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# THE FAVORITE

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"LORD ABOVE! HOW DID YOU EVER FIND ME, JOEL?"

## "NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARYAT.

Author of "Loos's Conflict," "Veronique," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

It is towards the close of a long, bright day in June, that a young collegian enters, somewhat hastily, the courtyard of an inn on the outskirts of one of our university towns.

"Holloa there!" he calls sharply to a skulking ostler, who recognises him with a touch of the forelock; "bring my horse round, will you, and be quick about it!"

As the ostler disappears to obey his orders the young man leans lazily against the stable wall, and the traces of some secret care or annoyance are very visible upon his countenance. He ought to possess neither; for he is young, good-looking, affluent, and of high birth, being the second son of the Earl of Norham; but what charm is there to make even earls' sons invulnerable against the effects of the woes which they create for themselves? A few months back Eric Keir almost believed that the world was made for him and men in the same position as himself; to-day, he would give the world, were it his own, to be able to retrace his steps and undo that which is irremediable. And yet he has not completed his two-and-twentieth year!

As the ostler brings his horse—a fine bay animal of some value—up to his side, Eric Keir starts as though he had been dreaming, and seizing the reins abruptly, is about to spring into the saddle. His foot, however, has but reached the stirrup, when he is accosted from the other side.

"Why, Keir, old fellow! what an age it is since we met! Where have you been hiding yourself? I seem to have seen scarcely anything of you during the whole term." And the hand of Saville Moxon, a fellow student, though not at the same college, is thrust forward eagerly to take his own.

At which, Eric Keir descends to earth again with an appearance of being less pleased than embarrassed at his encounter with his friend, who is, moreover, intimately acquainted with all the members of his family.

"If you have not seen me, Moxon, it is your own fault," he replies, moodily; "for you know where to find me when I am at home."

"Ah! exactly so, my dear fellow,—when you are at home; but have you any distinct recollection of when you last practised that rather negative virtue? For my part, I can affirm that you have sported the oak on, at least, a dozen occasions during the last two months, when I have been desirous of palming my irreproachable company upon you. What do you do with yourself out of college hours?"

At this question, innocent though it appears, Keir visibly reddens, and then tries to cover his confusion by a rough answer.

"Much the same as you do, I suppose;—much the same as every man does who is condemned to be cooped up for three parts of the year in this musty old town: try to forget that there is such a place."

But Saville Moxon is not to be put out of temper so easily.

"By riding out of it, as you are going to do now," he says, with a light laugh, as he lays his hand upon the horse's mane. "Where are you bound to, Eric?"

"What business is that of yours?" is trembling upon the lips of Eric Keir; but he represses the inclination to utter it, and substitutes the answer, "Nowhere in particular."

"Then don't let me detain you. I want to speak to you, but I can walk by your side a little way;—or, stay; I dare say they have an animal in the stables they can let me have, and we'll take a gallop together—as we used to do in the old days, Keir."

But to this proposal Eric Keir appears anything but agreeable.

"By no means," he rejoins, hastily. "At least, I know they have nothing you would care to mount; and I am quite at your service, Moxon, if you wish to speak to me. Here, ostler! hold my horse."

"But why should I keep you from your ride?"

"Because I prefer it;—prefer, that is to say, speaking to a friend quietly to howling at him across the road. Let us turn out of this courtyard, where every wall has ears and every window a pair of eyes. And now what is your business with me?"





Oxford, most probably, and tried to find your rooms, if you had not appeared this evening."

"You had better not attempt that," he says, decisively.

"But you neglect me, Eric: even old Margaret remarks it: and the Vicar said—"

"The Vicar!"—starting. "When did you see the Vicar?"

"The day before yesterday, when he called here."

"Who let him in?"

"I did!"—rather defiantly. "Old Margaret was out."

"And what communication passed between you?"

"He asked if my name was Mrs. Hamilton?"—and I said "Yes."

"What on earth made you say so?"

"Well—haven't you always called me Mrs. Hamilton? Isn't it the name I go by in the village?"

"Not through my means, Myra. I have never mentioned you to anybody, in Fretterley or out of it. And pray, what had the Vicar to say to Mrs. Hamilton?"

"He asked if you were Mr. Hamilton: he has seen you riding through the village, and—"

"Don't tell me that you connected our names together before him!" interrupts Keir, with a look of anger.

"Well!—what was I to say?"

"What were you to say? You knew well enough what to say to get yourself or me out of a scrape, a few months back. But I see through your design, Myra—you want to force me to do that against which you know I am determined."

"I cannot bear this continual separation," she replies; "it is killing me. I cannot live without you."

