

THE NEW DOMINION

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, FASHION, THE NEWS, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOL. IX.—NO. 12. WHOLE NO. 428.
TERMS—\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

HAMILTON, ONT., JUNE 24, 1876.

S. FRANK WILSON, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE—28 JOHN STREET NORTH.

THE LONGEST DAY.

Summer, sweet summer, many-fingered summer! We had thee very dear, as well we may. It is the kernel of the year to-day— All hail to thee! thou art a welcome comer. If every insect were a fairy drummer, And I a fife that could deftly play, We'd give the old earth such a roundelay That she would cast all thought of labor from her. Ah! what is this upon my window pane? Some sulky, drooping cloud come pouring up, Stamping its darkening foot along the plain; Oh, how the spots are bubbling with rain! And all the earth shines like a silver cup!

A TWISTED LINK.

By the Author of "Spencer's Wife," "Sir Harry Darcy," "A Rich Uncle," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

SIR LIONEL'S FRIEND.

OUR opinion of Miss Asplin's abilities can scarcely be worth much, if you haven't exchanged half a dozen words with her," Sir Lionel remarked, with a jealous glance at the speaker.

"Nay, I judged by what I gathered from Mrs. Mayne, and did not use the word in the same sense as you appear to do. I meant that the fair Millie—I beg pardon—Miss Asplin is as keenly alive to her own interests as most of us. Is it treason to say this, that you glare at me so?"

Sir Lionel had turned round in bed so quickly as to disturb his wounded arm. He groaned:

"Confound it! What are you talking about, Bamfylde? Speak out plain, and then go away. I can't stand much nonsense just at present."

"I am very sorry that I made an ill-timed remark; forget it. Can I or Morrison do anything to make you more comfortable?"

"Sir Lionel made an angry gesture. "You can drive me mad by mocking my impatience. What was it you said about Millicent?"

Captain Bamfylde raised his eyebrows with a deprecating air.

"My dear fellow, with all your knowledge of the sex, can it annoy you to learn that the old lover is in suspense till she has succeeded in bringing the more aristocratic one to her feet? Who can blame her if she aspires to be my Lady Trevor? or that, seeing how difficult a task she has set herself, she keeps a party in reserve? The Owens are well off, Mrs. Mayne tells me, so our little friend will not marry badly after all. She has a tact and spirit," he added, musingly. "It's quite refreshing to meet with a girl who has the wit to play the game of matrimony so skillfully!"

"Did nurse tell you—positively tell you—that these are Millicent's tactics?" asked Sir Lionel, after a long pause, which Captain Bamfylde had filled up by trimming his nails and humming an air.

He laughed a little at the question. "She's the dear, innocent old lady. Do you think that if she had been in the plot that she would have been so candid with me? No—no; she only wondered why dear Millicent would not consent to marry her betrothed at once; and I was merciful, and did not attempt to enlighten her."

At this moment, Morrison returned with the lemonade. Sir Lionel drank it eagerly, and then drew the clothes over his shoulders.

"I shall try to sleep. Don't come near me again to-day, Bamfylde."

The Captain seemed amused at this abrupt dismissal, and with a cheerful "Certainly not, if you are tired of me. Ta-ta!" he went away.

Mrs. Mayne was vexed and uneasy when she learned that "the master" was not well, and in spite of the chilliness of the weather, she sat all day with the door open, to intercept Morrison every time he came from Sir Lionel's apartment, and learn how the invalid was progressing.

These bulletins were always unsatisfactory. Sir Lionel did not sleep, but lay tossing to and fro, sometimes muttering to himself, and always imperatively waving Morrison away whenever he approached the bed.

"I wish I could go to him!" sighed the old lady, to the equally anxious but more reticent Millicent. "I know he must be suffering greatly, for whenever he is in pain or trouble, he always refuses sympathy, shuts himself up, and avoids everyone till the worst is over."

The Doctor came, shrugged his shoulders, and said his patient's aggravated symptoms were precisely what might have been anticipated after the rashness of the previous day; and that on no account must he make any more attempts to rise till the fever had subsided. Yet within an hour after his departure, the old butler came into the cedar-parlor to announce that his master had quitted his bed for the couch in his dressing-room. He added that in the effort, Sir Lionel had contrived to misplace the bandages around his arm, and had sent him to inquire whether Miss Asplin would come and arrange them for him.

Millicent rose directly, and made a step towards the door; then, coloring high, she paused and looked irresolutely at Mrs. Mayne.

"If I could but go to him myself!" cried the old lady, with a doubtful air. "Millicent is young and inexperienced, and may do more harm than good."

"You must not send me back with such a message as that," Morrison testily replied. "Sir Lionel is so irritable now, that I can do nothing to please him. You had better let Missie go and do her best."

Still Mrs. Mayne hesitated between her affection for her master and her unwillingness to expose Millicent to the danger of such intercourse. However, the former feeling was the strongest, and she compromised with the latter by saying:

"You'll not stay, dear, longer than you can help; and, Morrison, you must go with her."

The butler nodded assent, and obeyed so far as to accompany her to the door of the dressing-room; but when he had opened it and announced her presence he quietly retreated to his own pantry, to have a secret whiff of tobacco, in lieu of the glass of ale he had not been able to enjoy at the village inn that day, according to the customs he never broke through but on such rare occasions as this.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANGRY WORDS.

IF Captain Bamfylde meant to make Sir Lionel uncomfortable, he had fully succeeded; for, between bodily pain and mental uneasiness, he had passed a day of intense misery. The tale, so glibly told, tallied too well with what he had heard before, to leave any doubt on his mind of Millicent's betrothal to young Owen. Since that denial of any intentions to marry, which she had given him under the elms in the park, he had lapped himself in the pleasant belief that she was free to receive the attentions it gratified him to bestow upon her. Like many another man who has been accustomed to make himself the first consideration, he never paused to think what might be the result of his endeavors to win her affections, or whether he was prepared to make her his wife.

His avowal had been precipitated by the affair with the poachers; but hitherto he had not regretted this. It was a new delight to evoke the varying expression of Millicent's lovely face; to see her eyes droop, and her cheeks crimson with a peachy bloom when he murmured his loving words in her ear. For a brief, a very brief interval of time, he had resolutely thrust aside all tormenting doubts and suspicions. Other women might be false, crafty, or mercenary, but what mattered it as long as Millicent was ingenuous, and his own?

Captain Bamfylde's speeches had altered all this. The old, hateful distrust, engendered by his step-mother's flight, came back in full force, and again he viewed all her sex through a distorted medium.

There was an injured tone in his voice as Millicent shyly approached him.

"I am ashamed to give you so much trouble; but you like to be thought charitable, don't you? I'm afraid you'll find a baronet, with fifteen thousand pounds a year, can be as ill-tempered and exacting as any more ordinary mortal."

Her blushes faded away, her pulses began to beat more temperately as he spoke. This was so different from the tender greeting she had been half-fearfully expecting, that her composure returned.

"I suppose the heat and anguish of a limb fractured by a bullet, is as hard for a wealthy man to endure as for a poor one," she said, as she began to examine his arm. "How much you must have been suffering to-day!"

"Who says so? I have not complained."

"Your looks tell me so," she answered, with a compassionate glance at his fevered face.

"And you pity me. You, who have been the cause of it?" Millicent, you are as false as the rest. Say no more. I know you now!"

Started at this unexpected attack, she silently performed her task. He watched her closely, but did not speak again until she had nearly completed it, when he said, in his ordinary manner:

"I received a letter from Lottie Damarcel's cousin this morning. He has got his majority, and Mrs. Damarcel seems inclined to withdraw her opposition to his suit."

"I am so glad—so very glad!" exclaimed Millicent, her face brightening.

"Of course you are! Next to being married themselves, women like to 'assist'—is not that the phrase?—at the nuptials of their friends. But you don't laud her disinterested conduct in marrying a comparatively poor man, instead of angling for a rich one!"

Lottie loves her cousin too well to regret that he cannot give her a set of diamonds and an opera-box," was the prompt response, qualified, however, with—"at least, I think so."

"Ah! you no well to qualify that speech. She must be strangely unlike her sex, if she is so self-denying. And your own marriage, Miss Asplin, when does that take place? Don't blush, and look astonished to find me

so well-informed. You may trust me with the information. I shall be one of the first to congratulate Mr. Richard Owen on his luck in winning so fair a bride, and to assure him that I should never have indulged in a flirtation with you if I had known of the engagement."

Millicent's naturally hot temper was stirred by this speech, and a resentful reply was on her lips; but ere she could utter it their eyes met, and the jealous questioning—the eagerness to be reassured that she saw in his softened her displeasure.

"You are talking at random, Sir Lionel; and I have nothing to oppose to the malicious report you have stooped to repeat, but my own assurance that it is false!—that I am not, and never was engaged to the son of my kind friends, the Owens!"

"But he loves you—he has told me so. Ah! you cannot deny this; and you have encouraged his suit. You will marry him, if you do not succeed—"

He checked himself abruptly, and Millicent, too indignant with him to make any further attempt to defend herself, retreated from the couch.

"Shall I send Morrison to you, sir?"

"Are you going then, already? But I'll not detain you, if you do not wish it. Will you ask Mrs. Mayne if she has any salts or ammonia she can send me to relieve my head? I shall lose my senses if this throbbing continues much longer."

All her anger forgotten, Millicent flew in search of eau de Cologne, and bathed his temples, till his closed eyes and calmer breathing induced her to believe that he had fallen asleep. But as she softly rose from her knees to steal away, he suddenly grasped her hand, and drew her back to her former position.

"Have I been unjust to count your word, Millie? Say yes, and I declare that I will believe you in the face of all other evidence!"

She did not reply, and he passionately added:

"Oh, Millie, be merciful! If you knew how much I have had to make me the jealous, suspicious wretch I am, you could not torture me thus! Be honest with me! Really, I had rather hear you say, 'It's all true; I confess to having wavered between the old love and the new one,' than have to think that you are deliberately duping me!"

Sir Lionel let go the hand he had been holding, and pettishly retorted:

"Do me the justice to remember that I have never professed to have been such a perfect character as Mr. Richard Owen. I am what the world has made me; but—and now his eyes again sought hers—"but I love you, Millie!"

"You are ill," Sir Lionel, and, perhaps, easily misled," she answered. "When you are better, I think you will be ashamed of these captious speeches!"

"Nay, I am sorry already; so kiss and forgive me before you go. What! won't you, Millie?"

Without appearing to hear this, she rang the bell for Morrison, and left the room. Millicent was more deeply affected by this foolish quarrel than the occasion of it seemed to merit; nor did her reflections, when she had satisfied Mrs. Mayne, and escaped to her chamber, remove the unpleasant impression.

It was not Sir Lionel's alonely that disturbed her; that she could pardon. Perhaps she loved him none the less for his eagerness to know that she was wholly his own; but he had spoken of their intercourse as a "flirtation in which he was indulging," and her blood cursed hotly through her veins every time these words occurred to her memory.

"He says he loves me, and I believe that he does; but is it as a wife that he seeks me? Will he forget all the traditions of his rank, and unite himself to an obscure surgeon's daughter? or is he amusing himself with me, and fancying that for his caresses I shall barter my good-name? Mrs. Mayne warned me that there were danger in his attentions—warned me in words that I shudder to recall; and Captain Bamfylde is at his elbow to prompt him to evil!"

Then Millicent flung herself on her knees beside her bed, and, with hands tightly locked in other asked herself: "What shall I do? Oh, Heaven! direct and help me, for I have no strength left to pursue anything! I love him more than my life—my happiness—my—No, no; not more than my honor! He shall never—never look upon me and loathe me!"

Not one sign of this hour of passionate wrestling with herself did Millicent betray when she descended to the cedar-parlor on the ensuing morning. She took care to make herself so many tasks that there was no time for sitting still and listening to Mrs. Mayne's lamentations over the bad night Sir Lionel had passed; and he did not venture to arouse remark by sending for her again.

It was an interminable week that followed. Millicent took an inventory of the contents of the plate and linen closet, and contrived to go to bed every night so fatigued that she slept heavily, despite the aching at her heart. Sir Lionel was improving, and Captain Bamfylde spent the greater part of each day with him; but she had seen neither of them, when Sunday came round, and she

went to the village church to find comfort in listening to the fervent teachings of Mr. Hearman.

It was one of those days which we sometimes have in February, so soft and cloudless, that the snowdrops threw out their white bells, the primroses peeped through the dead leaves in the copse, and here and there a violet opened, and scented the breeze that lingered over it.

Soothed by the beauty of the morning, Millicent lingered behind her companions, and was strolling slowly up the shaded walk in the garden, when she saw Sir Lionel coming down it. His step was unsteady, his cheek pale, but the feverish symptoms had subsided, and he was fast recovering his pristine strength.

He held out his hand.

"You would not come to me, Millie, so I am obliged to come and meet you. Aren't you going to congratulate me on being able to do so?"

Her eloquent look satisfied him though she did not speak; and he stood gazing at her with genuine admiration, as he proceeded to say:

"And so you have been to church; and remembered me, I hope, in your orisons. Do you always make yourself so dangerously bewitching when you go to the village?"

At another time the question would have raised a blush. Millicent's glass had already hinted that the tight-fitting jacket, with its fur trimming, and the velvet bonnet with the scarlet tassel that mingled with her hair, were extremely becoming. But now she looked very sober, and somewhat irrelevantly asked if he had seen Mrs. Mayne.

"Not yet," he answered, "I preferred enjoying the sunshine to visiting you."

Her heart sank. She had been indulging a hope that for the first time he would make of his returning health would be to seek Mrs. Mayne, and frankly tell her that he had made an avowal of love to the young girl who was under her protection.

"He owed me this," she mentally exclaimed. "He knows that I have neither father nor brother to shield me from calumny, and that my good-name is at the mercy of the first person who sees us together, and yet he has not done it."

"How grave you are, my Millie!" said Sir Lionel. "But perhaps you are tired. Shall I turn, and walk with you to the house?"

But the scent of a cigar warned her that Captain Bamfylde was not far off, and she hastily answered:

"No—no!"

"And why? Am I still unforgiven? I thought we were going to bury all the annoyances of the past in oblivion, and be happy in the present."

"And the future?" she demanded.

He looked surprised at the soberness with which she spoke; but answered, lightly:

"Cannot we leave that to take care of itself?"

And now Millicent caught sight of the Captain sauntering towards them.

"Some one is coming. He will see us. Pray let me go!" she faltered; but Sir Lionel held her trembling fingers more firmly than before.

"It is only Bamfylde, an acquaintance, or as he would style himself, a friend of mine. He is nobody, and I will not be deprived of the pleasure of interchanging a few words with you for such a trivial reason. Remember, it is nearly a week since I saw you, Millie. Why would you wish to leave me so quickly?"

But her opposition had ceased. A few more steps, and she saw that they should be face to face with the Captain. By Sir Lionel's manner in this rencontre she would judge him. By the course he took she would shape her own; and with a great effort, she stilled the quivering of her lips, that had grown white with emotion.

These were moments never to be forgotten, and Millicent could scarcely breathe as each succeeding one brought her closer to the turning point of her life. She dared not glance at Sir Lionel, or the wild appeal in her eyes might have awakened him to a consciousness of what he was suffering.

"If he loves me honorably," she said to herself—oh! that of!—what agony it was to be obliged to utter it!—"if he loves me honorably, he will introduce me to his friend in such a manner that this bold man will never again presume to look at me as he does now when we chance to meet."

and with one jaunt, rude stare into the young girl's face, he walked jauntily on.

That Sir Lionel had seen his impertinence, and was displeased with it, his dark frown evinced; but he was proceeding to speak of something, when Millicent turned towards him.

There was something in her glittering eyes that startled from his careless security. He tried to pass his uninjured arm around her, but she retreated.

