

HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

And now he is gone! gone in the first freshness of the morning! This year I feel fated to witness the childhood of many summer days. The carriage that bears him away is lost to sight—dwindled away to nothing among the park trees. Five minutes ago, my arms were clinging, with a tightness of clasp that a bear might have admired, around his neck. I was too choked with tears to say much, and kept repeating with the persistence of a guinea-fowl, but without the distinctness, "Come back! come back!"

And now he is gone; and I am left standing at the hall door with level hand shading my eyes from the red sun—with a smeared face—with the butler and two footmen respectfully regarding my affliction—*(they do not like to disappear, till they have shut the door—I do not like to ask them to retire, and I do not like to lose the last glimpse)* so there I remain—nineteen—a grass widow, and—ALONE! I shall not, however, be alone for long; for this evening Barbara is coming. Algy is to bring her, and to stay a few days on his way to Aldershot. All day long, I wander with restless aimlessness about the house, my big house—so empty, so orderly in its stateliness—so frightfully silent! Ah! the doll's house whose whole front came out at once was a better companion—much more friendly, and not half so oppressive. In almost every room, I cry piously—disagreeable tears of shame and remorse and grief—only, O friends! I tell you now what I would not tell myself then, that grief, though true, was not so great as either of the other feelings. I lurch in the great dining-room, with tall full-length Tempests eying me with constant placidity from the walls; with the butler and footman still trying respectfully to ignore my swelled nose and bunged-up eyes.

As evening draws on—evening that is to bring some voices, some sound of steps to me and my great dumb house—I revive a little. If it were Bobby that were coming, my mind would be weighed by the thought of the repression his spirits would need, but Algy's mirth is several shades less violent, and Barbara is never jarringly joyful. So I change my dress, bathe my face, make my maid retwist my hair, and prepare to be chastenedly, and moderately glad to see them.

At least there will be some one to occupy two more of these numberless chairs; two more of the stolid family portraits to eye; two voices, nay three, for I shall speak then, drown the sounding silence.

It is time that they should be here. The carriage went to the station more than an ago. I sit down in a window-seat that commands the park, and look along the drive by which the general went this morning.

Dear Roger! I will practise calling him "Roger" when I am by myself, and then perhaps I may be able to address him by it when he comes home. I will say, "How are you, Roger?"

I have fallen into a pleasant reverie, with my head leaned against the curtain, in which I seem myself giving utterance to this formula, as I stand in a blue gown—Roger likes me in blue—and a blue cap—I look older in a cap—while he precipitates himself madly—

My reverie breaks off. Some one has entered, and is standing by me. It is a footman, with a telegram on a salver. Albeit I know the trivial causes for which people employ the telegraph-wires nowadays, I never can get over my primal deadly fear of those yellow envelopes, that seem emblems and messengers of battle, murder and sudden death. As I tear it open, a hundred horrible impossibilities flash across my brain. Algy and Barbara have both been killed in a railway accident, and have telegraphed to tell me so; the same fate has happened to Roger, and he has adopted the same course.

"Algernon Grey to Lady Tempest. Cannot come; not allowed. He has turned nasty."

The paper drops into my lap, as I draw a long breath of mingled relief and disappointment. A whole long evening—long night of this solitude before me! perhaps much more, for they do not even say that they will come to-morrow! I must utter my disappointment to somebody, even if it is only the footman.

"They are not coming!" I say, plaintively; then, recollecting and explaining myself, "I mean, they need not send in dinner! I will not have any!" I cannot stand another repeat—three times longer than the last, too—for one can abridge luncheon, seated in lorn dignity between the staring dead on the walls, and the obsequious living.

As soon as the man is fairly out of the room, I cry again. Yes, though my hair is readjusted, though I spent more than half an hour in bathing my eyes, and restoring some semblance of white to their lids, though I had resolved—and without much difficulty, too, hitherto—to be dry-eyed for the rest of the evening. What does it matter what color my eyelids are? what size my nose is? or how belubbered my cheeks? Not a soul will see them except my maid, and I am naturally indifferent as to the effect I produce upon her. I look at the clock on the mantel-piece. It has stopped—ornamental clocks mostly do—but even this trivial circumstance adds to my affliction. Instantly take out my pocket-handkerchief, and begin to cry again. Then I look at my watch—a quarter past seven only—and my watch always gains! Two hours and three-quarters before I can, with the smallest semblance of decency, go to bed. Meanwhile I am hungry. Though my husband has deserted me, though my brother and sister have failed me, my appetite has done neither.

