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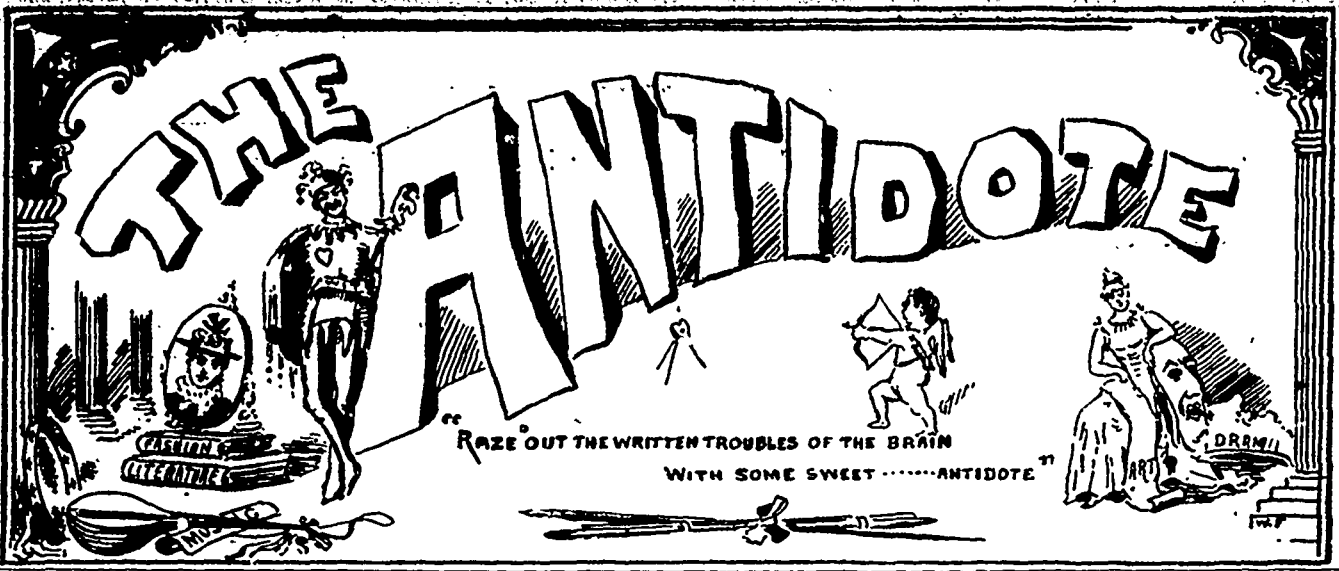
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OUR PRIZE LIST

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

MODERN EPICUREANISM.

There is little doubt that the tendency of the present age is, towards placing luxury as the chief aim of life, for which we all (with few exceptions) strive and struggle. In acquiring wealth, the duties and responsibilities, which should be attached thereto, are not reckoned in comparison to the pleasures which that wealth brings to its possessor. It is often said (that history repeats itself, and in spite of the self denying doctrines of Christianity, we fear there is very little more real self denial among the mass of civilized communities of to-day than there was with the followers of Epicurus some fifteen hundred years ago.

We were reminded of this by a recent issue of London "Punch" in which was an illustration depicting two university men seated at a table, where they had been partaking of a very recherche banquet. The repast was over and one of the pair raising his cup to his lips, remarked "After all, what is life without coffee." "True," replied his companion, "but after all what is life with coffee?" We could not help thinking that the coffee might be taken as representing metaphorically the same crown of earthly luxury, and then indeed the allegory carries its own admirable moral. The one epicure looks upon his existence as worthless without it is attended with the supreme though brief, finishing, pleasure, while the other has reached the further and last stage, and finds that even with that crowning delight life is—nothing.

There are many whom the above captivates, and who, building upon mere worldly enjoyments, discover, when they arrive at their "coffee," that the journey they are travelling is but a passing pageant or empty dream. And so it will always be with those whose desires are bounded by mere material comforts and who stretch out for nothing beyond the cup of coffee. The Israelites marching towards the promised land and still hungering after the fleshpots of Egypt have numerous counterparts in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century, and there is many a modern Hanibal passing his time in Capua.

Far be it from us to advocate the rejection of the good things of this life—"it is a poor heart that never rejoices"—but we should not linger too long under the green shade by the pleapant springs, otherwise instead of being refreshed we shall become enervated and unfitted to continue our journey with that success which alone will enable us to reach the goal.

Let us throw off our epicureanism and then our "coffee" will neither seem the sole comfort which makes life endurable, nor will it leave a bitter taste behind it.



MUSICAL MARTYRDOM.