"Touch me not! Come no nearer!" she exclaimed, in choked accents. "I should be degraded in the sight of all good men if I ever listened to you again!"

"She fled on so swiftly, that it was not until she reached the glass door leading into the cedar-parlor that he succeeded in overtaking her. Then, in agitated tones, he asked:

"What have I done to offend you so deeply? Do you blame me for Bamfylde's insolence? I pledge you my word that it never shall occur again. He shall apologise to you."

"For what? For treating me as the shameless thing you would make me?" burst from her lips. "The fault is yours—yours! Why have you tried to make me love you? Heaven forgive you, and help me!"

She would no longer be detained, but, turning from the door, ran round to the principal entrance, and went to her own room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MILlicENT MAKES A RESOLUTION.

"I thought I saw you come to the window more than an hour ago, my dear," said Mrs. Mayne, when Millicent joined her, "but I believe I was half asleep. The time seems so long when you are away."

Millicent put her arm caressingly over the old lady's shoulder, but did not speak. Such unusual gravity made Mrs. Mayne look up, and see that there was trouble in the downcast eyes, but she wisely forbore to notice it. Millicent would tell her by-and-by, in her own way.

"Sir Lionel had been in to see me, dear," she observed, after a little pause. "He looks very sadly, and scarcely spoke, except to ask how I was, and what had become of you. I told him he ought to have a change of air, but he took no notice of what I said."

Millicent came round and sat on the footstool at the old lady's feet, and rested her head on her knee.

"Would you think me very unkind if I were to leave you?" she said, presently.

Mrs. Mayne started, but after awhile, she answered:

"No, dear; not if you feel that it will be better for you to leave Beechenhurst. But I shall miss you, dreadfully, my Millie."

Millicent's face was hidden from her, but she could hear the convulsive sobs that shook the girl's slight frame, and this deterred her from saying more.

"I should like to go to-morrow, if possible," Millicent said, after a long pause.

"So soon?" exclaimed the startled old lady, "and where? Back to the Owens?"

"Anywhere but there," was the quick reply. "I have not thought of any plan. I suppose I must go to London, as I originally intended."

Mrs. Mayne put her arms around her pet, as if to shield her from the trials and evils she foreboded.

"I meant to have kept you so safe, my poor child, she murmured. "Must you leave me? Surely Sir Lionel had not dared—"

"Hush!" said Millicent, raising her head. "It is not him I fear, but myself! Oh! dear—dear friend, don't try to keep me here! My heart will break if this struggle lasts much longer!"

Mrs. Mayne was frightened at the way in which this was said.

"You shall go, dear. Goodness forbid that I should selfishly hinder you from doing right. But you must not depart secretly, or in haste. We will not give anyone occasion to tattle about you. To-morrow, the servants shall be told that the time for which you promised to stay with me is over, and in a week or two you shall go to London, if you will; but Morrison shall put advertisements in the local papers. Who knows but you might procure a situation somewhere near enough for me to see you sometimes?"

At first, Millicent was about to declare that she would rather go to the antipodes, than remain where she was likely to bear the name of Beechenhurst or its master; but tears of regret were trickling down Mrs. Mayne's cheeks, so she refrained from offering any opposition to her wishes.

It required more than common fortitude to appear smiling and indifferent when one and another expressed their sorrow as her projected departure was openly discussed. Perhaps Sir Lionel was the last to hear of it—nor would he have learned it then, if he had not reprimanded Morrison one morning for mislaying a paper Captain Bamfylde was asking for.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

History classes are to take the place of spelling-schools. Contestants will be fed on dates.

NO.

Would you learn the bravest thing that man can ever do?

Would you be an unmerciful king, absolute and true?

Would you seek to emulate all you hear in story, Of the Moral, Just, and Great, rich in real glory? Would you lose much bitter care in your lot below? Bravely speak out, when and where 'tis right to utter, No.

When temptation would you lead to some pleasant wrong, When she calls you to give heed to her eyes and song, When she offers bribe and smile, and your conscience feels There is nought but shining guile in the gift she deals;

Then, oh, then, let courage rise to its strongest flow, Show that you are brave as wise, and firmly answer No.

Few have learned to speak this word when it should be spoken; Resolutions are deferred, and virtues broken; More of courage is required this one word to say, Than to stand where shots are fired in the battle fray.

Use it fully, and you'll see many a lot below May be schooled, and nobly ruled, by power to utter, No.

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXIII. AN UNEXPECTED PICNIC.

By the time Lady Lisgard returned to the Abbey, notwithstanding that the sleek boys had devoured the road with all the haste of which their condition permitted, it was long past the breakfast-hour, and her absence from that meal provoked no little comment from the members of her family. Nobody was able to allay their curiosity as to what could have taken mamma to Dalwynn, but Miss Aynton did her best to stimulate it.

"She has gone upon Mary Forest's account," said she—"that is all I can tell you. I never knew any one take such trouble about her maids as dear Lady Lisgard."

"Yes, Rose," replied Letty warmly; "but it is not every maid who has lived with her mistress thirty years. I believe Mary would lay down her very life for dear mamma, and indeed for any of us. When I read those stupid letters in the papers about their being no good old servants to be seen now a days, I long to send the editor a list of our people at the Abbey. Mary, indeed, is quite a new acquisition in comparison with Wiggins and the gardener; but then she is almost faultless. I have heard mamma say that there has never been a word between them."

"Not between them, indeed, Letty," returned Miss Aynton laughing; "for Mistress Forest has all the talk to herself."

Sir Richard smiled grimly, for Mary had been in his bad books ever since her attachment to "that vagabond Derrick."

"Good, Miss Rose!" cried Letty—"very good. I wish I could say as much for this so-called new-laid egg. Why should eggs be of different degrees of freshness? Why not all fresh? Why are they ever permitted to accumulate?"

"My egg is very good," observed Sir Richard sententiously; "how is yours, Miss Aynton?" and he laid an emphasis upon the name, in tacit reproach to his brother for having been so familiar as to say "Miss Rose."

"Well, Sir Richard, I am London-bred, you know, and therefore your country eggs, by comparison, are excellent."

"I wish I could think," said the baronet with staidness, "that in other matters we equally gain by contrast with Town, in your opinion."

"I believe London is the place to get everything good," remarked Letty simply.

"We are going to-day, Miss Aynton," continued the baronet, without noticing the interruption, "to offer you something which really cannot be got in town, and which hitherto the state of the weather has forbidden even here."

"Ah, for shame Richard!" interrupted Letty, holding up her hands. "Now, that was to be a surprise for Rose.—It's a picnic my dear. I darsay now you scarcely know what it is."

"I can tell you, then," ejaculated Walter with acidity; "it's packing up all the things you would have in the ordinary course at luncheon in a comfortable manner—except the bread, or something equally necessary, which is always left behind—and carrying them about six miles to the top of an unprotected hill—in this particular case, to a tower without a roof to it—there to be eaten without tables or chairs, and in positions the most likely to produce indigestion that the human body can adapt itself to."

"I have always been told that being in a bad humor in the most certain thing to cause what you eat to disagree with you," observed Letty demurely.—"Never mind what Walter says. I am sure you will be delighted, dear Rose; we are going to Belcomb, a sort of shooting-box belonging to us, about five miles away, and built by grand-papa."

"Commonly termed 'Lisgard's Folly,'" added Master Walter.

"Not by his descendants, however, I should hope, with one exception," observed Sir Richard haughtily.—"I will thank you, Walter, not to cut my newspaper."

Master Walter had seized the paper-knife as though it had been a more deadly weapon and was engaged in disembowelling one of the several journals which had just arrived by post.

"I did not see it was yours," returned he, "Goodness knows, nobody wants to read the *Court Journal* but yourself. The idea of not liking one's newspaper cut."

"Yes, I must say, my dear Richard," said Letty playfully patting her elder brother, next to whom she sat, on the shoulder, "that is a most singular objection of yours. I think it certainly proves that you will always remain an old bachelor."

Sir Richard maintained his frowning silence. Master Walter twirled his silken moustache, and looked up at Miss Aynton with a meaning smile.

"What is your opinion upon this subject," said he, "Miss Rose?"

"Inolent!" exclaimed Sir Richard, rising so hastily that he knocked over the chair on which he had been sitting. "How dare you ask such questions in my presence?"

"Richard, Richard!" cried a reproving voice; and lo! at the open door stood my Lady, hollow-eyed and pale, and with such a weariness and melancholy in her tones as would have touched the most hard-hearted. "Am I ever to find you and Walter quarrelling thus?—Yes, I have heard all, and think you both to blame; but nothing can excuse this violence. If I have any authority in this house at all, not another word, I beg."

Sir Richard bit his lip, but resumed his seat; Walter went on quietly dissecting the *Illustrated London News*, with an air of interest; Miss Aynton very accurately traced the pattern of her plate with her fork; Letty, the innocent cause of the outbreak, shed silent tears. Altogether, the family picture was gloomy, and the situation embarrassing. My Lady seaped this advantage, however, that nobody asked her a word about her expedition to Dalwynn.

"Do not let me detain you at table, my dear Letty," said she, breaking a solemn pause. "Miss Aynton was so good as to make my coffee this morning, and therefore it is only fair that she should perform the same kind office now."

Glad enough of this excuse to leave the room—a movement felt by all to be very difficult of imitation—Letty rushed up stairs to indulge in a good cry in her own bedroom, "the upper system of fountains" only having been yet in play. Sir Richard gloomily stalked away towards the stables; Walter lounged into the hall, lit a cigar, and paced to and fro upon the terrace beneath the windows of the breakfast-room, with both his hands in his pockets. Whiffs of his Havana, and scraps of the opera-tune which he was humming, came in at the open window, to these who yet remained. My Lady had much too good taste to dislike the smell of good tobacco, and the air which he had chosen was a favorite one with her; perhaps Master Walter hummed it upon that account. He was to leave next week to join his regiment—although not immediately. It was only natural he should wish to spend a few days in London after he had had so much of the quiet of Mirk, and yet my Lady grudgingly thought of him as a brother who was without him; how dull the abbey would be without him; and what a sad pity it was that he and Sir Richard got on so ill. If she were to die, would they not turn their backs on one another for ever, and be brothers no more; and if something worse than Death were to happen to her—No, she would not think of that. Had not all that could be done to avert such utter ruin been done that very morning? There was surely no immediate peril now—no necessity for such excessive caution and alarm as she had been obliged of late months to exercise; it was something to have breathing-space and liberty.

"I hope you are coming with us to the picnic, Lady Lisgard, now that that horrid man has gone," said a cold quiet voice.

My Lady, looking out of window at her favorite son, and lost in gloomy depths of thought, had entirely forgotten that she had invited Miss Rose Aynton to bear her company. She did not dare to look upon her quondam face, though she got it was fixed on hers, reading Heaven knew what. How had she dared to think of liberty with this domestic spy under her very roof! What should she answer to this dreadful question? Something this girl must know, or must suspect, or she would never have ventured thus to allude a second time to the man Derrick, after her rebuff in the morning. Above all things she would follow Mistress Forest's advice, and get Miss Aynton out of Mirk Abbey. She had intended to speak to her respecting what had just occurred at the breakfast-table; that would also offer an opportunity to say something more.

"Yes, Rose, I am going with you to Belcomb. It is a very favorite spot of mine—very. It was about that expedition, partly that I wished to speak with you. I was about to ask you to be very careful in your conduct towards my maids this day. It is the last time they will be together for weeks, perhaps. Be kind to my poor Richard. Of course, Walter knew nothing of what has passed between you and his brother; but the bow that he drew at a venture sent home a barbed shot."

Miss Aynton bowed her head.

"You were sorry for that, Rose, I know. You cannot fail to see how right I have lately grown. The fact is, he has overestimated the strength of his own powers of self-constraint. Your presence is a perpetual trial to him." My Lady paused, anticipating some reply to a hint so palpable; but Miss Aynton who carried her fancy-work in her pocket continued to develop a pany in floss silk; and the flower opened in silence.

"Under these circumstances, dear Rose," pursued my Lady, "do you think it would be better—I know how embarrassing it would be to you to propose it, and therefore, although your hostess, I relieve you of the task—do you not think it would, on the whole, be wiser for you to leave us a little sooner than you had intended?"

The humming of the opera tune, and the odor of the Havana, were growing more distinct, and the elastic footfall on the gravel was coming very near.

"If I consulted my own feelings," returned Miss Aynton, in firm clear tones, "I should certainly have left Mirk before this, Lady Lisgard."

"Hush, Miss Aynton, for Heaven's sake!" cried my Lady; "the window is open."

But unless Sir Richard himself, pursued the girl in more subdued accents, "releases me from my promise to remain until after his birthday, I must, with your permission, madam, do so; otherwise, he might possibly imagine that his presence is too great a trial for me, and I should be loath, indeed to have my departure so misconstrued."

There was bitterness in the tone with which she spoke, but determination too.

"I am to understand, then," returned my Lady flushing, "that contrary to my advice and wish?"

"Mother, dear, here comes the Break," cried Master Walter, from the terrace beneath, in his wringing cheerful tones. "I hope you have told Robert about the prog."

"Yes, dear, yes," answered my Lady, lovingly even in her haste; then turning to the young girl, she whispered almost fiercely, "At least, Miss Aynton, you will shape your behavior this afternoon as I requested. There is no time now to discuss the matter." And indeed the butler entered the next moment with, "the Break is at the door, my Lady."

Now, the Break was a very roomy vehicle, with accommodation within it for three times the party who were now about to occupy it, besides two seats at the back, like flying buttresses, for footmen. Yet Sir Richard chose to sit upon the box beside the driver, a place only selected (unless for smoking purposes) by persons with "horsey" characteristics, who prefer coachman's talk to that of their equals, and among whom the baronet could not be justly classed; but the fact was, the young man was in an evil temper, and desired no companionship but his own. He would have seen the whole expedition at the bottom of the sea—a metaphor open to the gravest objections, but which he used while arguing the matter with himself aloud—if it were not that that fellow Walter was going—and—and—he was not going to let him have all the talk to himself, that was all. True, Sir Richard had given up the idea of transforming Miss Aynton into Lady Lisgard; but still it was not pleasant to see another man making himself exclusively agreeable to her. He was annoyed with himself at having exhibited such passion at the breakfast-table, for the more he thought of it, the more he felt convinced that Walter's remark, although doubtless intended to be offensive, had not been made with any knowledge of his own rejected suit. Still he was in a very bad temper, and listened to the conversation going on behind his back with a moody brow, and every now and then a parting of the lips, through which escaped something the reverse of a prayer.

It was Walter, of course, who was talking.

"Inhabited?" said he in answer to some question of Miss Aynton's; "O dear no. Belcomb never had a tenant but once, and I should think would never have another. One Sir Heron Grant and his brother took it two years for the shooting-season; a brace of Scotchmen whose ancestors dated from the Deluge, but so dreary a couple, that one wished that the family had started from a still earlier epoch, and been all washed away."

"I thought Richard rather liked Sir Heron," observed Letty simply.

"Yes, because he was a baronet; and birds of the same gorgeous plumage flock together, you know. There was nothing remarkable about him but his feathers, and he scarcely ever opened his mouth except to put food in it. It is said that in the old stage-coach times, he and his brother travelled from Edinburgh to London, and only uttered one sentence apiece. At York the younger brother saw a rat come out of a wheat-rick. 'By Jove,' said he, 'there's a rat!'—The next morning, after an interval of about eighty miles, Sir Heron replied: 'Ay, if Tower had seen that rat, he would have made short work of him.'"

"Well, it appears, they agreed, at all events," returned Rose, coldly. "After all, even a foolish remark is better than an ill-natured one."

"The scenery is getting well worth your attention here," observed Sir Richard, turning graciously round to Miss Aynton. "Belcomb is a complete solitude, but for those who are content with the pleasures of the country, it is a pleasant spot enough."