Faithful friend! never yet was it known to quit me, and here it is! I decide to have tea in my own boudoir. Tea is informal; and one need not be waited on at it. When it comes, I try to dawdle over it as much as possible, to sip my tea with labored slowness, and bite each mouthful with conscientious care. When I have finished, I think with satisfaction that I cannot have occupied less than half an hour. Again I consult my watch. Exactly twelve minutes. It is now five minutes to eight; two hours and five minutes more! I sigh loudly, and, putting on my hat, stroll out into the wide and silent garden. It is as yet unfamiliar to me.

I do not know where half the walks lead.

I have no favorite haunts, no chosen spot of solitude and greenery, where old and pleasant thoughts meet me. Many such have I at home, but none here. I wander objectlessly, pleasurelessly about with Vick—apparently sharing my depression—trotting subduedly, with tail half-mast high, at my heels, and at length sit down on a bench under a mulberry tree. The scentless flame of the geraniums and calceolarias fills, with out satisfying, my eyes; the gnats' officious hum offends my ears; and thoughts, in comparison of which the calceolarias are sweet and the gnats melodious, occupy my mind.

Sir Roger will most likely be drowned on his voyage out. Bobby will almost certainly be sent to Hong Kong, and, as a natural consequence, die of a putrid fever. Algy has just entered the army; there can be no two opinions as to our going to war immediately with either Russia or America. Algy will probably be among the first to fall, and will die, grasping his colors, and shouting, "Victory!" or "Westminster Abbey!" or perhaps both.

I have not yet decided what he shall be shouting, when the current of my thoughts is turned by seeing some one—thank heaven! not a footman this time—advancing across the sward toward me. Surely I know the nonchalant lounge of that gait—though, when last I saw it, it was not on dewy English turf, but on the baking flags of a foreign town. It is Mr. Musgrave. Until this moment I have ungratefully forgotten his existence, and all the interesting facts he told me connected with his existence—how his lodge faces ours—how he has no father or mother, and lives by himself at an abbey. Alas in this latter particular, can I not feel for him? Am I not living by myself at a Hall?

Vick recognizes him at about the same moment as I do. Having first sprung at him with that volubility of small but hostile gapes, with which she strikes terror into the hearts of tramps, she has now—having smelt him to be not only respectable, but an acquaintance—changed her behavior to a little servile whine and a series of high jumps at his hands.

"It is you, is it?" cry I, s, ringing up and running to meet him with an elate sensation of company and sociability; "I had quite forgotten that you lived near here. I'm so glad!"

At my happy remark as to having been hitherto oblivious of his existence, his face falls in the old lowering way I remember so well, and that brings back to me so forcibly the Prager Strasse, the Zwinger, the even sunshine, that favored my honeymoon; but at the heartily-expressed joy at seeing him, with which I conclude, he cheers up again. If he had known that I was in so reduced a state that I should have enjoyed a colloquy with a chimney-sweep, and not despised exchanging opinions with a dustman, he would not have thought my admission worth much.

"So you have come at last!" he says, holding my hand, and looking at me with those long, dark eyes, that I would swear were black had not a conscientious and thorough daylight scrutiny of them assured me long ago that they were hazel.

"Yes," say I, cheerfully; "I told you you would catch sight of us, sooner or later, if you waited long enough."

"And your tenants never dragged you in, after all?"

"No," say I; "we will not give them the chance. But how do you know? Were you peeping out of your lodge? If I had remembered that you lived there, I would have been on the lookout for you."

"You had, of course, entirely forgotten so insignificant a fact," he says, with a tone of pique.

That happy one! how well I recollect it! I feel quite fondly toward it; it reminds me so strongly of the Linkesches Bad, of the brisk band, and of Roger smoking and smiling at me with his grey eyes across our Maitrank.

