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Whistling News

Vol. XXV.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882.

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CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

"TAKE heed! take heed! I come with speed,
For I've just new-strung my bow;
My quiver is full: if the shaft I pull,
Some arrow may hit, you know."

"Oh, pull away!" did the maiden say;
"For who'd be the coward to mind
A bow that is strung by a boy so young,
Who in both of his eyes is blind?"



The bow he drew, and the shaft it flew,
And the maiden was heard to cry,
"Oh! take this dart from my wounded heart,
Dear Cupid, or else I die!"

He said, as he smiled, "I am but a child,
And could have no power to find
With both of my eyes where the dart now lies,
And you know, dearest maid, I am blind."

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

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TEMPERATURE

As observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

March 19th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 27°	14°	20°	Mon.. 27°	14°	20°
Tues.. 26°	5°	17°	Tues.. 26°	8°	17°
Wed.. 32°	5°	18°	Wed.. 29°	5°	18°
Thur.. 3°	14°	23°	Thur.. 39°	14°	23°
Fri.. 37°	9°	23°	Fri.. 37°	9°	23°
Sat.. 46°	26°	36°	Sat.. 46°	26°	36°
Sun.. 38°	17°	32°	Sun.. 36°	21°	28°

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THE WEEK.—The Academy Exhibition—About Fogs—A Forward Lover—A Munificent Gift.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Doings at the Capital—Closer, Love, to Thee—Our Illustrations—Uncongenial People—A "Friendly Scuffle"—Bunny Kate (illus.)—News of the Week—Tawhiao, King of the Maoris—A Romance of a Century Ago—Two Adventurous Dogs—Humorous—The Sea Maiden—A Safe Anchorage—He was in Trouble—Musical and Dramatic—The Snow-Filled Nest—A Flower in the Cell—The Uses of Lent—Soap Grease, or Freedom—Miscellaneous—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 25, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE coming Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is hardly exciting the interest which it might fairly be expected to arouse in a city like Montreal. Still preparations are being actively made by the Art Association for the reception of the pictures, and the Exhibition will be open on the day named. Intending exhibitors should remember that the 1st of April is the last day for sending in their pictures. Another point to be remembered by those who are preparing works for exhibition, is that the previous display of their pictures elsewhere than in their own studios, debars them from the right to exhibit. A declaration has to be signed by each exhibitor that the pictures are his own work, his own property, and that they have never been placed on exhibition in any gallery or shop. The restriction is only the natural one adopted by all similar institutions who are anxious to obtain new and fresh work, but a general understanding of it may avoid mistakes and save unpleasant *contretemps*.

COMPLAINTS of a scarcity of fogs in London during the winter-time are so unusual that it will doubtless be an agreeable surprise to most persons to learn that the experiments undertaken at St. Bartholomew's Hospital last winter by the sub-committee appointed by the Meteorological Society to ascertain the composition of fogs appear to have failed chiefly because there were, comparatively speaking, no fogs to experiment upon. The report of the sub-committee just issued sets forth briefly the provoking situation in which the experimenters were placed from this cause. Strangely enough, it seems that fogs were especially wanting in the very heart of the City; and there is almost a touch of peevishness in the sub-committee's observation, that "on several occasions during last winter the City was comparatively clear while the West-end of London was visited with 'a considerable fog.'" Even when the fogs did come within the ancient civic lines of circumvallation it is complained that they "lasted comparatively a short time." What the experimenters were most anxious to ascertain was the quantity of solid carbon, nitrogen, ammonia, carbonic acid, moisture and suspended matter, in the air on foggy days, all which is discoverable by filtration through asbestos and cotton wool. Besides this, they are, we learn, desirous of determining, by means of apparatus already constructed, the conditions under which artificial fog can be produced. This latter object is one of which the utility will not, we fear, be apparent at first sight to the unscientific mind. It is gratifying to

learn that, notwithstanding the irritating clearness of the atmosphere around St. Bartholomew's last year, the purely preliminary work has been completed, while some valuable experience and information have been obtained, especially as to the method of "thoroughly washing" foggy air, with a view to subjecting the impurities removed from it to microscopical and chemical observation. What important light all this may tend to throw upon the causes of diseases of the air passages, so common in London, may readily be conceived. From this point of view it may be permissible to congratulate Mr. RUSSELL and his scientific coadjutors upon having since the date of these experiments enjoyed a winter which, judging from the last month or two, ought to be all that their hearts can desire.

THE *Times*' agony column has been the medium of many a queer communication ere now, but the following, from the issue of March 1, seems sufficiently unique to bear quoting:

"The person who, contrary to common sense and propriety, is in the habit of sending anonymously valuable presents with cards and valentines to a very young lady in the North of England, is requested to discontinue the practice; and is informed that the presents hitherto sent, which have never been accepted or used by the young lady, have been forwarded, after a vain attempt to trace them to the sender, for the benefit of a charitable institution."

Surely here we have a romance in the shell, so to speak. What a field for the imagination is to be found in the thought of that hopeless and absorbing passion, which for years has laughed to scorn all notions of propriety and even of common sense (but then what true lover ever possessed any common sense, to speak of). And the very young lady. How young, do you suppose? Juliet was but thirteen when Romeo waited below her window. But then Juliet would not have declined Romeo's presents, even if he had sent them anonymously. Is there, perhaps, a bitter satire in the word valuable. Value is so relative. At the age of two the moon seems only equalled in pricelessness by a stick of candy. At the age of thirty probably a diamond necklace has superior attractions to either. Somewhere in between comes the time when an old glove, a faded rosebud, a tress of hair, have a value which no words can express. These latter articles, however, would probably be of little use to a charitable institution, which would probably appreciate a load of wood or a roll of flannel as superior even to a lace pocket-handkerchief. Yet we can hardly imagine the ardent lover forwarding his very juvenile mistress an order on the grocer for three pounds of sugar, even with a view of its being presented eventually, in case of rejection, to a charitable institution. The moral, however, is clear. Do not send anonymous presents to very young ladies. St. Valentine used to countenance such things, but his day apparently is past, and in future if you do not present your gifts in person, you should at least furnish an address to which they can be returned if not "accepted or used" by the lady in question. Meanwhile we should like to hear from the charitable institution.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT.

It is pleasant always to record the recognition of merit; in whomsoever it may be found, and an instance is before us, which, besides being reason of congratulation to those concerned, may give the world outside a few thoughts, and the young men who are growing up amongst us a bright example. On Tuesday last Mr. G. B. BURLAND, of this city, gave, at his residence, 297 University Street, a reception in honor of the coming of age of his son, at which we had the pleasure of assisting. There are few of our young men who, on reaching the age at which custom emancipates them from the restrictions of

boyhood, have a record better worthy of being unrolled than that of Mr. JEFFREY H. BURLAND. A diligent student of Applied Science at McGill, he has taken a leading place in each year amongst those of his standing, and earned the well-deserved affection of his fellow-students, as well as the respect of his professors. Moreover, his love for his *Alma Mater* has shown itself in the foundation of a Scholarship in Applied Science at the College, and the extending to his class such courtesies as from his position and means he was fortunately enabled to do.

This, however, is but a small matter compared with the respect which his home relations have won from his parents. In these days of precocious boyhood it is rare to find a young man who, up to the age of laying aside that boyhood, has earned so fully the approbation of father and mother.

And it is this, if we mistake not, more than his success in the outer world, which has led Mr. BURLAND to feel that such a youth may be well trusted with independence and launched into manhood. "To command," said the Duke of Wellington, "it is necessary to learn how to obey," and he who has during his boyhood submitted himself honorably to the will of his parents, is best fitted to enter that state of life in which he will have more than he retrofere to act and think for himself.

On Tuesday night the astonished youth, who we may believe had no idea of the speedy recognition of his undoubted merit, was presented by his father with the sum of \$25,000, accompanying a present of a magnificent gold watch and chain from his mother and sisters. Mr. JEFFREY BURLAND, who but yesterday was a boy among boys, is to-day a man, sufficiently endowed to enable him to hold his own in the battle of life into which he must enter.

As we said, there is much encouragement in this for the young men of to-day; much encouragement and much of teaching. It is a small matter, perhaps, to the world at large that this or that young man should have \$25,000. But if the feeling that for an honest and moral boyhood (that kind of boyhood, be it said, which youth itself is too faint to decry and to scoff at) there is recognition from those it is our duty to please and to honor—if this feeling spread amongst us, there is something gained at least. True, for all there is not so tangible a reward. Yet we may believe that the mere pecuniary advantage is a trifling one, compared with that manhood, which is in itself the reward of a well-spent youth. Young men can all so act that when the limit of their boyhood is reached, the world will say, "This is a man. Honor him."

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 17th, 1882.

All of us are acquainted with the manner in which innumerable battalions are made to march past on the stage. At an entertainment recently given in this city, the same trick was resorted to in the matter of bouquet-throwing. Two of these floral tributes did service a whole night, returning as they did with clockwork regularity to the stage box whence they had been thrown during the course of the evening, to be again and again jerked on to the stage.

The Labelle-Prume concert was not a success as to numbers. Prume played as well as ever and the ladies sang fairly and accompanied each other very cleverly.

The endless debate on the budget was continued on Tuesday in an empty house, whose members had trooped off to hear Mrs. Watson's recital. The Grand Opera House was crowded, the gallery being for the nonce occupied by "goddesses" instead of by "gods." Many ladies had sought seats in that elevated locality, and several gentlemen joined them in order to get as near Olympus as they could.

The stage had been transformed into a bouidoir, the furnishing of which was incongruous

and overdone. Huge serge flags with panoplies of bayonets are out of place in my lady's sanctum. Placed on an easel facing the Vice-Regal box, were portraits of "His X" and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, and the worst likenesses ever taken of both at that.

Mrs. Watson's efforts were well received, and much appreciated by the audience. By many she is considered as being more successful in her French than in her English readings. Whilst giving Mrs. Watson credit for her talents, there are those who do not endorse injudicious critics when lauding her to the skies at the expense of Mrs. Scott Siddons.

One of the pieces selected to be played at the Rideau Hall is the familiar "Area Belle." Dramatis personæ: "Mrs. Stuart, Misses Richards, Williams and Kingsford; Captains Holbeach and Short.

The Hon. Mr. McLellan's speech on the Budget is considered the best of the session. Veteran journalists, who have sat in the gallery since Confederation, say that his peroration recalled the best efforts of Howe and D'Arcy McGee. He was truly eloquent towards the close, although nervous and timid at the outset.

The only joke which enlivened this week's debates, was one furnished by Mr. Domville, who replied unguardedly to a question of the Opposition as to "Where are the imbecile?" "Here! here!"

A worthy Senator is in trouble. He had asked the Government to commission Mr. Dunbar to execute busts of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, and supported it with a strong argument in favor of encouraging sculpture as a means of developing public taste, but the motion was defeated. Unfortunately, a certain paper attributed this motion to Sir Alexander Campbell. Thereupon the worthy Senator made it a personal matter and exclaimed: "That is the manner in which the reporting is done when it is left to the press of the country." He went on to complain that "some secret power is exercised somewhere to falsify the efforts of this House," and that there is a "spirit which is quietly and insensibly destroying this Chamber in the estimation of the people." He concluded with "We have here men of culture to make this House more useful than the other Chamber, and still such are the influences which have been used to prevent our utterances going to the country, that the whole spirit of the Chamber is crushed, and now there are many members of the Senate who really do not care about entering the Chamber when the House opens."

Oh for the pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith to smite this member of what he has so aptly dubbed "a political infirmary!"

This is the first year that the press reports the Senate's proceedings, instead of accepting reports prepared by the official reporters, and doubtless the public gets as much of it as it wants.

"Come to the Speaker's reception on Thursday; there will be a thousand pretty girls and no men," wrote that gallant ladies' man, the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, to a friend. There were however a few thorns among the roses. The Speaker did the honors in true French style, and had a kindly and courteous greeting for each and every one of his numerous visitors and many friends.

Mr. Alonzo Wright was duly "addressed and testimonialled," and made a fitting reply, in the course of which he sang praises of lovely woman from Mistress Adam downwards. He seemed to dwell with some gusto on the memory of

"The fair one in fig-leaves, who lost us all,
For a bite at a golden pippin."

So wrote Lieut. Gordon, the Byron of Australia.

Music was discoursed at the reception, Madame Gélinas, the Misses Mount of Montreal, and Dr. Valade being the performers.

In the evening, Mr. Thos. White, M. P. for Cardwell, made a happy speech, and his closing words were a well-earned tribute to Sir John A. Macdonald's statesmanship and patriotism.

This morning, Dr. Schultz, M.P., Messrs. Royal, M.P., Ryan, M.P. (Marquette), Scott, M.P., with Senators Girard and Sutherland, and Mr. C. P. Brown, Minister of Public Works, Col. Houghton, D.A.G., Winnipeg, all representing the Prairie Province, called on His Excellency and presented him with a bronze group

representing an Indian on horseback slaying a buffalo, as a souvenir of his trip. Lord Lorne felicitously acknowledged the compliments. The G. G. F. G. were to have given an "at home" in the drill-hed to-morrow afternoon, but it has been postponed, so as not to interfere with an entertainment at Government House. To-morrow a Ministerial excursion takes place to the Kingston Military College, under the auspices of the Hon. Mr. Caron.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE portraits of the great railway magnates of the United States, which we publish on another page, gain additional interest at the present time from Mr. Adams' proposal now before Congress, of a National Railway Commission to control the railway business of the States. Without endorsing Mr. Adams' scheme, which indeed does not recommend itself very favorably to us, we give the portraits of some of those who might reasonably be expected to form such a Commission, should the bill pass the House. The House of Assembly of New Brunswick burnt by fire two years ago, has been replaced by the handsome structure shown in our illustration. The building which is of dressed freestone is not only an improvement in outside appearance on the old but in comfort and convenience as well. It was formerly opened on Feb. 16th, and on the same evening was the scene of a grand Ball and Promenade Concert, compliments to the members of the Legislature, given by the citizens of Fredericton in honor of the event.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.—The floods in the Mississippi, Cumberland, and other Western rivers continue with unabated violence. In many places the Lower Mississippi is now fifteen miles across, presenting the appearance of a vast lake. The destruction of villages and plantations through this unprecedented overflow is appalling. At Bolivar, Mississippi, the break in the levees is the largest ever known, and an immense stretch of territory is under water. From the river steamers the current can be seen sweeping over the fields with the force and roar of a cataraet. The same story comes from almost every quarter, and the sufferings of the victims are indescribable; and although rations are distributed daily to a large extent through government officials, the condition of the destitute becomes every hour more desperate. It is estimated that not less than 20,000 people have been rendered homeless in Arkansas alone.

UNCONGENIAL PEOPLE.

BY NED P. MAH.

"I could never be content," cries Cælebs, "to pass my whole life in the companionship of one woman—no, not if she were an angel. Especially not if she were an angel. An angel may be all very well at her legitimate business, sitting on a cold cloud and singing Hallelujah! but I would rather have something less ethereal—

A creature not too grand or good For human nature's daily food

to preside at my breakfast table." "Heaven," a lady once exclaimed, "would not be heaven to me, if I were to associate there with some people I have known," and yet these were such as she supposed might be perfectly eligible for admission into heaven, and she was, herself, as amiable and as universally beloved a personage as it has ever been my lot to meet. Simply, there was an incompatibility of temperament, an uncongeniality of nature which would render all association torture.

There are some men who are general favorites, excellent company on a voyage, the life and soul of any dull country house they may visit, winning friends everywhere by their pleasant, hearty, genial manner, yet who, if they should, by chance, have to pass any length of time in the close companionship of one person, soon become bored and, by consequence, bores. Such men should be bachelors by profession, for should one of them, by any accident, marry, his wife would soon most bitterly repent the act, the only remedy for which would be the earliest possible separation.

There are other men almost universally denounced as uncongenial, cynical, reserved, or proud; who are found, by any one who will take the trouble to seek their friendship, to be warm-hearted, sincere, and very constant in their attachments. These men would make excellent husbands, but being distrustful of their own merits, or their power to please, are sluggish wooers, and apt to be stigmatized as icy and priggish by the women. Yet, where a girl, discerning the good underlying the shy and reserved exterior, will stoop to conquer, and meet the lover perhaps in some cases, a little more than half way, the prize is worth winning and she has her reward.

For in marriage, though uncongenial people may fall in love, charmed by beauty, or dazzled by some prominent characteristic, or heroic achievement, when the first transports of passion die, when beauty fades, and the long years of commonplace, workaday, uneventful companionship have to be faced, there can be no greater cross, no heavier burden, no chain so

fretting as the discovery, daily more evident, of having hurriedly chosen an uncongenial partner. And in order to guard against those causes most prone to effect

The little rift within the lute Which soon will make its music unte

people matrimonially inclined, should, as a rule avoid marrying into a different nationality, a different religion, or where a great disparity of years exists, for

Crabbed age and youth Cannot live together; Youth is summer morn, Age is winter weather.

A QUAKER'S "FRIENDLY SCUFFLE."

When Lee's graybacks were making their way through Pennsylvania towards Gettysburgh, two infantrymen belonging to Pickett's Virginians, raided into a Quaker's house in search of something to eat. They were met at the door by the owner of the premises, who asked:

"Are ye rebels?" "You bet we are!" was the blunt reply. "And what do ye wish here?" "Fodder, old man, and don't keep us waiting for it!"

"If thee wishest for something to eat thou canst have it," said the Quaker to the spokesman, "but I trust ye will take nothing from the house."

It was a poor trust. After the boys had finished their meal one of them pocketed a watch which was hanging on a nail, and the other seized upon a cream-pitcher as a token of remembrance.

"Are ye thieves as well as rebellious citizens?" indignantly demanded the old man as he confronted them.

"Stand aside and let us out or we'll damage you!"

"Verily, I will not! Thou must not rob my house."

"Never mind him, Bill—Quakers don't fight," called the one in the rear. "Hit him a clip on the chin and run for it."

"Truly, I shall not fight," calmly observed the disciple of Penn as he pushed up his sleeves and spat on his hands, "but if in a friendly scuffle to recover possession of mine own the robbers should get injured I shall not have to answer to my conscience."

There was a "friendly scuffle" in the next York minute, and one of the trio, who is now a resident of Richmond, vividly remembers having the jaw-sache for a week after, while his companion complained of sore throat, dizziness, lame back and depressed spirits. All the remarks made after the scuffle commenced were simply a few words dropped by the Quaker to the effect that:

"I am sorry to put thee out, and sorry to damage thee, but it is better than that thou shouldst go thy way up the pike towards destruction."

