, the bull would very likely have soon overtaken and killed her. Hereafter all young ladies should have an extra bustle in reserve when they go into the country and play the milkmaid act.

Purchase or Exchange.

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CHINA.

THE GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS IN YAKU.

A travelling correspondent ("A.E.N.L.") of the *North China Herald* of Shanghai, describing a visit to Yaku, near Tientsin, and at the mouth of the Peiho river, describes the cemetery of the British soldiers who fell in action or died of wounds or diseases in North China during 1860, 1861, and 1862. The wall is broken down, the memorial stones have been torn down, and the brick facings of graves have been removed. "But there one still reads how one tombstone was put up by a friend, how this is to the memory of the men of the Royal Artillery, and that of those of the Royal Engineers. A very simple wooden tablet put up to the memory of six seamen and two stokers of Her Majesty's ship *Weazel*, not being as handy for building materials, has escaped the ravages of rude hands. There it stands, still upright, its simple inscription plainly legible, looking as if the ship's carpenter might have lovingly carved it out of some precious piece of Singapore wood in memory of his fellow-messmates. For while granite and stone are dilapidated all round, this one wooden monument shows no sign of age. Captain Malachi Nugent, of the 67th, is the name on one tablet, Private Murphy on another. The largest monument of all is to the officers and men of the — Brigade who died in North China in the years '60, '61, and '62. But what the two words were preceding the word *Brigade* it was impossible to discover." The British pilots who live in the neighborhood have thought of appealing to Lord Walseley; they have tried to call the Consul's attention to the matter, but the graves are going from bad to worse. The writer suggests that, if nothing else be done, the cemetery should at once be grassed over, and the remains of the monuments be taken to the Embassy chapel at Peking, rather than that they should be stolen bit by bit by the Chinese, for "it is not time, nor flood, nor wind, nor rain that has overturned and moved away these monuments and stolen these bricks and broken down the cemetery wall. "Surely it only needs," concludes the writer, "that the attention of Englishmen in China should be called to the matter to get this burial-ground put in order before all traces of the inscription shall have disappeared, and thus to save the resting places of our dead from being as now, a daily scorn and mockery for every Chinese soldier as he goes in and out of the South Taku Fort." But the duty is obviously one which does not fall on Englishmen in China only.

TIRING EACH OTHER OUT.

The other day a young man went into the New York Young Men's Library to look at *Punch*. On approaching the table where the newspapers lay, he noticed that *Punch* was already in the hands of an Englishman. He sat down to wait for the London Charivari, and beguiled the time with an *Illustrated London News*. Every now and then he cast a glance across the table at the Englishman, who showed no signs of getting through with *Punch*. The glance became a scowl, and the Englishman replied with a frown as the young party turned over leaf after leaf of the *Illustrated*. Men came in, read newspapers and went out, but the person still waited for the comic journal as he scanned the pages of the serious one. They scowled across the table at each other silently. At last the young man made up his mind that he would get the sheet sooner by sending over to London for it, and in disgust he flung down the *Illustrated News* and reached for his hat. At the same moment the Englishman threw *Punch* on the table and reached for the *Illustrated*, muttering "I hope he's read all the advertisements." Two hearts that beat as one!

Correspondence.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

DISCOVERY OF THE ARC LIGHT.—The arc light with its blue-white painful glare, is generally used for our streets, or to illuminate very large areas, such as the reading-room at the British Museum, which is lit by four large hanging lamps of that nature. The first arc light was produced quite at the beginning of this century by Sir Humphry Davy. Noticing that the wires from a powerful electric battery gave sparks, and that the two extremities of the wires became hot when brought together, he tried the experiment of furnishing each wire, or electrode, with a short pencil of charcoal. The result was that the charcoal points when brought together became red-hot, and if separated from one another by a short distance, a brilliant light played between them. The immense battery used by Davy allowed this distance to amount to four inches, and the luminous atmosphere between them, owing probably to the heated air, took the form of an arch, hence the term arc, or arc-light. Exactly the same effect is of course produced if instead of a battery current from a dynamo machine is employed. Foucault substituted gas retort carbon, or coke sawn into pencils, for the charcoal which Davy employed. This material is so hard that it wastes away slowly, and has been used for electric lamps ever since. But of late years a more homogeneous carbon has been produced by manufacture, and these are now almost exclusively employed. The arc-light requires a regulator, which acts the same part as a candlestick does to a candle. But there are certain points to be observed which require this regulator to fulfill particular conditions. In the first place, the arc is not produced at all unless the carbon points first touch and are then separated, and if from any cause the light should be extinguished, the pencils must be again brought into contact before the arc can be re-established. The two carbon rods are placed vertically one above the other, and held in sockets. Their points touch until the connection is made with the source of electricity. Directly this occurs, and the current flows from one pencil to the other, they are seen to glow white hot, and by the action of an electro-magnet they are separated, and the arc is established between them. As they gradually waste away they are caused to approach one another by suitable mechanism until they are consumed.—From "Cassell's Popular Encyclopedia."