"Listen to me, Myra," he says, approaching closer to enforce his argument. "You say you cannot bear this separation; but if you attempt to elude it by any devices of your own, you shall never see me again. You cannot say that I have deceived you: you threw in your lot with mine of your free consent; more than that—you urged me to the step which has brought, God knows, its retribution with it. But if you make our position public, you will do me an irreparable wrong, and injure your own cause. So I warn you!"

"Of what?"

"That suspicion has already fallen upon me for being foolish enough to visit you so openly; so much so, that I had decided, before coming here to-day, to move you as soon as possible from Fretterley; and if the rumor is not stopped by that means, I shall go away till it is forgotten."

"Where?" she inquires, breathlessly.

"In the country, or abroad;—anywhere to baulk the gossips."

"And without me, Eric?"

"Without you? Of course. What good would it do if I took you with me? Why, if the least hint of such a thing were to reach my father's ears, he would ask me all about it, and I should tell him the truth. I have never told him anything but the truth," adds the young fellow, simply; "and I believe it would kill him."

"And you would give me up for your father?" she says, quickly.

"A thousand times over! My father is everything in the world for me; and I can't think how I ever could have permitted myself to do that which would so much grieve him."

A dark flush overspreads her handsome features as she hears the unpalatable truth, and her full breast heaves and her lips tremble with the deep pain it causes her. She is passing through the greatest agony a woman is capable of feeling: coming gradually, but surely, to the conviction that her reign is over, her empire overthrown—that she has lost her place in her lover's heart.

And she loves him so passionately: she has always cared for him far more than he has done for her, and his increasing coldness drives her mad.

"You said that I was everything in the world to you, three months ago," she answers, with set teeth.

"I know I did; and at the time I believed it to be true. But I have told you, Myra, what a proud, high family mine is, and how seldom their escutcheon has been tarnished with dishonor. And—forgive me for saying so—I know it is my own fault, but I cannot help being conscious of the fact that I have tarnished it now. And my poor father thinks so much—too much of me; I feel as though I should never be able to look him in the face again." And with that, Eric Keir buries his own face in his hands.

She laps the floor impatiently with her foot.

"You are ashamed of me, Eric."

"I am bitterly ashamed of myself, and of all that has passed between us."

"It would have been better if we had never met."

"Far better—both for you and for myself. Who could think otherwise?"

"It would be better, perhaps, if I were dead."

"It would be better if we were both dead," he exclaims bitterly; "or had died before we saw each other. Oh, Myra—Myra! why will you wring such cruel truths from my mouth? you have been the death of all good things in me."

He lifts his face to hers, and she is shocked to see the pain portrayed there. She is an illiterate, low-born woman, with nothing to recommend her beyond her beauty and her fierce love for him, which, yet, is like the love of an unreasoning animal, overpowering when encouraged, and apt to turn the first time it is thwarted.

But she has one indomitable passion—pride, and it is stirring and working in her now.

"Would you be happy if you could undo the past?" she says in a low voice; "if there had been no such person as me in the world, and had never fancied that you loved me?"

"Happy!" he answers, with a sad laugh. "I should be happy if I could wipe out the remembrance with a free conscience at the expense of everything that I possess. But come, Myra, let us talk no more of impossibilities. The past is past, my child, and nothing you or I can say will ever undo it. Let us think of the present. It is necessary you should leave Fretterley;—where you would like to go?"

"I don't care. You may choose for me."

"Very well, then; I will think the matter over, and let you know. I shan't be able to come here to-morrow, as I have an engagement in the town; but the day after you may depend on seeing me. Do you want any money?"—taking out his purse.

But she shrinks from the note he offers her as though it had been a serpent.

"No—no! I am not in want of it: I have plenty to serve my need."

"All the better for me," he says, laughing. He has recovered his spirits again; clouds are not long in passing with the young.

"Well—good-bye," he continues, as he takes the girl in his arms and kisses her, in a fraternal manner, on the cheek. "It's a shame of me to have made those pretty eyes so red! Don't think twice of what I have said, Myra; you urged me on to it with your cross-questioning, and you know I lament this business for both our sakes; but the dark mood will be gone to-morrow. It's nothing unusual, after three months of honeymoon, my dear."

She clings to him frantically close, but she says nothing.

"Why, won't you say good-bye? Then I must go without it, for I have no more time to lose."

He is moving towards the door, when she flies after him, and almost stifles him in her embrace.

"Oh! goo—bye, my love!—my darling!—my own, own, dearest love!"

She showers kisses, almost roughly on his mouth, his eyes, his brow; kisses which he accepts rather philosophically than otherwise, and from which he frees himself with a sigh of relief.

