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JUNE, 1897.

# OUR HOME



ALL MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE

5 Cents per Month.

50 Cents per Year.

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MONTREAL, CANADA.

# The Superiority of Herbageum



**D**URING the last half century many have been the attempts to place on the market an article that would keep animals in first-class order when deprived of a good pasture. These efforts still continue, and there is hardly a year but one or more new preparations are offered to the public. Many of these have been good, more of them have been worthless; but, the important question is: Have the best of them been economical for regular daily use?

When we undertook to make a name for Herbageum that would be favorably known from end to end of our Dominion, we knew that no ordinary condiment could secure it; we knew that it would be necessary to place on the market a preparation that would in an **ECONOMICAL** manner replace, as nearly as possible, those fine qualities which are found in a first-class permanent pasture in early June, and which make the air fragrant, but which are not found in late summer pastures, dry foods, roots or ensilage. In this we have succeeded beyond our expectations, and our reputation is now established in every province of Canada; and simply because we knew our business, studied its requirements closely, always used the best materials, and never lowered the quality.

We made no effort to place low-priced goods on the market. Our aim was and is, **TRUE ECONOMY**. Herbageum is higher in price than almost any other of these preparations, but very much less of it gives the desired result; so that the actual outlay required in a year per animal is only about one-third, or at the most one-half, that ordinarily required with this class of preparations; besides which, when you use Herbageum regularly, you are sure of the desired results. Those who fairly and judiciously test Herbageum against any other preparation for a period of three months, with six animals against six—either young stock, fat stock, dairy cattle or horses—will find the great superiority and economy of Herbageum over other preparations.

*SEND FOR A PAMPHLET TO*

**THE BEAVER MFG. CO. - Galt, Ont.**

*AND MENTION THIS MAGAZINE*



# HOME AND YOUTH

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 11.

## CHANGE OF NAME AND OWNERSHIP.

In future OUR HOME will be known as HOME AND YOUTH, and the office of publication will be removed to Toronto, Ont. Like all other changes that have taken place since the publication of OUR HOME was first begun, this one will be marked by improvements in the magazine.

It is very interesting to watch the development of a popular periodical. The first subscribers note its improvement from year to year with as much interest as the proprietors, and take an equal pride in its progress. OUR HOME when first started, was very small indeed, but it is gradually growing bigger. When its publication was commenced by the Wells & Richardson Co. about five years ago, it was a small monthly paper of four pages, and was gradually increased in size from four to eight, and from eight to twelve pages. In August, 1896, Mr. Watson Griffin, having purchased it from the Wells & Richardson Co., converted it into a magazine and increased the number of pages to forty-eight. This size has been maintained during the past year, with the exception of two special numbers, which were larger, but beginning with the June number, the regular size will be sixty pages, and other improvements will be made in the near future. It will be noted that an improvement has been made in the cover this month, and it is proposed to improve the quality of the paper used for the inside pages in future numbers, so that a finer class of pictures can be published. Notwithstanding the improvements

that will be made, there is no intention of increasing the price above fifty cents per year.

The record for the past year has been one of great progress. It is no exaggeration to say that the number of renewal subscriptions has been more than five times greater than in any previous year, while many new subscribers have been secured. The editor has received a most surprisingly large number of complimentary letters not only from every province and territory of Canada, but also, from the United States, and even from across the ocean. These letters show that the little magazine has been read with interest every month by many thousands of people, both old and young. But the editor was particularly pleased to note that a very large proportion of the letters received declared that the young people were delighted with the magazine, that they looked for it anxiously from month to month, and liked it better than any other paper or magazine. In view of the remarkable popularity which the magazine has obtained among the young people it has been decided to alter the name to HOME AND YOUTH, and in future, while the interests of the older folks will not be forgotten, and the magazine will contain something to interest everyone, special pains will be taken to please the young people. The new publishers are pushing, energetic business men, who have had long experience in the management of various publications, all of which have been very successful. The

circulation will be extensively pushed throughout the country, and it is expected that the advertising patronage will also be greatly increased under the new management.

Although after the July number has been issued other interests will demand most of the attention of Mr. Griffin, who has been editor and proprietor during the past year, it is expected that he will continue to be a regular contributor to the magazine.

In future all letters should be addressed to the HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING Co., Toronto, Ont., and if any of the subscribers fail to receive the magazine regularly every month they are requested to notify the publishers promptly by postal cards. The managing director of the HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING COMPANY will be Mr. C. H. Mortimer, publisher of the "Canadian Architect and Builder," the "Canada Lumberman," the "Canadian Electrical News," and other successful papers. A branch office will be maintained in Montreal under the direction of Mr. J. B. Mortimer, Room 4, New York Life Building, and Montreal subscribers or advertisers can obtain full information at any time by calling at this office or on telephone No. 2299.

#### A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

We believe that every subscriber of this magazine will approve of the change in name from OUR HOME to HOME AND YOUTH, as it not only more exactly represents the character of the magazine, but is more distinctive. The name "Our Home," is used by two other periodicals, one published in the United States and the other in England, and there are a host of periodicals with very similar names. A change of name has been contemplated for many months, and the one chosen perpetuates the important part of the old name while it recognizes the popularity of the magazine among the young people.

HOME AND YOUTH will not be a mere children's magazine, to be read for a few years by young people and then

neglected as something which they have outgrown. It will be interesting for old people as well as young people, and it is believed that many of the young people who have read it with so much interest during the past ten months will continue to read it with equal interest when they are gray-haired old men and women. And those who keep it and have it bound year after year, as many do, will have a fine library in course of time.

#### THE SAME MAGAZINE.

Although this magazine will be known in the future as HOME AND YOUTH instead of OUR HOME, it is not intended to alter its character. While improvements will be made from time to time it is proposed to continue to have it edited on the same lines as at present. It will be the same magazine under a new name and even the change of name is but a natural evolution, as explained in the article announcing the change of name and ownership. It will look a little strange at first with a new name, a fine new cover and a new dress, but the old subscribers who have welcomed it to their homes in the past will quickly see that it is the same as ever at heart.

#### CIRCULATION OF THIS MAGAZINE.

During the last ten months over one hundred thousand copies of this magazine have been circulated, so that the average monthly circulation has been upwards of ten thousand copies. But this circulation does not fully represent the number of persons who read the magazine, for letters received from all over the country indicate not only that it is generally read by every member of each family to which it goes, but also that thousands of subscribers show it to their neighbors. Taking this into consideration it is probably not an over estimate to say that the magazine has been read by fifty thousand people every month.

## THE BLACK GONDOLA.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

In the year 1334, when Venice was ruled by the Council of Ten, Count Leonardo Montecali and Stephen Dandolo were rival suitors for the hand of Francesca Avarenza, an orphan heiress of great wealth and wondrous beauty. Count Montecali who was a handsome young man of generous disposition, was successful, and he was just about to be married to the lovely girl whose heart he had won, when Stephen Dandolo, through the influence of his father with the Government, had him seized and thrown into a dungeon on a pretended charge of treachery in the Cyprus war. Count Montecali had been a prisoner for a year, when one day it occurred to him that by taking advantage of the superstitious nature of his jailer, Mario, he might contrive to escape. He pretended that he had taken lessons in magic from Maestro Cartini, and made his jailer believe that he had power to leave the dungeon at pleasure. The foolish Mario begged him not to make use of his powers as the jailer would be punished for allowing him to escape. While they were talking a powder magazine in the neighborhood caught fire, and the explosion which ensued was so terrible that it was felt even in the dungeon where the Count Leonardo Montecali was confined. The jailer hearing the noise and feeling the shock, attributed it to the magic of his prisoner, and fell senseless with fright. Count Leonardo taking advantage of the situation, secured the jailer's keys, escaped from the prison, and in a black gondola, which was commonly used for carrying prisoners, made his way toward the Avarenza palace.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER II.

When the Count reached the Avarenza Palace he saw Francesca and her attendant Agatha standing on a balcony watching the flames of the burning powder magazine. The servants and boatmen were so occupied in gazing at the fire that they did not notice him as he stepped from the gondola and made his way through the palace to the room which adjoined the balcony. As he approached the two women he heard them talking. Francesca evidently believed him dead. She spoke to her nurse of her undying love for her murdered lover, and said she would ever remain faithful to his memory. Indeed she said he was ever present beside her

in spirit. When the count revealed himself she at first fell senseless in his arms, but soon revived, and responded warmly to his professions of love, but while they were expressing their mutual love and gratitude at his escape, the nurse, who had watched them in amazement, came forward and asked her mistress if she was mad. Then Francesca remembered, and wildly urged her lover to leave the house at once. When he demanded an explanation she told him that she was a married woman. She went on to say that after he was carried off to prison she was assured that he was dead, and Stephen Dandolo renewed his suit, being supported by his father, who had become Doge, and used all his influence with the Government. She was in despair, and went for advice to the venerable Prince di Papoli, the friend of her father. The prince said the only way to save her from marriage with Stephen Dandolo was to marry her himself, and she consented. Count Leonardo declared that her marriage to an old man with one foot in the grave was but a mockery, and urged her to fly with him to France, where she could secure a divorce and marry him. This she refused to do. She said she would not disgrace the name of her noble husband, and they must not see each other during the lifetime of the prince, but as he was a man of eighty years their parting might not be forever. The count at last admitted that she was right, and bid her farewell. She held out her forehead for him to kiss, but he caught her in his arms and passionately kissed her lips. At this moment Prince di Papoli discovered them, and sternly asked Count Leonardo how he had escaped from prison. "You knew then that I was a prisoner?" said the count. The prince admitted that he did, and when Francesca asked him why he had allowed her to believe her lover dead, he said that as one of the rulers of Venice he had no right to reveal state secrets. He then told the count that the gondola which brought him to the palace awaited below to restore him to prison.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER III.

A police officer in uniform entered the room, and the Prince went out after directing the officer, whom he called Jacopo, to take charge of the count, and take him before the Council.

Francesca's confidence in the prince was so great that at first she could not believe he had acted from bad motives, but when she thought of his deception she came to the conclusion that he was a designing hypocrite, and had married her for her money. With this revulsion of feeling towards her husband came a complete change of feeling toward Stephen Dandolo. She felt that the old man had encouraged her to believe that Stephen's only motive in courting her was a desire to possess her property, and now she began to call to mind many incidents which seemed to show that Stephen did passionately love her. "Perhaps, after all," she said to herself, "it was the prince and not Stephen that had Leonardo thrown into prison. Yet Stephen is said to have been the accuser."

She decided to visit Stephen Dandolo's house and ask him to use his influence to secure Count Leonardo's release. Accordingly, accompanied by her attendant Agatha, she went in a gondola to the Dandolo palace.

Stephen Dandolo was holding a reception, and his palace was brilliantly lighted, but when his servant, Paolo, brought him word that a beautiful lady wished to see him, he left his guests at once. He was surprised to see Francesca, and thought at first that her visit was due to love for him, but she told him she had simply come to ask his assistance in securing the release of Leonardo. She then asked him to tell her the nature of the charge on which Leonardo was imprisoned.

Stephen Dandolo replied that the charge was one of treachery in the Cyprus war. Leonardo had left the camp one night after the soldiers had retired, having obtained the password by some unknown means, and returned a few hours afterward. It was alleged that he went to give information to the enemy, but Dandolo declared that the real facts were that Leonardo went to make love to a beautiful woman named Tessa Tornabelli. He said that Leonardo was a shallow-hearted man, who was always ready to make love to any beautiful woman. He admitted that he had informed the Council of the count's having left the camp that night and left them to draw their own conclusions. His excuse was his own passionate love for Francesca, and the desire to save her from marrying a man who did not know the meaning of real love.

Francesca defended her lover, expressing confidence in him, but in her heart she was very jealous of Tessa Tornabelli. Stephen promised to use all his influence to secure Leonardo's

release on the condition that if he was successful she would agree not to marry anyone after the death of the prince without his consent.

Francesca and her attendant returned home, and as soon as they reached the Avarenza Palace Agatha handed her mistress a note, saying that while she waited for her mistress some one came behind her, put his hands over her eyes, gave her the note, and left the room before she could recover. The note was addressed to Francesca, and said that a beautiful woman was imprisoned in the Dandolo palace; that she would endeavor to escape from her window the next night at eleven o'clock, and asked Francesca to send a trusted gondolier to wait for her under the window.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile Count Leonardo Montecali was brought before the Council of Three for examination. He told frankly how he escaped, but when he was asked to explain why he had left the camp so mysteriously one night during the Cyprus war he refused to give any information, saying it was the secret of another, and he would not reveal it.

When they found it was useless to question him an officer was ordered to conduct him to his cell. To his surprise he was placed in a different cell from the one he formerly occupied, and found himself in charge of a new jailer instead of Mario.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER V.

The next morning the new jailer told Leonardo that his name was Maso, that he was the servant of Stephen Dandolo, who had secured his appointment to the position of jailer through the influence of his father, the Doge, for the purpose of aiding Leonardo to escape. He declared that Dandolo had always remained the faithful friend of the count, and the plan was that Maso should assist Leonardo to escape, and then go with him as his servant to some foreign country, as if he remained behind he would be put to death for allowing the prisoner under his charge to escape.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER VI.

Francesca decided to go herself to the rescue of the imprisoned lady, and accordingly she and Agatha disguised themselves in the dress of gondoliers, and proceeded in a gondola to the Dandolo palace. Agatha took with her a jewelled dagger, which she concealed in her clothing, saying they would probably need it.



They stationed themselves under the window which seemed most likely to be selected for an escape and awaited events. As they sat there in the darkness they heard another gondola approaching, and at the same moment Paolo opened the window above and leaned out, with a torch in his hand. He lowered a rope, one end of which was made fast to the gondola. The lady was gently lowered by means of twisted bedclothes knotted together and tied about her waist. In this way, while she clasped the rope, and descended hand over hand, the weight of her body was partly sustained by Paolo. She had almost reached the gondola when the clouds dispersed and the moon shone brightly, revealing her face and figure clearly, not only to the disguised women in the gondola below, but also to Count Leonardo and his jailer Maso, who occupied the gondola, the approach of which had alarmed Francesca.

"It is Tessa Tornabelli," cried Leonardo, and Francesca's heart sank as she recognized his voice and heard the name that had been present in her mind ever since the interview with Stephen Dandolo.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The two gondolas touched together as Tessa Tornabelli dropped from the rope, and Maso holding out his arms caught her. At the same moment Agatha, who had failed to recognize Count Leonardo, and regarded both him and Maso as enemies, excitedly drew forth the jewelled dagger, and with all the force of her strong arm drove it into the side of Francesca's lover. The Count fell backward into the gondola, and Maso, quickly untying the bed-clothes that Paolo had tied about the waist of Tessa Tornabelli, shoved off his gondola carrying both her and Leonardo with him. It was all done so quickly that Francesca did not understand what had happened until the other gondola was some distance away.

"One of them is dead—the tall one," said Agatha. "I killed him with my dagger. I knew we would need it."

"It was Leonardo!" cried Francesca. "Agatha you have killed my lover."

Francesca was a courageous woman, but she had not the presence of mind to act quickly in such an emergency. Her mind was filled with grief and horror. She regarded Agatha with revulsion and shrank from the touch of her hand. Agatha herself was almost stupefied with terror when she realized the result of her rashness. Francesca was the first

to recover her senses. "He may not be dead," she said. "We must overtake them."

Agatha obeyed and they started in pursuit, but the other gondola was now out of sight, and when they reached the front of the Dandolo palace there was nothing to be seen, while perfect silence reigned and it seemed to the disguised women as if all the exciting events of that evening must be a fearful dream.

The sky had clouded over again and it now began to rain in torrents. The two women were soon drenched to the skin, and although such a wetting would not have deterred them from prosecuting any adventure that seemed to promise relief for Count Leonardo, yet it no doubt hastened Francesca's decision to return to the Avarenza palace. In so resolving Francesca had no thought of leaving Leonardo to his fate. She knew she could not help her lover by waiting there in the rain, and she believed she could do more to help him by going without delay for assistance than by wasting time trying to obtain entrance to the Dandolo palace, where she felt certain the Count and Tessa Tornabelli had been carried. She argued that if his life was to be saved the services of a physician would be required, and she could depend upon no one else so fully as upon the old family doctor, who had watched over her own health ever since her early childhood, when she was very delicate and required constant care and attention. Now, being well and strong, she seldom needed to consult him, but frequently called for his advice regarding trifling ailments, more for the sake of seeing him and hearing him talk in his cheerful, affectionate, fatherly way than on account of any real necessity. But it was not without a keen pang of pain at her heart that she ordered Agatha to turn homeward. Apart from the anxiety regarding Leonardo's condition her mind was agitated by the remembrance of the beautiful face and figure of Tessa Tornabelli. She had seen her clearly in the moonlight just before she dropped into the arms of Maso, and afterward while Maso was untying the rope of bed-clothes and Tessa looked on the wounded or murdered Count with loving eyes and lips trembling with pity. Francesca had observed this look of sweet compassion in the face of her rival, but was watching her so intently that she did not at the moment notice the cause of it as she had not seen the blow struck by Agatha, and in her agitation and jealousy thought of nothing but the fact that Stephen Dandolo had lied to her when he said that Tessa Tornabelli was not as beautiful as she was. She

knew that she was herself a very beautiful woman, but her honest heart at once admitted that her rival far outshone her. Now, as she remembered the look of intense love and tender pity on that sweetly beautiful and noble face she felt that Count Leonardo would not want a loving woman's tender care while she herself hurried away for assistance.

The two women were not accustomed to the management of a gondola and needed all their wits about them to guide it rightly; but Agatha was stupid with fear and remorse, while Francesca was distraught with love, anxiety and jealousy, so that as they approached the Avarenza palace their course was so erratic that Alphonse, coming in another direction, could not avoid running into their gondola. It was upset and its occupants were thrown violently into the water. Agatha was none the worse for the ducking she received, but when Alphonse rescued his mistress she was unconscious, and for many days afterward she tossed in the delirium of fever. Alphonse did not at first recognize her, but he knew the voice of Agatha and quickly discovered the disguise. Agatha would tell nothing. She remained absolutely dumb to all inquiries whether made by the Prince di Papoli or her fellow servants. Alphonse told the story of the collision, the rescue and his discovery of the strange disguise, embellishing the details to make them more interesting to his fellow servants, but reporting them with the strictest accuracy to the Prince di Papoli.

The second escape of Leonardo soon became known to the Prince, and connecting this with the night expedition of the two women in disguise he guessed that they had in some mysterious way assisted the Count to escape. The old man watched at the bedside of the delirious girl day after day with tender care. She would not allow Agatha to come near her, but called her a murderess, and once when the poor woman tried to arrange the bed covers about her she cried, "There is blood on your hands. Don't let it get on the bed-clothes. It is the blood of Leonardo."

As the fever passed away, Francesca, in her right mind but exceedingly weak, tried to remember what had happened. She had a dim recollection of an accident in the water, but all the other events of that fearful night, although vividly impressed on her brain, seemed to her but a dreadful dream. She knew she had been very ill and she attributed everything she remembered to delirium. She stroked Agatha's hand tenderly and said,

"Did I abuse my poor old nurse in my delirium? I had such a strange, wild dream, Agatha, but it is too dreadful to tell you."

Whereat, Agatha put her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

As Francesca grew better, the aged Prince became strangely excited. He seemed anxious to tell her something, but the doctor forbade it until the first day that she was able to sit up. Then the old man took her hand in his and said,

"Oh, my darling, my pretty one, my little grandchild! I am not your husband. You are not my wife. It was but a mock marriage. I arranged it to save you from the adventurer Dandolo. You know that I never claimed the rights of a husband and that I have treated you always like a grandchild. You are free to marry Leonardo whenever you please. Only tell me where he is. We will prove the poor boy's innocence and you shall marry him at once. Where is Leonardo, my dear? Try to remember. Where did he go when he escaped the second time? We have not seen him since that night."

Francesca's eyes opened wide with terror. "So he did escape a second time," she said coldly. "Then it was not a dream. Agatha is a murderess. Leonardo is dead. Agatha killed him with a dagger the night he escaped, and I think my heart is turning to stone or to lead. I cannot feel any more. I just want to lie down and die. There were jewels on the dagger, hateful jewels. She showed it to me beforehand and said we would need to use it."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"It was a good blow," said Maso, as he stood before Stephen Dandolo, recounting the night's adventures, "a well directed blow and perhaps it saved me from staining my own hands with blood on some future occasion."

"Are your intentions so murderous, then, good Maso?" said Dandolo airily. "I was not cut out for a butcher," said Maso. "I have no love for blood-letting, but I am about my master's business. I told you I would stop at nothing to please you and I knew that occasion might require much of me."

"You think he will die, then?"

"I don't know. The woman may save him. Perhaps I should not have allowed her to remain with him; but your orders were to guard him carefully and allow no harm to come to him without your instructions. She begged so earnestly to be allowed to dress his wound, saying she was a physician's daughter, and I



knew he would die unless she did so, for I am no surgeon myself. I did not know your wishes as this was an unexpected development, so I thought it wise to allow her to do as she pleased, but it is not too late to remove the bandage and let him bleed to death if such is your wish."

"You left them alone together?"

"I did. He is too badly wounded to attempt to escape or even to move, and she would not think of deserting him. Besides the doors and windows are strongly fastened. I put them in the west corner. You know the two rooms adjoin with a door between them. She can retire to her own room at pleasure and yet be near at hand to wait upon him. If you do not wish him to die it is the best arrangement possible. If you wish to be rid of him at once and forever I will put her in a distant room, for if we but let her stay near him she will save him even if the Devil and Angels of Light should unite their rival forces against her. There is witchery in her little fingers as well as in her bright eyes. No surgeon could have dressed his wound as she did."

"You have done well, Maso. If he dies it is not our fault. If he lives he cannot resist the charms of such a beautiful woman. She loves him devotedly, and under such circumstances will not be able to conceal it. Let the matter but go a certain way between them and he will feel bound to marry her. Then Francesca Avarenza and all her wealth will belong to me, for the Prince di Papoli is over eighty years of age and cannot live much longer."

"I wonder almost that you do not choose this one yourself instead of the Princess. They are both very beautiful women, but this one far surpasses the other."