"Can we see the house from here, Sir Richard?"

"No, not until we reach this wind-mill, on the top of the hill. The private road branches out from the highway at that spot; and the mill is the nearest inhabited house to Belcomb.—By the way, mother, Hathaway must be spoken to about those sails of his—there, you saw how even old Jenny started at them—it is positively dangerous for horses to pass by. He must build up that old wall a foot higher, and put a gate up.—Any stray cattle might wander in and get knocked down—the sails are so close to the ground."

Master Walter had not at all relished Miss Aynton's rejoinder to his story; still less had he liked his brother's striking into the conversation; least of all did he approve of this laudatory eulogy upon the country, which reminded him of his being a young son, and having neither part nor lot in the great Lisgard heritage.

"There's the Folly," cried he suddenly, with a view of changing the subject; "upon that cliff-like hill yonder above that belt of trees."

"What, that beautiful ivied tower!" exclaimed Rose.

"Yes, without a roof to it."

"Well, at all events, it's very pretty," said Miss Aynton approvingly. "I am sure, Mr. Walter, you ought to be grateful to your grandpapa for building so picturesque an edifice."

"He might have made a road, however, to it," observed Walter satirically; "a road and a roof, I do consider to be indispensable."

"There's a beautiful winding path through the wood, Rose," said Letty. "Fifty times better than any road; and is not the piece of water charming? It is the only one with any pretension to be called a lake in all the country."

Certainly Belcomb deserved praise. A small but comfortably furnished house, embosomed in trees, through which were the pleasantest peeps of hill and dale, and spread before it quite a crystal tarn, with rocky islands so picturesquely grouped that they almost gave the notion of being artificial. It was as though a segment of the Lake country had been cut off, and inserted into the very midst of Westshire.

It was as lonely, too, to all appearance, as any Cumberland mere. An old man and his wife, who were in charge of the place, came hurrying out with respectful welcomes, and the latter was about to remove the shutters of the drawing-room, when my Lady interposed.

"No, Rachel; we will not trouble you to do that. We are going to picnic at the tower. You seem quite surprised to see us so early. I suppose nobody has been here yet upon the same errand."

"Well, no, ma'am; nor is it likely, after your orders."

"Oh, the fact is, mother," interrupted Sir Richard with a stammer, "I forgot to tell you about it; but Rinkel informs me there has been considerable damage done by parties coming here from Dalwynn and other places and therefore he has put up a notice to prohibit the whole thing in future."

And, indeed, upon the path leading to "the Folly," which could be approached by another way than that in front of the house, they presently came upon a board recently erected, which threatened Trespassers with all the rigor of the law.

There was a bitter sneer upon Captain Lisgard's face at this assumption of authority upon the part of his brother, and it did not soften when my Lady thoughtfully remarked: "Ah, well! that will certainly make the place very private."

A curious reply, as Letty thought, at the time, for her mother to make, who was always so eager to oblige her neighbors, and who well knew how popular Lisgard's Folly was with the humbler class of town-folks in the summer months. But she was destined to be vastly more astonished before that day was spent.

The little party, so strangely out of accord with one another, took their lunch, indeed, beneath the shadow of the tower; but all those harmonious elements which are so absolutely essential to the success of a picnic, were wanting. There were no high spirits, no good-humored badinage, and not the ghost of a laugh. My Lady, singularly silent even for her, gazed around her on the familiar landscape, or regarded the shuttered cottages with a mournful interest, as though they reminded her of happier times. Miss Aynton, careful of what my Lady had enjoined, was studiously urbane to Sir Richard, but without obtaining the wished-for result; for while the baronet was thereby only rendered tolerably gracious, the Captain grew intensely irritated. Poor Letty, who was the only one prepared to be agreeable, or had any expectation of enjoying herself, felt immensely relieved when the repast was concluded, and the horses were ordered to be "put to." As for strolling about the grounds, and pointing out their varied beauties to Rose, as she had counted upon doing, that was no longer to be thought of. Sir Richard, as usual, offered his arm in stately fashion to his mother; but Master Walter, lighting a cigar, stood for a few minutes looking down with knitted brow upon the lake, then sauntered after them, without saying a word, and with both hands in his pocket.

"Dear Rose," cried Letty, who watched these proceedings, with little short of terror, "what have you said to make Walter so cross? I never saw him behave like that in my life. He did not even look at you. Would it be very wrong if you just ran after him, and said a word or two before we got into the carriage? I am so dreadfully afraid of a quarrel between him and Richard."

"Just as you please, Letty," returned Miss Aynton, looking pale, and a little frightened too; and forcing a laugh, she tripped down the zigzag path in pursuit of the exasperated captain.

Letty waited a reasonable time, watching the footman collect the debris of the entertainment, and pack the plate, and then, supposing their difficulty had been adjusted, followed upon the track of her friend and Walter. The path was not only of considerable length, but so very steep, that one little zigzag overhang another; thus, as she descended, she perceived through the thin Spring foliage the two young people standing beneath her, although they are quite unconscious of her approach. She caught the last words of something Rose was saying; those were: "Walter, dear." She marked the girl stretch her arms toward him, as though she would have clasped them round his neck; and then she saw Captain Lisgard, of Her Majesty's Light Dragoons, put her roughly by, shake himself free of her with a movement expressive almost of loathing, and turn on his heels with an oath.

CHAPTER XIX. THE FINISSE IN TRUMPS.

It is the Night before the Derby. The West End is thronged with men. The streets are perceptibly more thronged with well-dressed males than at any other time in the year. The May meetings brought enough of persons and sober-coated laity to dull the living tide—to almost make Londoners a mournful people (which we are, naturally, not, despite what Frenchmen say); but those grave ones have either departed from us, or are now lost and undistinguishable in this influx of gay company. All the newcomers are in their most gorgeous raiment, for is not this the grand, gaudy week of the wicked? Half the officers of cavalry in Her Majesty's service have obtained leave of absence for eight-and-forty hours upon urgent private affairs; and a fourth of the infantry have done the like; they have come up from every station within the four seas to see the great race run, which is to put in their pockets from five pounds to fifty thousand. Over their little books they shake their shining heads, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too

NIGHTFALL

Alone I stand; On either hand In gathering gloom stretch sea and land; Beneath my feet, With ceaseless feet, The waters murmur, low and sweet.

A Cheerful Room.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is unwholesome as it is gloomy.

Young Woman at Sixteen and Boy at Twenty-One.

Duke Orsino's doctrine of wedlock, that the woman should ever take an elder than herself, is enforced by the assurance he gives the seeming Casarist that young men's fancies are "more giddy and unfirm, more longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, than women's are."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HUNTING parties: Mothers with daughters to marry. CURB for hard times—Cheat the doctor by being temperate, the lawyer by keeping out of debt, and poverty by being industrious.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Celery.—The young plants in the seed bed should be thinned and kept clear of weeds, and when large enough, transplanted previous to the final setting, for which next month will be early enough.

The Road to Ruin.

The road to ruin is paved with good intentions. It is strewn with broken resolutions, and all along its crooked and winding way are scattered the wrecks of what might have been the noblest specimens of manhood and womanhood.

The Highland Soldiers.

The suppression of the attempt made in 1712 to replace the Stuart family on the throne of Great Britain, left the Highlands of Scotland in a very disturbed and tumultuous condition.

Parting.

Men seldom appear so humane, or in a position so advantageous to their humanity, as when they part. How few friends are there who endure a protracted separation without some abatement of warmth, or meek, by appetites, or continue together long without some accidental discontent?

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN.

Lawns.—The lawn-mower must be used at least once a week, to keep the turf low, and any annual weeds from going to seed.

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking:

Where They Left Him.

After this unfortunate affair they were sent to Flanders, where they laid the foundation of their present fame, at the battle of Fontenoy, 11th May, 1745.

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking:

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking:

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking:

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking:

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking:

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking:



HAMILTON, JUNE 24, 1876.

THE NEW DOMINION
Is published every Saturday morning, and can be
obtained at all the leading booksellers in Canada.

OUR TERMS

Are Two Dollars per year with the beautiful chromos, the "Yosemite Valley," "Cross and Crown," "Jealousy," and "Mother's Treasure." Single copies five cents. To any person sending us two subscribers will be given one copy free of charge for six months. N.B.—Every subscriber is entitled to one of the beautiful premium chromos. We have also a new and beautiful chromo entitled "Lake Maggiore," which we give at an advance of fifty cents on the price of the paper. The picture retails at \$3 in gold in New York, and can't be bought for less anywhere.

BACK NUMBERS

Can always be obtained by applying direct to the office of publication.

AGENTS WANTED.

Energetic, live, pushing men, or young ladies, will find exceedingly profitable employment in canvassing for THE NEW DOMINION. We want agents in every city, town, village, and hamlet in Canada. To the right persons a liberal commission will be given.

OUR CHROMOS.

"Beautiful," "Charming," "Oh, how lovely!" are the exclamations which greet our agents everywhere on exhibiting our magnificent chromos.

DO NOT WAIT

To have the agents call on you, but send your money direct to the office of publication, and we will mail the chromo you wish, together with THE NEW DOMINION for one year, for the small sum of two dollars.

NOTICE.

We cannot undertake to change the address of any subscriber unless they give us their former as well as their present address.

S. FRANK WILSON,

Publisher NEW DOMINION,
Hamilton, Ont.

WORKING WAYS OF WRITERS.

If a collector of curious historical bits could be found, with industry enough to find out what the peculiar working habits of great literary men and women have been, he might make of his material one of the most fascinating of books. There is no limit to the peculiarities of mental action, and these peculiarities for the most part determine the working ways of all intellectual toilers. Dr. Johnson, it is said, always knew every word of a proposed essay before putting pen to paper.—He would not only mark-out the main features of the work in his mind, but would actually compose the entire piece, and hold it word for word in his memory until he was ready to write, when nothing remained to be done except to transfer the completed but as yet unwritten essay to paper. Byron's habit was the exact opposite of this. He thought with his pen in his hand, drawing each new inspiration from the words already written, changing, erasing, interlining as he went, until the result was wrought out, and that result was very often quite an unexpected one to the poet himself, apparently. Gray, the author of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," found writing very slow and very laborious. We are told that he would never leave a line until it was finally completed. He would alter and amend it over and over again, but would never begin a second line until the first was complete.—Tennyson seems never to have been done with the work of emendation. His extreme fastidiousness shows itself more strongly in his inability to satisfy himself than in anything else. He not only writes and re-writes his poems, but has them printed in his own house, so that he may see them in type and give them some final touches in that shape before sending them to the publisher. But even this does not satisfy him, and so we have lines altered here and there in second editions. In the poem *Enid*, for instance, as it first appeared he wrote "had wedded Enid," but, in the later editions, it reads "had married Enid," a change which was made because of the poet's discovery, after the poet's first publication, that the first syllable of the name *Enid* is short, while he had thought it long. His "Charge of the Light Brigade" underwent very much greater alteration than this in passing through different editions. In truth, it is hardly the same poem now that it was when it first thrilled the world in the reading.

Mrs. Browning is given to similar post-publication alterations, and nothing could be more provoking. When people have come to know a poem or a line, it becomes in some sense their own property, and any alteration, even though it works improvement, seems a sort of wrong to the reader, forever spoiling the poet's gift to him.

Wordsworth made his poetry during his long morning walks, and upon returning would go to bed, and dictate to an amanuensis while he ate his simple breakfast.

Mr. Dickens's once said to a friend that he always arranged the catastrophe of a story in his mind before thinking of any other part of it, and that the events leading to it were made solely for that purpose. To this, however, the "Pickwick Papers" was clearly an exception, as every reader would discover, even without the history of that work which Mr. Dickens has himself given us. From the fact that at his death no memorandum of any importance with regard to his unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood" were found among his papers, it seems probable that Mr. Dickens worked almost entirely without notes. Sheridan, on the other hand, made copious memoranda; and not only so, but he carefully wrought out his ideas in his notebooks, altering and improving them from time to time, until finally they were ready to

be transferred from their nursery to his books or his speeches. His note-books thus became quite as interesting as any of his published works. We find in them not only the germs of his most brilliant witticisms, but also the witticisms themselves in every stage of their growth, from the first crude conception to the finished epigram. He made notes, too, of the various characters he intended to introduce into his dramas, and these also underwent many changes while yet in the note-book stage of their existence.

Sir Walter Scott never found composition so easy as when children were playing in the room with him; while Bulwer, on the other hand, thought absolute solitude necessary to successful literary work.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

"These arrangements," explained Mr. Boffin to Mr. Wegg, "is made by mutual consent between Mrs. Boffin and me. Mrs. Boffin, as I've mentioned, is a highfyer at fashion; at present I'm not. I don't go higher than comfort. So Mrs. Boffin, she keeps up her part of the room in her way—I keep up my part of my room in mine. If I get by degrees to be a highfyer at fashion, then Mrs. Boffin will by degrees come forward. If Mrs. Boffin should ever be less of a dab at fashion than she is at the present time, then Mrs. Boffin's carpet would go back'arder." Without taking it upon ourselves to recommend that our houses generally shall be modelled after the pattern of the wonderful room in which the mistress sat radiant in velvet and jewels, her sofa on a square of flowery carpet, and her artistic tastes gratified by stuffed birds and wax fruit, while the master in smock frock took his ease in a wooden chair, on the sanded floor, a cold veal pie within easy reach, we can not but think that those two simple souls had somehow got at the secret of home pleasure and happiness. We scold and fret at the young people who find evenings at home stupid and slow; we look with grave and dignified disapproval at the husband who kisses his wife after supper, and excuses himself for an hour or two with the plea of "A meeting to attend to, my dear"; and words are inadequate to express our opinion of the matron who is never to be found in her own house.

Theoretically we eagerly subscribe to the belief that "there's no place like home," practically we often stultify ourselves by making home so far from agreeable that the beautiful song is true to our experience in an opposite way from the one the poet meant. The great trouble in three homes out of five is that they are inelastic: there is no room left in their economy for individual freedom. The same unbending rule is made to apply to a half dozen people no two of whom are precisely alike, and who may so differently constituted that what to one is no trouble is to another a tyranny. For instance, in a fit of virtue such as comes to most mortals now and then, the heads of a house ordain that breakfast shall be an hour earlier than usual. All right, if they would consent to take it themselves and leave the rest to do as they please. But early rising, with all due respect to it, is of the Pharisees, Pharisical, and its votaries seldom fail to sound a trumpet before them, which not only proclaims their own merits but effectually puts an end to sleep on the part of others. There is no earthly reason patent to the unprejudiced mind why a table must needs be kept standing with the debris of a meal upon it, a mute but eloquent reminder to the last comer that he is late; or why a coffee-pot may not be set conveniently back upon a range, a sauceman left boiling for the egg that is cooked just in three minutes, and toast and muffins kept warm at an expenditure of time and patience quite infinitesimal. Could one, disinclined to rise at the breakfast hour, feeling the need of "a little more sleep, a little more slumber," be perfectly sure that he was not keeping the dining-room in confusion, that the work was going on, and that pleasant smiles would welcome him by and by to a cozy little side-table, how much more comfortable would be that last hour of repose. There are saints by whose darken blinds and steal round softly in the morning that tired people may enjoy just this sort of rest; but they are, alas! rare.

Early rising, however, is only one thing out of hundreds. "By mutual consent of me and Mrs. Boffin" these happy creatures dressed to suit themselves. Had Mr. Boffin preferred his hair cut in the horribly abbreviated style, no doubt "Heneriety" would have acquiesced without a sigh. Had Mrs. B. assumed the most preposterous superlatives of what the modistes call style, her husband would have regarded it as the proper thing in one was in his opinion a highfyer at fashion. Either way there was what alone makes home-life ideally complete, liberty in non-essentials.