FROM JUDGE.

A UNIQUE CONTRIBUTION.

Mr. Cowpuncher (has just returned from a long sojourn in the West, and gets roped into church on collection Sunday)—Don't look so blamed surprised, deacon! That's a poker chip, an' is good for a twenty-dollar shinner if yer'll mail it ter wicked Mike Hogan in Leadville.

Cologne Fakir—Sweet violet and jockey club all for the small sum of—

Jones—Git out! Wha's the good ob such trash to a man who's got 'is 'ed corked up with hay fever all the year round?

Inquiring Father—What I'se like ter know, yo' onery child, is how you's able ter smoke cigahs when yo' ole fadder kin only smoke his pipe?

Forward Son—I'se ain't got no chiln to support.

CONSIDERATE.

(From Life.)

He—Handsome woman, that Major Bold's wife; but wh, will she wear such loud gowns?
She—Out of consideration to the Major, I fancy; he is so shockingly deaf, don't you know.

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"A sea voyage! What put that into your head?" he asked.
"Well, you haven't taken me anywhere for a long time, and—"
"Just listen to the woman! Didn't I take you out to the cliff on Sunday?"
"Oh, that doesn't count."
"What do you want to go to the sea for?"
"Oh, I don't know. I'd like to get real sick once. They say it does you so much good."
"Oh, if that's all I guess we can manage it."
"I don't want you to go and borrow a yacht."
"I won't. I'll give you this cigar. Smoke about an inch of it."

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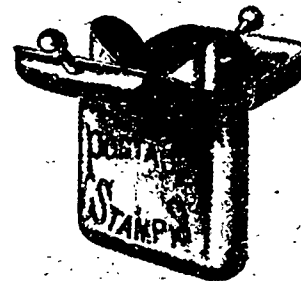


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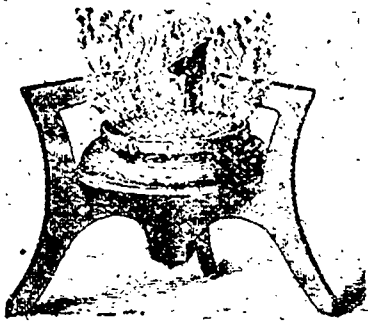
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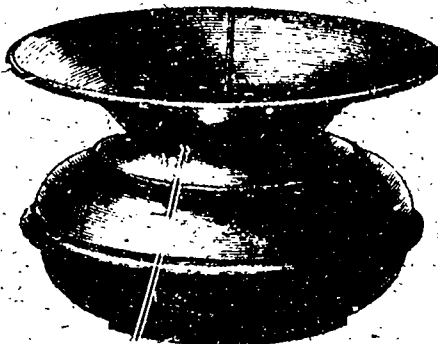


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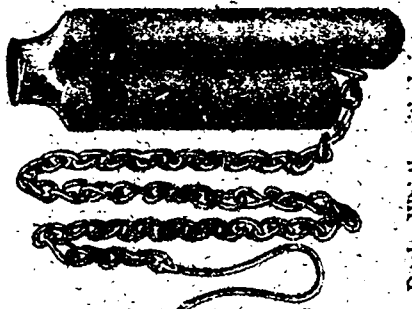


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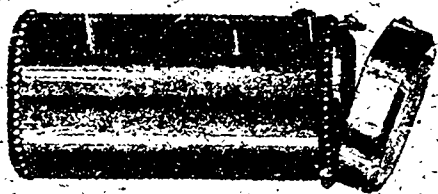
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