"Do not presume too much, Maso, because I confide in you. I do not need your advice. The Princess is sufficiently beautiful to suit my taste and she is very wealthy. I am no hypocrite, Maso, and you are no fool. I will not deny that Francesca Avarenza's wealth weighs much in the scale; but there is another reason. Wealth is not everything. I want a warm wife—one who will love me. Tessa Tornabelli would be but a cold one for me. She has no heart for any man but Leonardo and never will have, although he does not suspect it. Francesca Avarenza, on the other hand, was at one time half inclined to fall in love with me and would have done so had not Leonardo stood in my way. She would have loved me, and she will yet do so. I had fully made up my mind to marry Francesca Avarenza

before I met Tessa Tornabelli, and my first thought on meeting the latter was that her dazzling loveliness, which as you rightly say greatly surpasses even the remarkable beauty of the Princess, would lure Leonardo away from Francesca if he could but be made acquainted with her. I sent him on several errands to her with this purpose in view. On one occasion when I was on guard I gave him the password and sent him to her. But he had known Francesca from his boyhood and as a boy had taken a fancy to marry her. It never entered his head that it could be possible for him to fall in love with anyone else, and so although he admired Tessa and was really fascinated by her beauty, as everyone who comes near her must be, yet he never wavered in his boyish attachment for Francesca. Now, however, if he lives he will learn what a man's love is. I could not resist Tessa's influence myself, Maso, if she loved me as she loves him, and you know you could not. No living man could do it, Maso. Old Paolo did her bidding at a finger's touch. She loves Leonardo with all the intensity of her passionate nature, and while her womanly reserve and modesty would make her conceal it from him under ordinary circumstances, yet as they will be situated after she has watched him under the shadow of death and nursed him back to life, she cannot conceal her love from him in her joy at his recovery. I have not lived in this world for nothing, Maso. I know human nature. Her love will be revealed and Count Leonardo Montecali will yield to it if he lives, as I hope he will live, for I too have a dislike for bloodshed, Maso, and it would lie heavy on my soul if I had to put him out of the world in order to secure the wealth and love of Francesca Avarenza, both of which I must have. I enticed Tessa Tornabelli here for this purpose, Maso, with a story of his imprisonment and the cause of it. I told her that visit of his to her was misconstrued as treachery, and that nothing could save him from death but her testimony. She came here in her unsuspecting innocence, and I kept her, Maso, intending to have Leonardo meet her here. As you know my plan to have you rescue him and bring him here was postponed by his strange escape alone, but fortunately he was quickly captured and our plan was carried out after a short delay. But this ending of it, if he will but live, is better than I expected, Maso. It is well, after all, that Tessa grew suspicious and induced Paolo to assist her to escape."

(To be continued.)

## PEOPLE OF THE PAST

When the little princes of Great Britain are naughty now they are punished, but in olden times there was a peculiar arrangement by which when a prince deserved chastisement another boy had to suffer for him. The boy who was thus undeservedly punished was known as the whipping-boy. Before Edward VI. became king he had a page and whipping-boy named Nicholas Throckmorton. Prince Edward used to tell young Throckmorton that he really felt the whippings as much as if he had to bear them in his own person, and promised to reward him when he had the power. After he had become king, he one day pursued Throckmorton with a sword to knight him. Throckmorton tried to escape, knowing that if Edward succeeded, the Duke of Northumberland, the uncle of the king and Protector of the Realm, would be angry. But the king managed to strike him on the shoulder, and he rose Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

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On the rocky coast of Devonshire—one of the most dangerous as well as most beautiful portions of the whole English seaboard—the waves have tunnelled out a small cave in the base of a high projecting cliff, only to be reached by two narrow openings just wide enough for a man to crawl through, poetically called "The Eyes" by the native fishermen. Through these holes three boys had made their way into the cave, where they had a famous time hunting crabs, splashing through pools, leaping from point to point of the slippery rocks, crowning each other with wreaths of seaweed, and making every nook and cleft of the dark cavern ring with an uproarious impromptu parody of "Over the Sea."

Under the sea, under the sea,  
In the home of the lobster how happy are we!  
Under the sea, under the sea,  
We'll be snug till the tide comes again.

At length, determined not to leave anything unseen now that they were there, the young explorers lighted a candle which they had brought with them, and fixed it in a crack of the rock, chuckling at the thought of the amazement that would be felt by all the homeward-bound fishermen at the sight of this sudden and strange lighting up of "The Eyes" amid the gathering dimness of evening. But, as their ill-luck would have it, the candle light showed them another opening at the

far end of the cave, which seemed to lead into an inner grotto going still deeper into the heart of the cliff. This was quite enough for their daring leader, who, as if bent upon showing how fully he deserved his popular nickname of "Mad Jim," insisted on crawling through the hole, "to see what the place was like." "Don't make a fuss about nothing, old fellows," he said, in answer to the remonstrance of his two friends, "I don't suppose I shall find anything uglier than myself inside."

"Highly improbable," muttered George, with a broad grin.

"And if I light upon a shark or an octopus mounting guard in there," went on Jim, calmly ignoring the sarcasm, "I'll just bring him out along with me, and we'll have him for supper."

So saying, he thrust his feet into the cleft, and began to wriggle his way through. It was a very close "fit;" but luckily, or rather, unluckily for him, the sharp points of the rock sloped the other way, and he at length made good his entrance, though not without a scratch or two. His comrades handed him in the light through the gap, and he just had time to discover that he was in a large, high-roofed, nearly circular cave, with no opening in its rocky walls save the one by which he had entered, when the quick ears of the two sentinels in the outer cavern caught a distant sound which the pair knew only too well.

"I say, old man, you'd better look alive!" shouted one of them through the hole; "The tide's coming back to its lodgings, and if it finds us in the act of committing a burglary on the premises perhaps it won't be pleased."

"Hold on half a minute," answered Jim, who was evidently very far from realising the imminence of the danger; "I want to have a good look at the way the water has hollowed out these arches." But as he held up his candle for a better view, a sudden splash of water from a bunch of seaweed overhead effectually cut short his inspection by putting out the light. "Well, cried he, with a lough, which came echoing up hoarse and hollow through the rocky cleft, as if issuing from a tomb, "that's a rather mean trick, but if it won't let me see any more, I suppose I had better come out." And he thrust himself head foremost into the gap.

"Come along, old fellow!" cried George impatiently; "the tide's coming

up full split, and we have another hole to get through, you know."

"It's all very fine to say 'come along,'" retorted Jim; "but what if I can't?"

In fact, poor Jim found to his cost that it was easier to get in than to get out again, for the jagged points of the rock, all jutting inward, now caught him like the teeth of a man trap. He barely succeeded in wriggling his head and one arm through the gap, and then he stuck fast, unable to move either forward or backward.

"Do you mean to say, old boy, that you really can't get through?" cried George, as he and his comrade anxiously watched their friend's vain struggles, neither of them daring to hint to the other the ghastly thought that was beginning to rise in the minds of both.

"It doesn't look very like it," replied Jim, forcing a laugh. "I suppose I must try it the other way. I came in here feet first, so perhaps I can go out in the same style. Give us a shove, boys!"

And then, making a violent effort, he succeeded in backing out of the hole on his own side, whence he instantly made a fresh attempt, feet foremost. But to their utter dismay, though he had got so far there was no getting him one inch farther. They tugged till their faces grew purple, and Jim seconded them with all his might; but it was all in vain. And then there came back upon all three with a sudden thrill of horror, the memory of Jim's light jest on entering this fatal prison about finding nothing there uglier than himself. He had found something uglier—he had found death!

"It's no use, boys!" said the doomed lad, faintly. "Save yourselves while you can—it's all over with me!"

"Shut up!" cried George, fiercely; "do you take us for cowards? We won't budge till we've got you out."

But every word of this bold defiance fell like lead upon his own heart, for he felt that he spoke without hope, and in the gloomy silence that followed the roar of the hungry tide was heard more plainly than before.

"I have it!" cried Jim suddenly, showing even at this deadly crisis the cool readiness which was to make him renowned in after years. "It must be my clothes that stop me; I'll pull them off and try again."

In a trice he had stripped himself, and, passing his clothes through the gap, made one final effort to force his way out. Even then, however, the cruel rock teeth did not easily quit their prey, and he was bleeding from more than one deep gash when his

friends at length dragged him out of that living tomb, gasping and exhausted. For several weeks to come this hairbreadth escape was the talk of the whole district; but the adventure was recalled with a deeper interest not many years later, when "Mad Jim," its principal hero, had become famous throughout the whole world as Bishop Hannington, the martyr missionary of Uganda.

### HOW AN OYSTER GROWS.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover a fifty cent piece. The oyster is its own architect, and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never too small. It also bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth. Every one who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other. These are technically termed shots and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined. Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon the other, so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened. Fossil oysters have been seen of which the shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than 900 years old. One to two million oysters are produced from a single parent and their scarcity is accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster-eating animal. The starfish loves the oyster and preys upon it unceasingly. A variety of whelk is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which it bores right through the shell and sucks the fish up through the hole thus made.

### THE STING OF A BEE.

In the process of honey making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. The formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

## FRANK MAITLAND'S TIGER HUNT.

Frank Maitland, when he came out to join my regiment in India, was only seventeen years old—perhaps the youngest ensign then in the British Army—though he stood six feet high, and was very athletic. From the first he was one of the steady men in the service, though he loved fun as well as any of the young scatterbrains whose escapades kept them continually in trouble. A cool head was on Master Frank's young shoulders, and a resolute heart beneath his waistcoat, as he soon had occasion to prove. About a week after he joined, Captain Smythe, the regimental bully, was laying down the law in his usual dictatorial way about a disputed point of tactics, when some one asked Frank's opinion on the matter. He gave it modestly against Smythe, and as he was fresh from the military college at Sandhurst, was able to show that he was right. Smythe lost his temper—he had been drinking a good deal—insulted the boy grossly, and even advanced against him with a threatening gesture. In self-defence Frank knocked Smythe down. Next day Captain Smythe challenged Frank, but duelling had been forbidden, and the young fellow refused. Then Frank went on to demand a court of enquiry, which exonerated him and ordered Smythe to apologize. He did it because he had to do it or resign, but he did it churlishly. After that the two were not on speaking terms for some months, though Frank was too generous to cherish animosity. The incidents that brought them to speaking terms again were as surprising as any I remember in the annals of tiger-shooting. One day a venerable old native came into our hunting camp among the Gurrachee Hills, and reported that his village, about eight miles distant, was being devastated by a pair of tigers. They had already killed seven persons and an unknown number of cattle. Would the sahibs come and kill the tigers? Come! Of course we would come, though tiger hunting on foot is dangerous work. But as elephants could not be procured within a week, we determined to take the field without them. Retaining the old native to act as guide, we made ready that evening, and next morning, long before daylight, our whole party, ten in number, took to the road in a big four-horse carry-all which we had brought with us from headquarters. As we drove

along through the still morning air, Frank Maitland, who had never seen a tiger outside of a menagerie, showed more excitement and enthusiasm than usual, which provoked Smythe to say to his companion on the back seat:

"I think I shall have some satisfaction to-day in watching our young ensign's mettle."

"You'll find his mettle good mettle," said the other.

"He's going to funk—see how excited he is!" whispered Smythe.

"Excited with pleasure. He will be cool enough in danger."

Smythe shrugged his shoulders incredulously, but did not answer. The sun had no more than fairly risen when we arrived at the village, a group of bamboo huts about half a mile from the baree or tree-jungle in which the tigers were said to lurk. Nearly all the men of the village, armed mostly with useless weapons, turned out to act as beaters. The tigers, they said, had killed and eaten a large bullock the night before, so that they might be expected to lie gorged all day in close cover. We distributed among the natives a lot of hand-grenades, and then our whole force, about sixty men, moved off to the jungle. One glance at it showed that elephants could not have penetrated the thicket. Indeed, it was difficult to imagine how even the lithe, slim natives were to find a way into this fearful place. It was about three hundred acres in extent and densely covered with wild fig, cotton, cork, peepul and other trees all interlaced with gigantic creepers and prickly, clinging tendrils, twined and twisted, from the ground up, into a fantastic mass of rank vegetation, seemingly impervious to any live thing. Yet we knew that its dark recesses teemed with noxious and venomous life. On the advice of the head man, we ten Europeans took stations about one hundred yards apart along one edge of the baree, while the natives were to enter from the other side, and, if possible, drive the tigers out. If the jungle had been an open one, nothing could have induced the men to undertake the task; but as tigers do not climb trees, these would always furnish means of escape in case of need. Each of the beaters, in addition to his curious weapons and hand-grenades, carried a rude drum, horn, or some other noisy instrument. When the natives were fairly within

the wood they began to work slowly towards us, with a tremendous din. Dozens of jackals, and other inferior brutes, disturbed by the hideous racket, broke cover early in the hunt, and skurried past us into the long grass of the open plain, without drawing a shot. We were not inclined to make game of anything less interesting than tigers. I was about the centre of the line. Next me to the right was Maitland, and beyond him Smythe, an experienced hunter. For three hours we thus stood watching and waiting. The sun had climbed high up before the yells and exploding grenades of the beaters proved that they were gradually closing in on us. Yet we had seen no sign of the tigers, which, however, were just as likely to be lying within twenty feet of any of us as anywhere else. A few minutes more of anxious suspense, and we could see, reflected in the tops of the taller trees, occasional flashes of the fireworks. We could even hear the valorous words with which the creeping beaters sought to encourage one another. Still no tiger! I had begun to think that our hunt would end without a find, when off a little way to my right I heard a whining purr, much resembling, though greatly louder, than that of a domestic cat rudely roused from its nap. The tigers were up at last, and stretching themselves. Dodging behind my tree, with rifle ready, I waited a little nervously for the next move. The beaters came steadily on, with ever-increasing noise and accelerated fire, apparently covering every inch of the ground.

Soon I heard the indescribable, vibrating screeches, half snarl, half roar, with which a full grown tiger and tigress leaped over the fringe of outlying bushes and loped away along the edge of the *baree*.

They were no more than sixty feet from me, and I made sure of the one nearest, as I threw up my rifle and touched the trigger. But the hammer fell softly on a damaged cartridge, and when I hastily replaced it by another, and fired, I scored a clean miss! Too late now for a third trial.

"Mark right!" I shouted, and next moment heard the crack of Frank Maitland's rifle, followed by a scream from one of the flying brutes.

"Mark right!" shouted Frank.

Then Captain Smythe fired, and, almost blending with the report of his gun, came his sharp cry for help. The captain was posted two hundred yards from me, but only one hundred from Frank. So the boy, reloading as he ran, sped to the rescue alone. He was not a moment too soon. The tiger, crunching Smythe's left arm, stood raging over his senseless body. As the boy drew nearer the monster shook his victim as a terrier shakes a rat, and Frank thought he could hear the bones crack. But tiger and man lay directly across his path, and he dared not shoot for fear of hitting Smythe. At any moment the brute might change his grip to Smythe's throat. Knowing this, Frank did the best thing possible under the circumstances. When they were within thirty yards, he yelled at the



HE FIRED RIGHT INTO ITS OPEN MOUTH.



top of his voice. The tiger seeing a moving foe, left the prostrate body and charged directly upon young Maitland. Few experienced hunters could have faced such a charge without quailing, but Frank, on seeing the success of his ruse, stood stock-still, cool as if on parade. As the tiger alighted within twelve feet of him, after its second bound, he fired right into its open mouth. The express bullet, driven by eight drachms of powder, traversed the who's length of the tiger's carcase. With quivering limbs and bristling hair the brute sank down stone-dead in the act of crouching for a final spring. As I ran toward the scene I passed the lifeless body of the tigress. The boy had achieved the amazing feat of killing two tigers by two successive shots, and all within the space of one minute. Fortunately the assistant surgeon of our regiment happened to be the man stationed next to Smythe's right. On examination he found that, beyond the crushed and lacerated arm, Smythe was not seriously injured. After some brandy had been forced between his lips he recovered consciousness, looked around in a dazed way, and asked, "What's up, am I hurt?" Then he learned who had saved him. Smythe, after all, was sound at heart. Holding out his uninjured hand, he said shakily, "Maitland, I treated you badly."

"Don't say another word, captain," said Frank, kneeling beside him. So that is how they came to speaking terms again, and afterwards they were the best of friends.

GILES UNDERWOOD.

### HOW WE TASTE.

Strictly speaking, with the tip of the tongue one cannot really taste at all. If you put a drop of oil of bitter almonds on that part of the mouth you will find that it produces no effect of any sort. You only taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itself and reaches the true testing region in the middle distance. But if you put a little mustard or cayenne on the same part you will find that it bites you immediately—the experiment should be tried sparingly—while, if you put it lower down in the mouth, you will swallow it almost without noticing the pungency of the stimulant. The reason is that the tip of the tongue is supplied only with the nerves of touch, not nerves of taste proper. They belong to a totally different main branch and they go to a different centre in the brain, together with the very similar threads which supply the nerves

of smell for mustard or pepper. That is why the smell and taste of these pungent substances are so much alike, as everybody must have noticed a good sniff at a mustard pot producing almost the same irritating effects as an incautious dose.

### HOW THE FORGET-ME-NOT GOT ITS NAME.

Everybody knows the pretty little forget-me-not, and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite pathetic romances. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube, when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river, and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor, was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady, he cried to her with his last breath, "*Vergiss mein nicht!*" ("Forget-me-not!") And ever since the flower has been looked on as an emblem of fidelity.

### MONKEYS AND KNOTS.

It is said that the monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables the animal to achieve the untying of a knot. You may tie a monkey with a cord, fastened with the simplest form of common knot, and unless the monkey can break the string or gnaw it in two he will never get loose. To untie the knot requires observation and reasoning power, and though a monkey may possess both, he has neither in a sufficient degree to enable him to overcome the difficulty.

### LOOKING-GLASSES IN COFFINS.

One of the ancient customs connected with Swedish funerals was to place a small looking-glass in the coffin of an unmarried female, so that when the last trump sounds she might be able to arrange her tresses. It was the practice for Scandinavian maidens to wear their hair flowing loosely, while the matrons wore it bound about the head, and generally covered with some form of cap. Hence the unmarried woman was imagined as wakening at the judgment day with more untidy locks than her wedded sisters and more in need of a glass.





### THE MAN WITH THE LONG TAIL.

The man with the long tail did not belong to a tribe of monkeys. No indeed! But a tribe of monkeys belonged to him—at least that is what he called them.

Few people who could have peeped into the cosy sitting-room one bright summer morning would have considered them monkeys. They were all so demure, as they sat there intent on their tasks, from tall Madge practicing on the piano, to little Dot and Baby sitting on the carpet at Mamma's feet, busy with their dolls.

Jackie sat with his head in his hands, frowning over his Latin lesson which he was determined to master.

Maude was copying her spelling, while Hettie tried to make figures on her slate.

On the piazza-seat just outside the window, at which Mamma was sewing, sat Bessie, reading the newspaper to Grandpapa. This was her regular reading lesson, Mamma from time to time correcting her mistakes, or admonishing her not to read too fast.

They were all beginning to feel very tired; and, indeed, it seemed high time for recess in this peculiar sort of school where Mamma was the teacher, and where there was only one pupil in each class.

Presently the door opposite the sitting-room opened and somebody came out saying, "Here's the man"—"With a long tail!" shouted the children, as they rushed towards him pell mell. Madge breaking off in the midst of a brilliant arpeggio, flew across the room and seized him by the coat tails. Jackie

closing his book with a bang, jumped up and caught hold of her skirts. Bessie who had just begun to read an item which sounded like a "big sack of rice in dry goods," threw down the paper and ran after them and grabbed the edge of her brother's jacket. Next came Maudie, then Hettie and Dot, each holding the frock of the one in front of her. Even Baby struggled to her little feet, and held on to Dot's apron.

Away went Papa, with the children shouting behind him, "Here's the man with the long tail! Here's the man with the long tail!" They rushed past Grandpapa, to the great danger of his toes; down the piazza steps and out on to the lawn. Up and down, round and round they went, keeping up the chorus of "Here's the man with the long tail," and shrieking with laughter.

By and by, the man turned round, and broke off the tip of the tail, and Baby lay sprawling on the grass.

"Get up, Baby, dear," called Mamma, "Get up, and catch hold again!"

"No, no!" screamed the rest, "that's not fair! When a joint is broken off, it must stay where it is until all are off!"

"Come, Baby, try again. Up she goes!" said Grandpapa; and Baby, thus encouraged, took her place once more and kept it until Papa took hold of Dot, and both the little ones were soon rolling on the lawn, knocking each other down in their vain attempts to get upon their feet again, never paying the slightest heed to the others, who called to them to lie still.

Before long Hettie found herself under the lilac bush; and Maude soon became a fixture on the horse-block.

The racing and shouting did not cease for a moment, it became, on the contrary, faster and more furious, as the tail kept growing shorter.

"There goes Bess!" shouted Jackie, as that young lady was plumped down on the seat beside Grandpapa once more. "I wouldn't give up so soon!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he was astride on the piazza railing, and had to change his tone to one of encouragement to Madge.

"Don't let go, Madge! Don't let go! If you are pulled off, be sure to catch hold again before Papa gets into the study, and shuts the door, or we will have to go back to those pokey old lessons too soon!"

In spite of this advice, and of her brave efforts, when they reached the study door, which was at the foot of the stairs, Madge, with one swing of Papa's long arms, was landed upon a step very near the top. Before she had time to recover from her surprise, and to regain her

breath, the man had vanished into the study and closed the door. Recess was over!

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

Montreal.

### POSTMEN AND POST-OFFICES OF OTHER LANDS.

Have you ever heard of the "thousand mile horse?" This is the name given to the ordinary postman of China, and no doubt you will think it a very curious title to give a man who does not travel more than twelve miles in a day. He carries a lantern, and an umbrella made of paper, the post-bag being fastened to his back by a cloth tied across the chest.

In China letters are sometimes carried by a slow paddle-boat. The postman sits leisurely in the boat and works a pair of paddles with his feet. He makes no attempt at speed, and seems to care very little whether his letters are delivered on one day or another.

In some of the country districts of France postmen walk about on stilts, and very curious indeed they look as they stride from place to place.

One of the strangest out-of-the-way post-offices used to be situated on the river Ocklawaha, in Florida. It was simply a large cigar-box nailed to the trunk of an old cypress tree. Something of the same kind may be seen on the coach roads in Australia. Large boxes are fastened to the trunks of trees, and any letters, newspapers, or parcels which the mail-coach may bring for the settlers are placed in these boxes, and in due course are delivered.

The ordinary post-runner of India is dressed in a long white coat, tight-fitting trousers, and a huge light blue turban. For protection against the wild animals of the country he carries a long stout stick with a sharp iron point. There is also the camel express, which often travels at the rate of eighty miles a day, and it is said that the rough riding is so trying to the riders that it shortens their lives.

The postman of Anam is a strange-looking fellow. Our illustration will give you an idea of what he is like. He usually rides barefooted on horseback, his big toes resting in a kind of stirrup.

The letters, in the form of rolls, are slung over his right shoulder.

In some parts of Russia and Siberia the mails are carried in sledges drawn by horses, reindeer, or dogs; and in the mountain districts of Brazil oxen harnessed to two-wheeled wagons are in use.

During the Franco-German war of 1870, Germany issued what were called "Field Post-Cards," for the use of the soldiers only, who could buy them at the rate of five for a halfpenny. These the soldiers could use without any stamp.

Pigeons have often been used as "post-men," and are in constant use by the daily newspapers to convey the results of races and matches of all kinds.

Thirty years ago the journey across the United States occupied about six months, during which period the travellers were in constant dread of an attack by Indians. When, therefore, one day it was announced that a number of men, noted for their courage and horsemanship, were going to be employed to carry the mails from one side of America to the other in fourteen days, public excitement became very great.

The work had to be well planned out. The track was divided into runs of sixty miles each, and huts were built at every point to serve as stables for the ponies and stations for the men.

Once a week an express messenger started from each side of the continent, and from the instant the first messenger started to the moment the last one delivered his mail-bag safely at the end of the journey, not a second was wasted. At the end of every sixty miles a messenger waited ready mounted to continue the journey, and upon the arrival of the rider the letter bag was thrown from the one messenger to the other, and almost before you knew what had happened, the fresh messenger was well on his run of sixty miles.

It was often a race for dear life, for the Indians were constantly on the war-path. The splendid ponies of the Express Company, however, usually managed to keep the Indians at a safe distance, but many an exciting chase took place.

After a time stage-coaches made specially for the rough travelling on the prairies were started, and these used to carry both passengers and treasure.

During this stirring period in the history of the United States post one of the servants of the Express Company, named Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," performed many daring feats. The story of his wonderful rescue of the Overland Mail is well known, but it will

bear repeating, because it gives a good idea of the dangers of the post in those days.