WAITING.

BY NED P. MAH.

Among the ills that flesh is heir to there is, perhaps, none so repugnant to most of us as to have, for any cause, to wait. It is the *mauvais quart d'heure* of humanity. And, perhaps, there are no moments of our lives which have so much evil to answer for as those spent in waiting. Think of the superfluous drinks, the supererogatory cigars, the useless purchases, the senseless dissipations that have been the means of filling up such idle minutes.

One man I knew, having to wait half an hour for a train, strolled up the lonely street of a miserable country town till he saw a barber's shop, and then, recollecting that his girl had told him one thousand times that she much preferred moustachios only, went in and submitted his flowing beard to the shears and razor, catching such a quinsy in the draughty carriage afterwards that he nearly lost his life by it and quite lost his girl, for when he recovered, she had "taken up" with somebody else.

There is waiting for your Dulcinea on a windy October evening when the chill breeze cuts at you every time you peep round the corner of the square to see if she is crossing the little park yet, and drives you back cruelly near to the comfortable, well-lighted tavern that glares at you invitingly, and suggests all kinds of delicate remedies for keeping out the cold, which you dare not, for your life, imbibe, lest you should miss her altogether, or she should catch you coming out—and you know her temperance proclivities—till you are finally worked up to such a pitch of aggravation, that you declare by George! you wish she wouldn't come just to give you the chance to throw her over. An idea, which of course retreats, ashamed of itself, the moment you catch sight of the dainty figure battling with the wind which displays the pretty, well-shod feet twinkling over the gravel.

Then there is waiting between the acts at the theatre, where the cynic old bachelor conciliates his ill-humor by declaring there is not a pretty girl in the house; and Mrs. Illspite asserts that Mrs. Shabby-geneel has had her old hat done over; and when the impatient "boys" rush out and drink more cocktails than are good for them, bringing back propitiatory offerings of cloves to their girls who munch them wondering what they are good for; and when the nervous young man with spectacles glares benignly on all sides, till he fancies that

every one is looking at him, and wishes that there were a trap beneath his chair like that on the stage which would open and swallow him up, spectacles and all.

Then there is waiting for the dentist, the agonies of which time so greatly exceed the actual pain of the extraction itself; and waiting for the verdict of whatsoever kind it may be, whether as to your eligibility to fill some position which you covet, or your acceptance in a business partnership, or in a partnership for life of another kind, too often reduced to business principles by the fair acceptor—and finally, there is that waiting for the end which will come to all of us, and which we must endure with what fortitude we may, if we are not so fortunate, or unfortunate, for that depends on circumstances as to be extinguished more suddenly—and which we should endeavor, by the just and even tenor of our lives, to be so prepared for, that we may expect it with equanimity and learn to dread—though it is not necessary to sleep in our coffins every night to produce that effect—

The grave as little as our bed.

MISCELLANY.

JEFFERSON, first of the line of actors of this name, once played Hamlet for his benefit. Thomas Blanchard agreed to double the parts of Guildenstern and the grave-digger. Delighting in a joke, he caused a hiss from the orchestra to be substituted for the recorders which are brought on after the play-scene. Though disturbed at the sight of the instrument, Jefferson composed his countenance and proceeded with the text. The conversation then went on as follows— "Hamlet: 'Will you play upon this pipe?' Guildenstern: 'My lord, I cannot.' Hamlet: 'I pray you. Guildenstern: 'Believe me, I cannot.' Ham: 'I do beseech you.' 'Well, my lord,' said Blanchard, who was a good musician, 'since you are so very pressing, I will do my best;' and he struck up at once, to the astonishment of everybody, the tune known as "Lady Coverley's Minuet," and went through the whole of it, closing then the scene, since it was impossible for Hamlet to speak another word.

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—The March number contains—A Strain from the Sea-side, by J. A. Bell, Halifax; Illustrations of Canadian Life, by Rev. Wm. Wye Smith, Newmarket; What can I do that others have not done? by John Reade, Montreal; The Religion of Goethe, by Thomas Cross, Ottawa; Sorrow endureth for a night, &c., a poem, by Esperance, Yorkville; Poetry as a Fine Art, by Prof. Charles E. Moyle, B.A., Montreal; Songs Pinions, a poem, by Prof. Edgar Buck, Toronto; Rejected Manuscript, from *Belgravia Magazine*; Victoria, a sonnet, by A. P. Williams; The Personal Responsibility of Bank Directors, by A. T. Innes; Canadian Idylls, the Queen's Birthday, by William Kirby, Niagara; An Æsthetic Party, a poem, by Gowen Lea, Montreal; The Power of Disallowance, and its National Importance, by the Hon. ex-Speaker Cockburn, Q.C., Ottawa; Intruding Thoughts, a poem, by R. S. A., Montreal; Erasmus of Rotterdam, by George Simpson, Toronto; Confessions: A series of Sonnets, (concluded), by Seranus, Ottawa; The Northern and Western Boundaries Awarded to Ontario, by Parliamentum, Toronto; A Few Words on Co-Education, by Fidelis, Kingston; Young People's Department: Book Reviews and Bric-a-Brac, &c.

WHAT A SURVEYOR MISSED.—A surveyor who was running township lines in a new country in this State, last fall, was engaged by a farmer to survey the line between his farm and that of a neighbor. They had a line fence, but had engaged in several disputes as to whether it was on the divide. The surveyor was making preparations when the owner of the other farm approached and inquired: "What are you going to do now?" "Find the exact line," was the reply. At this the man wheeled and went off on the gallop, and he was seen no more until the line had been run. The surveyor and the first named farmer had just completed the work when the other came up to within about ten feet of them and asked: "Well, have you got through?" "Yes, all through." "And is the fence a foot on his farm?" "No; he has two feet of yours, and the fence must be moved so that you can have it." The man sprang upon a stump, faced a ticket about five rods away, and yelled out: "You there—Reuben and James and Samuel! The survey is made and we're all right! You kin shoulder them shotguns and go back to the saw mill, and if you meet the old woman coming with the pitch-fork you kin tell her to turn back and git up a squar' dinner for the surveyor."

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-o-w

[FOR THE NEWS]

CLOSER, MY LOVE, TO THEE.

BY NED P. MAH.

Do not fear the future! If thy brave cheek blanches Pale at the mystery of the dread To Be, Fear not! Fear not! Life's changes and mischances Shall bind me closer, O my love, to thee.

The sky is clear to-day, may cloud to-morrow; Thyself forget, dost tremble, love, for me! Trials but chasten, strengthen—and each sorrow Shall bind me closer, O my love, to thee.

Should the days darken, and severe afflictions Close 'whelming o'er us like a stormy sea, Love shall transform them into benedictions Binding me closer, O my love, to thee.

When Calumny's foul dart thy soul oppresses, Think'at thou the venom'd shaft could poison me! No! The world's scorn, still more than its caresses, Shall bind me closer, O my love, to thee.

When wintry Age in the long years revolving, Shall speak in feeble tones of Fate's decree, The memory of earth's happiness, dissolving, Shall bind me closer, O my love, to thee.

When from the trammels of this life terrestria The glorifier, Death, shall set us free, The pure expansion of a love celestial Shall bind me closer, O my love, to thee.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE petrol-um fever in Germany has subsided.

DR. LAMSON is to be executed on the 4th proximo.

DENMARK will send out a Polar expedition in July.

A PRUSSIAN spy has been arrested at Lyons, in France.

THE Winnipeg fire did about \$100,000 worth of damage.

POPULAR demonstrations are feared in England over the Bradlaugh case.

A Constantinople despatch says that war between Austria and Russia is inevitable.

LATEST Panama despatches say no loss of life is reported by the Costa Rica earthquake.

THE Czar has officially announced his intention of preserving amicable relations with Germany.

A meeting was held in Dublin recently to consider the question of dissolving the Home Rule League.

LORD GEORGE F. MONTAGUE, British Secretary of Legation at Washington, died in that city on Sunday.

THE Nihilists threaten to avenge the death of their fellows, recently condemned, if the sentence is carried out.

VICTOR HUGO has published a protest against the execution of the Nihilists recently sentenced to death.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF publicly avers that the Czar endorses every word of his (Skobelev's) speech in Paris.

THREE hundred whales were driven ashore and captured on one of the Shetland Islands during the recent storm on the north coast of Scotland.

A panic in the London stock market recently was attributed to the rumored refusal of Russia to satisfy Germany concerning Skobelev's speech.

A COPENHAGEN despatch says the Nihilists, having intimated to the Czar their intention of abandoning assassination as a means of procuring redress, the royal clemency will be extended to political offenders and executions reduced.

PREPARATIONS WITH LIEBIG'S NAME.—It may be remembered that some time since a controversy was raging in the medical journals as to the original inventor of a certain Obstetric Bag, wherein two eminent gynecologists disputed the right of priority to certain improvements; others joined in the fray, and this wordy warfare was dignified with the name of "the battle of the bags." This time, another battle is raging over the use of Liebig's name, which is at present confined to the lay press, but as we have been drawn into the dispute and the weight of our authority solicited, we would briefly summarize the case thus:—Many years ago the original Baron Julius von Liebig, after extensive experiments, introduced to the profession and the public his celebrated "Extractum Carnis," which soon became, and is still, justly popular as a dietetic article of great value. A few years after Liebig's death, a cocoa was introduced under the style of *Baron Liebig's Cocoa*, with the sanction and pecuniary support of the second son of the original Baron von Liebig, and this has been advertised thus:—"Baron Liebig, the eminent chemist and analyst, who has invented and who superintends the manufacture and analysis of this preparation, as well as the Liebig Company's extract of meat, &c., &c." It is to this misleading statement that the present controversy is due; and it is but right that the matter should be placed on a proper footing. That the eminent chemist was the originator of Liebig's extract of meat is certain, and it is equally certain that he had nothing whatever to do with Liebig's cocoa, inasmuch as this was not brought out until several years after death. It is therefore untrue that he invented the two articles; and it is equally misleading to call the present possessor of the name "the eminent chemist." The cocoa should be called plainly *Baron Hermann von Liebig's Cocoa*, and no misconception would be possible.—*The Medical Press and Circular.*



"THE PETS."—FROM A PICTURE BY C. T. GARLAND.

"BONNY KATE."

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"One moment!" His voice is a little hoarse as he stands before her. "Forgive me if I detain you—I cannot let you go like this! Kate, my Kate!"—he takes her hands in his passionate clasp—"believe, if you like, the worst that can

crouching on the cold granite, weeping for a man who has only made a plaything of her heart. Pride and courage are not quite dead within her. Hearing the steps approaching for the second time, she drags herself to her feet and mounts the terrace.

Mr. Proctor, who is about to descend to the



Tarleton accuses Vaughn of swindling.



"For Heaven's sake see if he is dying."

"It does not matter—I can if you like," she answers, indifferently. All her dread of being alone with him has vanished. She feels thoroughly careless. Let him say what he likes—it does not matter. And anything is better than showing her tear-stained face in the drawing-room.

They walk along in silence for a minute. If Mr. Proctor's thoughts were not so absorbed by the task before him, he would probably wonder that she shows no interest in, or curiosity about, the news from Arlingford. In fact, everything connected with the subject has escaped her mind. She only remembers that Tarleton has come—and gone. Pacing the level path abstractedly, her eyes fixed on the glittering stars, with which, from horizon to horizon, the great purple arch of heaven is ablaze, she almost forgets the presence of the man by her side, until his voice makes her start.

"You must know what I want to say," he begins, abruptly. "I have made no secret to you or any one else of the fact that I love you. I've loved you now for a long time, and I should have spoken before, but you have never, until the past few days, given me any encouragement.

He tries to take her hand as he speaks, but she draws it away, and, to his surprise, bursts into tears. The poor fellow is confounded—not knowing that these tears were too near the surface not to rise again at the least provocation; that those sobs were only checked by a strong effort a few minutes before. Kate hardly knows herself why she weeps, except that this honest, simple avowal, from one to whom she has never given a throb of regard, touches her with pity and pain, and a fresh sense of her great desolation, contrasted as it is with the fancy of the man who so lightly won and lightly lost her.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she says, in the midst of her sobs. "I have been afraid that you cared for me, and I tried not to encourage you, for it is a terrible thing to love and—and not be loved in return. I did not mean to seem glad the other day. It was very foolish of me. I like you, but I do not love you; and I can never think of marrying you. But I would rather kill myself than bring trouble on any one by my fault—especially on any one who likes me a great deal better than I deserve to be liked."

"Nobody could like you better than you deserve to be liked," says Mr. Proctor. "There's no need for you to blame yourself. As I told you, you've never given me any encouragement, and as for your being glad to see me the other day—well, that did me good, even if you didn't mean anything by it. But won't you think of marrying me?" he goes on, in a persuasive tone. "I love you dearly, and I would try to make you happy—"

"I am sure you would be all that is kind," Kate interrupts, "but please don't say anything more about it. I can never think of it—never possibly!"

This is spoken with so much decision that a pang of jealousy stirs in Mr. Proctor's breast. He thinks of Vaughn—of Tarleton. One of them is of necessity his rival—since a rival must be in the question when a woman, without apparent cause, refuses such an offer as his.

"I know," he says, "that I have not the advantages that some men have. I can't pay compliments and things of that kind which women like—at least people say they like—but I should be glad and proud if you would marry me to-morrow, and that is more than others, who like so well to flirt, would probably say."

Kate's tears dry at this, as if a fire had scorched them. So even here it meets her—the humiliating truth! Even this man's obtuse glance has seen how lightly she has been held, how carelessly trifled with! There is but one step from compassion to anger, and that step she takes.

"Does a man always prove his love by insults?" she asks, turning to him. "But you will never have an opportunity of saying anything like that—anything so cruel and so unprovoked—to me again. I was sorry for you a minute ago. Now I am not sorry at all. It has been no fault of mine that you have chosen to fall in love with me. I have shown you plainly that I felt nothing more than friendly liking for you. But if I ever feel that again, I shall have to forget what you have just said."

"But I meant no harm!—Good Heavens, I meant no harm!" he cries, as she turns to leave him. "Don't go!—pray listen to me! I only meant—"

"It does not matter in the least what you meant!" she says—pain, pride, and mortification mingled in her usually sweet voice. "I have heard enough. My answer can never be different. You had better try and forget me as soon as possible—that is all I can say."

With this cold comfort, she turns and flies toward the rear of the house, where her entrance can be made unobserved.

be said of me, in all save my love for you. But my whole heart is yours—and yours only. That I swear. Can you forgive nothing for love's sake? Can you not for to-night—to-night only, sweetheart—let all this go like an idle tale, and tell me once more that you love me?"

"How dare you ask it?" she cries, indignantly. "Do you think me so weak, so vain, as to be satisfied by words like these! You admit everything; you offer no explanation; you only talk of forgiveness for love's sake. Such love is not worth considering. Let me go!"

But instead of letting her go, he catches her to his heart and kisses her with a vehemence that almost takes away her breath.

"Don't be angry!" he says, when he releases her. "I shall never take such a liberty again. Whatever the future brings, remember that I love you."

With these words he turns; for one moment she hears his quick tread crushing down the gravel—then silence falls.

She sinks down where he has left her, and leans her face on the cold, granite steps—feeling as if her heart was dying away within her. A great wave of longing sweeps over her. Pride, self-respect, what are these compared to hearing his voice again! Though that voice still sounds in her ears, and his kiss is still burning on her lips, a terrible consciousness of loss falls upon her like an overwhelming weight. "Whatever the future may bring"—loss that mean they are not to meet again! Has she indeed sent him away for ever! Oh, blind rashness! Oh, bitter mistake! Already she feels and knows, to the centre of her soul, that her heart has passed irrevocably into his keeping, and that his idle fancy is more to her than another man's most ardent devotion.

Presently she hears the tramp of horses' feet on the avenue, the sound of voices on the piazza of the house, but she does not stir. A sense of recklessness has come over her. Let them miss her—let them wonder where she is!—let them come and find her if they like! What does it matter! What does anything matter, when she has seen all that makes life worth possessing (so the passionate heart says to itself) vanish from her hopelessly and forever!

At the house, meanwhile, she is missed by one person at least. "Where is Miss Kate?" asks Mr. Proctor, looking round; but no one can tell him where she is.

"She was on the piazza a little while ago," says Janet. "I don't know what has become of her. Perhaps she may have wandered round the terrace."

"I'll go and see," says Mr. Proctor, rising, with a consciousness that here is his opportunity.

He walks along the terrace without finding her, but Kate hears his step, and knows that she must rouse herself. It will not do to be found

garden, thinks that it is a ghost which suddenly rises before him in the starry dimness. He recoils for an instant, then steps forward with a laugh.

"So it is you!" he says, eagerly. "They told me at the house that you had probably wandered round the terrace."



"Can you forgive nothing for love's sake?"

"Yes," answers Kate. "I was restless—too restless to stay in-doors. When did you get back?"

"A few minutes ago. Are you tired?"—as she turns toward the house—"won't you take a turn here! The night is—a—very pleasant."

But when you seemed so glad to see me the other day, I felt there might be hope for me, and I determined to waste time no longer, but to tell you at once that I love you and that I want you to marry me. Will you do it, Kate!—may I call you Kate!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"What can I do to drive away
Remembrance from my eyes?"

It has already been said of Kate that she is neither weak nor cowardly, and it is certain that she will bear herself bravely in the fierce struggle which lies before her—but under the first storm of grief which comes upon the untried human heart, the bravest soldier may lower his crest and forget his arms for a time. To a nature like hers—ardent, passionate, yet most tender, with the capability of faithfulness dominating all other instincts—such a blow as this falls with a force which colder souls are little able to comprehend. The time for self-control will come, and when it comes she will rise to meet it; but now—now in the first sharp onset of pain—she lies prone as one beneath a whirlwind, her whole frame shaking with the convulsive weeping which she must stifle for fear it should be overheard.