The probable and charitable feeling when one hears of a woman who before marriage gave up her time largely to practicing, "leaving off music" after marriage, is that of pity for her (that she was ever constrained to begin it: or—for perhaps or the principle that you can not tell if you can play the flute till you have tried and in order to train the ear to some intelligent and pleasurable appreciation of harmony, a rudimentary musical education should be given to all children—the pity for her might only extend to her having been constrained to labor on at an uncongenial and utterly useless occupation. No person in whom any of the divine faculty of music had life, could, after having attained a mastery over the musical difficulties of instrumentation and after having made its exercises a daily habit, fail to renounce the habit and forego the mastery. If music had not been alien to nature it must have become a second nature by use. Of course this does not mean that there was a dislike to hearing music any more than an absence of the

painter's temperament involves a dislike to seeing pictures, but simply of the gifts and the predisposition which go to make the musician were wanting, as the soil and climate for oranges are wanting in Canada.

In fact the enjoyment of rythmical sounds is so universal to mankind that, as a general rule, the last thing an unmusical man suspects about himself is that he is unmusical. Once one of the most excruciating and disunited of itinerant bands conceivable out of Hades, was jerking through a popular set of quadrilles in a variety of keys and times, when a benevolent and cheerful auditor said to a silent sufferer pacing his garden with him, "Do you like music?" "Yes," was the answer, "of course"—who would own to being the man that has not music in his soul?—But the "Yes" was languid and slow, for the noise the players were making bore the generic name of music, and the thought had risen, as it must have often risen to most people, that the tuneful art gives too much pain for too rare a pleasure. "So do I; I delight in it," was the hearty reply. "I do enjoy this now. In fact I am so fond of music that there is no style I do not enjoy. It gives me the greatest pleasure even to hear a barrel organ." Many respectable people, wholly without ear, think they are fond of music on much the same grounds. Some of them regret that they never learned music; some of them have learned it. Only the latter are objectionable in society.

It is a decided alleviation to partygoers in general, and probably to most of the martyrs to music themselves, that the barbarous custom of making oppressed young ladies bestow their vocal or instrumental tediousness on the oppressed company, has gone far towards disappearing. The poor girls, called on to air their abilities before a room full of strangers, and indifferent or even hostile acquaintances and aware from the comments themselves and their intimates pass on the performances of other girls, and the manner in which they listen to them, that they will have more critics than hearers and that criticism will chiefly mean censure, fall far short of their best, where their very best would not qualify them to take the place of fourth-rate professionals at public concerts. They have spent weary hours in

practicing up the song or nocturne that was to rouse the enthusiasm of the enchanted assemblage, and only mortification is the result; the compliments are forced and cold and the "Thank-yous" that echo the concluding chords are at least as likely to represent gratitude that the process is over, as delight in its having taken place. Of the audience those who understand music wished they were hearing better, and those who wanted to talk wished they were hearing none.

If a girl plays fairly well, or sings even but a little, her accomplishment may give real pleasure in the home circle, especially if her brothers and sisters are musical too. The young people get up duets and trios and choruses together, fearless of difficulties, and each too self-intent to be unkindly critical of the others; the older people listening in their easy chairs, and if they do not exactly think their geese are all swans, they feel that such cherey melodious geese as theirs are far pleasanter to hear than any swans in the world; and yet are these family evenings made wiser and merrier with ill-timed music always worth the cost? Think of the hours of practice. Think of the next door neighbors.

A Deadletter.

Cousin Ruth was playing waltzes for the young folks. Near her stood John Graham, one of her old beaux. He had lately come home after an absence of twenty years.

John was looking at Ruth with apparent concern, counting the lines that began to mark her pale face and noting the streaks of gray that ran through her hair. It had been so dark and thick the last time he had seen it! Then he gazed thoughtfully at the merry young dancers, and at last, feeling that he ought to say something, asked:

"Who is that graceful yellow-haired girl?"

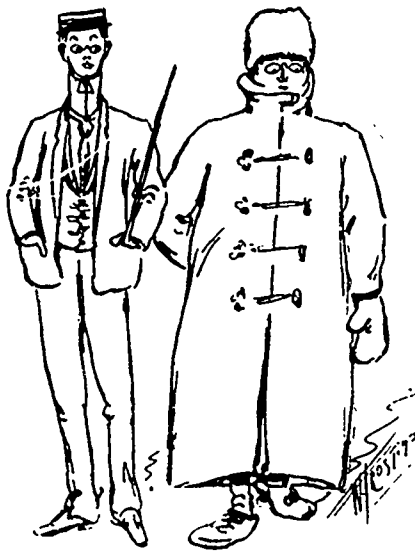
"That is Grace Deering, Cousin Tom's daughter," Ruth replied. Her hearer exclaimed wonderingly:

"Tom Deering's daughter! I remember him so well!" After a pause he added, "I thought you and he would have been married long ago."

Cousin Ruth smiled, shook her head, and played on without speaking.

"The last time I saw you," said John, musingly, "you were waltzing with Tom himself—do you remember it?"

Did she recall it? Twenty years had passed since young John Graham had bidden her a cold and brief farewell.