One day Cody, being on the look-out, saw the mail-coach drawn by six horses tearing along at full speed, but with no one on the box of the coach to guide the horses. The driver, poor fellow, had been shot dead by Indians, but falling on the footboard, he had still kept the reins in his hands.

Three Indians were close behind the coach, and as Cody followed them he was pursued by a dozen Indians. The brave Express rider soon wounded the foremost Indians; and then, without stopping his own horse or those of the coach, he scrambled as best he could on to the coach, and taking the reins from the hands of the lifeless driver he determined to do his best to save it.

For a time he kept well ahead, but upon nearing some rising ground the Indians came close enough to cover the coach with a shower of arrows. As soon as the coach began to go down hill it gained on the Indians, and although they tried their utmost to catch up to it they failed to do so. The vehicle rocked and bounded over the rough prairie at a terrible pace, and in half an hour it reached the station with its load of passengers and gold.

It was a wonderful feat, and the brave Express rider was promoted to the more responsible post of driver of the Overland Mail.

### DIDN'T LIKE THE END.

"Do you like stories, Wally?" asked the visitor.

"Yes. All except the end of them," said Wally.

"Why don't you like the end of them?"

"Because that's where they stop."

### SOUNDS.

The teacher told Elsie to name the large bodies of water. She had been absent the day before, and hadn't learned the definition of a sound. She thought she remembered the name, and she recited, "Oceans, bays, gulfs, straits and—and—noises."

### A ROMANCE.

The paper doll loved the china doll.

"Will you be my wife?" said he.

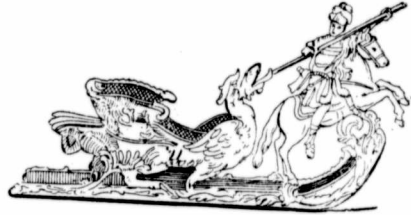
"Oh, you're just sheer nonsense," she laughed,

"that's all!

You weren't cut out for me!"

### A RUSSIAN SLEIGH, 1794.

The Russian sleigh here shown is a unique specimen of a class by no means small, it having been the custom of the rich in Russia for many years to provide themselves with very costly and



highly ornamental sleighs, as sleighing in that country, during several months of each year, affords about the only means of communication over vast stretches of territory.

### THE CAT IN ART.

A STUDY OF EVOLUTION IN DESIGN.

I.

Take a pencil, blue or red,  
Draw a little loaf of bread  
On a piece of paper white—  
Make the bread extremely  
light.

II.

Then, before your work  
you stop,  
Draw a little loop on top,  
And a satchel will be  
found  
Such as ladies carry round.

III.

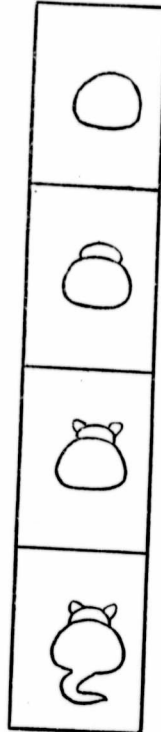
Then you may, my pretty  
dears,  
Add a pair of little ears;  
And, if Art is not in fault,  
There's a little bag of salt.

IV.

Pause, and in a rapture  
fine,  
Contemplate the great de-  
sign—  
Add a flowing tail, and  
that  
Makes a perfect pussy cat.

V.

Thus a loaf evolves aright  
Wailing Thomas of the  
night:  
And you get into your  
head  
How a pussy may be bred.



### SOME ODD-FASHIONED UMBRELLAS.

The word "umbrella" means "a little shade," or shadow, and it is therefore most likely that this most useful article was first used as a sunshade.

In China the umbrella was known at least two centuries before the Christian era, and on some of the beautiful vases of ancient Greece there are many figures carrying umbrellas. Among Eastern nations the umbrella has always held a most important position in all grand ceremonies of state.

The invention of the umbrella is, in China, supposed to be due to the wife of a celebrated carpenter named Lou Pan; but this cannot be correct, because no less than three thousand years ago the clever sculptors of Ninevah represented



ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE, SHOWING ROYAL UMBRELLA.

the umbrella in their stone carvings. From these we can see that it was the custom in those early days for an attendant to hold the umbrella over the head of the king or queen.

In ancient Rome the ladies always kept their umbrella bearers, and when they went out they were usually attended by two slaves, the one carrying a fan, and the other a large parasol stretched upon light sticks at the end of a long handle.

The people of Corea have a very curious umbrella made of oil-paper. It is made to fold up like a fan. As soon as it begins to rain, the Corean dives into one of the large loose sleeves of his jacket and produces an umbrella, which he spreads out over his hat. The umbrella is not very large, and only keeps the hat dry; but this is really all that the Corean cares about.

In Japan, umbrellas are chiefly made

of paper of all sorts of colors, upon which pretty designs of birds and flowers are painted. Queen Victoria gave some of these umbrellas to South Kensington Museum. One is made of black paper, upon which red and white water-lilies are painted. The ribs of the umbrella are made of bamboo, and the stick, which is nearly six feet long, is painted a bright red. The umbrella or parasol is carried by a servant, who walks behind and shelters his or her mistress from the heat of the sun.

In most Eastern countries, on state occasions, the royal umbrella or parasol is borne over the heads of the chiefs or rulers. These state umbrellas are made of the richest materials, and sometimes are covered with valuable jewels.



AFRICAN CHIEF'S UMBRELLA.

When the Prince of Wales visited India some years ago, a golden umbrella was placed over him so that the people might recognize him and understand his importance. The Prince brought home a number of curious umbrellas which had been given to him. One of these was covered with blue satin woven with gold and decorated with pearls, and others were covered with the feathers of the rarest tropical birds.

In Africa umbrellas are always carried over the heads of chiefs. Some years ago England had to go to war with the king of Ashanti, and the soldiers, under Sir Garnet, now Lord Wolseley, captured the chief town of the country.



ANAMITE LADY'S UMBRELLA.

Among the things found in the king's palace was a beautiful sword which had been presented by Queen Victoria to a former king of Ashanti, and a large number of umbrellas, some of which were very handsome. The royal umbrella was brought to England and presented to the Queen. This grand umbrella was not used to keep off the sunshine or rain, but simply as an emblem of royalty. It is made of black and red velvet, and has gold trimmings.

The state umbrella of the Chinese is called the "Phoenix" umbrella, and it is always used in the royal processions. Other umbrellas almost as large, but not so grand, are used by the mandarins when on their visits. On these occasions there is quite a long procession of soldiers and servants, and the umbrella is borne in front of the mandarin to show his importance and as a sign of his power. The same custom prevails in Anam and Siam.

Umbrellas did not come into general use in England until towards the end of the eighteenth century.

One rainy day some of the citizens of London were thrown into a state of great excitement by the appearance of a gentleman carrying a large umbrella as a protection from the rain. The gentleman was Jonas Hanway, who, having travelled a great deal in foreign lands, especially in the East, had often seen the umbrella or parasol used as a protection from the heat of the sun, and



ANAMITE MANDARIN AND UMBRELLA-BEARER.



it occurred to him to use it as a means of keeping himself dry during rainy weather.

He accordingly made an umbrella for himself, and the next wet day went boldly out into the streets. People stared and wondered, boys laughed and called after him, and every one who saw him thought he had taken leave of his senses. But in spite of all this Jonas Hanway had the best of it, for his big umbrella sheltered him from the heavy rain, whilst those who laughed at him got wet.

After a time people began to follow his example, and soon there became such a demand for umbrellas that the men who made them had to employ extra men to help them, and in this way many large businesses were formed.

### THE CULTIVATION OF RICE.

Rice is the chief food of the inhabitants of Asia, by whom it is cultivated very largely. It is also grown in America, in parts of Italy and Spain, and a little in Germany. It was once tried in England, and a small crop was raised near Windsor; but the climate was not at all suited to its growth, and the experiment has not again been attempted.

A great quantity of rice is eaten in India, but in the North-West Provinces wheat is the principal crop, and the natives consider themselves superior to those of the rice-eating districts.

There are several varieties of rice, each being known by the name of the country in which it is grown. Carolina



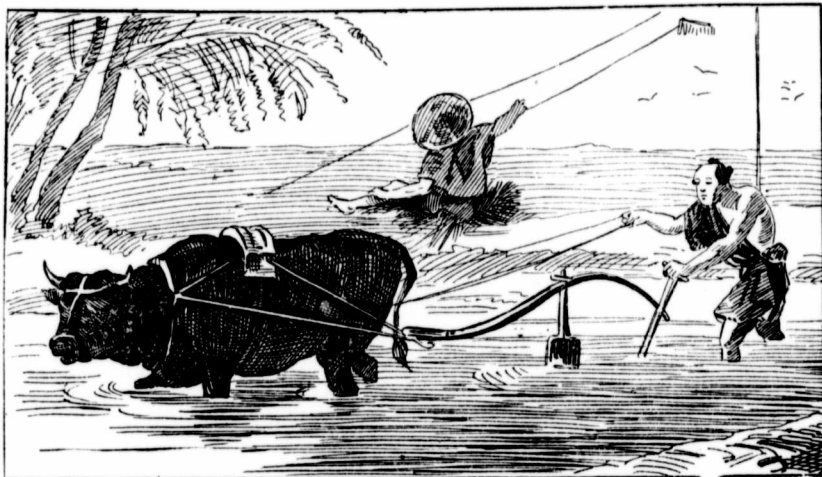
THE RICE PLANT.

rice is considered the best in England, and is imported in very large quantities.

In Japan and China rice is the main food of the natives, and such suitable ground as can be spared is turned into rice-fields.

The rice plant requires a very plentiful supply of water, and the fields in which it is grown have to be continually watered either by rivers or from tanks.

In China the rice grower cuts terraces in the sides of the hills close to a stream, the water of which is turned into the



PLOUGHING THE RICE FIELD.



topmost terrace, from which it gradually descends terrace by terrace until it reaches the bottom, when it rushes down the valley into a river or into the sea.

Before the seed is sown it is put into baskets and soaked in water for some days so as to hasten the sprouting. Then the rice grounds, which have been soaked with water until they are like mud, are ploughed by a very simple plough drawn by an ox or a buffalo. The ground is then cleared of all stones, and whatever roots are in it are pulled up by a strong harrow with great iron teeth. All this time the ground is partly covered with water.

The seed is now sown by hand very thickly, but as equally as possible. Only part of the ground is sown in this manner, to supply plants for the rest; and usually the day after the seed has been sown the points of the plants appear above the surface of the water.

About the month of April, when the plants have grown strong enough, they are pulled up. The mud is now carefully washed off the roots, and they are then planted in little groups of five, in ground specially prepared for them.

Although a man cannot step into these rice fields without sinking to his knees in mud the Chinese weed the fields three times in summer, and with such care that the roots of every weed are pulled up.

When ripe the rice turns yellow like wheat, and it is then cut down with a sickle, made into sheaves, and carried into a barn. After the husk has been

removed, the grain passes through a machine which removes the red skin covering the rice. These operations are carried out with such care that not more than five out of every hundred grains are broken.

### A QUEEN'S PET FOWLS.

When Queen Victoria was a little girl, before thoughts of the English throne had ever entered her baby head, she was the owner of a very fine coop of Cochin China fowls. There were very large white roosters, beautiful plump hens and downy chicks by the dozen, for the coop was a very large one.

But the pet of all the pets was a big rooster, who had learned to know his little mistress and to follow her around the enclosure where he was kept. Many photographs were taken of the Cochin China fowls; and later, when the little Victoria grew to be a woman, and was called to the English throne, she took her Cochin China fowls with her, and had them installed at Grasse, one of her country seats.

Their descendants are still at Grasse, and for a generation the Queen's children and grandchildren have played with and admired them. One summer day several years ago, little Lady Alexandra Duff, the Queen's granddaughter, was taken to Grasse, and her nurse led her out to where there was a coop of beautiful Cochin China hens and chickens, all descended from the ones the baby Victoria played with sixty years ago.



SETTING THE RICE PLANTS.

### THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The great and wonderful wall of China was built about two thousand years ago by one of the emperors, to prevent certain tribes from invading the country. The wall begins in the province of Leaotong, and goes across rivers and over the tops of high mountains without a break for twelve hundred miles, when it ends in impassable mountains.

Large square blocks of stone laid in mortar form the foundation of the wall, which is built of bricks.

The whole wall is so strong that even now it scarcely ever needs repair.

When carried over steep rocks where horses cannot pass the height of the wall is about fifteen or twenty feet; but when running through a valley, or crossing a river, there you will see a strong wall about thirty feet high, with square towers. The top of the wall is flat, and paved with stone, and where it rises over a rock or mountain there are stone steps which help you to ascend.

This wonderful wall was built in five years. Almost every laboring man in China was employed upon it, and it is stated that the laborers stood so closely together for many miles that the materials for building the wall could be handed from one to another.

When the Chinese had finished this great wall, they were left in peace for a hundred years. One day, however, their old enemies, the Western Tartars, broke through the wall with a powerful army of horsemen, and entering the country carried terror wherever they went. They became masters of the greater part of China, and kept possession of the country for many years. Since then China has seen many great changes.

### A DOG PAPER-CARRIER.

In one of our big cities a few years ago there was a man named John Bell, who every day used to bring the morning papers to people's houses before breakfast. This man had a great distance to go each day, and a great many papers to deliver, and if it had not been for one fact I do not think he could have done it. But he had a helper. And who do you suppose it was?

His dog, Tag.

Tag was only a month old when John found him one cold winter morning in the street. As he seemed to have no home John took him and made him his pet. A most useful pet the little dog afterwards proved to be.

For when Tag grew a little and became strong, he began to follow his

master every morning, while he left the morning papers at the houses along the streets.

But John little knew what an intelligent little animal was running along by him every day. He did not know that this little animal was gradually learning exactly at which houses the papers were to be left. And he probably never would have known it, had it not been for a mistake he made one morning.

On one of the streets they used to pass through were two adjoining houses built exactly alike, and at one of these John Bell used to leave a paper every morning. He must have been thinking of something else on this particular occasion, or perhaps he forgot for a moment which was the right house. But whatever the reason was, he threw the paper in the front door of the wrong one. He was passing along when he heard Tag bark, and saw him run up the steps, seize the paper in his mouth, and run to the front door of the next house and leave it there.

Just think how surprised John must have been! And how proud little Tag must have felt! That made John think he could make Tag quite useful to him. So after that he used to leave the papers only on one side of the street, and Tag would leave them on the other side, running across each time to get the paper from his master.

So you see, Tag became a paper-carrier, and he thus rewarded John Bell for taking and caring for him when a little homeless pup.

### THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A COMPANY FACE.

Once on a time, in a far-away place,  
Lived a queer little girl with a company face,  
And no one outside of the family knew  
Of her every-day face, or supposed she had two.  
The change she could make with wondrous celerity,  
For practice had lent her surprising dexterity,  
But at last it chanced, on an unlucky day  
(Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say),  
To her dismal dismay and complete consternation,  
She failed to effect the desired transformation!  
And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason,  
Surprised her with half of her company face on,  
And half of her every-day face peeping out,  
Showing one grumpy tear-track and half of a pout,  
Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile  
That shone on her "company" side all the while.  
The caller no sooner had hurried away  
Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay;  
And, after a night spent in solemn reflection  
On the folly of features that can't bear inspection,  
She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place,  
Calm, sweet and serene, with her company face,  
Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in,  
Till you really might think 'twould be worn very  
thin:

But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay,  
And her relatives think 'twas a red letter day  
When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason  
Surprised her with half of her company face on.

MINNIE L. UPTON,

## CARAVAN TALES.

## No. IV.—The Fortunes of Said.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I AND II.

In the time of Haroun al Raschid, sovereign of Bagdad, there lived in Balsora a man named Benezar, who had sufficient property to enable him to live quietly and comfortably without engaging in business. Benezar had one child, a motherless boy named Said, whom he had carefully instructed in all the books of wisdom and trained to the use of arms and in all athletic exercises. When Said was eighteen years of age Benezar sent him to Mecca on a pilgrimage, and before bidding him good-bye, gave him a silver pipe attached to a chain of gold, and told him that his mother had always believed in the existence of a good fairy who watched over her interests and those of her son, and before she died she gave him this pipe, declaring that the fairy had given it to her for her son, directing that it should not be delivered to him until his twentieth birthday. Benezar did not believe in fairies, and thought that this was but a fancy of his wife due to illness. However, he gave the pipe to his son as a parting present, although his twentieth birthday was still two years off, and told him that his mother believed that it had magic powers, and that by blowing it he could call a good fairy to his aid. But he did not neglect to tell him that he himself placed no confidence in such fairy stories.

Said travelled across the desert with a caravan. He was a youth of extreme beauty. His eye was bold and frank, his mouth full of sweetness, and, young as he was, there was an air of dignity in his appearance such as one rarely finds in persons of his age; while the light and easy grace with which he sat his steed drew upon him the attention of many of the travellers. When the caravan was in the middle of the desert it was attacked one day by a band of robbers and in the fight which ensued Said killed the leader of the robbers whose name was Almansor. The robbers, enraged at the loss of their leader, surrounded Said, and captured him by throwing a noose over his head. With many imprecations they carried him home to their old chief Selim, father of Almansor, whom Said had killed.

Instead of putting him to death as the

robbers expected, the old man took a fancy to him, and decided to adopt him in the place of his dead son, Almansor. He was very kind to Said, kept him in his own tent and taught him the secret dialect of the tribe. At last, however, finding that all his band hated Said, and that the young man's life was in danger, he determined to set him free, and send him home to his father. Accordingly he gave out that Said's father had ransomed him, and directed five of his most trusted men to guide him across the desert. These men still regarded Said with hatred because he slew Almansor, and when they were far in the desert he overheard them talking about a plan to bring about his death by leaving him bound in the desert. He put spurs to his horse and tried to escape, but the robbers pursued, and although he blew his fairy pipe in hope of receiving magic help in his trouble, it made no sound, and they soon overtook him, bound him hand and foot, and left him to die in the desert. He was soon found by an ugly little merchant of Bagdad, named Kalum Beg, who dealt in shawls and costly veils for ladies. Kalum Beg was very friendly in the first place, and told Said that Messour, the first chamberlain of Haroun al Raschid, was his cousin, and that he himself was, consequently, in high favor with the caliph. But when they reached Bagdad, Kalum Beg, who was a wicked man, decided to keep the handsome youth, as a slave, and make him act as salesman in his shop in the bazaar. Said was forced to consent to this, and he was such a fine looking fellow that all the ladies came to the shop of Kalum Beg to see his handsome salesman, so that Kalum Beg's sales greatly increased.

One evening, when the sales during the day had been large, and the porters who carried the goods to the purchasers' houses, had all been sent out on their respective errands, an old lady entered the shop to make a purchase. Having made her selection she enquired for a messenger to carry the articles to her house, and when Kalum told her he would send her packages in half an hour she insisted upon his allowing Said to carry them home for her at once.

Said followed the lady, who hurried through the various streets with a lighter step than he would have thought possible in a woman of her age. She

halted at length before a handsome house, the doors of which flew open at her knock, and beckoning Said to follow, she ascended the marble steps. They soon reached a lofty, spacious hall, of greater splendor than Said had ever seen before. There the old lady seated herself exhausted on a cushion; and, motioning to Said to lay down his bundle, handed him a bit of silver, and bade him go.

### CHAPTER III.

He had already reached the door, when a clear, sweet voice called, "Said!" Surprised at being known here, he looked round, and, in place of the old woman, a beautiful lady, surrounded by scores of slaves and women-servants, was sitting on the cushion. Said, dumb with astonishment, crossed his arms and made a respectful inclination.

"Said, my dear child," said the lady, "much as I regret the accident that brought you to Bagdad, this was the only place decreed by fate where, in case you left your father's house before your twentieth year, you could release yourself from your destiny. Said, have you your pipe still?"

"I have indeed," answered the lady joyously, drawing out the golden chain; "and you are, perhaps, the good fairy who gave me it the day I was born?"

"I was your mother's friend," answered the fairy, "and am yours also. And if your father, foolish man, had but followed my advice, you would have escaped much suffering."

"Nay, it was my destiny!" answered Said. "But, darling fairy, give orders to have a strong east wind harnessed to your chariot, and carry me to Balsora in a couple of minutes. I will pass there in patience the six months to elapse before my twentieth year."

The fairy laughed. "You have a taking way of asking a favor," she answered; "but, poor Said, it is impossible! I can do nothing wonderful for you so long as you are under twenty years of age. I cannot even release you from the power of the miserable Kalum Beg! He stands under the protection of your greatest enemy."

"Then I have an enemy as well as a friend," exclaimed Said. "I believe I have often felt her influence. But at least you can aid me with your advice? Shall I not go to the caliph and implore his protection? He is a wise man, and will protect me against Kalum Beg."

"Yes, Haroun is a wise man," replied the fairy; "but, alas, he is still but a man. He trusts Messour, his head chamberlain, as freely as himself; and

he is right, for he has proved him and found him true. Messour, however, trusts your friend Kalum Beg as freely as himself, and herein he is wrong, for Kalum is a bad man, though he is Messour's relation. Kalum is a cunning knave, and as soon as he came to Bagdad reported a story about you to his cousin the chamberlain, which the chamberlain straightway carried to the caliph; so you would find yourself inhospitably received if you entered the palace of Haroun, for he has no faith in you. But there are other ways of approaching him, and it stands written in the stars that you shall yet win his favor."

"This is a bad prospect, indeed," groaned Said. "I must serve some time longer, then, as an advertisement with that scoundrel Kalum. But, charming fairy, there is one favor which it is in your power to grant me. I was early taught a knowledge of arms, and a mock-fight is my highest enjoyment. The young nobles of this city hold every week a tournament. But only gentlemen are permitted to ride inside the barriers, excluding, of course, every servant in the bazaar. If you could so bring it about that I could obtain every week a horse, a suit of armor, and weapons, and alter my expression so as to disguise me completely—"

"'Tis a wish which a gentleman may utter without shame," said the fairy. "Your mother's father was the bravest man in all Syria, and his spirit seems to be inherited by you. Observe this house. You shall find here every week a horse and two mounted esquires, suitable arms and clothes, and a magic wash for your face, which shall render your disguise impenetrable to all eyes. And now, Said, farewell! Persevere, be cautious and honest! In six months your pipe will sound, and Sulima's ears will be open to receive its music."

The youth took leave of his protectress with gratitude and reverence, and taking accurate notice of the street and house, went back to the bazaar.

Said arrived precisely in time to support and rescue his lord and master, Kalum Beg. A great throng had gathered round the shop, boys were dancing and jeering round the old merchant, and the older portion of the crowd were shaking with noisy laughter. Kalum was standing before the shop, trembling with anger, and holding in one hand a shawl, in the other a rich veil. This singular scene was the result of an incident which had taken place after Said's departure. Kalum had taken his stand before his door in place



of his handsome servant, and had been proclaiming his goods; but no one would buy of the old, hideous creature. Two men had passed through the bazaar in search for a present for their wives. They had already passed several times up and down before the shops, and had lately been seen by Kalum approaching his open door on their way through the market.

Kalum Beg, desirous to turn this circumstance to his advantage, called out to them:

"Here, gentlemen, here! What are you looking for? Beautiful veils, beautiful shawls!"

"Old fellow," answered one of them, "no doubt your wares are extremely good, but our wives are whimsical, and it is the fashion in the city to buy veils of the handsome shopman, Said. We have wandered up and down now a good half hour in search of him. If you can tell us where he is to be found, we will buy of you some other time."