She is in the refuge of her chamber, and through the open window where she kneels, the stars are shining with serene brightness in that far sky which seems at times a very vault of brass above our heads, when our hearts cry out, in the throes of some great longing or greater regret, for that which has been denied or withdrawn. Some one has said, very truly, "To the old, sorrow is sorrow; to the young, sorrow is despair"—and there is no sadder hour in life, full though it be of sadness to the brim, than that in which a young soul goes forth to meet and wrestle with its first great anguish. Whether it be that death has come, and

"The tongue which like a stream could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with 'Good-day,'
Make each day good, is hushed away."

or whether it is the sadder death in life, which we see around us every hour, of hearts failing, love growing cold, hopes dying, the battle is alike stern and terrible. With impotent passion we dash our hearts against the iron wall of some relentless fate, and they fall back crushed and bleeding, feeling as if life were too cruel to be borne, yet knowing—poor hearts!—that they must bear it to the appointed end.

So it is now with Kate. In her grief is little bitterness, for already the generous spirit has risen above that selfishness which makes resentment possible; and if she has a thought apart from the great sense of desolation which lies upon her, it is of sorrow for her parting words to Tarleton.

"Oh, my love," she sobs to herself, "why did I not speak more gently? One bids a kind farewell even to an enemy when it is to be forever—and to one whom, in spite of all, I love, why did I not say good-by as one might say it to the dying? Will my heart break? I do not know—it seems as if it must, but I suppose hearts can bear a great deal of agony. O my God, did I forget Thee too utterly in my happiness that Thou hast taken it from me like this? Taken it from me? What do I say! It was never mine except in dream, in fancy—it is all a great, a terrible, a bitter mistake, and, O my God, teach me how to bear it, for I know so little of pain!"

At last there comes the lull of spent exhaustion, for the tyrannous spirit must sometimes yield to the weary flesh, and so it is that Kate is sleeping when Sophy and Janet enter the room.

The latter goes to the side of the bed and looks at her—at the tear-stained cheeks, at the eyes already ringed by dark circles, at the pale lips, on which, even in sleep, the subtle shadow of sadness lies—then she says, in a tone of gentleness and pity:

"Poor Kate! She has a heavy weight already on her heart. We will not tell her this."

"This" is news of a very serious kind. The gentlemen who returned from Arlingford spoke at first in very vague terms of the threatened difficulty about the race. Tarleton, they said, having learned beyond doubt that Pierce had administered a dose to the horse in order to make him lose the race, had inflicted summary and severe punishment upon him; but, beyond that, nothing definite was known.

The cause of this reticence appears, however, when Miss Vaughn has retired. Then the fact is told that Tarleton has accused Mr. Vaughn of bribing Pierce to drug the horse.

"What reason has he for believing such a thing?" two or three startled voices ask.

"No very good reason, so far as I can learn," Wilmer answers; "but Tarleton is always impetuous and rash. I have not seen him, and there are so many rumors afloat that I don't know what is exactly true. Some say the groom accused Vaughn, others that Tarleton only acted on his own suspicion. However that may be, he went to Vaughn—whom he found in a crowd of men—and charged him directly with the outrage. It was easy to know what would follow. If Vaughn lacks principle, he don't lack courage. Friends interfered to prevent an immediate personal encounter; but it is an understood thing that a duel will be arranged."

"A duel!" The women look at each other with panic-stricken faces. "Oh, how terrible for Miss Vaughn!" says Sophy.

"Oh, how sorry I am for Frank Tarleton!" says Janet.

"Sorry for Frank Tarleton!" repeats Mrs. Lawrence. "It seems to me that he is the last person to be sorry for. 'Do you'—turning to her husband—"believe that Mr. Vaughn was guilty of such a thing?"

"I cannot tell what to believe," Mr. Lawrence answers. "I do not know what grounds Tar-

leton has for the accusation, and, until I know, I cannot tell who is right or who is wrong."

"It does not matter to me who is right or who is wrong," says Mrs. Lawrence, impatiently, "so long as Randal and Will are not concerned in it—but where are they?—why did you not bring them home with you?"

"Simply because they would not come," answers her husband, quietly, "and, as you are aware, I always treat my sons like gentlemen, not like school-boys. Randal declined to come on very good grounds. 'I brought Vaughn down here,' he said; 'he is my friend and guest, and I must stand by him. I should be a pitiful fellow if I failed to do so.' Of course, I could not gainsay this. If he believes that his friend is unjustly accused, he is right to stand by him—and he does believe it thoroughly."

"I don't think anything of Randal's belief," remarks Janet. "He is in love with Miss Vaughn, and jealous of Frank Tarleton."

"If there is to be a duel, will he act as Mr. Vaughn's second?" asks Sophy.

"I suppose so," answers her father, with a reluctant, pained expression. "Nothing of the kind was mentioned between us, but, taking it for granted, I found Will and told him that he must not, under any circumstances, be drawn into acting for Tarleton. 'It is not only that Mr. Vaughn is a guest under my roof,' I said, 'but it is enough to have one son mixed up in such an affair.' I am glad to say that Will promised to take no part in it—but he espouses Tarleton's side warmly."

"I wish Frank Tarleton and his horse were at the bottom of the sea!" says Mrs. Lawrence. "This is a fine state of affairs! A threatened duel, with one son on one side, and one on the other! I have a great mind to order the carriage and go to Arlingford after them myself."

"If anybody is killed, says Janet, passionately, "I know that it will be Frank Tarleton. It is always the one who would be most regretted, who is killed."

"Has anything been arranged—I mean about time and place?" asks Sophy.

"Nothing that could be learned," Wilmer answers. "Any number of rumors were afloat, but nothing definite seemed known. They will keep it as quiet as possible."

After this it is no wonder that Sophy and Janet steal up-stairs like guilty conspirators, and their voices sink as they pass Miss Vaughn's chamber, and enter the room where Kate is sleeping. They whisper to each other as they undress, but avoid any direct mention of that which fills the minds of both. There is something terrible in thinking of the two men over whose heads the dark cloud of possible bloodshed hangs—and not less terrible in the thought of how the sister of one of them has lain down in calm unconsciousness to sleep, while Janet at least knows that the skein of intertwining interests has yet another thread. "O my poor Kate!" she says to herself. And Kate stirs and moans in her sleep, dreaming that she is again in Tarleton's embrace, and hears his voice say, "Whatever the future brings, remember that I love you."

The next morning it is generally understood that none of the ladies are going to the races. Despite the effort which is made (chiefly on account of Miss Vaughn) for cheerfulness, not even a stranger could doubt that some cloud is upon the household. Kate is, of all perhaps, the least conscious of this. For once, her attention is centred on herself—on her own sorely aching heart and sorrowful spirit—that she has little attention to bestow on the words and looks of others, while no one except Janet notices her closely—and Janet is wise enough and kind enough to utter not a word.

After breakfast the gentlemen go to Arlingford, and the feminine part of the household spend the day in that state of inaction and suspense which women have to endure so often in the course of life. Whether or not Miss Vaughn shares in the general uneasiness no one can tell. She is exceedingly listless, and declines to exert herself in any way whatever; but this has been her normal condition for several days, and cannot, therefore, be taken as an indication of anxiety. She speaks once or twice of her intended departure with her brother on the next day—but does not mention him otherwise.

To Kate the day is like a terrible nightmare. She cannot remember afterward how it is spent, further than that she has a dim picture of a pale girl—who startles herself when she glances in the mirror, with eyes that have wept themselves dry of tears—looking out over the brilliant autumn woods, to the far heavenly hills in their robes of tender haze, and saying to her heart:

"Courage! courage! This is too sharp and bitter to last. I shall conquer or I shall die—and in either case I shall find peace."

Ah, it is only the new recruit who dreams such dreams as this. The veteran soldier knows that neither death nor victory come to end some combats, which go on for many days and months and years. It is true enough that anguish can be "wearing down" at last, that temptation can be trampled under foot, and weakness conquered—but at what a cost! Could we know, when the conflict begins, how it will drain our heart's blood, and leave us spent and worn, even if victors, the number of those who fall by the wayside in despair would be a hundredfold increased.

By late afternoon Kate feels that endurance has reached its utmost limit. She has borne the companionship of others unflinchingly during the long day, she has talked with them of indifferent things when her own voice sounded

strange and remote in her ears, she has even smiled when Miss Brooke spoke of the pleasures in store for her, but now—now for a brief space—she must have solitude, freedom to look as she will, to weep if she will, or else (she thinks) go mad.

Fortunately, escape is easy. The sun is sinking in a bed of glory behind the western hills, when she leaves the house unobserved, and wanders down to the foot of the lawn, where a little stream runs, on the banks of which, a month ago, she found a four-leaved clover.

When we are suffering the first keen bitterness of grief or desolation, the most trivial thing has power to stab us like a sword. A month ago! Can it be only a month, Kate asks herself, since she lay here in the warm gold of the September sunshine, and joyously exulted in finding the mystical plant that was to prove an omen of good fortune? Alas, poor omen!—alas, poor fortune!—alas, most of all, for the light heart which was then without a care! How was it possible for so short a time to make so great a change? She looks round pitifully. So little, so very little, alteration in anything save herself! The pretty stream is hastening over its stones "in little sharps and trebles," the trees are drooping with foliage scarcely changed in tint, over the turf a few dead leaves are scattered, and they alone tell of the days that have passed since that afternoon when she heard Tarleton's name, if not for the first time, at least for the first time to give it any heed. People talk of instincts, yet if there be one thing more than another remarkable about us, it is our absolute want of instinct. The name which is to be a chord of music or a note of discord in our lives is spoken in our ears, and they give us no warning of all it is to mean; the face that will shine upon us as God's blessed sunshine, or darken our pathway like His curse, looks at us, and we do not rise to welcome or repel. Instinct! Why, the very brutes excel us, since they at least know friend from foe, while we, with all our boasted human knowledge, are often of the many who

"Do forge a life-long trouble for themselves
By taking true for false and false for true."

Such thoughts as these occur to Kate, as her memory flies back over the rosary of golden days so brightly sped and so utterly gone. "If I could have known on that afternoon!" she thinks. "Why did I not know? Is the soul so obtuse, or is the flesh so dull, that we go to meet our fate in such utter ignorance? If I had known, ah, if I had known! Well, and if I had, what then? Would I put him, and the memory of him, out of my life, if I could? I do not know! I only know that this misery is more than I can endure—and yet that there is no help for it."

Burning tears rise to her eyes again and mist all the scene. But she does not yield to the rush of feeling which almost overpowers her. "I am a thousand times weaker and more contemptible than I ever thought I could be," she thinks, with set teeth and heaving chest, "to weep and weep for a man who does not care for me! Is there to be no end of this folly? I thought I shed every tear I had last night, but the supply seems inexhaustible. I will not cry, however—I will not! I will go down to the river and take a last solitary row, and say good-bye to everything."

CHAPTER XXVI.

O love, my love! If I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?"

The resolution which Kate proceeds to execute is by no means an uncommon one with her. Will taught her long ago how to row, and, probably because she is his pupil, he does not hesitate to declare that she knows as well how to manage a boat as to manage a horse. By the time she has reached the river-bank, entered the boat, and pushed out from the shore, the sun has been gone some time, but, as on the evening of which her thoughts are full, there are luminous clouds which, having caught his splendor, fling it over the peaceful land and tranquil, yet ever-moving, stream.

As she floats down the current, with her eyes fixed on the glory which looks as if heaven itself were opening above the far blue mountains, a sense of something like calm comes to her. She has a temperament keenly alive to outside impressions, and the ineffable repose of which Nature is full at this twilight hour quiets her passionate trouble, for a time at least. The pastoral softness of the fair valley, the glowing beauty of the silent woods, the sweeping river with radiant tints falling on its breast, above all the steadfast, inviolate hills, and the great bending sky, speak to her of courage and patience and trust in God. After all, does it matter so much that her heart has been crushed, her happiness trampled, like a flower on which a rude foot has been set? Even in dying, a flower gives forth perfume, and shall hearts do less? The tender lips cease to tremble, and set themselves together in a serenity which, if sad, is also strong; and the lovely eyes, out of which all joyousness has vanished, gather in their depths a light as pure and sweet as that of the star which now begins to gleam above the glowing west.

"How one fails when trouble comes!" she says to herself. "How selfish one grows! how one forgets to think of others! Why should I cry out so bitterly against this which has fallen

on me? If I have been wronged, is not better to be wronged than to wrong? Is it not better to suffer than to cause suffering? God help me to realize through this pain what a terrible thing it is to cause pain, and never, never to inflict it willfully on any human being. God help me to keep a brave spirit, and to remember that there is plenty to do in the world, even if my heart is aching. What does the pain of a foolish girl's heart matter? Why, if I died here and now, I am too insignificant for it to make any serious difference to anybody, and, therefore, why should I fancy that it is important whether the better part of me is dead or alive? It is not important. The only thing which is important is to do what is right, and, then, whether happiness or unhappiness comes, will not greatly matter, for all is in God's hand."

So the sweet spirit rights itself, so the lull in the tempest comes, and, in the midst of sore pain, the dauntless heart rises, full of gentleness and faith, to make a brave fight for the peace which has escaped it.

So full of charm is the twilight scene, and so absorbing are Kate's thoughts, that she does not observe how far she has gone until a familiar landmark on the side of the stream warns her that she has to pull back more than a mile against the current. She turns the boat around, and as she does so the sound of a shot rings out sharply on the beautiful evening stillness.

There is nothing very remarkable in this, but because her quick ear tells her that it was a pistol-shot and not some returning sportsman emptying his gun, she pauses, and, resting on her oars, turns her head to listen. As she does so, she hears the frightened rush of a horse's feet along the road, which just borders the river. The sound gives her a sense of apprehension, and she thinks, "Can harm have happened to any one?" Involuntarily she looks at a point where the road rises on higher ground, and so becomes visible from the river. It is dusk by this time, and the point is distant; but Will has often said that Kate's eyes are as far-sighted and as keen-sighted as an eagle's. Even through the gathering shades of dusk, she sees that the horse which presently flies along is riderless—and even despite the distance, she recognizes it and cries aloud, "Mignon!"

She never forgets the awful thrill of that moment. For an instant longer she sits motionless, gazing a mile at the spot from which the horse has disappeared, when, borne through the stillness, across the water, comes another sound—the prolonged, distressful howl of a dog.

That is enough to determine any doubt she may have as to the thing to do. With one swift movement, she turns the boat and rows rapidly toward the shore, gaining which, she springs out, makes the boat fast with trembling, eager hands, then breaks through the dense growth of alder and willow, and steps into the road.

Her ear has guided her rightly. Not ten paces from her lies the prostrate figure of a man, by the side of whom crouches the dog whose plaintive howls have drawn to his master's side, in that master's sore extremity, the heart which would dare all things to serve him. Twilight has rendered every object indistinct, but if it were midnight, Kate would know the man who lies before her. She does not utter a sound as she kneels beside him and lifts his head, but her face is pale as marble and well nigh as rigid as his own. Is he dead? She cannot tell, but it is certain that he is unconscious, and it is also certain that he has been wounded and is bleeding profusely. The red tide which flows almost directly from his heart covers her hands as she touches him, and brings from her pale lips the first cry which she has uttered.

It stops no experience to tell her that if this is not needed, death must ensue very soon. But what can she do? To leave him lying here while she goes for help, is utterly impossible. Apart from the fact that she could hardly tear herself from the place of which she might say, as Thekla of Max's grave,

"That single spot is the whole earth to me,"

to go even for five minutes would be to leave him at the mercy of his enemy, whoever that enemy may be. "I could not do much to defend you, my poor love," she thinks; "but I could die with you, and I would—I would!"

But time is passing, and something must be done—so she tells herself in agony—and what is it to be? She looks at the dog, and the memory of the note he brought her on that night, which seems a century ago, suggests the thought of sending him for assistance. But Fairfields is the nearest house, and Fairfields is more than a mile away—can she wait? Can he wait, who lies as if already dead before her? With every nerve strained to the utmost tension, she listens—praying for the sound of a footstep, for the tread of a horse's hoof. If some one would come!—oh, if some one would only come! But there is no sound save the sighing of the breeze through the forest trees, and the rushing of the river.

After a few minutes—which seem like lagging hours—the suspense becomes intolerable, the delay more than she can endure. There is another road not far off, along which some one may be passing, while she kneels here as if stricken dumb, and Tarleton's life-blood ebbs away. The thought makes her rise to her feet, and the next moment her clear voice is ringing out on the falling night with a cry for help. Again, and yet again, she sends it forth—Rex joining with his plaintive howl. As she pauses a moment to gather renewed breath and strength, there comes—yes, there certainly comes an answer! From the other road a man's voice re-

plies. She utters another cry, as a guide for his steps, then, with an inarticulate thanksgiving, falls on her knees again by Tarleton's side.

Hardly a minute has elapsed when she hears the familiar crash with which a horse takes a fence, and the next moment a rider comes dashing down the road.

"What is the matter?" he asks, drawing up quickly beside the group. "What has happened here?"

"Oh, Mr. Proctor!" cries Kate—"is it you? Thank God! This is Mr. Tarleton—he has been shot. For Heaven's sake, see if he is dying!"

(To be continued.)

TAWHIAO, KING OF THE MAORIS.

The visit of the King of the Maoris, to Auckland, New Zealand has been the occasion of a tremendous reception by the European population, and bids fair to put an end to the enmity which has for so many years made the Maori name the terror of New Zealand settlers. The account of the King which follows is taken from the columns of the New Zealand Herald.

In our impression of to-day we give a portrait of the Maori King, Tawhiao, who, during the last week has been the guest of the Auckland citizens, and the recipient of more congratulations and honors than ever fell to the lot of any man in Auckland. Elsewhere in our columns will be found full accounts of the manner in which Tawhiao and the chiefs of his party have been received, and reports of the speeches that have been delivered. To obtain from a chief like Tawhiao an autobiographical sketch is a matter of considerable difficulty, and it would have been utterly impossible but for the skill and tact of Mr. C. O. Davis. We found Tawhiao in bed about 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, and somewhat fatigued by sight seeing, which is indeed not to be wondered at. When he heard our object, however, he professed himself willing to answer any questions. Before giving his narrative, we may state that the ancestry of Tawhiao and the connections of his family render him the most illustrious and influential chief in New Zealand. No Maori chief is truly great unless he can (after the manner of certain English nobles, whose ancestors "came over with the Conqueror") trace his descent to some of those who came in the first canoes from Hawaii. Tawhiao can do this, his ancestor being Hotonui, who came in the canoe Tainui, which made the land at Kawhia. The ancestor, however, who makes the greatest figure in the history of the family is Tapaue, who had a number of children, who did well in the world, and founded quite a number of tribes, who exist to this day. These children were:—Te Korokitua, who was the ancestor of the Ngatipoua; Te Putu, Tahau, Te Apa, Huiarangi, Ratua, Hikaurua. The son of Te Putu was Tawhia whose son was Tuata, whose son was Te Rauunganga, whose son was Te Wherowhero, whose son was the present Tawhiao. The name of Tawhiao's mother was Whakaawi, a woman of high birth of the Ngati-mahutu tribe.