Alas! for the love of one-and-twenty, when it begins to temper its enthusiasm with philosophy!

As, with a cheerful nod, he turns out of the wicket gate, the woman stands gazing after him as though she has been turned to stone; and when he has finally disappeared, she gropes her way back to the sitting-room, and c.a.s herself headlong on the floor.

"Gone—gone!" she moans; "all gone, and my life gone with it! Oh! I wish that I was dead—I wish that I was buried—I wish that I could neither feel nor think—I am nothing to him now—"

She lies there for, perhaps, an hour, sobbing and moaning to herself; and is only roused by the entrance of the old woman she calls Margaret, with the preparations for her tea, and whose grunt at perceiving her attitude is half of compassion and half of contempt.

"Lord ha' mussy!" she exclaims, "and whatever are you a-lying on the boards for?"

This woman, who is clothed and kept like one of gentle birth, and by whom she is fed and paid her wages, is yet not addressed by Margaret in terms befitting a servant to use towards his mistress. The poor are ever keenest at detecting a would-be lady from a real one.

The familiar tone affronts Myra; she reads in it, not sympathy, but rebellion against her newborn dignity, and she rises and sweeps out of the room, without deigning to notice the presence of her factotum.

But the bed-room is solitary and full of sad remembrance, and in a few minutes she emerges from it, dressed for walking, and saunters in the garden.

It is a queer little nest that Eric Keir has chosen for her, being originally intended for the gamekeeper's cottage on an estate which has long since been parted with, acre by acre, and its very name sunk in the obscurity of three or four small farms; so that the cottage stands alone in the midst of wheat and barley fields; and it is through one of these, where the grain, young, and green and tender, and not higher than a two years' child, spring up on each side of her, that Myra, still burning as under the sense of a deep outrage, takes her way. A resolution has been growing up in her heart during the last hour which, betwixt, its pride and stubbornness, it will not easily relinquish—the resolution to part with Eric Keir.

It wrenches her very soul even to think of such a thing, and as she resolves impossible ways and means for its accomplishment, her breath is hardly drawn; but she has a will of iron, and he has wounded her in her most vulnerable part. As she paces slowly up and down the narrow field-path, the jealous, angry tears scarce dried upon her cheeks, she hears a rustle in the corn behind her, and the next moment some one touches her upon the shoulder.

Myra is not chicken-hearted but she is quick to resent an insult.

"How dare you?" she commences, angrily; but as she turns and faces the intruder, her tone is changed to one of consternation.

"Lord above!" she continues faintly. "How did you ever find me, Joel?"

She is so taken by surprise that she had turn-

ed quite pale, and the hand she offers him is fluttering like a bird.

"Find you!" exclaims the new-comer (who, it may be as well at once to state, stands in the relationship of cousin to her), "I would have found you Myra, if you had been at the furthest end of the whole world."

"Aunt's not here, is she?" inquires Myra, with the quick fear that a woman in her equivocal position has of encountering the reproaches of one of her own sex; "you're sure you're alone, Joel?"

"I'm all alone, Myra. Mother has enough to do to get her living, without coming all the way from Leicestershire to look after you. But I couldn't rest till I'd seen you: I couldn't believe what I've heard, except from your own lips. You've most broke my heart, Myra."

He is an uncouth, countryfied-looking fellow, without any beauty, except such as is conveyed by his love and his sorrow; but as he stands there, sheepishly enough, looking down upon the hand he still holds between his own, he commands all the respect due to the man who has done nothing for which he need blush.

His earnestness seems to touch the girl, for she is silent and hangs down her head.

"When we heard that you had left the situation in the hotel where father placed you, and without a word of warning, we couldn't credit it. But some words as the master wrote to mother made us think as all wasn't right with you; and when weeks and months went by and we didn't hear nothing, I began to fear it was true. So I travelled up from home, little by little, doing a job here and a job there, till I got to Oxford, and could speak with the master myself; and though he couldn't satisfy me as to your whereabouts, I came to it by constant inquiry, and reached Fretterley last night. And now, Myra, come home with me. I don't want to make no words about it: I don't want to hear nothing of what you've been doing—'twould only cut me up—but say you'll come back to the old place in Leicestershire, and then I shan't think my journey's been took in vain."

He looks her in the eyes as he concludes, and she, unable to stand his scrutiny, drops her head upon his rough velvet shoulder, and begins to cry.

"Oh, Joel! if I could only tell you."

"Tell me, my poor lass! where's the use of your telling me: can't I read the signs you carry about you? What's the meaning of a purple silk gown with lace fripples upon your back, and a pair of gold drops in your ears, if it don't mean shame?"