"Allah il Allah!" cried Kalum Beg, grinning invitingly. "The Prophet has brought you to the right shop. You would buy a veil of the handsome shopman, you say? Come in, then, gentlemen; this is the establishment."

One of the gentlemen laughed heartily at Kalum's diminutive figure, and his supposed impudence in claiming to be the handsome shopman. The other, however, thought that Kalum was cracking his jokes on them, and rated him soundly. Kalum Beg was almost beside himself; he called his neighbors to witness that no other establishment than his own was called the shop of the handsome shopman; but the neighbors, who envied the extensive custom he had for some time enjoyed, pretended to know nothing about it, and the two men treated the old liar, as they called him, to a sound flogging. Kalum defended himself more with shrieks and outcries than with his fists, and a crowd was soon collected before the door. Half the city knowing him for a stingy, close-fisted niggard, the thumps and blows he was receiving excited no sympathy; and already one of the two assailants had the old man fast by the beard, when he felt himself seized by the arm, and with one vigorous shove thrown to the ground, so that by the force of the fall his turban fell off, and his slippers flew to some distance.

The crowd, who enjoyed mightily seeing Kalum Beg abused, murmured audibly, and the companion of the man knocked down looked round to see who had dared to assault his friend; but, seeing a tall, vigorous youth with gleaming eyes and angry bearing, he

did not venture to retaliate, especially when Kalum, whose rescue seemed to him a miracle, pointed at the lad, crying: "Now! what more do you want? There he stands, gentlemen! That is Said, the handsome shopman!"

The people around laughed tremendously, while the prostrate foe rose from the ground in great mortification, and hobbled away with his companion, without buying either shawl or veil.

"O, thou star of shopmen! thou glory of the bazaar!" cried Kalum, when his magnet had carried him into the shop; "truly this I call being punctual! That scoundrel lay on the ground, as if he never meant to get up again; and I—I should never more have needed a barber to comb my beard, if you had come two minutes later! How shall I ever recompense you?"

It had been a spontaneous feeling of compassion which had nerved Said's hand and heart; and, as this feeling subsided, he regretted deeply that he had saved the old rascal from his deserved flogging; a dozen hairs less in his beard, he thought to himself, would have made him, for as many days, less harsh and exacting. He availed himself, however, of the merchant's transitory generosity, and begged of him, as a token of his gratitude, one afternoon of each week for his own pleasures; which request Kalum granted, for he was perfectly aware that his unwilling servant was too sensible a fellow to attempt to escape without money or clothes.

Thus speedily had Said obtained the object of his desires. The next week, on the day when the young nobles of Bagdad assembled in the open square to practice their military exercises, he told Kalum that he would take this afternoon for his own purposes; and, having obtained his permission, went to the street where the fairy dwelt, and knocked at the door, which flew open without an instant's delay.

The servants seemed forewarned of his arrival, for, without demanding his business, they led him up the steps into a beautiful chamber, and there handed him the wash which was to prevent his recognition. He rubbed his face with the liquid, and, looking in the mirror, could scarcely recognize himself; for he was now deeply sunburnt, wore a handsome black beard, and looked at least ten years older than he really was.

From here they led him into a second apartment, where he found a complete suit of armor, of which the caliph himself would have had no reason to feel ashamed. Besides a turban of the finest

texture, with an agraffe of diamonds and heron's feathers, and a cloak of crimson silk, embroidered with silver flowers, Said found a breast plate of silver rings, so finely wrought that it adapted itself to every movement of his body, and yet impenetrable to lance or sword. A Damascus blade, with a hilt whose jewels seemed to Said of inestimable value, completed his military outfit. As he left the room after equipping himself in these garments, one of the servants handed him a silken cloth, and told him that the mistress of the house sent it to him; and that the beard and brown hue of his complexion would vanish as soon as he wiped his face with it.

Three horses were standing in the court-yard. Said mounted the finest, his servants the two others, and they trotted to the scene of combat. The brilliancy of his dress and the beauty of his arms and horse, attracted universal attention, and a murmur of admiration passed through the multitude when he rode inside the ring. It was a gorgeous assemblage of the bravest and noblest youths of Bagdad, and even the caliph's brothers were there, managing their steeds and brandishing their glittering lances.

When Said rode in, apparently a stranger, the son of the grand vizer approached him, and, saluting him gracefully, invited him to take part in their sports, and enquired his name and country. Said replied that his name was Almanson, that he came from Cairo, and that he had heard so much of the courage and dexterity of the young gentlemen of Bagdad, that he had allowed himself no rest till he had seen and known them. His manly bearing pleased the young men so much that they handed him a lance, and permitted him to choose his side; for the combatants had divided themselves into two parties.

If Said's external appearance had hitherto drawn so much attention, his extraordinary dexterity now excited admiration and amazement. His horse was fleetier than a bird, and his sword flew round his head like lightning. He threw his lance as truly to its target as though it were an arrow sent from an unerring bow. He vanquished the most skilful of his antagonists, and, at the conclusion of the combat, was so unanimously pronounced the victor, that one of the brothers of the caliph and the son of the grand vizer, who had fought on Said's side, begged him to give them also an opportunity to test his skill. Ali, the caliph's brother, was defeated by him; but the son of the grand vizer

resisted him so successfully, that, after a long contest, they thought it better to postpone the decision till the next engagement.

The day after this entertainment, nothing was talked of in all Bagdad but the handsome, rich, and valiant stranger. All who had seen him, nay, those whom he had defeated, were in raptures at his noble bearing, and they talked of him, in his own hearing, in Kalum Beg's shop. The only regret of the people was that no one knew where he lived.

The next time he found in the fairy's house a still handsomer suit and still more costly weapons. This time half Bagdad had assembled, and the caliph himself was witnessing the spectacle from a balcony. He, too, expressed his admiration for Almanson, and, at the termination of the games, hung a medal round his neck, by a chain of gold, in token of his gratification. The natural consequence of this second and more glorious victory was, to excite the jealousy of the young men of Bagdad. "Shall a stranger," they said, "come here to Bagdad, and rob us of glory and victory? It will disgrace us to have other cities boasting that there is no one among all the noble youths of Bagdad able to compete with this unknown champion." And they resolved that at the next spectacle, as if by accident, five or six should attack him at the same time.

This jealousy did not escape Said's penetrating eye. He saw them clustering in corners, and whispering and pointing at him with angry gestures, and he felt that, except the caliph's brother and the son of the grand vizer, there was no one of all his rivals but hated him deeply; and he had been lately much annoyed by the pointed questions addressed to him, such as, where he might be visited; how he spent his time; what things had pleased him in Bagdad; and the like.

It was a strange coincidence, that the noble who showed towards Said-Almanson the greatest hostility, was no other than the man whom, some time previously, he had knocked down in front of Kalum Beg's shop. Though Said had twice vanquished him in the tournament, still there was no good ground for the excess of his antipathy, and Said began to fear he might have recognized him by his figure or his voice as the dauntless shopman,—a discovery which would have exposed him to the scorn and fury of the whole city. The conspiracy which his antagonists had devised was wrecked by his own sagacity and courage, and



by the friendship which the brother of the caliph and the grand vizier's son had conceived for him. When these two young nobles saw their friend attacked by five or six assailants who were striving either to unhorse or disarm him, they rushed to the rescue, and scattering the crowd, threatened the young men, who had behaved so treacherously, with instant expulsion from the tournament ground.

For more than four months had Said thus astonished Bagdad by his skill in the use of arms, when one evening, as he was returning home, he overheard voices which struck him as familiar. Four men were walking before him with slow steps, apparently in deep consultation. As Said came nearer, he recognized the dialect of the tribe of Selim, his desert protector, and at once suspected them to be plotting some robbery. His first impulse was to withdraw from their neighborhood; but believing, on second thoughts, that he might be the means of preventing some crime, he crept closer, to overhear their conversation.

"The portersaid expressly, the street to the right of the bazaar," said one of the robbers. "He will go through there to-night with the grand vizier."

"Good!" said a second. "I have no fears of the grand vizier; he is old, and no hero; but the caliph plays a good sword, and I will not trust him. Ten or twelve of his body-guard follow him, of course."

"Not a soul," said a third. "Whenever he is seen on the streets at night he is always alone with his vizier or his head chamberlain. He must be ours this night; but no harm must befall him."

"I think our best plan is," said the first, "to throw a noose over his head. We must not kill him, of course, for they would give small ransom for his body, and it would be a dangerous business getting even that."

"Then an hour before midnight!" said the robbers with one voice, and separated in various directions.

Said was much startled by this atrocious project. He resolved instantly to hasten to the caliph's palace, and warn him of his threatened danger. But, after running through several streets, the statement of the fairy occurred to his mind, in which she had told him how cruelly he had been misrepresented to his majesty; and reflecting that people would probably laugh his announcement to scorn, or hold it simply as an attempt to ingratiate himself with the caliph, he slackened his pace, and came to the conclusion to

trust to his good sword, and rescue the caliph himself from the hands of the robbers.

In consequence of this resolution he did not return to Kalum Beg's house, but seated himself on the steps of a mosque, to wait till dark. He then went past the bazaar to the street which the robbers had designated, and concealed himself behind a projecting corner. He had been standing there, perhaps an hour, when he heard two men coming slowly down the street. He took them at first for the caliph and his grand vizier, but was quickly undeceived; for one of them clapped his hands, and instantly two others hurried noiselessly up the street from the bazaar. They whispered together a few minutes, and then separated again. Three concealed themselves not far from Said, and the fourth walked up and down the street. The night being very still and dark, Said was compelled to depend almost wholly on his sharp sense of hearing.

A half hour had scarcely elapsed when footsteps were again heard coming from the bazaar. The robber must also have heard them, for he crept past Said in their direction. The steps came nearer, and already Said could distinguish two dark figures in the gloom, when the robber clapped his hands, and the three others rushed from their concealment. The men assaulted must have been armed, for he could hear distinctly the clash of swords. He drew forth his Damascus blade, and rushing out upon the robbers with the cry of "Down with the enemies of the great Haroun!" struck one of them to the ground with the first blow, and pressed vigorously upon two others, who were just on the point of disarming a man round whose body they had thrown a noose. He struck blindly at the cord to cut it asunder, but in so doing inflicted so severe a blow on the arm of one of the assailants that he cut off his hand at the wrist, and the wounded man fell on his knees with a cry of agony. The fourth, who had been hitherto fighting with another man, now turned upon Said; but the man around whom the cord had been thrown no sooner saw himself at liberty than he drew his dagger and plunged it into the breast of one of the assassins. Seeing the fate of his comrades, the remaining robber threw away his sabre and fled from the spot into the darkness.

Said was not long in uncertainty of the individual he had saved, for the taller of the two stepped up to him, and said:

"One of these events is as extraordinary as the other; this attack upon my life, and your unexpected aid and rescue. How knew you who I am? Were you acquainted with the purpose of these men?"

"Commander of the Faithful," answered Said, "I was going this evening through the street El Malek, and came behind some men whose strange and curious dialect I had once learned. They were talking of a project to take you prisoner, and to kill your worthy vizier. As it was too late to give you warning, I resolved to go at once to the place of rendezvous to render you all the assistance I could afford."

"Thank you," said Haroun al Raschid. "This is no place to linger in; but take this ring, and bring it to-morrow morning to my palace. There we will talk further on your opportune assistance, and consider in what manner we can best reward you. Come vizier, let us be off, for the rest of the gang may come."

Placing a ring on the youth's finger, he tried to draw away the grand vizier; but the latter begged him to stay a moment longer, and, turning, handed a purse to the astonished lad, with these words:

"Young man, my lord the caliph can raise you to any rank he pleases, while I have little power to aid you; therefore, what little I can do is better done now than to-morrow morning. Take this purse. It is no equivalent to the gratitude I feel, and, therefore, my preserver, as often as you have a wish ungratified, come to me without hesitation."

Said ran home intoxicated with joy, but here his reception was far from cordial. Kalum Beg had been at first displeased, and then anxious, on account of his long absence; for he thought how easily he might lose his handsome advertisement. He received him with bitter reproaches, and swore and raved like a madman. Said, who had caught a glimpse of the contents of his purse, and found it filled with broad gold pieces, and seeing, also, that he could now travel home, even without the caliph's assistance, returned to his master as good as he sent, and gave him to understand bluntly that he would not remain with him another hour. Kalum Beg was at first a good deal startled, but he soon broke out into a laugh of contempt, and said:

"What! you dolt! you vagrant! you wretched scamp! Where will you find a shelter if I withdraw my protection from you? Where will you get so much as a dinner or a bed?"

"You need not trouble yourself about that," answered Said, proudly. "Take care of yourself, for you will never see me again."

He ran out of the house, and Kalum stared after him, speechless with astonishment. The next morning, after considering the matter carefully, he sent his porters out to seek everywhere for the fugitive. They hunted long to no purpose, but at length one of them came back and reported that he had seen Said the shopman come out of a mosque and enter a caravansary; but that he was totally altered in appearance, and had on a handsome cloak, a dagger and sabre, and a sumptuous turban.

When Kalum Beg heard this, he exclaimed with many oaths: "He has robbed me and dressed himself in his spoils. O, wretched man that I am!" He ran instantly to the head of the police, and, on his stating that he was a relation of Messour, the head chamberlain, found no difficulty in obtaining police officers to arrest Said. Said was sitting in front of the caravansary, talking composedly with a merchant he had found there, about the journey to Balsora, when suddenly several men fell upon him, and, in spite of his resistance, bound his hands behind his back. He demanded their authority for this violence, and was told that it was done in the name of the police department, and by his lawful master, Kalum Beg. At this moment, the little, hideous man stepped forward, and, heaping insults and abuses upon him, felt in his pockets, and, with a yell of delight, drew out a large purse of gold.

"Look! He has robbed me of all this money, the scoundrel!" he cried; and the people, looking with horror at the prisoner, exclaimed:

"What! so young, so handsome, and yet so wicked! To the judge! to the judge! Let him have the bastinado!"

They hurried him along, a prodigious crowd closing around him, shouting:

"Look! This is the handsome shopman of the bazaar! He has robbed his master and run away! He has stolen two hundred pieces of gold!"

The judge received the prisoner with a menacing air. Said tried to speak, but the official commanded silence, and listened only to the little merchant. He showed him the purse, and enquired whether the gold had been stolen from him. Kalum Beg swore that it had been. But his perjury, though it helped him to the money, did not aid him in reclaiming his handsome shopman, for the judge said:

"By a law, which my all-powerful master the caliph has enacted within a few days, every theft, which exceeds in amount a hundred pieces of gold, and is perpetrated in the bazaar, is punished with banishment to a desolate island. This thief comes just at the right time; he completes the number of twenty knaves of his sort, and to-morrow they will be all put on board a vessel and carried to sea."

Said was in despair. He implored the judge to listen to his story, and to permit him to speak only a single word with the caliph. But he found no favor. Kalum Beg, who now regretted his perjury, attempted to interpose in his behalf; but the judge answered:

"You have your money, sirrah; go home and keep quiet, or I will fine you ten pieces of gold for contempt of court."

Kalum was silent, and the judge making a sign, Said was dragged away.

They took him to a dark and damp prison. Nineteen unhappy men lay about the room on straw, and received him with harsh laughter, and imprecations on the judge and the caliph. Horrible as appeared his fate, frightful as was the thought of being transported to a barren island, he yet found some consolation in the reflection that he was to be released on the following morning from this loathsome prison. But he was grievously deceived in thinking that his condition would be bettered on board the ship. The twenty criminals were thrown together into the lowest hold, where it was impossible to stand upright; and there they struggled and fought among themselves with fury for the best places.

The anchor was weighed, and Said wept many bitter tears, when the ship which was to carry him still further from his birthplace, began to move. Once a day only, a little bread and fruit, and a draught of sweetened water was distributed among them, and the hold of the ship was so dark that it was necessary to bring lamps whenever the prisoners took their food. Every two or three days one of them was found dead, and nothing but Said's youth and excellent constitution enabled him to resist the unhealthiness of his watery prison.

They had been at sea fourteen days, when one day the waves began to roar more loudly, and there was an unusual hurrying and running on board the ship.

Said imagined that a storm was coming on, and found the thought inexpressibly pleasant; for he hoped thereby to die.

The ship was tossed about with increasing violence, and at length struck with a fearful crash. Shrieks and yells rose from the deck, and mingled with the howling of the tempest. These ceased at last, and at the same time one of the prisoners discovered that the water was pouring into the vessel. They beat fiercely at the hatchways above their heads, but no one answered them. The sea rushing in with increasing rapidity, they pressed with united strength against the hatches, and forced them open.

They climbed the ladder, but found no one on the deck. The crew had made their escape in the boats. Most of the prisoners now abandoned themselves to despair, for the storm was rising, and the danger growing momentarily more imminent. They sat for several hours on the deck, making their last meal on the provisions which they found on board, when the tempest suddenly gained strength, and the ship was torn from the cliff on which she had till now stuck fast, and dashed into a thousand pieces.

(To be continued.)

### IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

"The world is a looking-glass  
Wherein ourselves are shown,  
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,  
Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear,  
To every soul its own.  
We cannot change the world a whit,  
Only ourselves which look in it."

### WITHOUT WINGS.

Said the Cat to the Bird,  
"Those things on your back are absurd:  
Why don't you cast them free  
And walk about, like me?"

Said the Bird to the Cat,  
"Don't be so sure of that;  
You would more wisely not  
Despise what you haven't got.  
Those things  
Are Wings!

"I know what legs are worth  
To walk upon the earth;  
And I, whenever I choose,  
My legs, like you, can use.  
We both tread earth; but I,  
Whenever I choose to fly,  
Command both earth and sky!"

Then away the Bird flew;  
And the Cat said "Mew!  
How do I know it's true?"

"That's always the way I find,  
With folk of this fanciful kind,  
If you try to set them right,  
They defy your logic quite,  
And go somewhere out of sight.  
Now what sort of proof is that  
To a Cat?"

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

## LADY MARJORY ST. JUST

## CHAPTER IX.

It is easy to look back upon fifteen years, to recall the prominent features which stand distinctly forward, and to sum up those thousand trivial occurrences which, for pleasure or pain, constitute the aggregate of daily life. But were we desired to retrace our feelings step by step, to record minutely the joys or sorrows which have changed or warped our hearts, the task would be a difficult, nay, hopeless one. I might describe the delighted amazement of Mrs. Edmondstone and Basil on my return to Edenside with the dead restored to life; of the questions unanswered; of the painful mystery shrouding the transaction; and finally, the terrible ending of all, when I told Basil that I never could be his.

He never doubted my affection, and I was sustained by that belief; he trusted and believed me when I affirmed it was unchangeable, a fatal barrier interposing to prevent our union. His glance rested on the child; mine had done so involuntarily; I had no explanation to offer, but I earnestly assured him that, were such in my power, he would not condemn the course I had adopted. He divined somewhat very near the truth; but the exact truth was too wild and startling for imagination to conjure up distinctly; nor did he consent to the dissolution of our engagement without making strenuous efforts to fathom the mystery of my conduct. The struggles, the tortures I endured during that season of probation are indescribable; for Basil, noble and excellent in every respect, was but human, and it was a hard case for him; and when he complained in bitterness of spirit, I wept in silence and agony.

There was a strange, deep love springing up betwixt the child and myself. I could not bear him out of my sight; my eyes literally devoured him; while he returned my anxious care with a clinging tenderness and docility which made me often wonder how I could ever have hated such a fair and promising creature. No longer fractious or sickly, the sojourn among his Spanish captors had restored bloom to his rounded cheeks and strength to his symmetrical limbs; no longer pampered or spoiled, he was a brave-spirited, but obedient little fellow. They had truthfully shielded him from evil; and when I fondled his golden locks, and his bright blue eyes

closed in happy slumbers, I bent over the cherub, remembering with a shudder Mrs. Danton's threat in the pine wood. At those moments I forgot even Basil Edmondstone's disappointment.

Cecil became a ward in Chancery, though I, as next of kin, continued his natural guardian or "nursing mother." I pass over the unnecessary and troublesome details of the law, the identification of the heir, and complication of the affairs, whose settlement afforded much pleasant work for honorable brethren of the long robe. We continued to dwell at Edenside; but though a short ten miles from Barley Wood, Basil Edmondstone and I were as strangers and pilgrims in the world. We seldom met; for loving each other as we did, it was hard to be something more than friends and less than lovers! Yet Basil, by his superior judgment and well-timed advice, materially assisted in superintending the earl's education and pursuits, while the sweet boy's love for Basil almost rivalled that which he cherished for me.

Fifteen years! Yes, there were many tedious weeks and months in those years, despite the dearly-purchased peace of mind. To be so near yet so far apart! to say cold, conventional "how d'ye do's" and "good-by's," when we were one in heart—the secret between us unexplained! This state of things perhaps made the lines of time be more deeply traced on Basil's open brow, and the silver threads meander in my brown hair sooner than age demanded.

As to dear worthy Mrs. Edmondstone, she was puzzled and provoked, and never fully forgave me; openly declaring, however, that "that wretch, Mrs. Danton, was at the bottom of it all." She endeavored to make Basil's home a cheerful and happy one, and I doubt whether he would have been better off during those fifteen years had I been his wife; at least I once told him so, when he smiled and said, "'Tis easy to look back when we have attained the summit of our desires; but a steep road always in prospect makes it painful for the weary wayfarer to ascend."

I heard from Mrs. Edmondstone that Basil had departed for the metropolis on a hasty summons to attend the sick-bed of his former pupil Lord Morley, who was dangerously ill, not expected to live.



A correspondence and firm friendship had continued between Lord Morley and Basil. Old Lady Morley was dead, but her son trod in his mother's steps—his public career and private fortune and time being devoted to the amelioration of human misery in all its varied forms. Lord Morley's recovery was tedious, and Basil having left a competent substitute at Barley Wood to discharge his ministerial duties, consented to remain another week with his friend, who thankfully deputed him as his almoner on many charitable errands. One of these was to seek out the abode of some destitute foreign exiles, victims of revolutionary violence, who had solicited aid in their extremity; officers of rank were among them, with their wives and children, perishing with cold and hunger in a strange land; unable to procure employment, but willing enough to toil at the meanest drudgery could they have found it. White slender hands were outstretched for food; and fairy feet, once scarce pressing the ground for "very delicateness," now bare and toil-worn.

In a close dingy alley, amid the intricacies of lanes near Leicester Square, Basil entered a confined tenement, ruinous from neglect, and ascending to the garrets, enquired for Captain T——. A woman pointed to a half-open door, at which Basil knocked, when a young man presented himself, whom the visitor rightly conjectured to be the individual he sought; for notwithstanding poverty, squalor, and untrimmed moustache and beard of many days' growth, the stamp of "gentleman" was still distinguishable, as gracefully bowing, he ushered Basil into the interior of the miserable apartment.

A dirty child was crawling about on the floor, while from a bed in one corner, whose curtains were closed, the faint cry of an infant proceeded. They conversed in French, and the exile informed Basil that his wife was just confined of her second babe (they had only been married three years), and that, owing to privation, her situation was so critical, as to admit of no hope of her rallying from the fever which had attacked and nearly consumed its victim.

The gentleman appeared a mild, amiable person, and he assured Basil Edmondstone that his wife's ravings were frightful in the extreme; he feared that she had some dreadful secret pressing on her mind, and disturbing her last hours; and adding that she had been high-spirited and unbending when

in health, Basil did not draw an inference favorable to the poor man's wedded felicity.