Tawhiao's narrative was as follows:—I was born at a place called Orongokoeke, at Mokau. The whole of the Waikatos had been driven from Waikato by the invasion of Hongi, with his muskets, and the tribes had suffered greatly when the pa was taken at Matakiki (near Alexandra.) The whole of the Waikatos were living at Mokau when I was born, from fear of Pomare. (The fall of Matakiki took place in 1823, and Tawhiao would probably be born a year or two later.) We did not remain long at Mokau after the death of Pomare. (Pomare was killed in 1832.) We came back to Haurua, Kopua, and other places. I lived at Honipaka, in the Waipa. The Ngatitipa were at Haurua. Te Rauparaha had gone south long before that time, in prosecution of his conquests at Cook's Straits. Some of Rauparaha's people, however, the Ngatitao and Ngatikoata, came to Matakiki, and were slain there. Te Waharoa (William Thompson's father) was then living at Horatiu, and did not move. The Ngapuhi did not attack him. Pomare made peace with Takurua. Waikato heard that peace had been made. At this time Te Wherowhero had gone to Taupo. Rauparaha said to Pomare, "Go back to your own country," but Pomare would not consent. Rauparaha said, "You have made peace with me; look at Matire." (Matire Toha was subsequently married to Kati, Te Wherowhero's brother, on the peace-making between Waikato and Ngapuhi. She still lives at Mangere.) Te Wherowhero wished to go to Pomare, but Te Kanawa resisted his desire, thinking there would be treachery. Pomare insisted upon going up to Waikato. He was met in battle by the Ngatitipa, the Ngatitamaoho. Te Aho, a son of Kukuai, shot Pomare's fingers off, and when his people discovered that Pomare was wounded, they fled. The fight took place at Te Rore, on the Waipa, and the Ngapuhi fled to Whaingaroa (Raglan.) The chase continued to Te Aukau, and as far as Awhitu. I remember when Matire Toha was brought to Waikato to be married to Kati. I remember the great crowds that were assembled at the time. Te Kihirini brought Matire to Waikato. She was very young then. The first Europeans we saw was at Kawhia. The first I remember was Captain Kent. The first missionaries in Waikato were Stack, Hamlin, Williams, and Morgan. The missionaries told us that we should be burned up unless we believed. I, myself, was baptized by the name Matutaera, at Mangere, by Mr. Burrows. I remember a European coming to ask Te Wherowhero to sign the treaty of Waitangi. That European was the

missionary, Mr. Maunsell. (The Ven. Archdeacon Maunsell.) The Maori he had with him was Tipene Tahatika. Te Wherowhero said he would not sign. Mr. Maunsell remarked to Tipene, "This ignorant old man, if he had signed I would have given him a blanket." Te Wherowhero's name was afterwards put to the treaty, but it was written by Te Kahawai, not by himself. I was at the great meeting at Remuera. That was when Fitzroy was Governor. The principal speakers were Wetere to Kuae and Te Katipa. Governor Fitzroy visited Kawhia. The Rev. Mr. Whiteley and the missionaries had been there long before that time. When Sir George Grey came he visited Rangiawhia, Te Awamutu, and other settlements in Waikato. He had thirty Maoris as his following. Sir George Grey pointed out Mangere as a place for Te Wherowhero. He said to my father, "Come to Mangere, the land is for you." I never attended any of the Mission schools. Sir George Grey put up a cottage at Pukekawa (at the cricket ground at the Domain), so that he might have a place when he came to Auckland.

By this time it was getting late, and Tawhiao was wearied with going about all day long. Our reporter had therefore, to make a considerable jump in the narrative. In answer to a question about the beginning of the war (after Te Wherowhero's death, and when Tawhiao had been chosen King), Tawhiao said: I was at Rawhiti, a few miles above Rangiriri, when I heard that the soldiers had crossed the Mangatawhiri. Heta Tarawhiti and a few others were with me. The Waikatos were then at Rangiriri and other places. I warned them to avoid the soldiers. When I heard that the soldiers had crossed the Mangatawhiri I warned the Maoris to avoid the soldiers. I told them they should not meet the soldiers on the line of the Waikato river, but should go inland by Whangamarino to Papatara, and thence to the Kirikiri. (Apparently this was Tawhiao's military plan, instead of constructing pas on the river, like Meremere and Rangiriri. If his advice had been taken, the line of our advance would have been threatened, and the settlements around Auckland placed in great danger.) The next thing I heard was that a battle had been fought at the Koheroa, and that the people I had sent to evade the soldiers had also gone and fought at the Koheroa. Taphana was the chief man whom I had charged. I sent a message also to Mohi and Ihoaka (occupying the settlement at Pukekoeke, the Kirikiri and adjacent places), to tell them to come out from the villages. The engineer of the pas at Rangiriri, who directed its formation, was Te Wharepu. I told the people that they should retire to the depth of the forest to evade the troops. The others would not consent. Te Wharepu was the leader of the others. They said, "We will not agree; if our blood must be shed, let it be shed on our own land at Waikato." I was at the fight at Rangiriri. Wiremu Tamehaha and myself went to Rangiriri, and requested the people to move away from that place. That was the object of both Thompson and myself in going. A dozen times I tried to persuade them to break up from Rangiriri, but finding that our efforts were unsuccessful, we left. The balls were then flying in all directions. I took refuge behind a flax bush. A bullet passed close to me, and struck the bush. I was not injured. I had a gun and cartridge box. I saw some of my people escaping. I told them to be swift and move on. They said, "You must look after yourself; are you not in danger?" I said, "No, I will rest a while here." I took off my coat and vest, and, after a while, I succeeded in getting on board a canoe belonging to Ngatitamaoho, and in making my escape. Previously ten guns were levelled at me, and a big gun also. Messengers had gone before, and told the people that I was safe.

By this time, Tawhiao wanted a quiet smoke, and our reporter invited Wahanui, who was in the room, to pursue the narrative of the war from the Maori side. But he made an objection, and, after our reporter had driven him from that, he took refuge in another. During the conversation various matters of controversy between the races had cropped up, as to whether we were justified in crossing the Mangatawhiri. Referring to these, Wahanui said, "I do not think it would be right for me to continue the narrative. Standing on Mr. Firth's lawn the other day, I said—you were there and heard me—that I was desirous that all those old controversies should be buried. I have my own opinion on those matters, but if I went on with this narrative, people would say, 'Here is this man Wahanui, after saying that he would bury all those old subjects of dispute, dragging them all up again to the light of day.' Our reporter said he wanted the statement, not to cause controversy, but simply as history. But Wahanui refused to move, while Tawhiao smoked his pipe and said nothing.

Our portrait is from an excellent photograph taken by Mr. R. H. Bartlett of Queen-Street, Auckland.

A ROMANCE OF A CENTURY AGO.

On the 22d of December, 1788, the floor of the Senate-chamber at Annapolis was filled to overflowing by stately dames and gentle maidens who had looked to the Capitol as if the weight of state questions had been for this one hour intrusted to their wise deliberations. Washington, the mighty yet unambitious hero of the time, while still the idol of the public heart, was on this day to lay down his laurels by resigning to Congress his commission of commander-in-chief of the brave little army whose triumphs he had directed and whose sufferings he had shared.

Accompanied by his aides, Colonel Benjamin Walker and Colonel David Humphreys, and the officers appointed as escort, Washington entered the hall where the assembled Congress awaited him, every manly voice among the spectators cheering, and every feminine kerchief waving an enthusiasm of approval and welcome; but the cheers were hushed into breathless silence by the first words of the great hero's dignified address, to which General Mifflin, as President of the Senate, made an eloquent and appropriate reply.

On Washington's left stood the valiant soldier Colonel John Eger Howard, of Maryland, and facing Colonel Howard, conspicuous among the foremost group of Senators, was General Read, of South Carolina, the hero of this short legend of a by-gone love. How little did either of these young men, strangers to one another, dream of the day to come when a son and daughter of each were to become husband and wife to the daughter and son of the other!

Many were the men whose names were already distinguished, or to become historic, who were present, either as members of Congress or spectators of the impressive scene. Madison, Jefferson, Monroe; Lee of Virginia, Osgood of Massachusetts, Morris of Pennsylvania, McComb of Delaware, and General Otho Williams, Generals Smith and Swan, of Maryland. The well-known Charles Carroll of Carrollton was accompanied by his two daughters, one of whom was afterward, as Mrs. Eaton, mother to the celebrated trio of American beauties who became respectively Lady Stafford, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and the Duchess of Leeds.

But absorbing as was the attention given to Washington by the august assemblage of heroes and patriots, who recognized in him the greatest hero and patriot of any, the young Carolinian's eyes wandered up to the gallery above, where Mrs. Washington, with her young grandchildren at her knee, was seated in all the dignity and legitimate pride of the wife who crowns herself with her husband's glory.

Grouped around her chair were the three Calvert sisters, Maryland's blood royal, the family of Lord Baltimore; and never was the fame of Maryland beauty better maintained than by the contrasting lovelines of the youngest, Miss Ariana Calvert, with the more brilliant charms of her elder sisters, who had been espoused during all the perils of the war, both on the same evening, the one by Washington's step son, Parke Custis, and the other by Mr. George Stuart, of Maryland.

It is told of these gentlemen that each received the announcement of the birth of a son—born on the same day, a year after the marriage—while on the battle-field.

But it was not the rich bloom or dark eyes of the beautiful young matrons which so riveted the attention of the young Southerner that even the sublime presence of Washington was for a while forgotten. To his eyes the youngest sister was much the fairest; and he gazed up at the unconscious young girl until the friend at his elbow, Mr. James Monroe—too thorough a Virginian not to recognize the phenomena of a love at first sight—whispered her name in his ear, and the offer to present him before the lady quitted Annapolis town for her home in the country. The offer was gratefully accepted, and ere the winter was half over Miss Calvert was affianced to her eager and enraptured young lover; but not, alas! with the entire consent and approbation of her family and friends, and thence arose the cloud which darkened the horizon of this love legend.

As usual, that passion youth deifies, age coldly ignored. The Carolinian was wealthy, of prominent position and good birth, and of distinguished education; but the lady was threatened with decline. She was also the youngest darling of the household; her sisters had married so well, yet remained in their midst; and her family grew more and more reluctant that this comparative stranger should bear away their tender and fragile flower to his far-off Southern home, to pine away, and die perhaps, out of sight and hearing of those who had loved her from her cradle; and the angered lover saw the feeble health of his lady-love give way under the conflict of duty with feeling, until she became indeed seriously ill.

But the passionate Southerner was not to have the woman of his heart granted to his wishes. The sensibility which could doom the gentle Ariana Calvert to an early death could not permit her to sacrifice family affection to her own and her love's happiness. What bitter tears and fluttering words were exchanged in their parting none can tell; but the miniatures, given once as the fair tokens of union, each still retained, to be sorrowful consolation and reminder of a life-long separation. — ELIZABETH READ, in Harper's Magazine for April.

TWO ADVENTUROUS DOGS.

It is not difficult to form an attachment bordering on affection for a faithful dog. The question where instinct ends and where reason begins is still an unsolved problem. Many a wise man has taken a whole world of comfort out of his dog. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, has written one of the most charming of modern books, as a sort of memorial of "Rab," a grand old mastiff whose life was well worth recording. George Eliot was not unmindful of dogs, and in Adam Bede gives a young lady this piece of advice: "Hev a dog, miss, hev a dog, you can tell all your secrets to him and he'll never blab." There are not many well regulated homes without a dog as one of the best loved and best cared

for members of the family. In a recent issue of the Photo, portraits of two remarkable dogs were given, the first of which was

GYP, THE RAILWAY TRAVELER.

Of all the travelers on the Chicago & Alton, few were more regular or more intelligent than Gyp. He was accustomed for years to travel between Chicago and St. Louis. His home was at Springfield, but for years he was in the habit of paying visits at the intervening stations. He was a welcome dead-head on the line. All the conductors and many of the regular travelers knew him well. He would "lay off" just where his sweet will dictated—sometimes at Dwight, sometimes at Bloomington, and sometimes at St. Louis. If he came on to Chicago he would be sure to return by the next train. He never stayed long in Chicago; he must have got the impression that Chicago was a wicked city. And yet that could hardly be the reason, for in the summer time he would stay whole days in St. Louis. And no being, man or dog, ever flies from the wickedness of Chicago to St. Louis without discovering that he has jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. Alas! for poor Gyp! Every dog has his day, but Gyp's day of disaster came at last. He was crossing the line at Atlanta when the eastern-bound train came upon him too quickly, and he got one of his forelegs badly injured. Then there was a howl and a wail, such as a human being would make who was in helpless excruciating pain. Everybody was sorry for Gyp, and the sympathy manifested only made the poor old dog's grateful looks appear more impressive. His leg had to be amputated. But he bore the operation bravely and licked the hands that did the painful work. Poor old Gyp! His rambles are not quite over, but they are much curtailed. But he does not seem much distressed. He leads on the whole, what seems to be a happy dog life. Long may he live! And while he does he will be sure to be the pet of the railway men.

MILITARY BOB.

"Bob" is altogether a different dog from Gyp, but he has a history, too. One glance at his portrait revealed a dog of strong individuality of character. There are dogs and dogs, and Bob is out of the common line. Bob is the soldier's friend, the pet of the barracks and the camp. He has smelt powder many a time, and has been a brave companion of the guard through many a dark and dangerous night. At drill, at mess, or on the march Bob is to be seen, and has earned the name of "pride of the regiment. He knows enough, or seems to know enough, to marshal an army. It is wonderful how uncommonly wise Bob can look. There is a good deal of pride in the valiant old boy. He holds very little intercourse with the creatures of his race. Now and again he gets into a fight, and when he does he generally comes off conqueror. He is growing old, his teeth are all gone. If there is a "happy hunting ground" for dogs beyond the bounds of time, Bob will have a high place in the canine elysium.—Chicago Photo.

HUMOROUS.

MOTTO for successful schoolmaster—"I've got 'em on!"

UP TO SNUFF—The tobaccoist. And no matter how high up snuff gets either.

IT isn't the whisky in Kentucky that makes mischief; it is the whisky in Kentuckians.

WHEN a man has no mind of his own, he can always find a woman who can give him a piece of hers.

NEVER say "dye"—Certainly not; everybody with any gumption always alludes to it as hair-wash.

A CONNECTICUT schoolboy's composition upon the horse describes it as "an animal having four legs, one at each corner."

IRISH SYMPATHY.—"Sorrah ha'penny of rent I'll pay till the suspects are released; and may the salutes keep them in!"

MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.—"Rabbits," said a distinguished member of the present Cabinet, "should be three inches longer; then I could hit them."

"I THINK the goose has the advantage of you," said a landlady to an inexperienced boarder who was carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age," was the withering retort.

AN old sailor was observed to be always hanging about the door of a church when a marriage was taking place. He explained that he liked to see the tide going out.

"WHAT is meant by the pomps and vanities of this world?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Them flowers on your hat, mum," replied the quick-witted scholar.

GERMAN CHARITY.—Gretchen: "Mamma, as I pass that old beggar, a deep compassion fills my soul." Mamma: "Did you give the poor man anything?" Gretchen: "Certainly—a friendly smile."

WE often hear of a woman marrying a man to reform him; but no one ever tells about a man marrying a woman to reform her. Men are modest and don't talk much about their good deeds.

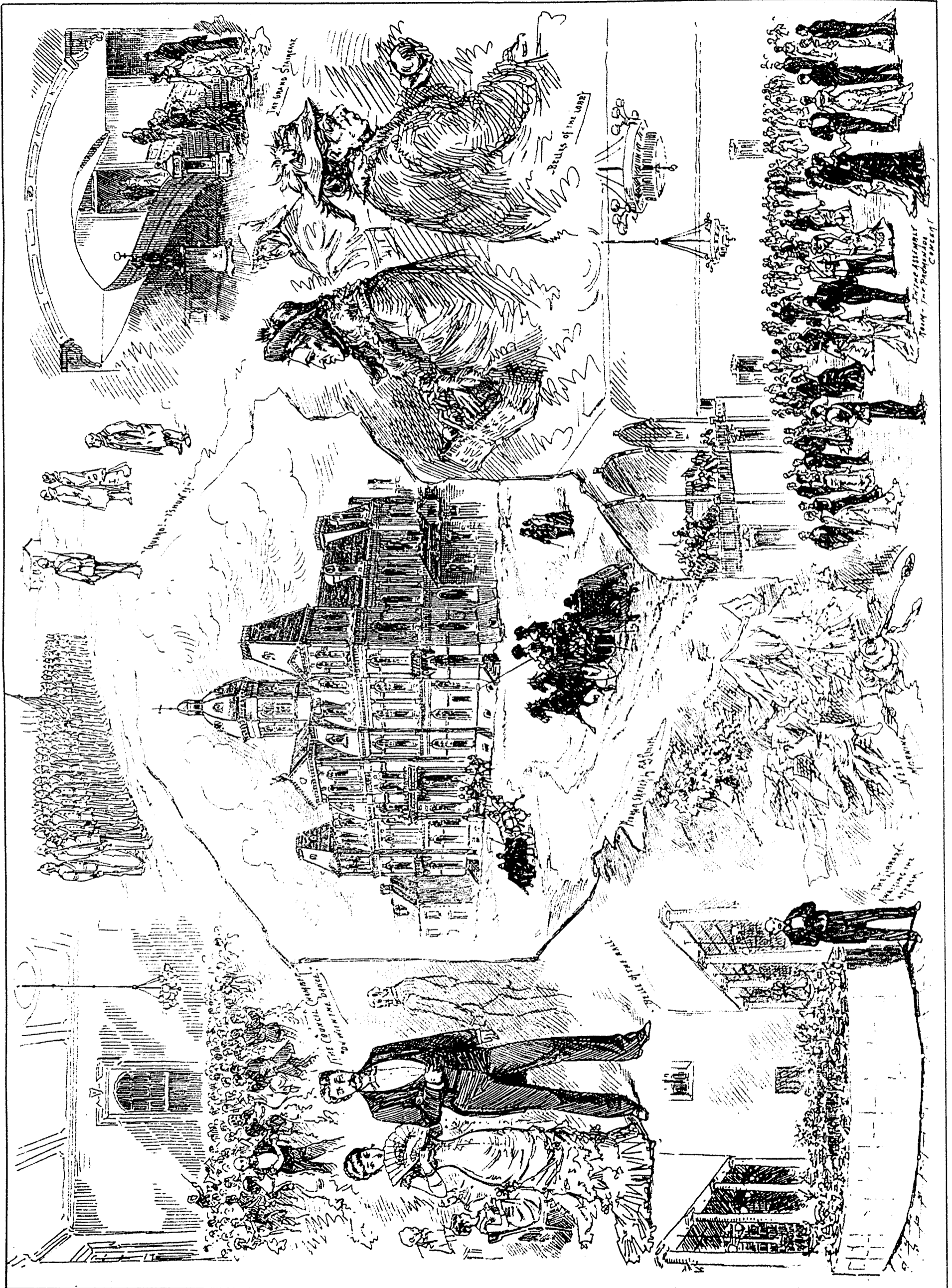
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