"Yes," I say, contritely, "I am ashamed to say I had—quite; but you see I have had a good many things to think of lately."

At this point it strikes me that he must have forgotten that he has my hand, so I quietly, and without offence, resume it.

"And you are alone—Sir Roger has left you quite alone here?"

"Yes," say I, lachrymously; "is not it dreadful? I never was so miserable in my life; I do not think I ever was by myself for a whole night before, and—(lowering my voice to a nervous whisper)—they tell me there is a ghost somewhere about. Did you ever hear of it?—and the furniture gives such cracks!"

"And—he has gone by himself!" he continues, still harping on the same string, as if unable to leave it.

"Yes," reply I, laconically, hanging my head, for this is a topic on which I feel always guilty, and never diffuse.

"H'm!" he says, ruminatingly, as if addressing the remark more to himself than to me. "I suppose it is difficult to get out of old habits, and into new ones, all of a sudden."

"I do not know what you mean by old habits and new habits," cry I, angrily; "if you think he did not want me to go with him, you are very much mistaken; he would have much rather that I had."

"But you," looking at me penetratingly, and speaking with a sort of alacrity, "you did not see it? I remember of old"—(with a smile)—"your abhorrence of the sea."

"You are wrong again," say I, reddening, and still speaking with some heat, "I wished to go—I begged him to take me. However sick I had been, I should have liked it better than been left moping here, without a soul to speak to!"

Silence for a moment. Then he speaks with a rather sarcastic smile.

"I confess myself puzzled; if you were dying to go, and he was dying to take you, how comes it that you are sitting at the present moment on this bench?"

I can give no satisfactory answer to this query, so take refuge in a smile.

"I see," said I, tartly, "that you have still your old trick of asking questions. I wish that you would try to get the better of it; it is very disadvantageous to you, and very trying to other people."

He takes this severe set-down in silence.

The trees that surround the garden are slowly darkening. The shadows that intervene between the round masses of the sycamore leaves, deepen, deepen. A bat

fitters dumbly by. Vick, to whose faith all things seem possible, runs sharply, barking and racing after it. We both laugh at the fruitlessness of her undertaking, and the joint merriment restores suavity to me, and assurance to him.

"And are you to stay here by yourself all the time he is away—all?"

"God forbid!" reply I, with devout force.

"Not? well, then—I am really afraid this is a question again, but I cannot help it. If you will not volunteer information, I must ask for it—who is to be your companion?"

"I suppose they will take turns," say I, relapsing into dejection, as I think of the precarious nature of the society on which I depend; "sometimes one, sometimes another, which ever can get away best—they will take turns."

"And who is to have the first turn?" he asks, leaning back in the corner of the seat, so as to have a fuller view of my lamentable profile; "when is the first instalment of consistory relatives to arrive?"

"Algy and Barbara were to have come to-day," reply I, feeling a covert resentment against something of faintly gibing in his tone, but being conscious that it is not perceptible enough to justify another snub, even if I had one ready, which I have not.

"And they did not?"

"Now, is not that a silly question?" cry I, tartly, venting the crossness born of my desolation on the only person within reach; "if they had, should I be sitting moping here with nobody but Vick to talk to?"

"You forget me! may not I run in couples even with the dog?" he asks, with a little bitter laugh.

"I did not forget you," reply I, coolly; "but you do not affect the question one way or another—you will be gone directly, and—when you are—"

"Thank you for the hint," he cries, springing up, picking up his little stick off the grass and flushing.

"You are not going?" cry I, eagerly, laying my hand on his coat sleeve, "do not! why should you? there is no hurry. Let me have some one to help to keep the ghosts at bay as long as I can!" then with a dim consciousness of having said something rather odd, I add, reddening, "I shall be going in directly, and you may go then."

He reseats himself. A tny air is rustling the flower beds, giving a separate soft good night to each bloom.

"And what happened to Algy and Barbara?" he says, presently.

"Happened? Nothing!" I answer, absently.

"Very brutal of Algy and Barbara, then?" he says, more in the way of a reflection than a remark.