However, in Lord Morley's name, Basil requested that nothing might be left undone for the sufferer's immediate relief, so far as human aid could go. He was still speaking when a shriek issuing from the bed caused him to look round, and he saw the curtains withdrawn violently by the sick woman, who was leaning forward with eyes that shone like stars from out the deathly pallor of her face. She screamed rather than spoke—

"Whose voice is that? 'Tis his!—'tis his! Basil Edmondstone, come near, or you will be too late! I am dying—come near, or you will be too late!"

Basil approached, for even then, in that awful hour, changed, dying, he recognized Inez Danton. Her cheeks were hollow, and the rounded lines of youth were gone; but the hectic flush of fever lent an unearthly glow to the countenance, and the large wild eyes flung over the whole a perfect blaze of beauty. The shock of his sudden appearance seemed to have been too much for her feeble reason; incoherent exclamations succeeded the wanderings of delirium; but again she was calm, and more faintly ejaculated—"Come near, or you will be too late!" Basil bent over the bed.

"Has she kept her covenant with me? Are you married?" she continued.

"I know not what covenant you mean," replied Basil mildly; "and I am not married."

"Is Lady Marjory St. Just married?"

"No; she also remains single," answered Basil.

"Do you still love each other?" said the dying woman, placing her thin hand on Basil's arm, and fixing her wild eyes on his.

"We do," was the low but distinct reply.

Her eyes slowly fell, a spasm convulsed her face, and a strange expression struggled with the calming power of death. But these were only momentary. She raised her eyes once more; and while her features softened almost into a smile, she said—

"Then listen: tell her that she is absolved from her oath, that I release her; and that she is free to confess all! Tell her that Inez Danton died a penitent; for oh, Basil, darkness is closing around me, and on the deathbed revenge and jealousy are obliterated and forgotten; mercy and forgiveness are all we care for!"

She never spoke coherently again; and ere morning light dawned, the once



gay and beautiful Inez Danton was no more—the dead babe sleeping on its mother's bosom.

She had run a race of profligacy in her native land, until at length a young, handsome and prosperous man, fascinated and blinded by her allurements, made her his wife. Political reverses were at hand, and, with many others, they were compelled to fly, seeking an asylum in the country which has always proved a haven of refuge for the exile.

"Absolved from her oath—free to confess all!" These words rang in Basil Edmondstone's ears, chiming vague promises of hope and joy. An overruling Providence was manifested in leading his steps to that death-chamber; never did he deem it chance, nor did I.

He came to Edenside; he conveyed to me Inez Danton's parting message. Ah, need I add how fully and freely I tendered my confession, or how gratefully he received it?

When I soon afterwards demurely hinted to Basil that I was too old to think of marrying now (fifteen years had passed since I had first promised to be his bride), pointing out to his observation my silver threads, he paid so many flattering and gallant compliments about

"The line of timeless snow,"

that in self-defence I was obliged to return them in kind. And in truth mine were not undeserved; for Basil was one of those men whose appearance is improved by years—their figures acquiring only dignity, and their features only precision, from age. About myself I ought to say less; and yet I will candidly admit that I grew a good deal younger after marriage; that the fifteen years of weariness and mystery appeared to have been gradually blotted from my life; and that therefore my union with Basil can only be reasonably counted from the time when I promised to be his. When we did at last grow old, we grew old together, and therefore had no invidious comparisons to draw. Even the young Earl of Mertoun is now a man in the prime of life, with a charming countess by his side, and children growing up at their knees. He is beloved in private life, and felt in the influence of virtue and intelligence, in the councils of his country. This doubtless carries forward the view through a good many years, and the reader will consider that Lady Marjory Edmondstone, *née* St. Just, is by this time a somewhat elderly dame, and her husband verging towards

patriarchal honors. It may be so. All I know is, that although our snowy heads show traces of many a winter frost, our loving hearts retain the "sunshine within," which warms and cheers when the departing light of day is fast waning in the west.

THE END.

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### THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which is everywhere and by everybody under-estimated, tolerated with undue tolerance, and quite too much overlooked in our valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. He who frets is never the one who mends. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting almost like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice. There is hardly any vice, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.

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### LIGHT.

Clean the windows,  
Let the light come in!  
The panes are thick with dust,  
The cobwebs hang from every sill,  
The latches are brown with rust.

Clean the windows,  
Let the light shine in,  
The light that gildeth all,  
The sun's bright ray's begin to pierce  
Where the dirt lies like a pall.

Clean the windows,  
Let the light shine in!  
The windows of the mind  
Are dim with mist of ignorance,  
And truth is undefined.

Clean the windows,  
Let the light come in!  
The light of knowledge free  
Should dwell in every human breast,  
Wherever the life may be!

Clean the windows,  
Let the light stream in!  
The glorious Light of Love,  
Sweep the cobwebs of self away,  
Welcome that Light from above.

Clean the windows,  
Let the Christ come in,  
For He is light of all,  
And only Christ can light thee home,  
When the curtains of all shall fall.

ALICE ROFFE.

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—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

## ITALIAN NOVELETTES

## No. V.—The Daughter of Ravignani.

(By Francesco Sansovino.)

Otto, the third emperor of that name, on his return from Rome, where he had just been invested with the imperial dignity by the reigning pontiff, Gregory V., touched at Florence on his way to his German dominions. The whole of Tuscany, then under the imperial sway, was committed to the government of Ugone, Marquis of Brandenburg, cousin-german to the Emperor, a man of approved reputation, and esteemed for his love of justice by all ranks of people. Now it happened that during the Emperor's stay that the festival of San Giovanni the Baptist, the tutelary saint of Florence, was everywhere celebrated throughout the city, and the concourse of guests at the palace was likewise very great. Among these, the Emperor was particularly struck with a beautiful young lady, daughter to a gentleman of the name of Berti dei Ravignani. She was esteemed the most lovely and accomplished maiden, not only in Florence but throughout all Tuscany. The eyes of the company were frequently riveted upon her, and those of the Emperor never once wandered from her face. Such was the impression he received, that, unable to detect the least fault in her face or form, and charmed with the sweetness of her manners, he gave way to the most unbounded admiration, in spite of the restraints imposed upon him by his birth and station. The more he gazed, and the more he conversed with her, the deeper sunk the emotions he began to entertain, until, at the close of the festival, on taking his leave of her, he returned to his own palace silent and unhappy, his whole soul absorbed in the recollection of the exquisite charms, both of mind and person, of the lady he had just seen.

Such influence over him did this passion at length assume, that so far from being able to extirpate it, he could no longer disguise his feelings; and doubtful only in what manner to proceed, he resolved to consult one of the most prudent gentlemen of his bed-chamber. To him he committed the task of obtaining further particulars concerning the beloved object, giving him at the same time proper instructions by which he might discover her. In this manner he shortly became acquainted with her father's name and the whole genealogy of her family. The gentleman was of

good extraction, but in somewhat confined circumstances, and by no means of a disposition, either by his industry or his wit, to improve them.

Scorning the idea of acting in any way either artfully or dishonorably, yet being determined to pursue his object, the Emperor resolved to hint the affair to the lady's father through his confidant, and proceed throughout the whole transaction, both with regard to the father and the daughter, candidly and openly. With this view, having learned that his mission to Messer Berti, owing to the expectations of wealth and influence which it excited in his mind, had met with a favorable reception, the Emperor invited him to his royal table; and lavishing upon him every mark of attention, soon entered into familiar discourse, though without alluding, in the most distant manner, to the subject nearest his heart.

Such marks of favor would have been quite sufficient to dazzle the judgment and warp the virtuous feelings of a wiser and better man than poor Berti dei Ravignani; and so elevated was he with these sudden glimpses of court favor, that he could not forbear boasting of them, on his return home, to his daughter. He soon afterwards announced, with a very consequential air, that he intended to invite the Emperor and a few friends to dinner; that he was already extremely well disposed towards him; that she must take care to put on her best looks, and it was impossible to say to what height of fortune they might not aspire.

Intelligent and virtuous as she was beautiful, the fair Gualdrada on hearing these words, though some suspicions flashed across her mind, disdained to notice them, being determined to rely upon herself and to act as circumstances might require. On the appointed day, therefore, the Emperor attended, with a single gentleman, the summons of Messer Berti to feast with him at his house, where he had the pleasure of being introduced into the society of the beautiful object of all his hopes.

Here, while attempting to make himself as agreeable as possible, the Emperor had occasion to observe the nobleness and simplicity of her mind and sentiments, no less than her surpassing beauty and the artless graces of her person. And however desirous of disguising the warmth of his feelings from motives of delicacy, heightened by the

high opinion which he began to entertain of her, he nevertheless could not refrain from availing himself of an opportunity of avowing his sentiments, declaring that he had struggled long and painfully with them, and that he could not help telling her so, however fearful he might be of incurring her displeasure. He trusted she would consider that in all countries and all ages, the most cautious as well as the most lofty of human characters had at some period of their lives experienced the same irresistible sentiments which now impelled him, against his better feelings and judgment, to admire, and to avow his admiration and his passion; a passion which, however unjust and ungenerous it was, in vain he attempted to suppress. He urged that so many illustrious instances, both in Greek and Roman history, would in some measure plead his excuse; the Cæsars, the Hannibals, the Massinissas, the Antonys; the last of whom he verily believed had no apology to offer for his weakness at all equal to that which stood arrayed in superior charms before him. "And if you deign not now to listen to me," continued the Emperor, as he threw himself at the lady's feet, "I feel that my sceptre and my diadem, with all their pomp, are worthless in my eyes. Take them, or take at least more than they are worth—the heart that is above them all."

A variety of emotions chased each other over the features of the fair girl as she listened to the words of the Emperor; gratified pride and vanity, terror, shame, and doubt, were all there; but these were again overpowered and absorbed in the more overwhelming sense of love—a love which, although she ventured not to avow it, clung to another object. Releasing her hand, therefore, from that of the Emperor, she made no reply, but turning away, burst into tears. Her royal lover, nearly as much distressed as herself, now entreated her forgiveness, accusing himself of the greatest thoughtlessness and cruelty in having thus inconsiderately tried her feelings. In the most soothing and respectful terms he entreated her to compose her mind, and fully to rely upon his humanity and honor. As there appeared to be some degree of mystery in her manner of receiving him, he said that he should feel highly gratified to be considered worthy of her confidence, however painful the sacrifice he might have to make in consequence, if indeed she could never return his love.

Expressing her gratitude for these assurances of kindness and respect, the

fair Gauldrada, fearful of offending the Emperor in the avowal she was preparing to make, fell at his feet and besought him to forgive her temerity in venturing to refuse his love. She then confessed that on the same night of the festival in which she had been presented to his imperial highness, Guido, a young cavalier of his court, had also seen and sought her love; that they had since had several interviews, but that neither of them possessing wealth, she had not ventured to make known his offer to her father.

Without a moment's hesitation, the Emperor, thanking her for this proof of confidence, and recovering all his former generosity and magnanimity of feeling, instantly despatched orders for the young cavalier to attend him. On his arrival, presenting the astonished soldier to the weeping and blushing Gauldrada, he observed with his usual mildness: "It is my pleasure, Guido, that you should espouse this lady, the daughter of a noble though impoverished house;" and the next day, holding a splendid festival in honour of their nuptials, he himself presented the hand of the fair Gauldrada to his favourite Guido, and conferred upon him a handsome fortune.

### IN A FAIR GARDEN.

In a fair garden  
I saw a mother playing with her child,  
And with that chance beguiled  
I could not choose but look  
How she did seem to harden  
His little soul to brook  
Her absence—reconciled  
With after boon of kisses,  
And sweet irrational blisses.

For she would hide  
With loveliest grace  
Of seeming craft  
Till he was 'ware of none beside  
Himself upon the place:  
And then he laughed;  
And then he stood aspace  
Disturbed, his face  
Prepared for tears:  
And half-acknowledged fears  
Met would-be courage, balancing  
His heart upon the spring  
Of flight—till, waxing stout,  
He gulped the doubt.

So up the pleached alley  
Full swift he ran;  
Whence she  
Not long delayed,  
Rushed forth with joyous sally  
Upon her little man.  
Then it was good to see  
How each to other made  
A pretty rapture of discovery.

Blest child! blest mother! blest the truth ye taught—  
God seeketh us, and yet He would be sought.

T. E. BROWN.

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

## DISGUISED FEMALES

Women, are, in general, so much under the influence of two great principles of their nature—timidity and delicacy—that the protection of their ordinary dress must, in general, be too much appreciated to be rashly thrown aside. Accordingly, that a female should ever, in any circumstances, dismiss her proper apparel, may well appear to us as something like a phenomenon. Yet instances of this being done are by no means infrequent, even in modern times. In some instances, the moving cause is to be found in circumstances; a young female, for example, falls in love with a sailor, and not being allowed to follow him in her natural and recognized character, puts on jacket and trousers, and, becomes, to appearance, a brother of his mess. But in most cases, a pure masculinity of character seems to lead females to take on the guise of men. Apparently feeling themselves misplaced and misrepresented by the female dress, they take up with that of men, simply that they may be allowed to employ themselves in those manly avocations for which their nature and taste are fitted.

The case of Mary East, which made some noise about eighty or ninety years ago, was one in which the motive was of a romantic nature. She was born in the year 1715, in one of the eastern counties of England. On reaching womanhood, she formed a strong attachment to a young man, who afterwards fell into evil habits, and was condemned to death for a robbery. His sentence, however, was commuted to transportation. Unworthy as this person was of her love, Mary East was so deeply affected by his fate, that she resolved ever to remain in a single state, and meeting with another young woman whom a similar disappointment had driven to the same resolution, the two determined to pass their lives together. In order to form a sort of protection for both, it was agreed that one of them should assume the male habit, and on casting lots to decide the matter, this metamorphosis fell to the share of Mary East, then only sixteen years of age, and a year younger than her associate. For the execution of their views, it was of course necessary for them to remove to a place where they were unknown. With £30 in their possession, they accordingly went to Epping, in Essex, where Mary East,

after purchasing a man's attire, and assuming the name of James How, took a small inn, which was accidentally found vacant.

We have thus, in Mary East's case, a plain and intelligible reason for the assumption of the male habit, which we find scarcely to be the case in other instances. In the little inn at Epping, Mary East lived for some time with her companion, in the character of man and wife, until a fortunate accident enabled them to shift to better quarters. The seeming husband, James How, quarrelled with a young gentleman, and entering an action at law against him, obtained damages to the amount of £500. With this sum, the associated couple removed to Limehouse-Hole, where they took a larger inn, and by good management, soon began to lay up money. As their circumstances improved, they took a still more respectable house of entertainment—the White Horse, at the village of Poplar. In these various situations, they had spent more than twenty years, and had purchased considerable property, when an event occurred which gave the pair a good deal of annoyance. A woman who, from knowing Mary East in her youth, had discovered the secret of her disguise, suddenly resolved to turn that discovery to the purpose of extorting money. Accordingly she wrote to Mr. (or James) How, demanding £10, and threatening, in case of a denial, to disclose the truth relative to Mr. How's sex. Fearful lest such a disclosure would have put a stop to their profitable business, besides causing other inconveniences, Mr. and Mrs. How at once sent the money demanded.

For a number of years afterwards this annoyance was not repeated, and James How and partner continued to thrive in the world. The disguised female served repeatedly in Poplar as foreman on juries, and filled various parochial offices, with great credit, though it was often remarked that there was a sort of effeminacy about her. The maintenance of the secret was perhaps, greatly owing to the fact of the pair keeping no maid-servants about the house, but doing nearly all the necessary business themselves. At length, as the close of the year 1764, the woman who had extorted money previously, renewed her attacks. She first demanded, and got, £10. In a

fortnight, she repeated the demand and received £5. Just about this period, the supposed wife of James How fell ill, and after going to her brother's at some distance, died there. She had sent for How before her decease, but as How could not conveniently come to her, she told her brother all the circumstances; that she had lived, not with a man, but with a woman; that they had been partners in business, and had amassed more than £4000 sterling. As soon as his sister died, the brother went to Poplar, and required How to give up the deceased's share of the property. This was at once complied with. The brother kept the secret of How's sex, but it came out immediately afterwards, in consequence of the extortioner, already mentioned, carrying her demands anew to excess. This woman took two accomplices to assist her, and forced the said How to give her a draft for £100. On presenting this draft, the parties were taken up, and How, seeing that the secret could be kept no longer, attended, and bore witness against them before the magistrates, in the character of Mary West, and in the habit of her sex. In this attire, she behaved at first so awkwardly, as to excite much laughter. The extortioners were convicted and punished.

Immediately afterwards, Mary East sold off her stock and effects, and retired to a private dwelling in Poplar, to enjoy the fruits of her honest industry. She was fifty years of age when she resumed the habit of her sex, and laid down the borrowed one she had borne for thirty-four years. She lived till June 6, 1780, being sixty-five years old when she died.

The heroine of the preceding narrative can scarcely be said to have laid aside much of her feminine nature with her dress. Not so, however, Hannah Snell, the next personage to whom we have to advert. Hannah Snell was born on the 23rd of April, 1723, in the city of Worcester. Her father was a hosier, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom Hannah was the youngest. It is said, that in her youth this girl showed a bold spirit and even a martial turn. However this may be, after the death of her parents she came, in 1740, to London, to reside with a sister, married to a ship-carpenter, at Wapping. About two years afterwards, Hannah married a Dutch seaman, who proved a very bad husband. After using her shamefully, he finally ran off, leaving her on the eve of bringing her first child into the world. This child survived only seven months, and, some time after its decease,

Hannah, finding herself alone and unencumbered, formed the romantic notion of setting out in search of her eloped spouse, for whom she still appears to have entertained a strong affection. The best way of finding him, she thought, was to enter the army. Accordingly, secretly assuming her brother-in-law's dress, and also borrowing his name, which was James Gray, Hannah set out, in November 1745, for Coventry, where she enlisted in the corps of General Guise. The main body of this regiment was then at Carlisle, and Hannah was sent thither with several recruits. A disagreeable incident soon after befell her there. A sergeant of the corps pitched upon Hannah to assist him in some base views which he had entertained relative to a young female in Carlisle. Though in man's attire, Hannah, to her credit, had so much regard for the honor of her own sex, as to put the intended victim on her guard. Finding himself repulsed, the sergeant imagined Hannah to have supplanted him; and the consequence was, that our female soldier was soon after artfully accused by him of some dereliction of duty, and was sentenced to receive 600 lashes. Five hundred of these she did receive at Carlisle gate. Her secret, nevertheless, was not discovered. Shortly after this, a recruit, who had before known her, joined the regiment, and Hannah, afraid of exposure, besides being already disgusted with her situation, resolved to desert. She did so, and got in safety to Portsmouth, where she enlisted in the marines, and was speedily drafted on board the Swallow sloop of war, destined to join Admiral Boscawen's fleet in the East Indies.

Hannah's sex remained undetected on board of the Swallow, though she did not scruple to show a degree of womanly skill in washing and in cooking, which caused her to be much beloved by her comrades. She, however, went through all ordinary duties at the same time—such as taking her turn on the watch, exercising, and the like. About the Bay of Biscay, the Swallow fell into great distress; and after much severe work at the pumps, in which Hannah took her full share, as she did in all the most trying duties, the sloop put into Lisbon, and afterwards succeeded in joining the rest of the fleet, which the admiral led against the Mauritius. Hannah made herself noted by her extreme bravery in the attack on this island, which proved unsuccessful. From the Mauritius, the fleet sailed to Fort St. David, on the Coromandel Coast, where the marines



were put on shore to join the army in that country. The siege of Arcacopong was the first enterprise in which our heroic heroine was here engaged, and she gained so much applause for her soldierly conduct, that she was chosen as one of a select band—a sort of forlorn hope—ordered upon the dangerous service of bringing stores from the shore at a particular point. This service was successfully effected, and Hannah distinguished herself by revenging a comrade's death, killing the author of it with her own hands. The siege of Pondicherry followed these events, and here Hannah underwent the most severe toil. She was on guard seven nights successively, and stood a great part of the time up to the breast in water, exposed continually to the enemy's shot. She herself fired thirty-seven rounds, and when the place was taken she came off with six wounds in one leg, five in the other, and a ball in her groin. The other wounds were submitted to the care of the surgeon, but she was under the necessity of concealing the last mentioned. However, with surprising fortitude, she herself contrived to extract the ball, though deeply lodged. By the connivance of a kindly black woman in the hospital, she got dressings applied to the wound, and it was healed at the end of three months, when her other injuries also were cured.

On leaving the hospital, the brave soldier, James Gray, as she was called, was put on board of the Tartar Pink, and afterwards of the Eltham man-of-war. While in this vessel, having refused to sing at the wish of a domineering lieutenant, she was doomed to a dozen lashes, and to four days' confinement in irons, on the pretext of her having stolen a shirt, though the spite of the officer was the real cause. The shirt was afterwards found in the owner's trunk, and her innocence established. Hannah was at last sent in the Eltham to England. Being called Molly Gray by her comrades, on account of her smooth chin, every frolic that could help to conceal her true character was joined in by her whenever the ship touched at any port, and she thus succeeded in getting her appellation changed to that of Hearty Jemmy. At Lisbon, she heard, by mere accident, that her husband had perished by the hands of the public executioner at Genoa, for murdering a native of that city. Thus was Hannah's original reason for donning man's attire done away with. On reaching England, in 1750, Hannah had the honor to receive two offers of marriage—one in her character

of a man, and the other in her real character. The first came from the young woman whose honor she had saved in Carlisle, and whom she met at Portsmouth. Hannah of course declined the connection. The other matrimonial offer took place in London, when, having received her pay, and being about to part with her comrades, Hannah disclosed to them the secret which she had previously been so assiduous to preserve. One of them offered her his hand on the spot. Her wounds, and the remarkable nature of her adventures, now attracted the attention of the Duke of York, who ultimately settled on her a pension of £30. Before this grant was made, Hannah, having assumed the habit of a woman, and taken up her abode with her sister, was induced, in consequence of the attention which her story excited, to appear on the boards of Goodman's-Field's Theatre, to sing some songs and to perform the sword exercise. The pension placed her above the necessity of resorting to such public exhibitions of herself for subsistence. She lived till the year 1779, and died in the fifty-sixth year of her age. From the portraits given of her, she appears to have been stoutly formed, and not ill-looking.

In Caulfield's "Portraits of Remarkable Persons," a curious record of human oddities, we find a portrait of Anne Mills, another of those females who have chosen not only to lay aside the habit of their sex, but have also cast off with it seemingly their feminine nature. In the engraving alluded to, Anne Mills, styled the Female Sailor, is represented as standing on what appears to be the end of a pier—having the sea beyond it and a ship in the distance—and in one hand she holds a human head, while the other holds a sword, the instrument, doubtless, with which the decapitation was effected. In 1740, she was serving on board the Maidstone frigate; and in an action between that vessel and the enemy, she exhibited such desperate and daring valor, as to be particularly noticed by the whole crew.

Excepting that she served her country as a man-of-war's man, and served it well and bravely, about the period referred to, little is known of the history of Anne Mills. Her motives for assuming the male habit do not appear to have transpired, nor do we know whether her secret was detected by accident or disclosed by herself. We have a good deal more to tell to the reader, fortunately, respecting the next Amazonian fair one whom we have to introduce to his notice. Mary Anne Talbot was the

youngest of sixteen illegitimate children whom her mother bore to one of the heads of the noble house of Talbot. With such a descent as this, it was perhaps not unnatural, after all, for Mary to exhibit, as she did, a valiant spirit, as she could claim for an ancestor the renowned Talbot—

—“The scourge of France,  
With whose dread name her mothers stilled their  
babes.”