BINKS, not half the man in Summer he is in the Winter.

and she, amazed and awe-struck by his manner, had merely said, "Good-by," and let him go. Yet the memory of that night had never left her.

"I wonder why Ruth is playing that old-fashioned waltz," said the elders of the party to each other, and John Graham listened spell-bound to the well-remembered strain.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "the tune recalls the past. I sent you a bunch of violets that very night, and hoped that you would wear them. O Ruth, what a heartless flirt you were!"

Old as John had grown, his eyes wore a familiar expression as they met hers.

As soon as the young people had tired of dancing, Cousin Ruth went up to room and locked herself up, giving way to strange emotion. From the lowest depths of her trunk she took an old brass-bound box that had not been disturbed for twenty years. Unlocking it, she hastily raised the lid. Instead of the fresh, sweet violets she had left in it, there were a few crisp, shapeless, and withered petals, beneath which for the first time she discovered a bit of paper, on which were these words:

"Once for all, Ruth, is it yes or no? If yes, wear these violets at the ball to-night. I go away to-morrow; and if it is no, I shall not return. J.G."

For a few minutes Ruth stood motionless. Claspings the little missive she went downstairs. One of her nephews, passing her in the hall, thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl. Her face was aglow with an unusual beauty. She went into the sitting-room, where John Graham sat alone. He was gazing moodily at the embers of the fire. Ruth approached and, putting the piece of yellowed paper gently into his hand, said calmly:

"I never saw it until this instant."

He looked at her in mute astonishment as she was about to turn away.

"Would you have worn my flowers had you found the note?" he asked hurriedly. "Ah, Ruth, is it now too late?"

The merry voices in the next room drowned her answer to all but John Graham; he alone heard it.—Isabel Smithson.

A CURE FOR A SORE THROAT.

In certain affections of the throat, such as acute pharyngitis, catarrh of the eustachian tube, with pain in the ear, a Swiss confrere says that he obtains excellent results from making the patients yawn several times a day. It produces, it seems, almost instantaneous relief, the symptoms rapidly subside and the curache disappears. Frequently the affection is cut short by this novel treatment. Yawning produces, as everyone knows, a considerable distention of the muscles of the pharynx, constituting a kind of massage, and under this influence the cartilaginous portion of the eustachian tube contracts, expelling the pharynx the mucosities there collected. According to N. Naegeli yawning is much more efficacious or affections of the tube than the methods of Valisnyva Politzer, and is more rational than the insufflation of air, which is often difficult to perform properly.—"Medical Record."

Mrs. E. A. Small and the Misses Small have arrived home after several months' sojourn on the continent of Europe.

The Bachelors' Ball at the Kennels was an unqualified success.

The St. Andrew's Ball at the Windsor on Wednesday next promises to be largely attended.

Mrs. Duncan McIntyre will again receive the guests at the St. Andrew's Ball this season. The chieftain, himself, in kilts was one of the principal attractions last year.

Among the social events of the week is the wedding of Miss Shirley Foley, daughter of Mr. James Foley, oil merchant of this city, to Mr. E. A. Roberts of the Dominion Woolen Co. The ceremony took place in St. George's Church. The happy couple have gone on a honeymoon trip to the Atlantic States.

Women versus Women.

It is nearly twenty-five years since a powerful series of articles on "Modern Women" appeared from week to week in the London, "Saturday Review." Two volumes for these Essays were reprinted in New York, and had a large circulation, while many of them were copied into Canadian Journals, and occasioned much discussion among both male and female readers.

The first article of the series was entitled "The Girl of the Period," and was followed by about eighty papers, which for a long period enticed the fashionable world to buy the "Review" weekly. As women are often said to be the keenest enemies of women, no one was much surprised to learn a few years ago that the writer of most of the bitter articles on the "Woman Question" was a woman—Mrs. Elizabeth Linton, better known as Mrs. Lynn Linton, an extremely clever novelist, and Essayist. Naturally enough, many counterblasts to Mrs. Linton's merciless philippics were published: notably a volume entitled "Essays in Defence of Women," which consisted of well-written contributions to "The Imperial Review."

If there was too much exaggeration on the part of the "Saturday," there was too much extenuation on the part of the "Imperial" writer, who from a chivalrous but undiscriminating regard for the honour of the fair sex, went too far in denying many truthful charges against the fashionable world of London. About the same time as these essays appeared, there was published "Femmes Savantes et Femmes Studienses." In this work the author showed no wish that woman should be an inferior imitation of man. His ambition was not so much to alter entirely, as to improve practically, her actual condition. He would be content to see her what Wordsworth has described,

"A creature not too wise or good
For human nature's daily food;"