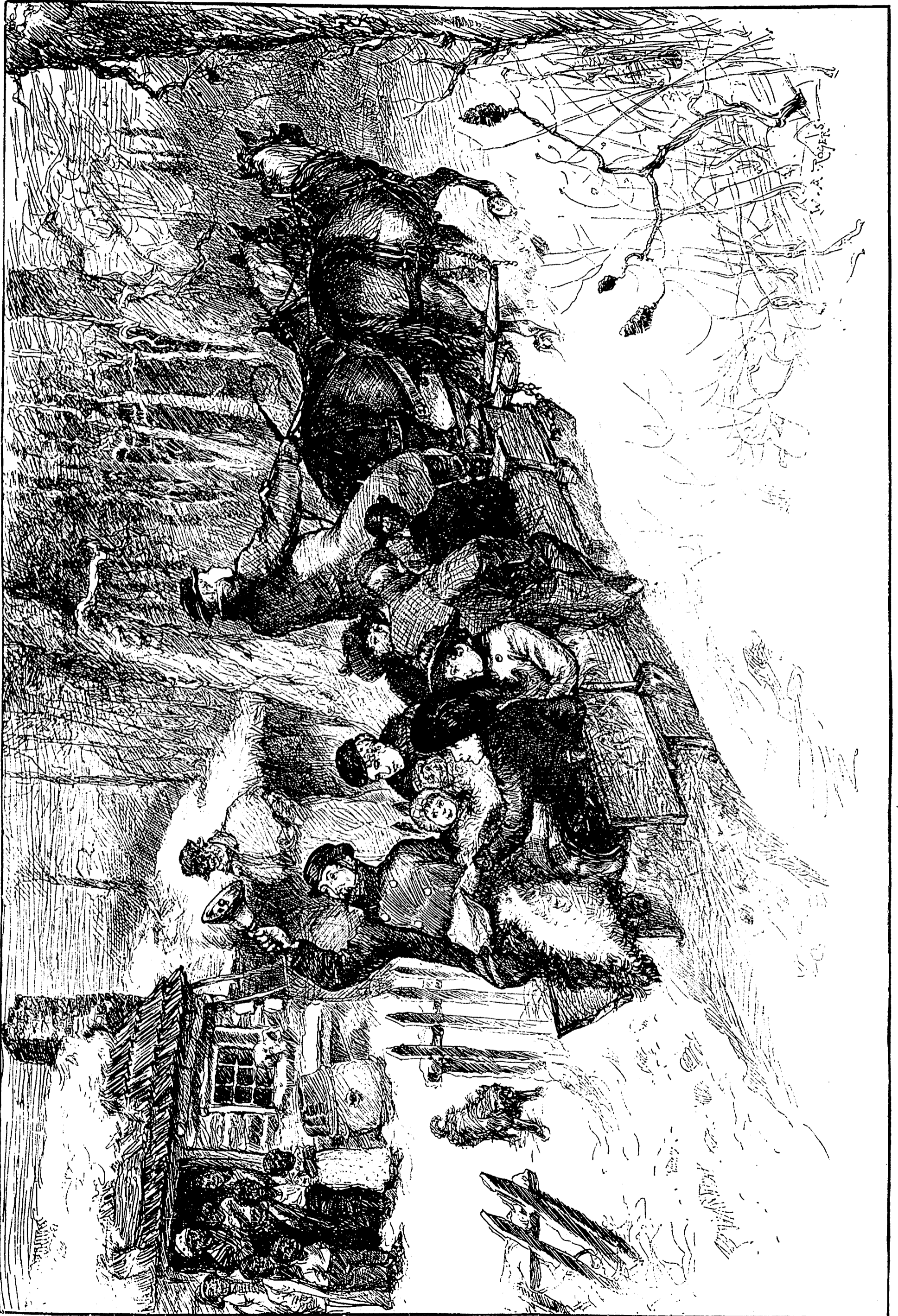
The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, FREDERICTON, N. B. FROM SKETCHES BY E. A. SMITH.



A COUNTRY SLEIGH RIDE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE SEA-MAIDEN.

A TILE PICTURE.

There was a lily and rose sea-maiden
In marvellous depths of far-away seas,
Whose eyes were blue, and whose head was laden
With luminous curls like the honey of bees.

Half hidden by corals and swaying rushes
And vines of the ocean, she sat arrayed
In a tremulous veil of delicate blouses
And robes of quivering light and shade.

The sun fish came to worship her graces,
The dog-fish lingered and marvelled beside,
And she gayly smiled in their whimsical faces,
And sang them songs till they laughed or cried.

A poet of earth looked down upon her,
And loved, and beckoned, and told his love;
But her soul was coy with a sea-maiden's honor,
And she would not go to the world above.

So there he staid by the crystalline water;
He leaned and gazed with heart on fire;
And died at last for the ocean's daughter—
Died of sorrow and long desire.

And still she sits in the peace of ocean—
The peace of the mouth of the ocean caves—
A damsel without an earthly emotion,
Who cares not for men, their loves, or their graves.

Thus deep in calms of woman's life, covers
Herself some maiden, on aureate sands
Of duty and innocence, far from lovers,
From beatings of hearts and reachings of hands.

—J. W. DE FOREST, in *Harper's*

A SAFE ANCHORAGE.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Mostyn was buried in the Southampton cemetery, where long before she had laid her two infant sons. Mary had never been there since the funeral, and I had promised to take her there one day.

So one afternoon we set off, taking with us a basket of exquisite roses plucked from her mother's favorite trees. It was a lovely day at the end of June, and the cemetery had never looked more peaceful and beautiful, with the golden sunlight filtering through the fresh green leaves and glowing on the masses of roses of every hue that crept and twined and clustered everywhere around us.

Mrs. Mostyn's grave was in a shady corner; the small railed enclosure was wreathed with roses and ivy, which nearly hid the white stone on the children's grave. We laid the flowers we had brought at the head and foot of the still brown earth that covered Mary's mother, and then, thinking that she would like to be alone, I left Mary sitting down to rest on a neighbouring grave and went off to speak to the sexton, whom I saw at a little distance. When I came back, I saw that she had been crying. I sat down beside her, and we fell to speaking of those two dear ones now gone.

How quiet it was! Not a soul except our elves was there; the sun was sinking low, and the long slanting rays lighted up the pure white and rich red of the roses on the grave and played on Mary's pale face and her long-lashed downcast eyes.

"I hope the stone for mother will be put up before we go away," she said presently. "I want to see everything done before I leave Greenbank. Aunt Fanny's home is so far away in Cornwall that I don't know when I shall see Southampton again after I have once left it."

"Mary," I remarked, after a pause, "I have never yet told you what your father's last words to me were."

"I thought I knew all, Douglas. Was there any reason why I should not have heard before?"

"I thought there was; but now I will tell you. He said, 'Take care of my little Mary, Douglas.'"

Her eyes filled with tears; but she did not or would not understand.

"Indeed you have taken care of me," she said simply. "I don't know what would have become of me without you; and we are trusting to you to help us about letting Greenbank too."

"It was a different sort of taking care he meant, dear—the care that a man takes of what is dearer to him than life, the care that I would take of my wife, Mary."

We were both silent; her head drooped lower, and heavy tears were falling on her clasped hands. I took them in mine.

"There—now the secret's out at last; and hard work it has been to keep it so long. What is it to be, dear?"

"Oh, no," she sobbed, half turning from me—"no, no, Douglas—dear, kind old friend! I know your good generous heart—that you think the best way you can fulfil my father's last request is by asking me to marry you. But, oh, I can't let you do that! It is impossible—it cannot be."

Blundering idiot that I had been, to put it to her in such a fashion!

"Of course," I said humbly, "I have made a wretched muddle of the whole thing, making you believe that I asked you to be my wife only out of pity. Pity indeed! Oh, what a clumsy brute I am!"

"Oh, no, no; don't say that!"—faintly.

"But I am, though. However, we will have no more mistakes about this. Mary, my darling, will you believe me when I say that, even before we left in the *Runnymede*, it was my earnest desire to tell you how I loved you, but the Doctor thought you were too young, and made me wait until we should get home? He knew it all along, and it was his dearest wish that I

might find you heart-whole and willing to give me the love of your heart."

How she trembled. But still she said nothing.

"I know, dear, that I am much older than you are, that there is no romance about me—for I am only your old friend whom you have known all your life, and a poor wretch of a purser into the bargain; but I love you better than life, Mary. Can you love me a little too?"

My arm was round her now. With a sudden movement she turned and hid her face upon my breast.

"Will you try to love me?" I whispered again.

She half raised her head, and a deep blush—the first color that I had seen on her white face for weeks—spread over her cheeks.

"I think I must have loved you all my life, Douglas—though how much I never knew till now."

We sat talking until one of the gardeners came to tell us that the gates were being closed. As we rose to go, Mary stooped and plucked a half-opened white rose, and silently gave it to me. It is very brown and faded, but I have it still.

Our engagement lasted only a month; for there were many reasons why we should be married at once. Mrs. Lorraine had been a long time from home, and was anxious to return soon; and my only desire was to have Mary to myself, and to give her the love and care that none but a husband could bestow. The few necessary arrangements were simple and easily made. Greenbank was to be left in charge of old Hannah, Mary's former nurse and present factotum, with the young servant for company; for I intended to take Mary abroad and give her a thorough change of scene. The marriage was to be the quietest possible. We should drive to the church with aunt Fanny, and go off almost at once to Southampton, en route for the Continent.

I had occasion to go to Portsmouth a week before the wedding; and, as I was going down the High Street, who should come out of "The George" but Sir Hugh Seymour! He made me go back with him to luncheon, and I had to tell him all about Mary and our approaching marriage.

"Poor little girl, poor little girl!" he said several times. "Ah, she's had a terrible time of it! You must be very good to her, Adair, for she has no one but you now. And who is to be there?" he asked presently.

"Only ourselves and Mrs. Lorraine," I answered.

"Then who will give her away?"

Upon my word, I had never thought of that part of the business until that moment. Now I remembered that we had not secured any one to perform the necessary duty. The Doctor being an only child, there were no near relatives on his side; most of his wife's people were dead, and Mary's nearest male relative, Patrick Lorraine, was in India with his regiment.

"Do you think," Sir Hugh asked, "that she would let me take her father's place? I would not intrude for the world; but I think, if Miss Mostyn knew how greatly I valued and esteemed the Doctor, she would not refuse to grant my request. You ask her, Adair, and let me know. I am here for the next ten days."

Mary was greatly touched when I told her of the skipper's offer, made in a way so thoughtful and delicate that my rough style of putting it does not at all convey; so we gratefully accepted his proffered kindness.

The day arrived in due course, and with it Sir Hugh; and we four drove quietly to the little gray church. Although we had tried hard to keep the matter secret, the day and hour had become known, as such things will leak out; and quite a goodly congregation awaited us, many of them the poor and aged whom Mary and her mother had helped and comforted, and who had hobbled up the hill from the village to give their blessings to their "own young lady."

As she passed up the aisle on Sir Hugh's arm, in her soft gray dress and white bonnet—for she had put off her mourning for this day—I saw the tears in those dim old eyes, and heard the blessings of those feeble tremulous voices, and I began to think that, well as I believed I knew her, I had not learnt the half of Mary's goodness yet.

I was glad when it was over, for the strain was almost too much, though she was outwardly calm and composed. The presence of Sir Hugh was a real help and comfort to her, and she did not break down until, just before we went away, he clasped round her neck a magnificent locket containing an exquisite portrait of her father; and then, as he touched her brow with his lips and said tenderly, "Heaven bless you, my child!" there fell from Mary's eyes the first tears she had shed on her wedding-day.

I took my wife to Brittany first, intending to go on to Germany; but she was so charmed with the lovely country and quaint people that she begged we might go no farther. So we wandered on from one pretty little quiet place to another. Day by day I saw the color returning to her cheeks, and her languid step regaining more of its old lightness; and I was rejoiced to find that my constant efforts to cheer and comfort her were not without success. So we lingered on; and, as the autumn was late and fine, it was not until November that we returned to Greenbank, where we settled down to a quiet, happy, uneventful life.

When the next late autumn came, our little Douglas was born; and now indeed Mary was comforted. So a second winter passed. Sud-

denly one day in early spring I got my appointment to the *Wood-Pigeon*, under orders for the Australian station. It was a terrible disappointment for Sir Hugh, who had always kept up friendly intercourse with us, was expecting to be appointed to the Channel Fleet, and had promised to apply for me as his pymaster. A note from him the next day said that he found he was not likely to be employed for several months, so there was no help for it. I could not afford to retire; I must simply go.

The day of parting came at last. Mary was alone, and I once more on blue water. I soon shook down again to my old life; and sometimes as I worked at my books and overhauled my safe, it seemed almost impossible to believe the changes that had taken place since I was last at sea. But there at the foot of my bunk hung Mary's picture, and the little round-eyed white-froked mortal on her lap was my son, and the inheritor of my name—and but little else—of a long line of illustrious Adairs.

We got out to our station all right, and for some months had to do "senior officer" in the absence of the Commodore at New Zealand. As soon as he returned, we were sent off to cruise among the islands; several outrages on British merchant ships had been committed recently, and our duty was to find out and chastise the delinquents.

When within two days of the first place on our rota—a place known as Curfew Island, where the crew of a schooner called the *Kildare* had been murdered—we sighted a small group of islets on our port bow, marked on the chart as the Michaelmas Islands. The inhabitants were not known to be unfriendly; and, as we wanted fruit and vegetables, Captain Threlfall determined to call there. It was about noon when we lay to off the largest of the group, and in half an hour we were boarded by several canoes, whose occupants appeared very friendly; the Commodore had sent us a marine to act as interpreter, he having picked up a fair knowledge of some of the principal dialects in use on the islands; and he explained to the chief who had come on board that we wished to buy fruit and vegetables. It was agreed that towards evening we should send a boat ashore, taking the price of the stores in calico, beads, fish-hooks, and the like. So, about an hour before sunset, the cutter was in readiness, I, as paymaster, being in charge of the commercial part of the expedition. Our party consisted of Rice, the sub-lieutenant, in command, myself, the ward-room steward, eight blue-jackets, four marines, and the coxswain. We beached the boat, leaving two men in charge; and I went up to the village, with the coxswain, steward, and our interpreter, while Rice and the rest of his crew made for a cove at a little distance, with the intention of cutting brushwood for brooms.

I had been busy bargaining for twenty minutes, when there arose a sudden noise of distant shouting, which approached rapidly, and our men came tearing down to the boat, followed by a yelling crowd of savages brandishing clubs and spears. In a twinkling the stretchers were out of the cutter, and a desperate fight was going on, the sight of which to the chief was like a spark of gunpowder. The others were nearly all in the boat, towards which I was trying to fight my way, being some distance off. Rice saw my danger, and in a moment he had leaped ashore, crying, "Who'll help Mr. Adair?" Then a sudden crushing blow descended on my head, and I knew no more.

The unexpected fight had begun, as I learned long afterwards, in a dispute between a marine and some natives about the brushwood our men were cutting; blows were soon exchanged, and a free fight followed. I was left for dead on the shore, and the cutter managed to get away, not without some severe casualties among our men. Captain Threlfall immediately took a strong party of marines and blue-jackets ashore in the launch and the cutter; but, when they landed, the village was entirely deserted, and they could only find a few decrepit old people, who either could not or would not say what had become of the others. The island was large and hilly, and the utmost that could be done was to scour the country in the immediate vicinity; but no traces of the fugitives could be found; and at last the landing-party had to return to the ship; and I was ultimately reported to the Admiralty as having been killed by savages at the Michaelmas Islands.

My captors took me to a small village on the north coast of the island; and I believe it was at first their intention to kill me. But I was saved by an old woman whose only son, a subordinate chief, had been killed in battle. The poor creature was left desolate; and, seeing that I still lived, she begged that she might have me for a servant, to perform the dead warrior's duties to her; and, after a long discussion, her request was granted.

For some time I was very ill from the effects of the blow I had received, aggravated by my agony of mind at the prospect of a life-long captivity and the knowledge of what my wife would suffer on hearing the news of my fate. As I grew better, I began to fulfil my duties to old Tanavuka; and, in gratitude to her for my preservation from death, I tried to do all I could for the poor old woman. My chief work was to cook fish and cultivate the patches of yams and sweet potatoes round the hut. Terribly monotonous it was, for, though Tanavuka was kind enough in her way, she would hardly let me go out of her sight, and any effort to escape would have brought the whole of the village after me. The people seldom took any notice of me when once

the novelty of my white skin had passed off; but they watched me well. The north side of the island was quite out of the track of passing ships, which almost invariably made the south shore, as we had done; so that any hope of escape seemed remote indeed.

Still I never lost heart, and kept count of time; and the days wore on, until more than two years had passed. Tanavuka was growing very infirm; and I dreaded her death, not knowing what might then become of me. At last she did die, carefully tended to the last by me. Then I began to fear and expect that the chief would claim me; and, though now it was unlikely that he would put me to death, yet I did not like to think of being transferred to his ownership. But, as it happened, his hands were pretty full just at this time, as he was trying to quell a revolt that had broken out in his own neighborhood, and the few fighting-men in our small village had all hurried off to the fray.