"No! no! not that!" she cries recoiling from him.

"I shall think less of you, Myra, if you call it by any other name. But the old home's open to you, my dear, all the same—open to receive and shelter you whenever you choose to come back to it, though you can't never bring the joy to it now that I once thought you would."

The old home! How little she has thought of it of late! yet she can see it in her mind's eye, as she stands pondering his words. It was not a particularly happy home to her: the homes of the poor seldom are. She had known hunger, and thirst, and cold, and occasionally the sound of harsh words within its limits, yet the memory of the dull life she led there seems very peaceful now, compared to the excited and stormy scenes through which she had passed since leaving it.

The old home! It was not a paradise, but it was more like home to the low-born girl than daily association with a companion who is as far above her in birth as an intellect, and has grown but too conscious of the gulf that lies between them.

Joel Cray takes her fit of inusing for hesitation, and recommences his persuasion.

"I darsay he, whoever he may be—for I know there's a man at the bottom of all this, Myra, (curse him)," he adds *par parenthèse*—"I darsay he does all he can to persuade you that he loves you better than himself, and will be constant to you till death, but—"

"He does not," she interrupts eagerly, in defence of the absent.

"What!" replies Joel, lost in astonishment, "he's sick of you already! He steals you away from an honest family and an honest employment to make a—"

"Stop!" cries Myra, in a voice of authority.

"What am I to stop for?"

"You shall not call me by that name: it is a lie."

"I wish to God you could prove it, Myra. What are you, then—his wife?"

"Of whom are you talking?" with passionate confusion. "How do you know that there is any one? What right have you to come and bully me in this manner?"

"Myra! we were brought up together from little children; my mother was like your mother, and my home was your home; and long before you saw this chap, you knew that I loved you and looked to wed you when the proper time came—that's my right! And now, as we stand in God's sight together, tell me the truth. Are you married to the man, or are you not?"

At this point-blank question, she trembles, and grows red and white by turns, shrinking from the stern glance he fixes on her.

"Joel! don't look at me after that fashion, for I can't bear it! O, Joel! you used to love me. Take me back to aunt, and the old place, and the children, for there's no one wants me here."

"My poor lass! is it really as bad as that—only three months, and tired of you already? Well, well! you'd better have taken me, perhaps after all—you've made a sorry bargain, Myra."

"O, Joel! I love him beyond everything in the world. He is so clever, and so handsome, and so good to me. But I ain't fit for such as he is: I feel it at every turn. I can't talk, nor behave, nor look as he would wish me to do, and"—in a lower voice—"he is ashamed of me, Joel."

Poor Joel has been silently writhing under the mention of his rival's attributes, but the last clause is too much for him.

"Ashamed of you! the d—d villain! he ain't worthy to touch you. Oh, how I wish I had my fingers this moment at his wizen!"

"Hush, Joel! don't say such awful things, but—but—" with a choking sob, "I'm nothing but a worry to him now: he wishes we had never met: he wishes I was dead, and he was rid of me."

"Will you come home with me, or will you not?" shouts Joel, whose patience is thoroughly exhausted. "If you stand there, Myra, a telling me any more of his insults, I swear I'll hunt him down like a dog, and set fire to every stick and stone that he possesses. Ah! you think, perhaps, that I don't know his name, and so he's safe from me; but it's 'Amilton—there's for you—and if you disappoint me, I'll soon be upon his track."

"O, Joel! don't be hard on me; you can't tell how I feel the parting with him."

She turns her streaming eyes upon the cottage, whilst he, unable to bear the sight of her distress, paces up and down uneasily.

"Then you mean to come back with me, Myra?"

"Yes—yes—to-morrow."

"To-morrow you'll have changed your mind."

"What will there be to change it?" she answers, passionately. "How can anything undo his words? He says I have been the death of all good things in him: that if it was possible he would wipe out even the memory of me with his blood; with his blood, Joel, think of that!"

"Well, them's insults, whatever they may mean, that you've no right to look over, Myra; and if you won't settle 'em, I shall."

"You would not harm him, Joel!" fearfully.

"I'd break every bone in his body, if I'd the chance to, and grateful for it. But if you'll promise to give him up without any more to do, and come back home with me, I'll leave him to Providence. He'll catch it in the next world, if not in this."

"I have promised—I will do it—only give me one more night in the place where I have been happy."

He is not very willing to grant her this indulgence, but she exacts it from him, so that he is obliged to let her have her way, and passes the next twelve hours in a state of uninterrupted fear, lest he should appear to interpose his authority, or, after a night's reflection, she should play him false, and decide to remain where she is.