If, however, we are to believe Lady Cavendish, and the Duchess of Bedford literally—and we must remember that their revelations were made at a Church Congress—the fashionable women of London are daily disgracing their sex, and shocking the moral sense of the community. The two ladies above-

mentioned assert in unqualified terms that women of rank and fashion, in order to recruit their exhausted energies, and stimulate their jaded nerves, have recourse to "pick-me-ups" early in the day, in addition to brandy and soda during the afternoon, and champagne etc., "ad libitum" at a late dinner. Lady Cavendish, moreover, declares that, in accordance with a new



From London Queen.

fashion, ladies, both young and old, quit the dinner table for the smoking-room, and share with gentlemen not only the cigars, but also the spirits. As these do not seem powerful enough to induce sleep, chloral, chlorodine, and morphine are taken in secret. We hope and believe that the two aristocratic speech-makers have exaggerated the evil that they denounce, and have illogically, like many other women deduced a general conclusion from a few particular instances. They admit that heavy drinking has been abandoned by the men; and, if this is the case, it seems highly improbable that husbands and brothers who have reformed their own habits should encourage the same bad habits in their wives and sisters. Such accusations were never made even by Mrs. Linton against "The Girl of the Period," and no reason has as yet been assigned why, as the century is drawing to a close, the morals of English ladies should have become more degenerate.

Example goes further than percept or even sweeping denunciations (which latter invariably defeat their object,) and certainly it will take more to convince us, that the fair sex in England had—contrary to the advance in sobriety with the men—receded to the debauched times of the First Georges, than the violent declamations of one or two of the sisterhood, who like certain birds like to foul their own nest.

THE FASHIONS.

Evening dresses are made short waisted, with elbow sleeves, or large short sleeves in one puff, on many of which are capes, lined with a contrasting color to the material, and so cut as to form a point on the centre of the sleeve. Most low bodices have wide velvet belts reaching almost to the armpits, and finished off with bows on the side. With regard to capes, they are used because jackets would spoil the wide sleeves.

There are plenty of pretty dresses, some for instance quite in the Empire style made of a black and blue stripe, with a gold and blue galon brought up in a point under the bust having bands of the same dividing the puffs of the sleeve. Others are of black silk trimmed with dark green velvet and edged at the hem with a ruche of net, divided here and there by tabs of the above velvet to match the under sleeves having over-sleeves of silk, edged with jet.

Our illustrations represent two winter dresses:—

No. 1. Black and heliotrope spotted dress ornamented with jet and heliotrope velvet.

No. 2. Green cloth dress trimmed with shot velvet.

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DIOGENES at his old game and with no better success.

BUFFALO, The Boot-Black.

Poor little "Buffalo," born in a slum,
Never heard tell of the Kingdom to come:
Forced by his parents to beg, lie, and steal,
He kept them in drink, while he wanted
a meal.

Toughs, tramps, and scallawags, dregs of
the slums,
Wharf-rats and gutter-snipes—these were
his chums.
How could he help in what class he was
born,
Or was it his fault: if his state were for-
lorn?

One day he reflected: "So far as I see,
Life isn't quite all what its' cracked up
to be:
This Buffalo city is bad, there's no doubt,
And I'm in the soup, but I'll try to get
out."

On the morrow, he fled from the pestilent
den,
Where hundreds were huddling like pigs in
a pen;
Half-starved, with no funds but his pluck
and his brains,
He "beat" his way down to New York on
the trains.

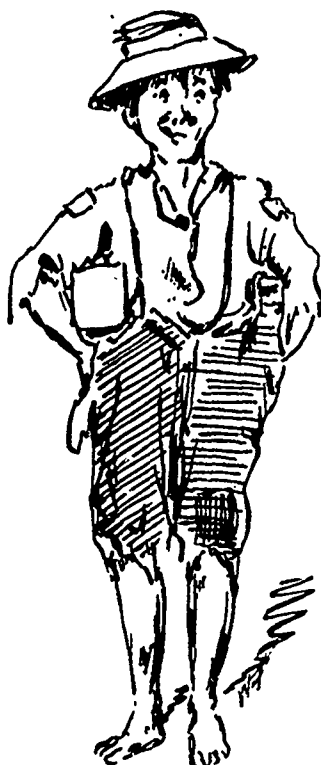
Arrived there, he nearly collapsed in the
street,
Worn out with long travel, the dust, and
the heat;
But he met a "sweet lady," who saw he
was ill,
And gave him a dollar with woman's good
will.

Next morning, enriched by her opportune
aid,
He joined, as full private, the "Boot-black
Brigade"
And "shined" round the city, as gay as
a lord,
Till he earned a few dimes for his bed
and his board.

But "life," as folks say, "is not all beer
and skittles":
There were too many boot-blacks, and
limited victuals,
So, at last the poor waif was so heavily
hit,
He was forced, from sheer want, to dis-
pose of his "kit."

He had always fought shy of the street
Arab's foes,
Cheap theatres, dance-halls, variety shows,
Saloons, dime museums, the dens, and the
"dives,"

Where vice to quick ruin humanity drives.
His "togs" were now thread-bare, and
gaping with holes,
His cap was in tatters, his boots had no
soles,
And he slouched along Broadway, unfor-
tunate ell!
A bundle of rags, the pale ghost of himself.