It is on trifles, after all, that the joy of home-living depends. At bottom a family may be entirely devoted to each other's interests, the husband may toil and the wife may save with unflinching zeal and fidelity, and both may love their children and be willing to lay down their lives for them.—Yet they may make each wretched, and render their children's lives a burden, by failure in little courtesies, by lack of little recognitions, by caring more for things that perish than for the essence that is immortal.

REST—REPOSE—SLEEP.

One needs rest from cares, watchings, and mental excitement quite as much as from manual labor. Indeed, brain work is much more exhausting than mere body work. One may set his physical machinery in moderate motion, and keep it in vigorous action, with brief stops to lubricate or feed, day in and day out, without exhaustion. Manual laborers, who do not dissipate, are invariably sound sleepers; while the writer, teacher, speaker, and thinker, is liable to wakefulness, owing to his greater mental activity.

The laborer needs rest, food, and sleep to restore him; while the thinker needs these, and also a period of mental repose before sleeping, to establish equilibrium between body and brain. His mind must not be kept on a stretch. The mental bow must be unbent, or even his sleep will be fatiguing instead of restful and restoring. Watching night after night with the sick, and sleeping in snatches, is unsatisfactory. Besides, the duty of vigilance obliges the watcher to carry his or her patient constantly in mind, and this wears me out.

When possible, we should shape our course as to take enough out-of-door fresh air and physical exercise to bring all parts of our physical and mental machinery into harmonious action, and give the whole ample time for rest, repose, and recuperation. Sound sleep is "nature's sweet restorer." Let us make sure of this, even though our food be insufficient. Good sleepers seldom go crazy. Poor sleepers are liable at any time to break down, get off the track, commit indiscretions, become irritable, seek to injure others, commit suicide, or culminate in a lunatic asylum.

No exact rule as to the time one should sleep can be given. One is satisfied with six hours; another wants eight; and another ten. Children should sleep from one-half to three-quarters of the time. Adults may do with less. Very few under eat; very many under sleep.

THE ENJOYMENT OF WEALTH.

All novels are full of the inexpressible enjoyments of wealth. Who but Dickens has ever risen to the higher task of describing the higher blessings of poverty. Who but his Dratchet family ever had a Christmas dinner, and who but his little Jacob ever knew what oysters meant, or ever saw a play. The advantages of wealth do not lie in quantity but in quality. It is the plan of the life that determines what the joys shall be, the little abstinence that gives relish to luxuries, the rarity of indulgence that makes the excitement. What a tiresome thing it must be to have been a rich man and not to have found out that apples were remarkably cheap lately, yet we heard of such a one. How stupid riding becomes to Mrs. Cressus, who has to ride to air the horses! What an unutterable enjoyment and delight is the one summer's ride to the poor hard-worked shop-boy, who has been saving his ten-cent pieces anxiously for a year—accumulating toward that mighty privilege; who has laid awake at night meditating on the comparative cheapness of different livery stables. As they drove out side by side, Mrs. Cressus may have the felicity of being stared at, but the shop-boy has the felicity of not caring whether anybody stares at him or not, so long as he and the young woman have a good time. You have heard of the little boy at the theatre, who was seen sound asleep, with a must unutterable wretchedness of countenance, all through the play, night after night, being waked by some philanthropist who asked why he cared there since he had such a forlorn time of it? "Oh, but I have to come, you know," he answered, with a sob, "I have got a season ticket." Alas, for the wealth in this world that has got a season ticket to everything.

ALL SORTS OF MINDS.

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society. A person who takes a strong common sense view of the subject is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who feels exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas, talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its big flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives to society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views cause its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling puns all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inwary visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have separate duties and uses—all the happiness of man for their object, they all improve, exalt, and gladden them.

It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is another path of safety except that of duty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Human Voice.

This little work is by a veteran writer on physiological subjects, and seems to be the result of some degree of painstaking research. Within the limits of a hundred pages it is vain to look for an exhaustive treatment of a subject such as this. Indeed the author tells us that his object is "to present, in a cheap and convenient form, the facts and principles applicable to the culture and uses of the Human Voice, which are only to be found scattered through several large volumes, and to furnish Lyceums and Debating Clubs with a concise Code of Rules and Usages." But we are inclined to think that he has not very successfully accomplished his object. This is one of the books in which the author seems to be quite independent of pen and ink, and to rely wholly on paste-pot and scissors. If he had collected his facts, and then presented them in such a vivid and telling way that junior students of vocal physiology could readily understand them he would have conferred a benefit by publishing this work. But he has not only culled his matter from elaborate works, but has presented it in an abstruse, elaborate style, which is all the more difficult to be understood because dissociated from its original context. He has given chapters on the training of the voice, which contain some very good practical hints, but absolutely nothing that cannot be found in a dozen other volumes on the subject, and in some, too, that are very elementary. His elocutionary hints are provokingly vague and imperfect, stopping short just where the student feels he needs counsel and information. He gives a few of the hackneyed selections for recitation that are employed by all public readers, such as "The Bells," and "The Raven," and exhorts us to study them thoroughly and catch their spirit; but he gives us no analysis of them, and does not even furnish us with elocutionary principles that we can apply for ourselves. In short, we see nothing in this book to account for its being written, unless, like Hodge's razors, it was "made to sell."

The Human Voice; by R. T. Trall, M. D., New York. S. R. Wells & Co.

The Centennial Guide.

THE CENTENNIAL GUIDE. Toronto: Belford Bros. The above is the title of a new Guide Book to the Centennial Exhibition, just published. It has a very fine map of the city of Philadelphia, and of the Centennial Grounds and should be in the hands of every one who visits the great Exposition.

The "Canada Methodist Magazine."

The new series of this popular Monthly opens with vigor. The July number contains an excellent Steel Engraving of the Rev. W. Morley Panton, L.L.D., with a biographical sketch, and also a beautiful poem from his pen. Dr. Ryerson's article on the "Protestantism of Queen Elizabeth," is suffused with a patriotic glow. The admirable paper from the pen of Dr. Douglas, breathes the spell of his remarkable eloquence. Mrs. Olin's article on "Mrs. Browning," is a beautiful tribute by a gifted woman to the noblest of female poets. The most attractive features of the number, we judge, will be the admirable stories begun by Edward Eggleston and M. Guy Pearce, which promise to be of great interest. A paper on "The Higher Life," and a capital sketch of "Irish Evangelism" are also given. A striking feature of this Magazine is the blending of practical religion and literary culture. The Editor continues his papers on the "Temperance Question," which had been received with much favor, and discusses several important current topics and recent books. This is a cheap and wholesome Magazine for family reading.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July is well stocked with good matter. It begins with an agreeable chapter by Charles Dudley Warner, "From Jaffa to Jerusalem," which is followed by a vigorous second installment of Mr. James's novel, "The American." Mrs. Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" relates in a vivacious style her first appearance on the stage, and contains anecdotes of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many other entertaining passages; Gen. O. O. Howard's "Campaign and Battle of Gettysburg" is an interesting and valuable record of the great battle and his part in it; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls our attention to "The Stars and the Railroads," and Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes an amusing and spirited poem, "How the Old Horse won the Bet," which forms an excellent pendant to the famous "One-Horse Shay." The Centennial Exhibition is treated suggestively by an anonymous writer; and W. D. Howells, in "A Sennight of the Centennial," presents a vivid picture of the variety of the affair. T. B. Aldrich adds to the number a very graceful poem, "The Night Wind," and H. H., Mrs. Piatt, Kate Putnam Osgood, and Celia Thaxter, stand with him in the list of poets. In "Recent Literature," Charles Dudley Warner and other authors are discussed; there is a well-prepared section on "Art;" "Music" contains a review of the several Centennial compositions; and "Education" gives a summary of Southern school reports, with comments, which supplies a view of educational doings in the South impossible to obtain elsewhere.

Scribner for July.

Though not entirely given over to Centennial topics, contains much, the publishers claim, that will just now be of peculiar interest to the American public. The accounts of the signing of the Declaration (even those by the signers themselves) are very conflicting, and Colonel Higginson's "Story of the Signing," in this number, is a concise and reliable review of the subject. The illustrations of this paper are quite striking. Recent research has shown that some of our most orthodox and cherished legends of the Declaration will not do do "to be to." But, if we must give up the "Ring! Grandpapa" story, as Col. Higginson seems to think, we shall find, by way of compensation, plenty of authentic legends about Washington in the next paper: "A Little Centennial Lady," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison—a delightful, illustrated sketch of Sally Fairfax,

Gen. Washington's pet and friend. This is a rare piece of magazine writing, and embodies portions of Sally's journal, written in the quaintest of language. Miss Jane Stuart writes racy of her father's celebrated portraits of Washington, and gives new anecdotes of both painter and president. Accompanying this is an engraving of Stuart's portrait, from the original in the Boston Athenaeum. "In a paper on "Harvard University," by Mr. H. E. Scudder, there are other glimpses in type and picture of Revolutionary times and people, including the Washington Elm and Washington (Longfellow's) House. This is pronounced the best popular review of the University that has ever appeared. Other interesting papers are: the first of Col. Waring's illustrated series on the Mosel River, entitled "The Bride of the Rhine"; a notable defense of Webster's course on the Compromise Measures of 1850, by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson; a story of bell-pulling by Edward Bellamy, entitled "A Providence," etc.

St. Nicholas for July

Makes a feature of the national holiday. Its tribute to it includes several contributions, stories and sketches, poems and pictures, puzzles and paragraphs. All the American flags of history, from the "Rattlesnake" and the "Palmetto" of 1776 to the Stars and Stripes of the present, wave out at us from two of the pages: the "Boston Boys" who gained their right to the "Common" are remembered in a poem and shown in a drawing; and on the "Centennial Page," the events of the Century that are most worthy of record are duly recorded, and some of them pictured. In its miscellaneous contents, the number includes many other attracting and interesting articles. Mrs. Olin has one of her most charming "Wind-sor Castle" papers; and Susan Coolidge a romantic story in human life. There is "The Vikings in America," in which those adventurous pirates of Norway are credited with the original discovery of the New World; "Turret-Ships and Torpedoes," a well-illustrated article, full of information regarding naval armament, inventions, and warfare; "The Mother's Stratagem," a capital story by Edward King; a comical picture called "The Mouse's Mistake," and a sweet little poem for the girls, entitled "Lemina Brown." "The Boy Emigrants" begin digging out their gold under circumstances of excitement and interest; and Mr. Aldrich's story of "The cat and the Countess" ends in a very happy and entertaining manner. We are sorry to lose this story, and the admirable series of dainty and amusing silhouettes—numbering almost one hundred—which will illustrate it to such perfection. Marion Harland's "Little Housekeepers" page gives the girls a recipe for "Boiled Chicken;" "A Young Contributor" furnishes an amusing story; Jack-in-the-Pulpit and their other departments, have their usual store of good things; and chief among the numerous illustrations is the frontispiece—an excellent engraving of "A Wooden Pulpit in the Church of St. Andrew, Antwerp."

LIKE OTHER FOLKS.

BY HEATHERKELL.

Like other folks or die is the motto of thousands. It wrecks many in mind and heart as well as purse (we have mournful proofs of this) to keep up the outward show of comfortable circumstances.

Now if people were not so foolish they could save themselves such needless anxiety, such perfectly useless suffering in trying to keep up a style that required an income twice or three times as large as their own. An idea possesses them that they must appear like other folks, even if swindling and sharpening everybody must be resorted to.

Sacrifices that they would not make for God, they will make to keep the frail bubble of fashionable reputation from bursting. Every one knows that the exertions that are put forth to gain the smile of the *beau monde* would not be applied to the imitation of the few Christian models that are among us. If we only faithfully copied these, our efforts would not be made to wear purple and fine linen, but to array the soul in purity.

"We must do as other people or be thought nothing of."—Then, for goodness sake, be a mere cipher in the world's estimation, if you cannot easily and with a clear conscience do as other people who have more than enough to keep forty wolves from the door!

The desire to be dressed as richly and extravagantly as others is more prevalent than any other, and shows, does it not, an ounce of sense to a hundred weight of vanity?

What do we think of when we return from church and are removing our hats? The minister's earnest exhortation, the touching anecdote, or "I don't care, I looked as well as other folks?"

Not only in dress and party-giving does the host with this motto, endeavor to be like other folks, but many of them become the reflection of the manners of others. This is not their natural self, and any pleasing originality they might possess is swallowed up in the all-absorbing idea of being like other folks.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

From All That Dwell.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly, then, to make an enemy by frowns.

He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve, cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his heart.

It is the remark of Gibbon that every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself.

Be more prudent for your children than, perhaps, you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents, they will imitate you, and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom.

PARIS LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Parisians have just celebrated another *fete de l'intelligence*, such being the name whimsically given to the reception of a member of the Academy; the inauguration of an *immortel*, in a word. Of late these ceremonies have not half the life of a charity sermon and its sevenths and lastly; in the latter case one has generally the doxology or perhaps an anthem to look forward to as a *sursum corda*, or the tedium is varied by studying the nid, nid, noddings of heavy fathers and small boys. At the Academy no such thing is possible; the spectator must resist the proclivity for forty winks, as the young Spartans were expected to allow the fox to gnaw his legs, rather than betray the presence of such a curious "pocket companion." The fresh *immortel*—aged three score and ten—on the present occasion was M. Dumas, chemist. He succeeds to the arm-chair rendered vacant by the death of M. Guizot. The new-comer acts the part of horn-blower for his predecessor, and the chairman fills the role of flapper for the departed and the accepted. Dumas *pers* as he is dubbed, to distinguish him from Dumas *filz*, the comic dramatist, has been a distinguished chemist; he was also a "brilliant" senator of the Second Empire, as he had nothing to do but appear in his official dress, wearing all his decorations, to receive 30,000fr. a year, and to hold his tongue, save to utter a *tres bien* or a *bravo* when M. Rouher asserted that the Mexican war was the most glorious event of the reign of Napoleon III., and that thanks to that monarch's vigilance nothing was wanting to take the field against Prussia in 1870.

There is a story told about Sir Walter Scott, that on one occasion, when traveling in the Highlands, he had for mail-coach companion a man who was evidently graduating for a Trappist. Sir Walter, in order to draw him out, touched upon the weather, the state of the crops, fishing, and the prospects of the grouse season. The man suddenly faced round like a stag at bay. "I know nothing about your weather or your crops, but take me on leather and I'm your man." He was a leather dealer. Now take M. Dumas on chemistry, and he is your man. But nothing was more pitiable than to see him dabbled and floundering in political theories, literary dissertations, and ethical philosophy. He has neither an imposing presence nor an expressive countenance. The reading of his discourse was as bad as its matter. He delivered from a splendid text—the Life of Guizot—a charity sermon that endured an hour and a half, devoid of gracefulness and precision, and a mere string of common-places. His Latin was on a par with the rest, and he certainly forgot his Virgil. Were it not for a poor swallow that had strayed under the glass dome and plaintively chirped to escape, it would have been impossible to sit out the oration. And when the bird got out how every one sighed with sympathy for the poet's wish, to have "Wings, wings, wings!" M. Dumas compared Guizot to Demosthenes and Cicero, and Washington to the *duc de Broglie*—father of the present failure, be it understood. Now Guizot was, as Royer-Collard defined him, "an austere intriguer;" his political programme was based on electoral corruption, and laying down as the first duty of man to put money in his purse, to get rich; his obstinacy and doctrinism cost Louis Philippe his throne, and his last public act was to organize a schism in the Reformed Church. He killed Orleansism, and his disciples, de Broglie and Buffet, buried it, and without honors. His eloquence founded on pride and fed with contempt, produced a great effect at the moment, but are no longer readable. M. Tailhader, who, to employ a stage location, "gave the reply" to M. Dumas, condemned the political faults of Guizot, and that the *duc d'Anjou*, who was present, must have mentally ratified. Dumas, it appears, discovered the application of chloroform to surgical operations; but why does he employ it pending "the proudest moment of his life"—his Academic reception?