But Joel Cray need not have been afraid.

Myra spends the time indeed no less perplexed than he does; but those who knew her innate pride and self-will would have had no difficulty in guessing that it would come off conqueror at last.

"He would give me up a thousand times over for his father," she keeps on repeating, when she finds her strength is on the point to fail; "he said so, and he means it, and sooner or later it would be my fate. And I will not stay to be given up; I will go before he has the chance to desert me. I will not be told again that I tarnish his honor, and that we had better both be dead than I live to disgrace him."

"I cannot bear it. I love him too much to be able to bear it. Perhaps when he hears that I am gone, and comes to miss me (I am sure that he will miss me), he may be sorry for the cruel things he said, and travel England over till he finds me, and asks me to come back to him again."

The soft gleam which her dark eyes assume as the thought strikes her, is soon chased away by the old sore memory.

"But he will never come; he only longs to be quit of me that he may walk with a free conscience through the world, and I am the stumbling-block in his way. O! he shall never say so again: he shall know what it is to be free: he shall never have the opportunity to say such bitter truths to be again."

And so, with the morning light, the impetuous, unreasoning creature, without leaving sign or trace behind her to mark which way she goes, resigns herself into the hands of Joel Cray, and flies from Fretterley.

When, according to promise, Eric Keir pays another visit to the gamekeeper's cottage, there is only old Margaret to open the door and stare at him as though she had been bewitched.

"Where is your mistress?" he says, curtly: the expression of old women's faces not possessing much interest for him.

"Lor, sir! she's gone."

"Gone! where—into the village?"

"O! deary me! I knows nothing about it: she never spoke to me. How could I tell but what she'd left by your orders?"

"What do you mean? Has Mrs. Hamilton left Fretterley?"

"Yes, sir—I suppose so. I haven't seen nothing of her since yesterday morning."

"Impossible!—without leaving a note or any explanation?"

"I don't know if you'll find a note amongst her things, sir! they're just as she left 'em: I haven't touched nothing; I know my place better; and I'd rather you'd find out the truth for yourself, though I has my suspicions, of















“BIDE A WEE.”

By W. Fyfe.











bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water. When a fashionable lady dreams of a filbert, it is a sign that her thoughts are running upon the colonel. If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law, for, by the rule of contraries, you will be sure of non-suit. To dream that you are eating, is certain to come true at breakfast. To dream of a barber, denote losses: hairs may be expected to be cut off. It is very lucky to dream you pay for a thing twice over, since afterwards you will probably take care to have your bills receipted.

**THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.**—It is a remarkable and most interesting fact, that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied, was the production of the Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years of 1450 and 1455. Gutenberg was the inventor of the art, a goldsmith furnished the necessary funds. The Bible was in two folio volumes, which have been justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the lustre of the ink. The work contained twelve hundred pages, and being the first ever printed, of course involved a long period of time and an immense amount of mental, manual, and mechanical labor; and yet for a long period after it had been finished and offered for sale, not a single human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished.

**LILLIPUTIANS.**—“Mrs. J. B. McCrum, residing at Kalamazoo, Michigan, is the mother of twins so small that they are a marvel of humanity, putting in shade all stories of Lilliputians ever heard of. One is a boy and the other a girl, and weigh, together, three pounds and four ounces! They are perfect, and seem to be in good health. Their bed is a little paper box filled with cotton, and they are dressed in doll’s clothes. The mother and children were doing well at last accounts. These twins are the smallest living children ever heard of. They take food naturally, and make a noise like very young kittens. Quite a number of citizens have called to see the little wonders. A tea cup will cover the head of either. Their hands are about the size of the bowl of a teaspoon, and their bodies less than six inches long—the boy a trifle the larger.”

**HUSBANDS.**—Young ladies are generally supposed to be, more or less, on the look-out for husbands. Nice dresses, and pretty bonnets; music and dancing, and the polite accomplishments, in the societies where these are cultivated, and very much of what is called society, are supposed to have this object in view. But the supply of good husbands is not equal to the demand. We see thousands of men around us whose married state is a constant marvel to us. We cannot conceive how they ever induced any woman to have them. The standard of husbandly virtues requires to be raised and the market better supplied. Marriage, which develops all that is lovely in woman, sometimes brings out the worst qualities in men. Many a woman of forty exceed the promise of her girlhood; but how few are the men who do not fall very short of the hopes of youth!

**THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.**—It may be said that the eyes away the destiny of the face; for if their expression be not beautiful, the most exquisitely modelled other features, the most classical mould of the head, and the purest Grecian oval of general facial outline, are but as doves clustering in the fascination of hideous snakes. On the other hand, a beautiful eye raises the plainest face to a higher rank of beauty than mere symmetry can ever attain. The greatest and most loved women of history were often indebted solely to the beautiful expression of their eyes for their nameless power of fascinating all who beheld them. And to make the eyes thus beautiful, it is only necessary to throw into them that light of the soul which emanates from the gentler emotions and purest thoughts. All violent passions abuse the eye, all unworthy thoughts mar its clearness.

**STRENGTH OF THE TIGER.**—The strength of the tiger is prodigious. By a single cuff of his great fore-paw he will break the skull of an ox as easily as you could smash a gooseberry; and then taking his prey by the neck will straighten his muscles and march off at a half trot, with only the hoofs and tail of the defunct animal trailing on the ground. An eminent traveller relates that a buffalo belonging to a peasant in India, having got helplessly fixed in a swamp, its owner went to seek assistance of his neighbors to drag it out. While he was gone, however, a tiger visited the spot, and unceremoniously slew and drew the buffalo out of the mire and had just got it comfortably over his shoulders preparatory to trotting home, when the herdsmen and his friends approached. The buffalo, which weighed more than a thousand pounds, had its skull fractured and its body nearly emptied of blood.

**ENNOBLING THE WRONG MAN.**—Scheele, the chemist, discoverer of chlorine and manganese, was a native of Sweden; and when Gustavus III was in Paris, a deputation of the learned waited upon him to congratulate him on having so illustrious a subject. The king had never heard of him; but, ashamed of his ignorance, immediately sent off a courier to say that Scheele was to be made a noble.

“All very fine,” said his Prime Minister, on receiving the despatch, “but who is Scheele?”

A clerk in the Foreign Office volunteered information.

“Very good fellow, captain in the artillery—great friend of mine—plays billiards divinely.”

The Prime Minister turned the captain into a count, and the mistake was not discovered till the King’s return.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**GOLD CORDIAL.**—Take of the roots of angelica, sliced, four pounds; raisins, stoned, two pounds; coriander seeds, half a pound; caraway seeds and cinnamon, each, half a pound; cloves, two ounces; figs and liquorice root, sliced, each one pound; proof spirits, eleven gallons; water, two gallons; Digest two days, and draw off by a gentle heat, till the feints begin to rise, hanging in a piece of linen, fastened to the mouth of the worm, one ounce of English saffron. Then dissolve eight pounds of sugar in three quarts of rose-water, and add to it the distilled liquor.—The above cordial derives its name from a quantity of gold-leaf being formerly added to it, but this is now generally disused.

**HEADACHE.**—This very common disorder, proceeds from various causes, and according to these it must be treated. Most frequently it is not a disorder of itself, but symptomatic of indigestion, excess of bile, nervousness, &c. Removing, then, the cause cures the headaches; thus, mild aperients are often serviceable. If of a nervous character, tonics are useful, such as gentian, bark, hops, camphor, &c. Headache may besides arise from over oppression of the blood-vessels of the head, fullness of blood, &c. The best advice is to keep the head cool and the feet warm, to have recourse to aperient medicines often, and if obstinate or long-continued, blood-letting by the lance in the arm, or by cupping between the shoulders, assisted by blisters behind the ears, is sure to give relief. Nervous headaches are often cured by stimulants, such as snuff, smelling salts, aromatic vinegar, &c., and as often by rest and quiet, by twenty or thirty drops of laudanum taken in a little water, and by avoiding light.

**PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.**—When the hair grows scantily, naturally, the following lotion may be used three or four times a week, in the morning: Eau-de-Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two ounces; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender of each, ten drops.—When the hair has become thin from illness, use the following receipt: Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed.—When actual baldness is commencing, use the following pomade: Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture, and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair.—When the hair, after being naturally luxuriant, begins to grow thin, without actually coming out in particles, use the following receipt: Take of extract of yellow Peruvian bark, fifteen grains; extract of rhatany root, eight grains; extract of burdock root and oil of nutmegs (fixed), of each, two drachms; camphor dissolved into spirits of wine, fifteen grains; beef marrow, two ounces; best olive oil, one ounce; citron juice, half a drachm; aromatic essential oil, as much as sufficient to render it fragrant; mix, shake into and ointment. Two drachms of bergamot, and a few drops of otto of roses, would suffice. This is to be used every morning.