Or, to give him all his titles, as Shakespeare enables us to do—

“Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,  
Created for his rare success in arms,  
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,  
Lord Talbot of Goodriz and Urchingham,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheff-  
field,  
The three victorious Lord of Falconbridge,  
Knight of the noble order of St. George,  
Worthy St. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,  
Great Mareschal to Henry the Sixth,  
Of all his wars within the realm of France.”

Here was a progenitor, our readers will admit, well calculated to send a martial ardor through a hundred generations. The descendant with whom we have at present to do, was born on the 2nd of February, 1778, in London, but was in her childhood removed to Chester, where she was respectably educated beneath the eye of a married sister. At this sister's death, Mary Anne fell under the care of a gentleman named Sucker, who treated her with great severity, and who appears to have taken advantage of her friendless situation in order to transfer her, for the vilest of purposes, to the hands of a Captain Bowen, whom he directed her to look upon as her future guardian. Captain Bowen took the girl, then barely fourteen years of age, to London, and soon made his charge his mistress. He treated her tyrannically afterwards, and being ordered to join his regiment at St. Domingo, compelled Mary Anne to go with him in the disguise of a footboy, and under the name of John Taylor. This was the beginning of her masculine career, and, though at first compulsory, she subsequently showed that she had a spirit not uncongential to her dress. On the passage outwards, the ship suffered great distress, and Mary Anne bore her share in every kind of hard work and privation, concealing her sex carefully all the while. Captain Bowen had scarcely reached St. Domingo, when he was remanded with his regiment to Europe, to join the Duke of York's Flanders expedition. He again forced Mary Anne to accompany him, and she had to enrol herself as a drummer in the corps. When she arrived in Europe,

she was in several skirmishes, and was wounded, once by a ball which struck one of her ribs, and another time by a sabre stroke on the side. She suffered dreadfully from being obliged to conceal these injuries, yet she healed them herself in time, and kept her secret. Her tyrant, for such Captain Bowen had proved himself, was killed at Valenciennes; and as she had acted as footboy to him besides being a drummer, Mary Anne had an opportunity of finding among his effects several letters relating to herself, which proved that she had been defrauded through Sucker and Bowen of money left to her. This made her resolve to leave the regiment, and endeavor to return to England. She set out, in the dress of a sailor-boy, and got to a seaport, where she was stopped, the town being in the possession of the French. She was not, however, confined, and in order to get away from the place, she hired herself to the commander of a French lugger, which turned out to be a privateer. On board of this vessel, she was subjected to severe drudgery; but when the privateer fell in with some of Lord Howe's vessels in the Channel, she would not assist in fighting against her countrymen, notwithstanding all the blows and menaces the French captain could use. The privateer was taken, and our heroine was carried before Lord Howe, to whom she told candidly all that had recently happened to her, saying nothing, however, about her sex.

Mary Anne Talbot, or John Taylor, was then placed on board of the Brunswick, Captain Harvey, where she was appointed to the post of powder-monkey, as it is called. This was in 1794, and she was yet but sixteen years of age. Her neatness and civil manners attracted the notice of Captain Harvey, who behaved kindly to her, and made her principal cabin-boy. He enquired into her story, and she told all of it that did not involve her secret. Soon after coming on board the Brunswick, she witnessed Howe's great victory of the 1st of June, and was actively engaged in it. The consequence of her daring conduct was, that her left leg was struck a little above the knee by a musket-ball, and broken and smashed severely, lower down, by a grape-shot. Incapable of rising after these injuries, she lay on the deck until the action was over, when she was taken to the cockpit. Afterwards, on the Brunswick reaching England, Mary Anne was conveyed to the Haslar Hospital, where she remained four months, until a partial cure was effected. All the while no

suspicion was ever entertained of her being a woman.

Notwithstanding her sufferings, she was no sooner out of hospital, than she again entered a man-of-war, the *Vesuvius*, commanded by Captain Tomlinson. The motive for still keeping up her disguise is not very easily seen, unless it were a liking for the trade of war, or the necessity for doing something for her maintenance, which she might think it more difficult to accomplish as a female. However this may be, the *Vesuvius* was doomed not long to be the scene of her career. The vessel was captured by two French ships, and Mary Anne was sent to the prisons of Dunkirk. There she was incarcerated for eighteen months, and underwent the harshest treatment, aggravated by severe bodily illness. Having formed a plan of escape, along with a young midshipman named Richards, it was discovered, and she was confined in a pitch-dark dungeon for eleven weeks, on a diet of bread and water. Her Dunkirk imprisonment was in so far useful, as it gave her an opportunity of acquiring the art of making various trinkets from goldwire, which she learned from a German fellow-prisoner, and which she subsequently turned to account. An exchange of prisoners set Mary Anne at liberty, but she did not go to England when this took place. Hearing accidentally an American merchant-captain enquiring in the streets of Dunkirk for a lad to go to New York as ship's steward, she offered her services, and was accepted. In August, 1796, she sailed with Captain Field on this voyage, and arrived safely soon after at Rhode Island, where she resided with the captain's family. Here an odd adventure befell her. A niece of the captain fell deeply in love with the seeming John Taylor, and went so far as to propose marriage. Mary Anne did her best to escape civilly from this dilemma, but on her departure from Rhode Island, the young lady fell into such alarming fits, that Mary Anne, after sailing two miles, was called back by a boat, and was compelled to promise a speedy return to the enamored fair one. Mary Anne then went to London in the same vessel, along with Captain Field, to whom she still acted as steward. Whilst the vessel was taking in a new cargo in London, she showed her courage on one occasion, by rising in the night on hearing a noise at her cabin door, and opposing with a sword the entrance of some person, who afterwards was detected by the wound then received, and confessed an intention to rob our heroine's cabin.

At this period it chanced that Mary Anne, being on shore with some of her comrades, was assailed and seized by the press-gang. She could get off, she found, in no other way than by revealing her sex, and this she did. Her story soon spread abroad, and made a great noise. From this time forth she never went to sea again. She made repeated applications for money due to her, but at first found it difficult to prove her claims at the Navy Pay Office. She had acquired, it would appear, a genuine sailorly freedom of address by this time, for she spoke so sharply on one occasion at this office, that she was sent to Bow Street. Here her story attracted the attention of some influential persons, who raised a subscription for her, and placed her in a lodging, the mistress of which was enjoined to break her, if possible, off her masculine dress and habits. About this period she went and worked for a time with a jeweller, but in the beginning of 1797, her leg, which had never been altogether healed since the fracture on the 1st of June, grew so bad as to drive her into St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Several excoriations of bone were here extracted.

On learning her history, the Duke of York gave her a pension of £20. This did a great deal to maintain her during the remaining part of her life, which was passed in the attire natural to her sex, and into the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter. It may only be observed, that her masculine career seems, for a time at least, to have nearly incapacitated her for playing the character of a woman. Though not given to excess as a man, she smoked and drank grog too much to be quite orderly as a woman. These tastes appear, however, to have worn away, as we find her, in the beginning of this century (1807), to have been quietly living in service with a bookseller, Mr. Kirby, who wrote a memoir of her. This is the last notice that we have of her.

The next example of disguised womanhood to be noticed at present, is remarkable as having taken place in the instance of a young lady of rank, fortune, and high accomplishments. Frances Scanagatti was born of a good family at Milan, in the year 1781. In her childhood, she was put under the educational charge of the Nuns of Visitation, and obtained a high character for talents and amiability. On her attaining the age of thirteen, her father resolved to send her to board and complete her education at Vienna. Accordingly, she set out for that city, dressed in boy's clothes, to avoid trouble and impertinence on the journey, and ac-

accompanied by one of her brothers, who was to stop by the way at the famous military academy of Neustadt. They had not gone far, when this youth fell sick, and owned to his sister that the idea of a military life was hateful to him. Frances, on hearing this, urged and persuaded him to return home, for the re-establishment of his health. At the same time she procured from him the recommendatory letter he was bearing to M. Haller, the staff-surgeon at Neustadt. With this letter she went on to Neustadt, and presented herself in the character of the expected boy—a step of the boldest and most extraordinary kind, certainly, in a girl of thirteen. M. Haller received her kindly and unsuspectingly, and she was placed at the academy.

Such were her talents and industry, that, in the course of the ensuing two years, she bore away the principal prizes of the institution, and made herself proficient in fencing, military tactics, mathematics, and the English, French and German languages. It would seem that her family, though they importuned her to change her course, yet did not openly interfere with her proceedings, strange as they were. In 1797, she carried her masculine tendencies so far, as to petition for a commission from the Austrian Military Council; and her character stood so high, that she at once obtained an ensigncy in the regiment of St. George. There was at this period a hostile army on the Rhine, and thither, after first visiting Vienna, Frances Scanagatti was sent to join her battalion. She campaigned here for sixteen months, till the peace of Campo-Formio took place, when she went with her corps to Sandomir. In this place she was annoyed by the ladies, whose inquisitive eyes discovered something odd about her speech, look, or figure, and declared her to be a woman. The young ensign was secretly distressed on hearing of this, but by her free and extravagant manner, contrived afterwards to wipe away the impression.

Being removed from Poland, she joined the army fighting against the French in Italy, in the year 1799. Here she was engaged in various encounters, and was on one occasion the first to enter the enemy's entrenched redoubts, sword in hand. She won the name of a brave and active officer. In 1800, her battalion was sent into quarters at Leghorn, and Lieutenant Scanagatti, being sent on regimental business to Milan, had the satisfaction of seeing her parents and family. She stopped with them a day and two nights, and

during all this time, the mother never suffered her extraordinary daughter to be out of her sight, looking on her ever with a mixture of fondness, sorrow, and pride. In order the better to disguise herself, Frances used to lace her chest tightly; and it did not escape the tender parent's eyes, that this had produced lividity and apparent injury to her child's person. On this account, as well as on others, Frances was entreated; to return to the bosom of her family, and she gave her promise to do so as soon as a peace was concluded, until which time, she said, she could not leave the service with honor. Frances again joined the army after this; but her father, fearful for the health of his daughter, wrote to Vienna, told the whole story to His Excellency Baron Melas, and Lieutenant Scanagatti received a complimentary discharge.

Recognising in this the doing of her parents, Frances submitted to their will with a filial patience, and in the autumn of 1800, returned to her family. This remarkable girl resumed the dress of her sex, and ever afterwards conducted herself with so much sweetness and mildness of disposition, as to render her voluntary assumption of an unfeminine character still more wonderful. Her military career was not without its usefulness, as it was ultimately the cause of various benefits being conferred on her brothers in the same service.

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### IT PAYS.

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It pays to wear a smiling face  
And laugh our troubles down;  
From all our little trials waft  
Our laughter or our frown.

Beneath the magic of a smile  
Our doubts will fade away,  
As melts the frost in early spring  
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause  
By making it our own;  
To give the current of our lives  
A true and noble tone.

It pays to comfort heavy hearts,  
Oppressed with dull despair,  
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives  
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand  
To eager, earnest youth,  
To note with all their waywardness  
Their courage and their truth;

To strive with sympathy and love,  
Their confidence to win.  
It pays to open wide the heart  
And let the sunshine in.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR

### Brief Hints.

A wrinkled under-blanket or sheet often helps to cause bed-sores.

A doctor says that probably half the deafness prevalent at the present time is the result of children having their ears boxed.

In infectious cases all wardrobes and chests of drawers for holding clothes should be removed from the sick room.

Sick rooms are often allowed to become too warm in the evening and too cold in the early morning and forenoon.

For a cough, springle a little turpentine on a handkerchief and inhale the vapor through nose and mouth. It gives wonderful relief.

For bilious attacks, squeeze the juice of a lemon into a third of a tumbler of cold water, and stir therein a pinch of baking soda; drink while effervescing.

To cool a sick room on a hot day, open the window wide, and stretch across it a towel wrung out of real cold water.

The best test for the ventilation of a sick room is to enter it from the fresh air and to notice if it seems close or stuffy.

Purity of air is always a most important consideration in connection with in-door life, but in cases of illness its importance cannot be overrated.

### Washing Patients.

As a sick person's vital powers are always low, it is important that they should be expended as little as possible, so washing ought to be done at the times during the day when the patient is at his best.

### Lettuce as an Opiate.

Lettuce contains a mild principle of an opiate nature called "lettuce-opium." A salad of lettuce at night may therefore be regarded as a homely and safe enough remedy for sleeplessness of a mild type.

### To Promote Sleep.

Additional clothes over the feet promote sleep by drawing away any surplus blood from the brain. Those

troubled with sleeplessness should not toss about or act restlessly; but lie perfectly quiet, and imitate sleep by longer and deeper respiration than ordinary, which will often induce sleep.

### Spots on Finger Nails.

The little white spots appearing on the finger nails are due to some subtle action of the blood, upon which all the bones, sinews, muscles and organs in the body are dependent for nutrition. They sometimes disappear of their own accord, but there is no known cure. In reality they signify no derangement of the system.

### Feather Beds.

Feather beds are comfortable, but by no means healthy. Moreover at this time of the year they are decidedly hot. Have good wool mattresses and an undraped bedstead, so that the air in the sleeping apartment may circulate freely, and when once you have become used to it, you will feel much more rested than when sleeping on a feather bed.

### Insect Stings and Bites.

To prevent the stings and bites of insects at the seaside or when in the country, the best remedy is to dab the skin of the exposed parts with a teaspoonful of essence of pennyroyal in one ounce of eau de Cologne. If, in spite of this, the little pests should be troublesome paint the parts stung at once with a paste of starch powder moistened with equal parts of chloroform and eau de Cologne.

### Hot Fruit Stones.

French women often collect all the fruit stones that come in their way during the summer—cherry, plum, peach, and apricot stones. They are washed or boiled in clean water, dried in the sun, and put into chintz or printed linen bags. When hot applications are required for tooth or earache, or rheumatic pains, one of these bags is made thoroughly hot in the oven and laid on the affected part. A bag of fruit stones thus heated is good for cold feet. The stones give a pleasant spicy scent, and retain the heat for a long time.



### The Sick Bed.

The nurse should put the patient's bed in such a position that he or she should not face the light, which is wearying to the eyes and brain. The best way is with the light falling slantwise on the bed, which is convenient for the doctor, and in convalescence the patient will be able to work or read. At the same time see that the bed is not directly between the fireplace and the door, or there will be a strong draught every time the door is opened (if there is a fire) from the rush of cold air to the chimney. If it is unavoidable, have a screen between the bed and the door.

Now as to the bed itself. It is very important that this should be sufficiently narrow for the nurse to reach across it; a patient is very often averse to be moved off her beloved four-poster (probably the tried friend of many years); but a little tact and persuasion will generally remove the objection.

The expense of a small bed fitted with wire springs and hair mattress is now so trifling that, except where means are very trifling indeed, you would generally be able to manage it. The reason for my being emphatic on this point you will perceive when you understand how essential it is that the attendant should be able to stretch across the bed for many purposes, and where she is single handed the difficulty of turning a helpless patient from side to side in the middle of the ancestral four-poster can only be appreciated by those who have tried it.

### THE JEW'S ANSWER.

The Sultan of Turkey, finding himself at a loss for money, was persuaded by some of the courtiers to seek occasion of quarreling with a rich Jew who had amassed considerable wealth in his dominions. The Israelite was immediately summoned to appear before him, when the Sultan insisted upon his informing him which he believed to be the best creed in the world, flattering himself that if he should prefer that of Moses, he might inflict upon him a heavy fine, and if he should declare for Mahomet's he would accuse him of professing the Jewish faith, as he was known to do. But the wary Israelite replied to the question in the following manner:

"You must know, great Sultan, there was once a father who had three sons, each of whom had frequently entreated him to bestow upon him a large diamond ring which he possessed, set round with other precious gems; and each was so very pressing, that, desirous of obliging

them all three, the father sent for a goldsmith to attend him without loss of time. 'Do you think,' said the father, 'you could make me two rings exactly resembling this in appearance?' which the goldsmith promised and equally well performed. No one being acquainted with his intentions, he sent severally for each of the youths, presenting him, under promise of keeping it secret, with one of the rings which each of them esteemed the real diamond, and no one knew the truth except the father himself. And thus do I confess, great Sultan, that neither do I pretend to know it, being unable to throw the least light upon a secret which is known to the Father of all."

The Sultan on receiving this unexpected answer, had nothing further to urge, and was compelled for want of a reason to the contrary, to let the Jew go where he pleased.

### THE PITCHER OF TEARS.

The woman had closed her eyes,  
A-weary with weeping,  
She leaned on the empty cradle,  
And sobbed in her sleeping.  
Her breast like a wave of the sea  
Was rising and falling;  
Her heart through the mist of sleep  
On her baby was calling!  
Then her soul was lifted away  
To the garden of heaven.  
Where flowers shine like stars in the grass,  
So smooth and so even;  
And she saw where 'mid roses and May  
An angel did wander,  
With bright children, who looked in his face  
To dream and to wonder.

Alone, and apart from the rest,  
A little child tarried,  
And in his small arms, soft and sound  
A pitcher he carried.  
His sweet eyes looked wistfully toward  
His mates in the meadow,  
Heaven's glory was bright, but his face  
Bore the touch of earth's shadow.

The woman knelt down where she stood.  
"My own and my dearie,  
Now why do you wander alone,  
Your little feet weary?  
If you cannot come back, come back,  
To the arms of your mother,  
'Tis your sweet hand the angel should hold,  
And never another."

"Oh! mother, the pitcher of tears,  
Your tears I must carry,  
So heavy it weighs, that behind  
I linger and tarry.  
Oh! mother, if you would smile,  
And cease from your weeping,  
My place by the angel's side  
I'd gladly be keeping."

The woman waked by the cradle,  
And smiled in the waking,  
"My baby, the pitcher of tears  
To my heart I am taking.  
Go, frolic and sing with your mates;  
My smiles shall be given,  
To make a new light round your head  
In the Garden of Heaven."

Laura E. Richards.

## THOMAS: A TRUE STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

## SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

In Part I of this story Mrs. Standing tells how she became acquainted with the Lobbs, a family of respectable but very poor Cornish people, who rented a small house opposite her fine residence. Mr. Lobb was dying, and although he received a small sum weekly from a benevolent society to which he belonged, his wife had to take in washing to support her three children, Thomas, Gracie and the baby. Mrs. Standing often visited the family, and took dainties to the sick man. After Mr. Lobb's death the poor family had a harder time than ever, and one day the little boy Thomas called on Mrs. Standing, and said that he had heard that her housemaid had left her and he thought he might take the vacant place. He said he was accustomed to sweep, scrub, dust and wash dishes for his mother, and could clean knives and boots beautifully. Mrs. Standing did not care to engage him as housemaid, nor did she accept his offer to take sole charge of her three little children, but he was so anxious to do something to earn money to help his mother that she engaged him to clean the knives and boots every morning. He carried coals, watered the plants, and was helpful in many ways. But he was particularly fond of helping to take care of the children. May, the oldest child, was a lovely little girl, and Thomas adored her. He used to carry her upstairs. She was delighted to let him do it, putting her arms around his neck, and looking up at him with her clear blue eyes. When May fell ill, and hovered between life and death one night Thomas sat at the end of the kitchen by the side table white and silent, waiting with burning eyes and a breathless misery that almost seemed to suffocate him. Late that night Jane went down and reported, "The doctor says she is a little better." Thomas sprang to his feet for one moment, then sat down again, and resting his face on his arm on the table sobbed bitterly at last.

One day after May became well again, Thomas told Mrs. Standing that the captain of a ship bound for Australia had offered to take him as cabin-boy and leave him in Melbourne. He said his mother had a brother in Australia who was rich, and perhaps he might come across him there. He went upstairs to say good-bye to the children.

"I don't want you to go," May said. "I want you to stay here. When will you come back?"

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear but I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardener will look after it a bit now." They followed him to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters.

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the railing on to the stairs looking beneath, touching him as it fell.

"It's good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you." He picked it up and looked at it, a little old shoe with a hole nearly through at the toe.

"Please mum, may I keep it?" he asked with a smile, and when Mrs. Standing nodded, he looked up at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it. Miss May I'm going to keep it. It'll go all the way with me in the ship."

Mrs. Standing gave him a sovereign as she said good-bye. He took the gold in silence, turning it over as if to be sure it was real.

"Good-bye, dear little lad," said Mrs. Standing. "May you grow strong, and be a brave and good man," and she stooped and kissed him. Thomas said not a word; but she knew that he was crying, as he strode towards the door.

## PART II.

(Mrs. Standing continues her story.)

Eighteen years had gone by. The Lobbs had passed altogether out of my life. Thomas had never come back. I heard that he had found his uncle in Melbourne, and had gone with him to Graham's Town, in South Africa. From there the uncle had sent for Mrs. Lobb and Gracie, and that was the last I knew of them or ever expected to know. The baby had died soon after Thomas went away.

I had given up the house in which we had lived so long in England, and settled at Lutry, near Lausanne, where living and education were cheaper than in England. There the years slipped away peacefully enough till the three girls were grown up—till May was a woman of three-and-twenty. She was

a pretty girl, just as she had been a pretty child, and at three-and twenty looked eighteen—a tall, slim girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, and a merry happy laugh it did one good to hear. I used to wonder sometimes if she would ever marry. But we did not know a soul in Lutry, and indeed, from a marrying point of view, there was not a soul to know. We were going back to England, now that even Nina, the youngest girl, was grown up, to settle down in a pretty house in Hampstead. There I thought the girls would see a little more of the world, and their lives would shape themselves into the course they were meant to run.

Then my sister Elizabeth, who is unmarried, and alone and delicate, went to winter at Rome, and invited May to go with her. I could not refuse to let her go; but we felt parting, for we had never been separated. Still, it could not be helped. So May went off with her aunt, who came all the way to Lutry to fetch her, and I with the two other girls returned to England.

We had plenty to do at Hampstead, getting the house in order and settling down; and we spent a happy winter, even though May was not with us. We used to delight in her letters from Rome, and long for the spring that would see her with us.

My sister was an excellent correspondent, and she used to write to me every week, telling us of all their gaieties and of the admiration May won—even of all her little flirtations. I think Elizabeth was proud of her. Gradually into both their letters there crept frequent mention of a young English doctor, of whom they appeared to see a great deal. He was handsome, and very popular. He had been to tea, he had seen them home from a party, he had got up a picnic, and so on. At last I began, mother-like, to wonder if he was falling in love with May or she with him, to feel anxious as to what sort of a man he was, and whether he was capable of playing fast and loose with my child's innocent heart that had never known a lover.

As time went on, May's letters contained more and more about him. "Dr. Millet asked so much about you, dear mother. I told him everything I could about you. He said he felt as if he loved you." "Dr. Millet says he will be in England soon; but we hope he won't go before we do,—we should miss him so." And at last, in Elizabeth's letter, there was something definite. "I am certain Dr. Millet is in love with May, and I am almost certain the dear child has lost her heart to him. It

makes me very anxious, you not being here. At the same time I don't see why things should not be allowed to take their natural course, for he is very charming, and he is getting an excellent practice round him." So I waited anxiously, feeling that there was nothing to be done but to wait. The next letter worried me a little. "His manner is very distant," Elizabeth said. "In spite of his evident liking for her, he seems to be trying to hold off. Sometimes I can't make him out. Perhaps he does not want to marry, or thinks he has no chance." And after that came a climax—I think it was in the very next letter. "Dr. Millet has put some one in charge of his practice, and has gone away. He did not come to see us before he went, and he made no mention of going last time he was here. I do not know where he has gone, nor how long he will be away. Our dear May tries to look as if she did not care; but I fear she is secretly grieving."