The French feel it is beyond their power to examine seriously the downfall of the Sultan. They have experienced so many de-thronements of rulers themselves that they have become indifferent, as Goethe says we do, to pleasures of repeated. They hope that Mourad V. has seized his uncle's strong box, and so be enabled to remember Ottoman creditors here; they further trust that he will keep his grand-aunt safe under lock and key, which is perhaps not altogether patriotic, as the Dowager-Sultana has French blood in her veins; her mother was related to the Empress Josephine, and belonged to an excellent French family of Martinique. Captured by a *Sable Rover*, the Bey of Alger presented the beautiful *Croele* to the Sultan, whom she, in course of time, also captured, by her wit and musical accomplishments being raised to the rank of Sultana. When an establishment is broken up, be it king or plebeian, effects, of course, come in time to the hammer. Bidel, who appears to be purveyor to all the menageries in France, has started for Stamboul to purchase the pick of the ex-Sultan's lions, tigers, and other pets, and Sara, of the *Falies Bergeres*, has commissioned Bidel to engage the Circassian girls, at any cost, who formed the private band of musicians for the late Commander of the Faithful. Thus Barnum is cut out. *Abdul-Azis* gathered up riches, but he little suspected who was to spend them.

Politically, the French admit England has scored a great victory over Russia; she has defeated the Three Emperors, or rather one, for in that trinity Russia alone had an axe to grind. The *Czar* is hurled back for another score of years, and his prestige suffers. This testimony on the part of the French is the more significant, as they are philo-Russians to the extent of even forcing their love on the Tartars, who have never been famous for any leanings to liberty, equality, and fraternity. However, Number One is in the end more important than principles, and Frenchmen are in their hearts astonished and not sorry at the to be envied attitude of England, in alone entering the ring and preparing to strip. France properly desires to make all parties friends; may she have her reward, for blessed are the peace-makers. However, an Armada of iron-clads and the determination to use them ought to convince even an Agapemone of Quakers that such powerfully contribute to the maintenance of peace.

A journal which has just appeared, the *Tribune*, among other items of startling intel-

ligence, announces that in the year of grace 1900 all social questions will be solved to everybody's satisfaction; that, seeing the plight of Turkey, Italy intends taking Tunis from Mourad V., and that the United States contemplates a vigorous European policy.

Skittishness in the official world is the chief gratuitous amusement of the moment; prefects and sub-prefects snub the Home Minister for promoting or changing them, and mayors abuse him for dismissing them. A minister's head ought to lie as uneasy as a king's. By and by functionarydom will be in apple pie order, especially when the estimates shall have been voted, and the Gambetta amputations performed. The Bonapartists also amuse the circus, and split the ears of the groundlings. They are pious in the Chamber of Deputies, and Free Thinkers in the Senate; nothing like having two strings to your bow; the mouse that trusts to one poor hole is not a mouse of any soul. Young Bonapartism is inclined to rally, in the person of Raoul David and his tail, to Prince Napoleon, whose election for Ajaccio has been confirmed, less the two hands of Paul Cassagnac. The Prince incarnates his disapproval of the politics of the ex-Empress and M. Rouher, and not a few of the Imperialists agree with him.

Negotiations are being conducted with the view of nominating the Prince Napoleon a member of the Commission of the International Exhibition. He would be peculiarly qualified for that post, but political feeling forbids. Besides, the Commission will be recast in a few weeks, ostensibly to eliminate its Imperialist members. One of the most curious sights in the forth-coming exhibition will be a special department reserved for the skilled products of the New Caledonia Communist industry. Perhaps by then the producers will be able to admire their exhibits, as pardons will be extended liberally to all who have given practical proofs of repentance and a resolve to lead a new life. The Commissioners are not allowing the grass to grow under their feet; they have cut up the dozen prize plans to prepare a definite design, which will be submitted in the course of a fortnight for the approval of the Deputies. The building will be a vast cross-bar rectangle, with twenty longitudinal galleries, and as many crossings as the unity of nations may demand. The idea of a single-arch bridge over the Seine, connecting the sites, is given up; instead, a side-shoot will be added to the existing *Jena bridge*. The vast staircase of the *Trocadero*—the *escalier des gentils*—will be reserved for a cascade in the centre of the music circle, so that spectators can really "listen to the waterfall." Niagara under glass is only a specimen of the mountains and marvels in store.

It is now six months ago since Mr. Robbins, of the 60th Rifles, accompanied by his lady and little daughter, entered a bus for the Luxembourg. An old lady, a fellow-passenger, took fright at hearing them converse in an unknown tongue, varied with clippings from the French. She concluded they were pickpockets, and missing her purse at the same time, accused Lieutenant Robbins of robbery as quick as a Frenchman would pop the question to an angel after a three hours' acquaintance. The English were escorted to the police station to be searched; Mr. Robbins stripped as cheerfully as if contemplating being passed in review by a Army Medical Board, or competing in an Olympian game; his wife and child were not so willing. Well, nothing was found; the British Embassy took the matter up, an action was instituted, and the old dame was mulcted in the sum of 25fr. damages, and 400fr. costs. French courts never accord sweeping damages as would make one's hair stand on end; Mr. Robbins, to prove he loves France, ought to hand over these sums, say to one of the 96 charitable societies to be under the wings of that pious journal, the *Figaro*, doubling the amount as a thank offering.

M. Thiers lately disappeared for three days; no reward was offered for his discovery, but the opposition journals hinted he was dying, and sought in a retreat the last rites of the Church. This has dreadfully annoyed the ex-President, who is as sensitive as a lady on the subject of lustres, and as all aged persons wish it to be understood their constitution is like Old Paris. M. Thiers had shut himself up with a painter for his portrait, an engraving of which will be prefixed to his forthcoming work on philosophy.

Victor Hugo has not a quiet life; since some journals assure him that politically he is a humber, and ought to stick to grinding poetry. He, like the Sultan deposed, is reputed to be a miser, and in the commonest business of life writes in the "high falutin" style; the wags state the greatest curiosity of the age is for sale—an autograph letter from Hugo to the wife of a transported Communist: "Madame, be pleased to accept the enclosed bank note for 100fr.; your necessities are greater than mine."

The Centennial influence has touched some good American souls who permanently reside in Paris; they remember that Lafayette lies in the Picpus Cemetery, in a plain greystone crypt, with acanthus crowns on the corners. Not a tree near this spot; in fact this aristocratic God's "half" acre is as bereft of vegetation as the play-ground of a charity school. It is in this spot have been interred the aristocrats guillotined during the Reign of Terror, and only the very flower of the Upper Ten have now the right to be buried there; or as a witty duchesse boasted, "of being able to rot in good company." It is proposed to erect near Lafayette's tomb, not a return Liberty-lighthouse, but a slab setting forth the best Independence Day compliment to the celebrated general.

It is not had to see ourselves as others see us. A French critic is now in London doing the "spectacles," after which he will go to the United States. His first rush was to Madame Tussaud's, as pilgrims to Paris wend their way at once to the *Jardin Mabille*. The death-bed scene of Napoleon III. is remarkable for setting forth that "the deceased" career without example in history; on this point France is unanimous. The Prince Imperial is as plain-looking as a well-known Parisian publicist, and the Empress is conversing with General Trochu, which accounts for the horror-stricken looks of Marshal Canrobert, and M. Thiers is represented as tall as Marshal MacMahon. At Covent Garden the distinguished foreigner was surprised at the smallness of the bouquets thrown by the ladies to Lattin, and the largeness of the bouquets held by these same ladies in taking their sodas. He was astonished to hear the spec-

tators whistle after cheering Lattin to a pitch of frenzy, but was informed that whistling constitutes the superlative degree of British enthusiasm.

A leading chemist has been sadly tricked. A dashing lady called upon him, stated her son had a mania to purchase diamonds, and to present them to an actress. It was arranged that the young man and the doctor should have a friendly chat; the lady returned to the rue de la Paix, and prayed the jeweller's assistant to accompany her with 30,000fr. of diamonds; they drove to the doctor's; she was shown into a *salon*, to examine the stones, and the chemist smilingly invited the assistant into another, and paternally probed his weak points. He amazed the doctor by producing the bill, stated he was pressed for time, but would visit him in a few days if so desired. Both, on passing into the other *salon*, found the lady had decamped.

A strong agitation is on foot to prevent the whitewashing of houses on Sunday—which ought to be observed as a day of rest, it is argued.

The police arrested two Turkish students the other evening; they had quarrelled, not about the relative merits of the Sultan, but as to the virtue of Milli Schneider. The Commissary of the Police suggested that the Sofias they ought to be friends, and dismissed them with the hint to invite that actress to supper.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The few days of warm weather, during the past week, has made those who are able to leave the hot close city look toward the mountains and the sea. Many permanent and temporary residents of Philadelphia are preparing to spend the summer at Atlantic city and Cape May. The famed Stockton House, the largest hotel on the Atlantic coast was opened at the latter place on Monday the 14th inst., and the preparation of all places of summer resort indicate that the proprietors expect patronage, in spite of the rivalry of Fairmount Park. The watering places will no doubt deplete the half-filled hotels of Philadelphia.

The temperature of a furnace, and exorbitant Philadelphia discomforts may be endured a day or two, for the desire to see the Exhibition is strong and wide spread, but the flesh is weak and the spirit becomes disgusted with from two to ten dollars per day for a single room, without board. This is the rate at the Hotel Aubrey.

There is a steady but slow increase in the daily attendance at the Exposition. A large proportion of the visitors are from the country and surrounding towns. With wise provision they bring their satchels with them, and after they have filled the aching void above their shoulders with knowledge of the industries of the world, they sit down and fill the aching void below. Many visitors are also bringing their luncheon with them, they have all heard of the charges of the Centennial restaurants.

The Turkish Cafe was opened last week, and having read when a boy about the excellence of the coffee, I ordered a cup, it was brought, without sugar or cream, in a tiny vessel that did not hold more than three table-spoonful, but it contained more of the exhilarating essence than is found in a quart of the choicest and best coffee that they serve at hotels. I called for a *marchetta*, and smoked under great difficulties. It was very hard to draw the smoke through the vase containing water, and afterwards through the long hose, but I enjoyed temporary distinction, those who came to see the cafe evidently considered my attempt to smoke with that strange apparatus one of the sights, and between my efforts to appear perfectly accustomed to the exercise, and to restrain my laughter, I had pretty hard work. The charge for the coffee and the smoke was fifteen cents each. A Turkish girl gorgeously arrayed stands behind the counter, and pipes in Turkish costume bring you the pipes and coffee.

As a preface to a tour of the world nothing can be better than a visit to the Exposition. The exhibits do not pall, if the visitor were confined to only one exhibit he would find in the excellent and perfection of the industrial display, subject for prolonged and interesting study. But the displays are almost innumerable and of infinite variety and contrast. In the main building the best industrial productions of the world are seen. In Machinery Hall the process of production may be seen, and when the senses are wearied with sight seeking the visitor can find grates with underwood that suggest the eternal forest in which Wm. Penn bought an empire for a few beads and blankets.

Down in a little valley, only a few rods from Machinery Hall and the Art Gallery, in a secluded place, there is a rude camp, such as a hunter or miner would build of logs and thatch with brush in two hogs, it is hung with trophies of the chase and trap, a restless unhappy little bear is chained to a tree in front of it, and a brook near by has been dammed to represent a lake on which ride two Indian canoes. This exhibit is not much in itself, but when taken in contrast with the displays of high civilization all around, the effect is greatly enhanced.

The Russian exhibit promises to be interesting and unique. They are adding to it daily, both in Machinery Hall and the Main Building. There is a certain sameness in the displays of the mature civilizations, as of France and England. But the Russian display will, I think, be characteristic and present artistic and industrial features that are in a certain sense original; at least this was the impression made upon me from a hurried glance at the tables, clocks, and fire-places of beautiful green malachite, and from her bronzes representing mounted Cossacks, and fur-clad natives in sleighs; but it is too early yet to write of this exhibit, it will be at least a week before the arrangement is completed.

The Austrian Art display is exciting much interest among connoisseurs and artists, it seems to be pretty generally conceded that one of the finest as well as the largest picture on exhibition is in the Austrian collection. The subject is Venice devoted homage to Catherine Cornaro, the young ex-queen of the isle of Cyprus, who abdicated the throne upon the death of her husband, and made a free gift of her realm to the Venetian Republic. This picture was painted by John Makart of Vienna, and contains forty life size figures, admirably grouped and distributed, on the piazza of Saint Mark, where Catherine Car-

naro sits and receives with gracious regal composure the floral offering of the Venetian maidens, and the dignified homage of the Venetian statesmen.

The most prominent picture in the American collection is Rothermel's battle of Gettysburg, it is of immense size, occupying an entire side of the room in which it is exhibited, but the picture is not pleasing in effect. The despairing courage with which a handful of Confederate soldiers throw themselves against the entrenched position of superior forces is very powerfully depicted. But the question may well be asked, why all this canvas of horrors *cui bono*. The representation of human agony of men dying from wounds and thirst, and covered with streaming gore, is not the province of art. No pleasing or ennobling emotion is excited, only horror and aversion. There is a long stride in art between the aggravated horrors of this bloody daub and the picture in the Austrian department appealing the calm incessant power to the purest emotions.

It has been arranged that the Fourth of July ceremonies shall take place in the square behind Independence Hall, and upon Chestnut street in front. There is but little space in Philadelphia for a grand pageant. The streets are narrow, and it is impossible for more than a tithe of the population to witness the parade. Large cities on an occasion like this, are always crowded with visitor who come to see the show but who never see it, all the available points of observation having been occupied by the resident population for hours before.

There will be no field display of Agricultural Machinery as has been customary at former exhibitions, the judges having decided that no more accurate estimate of the comparative efficiency of a machine can be obtained in this way than by simple examination of the plow or reaper as it stands in Agricultural Hall. They will therefore recommend such machines as seem to combine most improvements, without competitive trial.

Excursion parties are constantly arriving, drops in the bucket, every little helps, but more than a tithe of the population to witness the parade. Large cities on an occasion like this, are always crowded with visitor who come to see the show but who never see it, all the available points of observation having been occupied by the resident population for hours before.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19th, 1876.

GENERAL.

The law's delay. A case was recently decided in England which first commenced in the year 1832. The amount originally in dispute was \$400,000. Nothing was left.

BRUSSELS has the largest refrigerator in the world. It is a large building whose double walls are filled with sawdust and moss. The building covers a surface of eighteen thousand square feet, and is divided into nine compartments of thirty thousand cubic feet each. It has galleries on which fifty thousand pounds of meat can be placed, and there is room for one million tons of ice.

A TELEGRAM from Zanibar was read recently in the House of Commons, announcing that the Sultan had agreed to abolish all land slave routes, to seize all slave-dealing caravans, to confiscate the slaves, and to imprison all slave-dealers. The news is almost too good to be true. If such a pledge is carried out, it will effect a revolution in the condition of Central Africa.

The Challenger has returned to Portsmouth after a voyage of three years and six months, with a very complete and valuable collection of specimens brought up by dredging. Some of these were brought up from a depth of 2,450 fathoms off the coast of Assension, and others from the still greater depth of 4,750 fathoms, or about five and one-half miles, in the Pacific during the run from Japan to the Society Islands. Among the other curiosities are sea-elephants from the Straits of Magellan, a gigantic turtle from the Society Islands, a collection of rare birds from Kerguelen Land, a great number of exotics that have been transferred to the Botanical Gardens at Kew, and an infinite quantity of relics and oddities of savage or Oriental manufacture. But one life was lost during the cruise, which extended over 68,000 miles. The soundings taken will prove very serviceable to the cause of ocean telegraphy.