No Longer Required.

BUFFALO, the Artist's model.

It was then, when his rags were the worst
in New York,
And his hair looked as though it was
combed with a fork,
He was "bagged" by an artist, who hired
him to stand
As a type of the "Mudlark," and king of
the band.

"'Twas a daisy soft job," as poor "Buf-
falo" said,
When his posings were stopped, and his
income was dead,
"I had nothing to do, but to stand still,
and laugh,
While the boss drew my picture, and
grinned at my chaff."

What brought him to grief? He had some-
where been told
That boys, trim and clean, are ne'er left
in the cold;
So he risked his whole pile on a new coat
and vest,
And had his brown curls disentangled and
dress'd.

Then, beaming with pride, he skipped up
to the room
Of his patron, the painter, in hopes of a
boom:
Alas! he was "bounced," and discovered
too late
That his spruce transformation had settled
his fate!

He was houseless that night, and for no
other sin
Than because he was houseless, the land
was "run in,"
And, when brought face to face with a
coldblooded "beak,"
Was cruelly sentenced to jail for a week!
God help you, poor "Buffalo"! striving
to mend,
Had I been the "beak," you'd have found
me a friend:
I have heard a stray maxim that eases
much woe,
Though justice begins, it won't end, here
below!

GEO. MURRAY.

* See "The Children of the Poor" (by
Jacob A. Rus) p. 264, where a photograph
of the luckless "Buffalo," so called from
his native city, may be seen.

A DEBATABLE QUESTION.

Lord Lovering—Why do you hesitate,
dearest? I offer you my love—myself—my
title—

Miss Croesus.—I was wondering whether
papa could spare enough money to sup-
port yourself and your title—The Parvenu.

Visitor (looking at the Sniggles' baby).
—He's got his father's nose.
Mr. S.—Not at the present moment,
madam; but he generally has—he always
clutches at it!—Pick-me-up.

The Romance of a Rose.

I.

Poor Rose! I lift you from the street—
Far better I should own you,
Than you should lie for random feet,
Where careless hands have thrown you!

II.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn!
Did heartless fashion use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
For chariot wheels to bruise you?

III.

I saw you last in Edith's hair.
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
Was Edith's favored lover.

IV.

A month—"a little month"—ago—
O theme for moral writer!—
'Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer;

V.

But let that pass. She gave you then—
Behind the oleander—
To one, perhaps, of all the men,
Who best could understand her,—

VI.

Cyril that, duly flattered, took,
As only Cyril's able,
With just the same Arcadian look
He used last night for Mabel;

VII.

Then, having waltzed till every star
Had paled away in morning,
Lit up his cynical cigar,
And tossed you downward, scorning.

VIII.

Kismet, my Rose! Revenge is sweet—
She made my heart-strings quiver;
And yet—You shan't lie in the street,
I'll drop you in the River.

—From "V. nettes in Rhyme."

In Paris.

She hails from Chicago. She always interlards her conversation with alleged French papers, because, as she declares, it gives her a "distingoo" air. "Combien far est-il a la shop de Madame Ducrong, le French modest?" I heard her ask the porter in the hotel the first time I ever saw her. She was evidently acting as interpreter to a California friend, for when the porter replied with a bewildered shrug of the shoulders, "Je ne comprends pas, madame," she translated his reply as "It's very far, madame." So she hailed a cab, and handing the milliner's card to the driver, she directed him to "aller there." An "English-spoken" sign on the Corso allured Mrs. Boodle into a drygoods shop. "Parlez-vous English?" she said to the first man she saw, who happened to be a gentleman, who, with his hat in his hand, and his



The "coming" woman and the "going" man.

hand behind his back, was talking to a lady. After several desperate efforts he managed to make Mrs. B. understand that he was not a salesman. "Oh! excuse-me," she said. "Je vous took for une garçon de le store." To the first man she espied behind a counter she repeated her inquiry:

"Parlez-vous English?"

"Yees, madame," said the yards'ick man. "We spoke zee English ici. What will madame dayzeer?"

"Avez-vous de silk stockings?"

He showed her some. She wanted them with clocks. He didn't understand. Her French came to her in good stead. "Avec horloge," said she.

He looked at his customer; then at the stockings; then at space, but he couldn't extract a suggestion from any of these objects. He pointed to the clock. Mrs. B. bobbed her head with a satisfied air. He was more mystified than ever. He finally resolved that the lady was crazy, so he shifted her to a fellow-tradesman who spoke the same sort of English, but the new man soon understood what madame wanted.

"I see by 'Harper's Bazar' that the finest black stockings with a thin yellow clock are Comme il Faut. Are these Faut's?"

"I do not comprends, madame."

"Yes, you do; you comprenez all right. I want to know if these are Comme il Faut's."