"Very brutal of father, you should say!" reply I, roused by the thought of my parent to a fresh attack of active and lively resentment.

"I have no doubt I should if I knew him."

"He would not let them come!" say I, explanatorily, "for what reason? for none—he never has any reasons, or, if he has, he never gives them. I sometimes think" (laughing maliciously) "that you will not be unlike him, when you grow old and gouty."

"Thank you."

"You have no father, have you?" continue I, presently; "no, I remember you telling me so at the Linkesches Bad. Well" (laughing again, with a certain grim humor), "I would not fret about it too much, if I were you—it is a relationship that has its disadvantages."

He laughs a little dryly.

"O! whatever other heads I may quarrel with Providence, at least no one can accuse me of ever murmuring at its decrees in this respect."

We have risen. The darkness creeps on apace, warmly, without damp or chilliness; but still on it comes! I have to face the prospect of my great and gloomy house all through the lagging hours of the long, black night!

"They will come to-morrow, certainly, I suppose" (interrogatively).

"Not certainly, at all!" reply I, with an energetic despondency in my voice; "quite the contrary! most likely not; most likely not the day after either, nor the day after that—"

"And if they do not" (with an accent of sincere compunction), "what will you do?"

"What I have done to-day, I suppose," I answer, dejectedly; "cry till my cheeks are sore! You may not believe me" (passing my bare fingers over them as I speak), "but they feel quite raw. I wonder" (with a little dismal laugh) "why tears were made salt!—they would not blister one-half so much if they were fresh water."

He had drawn a pace or two nearer to me. In this light one has to look closely at any object that one wishes specially and narrowly to observe; and I myself have pointed out the peculiarities of my countenance to him, so I cannot complain if he scrutinizes me with a lengthy attention.

"It is going to be such a dark night!" I say, with a slight shiver; "and if the wind gets up, I know that I shall lie awake all night thinking that the gen—that Roger is drowned! Do not you think" (looking round apprehensively), "that it is rising already? See how those boughs are waving!"

"Not an atom!" reassuringly.

We both look for an instant at the silent flower-beds, at the sombre bulk of the house.

"If they do not come to-morrow—" begins Frank.

"But they will!" cry I, petulantly; "they must! I cannot do without them! I believe some people do not mind being alone—not even in the evenings, when the furniture cracks and the door handles rattle. I dare say you do not; but I hate my own company; I have never been used to it. I have always been used to a great deal of noise—too much, I have sometimes thought, but I am sure that I shall never think so again!"

"Well, but if they do not—"

"You have said that three times," cry I, irritably. "You seem to take a pleasure in saying it. If they do not—well, what?"

"I will not say what I was going to say," he answers, shortly. "I shall only get my nose bitten off if I do."

"Very well, do not!" reply I, with equal suavity.

We walk in silence toward the house, the

wet grass making my long gown drenched and flabby. We have reached the garden-door whence I issued, and by which I shall return.

"You must go now, I suppose," say I, reluctantly. "You will be by yourself, too, will you?" Tell me" (speaking with lowered, confidential tone), "do your chairs and tables ever make odd noises?"

"Awful!" he answers, laughing. "I can hardly hear myself speak for them."

I laugh, too.

"You might as well tell me before you go what the remark that I quenched was? One always longs to hear the things that people are going to say, and do not! Have no fear! your nose is quite safe!"

"It is nothing much," he answers, with self-conscious stiffness, looking down and poking about the little dark pebbles with his cane; "nothing that you would care about."

"Care about!" echo I, leaning my back against the dusky house wall, and staring up at the sombre purple sky. "Well, no! I dare say not! What should I care to hear now? I am sure I should be puzzled to say, But, as you have been so near it, I may as well be told."

"As you will," he answers, with an air of affected carelessness. "It is only that, if they do not come to-morrow—"

"Fourth time!" interject I, counting on my fingers and smiling.

"If you wish—if you like—if it would be any comfort to you—I shall be happy—I mean I shall be very glad to come up again about the same time to-morrow evening."

"Will you?" (eagerly, with a great accession of exhilaration in my voice). "Are you serious? I shall be so much obliged if you will, but—"

"It is impossible that any one can say anything," he interrupts, hastily. "There could be no harm in it."