It is proposed to execute the work of tunnelling between England and France with the of the recently invented Brunton machine, and an apparatus which works after the fashion of an auger, and the debris excavated falls upon an endless band which carries it to the wagons in the rear. It is stated that by this means, a driftway, seven feet in diameter, can be advanced at the rate of about a yard and a quarter per hour, at which rate it would only require two years to pierce the channel through, a machine being worked at both sides. It seems that the statement heretofore made has been confirmed by repeated experiments, namely, that provided the chalk be solid, the water will not permeate it; and, taking everything into consideration, it would appear that the only natural obstacles to the accomplishment of the work are the existence of open, unfiled fissures, if any such there be, in the bed rock, reaching from the sea bottom to the depth of two hundred feet through the rock.

The delicate cross hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are successfully made of fine webs taken from spiders of species that are specially selected for their production of an eloquent quality of this material. The spider when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand. In case he is indisposed to furnish the article, the end is attached to a piece of wire, which is doubled into two parallel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this, the web is wound upon it by turning the wire around. The coils are then gummed to the wire, and kept for use as required. It is a well-known fact that Boa, of Languedoc, succeeded in making a pair of gloves and a pair of stockings from the thread of a spider; they were very strong, and of a beautiful gray color. Other attempts of the same kind have been made; but Reaumur, who was appointed by the Royal Academy to investigate the subject, stated that the web of the spider was not equal to that of the silk-worm, either in strength or lustre. The cocoons of the latter weigh from three to four grains, so that about twenty-three hundred worms would produce a pound of silk. On the other hand, the bags of the spider, when cleaned, do not weigh above the third part of a grain, so that a single silk-worm can accomplish the work of twelve spiders.

THE NEWS.

The Maple Leaf Base-ball Club, of Guelph, have entered for the tournament at Watertown, N. Y., next month.

An illicit malting and brewing establishment in Paisley, Ont., was broken up by Inland Revenue officers on Thursday.

The wool market is very active, and the straight price paid for merchantable wool is 30c. per pound.

A MOTION will be brought up at the present sitting of the Montreal Diocesan Synod to memorialize the Imperial Government in the case of the Oka Indians.

A CHILD, aged six months, of Mr. Lemay, Peterborough, was killed by falling out of bed, dying in a few minutes after the accident.

An inmate of the Ohio Penitentiary has had \$40,000 left him by his uncle. We shall hear of the guards taking a napthority.

At present there are 64 prisoners in the new gaol, 24 of whom are males and 30 females. Under sentence, 17 males and 26 females; insane and idiotic, 2 males and 4 females; waiting trial, 3 males.

JOSEPH PILLON, the man who had his leg so badly crushed by a timber jam on the Kippewa, some ten days ago, died on Friday from the effects of his injuries. He suffered very much.

An outrage by a Moor is reported from Feza, North Africa. He stabbed eleven Jews, among them a British subject and the son of an American vice consul in Morocco. The Moor was severely bastinadoed.

The alleged seducer of the girl Bailey, upon whose body an inquest is being held at Thorndale, has returned to London, and expresses his willingness to be called as a witness in the case.

PREPARATIONS are already going on for the rebuilding of the principle business places destroyed by the recent fire in St. John's, Que. As soon as the insurance claims have been paid up, the work will proceed with energy.

THREE boys, sons of Alex. Duane, were returning to Cornwall in a wagon from the village of Chrysler on Monday evening, 12th inst., when the smallest, aged seven years, fell from the wagon, the wheel of which passed over his head, killing him instantly.

ANOTHER is added to the long list of casualties from the careless handling of firearms. A young married woman, Mrs. Raymond Jackson, living near Bracebridge, died almost instantly from the effects of a wound caused by the discharge of a gun in the hands of a young man who was standing near her.

MR. JOHN WATKINS, Kingston, who died worth \$200,000, left \$35,000 to public institutions—\$12,000 to the Anglican Churches in that city, and \$23,000 to charities. He had willed his splendid residence to the Diocese of Ontario for a bishop's residence, but canceled the clause on the removal of Bishop Lewis to Ottawa, so it is lost.

PRESIDENT GRANT, in a message to Congress on Wednesday on the extradition question, announced that, Great Britain having ignored the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty relating thereto, he should not without an expression of the wish of Congress, take any action either in making or granting requisitions for the surrender of fugitive criminals under the treaty, so long as the attitude of the British Government remained unchanged.

ABOUT two o'clock on Tuesday morning a fire broke out in the *Madage* of Carlisle, in the store occupied by Readhead & Son, general merchants. Very little of the stock was saved, or of the furniture of the dwelling over the store. The exact loss is unknown, but it is fully covered by an insurance of \$6,000. The fire is supposed to have originated in the tailor's shop in connection with that part of the building.

A few days ago, Mr. Thomas Simpson, of Goulbourn, after having finished rolling a field, left the team and roller standing on the road while he closed up the gap. The team started. He made an effort to catch the lines, when the roller struck him, breaking one of his ribs and bruising him severely. His injuries are of such a nature that it is feared that it will be some time before he can recover. He finds it very difficult to even lie down.

THE Wesleyan Female College closed for the summer vacation on Tuesday evening last, and will re-open early in September. The graduating class was larger this year than any previous one. A large number of the friends of the institution were present, and it seemed to be the universal opinion that the College was, under the able management of the Rev. S. D. Rice, reaching, if that were possible, a more lofty elevation than ever in the preparation and education of young ladies for the higher walks of life. We wish the Wesleyan Female College continued prosperity.

A few days ago a lady with a little child visited this city, and after staying a short time with friends went to the depot to go to Fergus. She took a wrong train and reached St. Catharines. Returning by the 11.35 train she took a cab to drive to Cannon street; but the cabman after an hour declared he could not find it, put the lady and child out, and demanded and received his fare. While trying to find her way the lady was attacked by three men and a woman, who tried to rob her; but her screams brought two gentlemen to her aid, and her assailants fled. No policeman could be found.

A MEETING was held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association Tuesday evening to consider the propriety of organizing a Friendly Society, having in view as its principal object, providing for the respectable yet cheap burial of workmen and their families who, while belonging to the Society, might die. Mr. D. B. Chisholm occupied the chair. Reports of the Newport Society, Isle of Wight, for the year 1874-5 and '76, showing a membership of 2,288 males and 2,813 females, or a total of 5,103, and that since the organization of the Society it had paid for the burial of 731 males and 652 females. A resolution was unanimously passed approving of the formation of such a Society, and a committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration and report at a subsequent meeting to be called by the chairman.

THE TWO FACES.

Beauty and I struck hands and swore
We would be comrades-venture
For what, save her sweet smile, had worth
On all the three-voiced earth?

FAST TRAVELING.

THREE MILES IN THIRTY SECONDS.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Such was a fragment of the maniac's
disconnected and passionate rhapsody,
while I stood petrified with horror and surprise,
unable to move. I saw him crouch to make
the dreadful spring, and suddenly I recovered
my strength and presence of mind. Should
he jump, 'twould be death for him and im-
minent peril for me, since the balloon, in-
stantly lightened of one hundred and eighty
pounds of ballast, would shoot upward out
of my control. I closed with him in a fierce
struggle. 'Twas a struggle for life and
death. He seemed inspired with a giant's
strength. Twice he had nearly strangled
me with his fell grip. At last I got above
him with my knee on his chest; but even
then his panther-like strugglings and writh-
ings compelled me to strike several savage
blows, which temporarily stunned him. I
then succeeded in binding the madman
hand and foot, and rose, trembling like
an aspen, from the desperate contest. There
was but one thing to do, to land as soon as
possible and get rid of my passenger; so I
opened the valve and descended from a two
miles' altitude. I made a vow then never to
carry another traveler till I knew something
about his antecedents.

"The aeronaut's story lent fuel to the fire
that burnt within me, and the quick, fierce
graze of nerve and brain forced me on to the
act of sublime folly which would dash me
like thunderbolt, hot from heaven, through
the yawning air.
"Do you ask me, was there no thought of
wife and child, the darlings of my home,
who were waiting and praying for my safe
return way down there a mile or two below,
to calm my growing madness? Yes, I
thought of them, but with a sort of melan-
choly impotence. They were for the time
pale specters, reproachful ghosts, too weak to
fight the demon instinct that literally made
my hair bristle and my teeth chatter. Once
reason had almost forced out the words to
the unconscious Prof. W. For the sake
of God and mercy, hold and bind me too!
Could I have caught his eye, I think the
spell would have been broken; but just
then he turned to examine the aneroid, and
an instrument used to gauge the force and
velocity of the wind, and remarked: 'We
are now sailing at the rate of eighty miles an
hour, a speed far surpassing the swiftest ex-
press train.

"To be a god, floating through this aerial
ocean of rose and purple; and crystal,
by my own supernatural desires, cleaving
swiftly those foaming billows of sunset glory
that reared themselves like giant buttresses
in the gateway of the west, bathing in the
singing deep of cloud, across which the wan-
gling light poured floods of passionate flame—
such was the delirious fantasy that dis-
tinguished me, beauty drunk. Yet, could I hear
distinctly the voice of reason booming out its
tones, clear and solemn as the bells of a
church clock, 'The dream is madness, death,
annihilation.

"No word of the remembrance; no avoid the
sweet distant images of home and love. The
maniac's loquacious frenzy was upon me. Bind
fresh velocity to my longings. My
brain swam; all my limbs and organs seemed
transformed into immense wheels, revolving
out in inconceivable speed, and with the noise of
low thunder. One more recall to earth and
safety in the voice of Prof. W., muffled as
if coming from a great distance. 'The baro-
meter shows a height of fifteen thousand feet.
In an instant I had sprung on the
edge of the car, yelled out the sarcasm to its
conductor, 'You cheated one madman out of
his wish; the second one has baffled you, and
leaved into the air as one striking out into
the ocean surges!

Mr. Jones stopped in his story, which he
had shot out at times in quick, hard pants,
as if overcome by a convulsion of feeling, and
he were struggling to recover self-possession.
It need not be said that he had listened to the
account, whose tremendous denouement had
been constantly foreshadowed, with deepest
amazement. Incredible as it all seemed, his
extreme calmness, agitation, and even
suffering, belated its being understood as a
joke, or an idle fiction devised to white away
an hour. Even Dr. K. Randall, our fat-tongued
philosopher, who was vain to shoot a leop-
arded post in every serious discussion, list-
ened with staring eyes and parted lips.
Nay! had he not said in the dead silence,

which came of the narrator's pause, "Good
God! you could have been mad enough to
leap from a height of fifteen thousand feet!"
Our guest was too much absorbed in his
own reflections, the nature of which the far-
away look and working features plainly in-
dicated, to take in the drift of the query,
perhaps, for it passed unheeded. In a mo-
ment again he resumed the thread of his
strange confession;

"The mental ecstasy, on the top wave of
which I had been floating, made my leap into
mid-air a passage from the finite to the
infinite. The soul at that moment had com-
plete tyranny over the body and in my con-
sciousness all the force of nature were reversed.
While I was actually dashing toward the
far distant earth earth at the initial speed of
16 feet per second, constantly augmenting in
geometrical ratio, I seemed to be floating in
equipoise, buoyed up an unknown power.
My body had passed away, and left the soul
a pure spiritual flame which burned straight
upward, and sought to plant its seat among
the everlasting stars. Earthly memories
faded out like the dreams of one who had
returned to his strong, waking life. I had
solved by one lightning master-stroke, with-
out pain or difficulty, the enfranchisement of
the soul from its coil of clay. Some subtle,
new-born power, diffused through every
part of my being, lifted me out of the active
processes of life into a faint, mirror-like in-
telligence, in which the sense of being was
perfect rapture, for it was perfect knowledge,
perfect content.

"The invisible air through which I moved
clasped me in an embrace so elastic and sweet
that the inner self, dilated to giant size, and
purged to a miraculous refinement, revelled
in a delight far beyond the wildest riot of
the physical nerves. To be absorbed into the
Godhead was no longer a fancy of the
Brahmin mystic, but the living fact of
which I was soon to be the participant.

"On and on I seemed to float through
time and space which knew no end, for time
and space had ceased for me to exist. The
mysteries of the universe were beginning to
uncover themselves, not as spoils snatched
from an enemy's camp by a hard-earned vic-
tory, but as the joyous tribute lavished by
proud and loving subjects. The stars in
their courses danced in their flight, burning
with an inexpressible splendor, and seemed
to dip their flaming crests to me, a freshly-
born celestial. I would scale the very top-
most battlements of the sky, and scale the
the farthest barriers of the unknown. I
thought not, only felt; for thought and
knowledge passed so swiftly into conscious-
ness that they could not be measured. Bound-
less pleasures, but without the tincture of
passion or excitement, buoyed and bathed
me, for hearing and seeing and touch
were become but a single power, strung
to an infinite force. The soul needed no
intervention or scaffolding over which to
climb to its unearthly degree.

"Onward and onward I clef the ether in
swift but unconscious passage, for I was
steeped in passive ecstasy. Seconds, minutes,
hours, years rolled on, for they were all
as one.

"Did I say there was no conception of
time to mark my strange condition? Yes
and no! Taking as a test the intensity of
delight, though its calmness was unruined,
which swept through me in an unbroken
wave, time had no limit. But at last there
came a new experience. A hidden power
opened in consciousness with the swift leap
of a cataract. It was as if all the music of
the ocean-surges, of murmuring pines, and
of rolling thunders, joined in a single tone.
It was the stroke of a bell, infinitely sweet,
solemn, deep, resounding through the uni-
verse, and making the stars themselves
quiver. The awful music of that bell tolled
ONE.

"It was potent as the voice of Nemesis,
which, the ancients believed, ruled the gods
themselves. Its magic sound translated me
into a new realm of sensation. I was no
longer the same, floating in serene and pas-
sionless ecstasy. The joy of motion thrilled
me, and the wind of my speed dashed against
me like ocean-spray. A giant cloud with
flaming edges, and shot with all the hues of
sunset, tossed me on its chariot seat and gal-
loped through the skies. 'Was a warrior
armed with lance of light and thunderbolt,
for did not the mighty wheels mutter and
crash as they rolled? Flames coruscated
before my eyes, and took to themselves
shapes that pierced the very arches of heaven
in their mad play, sweeping the whole cir-
cuit of vision in such fantastic whirls as the
eye of sense could never conceive. The now
dimly seen starry height I had left seemed
to have been my abode centuries since, and
its faint reminiscences as vague and unsatis-
fying as the lines of a faded painting. Yet I
knew that the bounds of existence had been
pushed together by the melodious crash of
that bell, swung by invisible hands.

"No longer a calm intelligence, to sweep
through space by a mere volition, brooding
in content deeper than air or ocean—I was
become the slave of furious impulse, that
drove me stormily through space a restless
wanderer, like a star shot from its orbit, yet
within a circuit which could not be passed.
Swiftly the cloud which bore me rushed on,
transfigured in varying shapes, each more
weird and wonderful than the last; but,
swiftly as it dashed over its celestial path-
way, I, its driver and burden, knew that some
irresistible edict controlled its speed. A
vague presence hinted of a shapeless
demon beyond the purple mystery, which had
saddled and harnessed its splendors for my
service. Thrilled, but not disturbed, I sped
on; for there was fierce joy in the race, and
the winged winds were my couriers, my
body-guards the bright shafts of sunset.
Again the stroke of that bell boomed through
the skies, this time with a harsher clang—
ONE TWO.