**CORNS.**—Corns are usually limited to the feet. Their cause is either pressure or friction, or both combined. Whenever a portion of the skin is subjected to long continued and unequal pressure, the papillae of the sensitive skin are stimulated, and grow to an unusual size. Associated with this increase of growth of the papillae, is the increased thickness of the scarf-skin, and this latter being the outward and perceptible effect, is denominated a “corn.” The end to be gained in cutting a corn is to take off the pressure of the shoe from the tender papillae of the sensitive skin; and to effect this object, the summit of the corn must be cut in such a manner as to excavate it, the edges being left to act as a bolster, and still further protect the central part, where the longest and consequently the most sensitive papillae are found. The professional chiropodist effects this object very adroitly; he generally works around the centre, and takes out the fibrous portion in a single piece. He digs, as he says, for the root. There is another way of disposing of a corn.—Have some common sticking-plaster spread on buff leather; cut a piece sufficiently large to cover the corn and skin around, and have a hole punched in the middle of exactly the size of the summit of the corn. Now take some common soda of the oil-shops, and make it into a paste with about half its bulk of soap; fill the hole in the plaster with the paste, and cover it up with a piece of sticking-plaster. Let this be done at bedtime, and in the morning remove the plaster, and wash the corn with warm water. If this operation be repeated every second, third, or fourth day for a short time, the corn will be removed. The only precaution requiring to be used is to avoid causing pain; and so long as any tenderness occasioned by the remedy lasts, it must not be repeated. When the corn is reduced within reasonable bounds by either of the above modes, or when it is only threatening, and has not yet risen to the height of being a sore annoyance, the best of all remedies is a piece of soft buff leather, spread with soap plaster, and pierced in the centre with a hole exactly the size of the summit of the corn. If it can be procured, a better substance still for spreading the plaster upon is “amadou,” or “German tinder.”

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

CAN a lover be called a suitor when he doesn’t suit her?

WHAT may one always expect at a hotel?—Inn attention.

“HOME—sweet home,” as the bee said when he entered his hive.

WOULD it not be cruelty to animals to “throw physic to the dogs?”

WHY is a widower like a house in a state of deplapitation?—Because he should be re-paired.

A BEAU dismissed by a belle, and an arrow dismissed by a bow are apt to start off in a hurry.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

MANY a lady, nowadays, is like a show-window. She takes so much pains with her sash.

A WORD to prosy lovers—It is not only those women who wear earrings whose ears are bored.

JEALOUSY is only the art of tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

WOULD it be apt to tire a man much if he should pass half-a-dozen restless knights on horseback?

A YOUNG man married a girl rather than be shot by her brother—thinking a miss better than a hit.

A FRIEND of ours has a painful affection of the eyes, caused by trying to read “by the light of other days.”

Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn’t make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

RAILWAYS are pronounced aristocratic because they teach all people to know their own stations, and stop there.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know what sort of drums co-nun-drums are. She thinks they are somewhat hard to beat.

A YOUNG scapegrace threw his ball at his sister, and hit her on the back of the head so hard that the bawl came out of her mouth.

THE man whom you saved from drowning, and the man who never pays what he owes, you may consider as alike indebted to you for life.

“How long will my chop be, waiter?” angrily asked a very hungry old man in a restaurant. “About five inches, sir,” was the accurate reply.

THE reason that men are taken to the station-house when they are found in the street full of liquor, is to give their friends a chance to bail them out.

“MR. JONES, what makes my canary sleep on one leg?” “I don’t think that anything makes him do it, ma’am; it appears to me that he does it of his own accord.”

A COUPLE of deaf mutes were married the other day in Philadelphia, the ceremony being performed by signs. The new-wedded pair were literally unapeakably happy.

A CLERGYMAN at a funeral, when at the grave-side, said to the chief mourner “Is it a brother or a sister?” He received the puzzling answer, “Neither; it is only a cousin.”

AN omnibus driver called down to an unconscious young lady—“Miss, your fare!” “Well,” exclaimed the girl, rousing up, “if I am, I don’t want any of your impertinence.”

At a hotel table, one boarder said to his neighbor—“This must be a healthy place for chickens.” “Why?” asked the other. “Because I’ve never seen any dead ones hereabouts.”

A MODEL PAIR.—The gentleman who returned his neighbor’s borrowed umbrella was seen a day or two ago walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking a peep. It is believed they are engaged.

“AUNT HEPSEBAH looked up from her paper and exclaimed. “My gracious me, if moonlight hairn’t become dangerous out in Michigan.” “How so, aunty?” asked her nephew. “Why, it says here that two men were robbed lately, near Detroit, by moonlight.”

“FATHER, did you ever have another wife besides mother?” “No my boy. What possessed you to ask such a question?” “Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anna Dominie, 1862, and that wasn’t mother, for her name was Lucy Jenkins when she was a girl.”