"Harm!" repeat I, laughing. "Well, hardly. I cannot fancy a more innocent amusement."

Though my speech is in agreement with his own, the coincidence does not seem to gratify him.

"What did you mean, then?" he says, sharply. "You said 'but'—"

"Did I?" answer I, again throwing back my head, and looking upward, as if trying to trace my last preposition among the clouds; "but—but—where could I have put a 'but'? Oh, I know! but you will most likely forget. Do not," I continue, bringing down my eyes again, and speaking in a coaxing tone. "If you do, it will be play to you, but death to me; the thought of it will keep me up all the day."

"Will it!" in a tone of elated eagerness.

"You are not gibing, I suppose? It does not sound like your gibing voice."

"Not it," reply I, gloomily. "My gibing voice is placed away at the bottom of my imperial. I do not think it has been out since we left Dresden. Well, good-night. What do you want to shake hands again for? We have done that twice already. You are like the man who, the moment he had finished reading prayers to his family, began them all over again. Mind you do not forget; and" (laughing) "if you cannot come yourself, send some one else—anyone will do—I am not particular; but I must have some one to speak to."

Almost before my speech is finished, Frank is out of sight, with such rapid suddenness has he disappeared round the house-corner. I stand for a moment, marvelling a little at his hurry. Five minutes ago he seemed willing enough to dawdle on till midnight. Then I go in, and forget his existence.

CHAPTER XXII.

Suppose that in all this world, during all its ages, there never was a case of a person being always in an ill-humor. I believe that Xantippe had her lucid intervals of amiability, during which she fondled her Socrates. At all events, father has. On the day after my disappointment, one such interval occurs. He relents, allows Algy and Barbara to have the carriage, and sends them off to Tempest.

Either Mr. Musgrave becomes aware of this fact, or, as I had anticipated, he forgets his promise, for he never appears, and I do not see him again till Sunday. By Sunday my cheeks are no longer raw; the furniture has stopped cracking—seeing that no one paid any attention to it, it wisely left off—and the ghosts await a fitter opportunity to pounce.

I have heard from Sir Roger—a cheerful note, dated Southampton. If he is cheerful I may surely allow myself to be so too. I therefore no longer compunctiously strangle any stray smiles that visit my countenance. I have taken several drives with Barbara in my new pony carriage—it is a curious sensation being able to order it without being subject to father's veto—and we have skirted our own park, and have peeped through his close wooden palings at Mr. Musgrave's, have strained our eyes and stretched our necks to catch a glimpse of his old grey house, nestling low down among its elms. (Was there ever an abbey that did not live in a hollow?) with bated breath, lest the groom behind should overhear me. I have lightly sketched to Barbara the outline of an idea for establishing her in that weather-worn old pile—an idea which I think was born in my mind as long ago as the first evening that I saw its owner at the Linkesches Bad, and heard that he had an abbey, and that it was over against my future home.

Barbara does not altogether deny the desirability of the arrangement, she is not, however, so sanguine as I as to its feasibility, and she positively declines to consent to enter actively into it until she has seen him. This will be on Sunday. To Sunday, therefore, I look forward with pious haste.

Well, it is Sunday now—The Sunday of my first appearance as a bride at Tempest church. A bride without her bridegroom! A pang of mortification and pain shoots through me, as this thought traverses my soul. I look at myself dissatisfiedly in the glass. Alas! I am no credit to his taste. If, for this once, I could but look taller, personabler, older!

"They will all say that he has made a fool of himself," I say half aloud.

It is a sultry day, without wind or freshness, and with a great deal of sun; but, in spite of this, I put on a silk gown, rich and heavy, as looking more married than the cobweb muslins in which I have hitherto met the summer heat. On my head I place a sedately feathered bonnet, which would not

have misbecome mother. I met Algy and Barbara in my boudoir. They are already dressed. I examine Barbara with critical care, and with a discontented eye, though to a stranger, her appearance would be likely to inspire any feeling rather than dissatisfaction, for she looks as clean and fair and chastely sweet as ever maiden did. Ben Jonson must have known some one like her when he wrote:

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow Before rude hands have touched it? Have you marked but the fall of the snow Before the soil had snatched it? Have you felt the wool of the beaver Or swan's down ever? Or have smelled of the bud of the brier, Or the nard in the fire? Or have tasted the bag of the bee? Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so sweet is she!"