"All things shivered with the sound
which, bearing against the distant worlds,
reverberated in solemn echoes. The clouds
lent and broke as if with dread at the sum-
mons, and fled from around me in crazy pan-
ics. A dim instinct warned me that the
clock of fate was striking, and that its
stroke, perhaps, were hidden by the hidden
machinery of my own intellect, ticking off
the fatal count with iron precision. That
double knell had broken the embattled
clouds into chaos and ruin. It was also
piercing and scattering the illusory which
had lapped me in sweet dreams centuries
long. What was to come laughed in faint
mockery through the dying echoes of the bell.

"What pitiless power thus doomed my
soul to the conscious measurement of its own
drop, from bliss to despair, from a long
dream to the agony of waking? Waking?
God of mercy, what a waking!

"Not yet; would I yield even to fate,
though its onward march came with the
trap of God. 'Will you should fight against
down, and stand proudly entrenched. Fier-
cely I had fought on battle-fields wet with
blood of thousands; I would war now against
the invisible.

"Was that hot blood I tasted as it spout-
ed between my teeth? Yes! it came from
the sword-thrust of that German dragon as
he pierced my cheek with a savage lunge.
One mighty stroke, good sword! Brave
steed, how you gear through helmet and
skull-bone, and bite into the very jaw!
Ha! gallant old man, that was worthy of you
in your palmy days of youth and strength,
when you sauntered Kabyles in Algeria. One
more barbarian from over the Rhine sent
across the Styx! Fiercely I drive over the
battle-field with glittering squadrons of cui-
rassiers as we charge like lightning among
the German ranks. Bodies are piled breast-
high, our own brave fellows among the rest.
But what use the gallantry of despair? We
are driven back in wild rout. The whole
army is in retreat. Like hideous spectres
they rush madly, filling the earth and air,
back toward Paris. One's very ears are
deafened, and eyes blinded by this mad con-
fusion. The enemy is close behind, and there
is no time for rest. At last we are in Paris
again, starving, skinned rats, shut in a trap,
and the German fields grin and gibber at us
from the 'courage, little Eugenie,
thou hast but little to offer, and thy strength
is daily worn out by tender care of the poor
wounded Frenchmen; but thy adoring fan-
cy and lover are with thee, and would die
to shield thee from harm. Thy roses are
gone, the dancing light of thy eyes faded
out, but thou shalt recover them again
in the joy of love. How quickly time flies
in this doomed city! Days and weeks go by
like minutes. 'Come, mon /is, let us go and
see the savages come firing from their new
Krupp battery.' Thus speaks M. Pelletier,
spritting in disgust at the hated names, and
we walk through the dusk. There they go,
the monster shells, filling the air full of
screaming death. Hark! the battery speaks,
three huge guns. ONE—TWO—THREE!

"Can the artillery of earth make such a
deafening crash? 'Tis rather the brazen
graze of a vast tomb-creeking with sepulchral
fronter. Not a bell again, the triple
stroke of the bell! 'Three? Do not recollect
three miles high? Again I hear Prof.
W.—speak in slow, measured tones, like
those of a schoolboy reading his task:
"It is a strange fact that light and heavy
bodies fall with the same velocities. At the
altitude of three miles, near which we are
now floating, you should strike at the same
moment as this little stone, that is, in a tri-
ple second of time. It is a fact of the
thirty would probably be conscious ones."

"Horror on horrors! I knew it fully
now. Some demonic volition of my own
had been tolling the bell of fate, counting
the seconds off on the clock of consciousness,
and pealing such mighty strokes as sent
them shivering through all space. Plunging
to an end so hideous and unparalleled, self
was kicking off its death-agony like a faith-
ful mathematical machine. Two seconds
of the thirty would probably be conscious ones."
"Horror on horrors! I knew it fully
now. Some demonic volition of my own
had been tolling the bell of fate, counting
the seconds off on the clock of consciousness,
and pealing such mighty strokes as sent
them shivering through all space. Plunging
to an end so hideous and unparalleled, self
was kicking off its death-agony like a faith-
ful mathematical machine. Two seconds
of the thirty would probably be conscious ones."

The jolly buzzing of the flies, as they
drone and hummed on the window-panes,
alone broke the death-like silence as Mr.
Jones paused. He drank deep of the brandy
and water, for the terrible memories which
he had marshaled were fast beating down his
self-compassionate. Again he spoke in low and
broken tones.

There are some phases of suffering which
may come to a man's life beyond the capaci-
ties of expression. Words, by very contact
shrivelled up into weak and worthless
things. Such was my condition when my
mind was startled into a full apprecia-
tion of the actual facts. I had done
nothing. I was condemned by an irresisti-
ble force, to possess a very irritable tem-
per, and her name has become a synonym of
"vixen," or "sodd." It is more than pos-
sible, however, that the judgment passed up-
on her by mankind has been too severe. A
more charitable disposition would undoubt-
edly have discovered in her, many good
qualities, and have attributed her failings
more to physical infirmities than to moral ob-
liquity. The part most intimately acquaint-
ed with her, and therefore best able to form
a correct opinion, gives her credit for many
domestic virtues. It is now well known
that many of the diseases to which women
are subject, have a direct tendency to render
them irritable, peevish, cross, morose, un-
reasonable, so that they chafe and fret over
all those little ills and annoyances that a per-
son in health would bear with composure. It
is fair to infer that most of the instances of
Xantippe were due to these causes alone;
and could Socrates, as he returned from the
Senate, the Gymnasium, or the Athenium,
have stopped at Peste and Mortar's Drug
Store and carried home a bottle of Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now and
then, no doubt he might have evaded many
a "Kurtain lecture," allayed many a "do-
mestic broil," made it much pleasanter for
the children, and more enjoyable for himself,
and rescued his wife's name from the un-
enviable, world-wide, and eternal notoriety
it has attained. Thousands of women bless the
day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion was first made known to them. A sin-
gle bottle often gives debate and suffering
women more relief than months of treatment
from their family physician. In all those de-
rangements causing backache, dragging
down sensations, nervous and general debil-
ity, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing
and healing properties render it of the ut-
most value to ladies suffering from internal
fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration,
and its strengthening effects tend to
correct displacements of internal parts, the
result of weakness of natural supports. It is
sold by all druggists.

"Eugenie, didst thou speak to me?"
"Yes! the same sweet voice and loving words
with which thou didst pat thy new-born son
into my arms, a sacred tie to knit our hearts
together in holier consecration—how the
music floats far away like a silvery chime,
that voice of paradise, 'thy babe, sweet
heart!' ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR!"

"Faster and faster came the resounding
crashes, the strokes being like sledge-ham-
mers on the brain. 'Get up, can there be no
escape? I am now in a black prison-chamber
without a ray of light from without!'
Yet I can see demon-faces, gibbering and
grimacing, yelling with shrieks of derisive
laughter, piercing me with gibes and mocks
of horrible blasphemy. Another second
was ticking off the last of conscious life. Far
down on some lonely road over which gath-
ering dust threw somb shadows, I could
see a mystery so monstrous as to defy
curiosity—a foul, shapless blotch, gnawing
in the dust, pasting the earth with an odious
smear.

"Shuddering men go by and avoid the
horror. The very birds alight and swoon like
kittens, and fear to approach. Bone, flesh,
blood, and brains churn into
"Swiftly streams the strokes of the bell,
as if all the fiends were singing at it in fu-
rious glee. I writhe with the strength of
despair. Could I but pray! 'One more vision
of vanished happiness gleams athwart
the faint and dying memory.

"My mother, on a holy Sabbath afternoon
reads from the good book a story of the gen-
tle Jesus to her little boy. The country
laughs with the joy of singing and beauty,
and through the wondrous lattice is watched
the scent of apple blossoms. 'Bees and but-
terflies sail in and out, sporting amid the

vines and flowers. The loving fingers play
with the child's curly hair, brushing her lap,
and the sweet voice goes on:
"Then the devil taketh him up in the
holy city, and setteth him on the pinnacle
of the temple.
"And saith unto him, If thou be the Son
of God, cast thyself down: for it is written,
He shall give his angels charge concerning
thee; and in their hands they shall bear
thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot
against a stone.
"These blessed words sounded like angel
music. All the expiring energies of the soul
gathered in a last effort of supplication:
"Christ Jesus, who didst resist all tempta-
tions, and didst die to save men, save a
despairing wretch—save me! That giant
struggle broke the fetters of fate, and suc-
ceeded in lifting the last two words of the
prayer into a terrible outcry that rang loud
and shrill.

"In the shining depths of the pier-glass
an awful haggard apparition glared at me—
hair bleached to snow, wrinkles like trench-
cut deep in the features, blood streaming
from mouth and nostrils, the haunting look
of the damned in the eyes and face, the fig-
ure sheeted in its night-dress and shaking
with a palsy! I was seated upright in bed,
so dazed and crushed that I could not speak,
scarcely think, much less recognize the spec-
ters in the mirror for the strong man of yester-
day, rioting in the pride of joy and youth.
Where was I and what was it all? Wife
bending over me, sobbing, moaning, praying
with inarticulate sounds of love, and grief,
and wonder. My baby-boy pressing his in-
nocent cheek to mine.

"I was saved, indeed, but the scars of the
agony were branded on me for life. Had
the fatal dream lasted a moment longer,
the life would have been crushed out of me
as infallibly as if my body had actually spun
through three miles of actual descent.
We did not even smile at the simplicity
of Jack Randall's look and tone of disappoint-
ment as he said:
"It was all a mere dream, then?"
"No!" replied our guest, solemnly, "not
all. I had actually made the voyage safely
with Prof. W. The fantastic thought of
falling from a height of three miles took such
hold on my imagination that at night it
shaped itself into a dream. The early part
of the vision reproduced with minute fidelity
what had occurred prior to the conception of
the weird fancy. The mind plays remark-
able tricks in sleep, and it cut off the last half
of the journey, replacing it with its horrid
creation, without a logical break or flaw—
The facts as amended by sleep-inspired imag-
ination have blotted out in my thoughts the
commonplace of a safe return. The dream
was the terrible and essential fact which
crowds out from memory the nominal reality.
That midnight experience was the most
genuine thing in my life, and takes prece-
dence of all other recollections as a living
truth. Let us call things by their right
names, and recognize reality in that which
works the permanent effect. I fell from that
height by every physical and metaphysical
test as veritably as if my body had been
hurled from a balloon."

Mr. Jones suddenly glanced at his watch
and, with a forced smile, which showed how
difficult it was for habitual cheerfulness to
overcome the emotion incident to his story,
said:
"By Jove! I'm late to keep a dinner ap-
pointment. Do you walk up the street,
Wanley? By-the-way, if any of you would
like to see that posthumous article of M.
Pelletier's, which was one motive of my as-
cent, you'll find it in the December number
of the *Magazine des Sciences, Paris, Archives*,
gentlemen.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Xantippe.
It seems that the memory of this woman,
like that of her renowned husband, is likely
to be kept alive to the end of time. She is
said to have possessed a very irritable tem-
per, and her name has become a synonym of
"vixen," or "sodd." It is more than pos-
sible, however, that the judgment passed up-
on her by mankind has been too severe. A
more charitable disposition would undoubt-
edly have discovered in her, many good
qualities, and have attributed her failings
more to physical infirmities than to moral ob-
liquity. The part most intimately acquaint-
ed with her, and therefore best able to form
a correct opinion, gives her credit for many
domestic virtues. It is now well known
that many of the diseases to which women
are subject, have a direct tendency to render
them irritable, peevish, cross, morose, un-
reasonable, so that they chafe and fret over
all those little ills and annoyances that a per-
son in health would bear with composure. It
is fair to infer that most of the instances of
Xantippe were due to these causes alone;
and could Socrates, as he returned from the
Senate, the Gymnasium, or the Athenium,
have stopped at Peste and Mortar's Drug
Store and carried home a bottle of Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now and
then, no doubt he might have evaded many
a "Kurtain lecture," allayed many a "do-
mestic broil," made it much pleasanter for
the children, and more enjoyable for himself,
and rescued his wife's name from the un-
enviable, world-wide, and eternal notoriety
it has attained. Thousands of women bless the
day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion was first made known to them. A sin-
gle bottle often gives debate and suffering
women more relief than months of treatment
from their family physician. In all those de-
rangements causing backache, dragging
down sensations, nervous and general debil-
ity, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing
and healing properties render it of the ut-
most value to ladies suffering from internal
fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration,
and its strengthening effects tend to
correct displacements of internal parts, the
result of weakness of natural supports. It is
sold by all druggists.

A young man who resides in Ottawa,
Owa, and who wears a set of store teeth,
went to sleep while sitting in his chair a few
days ago, and while sweetly sleeping and
dreaming of love and other nice things, a
wag slowly removed his teeth and pawned
them for all the soft-water the boys want
to drink. There was mist in the air when
the toothless sleeper awoke, but he paid for
the drinks like a little man.

Moony says he never saw an old man
wanting to live in a country where there were
no churches and no Bible—a happy
thought and a very suggestive one.

The chief textile manufacturers of India
will be illustrated in a grand national work,
to be published under the authority of the
secretary of state for India in council, by the
reporter on the products of India. The price
of each copy of the complete work will be
£150, which simply covers the outlay of the
production. It will consist of 13 quarto
volumes, 8 royal folio volumes, containing
240 lithographic and chromo-lithographic
plates, and 30 glazed frames round a pillar
of some six feet in diameter for the exhibition
of these plates.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
CANADA: IN THE COUNTY COURT
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, OF THE COUNTY OF
COUNTY OF WESTWORTH, WESTWORTH.

In the Matter of W. T. ECCLESTONE,
an Insolvent.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS FILED IN THE
Office of this Court a Deed of Composition and
Discharge executed by his creditors, and
ON THURSDAY, THE THIRTEENTH
DAY OF JULY NEXT,
he will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a
confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.
Dated at the City of Hamilton this 1st day of
June, A.D. 1875.

R. R. WADDELL,
Attorney for the Insolvent et altem.

IF YOU WANT TO PURCHASE
A FEW PLEASANT RESIDENCES

AND ONE GOOD BUSINESS STAND
in the healthy, wealthy and prosperous
TOWN OF BARRIE,

Apply to A. LANG, who will offer several
FOR SALE BY AUCTION.

On the 2nd day of June next, at one o'clock.
Terms—One-third cash down, and the balance
on time to suit the purchasers, with interest at eight
per cent., payable half yearly. The houses are all
well located.
Barrie, 30th May, 1875. 4272

THE ADVERTISER IS NOW OFFERING HIS
Stock of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
at a very low figure. Call early and secure a large
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO BOARDING
HOUSE KEEPERS.
A large stock of choice pieces of Corned Beef,
Hams, Shoulders, Bacon, etc., low.
J. L. LANE,
420-2nd St. (Opp. John and Barton sts.)

PSYCHOMANCY OR SOUL-CHARMING.—How
either sex may fascinate and gain the love and
affection of any person they choose, instantly. This
simple mental acrobatic all can possess, free by
mail, for 25 cents, together with a Marriage Guide,
Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, A queer
book, 100,000 sold. Address T. WILLIAMS & CO.,
Publishers, Philadelphia, Penn. [425-1]

SPRING STOCK.

ALL THE NEWEST AND LATEST DESIGNS
JUST OPENED AT

THE PEOPLE'S ORDERED CLOTH HOUSE,
No. 5 York Street,
Opposite Barr & Co's Drug Store, near the Market.

English and French Worsted Diagonals.
Suits to order from \$20 up.

Scotch and Canadian All-Wool Tweeds.
Suits to order from \$10 up.

Pants to Order from \$1 25 to \$3.
Inspection Respectfully Invited.