"Oh! Certainmnet, madame. Tees are comme il faut."

"Well, where's his name or trade-mark? I don't see it."

They settled the question somehow or other. Then Mrs. Boodle came to

talk of the price, and she had an opportunity of using her favorite word, "combien."

"Quinze francs la paire."

"I think that means twenty-five francs," she said soliloquizingly. "Five into twenty-five times goes five times. Dear me! That's five dollars, "Oh! They're much too high."

"Comment, madame?"

"They're too high; trop haut."

"Ah! Zay are too high. Will madame see somesing lower?"

Yes; she wanted to see something much lower, the lowest they had in silk. So he took down from a shelf a green box which he introduced with this observation:

"Tees are ze lowest we have; but zay are for de genteelmen"—thereupon exhibiting to her some men's socks.

It required several minutes to pacify Mrs. Boodle, who at first considered herself insulted, and kept frequently remarking, "To think I would wear stockings that carie no higher than my ankles!"

Mrs. B. tells me that she doesn't care much for Rome, and that she is going to hurry back to Paris where everything is so gay and "morvay." "Oh! I love Paris. They call it 'Paris the bell'—I suppose because it's always ringing with noise."—Rome Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

PRAYER.

I pray so ill I am ashamed to pray;
And marvel oft can He who reigns on high

Give heed to my poor inarticulate cry,
Who, stammering, would my childish wants convey,

Yet know not what to wish, nor how to say;

They seem such little selfish things that I
Most care to ask of God's great Majesty:—
And, sighing thus, I went upon my way.
Then, in a friend's house, came his little boy

And prattled to me, full of eager joy:
But I, to construe baby-tongue unskill'd,
The father's face with questioning glances scann'd;

Then, smiling on his child with eyes love-fill'd,

The father said, "But I can understand."

W. W. Wakefield.

Spiritual Medium—What spirit shall I call up for you, Mr. Soak?

Old Soak (absently)—Whiskey.

Buckton—New York weather is very deceptive.

Nendick—Yes. I am inclined to think that our clerk of the weather must be a woman.

How I Was Married ;

By Hurkaru.

CHAPTER IV.

I suppose all novel readers have, some time or other, been delighted with the beautiful romance of "Ivanhoe," and will remember how, when the hero Sir Willfred was in prison, the Jewish maiden stood at the casement—there were no windows in those days—and described to the impatient knight the battle which was being waged below. So in like manner, when I lay imprisoned by my wound on my couch, did my Rebecca recount the commencement of the assault on Delhi on the 14th September 1857, with the difference that no religious creed separated our affection, and that I made no pretence of preferring any prim Lady Rowena to the fair narrator, as she stood at the door of my tent and told me the thrilling tale.

"The whole forces are moving towards the city," she said, with a field glass to her eyes, "now they are spreading themselves, and I think—yes, Brigadier Wilson is going to make the attack upon the Kashmir and Lahore Gates simultaneously. The artillery has halted on a slight eminence—They are placing their guns in position—There—there—do you hear? The bombardment has begun, and oh I can see nothing for the smoke from the cannons."

"Can you make out the 167th?" I cry in a state of excitement.

The thunder of the artillery drowned her reply. Again and again the booming sounds belched forth, and I raised myself on my elbow in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the scene. Kate turning round, quickly stepped to my side and said with pretty authority "If you do not lie still I will not tell you another word."

"Well, well, I promise," I answer falling back on my pillow. "Only let me know when you see our regiment," with an accent on the pronoun which calls forth a smile and a blush.

The cannonade continued for a considerable time, then the bugles were heard giving the orders to advance.

"Now they are going on again—the infantry at the double," remarked my historian. "And there is your—our regiment in front, nearest to the Kashmir Gate."

"Always to the fore," I murmur proudly.

"They have met the enemy—they are charging through them—but oh Dick the odds are too great! They are surrounded and cut off."

"God forbid!" I exclaim.

"Ah what a struggle! I think it must be five to one. Thank heaven you are not there dear, and yet I would like you to share the glory Dick. Oh there, there, Hodson's irregulars come crashing to the rescue! What a swoop! The mutineers give way, bravo! they turn and fly. The Kash-

mir Gate is ours! Stay, who is that who has dismounted and is placing the English colors upon the Gate? I do believe—yes it must be Mr. Churchill."

"Brave boy Archie!" I shout.

"There the flag waves, victory! victory! Merciful heavens!" screams Kate with a white face as a frightful report rends the air.

A mine has exploded at the Kashmir Gate and Archie Churchill, having planted his country's banner, falls beneath it never to rise again. I do not dispute the epithet of Horace—somewhat hackneyed yet always true—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," yet it seemed hard that a noble lad so full of promise should be taken away from us so young. I recall his laughing face, his eyeless and conceited ways, but above all his dauntless courage which made me, and our brother officers, treasure his memory and feel better for having known him.