The letter fell from my hands. It worried me terribly. To think of May loving a man who had perhaps deserted her,—it was not to be borne. I knew what a sorrow of that sort does to a young life—the desolation, nay, perhaps the lifelong misery, it brings. And yet, if the man was a scoundrel, I could not believe that so pure a thing as May's love could cling to him.

The next morning brought a letter from May herself that showed only too plainly how things were. "Aunt Elizabeth is very, very kind to me," she said. "I would not leave her for the world; but I am so tired of Rome and of all the people in it. I want to see you again, dear mother. I don't think I am very well, and I am not happy, darling. I long to go to you, and to feel your dear arms round me again."

Alice and Nina had gone into town early. I was alone with that poor little letter, feeling all the pain, all the sorrow, that had suddenly come into my child's life—it needed no words to tell me. I sat stupidly, trying to decide what it would be best to do. Elizabeth was too delicate to come back to England before the March winds were over. Perhaps I could take one of the other girls to her and bring May back. I felt as if she wanted her mother's heart to comfort her and give her strength.

I got up and put a log on the fire, for we had not yet reconciled ourselves to the English fashion of burning coal, then walked about the room, looking vacantly at the polished floor and all the pretty new things about the room. It was a lovely morning; the sun was shining down on the trim lawn and neat

garden, the snowdrops were coming up in the corner bed. I thought of May, and of how pretty she would look in the summer time pottering about among the flowers, if she were only bright and well. She had so often longed for an English garden. Then looking down the road, I noticed a tall man a long way off. He was coming towards the house. As he came nearer I could see that he looked like a gentleman. He was tall and dark; he appeared to be about thirty years old, perhaps younger, and he was certainly handsome. He stopped before the gate and for a moment hesitated; then he opened it and entered. I watched him coming along the gravel walk by the lawn; I saw him disappear under the porch, and heard the bell ring. In some odd way he seemed to be familiar to me. The servant entered with a card. Before I took it, I knew perfectly that it was Dr. Millet's and that a crisis was at hand—that in an hour's time May's future would be no mystery. The next moment he entered. I could not remember where I had seen him before, but he was not strange to me. He had a good face, clever and thoughtful; he looked like a simple-hearted, honest gentleman. There was something sad about the face, too, as though he had suffered much, or understood suffering.

"Mrs. Standing?" and he came forward with a curiously eager smile, as if in some way he knew me.

"Yes," I answered, looking at him again. Even his voice was half familiar to me, yet I could not remember where I had heard it before.

"You do not know me," he went on. "I have just arrived from Rome. I know your daughter and sister there, and I thought you would forgive me for coming—I could not help it." The last words were said to himself, and seemed to have escaped him.

"I have heard of you," I said. "Won't you sit down? I am glad to see you." For he stood looking at me in an eager way, which I accounted for easily, but still it embarrassed me. "Did they ask you, or was it your own kindness that prompted you to come and tell me about them?" I asked, trying to put him at ease, for now that I had seen him I was satisfied. Something in the tone of his voice, in the expression of his face, told me that he was not the man to win a girl's heart and throw it away; and there was about him that which made me feel that the woman he loved would have little cause to fear anything that was in him. A great deal to find out perhaps all in a few moments, and from looking at a

man's face; but there are some people whom just to see is enough, and about whom our instincts are unfailing.

"They did not ask me to come," he answered in a low voice. "They did not even know that I was coming, though it was for this interview that I left Rome and hurried to England. I came trusting to your kindness to make my visit less difficult than it might be." He seemed overtaken by a great awkwardness, but I did not know what to say, and was silent. He went on, suddenly, as if with a gasp, "I wanted to see you very much, I have so much to say, though I am a stranger, or you think me one; and—and I am afraid to begin. Your answer means so much to me." Then he loved the child! But there was something behind his words—some obstacle, I was certain of that—some past to confess, something that made him doubtful of the future.

"Why are you afraid?" I asked; but for a moment or two he made no answer. I waited, looking at him, wondering again where before I had looked into those grave, almost sad eyes.

"Do you remember Thomas?" he asked abruptly—"Thomas Lobb?"

I nearly jumped off my chair. But no, it could not be!

"Yes—but——"

"I am Thomas," he said simply. "I used to clean your knives and boots, and you bought my mother a mangle. I never forgot your kindness. I have often longed to see you and thank you."

"But where have you been all these years?" I asked, still gasping with astonishment.

"To many places. I was in England for a long time, at an hospital; but you were abroad, and though I tried I could not find your address. Besides I was afraid. I had better say it at once," he went on desperately; "but I did not want to see your daughter again. I have been in love with her all my life. She was a goddess to me—a queen. I never even dreamed of hoping. I met her again all in a moment one night at Rome. I was thinking of her and looked up, and she was there. She did not know me, she does not now; but I knew her—I did directly—though she was only five when I saw her last."

He hurried over the words quickly, as if he wished me to know the gist of what he had come to say as quickly as possible.

"Where is your mother?" I asked, thinking of the poor soul with the Cornish accent, carrying the skinny little baby in her arms, and of his

father, as I saw him first, a dying man, warming his long thin hands by the fire in the empty house.

"My mother does not keep a mangle now," he said with a short laugh. "I think I should have known him before if he had laughed. "She is rich, and lives near my sister, who is married to a diamond merchant in South Africa. It sounds terribly prosperous, does it not?"

"But tell me about yourself," I said. "How is it that you went away Thomas Lobb and come back Dr. Millet of Rome? It is too puzzling altogether."

"I found my rich uncle," he answered, "I remember telling you that my mother thought I might, and I did. One always finds a rich uncle in a story; but I found mine at Melbourne. He had married and lost both wife and child, and was just going off to the diamond-fields in South Africa. He took me in hand first, and was very kind to me in his rough way. His ambition was to make me a gentleman; but that was Nature's business. Perhaps she has failed," he added with a smile. "However, he put me to school while he went off to the diamond fields, and in a few years came back with his fortune to fetch me. He was one of those men who are bound to make fortunes and to lose them from sheer carelessness, though he died too soon to lose his last one. He brought me to England and looked after me while I was at the hospital."

"But how did you get to Rome?" I asked, for he had stopped as if he could not go on without encouragement.

"He took me there, or perhaps I took him, for we went together, partly because he wanted to see Europe, and partly because he said he wanted to see if I really could talk any language but my own, after all the schooling for which he had paid. At Rome there was a chance for another doctor, and there ultimately I settled down. Uncle Joe went back to Graham's Town and died." He stopped for a moment. "I wish I had been with him," he said in a low voice; "but I was not."

"Was he good to your mother?"

"He was good to every one, in a rough way sometimes that one reproached one's self later on for not better understanding. He was very good to my mother and to Gracie, whom he also had educated. He became very great on education in his latter years, and used to say that money was thrown away on you unless you knew how to spend it.

"How came you to be called Millet?" I asked, putting off as long as possible the great business of his coming. I was so staggered, so taken aback, at his

proving to be Thomas. Moreover there was only one thing for me to do, and not forever be ashamed of myself, and I knew it. Yet I couldn't bring myself to do it heartily.

"He left me some money, and wished me to take his name, which was very like the rich uncle in the story, he answered, with the fleeting smile that was part of the fascination of his face. "I have not spent any of it yet. My practice has been sufficient. I kept it in case ——" He stopped, but still I went on looking at him, as though I had been fascinated, thinking of the days when he had carried up coals, and taught May to blow bubbles. I could not help it, it was snobby of me if you like, but in my heart there was some pride. I knew that he had come to ask me if he might try to win May for his wife. May, my pretty one, my queen, whom I should have thought too good for a king—he the boy who had blacked our shoes, whose mother had kept a mangle! He seemed to read my thoughts like a letter.

"Yes," he said; "I am the boy who used to clean the knives and boots, and afterwards carried out newspapers every morning."

"It doesn't matter in these days what any one has been," I said hesitatingly, ashamed that he should have divined my thoughts so well.

"If she ever cares for me—it is too much to think of, too great a happiness—but if she does," he went on in a low voice, "perhaps she will be proud of it, as I am. It was honest work," he said, in a stubborn voice, "and pleasant too," he added gaily. "If I had made my own position, I should be a proud man, for being a doctor is of course a better thing than carrying out papers; but as it is all the credit goes to the rich uncle, and is none of mine." I was silent, trying to remember who the well-known man was who had been a shoeblack, and who had sold oranges, and yet became a great man. But it is generally difficult to remember things at the right moment.

"You were always a good boy," I said, thinking of the little thin face of long ago, and forgetting the man before me.

"I am glad of that," he answered. "Do you remember my poor mother?" he went on, seeming as if he were determined I should realize all the past. "She kept a mangle and went out charing. She does not like me to remember it now, and Gracie quarrels with me if I mention it." And he laughed the short, quick laugh of a man who has a sense of humor but does



not always betray it. "Do you remember the day I wished you all good-bye? how, when I was going off to sea, a poor little boy without a penny save the present you had given me, you kissed me just as if I had been your own son? It has been my wild dream that some day I should be really your son—won't you let it come true?" he asked eagerly, and leaning forward he tried to see my face better. But I could not wring an answer from myself.

"Does she know?" I asked.

"Does she know anything about this?—that I am Thomas? No, nothing. That I love her? I think yes. I would not speak to her until I had seen you, and told you, and perhaps——"

"That was like you, Thomas," I said. The old name came naturally to my lips. "You were always good."

"Was I?" he exclaimed, "I don't think so—but I will be, if she will only have me, if you and she will only put up with me. I love her with all my heart. See what I have in my pocket. I brought it to show you." He pulled out a little shoe with a hole in the toe. Do you remember how she dropped it on my head?" he asked. I nodded, but could not speak, for I was killing the last little silly bit of pride left in my heart. The man before me was a gentleman, ten times more truly one than many born to be rich and idle. How could I be so foolish as to hesitate to give my child to a good and honorable man whom I knew she loved? I have always hated myself for my conduct that day. I think perhaps if it had been any other person's shoes he had blacked, I should not have minded. If he had wanted to marry the daughter of my dearest friend, I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have thought too good for the king of all the earth.

Then I looked at the shoe that was still in his hand, and thought of how she had clung to the banisters, calling out good-bye; of his upturned face—the little anxious face—and the grave voice, saying, "I'll come back" Miss May." Now he had come. He was sitting there, opposite to me, asking me to give him leave to ask her to be his wife.

"Is it all right?" he asked, in a voice that showed he could not bear my silence any longer. "If you say no, I will go away, and never see her again. I could not bear to win her without your consent—only speak. You are not hesitating because we were so poor, because there was a time when we were starving, because——"

"No, no!" I interrupted, hating

myself, and feeling my heart go out to him. I could not say more—there was something choking me. The tears were coming into my eyes.

"Then speak just one word. Is it all right?" I gave a little nod, for words had failed me. He got up and walked about the room, a great joy written on his face and flashing from his eyes. "You trust me, you will really trust me?" he said, stopping before me.

"Yes, dear," I answered, "I will trust you." It seemed as if he could not hear the words calmly. He strode across the room, then came back and stood before me again.

"I shall never be good enough for her—never," he said, with a joyous laugh—never at my best; and perhaps she won't look at me. I am terribly afraid of that. Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"I don't know," I answered, for I was not going to betray my child's secret.

"Something deep down in my heart tells me that there is," he said simply, "Try to frighten myself as I will, I feel that she is the meaning of life to me. Let me go!" he exclaimed suddenly—"I want to be alone, and walk the streets until the train starts. I cannot stay in a room any longer. I shall be in Rome the day after to-morrow, and will telegraph." He took my hands in both his, and looked at me tenderly. "I remember the day you came to see us first," he said; "my father was sitting over the fire, and how glad we used to be when the roast mutton came. You always sent enough for us all," he laughed. "God bless you, dear mother!" he added; and lifting my hands, kissed them both. "Wish me good luck, when I ask my darling if she loves me."

"I do—I will, with all my heart!" I answered.

The telegram came two days later:—

*"From your son Thomas and your daughter May. Our best love to you all. We are very happy."*

And they are happy still, and will be all their lives. He lives in England now, and his name is well known. May and I are very proud of him. The other girls are both married too. One married the son of a bishop; but I fear it is not a very happy marriage. Nina, the youngest, is a soldier's wife, as I was, and quakes whenever France is arrogant, or Germany buys a new big gun, and thinks there will be war to-morrow morning. He is a good fellow, but he is not like Thomas. My mother-in-law is still alive; and she is the one person in the family who does not know our romance. She is a stern

old lady, proud of her descent from the Crauford-Greys; and she keeps me in order still, though I have married daughters of my own. The amusing part of it is, that she is very proud of Thomas, and says it is odd that the colonies should have produced so perfect a gentleman. It was only the other day that she sent him most of her late husband's books; for she said he was the only man in the family who would really appreciate them.

THE END.

### TWO HOMES FOR PIGEONS.

It was stated in a former number of OUR HOME that carrier pigeons could never be depended upon to take messages away from home, and that it was purely the desire to reach home that made them available for carrying messages to their homes. Mr. G. Renaud in an article on carrier pigeons in "The Popular Science Monthly," states that pigeons may be trained to carry messages in two directions by establishing two homes for them. He says:—When pigeons were to be sent back and forth, it has been usual to keep two sets, with their respective homes at either end of the course; and when they have reached their home, to carry them back to the places from which they are to be dispatched. An ingenious process has been devised to overcome this difficulty and cause birds to fly with equal certainty in both directions. Pigeons, for example, whose home is Paris are confined for several days at St. Denis, and fed there at a stated hour every day with some favorite food which is not given them at their real home. They become in the course of time familiar with their new home and its choice dishes. When set at liberty, they start off at once for Paris, without forgetting the good things they enjoyed at St. Denis. When they are to be sent back, they are made to fast a little while, and are then let loose at about feeding time at St. Denis. They go thither, and, when they have their own way, time their going so as to be there at the exact moment of feeding. Birds have thus been taught to fly back and forth regularly between places thirty miles apart.

Two interesting questions present themselves concerning the length of time during which the pigeon can recollect the place of his home and the distance from which he is able to find his way back to it. Some birds have found their way home after five years' absence; and it is generally considered that good birds can be depended upon

for six months. Pigeons have returned from Vienna and from Rome to Brussels, and others, sold to be carried away to America, have made their way back to their original owner in Belgium.

### A ROYAL CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

When Oscar, Duke of Scania, the son of the present Crown Prince of Sweden was ten years of age, he was alone one morning in the schoolroom, and let us hope hard at work at his lessons, when he heard a queer rumbling noise up the chimney. It seemed as if something big and heavy were rolling down.

Oscar jumped up in surprise, but hardly had he crossed the room before a black mass fell plump on to the hearth in a cloud of soot. Then there came a sound of sobbing, and the startled little prince saw that his strange visitor was a boy no bigger than himself.

The newcomer turned out to be a sweep who had been sent up to the roof to clean the palace chimneys. This may sound odd, but in Sweden, you must know, it is the custom when folks want their chimneys swept for the sweep's boy to climb outside the house and begin his work from above, brushing down the soot from above. While thus engaged, the lad's foot had slipped and he could not prevent himself from falling.

As for Oscar, he was delighted at the adventure, and was soon chatting gaily with his new acquaintance. It struck him presently that sweeping chimneys was something out of the common, and a game that one could not play at every day. So he declared abruptly that he would try his hand at it, and having made up his royal mind, nothing would do but that his little friend must instruct him in the art of climbing.

When, about an hour later, search was made for the missing sweep, the little Duke of Scania was found up the chimney as black and sooty as he possibly could be. But, like the good-natured little fellow that he was, he came down promptly, and rescued his companion from a scolding and beating.

Nor did the prince soon forget this amusing experience, for some days after he paid a return visit to the chimney-sweep's home with several nice presents.

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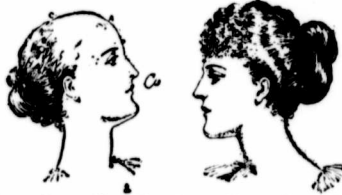
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**THE IMPERIAL HAIR DYE, BEST IN THE WORLD, 7 SHADES, PER BOX OF 2 BOTTLES, \$2.00.**

Send for our Catalogue and Aid to Beauty, and mention this paper.

## THE DINNER MAKERS

---

### To Peel Tomatoes.

Put the tomatoes in a frying-basket and plunge them into boiling water for about three minutes. Drain, and peel.

### To Clean Mushrooms.

Before cooking mushrooms they should be cleaned by wiping them with a little salt, and the skin should be removed.

### The Color of Peas.

To keep peas a good color add a little piece of soda to the water in which they are boiled. It is best to shell them only a short time before they are to be cooked.

### Salt Water Wash for Green Food.

Green foods that are eaten uncooked, such as lettuce, small salads, water-cress, etc., should be thoroughly washed in well-salted water. The salt will kill any germs that may be on the green food.

### Cream Sauce.

One cupful of powdered sugar, one egg, two cupfuls of whipped cream. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth. Add the yolk and sugar, and beat well. Flavor with vanilla or lemon, and add the cream last of all. This sauce is excellent for a light pudding.

### Baked Onions.

Peel large onions, and boil one hour in plenty of water, slightly salted. Butter a shallow dish or a deep plate, and arrange the onions in it. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, put a teaspoonful of butter in the centre of each onion, and cover lightly with crumbs. Bake slowly one hour. Serve with cream sauce.

### Cooking Green Vegetables.

To keep the color and flavor of green vegetables it is imperative to use plenty of water in a large pan, to plunge them in when it is boiling furiously, and to keep them boiling sharply all the time of cooking, otherwise their flavor will be drawn out. The cover of the pan should be removed.

### Green Pea Soup.

Cover a quart of green peas with hot water, and boil, with an onion, until they will mash easily. (The time will depend on the age of the peas, but will be from twenty to thirty minutes). Mash, and add a pint of stock or water. Cook together two tablespoonsful of butter, and one of flour until smooth, but not brown. Add to the peas, and then add a cupful of cream and one of milk. Season with salt and pepper, and let boil up once. Strain and serve. A cupful of whipped cream added the last moment is an improvement.

**BOVRIL** is the guaranteed product of Prime Ox Beef. It is made from the choicest cattle raised in the Argentine Republic and Australia.

**BOVRIL** differs from ordinary Beef Extracts or home-made Beef Tea, in this way Extracts and Beef Tea are only stimulating, whereas

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BOVRIL LIMITED,

30 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

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**Fried Tomatoes.**

Slice ripe tomatoes and dip them in well-beaten eggs, which have been seasoned with salt, pepper, and sugar (one teaspoonful of sugar to each egg), and then in fine bread or cracker crumbs. Have two tablespoonsful of butter in a frying-pan, and when hot put in as many slices of tomato as will cover the bottom. Fry for ten minutes, five for each side. Serve on thin slices of toast.

**Cream Salad Dressing.**

Two eggs, three tablespoonsful of vinegar, one of cream, one teaspoonful of sugar, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard. Beat two eggs well. Add the sugar, salt, and mustard, and then the vinegar and the cream. Place the bowl in a basin of boiling water, and stir until about the thickness of rich cream. If the cream is thick and the water boils all the time, it will take about five minutes. Cool, and use as needed.

**Table of Weights and Measures.**

The following is a table of measures and weights which will be found useful:

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| One quart of flour.....                              | 1 lb. |
| Two cupsful of butter.....                           | 1 lb. |
| One generous pint of liquid.....                     | 1 lb. |
| Two cupsful of granulated sugar..                    | 1 lb. |
| Two heaping cupsful of powdered sugar.....           | 1 lb. |
| One pint of finely chopped meat, packed solidly..... | 1 lb. |

The cup used is the common kitchen cup, holding half a pint.

**Angel Cake.**

The whites of eleven eggs, one and a half cupsful of granulated sugar, one cupful of pastry flour, measured after being sifted four times; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one of vanilla extract. Sift the flour and cream of tartar together. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Beat the sugar into the eggs, and add the seasoning and flour, stirring quickly and lightly. Beat until ready to put the mixture in the oven. Use a pan that has little legs at the top corners, so that when the pan is turned upside down on the table, after the baking, a current of air will pass under and over it. Bake for forty minutes in a moderate oven. Do not grease the pan.

**Asparagus Soup.**

Two bundles of asparagus, one quart of white stock or water, one pint of milk and one of cream if stock is used, but if water use all cream; three tablespoonsful of butter, three of flour, one onion, salt and pepper. Cut the tops from one bunch of the asparagus and cook them twenty minutes in salted water to cover. The remainder of the asparagus cook twenty minutes in the quart of stock or water. Cut the onion into thin slices and fry in the butter ten minutes, being careful not to burn; then add the asparagus that has been boiled in the stock. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly; then add flour, and cook five minutes longer. Turn this mixture into the boiling stock and boil gently twenty minutes. Rub through a sieve, add the milk and cream, which has just come to a boil, and also the asparagus heads. Season with salt and pepper, and serve.

I WOULDN'T be so headstrong as to refuse advice when offered in a friendly spirit. **WOULD YOU**

Not show better judgment by investigating? If right, follow it. It **WILL BE RIGHT** if you are advised to use

... The ...

**Cook's Friend**  
Baking Powder.

**Windsor Salt**

For dairy and table use is the **BEST**.  
Perfectly dry and white, and no lime in it.

Better Cheese and Butter can be made with it than with any other salt.  
It pays to use it.



## THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

To get rid of rats sprinkle chloride of lime about their haunts. They will soon disappear.

Weeds may be destroyed by watering them with a strong solution of salt and boiling water.

Lamp chimneys are quickly and easily cleaned with a piece of sponge tied on the end of a stick.

When peeling cucumber begin at the thick end, otherwise it will very probably have a bitter taste.

In mending kid gloves use cotton in preference to silk, as the former does not show so much when worn.

Boots and shoes that have become hardened can be made soft and pliable by the application of kerosene.

A teaspoonful of powdered borax added to dry starch (a tablespoonful) will ensure a nice gloss to the linen.

When tea or coffee are to be kept, they should never be poured into a tin utensil. Put them into a jug or basin of china or earthenware.

The best place to keep vegetables is on a stone floor, and if the air can be excluded from them they will last fresh for a longer time than otherwise.

Scrubbing brushes should be put away with the bristles downwards as this enables the water to run off easily, and preserves them much longer.

Disagreeable odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., may be prevented by putting a few pieces of charcoal or a few red peppers in the pot with them.

To freshen flowers when they are somewhat withered, plunge the stalks for a few seconds into very hot water, to which a few drops of camphor have been added.

Flowers should be gathered in the morning. They will then last far longer than if cut later in the day, when they have been exposed to the heat of the sun.

Borax will more readily remove stains and dirt from the skin than any other means, and also keep the skin smooth. A jar of borax should, therefore, be on every washstand.

Lamp wicks will burn brighter if washed occasionally in strong suds, which prevents them getting clogged.

Kerosene is good for cleaning tinware, mixed with fine sand; and will effectually remove stains from varnished furniture, which should afterwards be well rubbed with a soft cloth.

Black stockings should have their color preserved by washing them with soap free from soda. Also add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the rinsing water. Wring out, and pull into shape.