But all the same, having a bonnet on, she is distinctly less like Palma Vecchio's St. Catherine, to which in my talk with Frank I compared her, than she was bareheaded this morning at breakfast. Who in the annals of history ever heard of a saint in a bonnet?

"I wish that people might be allowed to go to church without their bonnets these hot Sundays," I say, grumblingly. "You especially, Barbara."

She laughs.

"I should be very glad, but I am afraid the beads would turn me out."

"For heaven's sake," says Algy, gravely, putting back his shoulders and throwing out his chest, as he draws on a pair of exact grey gloves, "do not let us make ourselves to stink in the nostrils of the inhabitants by any eccentricities of conduct, on this our first introduction to them. If we consulted our own comfort, there is no doubt that we should reduce our toilets by a good many more articles than bonnets—in fact" (with an air of reflection), "I shudder to think where we should stop!"

We are in church now. I have run the gauntlet of the observation of all the parishioners, and have been unable to look calmly unaware of it; on the contrary, have grown consciously rosy red, and have walked over hastily between the open sittings. But now I have reached the shelter of our own seat, near the top of the church, with all the gay bonnets behind me, and only the pulpit, the spread-eagle reading-desk, and the gaudy stained window in front. As soon as I am established—almost sooner, perhaps—I turn my eyes in search of Mr. Musgrave. I know perfectly where to look for him, as he drew a plan of Tempest church and the relative position of our sittings, with the point of his stick on the gravel in the garden close to the Zwinger at Dresden, while we sat under the trees by the little pool, feeding the pert sparrows and the intimate cock-chaffinches that resort thither. He is not there!

Barbara may be crowned with the abomination in the way of a bonnet, that ever entered into the grotesque imagination of a milliner to conceive—coal-scuttle, cottage, spoon—for all that it matters. The organ strikes up, a file of chorister-boys in dirty surplices—Tempest is a more pretentious church than ours—and a brace of clergy enter. All through the Confession I gape about with vacant inattention—at the grimy whiteness of the choir; at the back of the organist's head, at the parson, a mealy-mouthed fledgling, who, with his finger on his place in the prayer to prevent his losing it, is taking a stealthy inventory of my charms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Creole Characteristics.

Outwardly the Creoles of the Delta had become a graceful, well knit race, in full keeping with the freedom of their surroundings. Their complexion lacked color, but it was free from the sallowness of the Indies. There was a much larger proportion of blondes among them than is commonly supposed. Generally their hair was of a chestnut, or but little deeper tint, except that in the city a Spanish tincture now and then asserted itself in black hair and eyes. The women were fair, symmetrical, with pleasing features, lively, expressive eyes, well-rounded throats, and superb hair; vivacious, decorous, exceedingly tasteful in dress, adorning themselves with superior effect in draperies of muslin enriched with embroideries and much garniture of lace, but with a more moderate display of jewels, which indicated a community of limited wealth. They were much superior to the men in quickness of wit, and excelled them in amiability and in many other good qualities. The more pronounced faults of the men were generally those moral provincialisms which travellers recount with undue impatience. They are said to have been coarse, boastful, vain; and they were, also, deficient in energy and application, without well-directed ambition, unskillful in handicraft—doubtless through negligence only—and totally wanting in that community feeling which begets the study of reciprocal rights and obligations, and reveals the individual's advantage in the promotion of the common interest. Hence, the Creoles were fonder of pleasant fictions regarding the salubrity, beauty, good order, and advantages of their town, than of measures to justify their assumptions. With African slavery they were, of course, licentious, and they were always ready for the dueling-ground; yet it need not seem surprising that a people so beset by evil influences from every direction were generally unconscious of a reprehensible state of affairs, and preserved their self-respect and a proud belief in their moral excellence. Easily inflamed, they were as easily discouraged, thrown into confusion, and overpowered, and they expended the best of their energies in trivial pleasures, especially the masque and the dance; yet they were kind parents, affectionate wives, tractable children, and enthusiastic patriots.—George W. Cable, in the April Century.