At sunset on the very day after Tanavuka's death an American whaler appeared in the offing, bore up, anchored about a mile off, and sent a boat on shore. Now or never was my chance! I stole through the wood behind the hut, down to the creek where Tanavuka's canoe lay, and paddled noiselessly down until I gained the open sea, when a glance showed me a large whale-boat advancing rapidly. I hung back until the boat had got clear of my course, as I thought it best to get on board first before making myself known; then I gave way with a will, and never slackened speed till I made fast at the gangway of the *Golden Gate*.

No prince could have treated me more nobly than did that Yankee whaler. I had not a paper, not a letter, to prove my identity—nothing but my watch and chain, which poor old Tanavuka had kept, and which I took from her when she was dead. But Jim Seabury trusted me.

"I believe you're a gentleman, for all your savage rig," he said, with his hand on my shoulder; "and, even if you were the biggest rascal out of Fresco, I'd help you to get out of this heathen hole."

And—Heaven bless him!—he did help me; for the best of all he had given me; and all the time that I remained with him his kindness could not have been exceeded by that of my own father. At the end of three months we fell in at Levuka with a Swedish barque homeward bound to Swansea, in which I secured a passage, for which Seabury paid, besides providing me with a comfortable outfit and a hundred dollars at parting into the bargain.

"If you're a British naval officer, you won't let me be the loser, I know. You can remit to the British Consulate at Frisco; and I'd trust you if it were only for the sake of the face in there;" and he touched the locket that hung at my watch-chain.

I thought he would have wrung my hand off at parting; and, as I watched his boat pull away from the *Ellida*, I felt that I was parting from the truest friend that ever man had.

We arrived safely at Swansea, after a tedious voyage; and the first thing I did was to report myself at the Admiralty and prove my identity to the satisfaction of the authorities. I found on inquiry that Mary was alive, and drawing her and the boy's pensions regularly; and, taking it for granted that she was still at Greenbank, I never inquired about her address, but hurried off to Southampton by the next train.

But here a grievous disappointment awaited me. Greenbank was let to a family from India, and Mary had removed to a distant part of Devonshire. I got her address though—Laurel Cottage, Aynsworth; and then, tired and down-hearted, I retraced my steps to "The Ranger," the little inn where I had so often put up in old days. But it also had changed hands, and the landlady was a stranger to me. She seemed to know a good deal about Mary, however, and told me all she knew, in answer to my questions.

"Mrs. Adair left about a year ago, she had a good offer to let the cottage to Major Marshall—and very like she's not too well off, like many officers' widows. I think she's gone to be near her aunt, who lives at Aynsworth Park with her son Sir Patrick."

"Sir Patrick! he used to be only Captain Lorraine."

"Yes, sir; but he's left the Army now; for nigh upon two years ago he came into the title and estates on the death of his father's cousin, quite unexpected. The old gentleman's only son died sudden, and in few months Sir John followed."

Here was a change! Poor penniless Pat Lorraine a rich Baronet! Well, thank Heaven I had not been received with bad news instead!

"Mrs. Adair was ill a long time after she heard of her husband's death," my informant continued; "she took on most dreadful, poor lady; and people said it was only the little boy that kept her alive. Dear me, sir, it will be sad work for her to hear all you have told her. What troubles some of us have to go through, to be sure!"

It was not until the next evening that I reached Aynsworth, a little seaside village far from the main line. I was directed to the Lorraine Arms, where I ordered dinner at once. The landlady, a comely, pleasant woman, waited on me herself, and I could see that only the merest crust of politeness kept her from plunging at once into the questions she was longing to ask as to my business at Aynsworth. I did not keep her waiting long, for I was far too anxious myself for the information I wanted. I said that I had only just returned from abroad, that I had been at the island where Mrs. Adair's husband

was killed, and that I had come to Ayneworth to see his widow, who, I understood, lived at Laurel Cottage. Could Mrs. Carey tell me anything about her?

What could not she tell me? How, when old Sir John died, Sir Patrick had brought his mother to live with him, and that afterwards nothing would do but his cousin too must come and settle down at the Cottage. Poor dear lady, so quiet and gentle, with her white face and widow's cap; and so good and kind! There—if any one was in trouble, they always went to her. Fond of the little boy? Why, he was the very light of her eyes—a fine child, and very like "his poor pa!" Marry again? Well, she didn't think it likely, though there was them as said that Sir Patrick had eyes for no one but his cousin. She and her aunt were a great deal together; the old lady was getting oldish now, but was just as sweet and good as ever. Whereabouts was the cottage? Well, quite close to the park; if you turned up the lane by the smithy, that would bring you past the garden wall.

I had decided upon first making myself known to Sir Patrick, and allowing him or Mrs. Lorraine to break the news to my wife; and I wished to see him, if possible, that evening.

I went up the lane by the smithy, and followed it for about three hundred yards, when I came to a low stone wall, with a thick privet hedge on the other side; and from Mrs. Carey's description I at once recognized the garden of Laurel Cottage, the white chimneys of which I could just see through the trees. I could not resist taking a look at Mary's garden, and, climbing the wall, I saw a break in the hedge. The clear moonlight showed a neat trim lawn, with rose-trees and flower-beds. What else there might be I did not see; for down the walk, close to the hedge, came two figures, a man in evening dress and a lady in a long black gown and white cap. It was my Mary and Sir Patrick Lorraine.

I slipped to the ground and remained *perdu* where I stood. I could not but stop and listen, remembering Mrs. Carey's words; and I was hungering for the sound of my wife's voice.

It was so perfectly quiet that as they advanced I could hear how earnestly they were talking; and I held my breath to listen. They stopped just on the other side of the hedge. Sir Patrick was speaking.

"I have been patient, Mary; you know I have. All this while I have never said a word until to-night; but I can't be silent any longer. I have loved you so long, my dear; and now that you are sad and lonely I love you only the more."

"No, no, Pat, you mustn't say that! Pray don't! You can't tell how you distress me. Say no more, dear Pat!"

It was her own voice; but, oh, how sad it was!

"My dearest, only say that I may try to win your love, and that perhaps in time you might be able to care for me enough to marry me. Let me take care of you, love and comfort you, as I could only do if you were my wife."

"Pat, Pat"—what a sob that was!—"you must surely know that I shall never have any love to give you! You were always my dear cousin; but you can never be more to me now."

"No love to give me! Do you mean that? No, it can't be! It isn't that you love—that there is some one else in my place? Say it is not that, Mary?"

"But it is that, for I do love some one else too well ever to be able to love you as you wish!"

My head dropped between my hands on to the stone wall. Oh that I had died before I had heard such words from my wife's lips! Oh that Heaven would let me die now, that my death might deliver her and myself from a double misery! The solid ground seemed to have slipped from under my feet. I was in a chaos of unutterable agony. Oh, my wife, whom I had so fondly, blindly trusted all these long weary years of my captivity!

As one in a dream I heard Sir Patrick's voice again.

"At least, Mary, tell me who it is. You will trust me as much as that; won't you?"

"Ah, Pat, you need not mind; you have no living rival! It is only my own Douglas, my darling, my dead husband, my only love!"—and she broke into bitter weeping. "I have never loved any one but him," she said through her sobs; "all my life I had loved him, though I never knew it till he asked me to marry him. And, now he is gone, I love him more than ever. He is not dead to me—only absent, and silent; and, oh, Pat, how could I give up his name, and pull off the ring he put on my hand, and call any other man in this world my husband? I know that he is dead—that in this life we shall meet no more; but in the sight of Heaven I am as truly his wife this day as I was on that happy, blessed day that he married me!"

May Heaven forgive my hard thoughts of her! I wonder if the moss on that wall grew greener for the tears that rolled down the face that in my torment I had hidden. No words that human tongue ever uttered or human heart conceived could have expressed the ecstasy of that moment.

Again I heard Sir Patrick's voice—sad, subdued, with all its former passionate intonation gone.

"I see—I understand; I know it all now, my dear. I will ask you no more; I will never try to shake your faithful love. Try to forget my folly—don't let it make any difference between us; let me be just cousin Pat again." Then, after a pause—"But you will grant me

one thing, Mary, won't you? I am your boy's godfather. Let me, as far as I can, fill his father's place by taking upon myself the whole charge of his future; and that shall be, Mary, just as you and his father would have wished it to be. Will you promise me this for his sake, and to show me you have forgiven me?"

Mary promised; and it seemed to give him some little comfort in what I knew must be his great sorrow. Heaven bless him! Not once had he tried to tempt her with his wealth and title, with the splendid home he could give her, the ease and luxury she might have as his wife. He had pleaded his love honestly and humbly, and, chivalrous gentleman as he was, not by one word had he tried to shake her love for her dead husband.

I made my way back to the inn; but it was long before sleep came to me—I could only think of what happiness the morrow would bring to her and to me.

I found my way early next morning to the Park—so early indeed that Sir Patrick was still at breakfast. I was shown into the library; and, on my message being taken to him that I desired to see him on important business, he sent word to say that he would be with me immediately. The library was nearly opposite to the dining-room, and through the half-opened doors I heard a voice which I knew at once to be Mrs. Lorraine's.

"I have finished, my dear. Shall I go and see who your early visitor is?"

"Ay, do, mother! I will not be long; but I was so tired this morning that it made me later than I should have been."

Tired! I knew better than his mother what the word meant.

I heard the soft rustle of a dress, and in another minute she stood before me—older and more faded than when I saw her last, but sweet, lovable, as of old. I had no time to notice more, for she was looking questioningly at me.

"I have not the pleasure—" She stopped, and a strange frightened look came into her eyes.

I made a step forward.

"You do not recognize me, Mrs. Lorraine? Forgive me, for I ought to have let you know; but I could not wait. Don't you know me?"

She gazed blankly at me, dumb and motionless with intense surprise; then she had me by both hands.

"Douglas, Douglas, surely it is your voice! Are you come back from the dead? Oh, my precious Mary!" Gently putting me aside, she hurried from the room; and I heard Sir Patrick's hasty exclamation—

"What is the matter, mother? What has happened?"

"Come, Pat, come quickly! It is Mary's husband! He has never been dead at all!"

Then followed a whirl of embraces and questions and hand-shakings that fairly took away my breath; but through it all I only seemed to hear Sir Patrick's deep tremulous "Thank Heaven!" He thanked Heaven for Mary's constant love and reward, thanked Heaven for her happiness, even though his own hopes were thereby more utterly destroyed than before.

For half an hour we sat talking. Then Mrs. Lorraine said—

"You are impatient to see Mary, Douglas; will you remain here while I go and break the news to her, and bring her to you?"

"I think, mother," her son interposed, "that you should take Douglas with you, and let Mary have him to herself in her own house first; don't you? Go in by the front door, instead of by the garden, and leave him in the drawing-room. She won't see you, for at this time she is sure to be in the garden, or giving orders in the kitchen; so I think you are safe to escape being seen."

So pleased, so thankful, so glad was he, this noble, unconscious rival of mine!

It was but a step across the corner of the park. We crossed the high-road and hurried up to the trim little front door, which Mrs. Lorraine opened herself. She hurried me into the tiny drawing-room and then disappeared.

Perhaps she was gone twenty minutes. To me it seemed an eternity. Once I heard a child's merry laugh, and then the pattering overhead of little feet; and my heart leaped, for I knew it was the voice of our boy. Half dazed, I looked round and recognized the same well-known books, pictures, knick-knacks, as of old. Over the piano was my portrait in uniform; and on the little table was the work-basket I had given Mary, while beside it lay a toy boat and a whip—these were my boy's. But I could not think; I could only watch the door, and listen for the first sound of her step outside.

I heard Mrs. Lorraine's voice—"In the drawing-room"—the door opened and Mary was in my arms.

How the next hour passed I cannot tell; and, even if I could, it would be a subject too sacred for me to speak of. But I think that, if in this world, a foretaste of unutterable joy is ever granted to human hearts, it was given to us two then. Verily this was life from the dead, the lost found. Long years of bitterest sorrow faded like a dream with our arms once more round each other.

Words were useless, impossible, until somehow we found ourselves kneeling by the little sofa, sobbing out words of loving gratitude to Him who had given us back to each other, who had "turned the shadow of death into the morning."

My story, such as it is, is ended. Since that

happy day my wife and I have never been parted; for I have had a succession of shore appointments, and our farthest journeyings have been to Malta. I shall retire now before long; and through Sir Patrick's influence and that of our constant friend, Sir Hugh Seymour, now an Admiral, a first-rate civil appointment is in store for me.

Sir Patrick is our firm and faithful friend, honored and beloved by us and our children, as he well deserves to be. Long ago he told me how he had once asked Mary to marry him; so there is no secret bar to our perfect friendship. He has insisted on taking my eldest son off my hands entirely, in accordance with his request to my wife; and he talks even of making him his heir. When we ask about the future Lady Lorraine, he smiles, and says, "You may still see her here some day;" but he has never married yet. He lives on quietly with dear aunt Fanny, who is very feeble now.

As for Mary, she is Mary still—not a bit altered, save that in her dear eyes lies a deep and chastened peace that I never saw there before; and the hand of sorrow has rested so heavily on the gentle head that in what was once a bright brown hair there is now little but its silver record to be seen.

As I finished, she came and looked over my shoulder, and saw what I had put at the head of this paper.

"A safe anchorage! What are you meddling with pilotage for, Douglas? That's not your work."

"It has nothing to do with pilotage—it is about you."

"About me? You must explain yourself."

I clasped her hands in mine as they rested lightly on my shoulder.

"Have you never heard, Mary, that 'a good wife is from the Lord,' and that 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her'? And don't you think that in this stormy life a man who can say that may well thank Heaven for 'A SAFE ANCHORAGE'?"

M. E. M.

HE WAS IN TROUBLE.

He walked bashfully into a local artist's studio, and striking a dejected pose, looked with a dreamy expression toward a half-finished portrait. His toilet was somewhat disarranged, and a green pad rested over his left organ of vision. After turning his hat about nervously in his hands for fully a minute he said:

"You see, sir, we were having a little Sullivan and Ryan matinee, and I went in Sullivan, but I came out Ryan."

"How is that?" asked the artist.

"Well, the other fellow downed me," said the visitor, fumbling still more nervously at his hat brim.

"What am I to understand from that?" asked the artist, filling a little, short briar-wood pipe and lighting up.

"Why, he knocked me out. Used me up in three rounds, and I just let him have the belt without saying a word. In the last round I got it straight from the shoulder on the peeper, and I went to grass like an ox in a slaughter-house. That final round left me with a portico under my left eye, and that is the reason I'm here. Oysters are no earthly good in my case. After using a couple of dozen I gave it up and decided to drop in and see you," concluded the visitor.

"But I'm not a doctor," said the artist.

"Of course you're not, but you are a painter, and that's the kind of a man I'm looking for just at present. See that," and the visitor raised the green pad, discovering a very much discolored optic. "Now, I'd like to have you run a couple of coats over that and bring it back to something like its original color. You understand?"

"Oh, you wish me to paint over the discolored flesh?" said the artist.

"That's the idea. You're a portrait painter, I believe," said the visitor, gaining more confidence and taking a chair.

"Well, yes; but I never had much experience at painting black eyes," said the artist, smiling.

"Oh, well, go ahead. I'll stand a two dollar note," said the visitor, removing the green pad. "I wouldn't face my wife with such an eye on me for a Jay Gould boodle."

"All right; but remember I'm rather green at this sort of business," said the artist, as he commenced to mix his colors.

"Go ahead, and don't be afraid to lay it on thick," said the visitor, and the artist went to work. He was, indeed, green at that particular branch of his profession, but he laid on his colors boldly and made up his mind to assume a talent, if he had it not. First, he plastered a thick layer of white. Then, being a little nervous, he struck a lake blue. To get rid of this unnatural tone he dashed on a blotch of red and toned it down with more white, but still the thing wouldn't come right, so he tried a little gray, and followed this up with yellow. This last experiment gave a most unhealthy appearance to the visitor's face, so he thought he would go back to first principles, and dashed on another coating of white.

"How does she look?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, she's coming out all right," said the artist, in an assuring tone which he was far from feeling. Then he mixed up more colors, and stood off a little distance looking with a very critical air toward his victim. Then he sailed in again, and this time he struck a beautiful bright purple. Somewhat disconcerted at this result, he dug his brush into another color and drew it,

with an artistic flourish, across the victim's face, producing a sickly green. "Ain't you getting it a little thick?" asked the victim, squinting up his eyes. "It seems stiffish like." "Oh, no, that's all right," said the artist, nervously hunting about for another color to cover up the last terrible result of his experimenting, and he plastered on another coat haphazard. But this time even a Ruskin could not have described the wonderful effect he had brought out under that eye. He had discounted Turner, and the "Slave Ship" was no where.

"Suppose I just take a look in the glass," said the victim.

"No! no! don't stir!" almost shouted the artist, but it was too late, and the victim was before the glass surveying his face with blank astonishment. At last he turned and shouted—

"What in blank do you mean by painting me up in this blank fashion?"

"I told you I was green at—"

"Green! Why, I look like the—the—the devil. I shall sue you, sir. This is a case of malpractice. How am I to go in the street—oh Lord!" and the poor victim sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"But I haven't finished," said the artist—"if you will just let me—"

"Finished!" shouted the victim, jumping to his feet and waving his arms about like the sails of a windmill. "Finished! No, thank heaven! you have not finished, but I have!" and he bolted through the door and ran down stairs like a mad man.

"No more porticos for me," said the artist, heaving a deep sigh of thanksgiving at his escape and picking up his brushes with trembling fingers.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

HIS FUN WAS NO JOKE.

A funny man came down on one of our river boats last fall. He was a fat little Englishman, with sandy side whiskers and a check suit, with an opera-glass slung around it. He had his horse and rifle aboard, and told the captain he had been up in Manitoba hunting savages. Captain said if he meddled with Indians he'd get into trouble.

"Oh!" said he, "these wer'n't Indians—savages, naked men, you know—*buff fellows.*"

He appeared much interested in shooting the rapids, and called out, after running Lachine, "Very good shot, Captain." The Captain, with not a curl of merriment in his Jove-ial beard, but throwing all the contempt he could into the opprobrious epithet, merely observed:

"Ah, you are a wag."

"Do you see double, Captain?"

The skipper denied the soft impeachment, asserting he was far too old a steamboat man ever to do anything of the kind.

"Well, you can see more than other people, anyway. If I ride up town when I go ashore, folk will only see a man on horseback—you will see a horse and wag on."

Before the Captain recovered from the shock he found himself attacked on the other flank.

"If I walked up and had my horse led after me, that would be putting the wag on before the horse, wouldn't it?"