A LITTLE girl who was sent for some indigo, forgetting the name, asked the grocer, “Please, sir, what do people dye with?” “What do people die with?” exclaimed the grocer; “why, with the cholera sometimes.” “Then,” said the child, “mother wants a shilling’s worth of cholera.”

A BOLD MAN.—A gay fellow who had taken lodgings as a public-house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself, and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord, that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him, which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly that if she came, he would kiss her. “Will he?” said the lady, “will he? Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow has such impudence!” — “My dear,” said the cooling husband, “pray do not be too rash. You do not know what a man may do when he’s in a passion!”

CAISSA’S CASKET.

SATURDAY, March 21st, 1874.

\* \* \* All communications relating to Chess must be addressed “CHECKMATE.”

G. P. H., MONTREAL.—Cannot you get us a few original problems from your Montreal friends? Shall be pleased to hear from you regularly.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 45.  
BY DR. S. GOLD.

White.	Black.
1. Q. to Q. B. 4th	1. Any.
2. Mates acc.	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 46.  
BY S. TYRRELL.

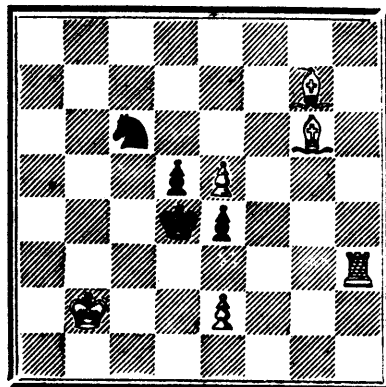
White.	Black.
1. B to K 3rd	1. K takes Kt
2. Q to K 2nd	2. Any
3. Q mates	(a.) 1. K to B 5th
	2. Any
2. Q to R 3rd	
3. Q, Kt or B mates	

Correct solution received from Geo. P. Harwood Montreal. He remarks that it is “very neat.”

PROBLEM No. 53.

BY F. C. COLLINS.

BLACK.



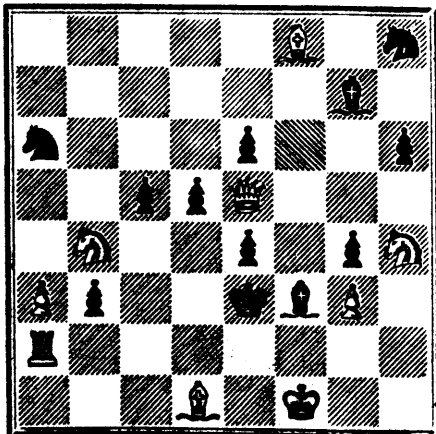
WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 54.

BY REV. L. W. MUDGR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

\$3.00 LORD BROUGHAM TELESCOPE.

Will distinguish the time by a church clock five miles, a FLAGSTAFF and WINDOW BARS 10 MILES; landscape twenty miles distant, and will define the SATELLITES OF JUPITER and the PHASES OF VENUS, &c., &c. This extraordinary CHEAP AND POWERFUL GLASS is of the best make and possesses ACHROMATIC LENSES and is equal to a telescope costing \$20.00. NO STUDENT OR TOURIST should be without one. Sent Post free to all parts in the Dominion of Canada on receipt of price, \$3.00

H. SANDERS, Optician, &c.

163 St. James Street, Montreal.

Illustrated Catalogue 16 pages sent free for out stamp.

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 75 Nassau St., New York. 2-18-1 an





THE FIRST SET.

MAMMA SAYS THE YOUNG MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY ARE NOT TO BE COMPARED TO THE OLD ONES.  
 AND YOU SAY!—  
 O, I AGREE WITH MAMMA! [But he does not quite like it, though.]

A CLINCHER.

GET UP, AND SEE THE TIME, EVA. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL IT." "NO MORE DO I."  
 "O, YOU HOBBID STORY-TELLER, I TAUGHT YOU MYSELF!"



TERRIBLE RESULT OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN!

MISS HYPATIA JONES, SPINSTER OF ARTS (ON HER WAY TO REFRESHMENT), INFORMS PROFESSOR PARALLAX, F.R.S., THAT "YOUNG MEN DO VERY WELL TO LOOK AT, OR TO DANCE WITH, OR EVEN TO MARRY, AND ALL THAT KIND OF THING!" BUT THAT "AS TO ENJOYING ANY RATIONAL CONVERSATION WITH ANY MAN UNDER FIFTY, THAT IS COMPLETELY OUT OF THE QUESTION!"