You will understand that in a short tale like the present I have given the above description of the battle in disjointed sentences.

The fight continued until sundown when we had captured the eastern portion of the city, but it was not until six days later that the whole town fell into our hands, and we finally abandoned our camp where we had been four long months. The old king of Delhi and his sons were taken prisoners, the latter being shot and the former eventually transported to Rangoon to ruminate for the remainder of his existence over his short lived power and the cruelties with which he had disgraced it.

The ladies and children were now more comfortable than they had been since the outbreak at Meerut. A garrison was established, but the cavalry troops, including my own regiment of course, departed to join General Havelock then marching upon Lucknow. My wounded leg forced me to remain behind though I looked forward to taking active service once more in about a fortnight, before the expiration of which time, however, certain news reached me that hastened forward an event which I remember always with a gratitude too deep for words and from which I date all the happiness of my subsequent life. I mean, as you will guess, my marriage.

CHAPTER V.

At the beginning of October I received a letter dated three months back which had reached me in a roundabout way and which shocked me not a little. The epistle was from our family solicitor at Chester informing me that my father and brother had both been killed in a railway accident near Conway in Wales, and that consequently I was now owner of Neston Hall. It was also pointed out to me in the usual legal phraseology, that with the exception of a jointure of five hundred pounds a year, to be settled on my wife if I married, the

estate was entailed, and that unless I had a son, it would revert to my cousin. Besides the grief for the death of my father and brother I naturally felt an anxiety inseparable from my present position, for however others might have acted, I could not leave the army during the crisis we were then passing through, and if I fell what was to become of Kate?

Pondering thus, and wondering at the strange fate which had carried off two in a land of peace, while in the midst of war I had been left, I limped across to what had been the king of Delhi's palace, where the laddies were now quartered, and sought out Miss Marsden. I found her seated with Mrs. Johnston and they both noticed that something important had happened to disturb me, so I briefly told them my news.

"Then of course you will retire and be off home as soon as possible," said Mrs. Johnston at once.

"Yes, as soon as possible," I replied, at which Kate appeared to start in a rather uncomfortable manner I thought.

"Which way will you go Captain Clevedale?" asked Mrs. Johnston. "I fear the road via Calcutta or Bombay will be equally dangerous just now."

"I intend proceeding via Lucknow, madam," I said quietly.

"Gracious goodness!—you can never be such a fool!"—began Mrs. Johnston, when Kate coming to my side and placing her arm within mine, said with a smile, which was like a light from heaven, "Captain Clevedale cannot turn his back while the enemy is in front."

"Spoken like a soldier's daughter!" I cried; "No Mrs. Johnston, I am sure you will see that wealth and broad acres must wait till I can claim them without loss of honor, and that I would rather forfeit them for ever and find my grave on India's plains, than cause one blush of shame to this brave girl."

"Oh Dick darling why did I doubt you, even for half a moment?" murmured Kate.

"For doing what is right my dear? It is not very difficult as long as I have you before me as a model," I reply, and am still of that opinion.

"I think you are a couple of nincoms," exclaimed Mrs. Johnston, "but I wish there were more of you in the world." At which I laugh first, because there are hundreds of men better than I am, and secondly, because it was impossible to suppose another woman like Kate.

"And now I have a favor to ask of you which you have already made easier for me Kate," I said...

"I am not going to stay any longer," interrupted Mrs. Johnston rising, "Captain Clevedale I beg your pardon for having called you names, and I am almost in love with you myself."

"If I were not Diogenes I would be Alexander," I replied with a bow as the lady left the room, though I do not be-

lieve she quite understood my compliment.

"What is it Dick?" asked Kate when we were alone.

"Will you do something for me, dear?"

"Yes Dick."

"But you do not know what it is darling."

"I can trust you," was the answer.

"I want you to marry me before I rejoin my regiment."

"If you please, Dick."

Then I took her in my arms and told her my reason, namely that if the worst happened she would be provided for, whereupon she clung to me and sobbing talked a great deal of nonsense about my generosity forsooth, and said a number of other things which need not be set down here, though they were all very sweet and nice.

Thus it was arranged, and on the 20th October 1857, by the garrison Chaplain at Delhi, Captain Richard Clevedale of the 167th Dragoons, wedded Katharine, only daughter of the late Colonel Marsden of the 103rd Bengal Cavalry. I left immediately afterwards to join the army at Alumbagh near Lucknow, where Sir Colin Campbell, as commander in chief, arrived on the 9th November, and in conjunction with General Havelock, rescued the besieged at the residency a few days later, the latter brave old warrior being carried off by dysentery in another week. His name almost above any other is brought back to us when we recall those times, and Havelock will always be indissolubly connected with the Indian Mutiny. I remember him seated on his charger, his head covered with his white military cap, the "puggerve" dropping behind, to protect his neck from the sun, his face haggard and worn with disease, but an indomitable courage flashing from his eyes—a knight, truly "sans peur et sans reproche." About the end of November General Windham met with a repulse at Cawnpore, and part of that city was taken by the mutineers, but on the 5th December, led by our grizzled haired commander in chief, we marched to victory and retook what had been lost.