A pensive expression came into the Captain's face, and a look of attraction into his eye. He was thinking how nice it would be to have that wag on a yard or two ahead of the *Spartan's* iron stem, his brain pan square for it, and not a soul to call "Man overboard."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS HENRIETTA BEEBE is making her mark in London.

"THE Money-Spinner" has achieved a popular success at Wallack's.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD played at the Academy Monday and Tuesday.

AT the Theatre Royal the "Widow Bedott" will hold the boards during the week.

THE *Stabat Mater* will be sung in St. John the Evangelist's Church on the 31st inst.

MRS. THROWER will give a concert with the Beethoven Quintet Club on the 17th prox.

IT is feared that the time-honored Sacred Harmonic Society is in its last season.

MRS. ROCKWOOD gives a concert at Ottawa on the 15th inst., at which the Governor-General will be present.

ON April 28th next year, the present house of the Opéra Comique will enter the 1.0th year of its existence.

ANOTHER theatre, which will also reach the 100th year of its existence next year, is the Palais Royal, built in 1763 as a marionette theatre.

MELLE. MERQUILLER, a *débutante* from the Conservatoire, made a signal success at the Paris Opéra Comique in Gounod's *Philémon et Baucis*.

THE burlesque on "Patience" at Tony Pastor's, has been wonderfully successful. People have been turned away nightly.

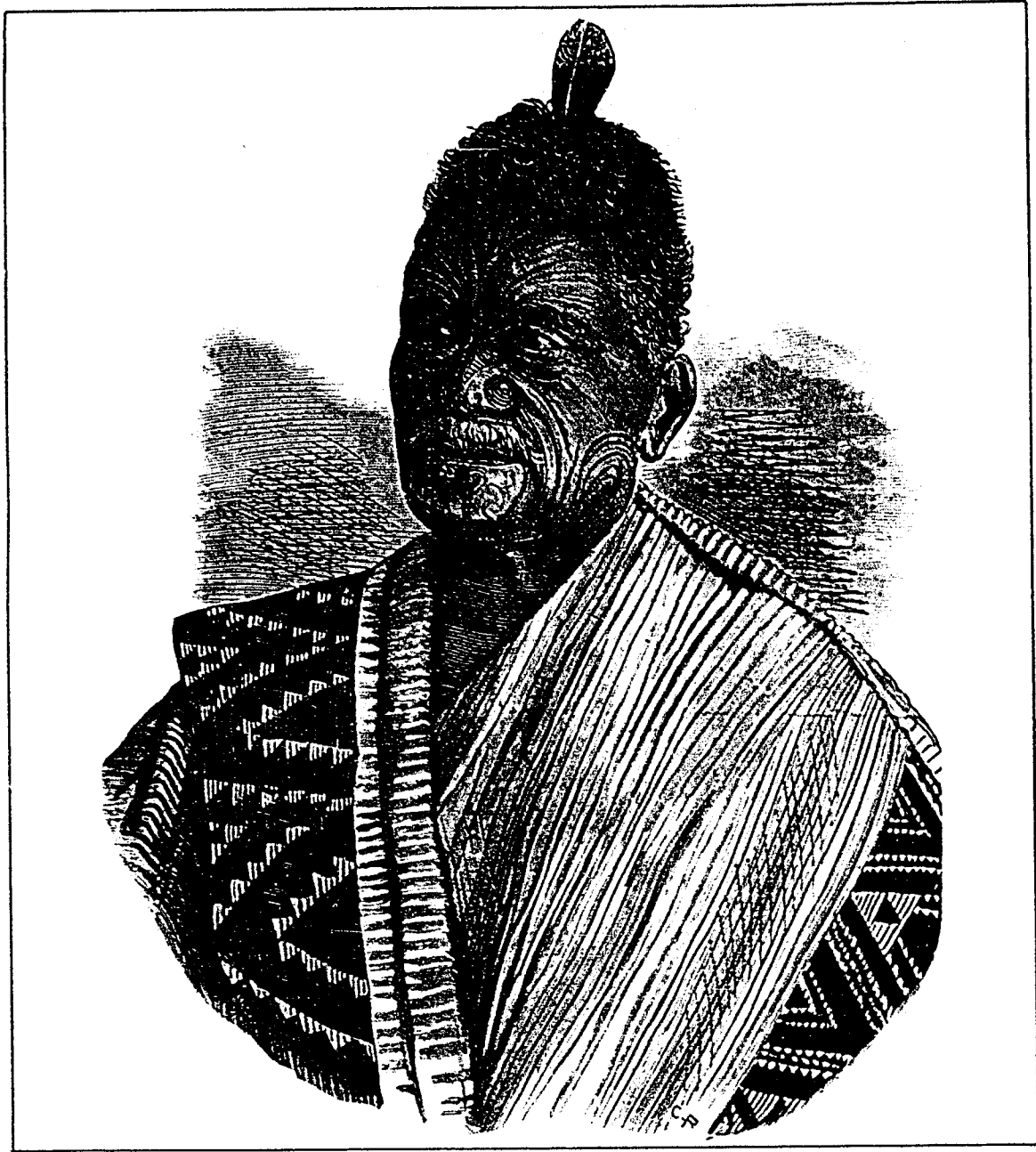
MELLE. HEILBRON, the prima donna, has contracted a brilliant engagement with the director of the Scala at Milan.

PAULINE LUCCA will appear at the Berlin Opera on April 10, with the rôle of Catherine in Gotz's opera "The Taming of the Shrew."

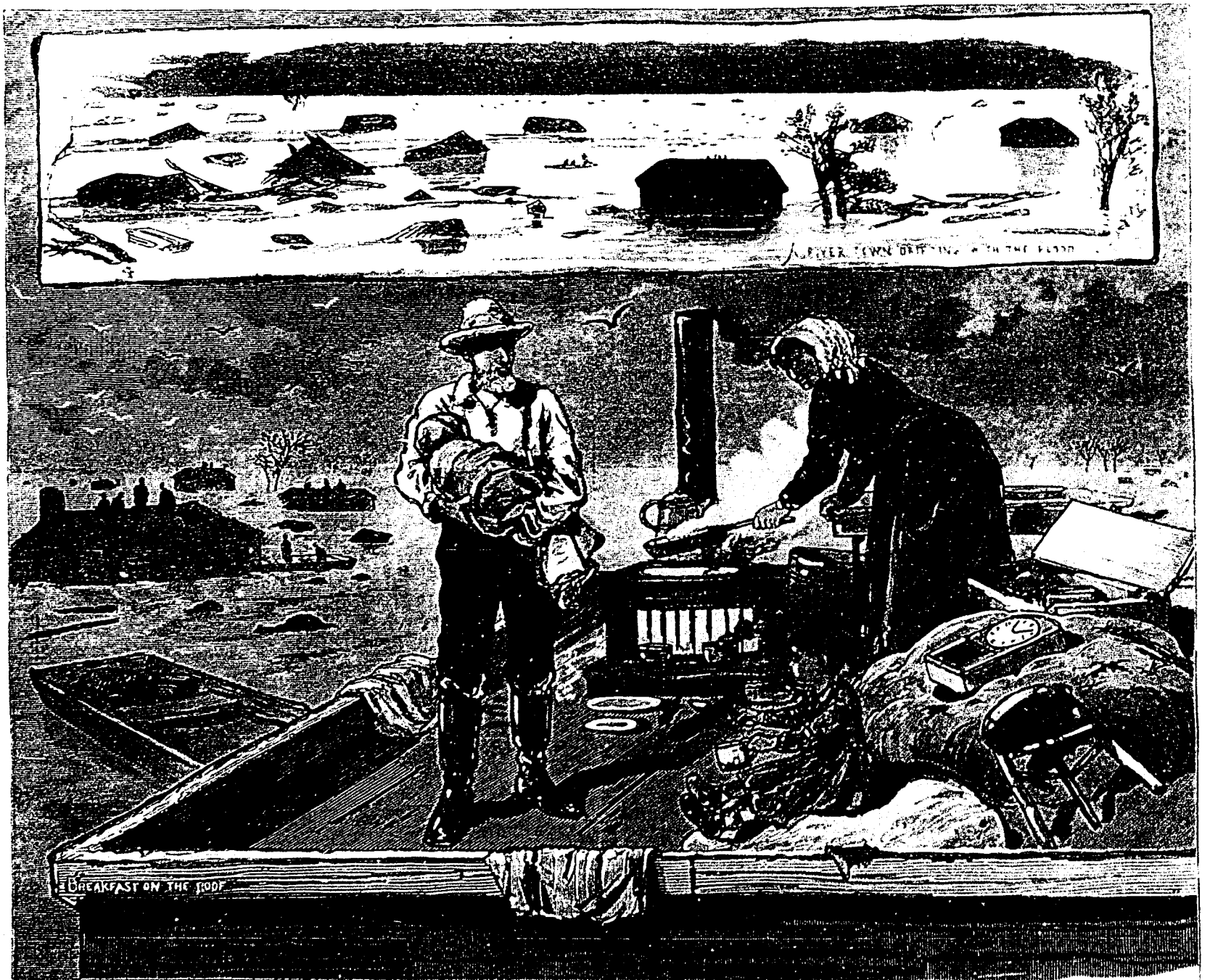
HANS VON BULOW has been invited by the Emperor of Russia to give a series of concerts at St. Petersburg, with the Meiningen Court orchestra.

MELLE. CARLOTTA PATTI sang recently in Paris after a long period of absence. She was greatly applauded at the last of M. Fadeloup's concerts in Handel's "Samson."

THE Irish Ballad Concert, given at the Royal Victoria Hall on the 9th, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were present, was a great success.



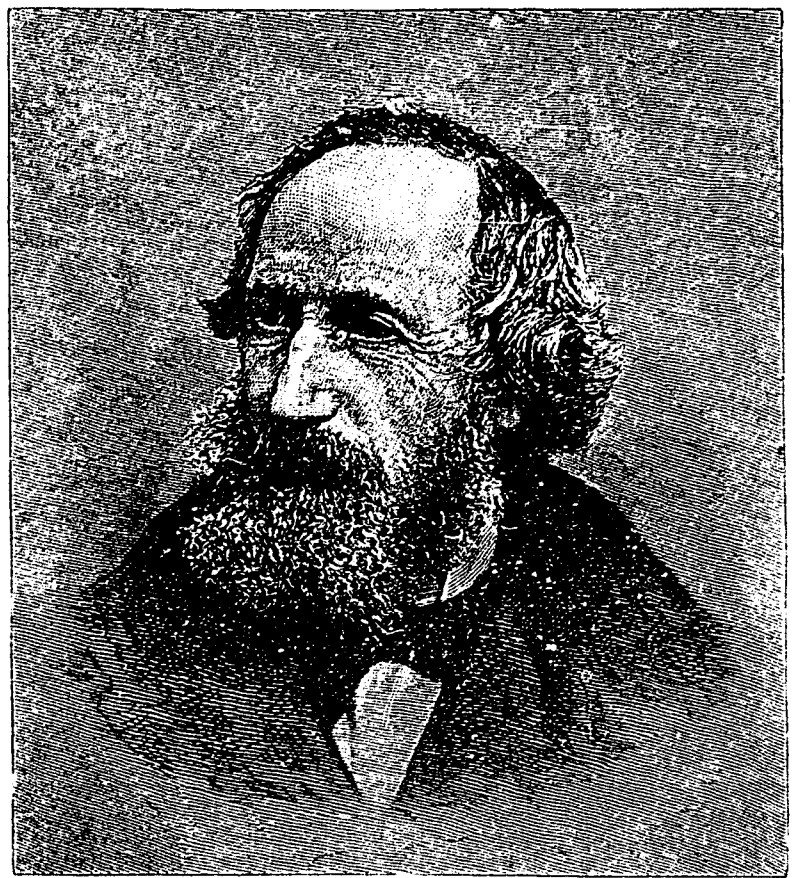
TAWHIAO.—THE MAORI KING.



THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—THE LAST RETREAT.



W. H. VANDERBILT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS, 15TH STREET AND BROADWAY.



C. W. FIELD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.



H. J. JEWETT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.



JAY GOULD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN.



SIDNEY DILLON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON, 755 BROADWAY.



RUSSELL SAGE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.

RAILWAY MAGNATES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE SNOW-FILLED NEST.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

It swings upon the leafless tree,
By stormy winds blown to and fro;
Deserted, lonely, sad to see,
And full of cruel snow.

In summer's noon the leaves above
Made dewy shelter from the heat;
The nest was full of life and love—
Ah, life and love are sweet!

The tender brooding of the day,
The silent, peaceful dreams of night,
The joys that patience overpay,
The cry of young delight.

The song that through the branches rings,
The nestling crowd with eager eyes,
The flutter soft of untired wings,
The flight of glad surprise!

All, all are gone! I know not where;
And still upon the cold gray tree,
Lonely, and tossed by every air,
That snow-filled nest I see.

I, too, had once a place of rest,
Where life, and love, and peace were mine—
Even as the wild birds build their nest,
When skies and summer shine.

But winter came, the leaves were dead;
The mother bird was first to go,
The nestlings from my sight have fled;
The nest is full of snow.

—St. Nicholas for March.

A FLOWER IN THE CELL.

Five years of silent imprisonment had passed over Alice Wamsley—years of daily and hourly change and excitement for the outer world. Five years in solitary confinement are only one day of dreary monotony repeated one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five times.

Take a starving beggar from the street, and seat him at your table, and tell him that he shall have food and money if he will turn his plate downward, and return it face upward, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five times—and the hungry wretch will drop from exhaustion before half the turnings are done, and will run from your house with curses. The solitary prisoner turns the same number of days with harrowing weariness a thousand times multiplied in five years. The days and nights of those years had passed like a black and white vibration over Alice Wamsley's life. They had brought little change to the outward eye; and the inward change was only a settlement of the elements of doubt and disbelief and despair into a solid deposit in her heart.

No friends had visited her. When her mother died, there was left no living relative. She had no love nor attraction beyond her cell—beyond her own soul. Every tie worth keeping had then been torn asunder. Some lesser bonds she since had unloosed herself. Why should any happy thing be united to one so forlorn and wretched?

For God's pleasure she was undergoing this torture—so they told her. She had neither sinned nor rebelled. She had been given life, and she had grown to love it—but when the summer of her life had come, she was drenched with affliction and wrong, which she had not earned, of the cause of which she was as innocent as her babe, murdered before her eyes. Her heart, hope, love, truth, had been flung down and trampled in the dust.

The alms of prayer that were doled out by the usual Scripture-readers, had long since been carried passed her door. They regarded her as hopelessly lost. She never spoke her dissent; but they could see that she did not hear them, that she did not believe them. So they left her to herself.

One day a man sat in the governor's office with a large book before him, in which he had been carefully reading a page, on which the governor, standing by his side, had placed his index finger.

"It is a remarkable case," said the governor; "and she certainly is not insane."

"She was not a criminal by association?" asked the visitor, closing the book. He was a powerfully built, dark-faced man, with a foreign air, and a deep voice. The studied respect of the governor proved him to be a person of importance. It was Mr. Tryville, who had recently arrived in London, and who was visiting the prisons, with authority from the Ministry itself.

"No," said the governor; "she was a village-girl, wife of a sea-captain. Here, at page 42, we find the police reports—see, only one short entry. The police didn't know her."

"She has never defended herself, nor reproached others?" asked Mr. Tryville.

"Never," answered the governor. "She has never spoken about herself."

"It is very strange and very sad," said Mr. Tryville to the governor. And to himself he murmured, "She must have suffered fearful wrong."

Soon after, in company with the governor, he passed along the corridor, and stopped at Alice Wamsley's cell. The warden opened the door. Mr. Tryville did not look at the prisoner, but walked across the cell, as if observing the window bars, upon which he laid his hand.

"The iron is covered with rust," he said to the governor. "The windows of this range certainly need repainting."

Then, apparently looking around in the same practical way, Mr. Tryville remained, perhaps, a minute in the cell. He had scarcely turned his eyes on the prisoner; yet the mute intensity of her face had sunk into his heart.

"She has been terribly wronged," he repeated to himself, as he left the prison. "God help her! she is very young to be so calm."

When Mr. Tryville emerged from the prison arch, he walked rapidly along the river toward Westminster. He was in deep thought. He proceeded a little distance, then stopped, and looked down on the turbid stream, as if undecided. This was unlike the usual calm deliberateness of his conduct. He was evidently perplexed and troubled. After pausing a while, he looked at his watch, and then retraced his steps, passed Millbank, and walked on in the direction of Chelsea.

It was an old habit of his to solve difficult questions as he walked; and he selected a quiet suburb, with streets leading into the country roads.

In the streets, there was nothing very noticeable about the man, except his athletic stride and deeply bronzed face. He might be classed by the passing observer as a naval officer who had served many years in Southern latitudes, or as a foreign captain. His dress had something of the sailor about its style and cloth. But it is the inner man who interests us: let us follow the burden of his thought.

"Remorse does not end in this calmness, unless the prisoner be insane. Her mind is clear; she is not melancholy; she is self possessed and firm. Her health has not suffered. Yet, she has abandoned belief in man's truth, and God's mercy. She does not claim that she is innocent; she makes no defence and no charge; she accepts her punishment without a complaint. These are not the symptoms of remorse or guilt. She has abandoned prayer; she deliberately shuts out the past and the future. Yet she is in all other respects obedient, industrious and kind. There is only one explanation of these contradictions—she is innocent, and she has suffered terrible wrong."

Mr. Tryville did not return to his house till late in the evening. He had walked for hours; and, as he went, he had unravelled, with infinite patience, the psychological network that had troubled him. He had come to a decision.

Two days after his visit to the prison, Alice Wamsley sat in her cell, sewing tirelessly. The morning had opened like all the other mornings of her imprisonment; there was nothing new nothing to suggest a new train of thought.

Some one who walked along the corridor about ten o'clock had seemed to hesitate a moment at the cell, and then had passed on. The governor, she thought, who had glanced through the watch-grate.

In the wall of every cell there was a minute hole, about two inches square on the exterior, cut in the solid stone. The opening which grew wide towards the interior of the cell, was in the shape of a wedge. A warden outside could see a large part of the cell, while the prisoner could only see the eye of the warden. As the officers wore woollen slippers, they could observe the prisoners without being heard or seen.

At this opening, Alice Wamsley thought, the governor had stopped as he passed, and had looked into her cell. It was not unusual.