When cleaning taps, it is a mistake to use bath-brick or any other gritty substance, for it will work into the joints of the taps; and in time cause them to get out of order. Oil is safe, for it cannot have this effect.

Spoons or forks which have been used for onions can have the smell removed by being washed immediately after use with hot water and carbolic soap, and then left in the open air for some time before being put with the others.

French chalk is one of the safest things to use for taking out grease spots from silk or woollen goods. Scrap the chalk over the spots, and hold the latter over steam or a warm iron to melt the grease, which will be absorbed by the chalk, and can afterwards be brushed off. Repeat the application if necessary.

In buying canned goods an eminent physician's instructions are to "reject every article that does not show the line of solder round the edge of the solder of the cap, the same as is seen on the seam on the side of the can. Reject every can that does not have the name of the manufacturer or firm upon it, as well as the name of the company or town where manufactured. Standards have all this. When the wholesale dealer is ashamed to have his name on the goods, fight shy of him. Press up the bottom of the can. If decomposition is beginning, the tin will rattle the same as the bottom of the oiler of your sewing machine will do. If the goods are sound, it will be solid, and there will be no rattle in the tin. Reject every tin that shows any sign of rust around the cap on the inside of the head of the can. If house-keepers are educated on these points, then the muriate of zinc amalgam will become a thing of the past."

### THE CLOTHES LINE TIGHTENS AT NIGHT.

The question has been asked, "Why does our clothes line, which is loose during the day, tighten up at night, and why is that an indication of rain." The answer is: It tightens because it becomes wet, each fibre becoming swollen, and, of course, shortened, by the moisture of the night air: this moisture which is necessary to the air, being raised from bodies of water by the heat of the rays of the sun floats through the mass of the air, returning to the earth in due time in the form of rain, snow, dew, etc., flowing into the bodies of water, again to make their rounds. As no two particles of matter can occupy the same space at the same time, there is a natural swelling or enlargement when water is combined with any dry substance. The warm sun evaporates the moisture, causing cords to become slack during a warm day, when moisture is scattered, to return during the night. The swelling or shortening of the line indicates rain, because it is evidence that there is an unusual amount of moisture in the air, this moisture being deposited whenever a cold current of air or any cold substance comes in contact with it, the capacity of the air for holding water being increased by heat. This is seen in the fact that when the air and water are very much heated, causing a hot mist to escape from the water, a large amount of it is held by the air in the form of steam. It is well illustrated by the opposite condition, as when the

warm and moist air of the evening comes in contact with the cooler grass and leaves, depositing a dew. When we breathe on cold glass, the warm and moist air from the lungs produces a practical dew. It is true, therefore, that when a cold current of air, or cold wind, blows into any part of the world where the air is warmer and moist, rain must fall and dew be deposited.

### THE RAG-PICKERS OF PARIS.

The wealth of Paris is so boundless that the rubbish and refuse of the city are worth millions. There are more than 50,000 persons who earn a living by picking up what others throw away. Twenty thousand women and children exist by sifting and sorting the gatherings of the pickers who collect every day in the year about 1200 tons of merchandise, which they sell to the wholesale rag dealers for some 70,000 francs. At night you see men with baskets strapped on their backs, a lantern in one hand, and in the other a stick with an iron hook at the end. They walk along rapidly, their eyes fixed on the ground, over which the lantern flings a sheet of light, and whatever they find in the way of paper, rags, bones, grease, metal, etc., they stow away in their basket. In the morning in front of each house you see men, women and children sifting the dust bins before they are emptied into scavengers' carts. At various hours of the day you may remark isolated rag pickers, who seem to work with less method than the others and



### STEWART'S SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT

Having now in Stock a Large Assortment of some of the finest

American and Canadian . . . **SHOES,**

we are prepared to do a large business if Style, Quality and Fit will do it.

Our prices are always moderate. Quality considered.

**W. H. STEWART,**

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Two Doors West of McGill College Avenue.

with a more independent air. The night pickers are generally novices; men who, having been thrown out of work, are obliged to hunt for their living like the wild beasts. The morning pickers are experienced and regular workers who pay for the privilege of sifting the dust bins of a certain number of houses and of trading with the results. The rest, the majority, are the coureurs, the runners who exercise their profession freely and without control, working when they please and loafing when they please.—*Theodore Child.*

### WATERING FLOWERS.

There is nothing that conduces to success in floriculture as care in watering. This work should be done systematically and the early morning is the best time; examine each plant. The majority of plants thrive best if they are watered daily. Aquatic plants like calla lily and others during the period of blooming should be kept very moist with water in the saucer under them. Dry plants like sedums do not require watering oftener than once a week.

Plants of average habits like geraniums, roses and heliotropes, thrive best if watered daily, though the soil should not become damp enough to become sour.

A teaspoonful of guano dissolved in water and applied around the roots once a week will help to fertilize roses and some other house plants, and induce them to bloom. The mixture should never be allowed to touch the stem or leaves. The temperature of water used on the window garden should be about the same as the temperature of the room. Apply water around the roots of the plant; do not wet

the leaves oftener than about once a month, when they should be removed from the window and thoroughly sprinkled in order to wash off the dust which may have collected on them. Callas, India-rubber plants and many others should be thoroughly sponged off to remove the dust. Begonia Rex and a few other plants should never be wet except around the roots.

### CLEANING SEWING MACHINES.

Unless a sewing machine is used every day, well oiled and cleaned thrice a week, it will become dusty and clogged with dirt that can only be "cut" with kerosene, which must be put in the oil can and used freely everywhere, the machine then worked for a few moments and the kerosene carefully wiped off with an old soft cloth. Then refill the oil can with machine oil (always use the best for this purpose) and run the machine for fifteen minutes, or until every part is touched with the oil. Wipe it off again, taking the machine apart, which is easily done if you understand your machine, as you should do. Lastly put it together. Now tighten or loosen the band, according to its needs, run it a few moments and again wipe off the outside portion until it is as bright and clean as a new pin. Such extreme care will give you better work, and an easier running machine, which will be less inclined to grow cranky as many machines do, and cause it to last many additional years. Keep all the accessories in the machine drawers, and when not in use keep it covered. Every evening when putting the work away wipe the outer parts of the sewing machine free from all dust. You will gain in more ways than one.

One of the **BEST**, if not the **VERY BEST**, of protections to be had for Our Homes is Life Assurance. It is an evidence of prudent forethought and it commends itself to any far-sighted business man.

It will pay you to look into the various plans of Policies issued by

**THE SUN  
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY  
OF CANADA,**

**HEAD OFFICE  
MONTREAL.  
R. MACAULAY,  
PRESIDENT.**

**FOR A GLASS OF WATER.**

In 1880 a young girl of Ashford, England was standing at the edge of a crowd in front of Buckingham Palace, London. The people were observing the arrival of guests at one of the Queen's "drawing-rooms," or receptions. Finding it hard to pass, this young woman, whose name was Burch, remained with the others, and watched the coming of the gentlemen and ladies.

As she stood, she noticed an old man whom she had seen in the crowd suddenly begin to stagger. He took several unsteady steps, and then fell to the ground.

The crowd parted and left him without assistance, supposing that he was intoxicated. But Miss Burch, more compassionate, and convinced that the old gentleman had been suddenly taken ill, went up to him, lifted his head, and succeeded in inducing one of the jeering bystanders to go and get a glass of water.

She helped the fallen man to rise and conducted him to one of the benches in the park. There he swallowed some of the water, and began to feel better. When he was restored and able to go on, he assured her that he had just arrived in London from a long and tiresome journey, and from standing still in the crowd had been taken with a fainting fit.

The gentleman asked the young lady for her card and obtained it. After assuring her that he should never forget her kindness, he went away. Twelve years passed, and Miss Burch had almost forgotten this occurrence, when she received a letter asking her to present herself at the office of a firm of lawyers. She did so, and there learned that the old gentleman whom she assisted in front of Buckingham Palace had died and left her a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

This sum, upward of seven hundred thousand dollars, was surely a generous return for a glass of water and a helping hand in an hour of need.

**SHUT UP IN A COAL MINE.**

The most horrible death of all is that of starving. The most vigor is lent to it by being imprisoned in a cave or mine. Some years ago I was working in a coal mine near Padua, Ohio. The distance from the mouth down to the first vein, where I was working, was sixty-three feet. It was an eight-foot vein, and had been well worked, so that many large chambers were made and

**THOMAS LIGGET**

Is showing a very extensive range of Household Furniture in a large range of new designs

**Drawing Room, Dining Room,  
Library and Bedroom Suites**

**CARPETS**

Careful buyers claim that the one place above all others to get quality, effect and value in Carpets is

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**Sewing Cottons**

ARE THE BEST.

**TOOTH TALK.**

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—Use *Odorama*. You want them preserved and any tendency to decay checked—Use *Odorama*. You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—Use *Odorama*.

'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.

Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so,

PRICE 25cts. ALL DRUGGISTS, or

The Aroma Chemical Co.,  
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**LADIES.** Send stamp for valuable information and nice present (no lady should be without it) to MRS. O. STEPHENS, Box 249, Campbellford, Ont.

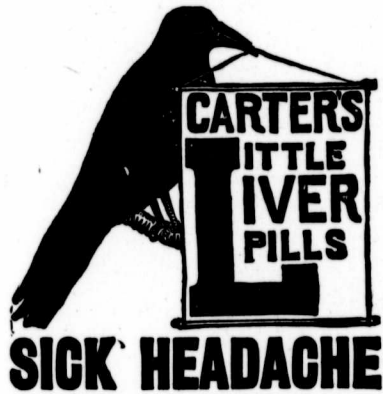
plenty of space was had to move about in. A miner's life is rather wearisome and lonely indeed. You have to labor all day long in darkness, with only a little wick lamp on your cap to break the intense darkness. The life is much too hard for the recompense. Then, one's life is always in danger. Great rocks frequently fall. Explosive gases and fire-damp are generated, and the first approach of a light sets them off. The mine is then wrecked and the miners—well, I was once caught in a mine wreck, and in that great vein at Padua. I was working very quietly, away back from the shaft of the mine, and all alone. My labors were interrupted by a dull, smothered roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was penned in; that the mine was wrecked, and that my life was worth very little. The noise soon died away, and things were much as they were before. But a little distance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path. I was, at first, overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. Then I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again I was somewhat more calm, and began to move about. I crawled along, over great banks of earth that had fallen, for a distance of fully 100 feet, then I heard groans, and I knew that I was near some injured miner. But here, my progress stopped, and I had to quit. A few hours later my light burned out, and then my misery was complete. For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping against hope for deliverance. It came eventually. I heard the sound of picks and soon the glimmer of miners' lamps shone through the various crevices. When an opening was made I crawled out, and I assure you I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say I look old now, when I am only 35, and that is why my hair is gray. But I assure you that an aged expression and gray hair are endurable, but to starve to death in a mine is the awfulest and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in this world that I can conceive of.

OSCAR CHRISTIANSEN.

Chicago, Ill.

#### RESPIRATION OF BIRDS.

Birds which fly highest and fastest have the most air cells. The air from the lungs, which is much warmer, and therefore lighter than the outside air, passes into and out of these cells at the will of the bird, some being able to fill even the quills of their feathers.



**Positively cured by these  
Little Pills.**

They also relieve Distress from *Dyspepsia*, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, **TORPID LIVER**. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

**Small Pill. Small Dose.  
Small Price.**

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Fashionable Tailors,

364 & 366 St. James St.,

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Send your name on a postal, and we will end samples and self-measurement forms.

Agent wanted in your town.

PERSONAL LOVELINESS is enhanced by a fine set of Teeth, and a Sweet Breath.

USE

COVERNTON'S

FRAGRANT CARBOLIC TOOTH WASH.

Price 25 cts. For Sale by all Druggists.



**CARE OF A PIANO.**

"The care of a piano must be begun the moment the piano enters your house," a piano maker said, "and to be effective it calls for the employment of some good common sense. If it be an upright piano, do not stand it close to the wall, unless you prefer to have the tone muffled. It will sound best across a corner of the room. Keep a piano in winter in the coolest part of the room, not exposed, of course, to the frost or dampness. The hot sun, particularly when shining on the piano through glass, will sometimes blister the varnish. Neither is it good to keep the instrument in a dark part of the room, as the ivory keys are more likely to grow yellow, and there is also great danger of moths."

**WHAT CAUSES BLUSHING.**

The capillaries or small blood vessels which connect the arteries and veins in the body form, particularly over the cheeks, a net work so fine that it is necessary to employ a microscope to distinguish them. Ordinarily the blood passes through these vessels in normal volumes, leaving only the natural complexion. But when some sudden emotion takes possession of the heart its action increases and an electric thrill instantly leaps to the cheeks. This thrill is nothing more than the rush of blood through the invisible capillaries; the color is nothing more than the blood just beneath the delicate surface of the skin.

# FITS

**STOPPED FREE**  
**Permanently Cured**  
 Insanity Prevented by  
**DR. KLINE'S GREAT**  
**NERVE RESTORER**

Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and \$3 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges only when received. Send to Dr. Kline, Ltd, Bellevue Institute of Medicine, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**TEACHERS** can make money during the summer holidays by inducing young people to subscribe for **HOME AND YOUTH** as this magazine will be called in future. Write to the **HOME AND YOUTH Publishing Co., Toronto Ont.**

**AGENTS WANTED** to canvass for new subscribers for this magazine. For full particulars write to the **HOME AND YOUTH Publishing Co., Toronto, Ont.**

# RADNOR,

**Empress of Natural Table Waters,**

is a unique natural combination of most valuable health-promoting ingredients. Being also a delightful beverage, equally adapted for the Table, the Sick-Room or the Club. The "Lancet" the greatest of medical journals describes it as "a purely natural water, brilliant, pleasantly sparkling and delicate to the taste."



Magnetic American health Corsets to measure, positively best in the market, in fit, support and comfort, improving the health and carriage. Made in a number of styles to suit all figures. Agents Wanted.

MADAM STEVENS, General Agt.  
 30B. St. Antoine St.,  
 Montreal, Canada.

**AGENTS WANTED.**

Men and Women earn good pay working for us. No experience necessary. Write to-day.

**Standard Silverware Co.**  
 245 St. James St.  
 Montreal, Can.

MONTREAL, April 23rd, 1897.

TO THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION,  
 180 St. James St., Montreal.

DEAR SIRS,—On behalf of the widow of the late J. F. C. Blondin, who was insured in your Company for \$3,000, I wish to express my thanks for the very prompt and satisfactory payment of the claim, the papers for which were only in your hands a few days, when you might have taken advantage of the 60 days allowed for payment, which you did not do. I will certainly recommend your Association to all whom I may meet desiring insurance.

I remain, Yours truly,  
 (Signed,) **JOS. F. BRUYER, Ptre.**  
*Vicar of St. Charles of Montreal.*

TORONTO, MAY 4th, 1897.

The Colonial Mutual Life Association, Montreal, P.Q.

DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the prompt payment in full of Policy No. 317, on the life of my late brother, by The Colonial Mutual Life Association, which policy has been assigned to me.

I can heartily recommend your Company to any intending insurers desiring low rates and equitable treatment, and they will find your Toronto agent, Mr. M. B. Aylsworth, exceedingly courteous and ready to give full information.

Gratefully yours,  
 (Signed,) **JOHN A. CUMMINGS.**

**TERMS.**

In future this magazine will be known as HOME AND YOUTH instead of OUR HOME, and the office of publication will be in Toronto instead of Montreal. It will be issued by the HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO., Toronto, of which Mr. C. H. Mortimer will be the managing director. A branch business office will be maintained in Montreal under the direction of Mr. J. B. Mortimer, in Room 4, New York Life Building, and Montreal subscribers or advertisers can obtain full information by calling at this office, or on telephone No. 2229.

HOME AND YOUTH will ordinarily contain sixty pages, including cover. A larger number of pages may sometimes be given, but additional pages will be a gift to the subscriber from the publisher.

Its subscription price is fifty cents per annum in advance for any part of Canada, Newfoundland or the United States.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps.

Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to the office of publication. We do not authorize agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions.

In changing your post office address, always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive HOME AND YOUTH regularly, write to the publishers and the matter will be looked into at once.

Write addresses so plainly that no mistake can possibly be made.

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of HOME AND YOUTH they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval.

All new advertisements and changes must be sent in by the 15th of each month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of HOME AND YOUTH. Address all communications to

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING Co.,  
Toronto, Ont.

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MONTREAL, JUNE, 1897.

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**PRIZES FOR TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

The trial subscription prize competition closed on May 10. The names of the prize winners are as follows: The gold watch was won by Miss Ada J. Graham, 2 Tara Hall Ave., Montreal, who secured 151 trial subscribers; Miss J. Niblo, of 634 St. Antoine St., Montreal, who secured 103 trial subscribers, won the silver watch; one umbrella was won by Miss May Cawley, 393 Stella Ave., Winnipeg, Man., who secured 51 trial subscribers; while the other umbrella was won by Master R. P. Niven, of Chateauguay St., Montreal, who secured 31 trial subscribers. Pretty pearl handled penknives were sent to a very

large number of others who sent in ten trial subscriptions. While very few of the competitors secured more than ten subscribers as the number of competitors was large a big list of new subscribers was secured, and the publisher wishes to thank all those who assisted in swelling the list.

**THE PRINTING OFFICE  
BURNED.**

OUR HOME goes to subscribers later than usual this month. The delay is due to the fact that the printing office in which it has been printed during the last ten months was burned out while the June number was in preparation. A number of anxious subscribers have written to know why they have not received the June number, saying that they are so interested in the stories that they can hardly wait from month to month.

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

Do not fail to read the editorial announcements on the first and second pages this month regarding the change of name and ownership. Old subscribers for OUR HOME are requested to remember that in future the name of this periodical will be HOME AND YOUTH, that the office of publication will be in Toronto instead of Montreal, and that all letters should be addressed to the HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO., Toronto, Ont.

**AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.**

Agents are wanted everywhere to canvass for subscriptions for this magazine. We believe it will be easier to make money canvassing for HOME AND YOUTH than for any other periodical published in Canada. For full particulars write to the HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO., Toronto, Ont.

# TAKE NO RISKS

Do Not Foolishly Experiment with Medicines that  
have No Standing or Reputation.

Paine's Celery Compound The Only Medicine that Cures  
and Blesses the Sick.

In matters of health and life no man or woman can afford to take risks or experiment foolishly. A wrong move, or following the advice of the careless or ignorant, may result in serious complications. This is especially true in regard to the use of medicines when people are in a low condition of health.

When the physical powers are impaired, when you are weak, nervous, irritable, despondent, sleepless or weighed down with that dull and tired feeling that usually commences at this season of the year, it is wise and prudent to use the medicine that has given health, vim and activity to thousands of weak people in the past.

This safe, certain and health-giving remedy is Paine's Celery

Compound, which is now so extensively prescribed by the ablest doctors in Canada. The endorsers of Paine's Celery Compound, besides those in the ordinary walks of life, are clergymen, lawyers, judges, members of parliament and bankers, hundreds of whom it has rescued from suffering and death.

Avoid the numberless liquid medicines that are worthless from a medical standpoint, and that have never gained the shadow of a reputation. Put your faith in Paine's Celery Compound, and when you purchase be sure you are supplied with the right article. See that the bottle and box bear the name "Paine's Celery Compound" and the stalk of celery; that is the only genuine make—the kind that makes people well.

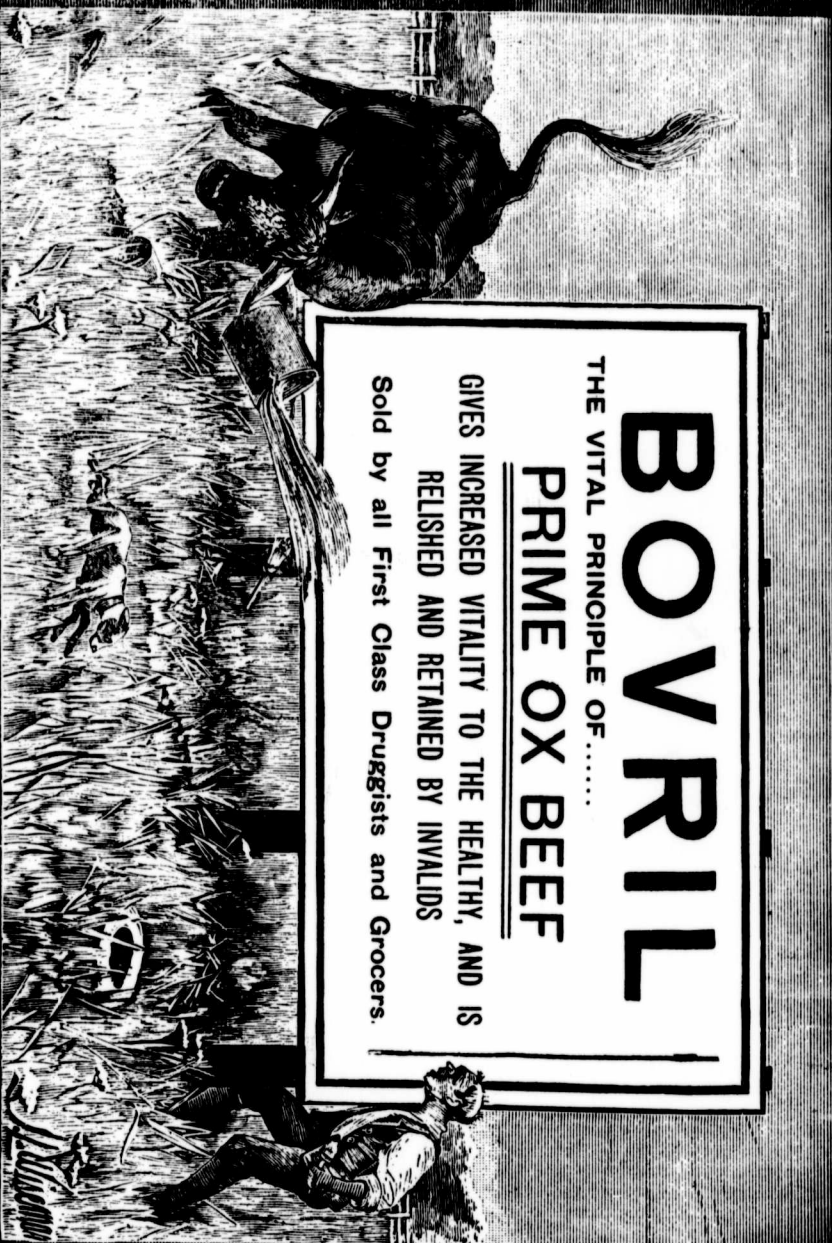
## *Many Women Deceived*

At the present time many manufacturers of crude and adulterated package dyes are making lively efforts to induce the wholesale and retail druggists and grocers to buy their dyes.

These common dyes are quoted at such low prices that some profit-loving dealers are tempted to buy them. The profit-loving dealers then take care to sell these adulterated dyes to the inexperienced and careless at the same price as the popular and reliable Diamond Dyes are sold for.

This iniquitous and deceptive work has caused a vast amount of loss and trouble to many in Canada, and will continue as long as women are foolish enough to take anything that is offered them.

If home dyeing is to be a successful and money-saving work, every woman should see that she gets the Diamond Dyes, as they are the only guaranteed package dyes in the world.



# BOVRIL

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE OF.....

## PRIME OX BEEF

GIVES INCREASED VITALITY TO THE HEALTHY, AND IS  
RELISHED AND RETAINED BY INVALIDS

Sold by all First Class Druggists and Grocers.

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