The sale of alcoholic liquors in England is decreasing at a marvellous rate, and no wonder. We are told that more than a million of people have put on the blue ribbon since October last. Good for England. If the people there once become sober, they will be stronger, healthier, richer, and more prosperous, than ever they have been before. And why shouldn't Canada follow suit? We do not know, except that unfortunately a great number of its inhabitants are fools, and as such throw the fools pence into the tavern-keepers' drawers. If they would only keep it for themselves and for their children, it would be wondrously different and better all round.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The world moves. In India it is proposed to give five magistrates jurisdiction over Europeans as well as over natives. And why not? No reason for the slave driver and the ruling class suggests. The trial is in the first place to be made on a small scale. Truth hopes it will succeed and be made general rule.

And so the red coat of the British soldier has to go—as too conspicuous a mark for sharpshooters, and is to be replaced by grey as a less conspicuous color. Nothing but the dogged conservative spirit and slavery to use and wont could have kept the scarlet in fashion so long. If there are to be soldiers let them get as good a chance for their lives as possible, though it is a wretched business at the best.

What an awful grand thing that ball of Vanderbilt's had been. The flowers alone cost \$20,000, and the dresses of the guests cost millions. It was very fine, but very vulgar and hideously out of place. The French nobles just feasted and fooled in some such fashion, when great masses of the people were on the verge of starvation. All serene! of course. And the great gawks to rig themselves out like so many guys. Mary Stuart, of course, as used on such occasions did yeoman service, though very possibly those who enacted the part were as ugly as sin. At least we can vouch for it that such has often been the case in balls and masquerades not so far from Ontario.

When is the snob feeling to be got over? Got over? Why, it is growing worse and worse every year, and the best interests of the country suffer accordingly. A man with a gold ring, gay clothes and plenty of independence is bowed down before by many who ought to know better. This is the cause of difficulty with many tradespeople. They rather like to be patronized by big folks with great airs and little money. They think it an honor to have such customer, even though they have to wait long for their money. It is the fashionable people who, in general, are most inclined to shirk their awful debts, and they are allowed to get "deep into the books" simply because those they deal with are snobs.

Every mother should know that very young children often suffer for the want of fresh, cold water. This they should have every two hours, and more frequently, if they become restless and fretful. Fretfulness is generally caused by great thirst. While making a voyage at sea some years ago, I was greatly disturbed by the incessant crying, or moaning, of a child, during the first few days of the journey. The child was about one year old and very delicate. I suggested to the mother that it wanted water. She said that it never, to her knowledge, tasted of water, as she thought it dangerous to give it to children so young. I assured her she need have no fear. I directed that it should have water every hour, a little at a time, until it became accustomed to it. This was given it, and during the rest of the voyage, of five or six days, I never saw a better or happier child. I believe the child's health was permanently impaired by the constant thirst that during its short life had been consuming it.—*It's Journal of Health.*

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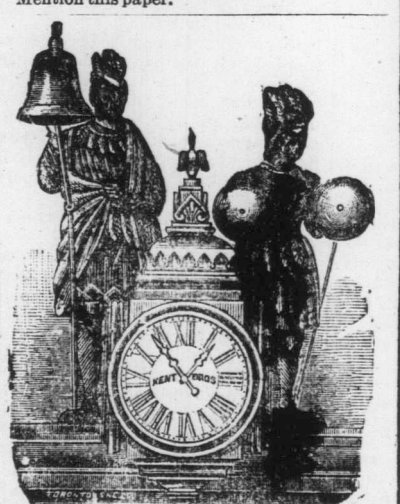
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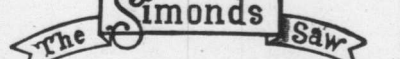
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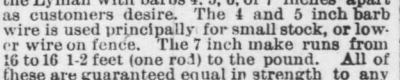


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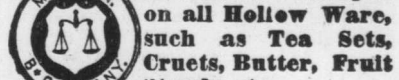
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