A few minutes later she paused in her work, almost impatiently, and tried to put away from her an unwelcome thought. After a short pause she renewed her sewing, working rapidly for a few minutes; and then she laid the coarse cloth aside, and buried her face in her hands.

She was thinking of her old life, of her old self; she had tried to escape from it, but could not. For years she had separated the past and the present until she had actually come to think of herself as two beings—one who had been happy, and who was dead—the other, living, but separated from all the world—alone, with neither memories nor hopes, neither past nor future.

Yet to-day, without apparent cause, the two selves had drawn together—the happy Alice had come beseechingly to the unhappy one.

For an hour she remained motionless, her face bowed in her hands. Then she raised her head, but she did not renew her work. She stood up, and walked across the cell, and re-crossed it, in the rapid way of restless prisoners; but on the second passage, she stood still with a bewildered air. Her eye had caught a gleam of bright color in the opening of the watch-grate. There was a flower in her cell!

She trembled as she reached her hand to take it. She did not try to recover her dispassionate calmness. She took it in her hand, and raised it to her lips slowly, and kissed it. It was a sweet rosebud, with two young leaves. She had not seen a flower nor heard a bird sing since she left her own little garden.

This tender thing had stolen inside her guard. Its sweet fragrance, before she knew of its presence, had carried her mind back to the happy days of her girlhood. She kept the flower to her lips, kissing it. She fed her wistful eyes on its beauty. She had been so long without emotion, she had so carefully repressed the first promptings of imagination, that her heart had become thirsty unto death for some lovely or lovable thing. This sweet young flower took for her all forms of beauty. As she gazed on it, her soul drank in its delicious breath, like soft and sensuous music; its perfect coloring filled her with still another delight; its youth, its form, its promise, the rich green of the two leaves, its exquisite completeness, made a very symphony for the desolate heart.

Two hours passed, and still she fondled the precious gift. She had not once thought of how the flower had come into her cell.

"You are pleased at last, Number Four," said a female warden, who had been looking into Alice's cell.

Number Four raised her eyes from the flower, and looked silently at her answer. For the first time in five years, the warden saw that her eyes were flooded with tears.

She did not see any more that day,—and, strange to say, the officer took no heed of her idleness. There was a change in her face, a look of a rest, of strangeness, of timidity.

When first she looked upon the flower, a well had burst up in her heart, and she could not stop its flood. In one hour it had swept away all her barriers, had swamped her repression, had driven out the hopeless and defiant second self, and had carried into her cell the wronged, unhappy but human and loving heart of the true Alice Wamsley.

She was herself. She feared to think it,—but she knew it must be so. When the warden spoke to her now, she shrank from the tone. Yesterday, it would have passed her like the harsh wind, unheeded.

That night, unlike all the nights of her imprisonment, she did not lie down and sleep as soon as the lights were extinguished. With the little flower in her hand, she sat on her low bedside in the still darkness, feeling through her nature the returning rush of her young life's sympathy with the world.

The touch of the rosebud in her hand thrilled her with tenderness. She made no attempts to shut out the corroding memories. They flooded her heart, and she drank them in as a parched field drinks the drenching rain.

Toward mid-night the moon rose above the city, silver-white in a black-blue sky, lovelier than ever she had seen it, Alice thought, as she looked through the bars of her window. She stood upon her low bed, opened the window, and looked up. At that moment her heart was touched with a loving thought of her dead mother. Her arms rested on the window-ledge, and her hands were raised before her holding between them the little flower, as she might have held a peace-offering to a king.

Softly as the manna falls upon the desert, or dew upon the wildflower, descended on the afflicted heart the grace of God's love and mercy. The Eye that looked from above on that white face upturned amid the gloom of the prison, beheld the eyes brimmed with tears, the lips quivering with profound emotion, and the whole face radiant with faith and sorrow and prayer.

"O, thank God!" she whispered, her weeping eyes resting on the beautiful deep sky: "thank God for this little flower! O, mother hear me in heaven, and pray for me, that God may forgive me for doubting and denying His love!"

With streaming eyes she sank upon her knees by the bed-side, and poured her full heart in passionate prayer. And, as she prayed, kneeling on the stones of her cell, with bowed head, the beautiful moon had risen high in the vault of night, and its radiance flooded the cell, as if God's blessing were made manifest in the lovely light, that was only broken by the dark reflection of the window bars, falling upon the mourner in the shape of a cross. It was long past midnight when she lay down to rest.

But next day Alice began her monotonous toil as on all previous days. She was restless, unhappy; her face was stained with weeping in the long vigil of the night. But her heart had changed with the brief rest she had taken. She began her day without prayer. Her mind had moved too long in one deep groove, to allow its direction to be changed without laborious effort.

The little flower that had touched her heart so deeply the day before, lay upon the low shelf of her cell. Alice took it up with a movement of the lips that would have been a sad smile but for the emptiness of her poor heart. "It grew in its garden, and loved its sweet life," she thought; "and when the sun was brightest the selfish hand approached and tore it from its stem, to throw it next day into the street per haps."

Then flashed for the first time, into her mind the question:—Who had placed the flower in her cell? Had she been unjust—and had the hand that pulled this flower been moved by kindness, and kindness to her?

The thought troubled her, and she became timid and impressionable again. Who had brought her this flower? Whoever had done so was a friend, and pitied her. Else why—but perhaps every prisoner in the ward had also received a flower. Her heart closed and her lips became firm at the thought.

A few moments later, she pulled the signal-wire of her cell, which moved a red board outside the door, so that it stood at right angles from the wall. This brought the warden, to know what was wanted. The door was opened, and the warden, a woman with a severe face but a kind eye, stood in the entrance. Alice had the flower in her hand.

"Have all the prisoners received flowers like this?" she inquired with a steady voice.

"No," said the warden.

In five years, this was the first question "Number Four" had ever asked.

"Why was given to me?" she asked, her voice losing its firmness, and her eyes filling with tears.

"I don't know," said the warden.

This was true: the hand that had dropped the flower into the watch-grate had done so unseen. The warden only knew that orders had been received from the governor that "Number Four" was not to be disturbed, nor the flower taken away.

The door closed again, and Alice raised the flower to her lips and kissed it.

Some one had pitied her, had thought of her. She was not alone in the world. This reflection

she could not drive away. She sat down to her work; but she could not see the cloth—her eyes were blurred with tears, her hands trembled. At last she rose, and pressed her open hands to her streaming eyes, and then sank on her knees beside her bed, and sobbed convulsively.

How long she remained so she did not know, but she felt a hand laid softly on her head, and heard her name called in a low voice,—

"Alice!"

A woman had entered the cell, and was kneeling beside her.

Alice raised her head, and let her eyes rest on a face as beautiful as an angel's, a face as white as if it were a prisoner's, but calm and sweet and sympathetic in every feature; and round the lovely face Alice saw a strange, white band, that made it look like a face in a picture.

It was a Sister of Mercy she had seen before when she worked in the hospital; she remembered she had seen her once sit up all night bathing the brow of a sick girl, dying of fever. This thought came clearly to her mind as she looked at Sister Cecilia's face, and saw the unselfishness and devotion of her life in her pure look.

"Alice," said Sister Cecilia, "why do you grieve so deeply! tell me why you are so unhappy—tell me dear, and I will try to make you happier, or I will grieve with you."

Alice felt her whole self-command deserting her, and her heart melting at the kindness of the voice and words.

"Turn to me, and trust me, dear," said Sister Cecilia; "tell me why you weep so bitterly. I know you are innocent of crime, Alice; I never believed you guilty. And now I have come to bring you comfort."

Sister Cecilia had got one arm around Alice, and, as she spoke, with the other hand she raised the tearful face and kissed it. Then the flood-gates of Alice's affliction burst, and she wept as if her heart were breaking.

Sister Cecilia waited till the storm of sorrow had exhausted itself, only murmuring little soothing words all the time; and patting the sufferer's hand and cheek softly.

"Now, dear," she said at length, "as we are kneeling, let us pray for a little strength and grace, and then you shall tell me why you grieve."

Sister Cecilia, taking Alice's hands between her own, raised them a little, and then she raised her eyes, with a sweet smile on her face, as if she were carrying a lost soul to the angels; and in a voice as simple as a child's, and as trustful, said the Lord's Prayer, Alice repeating the words after her.

Never before had the meaning of the wonderful prayer of prayers entered Alice's soul. Every sentence was full of warmth and comfort and strength. The words that sank deepest were these,—she repeated them afterwards with the same mysterious effect,—*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.* She did not know why these words were the best, but they were.

"Now, Alice," said Sister Cecilia, rising cheerfully, when the prayer was done, "we are going to bathe our faces, and go on with our sewing, and having a long talk." Alice obeyed, or rather she followed the example. Sister Cecilia's unaffected manner had won her so completely that she felt a return of her girlish companionship. All other teachers of religion whom Alice had seen in the prison had come to her with un-sympathetic formality and professional airs of sanctity, which repelled her.

Half an hour later, Alice was quietly sewing, while Sister Cecilia sat on the pullet and talked, and drew Alice into a chat. She made no reference to the grief of the morning. The cases in the hospital, the penitence of poor sick prisoners, the impenitence of others, the gratitude and the selfishness and the many other phases of character that came under her daily observation—these were the topics of the little Sister's conversation.

"Why, I might as well be a prisoner, too," she said smiling, and making Alice smile: "I have been in the hospital seven years. I was there two years before you came. You see I am as white as a prisoner."

"Yes, said Alice, looking sadly at her; "it is not right. Why do you not grieve as they do?"

"Why?" answered Sister Cecilia, gayly, "because I am not a criminal, perhaps. I am like you, Alice; I have less reason to grieve than the other poor things."

Alice had never seen it in this light before, and she could not help smiling at the philosophy of the little Sister. But she was affected by it very deeply.

"If you had remained in the hospital, Alice," said the Nun, "you would have been as much a Sister of Mercy as I am. Do you know, I was very sorry when you left the hospital."

Every word she said, somehow, touched Alice in a tender place. Was the wise little Nun choosing her words? At any rate, it was well and kindly done.

When she kissed Alice, and pulled the signal-wire to go out, her smile filled the cell and Alice's heart with brightness. She promised to come and see her every day till the ship sailed; and then they would be together all the day.

"Are you going to Australia?" asked Alice, in amazement.

"Certainly," said Sister Cecilia, with a smile of mock surprise. "Why, those poor children couldn't get along without me—fifty of them. Now, I'm very glad I shall have you to help me, Alice. We'll have plenty to do, never fear."

She was leaving the cell—the Warden had opened the door—when Alice timidly touched

her dress, and drew her aside, out of the Warden's sight.

"I am not a Catholic," said Alice, in a tremulous whisper.

"No matter, child," said the little Nun, taking her face between her hands and kissing her eyes;

Alice stood gazing at the spot where she had stood, long after the door had closed. Then she turned and looked through the window at the bright sky, with her hands clasped at full length before her.

(From Moondyne, by John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Bros.)

THE USES OF LENT.

On the optimistic principle that everything in life comes into being or exists for some good end, that portion of the society world which is accustomed to hold this view of matters terrestrial, has, by this time, reconciled itself to the comparative quiet and cessation from gaiety which the penitential season brings, and is busy with plans which shall make the remainder of the time pass swiftly and pleasantly.

Passing over then the first great use of Lent which is of course the spiritual strengthening and refreshing afforded by the services of the Church and the abstinence and self-denial it enjoins, we come to its second use which is especially of benefit to those who lead the gay life of society the remainder of the year, namely, physical rest.

And so this brings us to another use of Lent, and perhaps one of the greatest. It affords some time for improvement. The days are longer now. Why not visit the picture galleries? The desire has been present all winter to do so, but this or that party, call or reception has delayed its execution day by day.

Then finance and politics should not be neglected and the daily making of history all over the world kept up with. Music, too, should have its place in your studies, and, in fact, in these various ways last mentioned, every hour of Lent could be employed.

So Lent has its uses, many and manifold. We have only briefly alluded here to two or three of the most prominent. Others there are which will suggest themselves from day to day, whether in the line of spiritual, mental or physical benefit.

SOAP GREASE OR FREEDOM.

At one time during the civil war, when the Yankees made a raid into Ouachita Parish, La., a good many negroes went off with them. Among the number who started was an old woman living in Munroe.

But when the baggage was inspected it was found that Aunt M'Issy was taking an undue allowance, for besides her trunks she had several kegs, bags and barrels, some containing ashes and others full of old bones and meat-skins for soap grease.

Some other darkey reminded Aunt M'Issy that she was losing a glorious opportunity for gaining her freedom, but she muttered: "What's use bein' free if yer ain't got no soap grease!"

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

At the annual meeting or "commemoration" in Manchester of St. John the Baptist's Church Society recently, the rector (the Rev. Dr. Marshall) announced his intention not to observe the recent admonition of his diocese in matters of ritual.

THE report of the Chaplain at Pentonville does not tend to show that education has diminished crime, as so many sanguine people said it must, and the following painfully confirms his remarks:—Amongst the items of news relating to events occurring in England, and contained in a single issue of a daily paper recently:—1, Child murder at Nottingham; 2, ditto, and attempted suicide in London; 3, murder of one collier by another at Wigan; 4, a woman drowned by an ironworker at Tipton; 5, wife murder in Southwark; 6, the strangled corpse of a little girl found in the Medway, with a brick tied round its waist; 7, a dying bargee found, covered with blood, on the towing-path at Rochdale, and the list is not yet exhausted.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

W. F., New Castle, Delaware.—Postal received Thanks. J. B., Minnedosa.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. W. S., Montreal, P. Q.—Papers hand. Thanks.

We have evidences every day of the rapid spread of chess over many parts of the world, but we were led to consider it as a thing almost unknown, or at least entirely neglected, in the great North-West.

A communication which we have just received has shown us our error. Mr. J. Barry, a member of the Montreal Chess Club, who is at present journeying westward, arrived lately at a place named Birnie, near Fort Ellice, where he was led to slacken his pace, on learning that an enthusiastic chessplayer had publicly announced his desire to meet over the checkerboard a foeman worthy of his steel.

We are anxious to call the attention of our readers to the following extract from the Chess Column of Turf, Field and Farm, and we wish the ladies of New York every success in their enterprise. We are sure that the carrying out of their undertaking will do much towards advancing the cause of the game.

The lady chessplayers of New York are moving in the direction of the formation of a chess club. The movement was begun about a fortnight ago by Mrs. M. E. Favor and Mrs. Worrall, and it has been prosecuted with such energy and vigor that players of the sterner

sex, who have been loudly talking of a new club for a year or more, may have cause to blush to find themselves outdone. A modest announcement in one of the city papers by these ladies of their proposed plan brought the names of fifteen other ladies who were willing to assist in the formation of a chess club.

We are informed that Mr. Ferris, of New Castle, Delaware, has now eleven names on his list of contestants in the contemplated Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney, the programme of which appeared in our Column of the 4th inst. We are pleased to see that a lady is one of the number. Four Canadian players are already enrolled. The list will be open till April 1st. Mr. Ferris hopes to have twenty competitors, and we heartily recommend our players to send in their names.

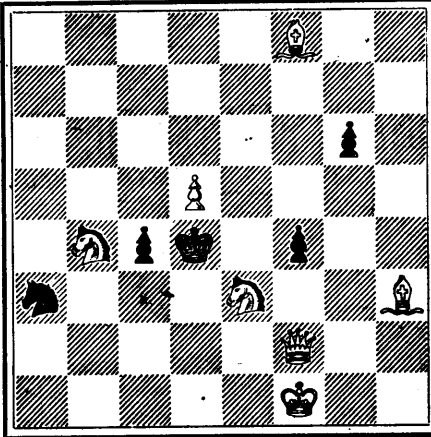
Play in the telegraphic match now pending between Toronto and Quebec was resumed on Saturday evening, March 11th, and continued till midnight. The result gave another game finished in favour of the players of Old Stadacona.

Last Saturday night, March 18th, four games were finished in the chess match between Quebec and Toronto. So far six games have been concluded; Toronto and Quebec scoring three each.

PROBLEM NO. 373.

By J. W. Abbott.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 371.

White. 1. Kt to Q R 2. 2. Mate acc Black. 1. Any

GAME 500TH.

CHESS IN LOND. N.

One of eight blindfold and simultaneous games played recently by Mr. Blackburne at Leigh, England.

Two Knights' Defense.

White.—(Mr. B) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. Kt to Kt 5 5. P takes P 6. Kt takes B P 7. Q to B 3 ch 8. Kt to B 3 9. P to Q 4 10. B to K Kt 5 11. Castles (Q R) 12. Q B takes Kt 13. Kt takes Kt 14. Kt takes B 15. P takes P dis oh 16. K R to K sq 17. B takes B 18. Q to Q R 3 19. R to Q 6 20. P takes R oh 21. R to K 7 ch 22. Q to K Kt 3 ch 23. R takes Q ch 24. Q takes Kt P oh 25. Q takes R P ch Black.—(Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. Kt to B 3 4. P to Q 4 5. Kt takes P 6. K takes Kt 7. K to K 3 8. Q Kt to K 2 9. P to B 3 10. Q to K sq 11. P to K R 3 12. B takes B 13. K to Q 2 14. Q takes Kt 15. K to B 2 16. B to K 3 17. Q takes B 18. K R to Q sq 19. R takes R 20. Q takes P 21. Q interposes 22. K to Q sq 23. K takes R 24. K to Q 3 25. K to B 4 Resigns.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

MARCH, 1882.

Table with columns for DELIVERY, MAILS, and CLOSING. It lists various mail routes including Ontario & Western Provinces, Quebec & Eastern Provinces, Local Mails, United States, and Great Britain, with specific times for each.

(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m. (B) Do 9.00 p.m. Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c. Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mails for Bruce Mines, Garden River, Little Current, &c., will leave Parry Sound on Tuesdays. Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahamas, 8th and 21st December. " Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December. " Cuba, 10th December. " Cuba and Porto Rico, 3rd, 17th and 22nd December. " Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, 3rd, 15th & 24th Dec. " Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 29th December. " Curacao and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December. " Jamaica and West Indies. " Jamaica and the U.S. of Columbia (except Panama), 15th and 30th December. " For Hayti direct, 6th, 17th and 28th December. " Hayti, St. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec. " Porto Rico, 10th December. " Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, 6th December. " South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th, 20th and 30th December. " Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 24th December. " Windward Islands, 10th and 28th December. " Grevtown, Nicaragua, 16th December. Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December. For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.