Parties furnishing their own material will
receive equal attention as heretofore. Cloth and
Trimnings sold cheap and cut.
Satisfaction in Every Respect Guaranteed.
JOHN FINAGIN,
Hamilton, April 1, 1875. 43

PATENTS American and Foreign
obtained for inventors
at prices as low as those
of any reliable agency. Correspondence invited
with inventors, and with those who have had their
inventions rejected by the U. S. PATENT OFFICE,
also with merchants and manufacturers desiring
TRADE MARKS AND LABELS.
If you want a
Patent sent you a
model of a rough
sketch, and a full description of your invention.
We will make examination in the PATENT OFFICE,
and if we think it profitable, will send you papers,
and advise and prosecute your case.
We refer to Hon. M. D. Leggett, Ex-Commissioner
of Patents, Cleveland, O.; O. H. Kelley, Esq., Sec-
retary National Grant, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. F. D.
Power, Washington, D. C.; and to the Danish and
Swedish Foreign Legations at Washington, D. C.
Send stamp for our "Guide for obtaining
Patents."
Address, LOUIS BAGGER & CO.,
Solicitors of Patents,
Washington, DC

INVENTORS
If you want a
Patent sent you a
model of a rough
sketch, and a full description of your invention.
We will make examination in the PATENT OFFICE,
and if we think it profitable, will send you papers,
and advise and prosecute your case.
We refer to Hon. M. D. Leggett, Ex-Commissioner
of Patents, Cleveland, O.; O. H. Kelley, Esq., Sec-
retary National Grant, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. F. D.
Power, Washington, D. C.; and to the Danish and
Swedish Foreign Legations at Washington, D. C.
Send stamp for our "Guide for obtaining
Patents."
Address, LOUIS BAGGER & CO.,
Solicitors of Patents,
Washington, DC

Customs Department,
OTTAWA, Aug. 3, 1875.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American Invoices until further notice, 10 per
cent.
J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

TREBLE'S DOMINION SHIRT FACTORY,
No. 8 King Street East, Hamilton, Ontario.

DIRECTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT
Measure around Neck, just above the larynx, and
under the throat, with a string, from the point of
the ear, over the shoulder, to the point of the
elbow, for Sleeves, Elbows or Buttons in cut
front, for Studs, Elbows or Buttons in cut
back, for Buttons, when waist is cut, plain
front, for Buttons, when waist is cut, plain
back.

S. G. Treble's Mammoth Furnishing
House, Hamilton, Ont.

JUNE.

Why should I care to count the time? I know the moments fly too fast; I know the day has seen its prime, And I shall lose it in the past.

To lose all memory and all care, And lie forever at my ease, Fanned by a faintly-scented air, Wandering across such fields as these.

To be as wealthy as the grass, Gay as you brook and know not why, Idle as those white clouds that pass Across the quiet of the sky.

Why should I care to count the hours? Too fast, too fast, they glide away; Too soon to-morrow will be ours, And we shall call this yesterday.

Fade, phantoms of the busy year! June days shall be my providence, Pass by me, thought! and leave me here In the charmed region of the sense.

The Icy Sea.

The London (England) Daily Telegraph has the following speculations as to the whereabouts of the English exploring party in the Arctic region; it says:—When the two vessels were last seen open water lay before them, and they were bearing straight up northward for Prudhoe Land and Cape Isabella.

The Increasing Ravages of Lightning.

That the destruction of barns and other buildings by lightning is of more frequent occurrence than formerly is not apparent to all who read the newspapers.

This increasing frequency of lightning strokes is the natural result of clearing up and improving the country. The cultivation of the soil facilitates evaporation, causing it to proceed more rapidly, by which means a greater amount of electricity as well as vapor is carried into the atmosphere.

As the country is cleared these paths for the return of the electricity to the earth are diminished, while the number of buildings are multiplied. Barns are the most frequently selected by the electricity, from the fact that the decomposition of matter accumulated about them, as well as the sweating of their contents produces gases, which, ascending into the air, invites the lightning by furnishing it a path of less resistance than the air.

It is now a well-established fact, that metal only furnishes a path of slight resistance to admit of the passage of electricity with its wonderful velocity without creating injurious violence. Copper Conductors of suitable size are now pronounced by the best authorities, the surest safeguards against damage by lightning.

Cure for Croup.

A Kansas lady gives the following cure for croup, which she vouches for as reliable. She has had much experience with a child always troubled with croup—has tried every syrup, goose grease and scores of other remedies, and finds the following better than all.

It Takes a Female.

Of course, any great slummock of a man can push a lawn-mower up and down and around, and he can nibble off the grass after a fashion, but when it comes down to artistic work, the mower over to a young lady.

S. T. CATHARINES SAW WORKS. R. H. SMITH & CO. (Successors to J. Flint, Manufacturers of all kinds of SAWS, Straw Knives, Patent Mast- ing Trowels, &c.

Look Out, Young Man. When it is said of a youth, "He drinks," and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk?

When it is said of a youth, "He drinks," and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk? Who will trust him? What young man will appoint him in building up his reputation—it goes down.

ROYA HOTEL, JAMES STREET, OPPOSITE THE West Office, Hamilton, Ont. The only first class Hotel in the City. Reduced rates during the winter.

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEA WOOD TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of consumption than any other remedy known to the American public.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

For all the Purposes of a Family Physician, Curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliary Colic, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetters, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuritis.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists. Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicine. Northrup & Lyman, Newcastle, General Agents. May 11, 1873.

HAMILTON ORNAMENTAL FOUNDRY

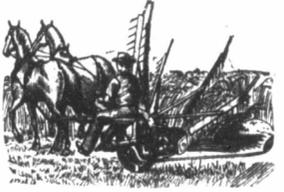
RABJOHN, KING & CO. List of Goods manufactured by the above Firm: AQUARIUMS, BIRDS, for Ornament, BOOTJACKS, BRACKETS for Lamps, Shelving and other purposes.

THE HAMILTON Turkish & Electro Thermal Baths 145 JAMES ST. NORTH. WILL BE OPEN FOR THE PUBLIC AFTER this date as follows: FOR LADIES, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 2 to 6 p.m. each day.

BUY THE BEST!

DOMINION STANDARD SCALES MANUFACTURED BY GURNEY & WARE, HAMILTON, ONT. Over one hundred different modifications of HAY, COAL, PLATFORM, AND COUNTER SCALES.

YOUNG MEN, ATTENTION! THE TURKISH ONGUENT. An oriental compound, for forcing whiskers and mustaches, will not injure the most delicate skin.

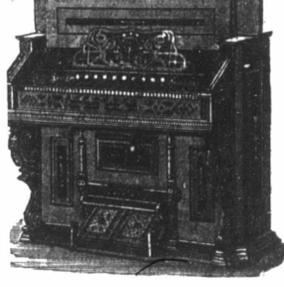


L. D. SAWYER & CO., SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF CANADIAN HARVESTER AND IRON CLAD MOWER.

WARRANTED THE BEST SINGLE REAPER AND MOWER IN THE DOMINION. Send for Catalogue. Address: L. D. SAWYER & CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

THE NEW ERA ORGAN.

WITH MAGIC STOPS. And all other improvements that can aid to the Tone, Durability, and Finish of this celebrated instrument.



W. J. POWER, Agent for the Dominion of Canada. Great inducements to the Trade. Price Lists and all information free.

THE HAMILTON Turkish & Electro Thermal Baths

145 JAMES ST. NORTH. WILL BE OPEN FOR THE PUBLIC AFTER this date as follows: FOR LADIES, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 2 to 6 p.m. each day.

DR. VERNON

Will be at the Bath from 10.30 to 12 a.m., where he can be consulted by patients wishing to take baths and also by his other patients.

FINE CARPET BROOMS.

STEAMBOAT & RWAY BROOMS SUPERIOR PLAIN BROOMS. SHOE, SCRUB AND STOVE BRUSHES. 48 ft., 60 ft., and 72 ft. CORDS. VELVET TOP WHISKS. WOOD HANDLE WHISKS. SAMPLE ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

YOUNG MEN, ATTENTION!

THE TURKISH ONGUENT. An oriental compound, for forcing whiskers and mustaches, will not injure the most delicate skin.

A POPULAR SUCCESS!



DEPEW'S Medical Victory. A GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND Health Regulator. NO MEDICINE EQUALS IT. DON'T FAIL TO PURCHASE IT.

Possessing most Astonishing Curative Properties, hitherto unknown, and only obtainable in the Medical Victory.

DR. DEPEW, OF PARIS, FRANCE. An eminent physician, is the discoverer of this Great Blood Purifier—a Purely Vegetable Compound—named by physicians, Depew's Medical Victory, that cures every kind of unhealthy Humor, and every disease that depends on Impurity of the Blood.

For the cure of Scrofula, Eczema, Scald-head, Eruption of the Skin, Fleas, and Fever Sores of all kinds, Boils, Humors in the Mouth and Stomach or Eyes, Sore Ears, Eruption on the Head, and Pimples or Blotches on the Face.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET ADDRESS Sills & Co., BATH, ONTARIO.

WILLIAM HAND, PYROTECHNIC ARTIST

HAMILTON, ONT. First Prize and Diploma at Toronto Fall Exhibition, Sept. & Oct., 1875. Signal Rockets and Lights for Shipping, Temples, Parks, Circuses, Triumphant Arches, &c., in Fireworks.

OSCAR C. EVANS,

Manufacturer of Oil Cloth WINDOW SHADES, For Dwellings and Stores, Oil Cloth AWNINGS, PLAIN AND STRIPED CANVAS AWNINGS AND TENTS. 103 JAS. ST. NORTH, HAMILTON, ONT.

A MODEL SERMON.

It should be brief; if lengthy it will sleep... Attention, duty, and memory's portals close.

STYLES OF THE SEASON.

The cabinets and counters of modistes' show-rooms display new and dainty fabrics for midsummer dresses.

Among very handsome dresses are myrtle green grenadines, trimmed lightly with gold or with silver braid.

White organdy muslins will also be worn to these day parties; they are nearly covered with embroidered flounces and lace.

Another distinguished-looking fabric is the new chemise matelasse silk in quantities of shaded shades of gray and brown.

New foulds of colors are dark solid color, woven in basket, aureole, and Mexican designs.

Broadened grenadine trimmed with thread lace is the fashionable choice in black grenadine dresses.

For the masses and for showy watering-places, white grenadine is made up to wear over black velvet.

The iron-frame grenadine is used for this; the over dress is a polonaise, trimmed with loops of black velvet and gold braid.

For the plain serviceable black grenadines that are made at home, the Mexican checks and larger plaids are chosen.

The over-skirt of grenadine is deep and round, edged with a cluster of pleating of the grenadine or fringe, or lace.

Watering-places to be worn at a luncheon party at a watering-place is of pale blue silk with silver braid.

The visitor to the British Museum may now see, in passing through the king's library, among other things, a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X.

Mr. Douglas, an English settler at Cape Colony, has opened a fountain of income for his family.

Black kid belts, with ammonite bags mounted with silver or with out steel are worn by Parisiennes.

Strawberries and cherries with bronzed foliage are fashionable garniture for straw hats.

Young ladies and misses are wearing blouse or surplice waists belted and sometimes lapped in front.

HAPPINESS.

The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone.

Mr. Milburn, who is now on the topmost hill of success among the artists of Great Britain, is building for himself in London a new house, to cost \$150,000.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE ELIOT will receive \$80,000 from the sale of "Daniel Deronda."

The London World announces that Capt. Curly, the central African lion of the London salons, is about to start for Africa in quest of Mr. Stanley.

It is reported that Edwin Booth has sent \$500 to help build a monument to Shakespeare.

A WATERBURY girl addresses Mrs. A. T. Stewart's aunt, and tells how sorry she is about her poor old uncle.

The search for Charley Ross has been renewed with fresh zeal by the New York police.

A CHEEKY party by the name of Johnson proposes to parody Dickens' novels by re-writing them and cutting out those parts which he—the cheeky party named Johnson—thinks are not worth reading.

The Rev. Mr. Milburn, we are glad to hear, has been most cordially received by the literary people of London.

Mr. DISRAELI has done another graceful act in granting to Mrs. Tregelles, widow of the late Rev. Pradeaux Tregelles, the eminent Greek scholar, a pension of \$500 in recognition of Dr. Tregelles' services in connection with Biblical translation.

ST. BARTHELEMY gives unqualified testimony to the success of missions in India from his observations during his tour with the Prince of Wales.

A SCOTCH minister recently told his hearer that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous.

A FETTER in the court of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him.

THE VISITOR to the British Museum may now see, in passing through the king's library, among other things, a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X.

Mr. DOUGLAS, an English settler at Cape Colony, has opened a fountain of income for his family.

IN the May number of Blackwood is a caustic article on the "Brotherhood," from which we quote the following "personal," which describes in rather glowing terms the present Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, and his wife, Mrs. Villiers, niece of the fourth Earl of Clarendon.

M. P. L.—The lines you allude to are to be found in the comedy of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

G. E. L.—We should advise you to give no further thought to the young lady, as she seems to be too easily vexed.

ESAU.—Bread was given to man for wild purposes, and hence it is evident that it should not be too often or too closely cut.

P. E. A.—Please inform me what would be the work for a junior book-keeper in a whole sale store, hardware or grocery.

H. Y.—Of forty-five Roman emperors who reigned from the time of Julius Cæsar (44 B. C.) down to Constantine (A. D. 284), thirty-one were murdered or died in battle.

MARY AND ANN.—I, unmarried females are called spinsters from the supposed fact that in early times it was forbidden for girls to marry till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture or clothing.

STREPHEN L.—The boomerang is a stick of heavy wood, about the size of a large walking stick. It is curved at something less than half a circle.

KARR.—Madonna is derived from Latin and Spanish words signifying Madam. The Madonna was a title given to the Virgin Mary.

ALL SORTS.

VISITORS that always come on foot. Corus. The market reports speak of the tendency of all provisions as "downward."

THEY've got a singing doll at the Centennial. She hums "I'm sawdust when I sing."

DON'T swap with yer relashuns unless ye ken afford to give them the big end of the trade.

EVERY man can make himself useful in this world, if only by holding a unsharable over a young lady who is playing croquet.

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

WHAT causes so many conflagrations? asks a Cleveland paper. Shouldn't wonder if fire had something to do with it.

IT is claimed that a true lady never loses her temper. We never knew of one being really out of temper, though since the present style of dress came in we have seen them considerably ruffled.

A LITTLE boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance.

A FETTER in the court of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him.

A SCOTCH minister recently told his hearer that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous.

THE VISITOR to the British Museum may now see, in passing through the king's library, among other things, a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X.

Mr. DOUGLAS, an English settler at Cape Colony, has opened a fountain of income for his family.

Black kid belts, with ammonite bags mounted with silver or with out steel are worn by Parisiennes.

Strawberries and cherries with bronzed foliage are fashionable garniture for straw hats.

Young ladies and misses are wearing blouse or surplice waists belted and sometimes lapped in front.

THE VISITOR to the British Museum may now see, in passing through the king's library, among other things, a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X.

Mr. DOUGLAS, an English settler at Cape Colony, has opened a fountain of income for his family.

Black kid belts, with ammonite bags mounted with silver or with out steel are worn by Parisiennes.

Strawberries and cherries with bronzed foliage are fashionable garniture for straw hats.

Young ladies and misses are wearing blouse or surplice waists belted and sometimes lapped in front.

THE VISITOR to the British Museum may now see, in passing through the king's library, among other things, a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X.

Mr. DOUGLAS, an English settler at Cape Colony, has opened a fountain of income for his family.

Black kid belts, with ammonite bags mounted with silver or with out steel are worn by Parisiennes.

Strawberries and cherries with bronzed foliage are fashionable garniture for straw hats.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Jemima Brown. Bring her here, my little Alice—Poor Jemima Brown! Make the little cradle ready.

Once she was a lovely dolly. Rose-checked and fair, With her eyes of brightest azure.

Once her legs were smooth and comely. And her nose was straight; And that arm, now hanging lonely.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.

Little hands that did the mischief. You must be your best; Now to give the poor old dolly.