The year 1858 began by the mutineers fortifying Lucknow, to which we laid siege in March, taking it after a hard struggle and completely routing the enemy, but alas one was killed who had made his name dreaded by the mutineers all through the North West Province—I refer to Colonel Hodson who, with his Irregulars, had by his rapid movements and dashing surprises, created a kind of superstitious fear among the enemy which often carried him to victory against tremendous odds.

But you will be saying that having described how I was married, this tale should come to a conclusion, and no doubt you have had enough of battles and fighting, so although it was another year before I could finally sheath my sword and proceed to Bombay, where my wife then was,

I will pass over that period in a very few words. The Government of India, which had been in the hands of a company for one hundred and fifty years, was ceded to the crown and the Queen proclaimed 1st November 1858. Sir Colin Campbell had won his peerage under the title of Lord Clyde, and your humble servant receiving no further wounds, retired as Major Clevedale feeling with gratitude rather than vanity that in the words of a great statesman he had earned "Peace with Honor."

Mrs. Clevedale was staying with a great aunt in the latter's bungalow at Colaba, an outskirt of Bombay. This aunt was a little old lady of over seventy, widow of the late Colonel Hough, and always boasted with pride that she had danced with Sir Arthur Wellesly, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, when he was in India at the commencement of this century.

It was in January 1859 that I drove up to Mrs. Hough's bungalow to meet her from whom I had been parted so long, and from whom I was never again to be separated. I am standing in the room when a slight young figure enters, and the next instant she is on my breast murmuring—"I knew God would keep you safe and send you back to me dear."

After some minutes, during which time I decline to put down what took place; she looks at me and exclaims "Why Dick how brown you are, and positively you are becoming bald."

"And I do believe Kate you have grown," I reply.

"Nonsense; I had stopped before you ever saw me."

"You are the tallest woman I ever met," I say.

"What do you mean Dick? I am not nearly so tall as—"

"I am five foot ten without my boots my dear," I interrupt, "and yet I must always look up to you," at which she laughs, as all wives should at their husbands' jokes, however poor they may be, but nevertheless my remark was one of those "many true things spoken in jest."

And now Delhi with its beautiful gates, Agra with the wonderful Taj and the lovely harbor of Bombay vanish like a dream. Yet hardly so, for before me lies a letter with the Indian post mark on it, beginning "My dear father" and ending "Your affectionate son, Stirling Clevedale," in which is mentioned a certain Master Harry whom I hear in the room above me. Five and thirty years have flown, and still as my wife hands me a cup of tea I see in her the same woman who plighted her troth to me in India, for to me she has never changed.

(The end.)

RUNNING AFTER A HAT.

Some don't run. They pretend to smile when they see their hat borne along on the breeze, and glance at the laughing faces around in a way implying, "Yes, it is funny, and I enjoy the joke, although the hat is mine." Nobody believes you, but if this does you good, you should do it. You don't attempt to catch your hat as it were on the wing. You walk after it, smiling, as if you liked the joke the more you think of it, and confident that the hat will come to rest presently. You are not the sort of a man to make a fuss over a hat. You won't give the hat the satisfaction of thinking that it can annoy you. Strange though it may seem, there are idiots who will join you in pursuit of the hat. One will hook it with a stick, and almost get it, only not quite. Another will manage to hit it hard with an umbrella. A third will get his foot into it or on it. This does not improve the hat, but it shows that there is a good deal of the milk of human kindness flowing in the street as well as water, and is perhaps pleasant to think of afterwards. Several times you almost have the hat in your possession. It lies motionless, just where it has dropped after coming in contact with a hansom. Were you to make a sudden rush at it you could have it, but we have agreed that you are not that sort of man. You walk forward, stoop, and— One reads how the explorer thinks he has shot a buffalo dead, and advances to put his foot proudly on the carcass, how the buffalo then rises, and how the explorer then rises also. I have never seen an explorer running after his hat (though I should like to), but your experience is similar to his with the buffalo. As your hand approaches the hat, the latter turns over like a giant refreshed, and waddles out of your reach. Once more your hand is within an inch of it, when it makes off again. There are ringing cheers from the audience on the pavement, some of them meant for the hat, and the others as an encouragement to you. Before you get your hat you have begun to realize what deer-stalking is, and how important a factor is the wind.—By J. M. Barrie.

Impromptu verses written in the Autograph Album of Mlle. Marie Louise—
Obedient to your will, I write
Upon this page of virgin white,
Feeling, as humbly I confess,
Too honoured by your "politesse."
In vain for eloquence I pray!
"Que faire?" At last I see my way:
If wit or poetry you seek,
I'll be the Scribe, but you must speak.

G. M.

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