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THE FAVORITE

Vol. I.—No. 13. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873. PRICE { FIVE CENTS, OR SIX CENTS, U.S. CY.

THE FOOLISH CHICKEN.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too;
About it white daisies and buttercups grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
And feast on the green water-weeds that grew there;
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet
To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat.

One day a young chicken, who lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out;
Now standing tail upward, now diving below,
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
"I've really a great mind to venture in there.
My mother's oft told me I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

"Ducks have feathers and wings, and so have I too,
And my feet—what's the reason that they will not do?
Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"So why should not I swim as well as a duck?
Suppose that I venture, and e'en try my luck,
For," said she, spite all that her mother had taught her,
"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
And found that her dear mother's cautions were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled, the deeper she went,
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom, and died.

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on her back,
And by their grave looks it was very apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

For the Favorite.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,

OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT V.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

SCENE III.

AN UGLY BABY.

Time, June twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and seventy-one; place, Mrs. Griffith's bedroom in her father's house.

The mortal remains of Harry Griffith were consigned to their mother earth with but scant ceremony; few followed the corpse to the grave and only one heart mourned for the one it had so loved.

Annie bore up well under the news of the doctor's death; she gave way to no violent grief, but her melancholy grew deeper, and deeper, and she seemed to be slowly, but surely fading away. She grew more and more quiet in her habits, and even Charlie Morton seemed to have lost his power to amuse and interest her. Their drives together were discontinued, and she never sang or played now; indeed she tried as much as possible to avoid being left alone with Charlie, and he, seeing that his visits troubled her, came less and less frequently. And so the long, dull, winter passed away, the brief spring came and went, and the glorious summer robed the earth in its mantle of green, and bedecked it with myriads of gorgeous flowers.

Mr. Howson tried to induce Annie to go to the seaside, or to accompany him on a trip to Europe; but she steadily refused:

"Let me die here, in the old house, father," she said. "I know I shall not live long now, and I would like to end my days under the roof where some of the happiest, and some of the saddest hours of my life have been spent."

With the summer came the quiet bustle and preparation incident to the advent of a little stranger. Mysterious garments of a nondescript character were being busily prepared; a subdued sort of preparation was going on; a splendid cradle with wonderful mountings and gorgeous curtains was placed in Annie's room; old Dr. Heartyman, the family physician, called frequently and it was perfectly evident that an important event was at hand.

At last one morning early, when the first faint streaks of daylight were fighting for the mastery over night and darkness, a little, feeble spirit struggled its way into the world and looked at it out of the pale grey eyes of a little girl.

"What an ugly baby," exclaimed the doctor involuntarily when the red little specimen of humanity was presented to him. "I never saw a greater little fright."

"Nor I," answered the nurse, "it's the most awfullest looking baby I ever seed."

"AN UGLY BABY."

They had both spoken very low, but Annie's quick ear had caught the words, and a hot flush suffused her face as she called in a weak low voice from the bed:

"Let me see it."

Very tenderly she took the little form in her arms and a strange feeling thrilled through her as she pressed her baby to her bosom for the first time. Long and earnestly she gazed on its red, swollen little face, and a few warm tears fell on it as she thought of its father lying in a nameless grave.

There was no doubt about its being an ugly baby; the head was of immense size, misshapen, with curious bumps in some places and queer indents in others, as if it had been sat on; as for features, if a baby can be said to have any, they were decidedly bad. It would not be perfectly true to say that it had no nose, but really that organ was so small that at first sight it seemed to be wanting; the deficiency in the nasal department, however, was more than made up in the mouth which was so large that when it cried—which it did as soon as it was born—its head appeared to open in half on a hinge, and be in great danger of falling off. The body was most disproportionately small, thin and attenuated, that it was quite a wonder to find that such a frail form could contain such excellent lungs, for it could cry with great strength and persistency.

It certainly was an ugly baby; every one who saw it said so, everyone but the one who had given it birth; to her it was the perfection of beauty, the embodiment of grace and loveliness. Laugh at a mother's pride in her first-born if you will, but there is a subtle essence of poetry in the pride a mother takes in the appearance of her offspring which women cannot fully understand.

"You ought to be ashamed to call her ugly," Annie said, as indignantly as her weak condition would permit, "she is the very image of her father, and no one could call him ugly."

This was said in a sort of general way to both the doctor and the nurse, and they accepted it jointly by simply bowing their heads in acknowledgement.

Very ugly was the baby, and very cross and feeble it proved also; it scarcely could be said to have enjoyed good health from the hour of its birth; it appeared to have come into the world without enough vitality to keep it alive, and, before it was ten days old, Dr. Heartyman declared that, although it might live for a few days longer, he did not believe there was any hope of its being reared.

Annie was extremely weak, but anxiety for her child seemed to give her temporary strength, and in three weeks she was out of bed. Very pale, and thin and feeble she was, but her heart was bound up in her baby, and she managed for its sake to keep up well. She never forgot the words used by the doctor and nurse at the child's birth, and used to sit for hours and hours looking at the fragment of humanity and repeating to herself, "she is just like her papa, she isn't ugly at all."

On the twentieth of July the baby was seized with a severe attack of croup. Dr. Heartyman was sent for; he saw at once there was no hope and he tried, in the gentlest and kindest way to prepare Annie for the worst.

"It is a very severe attack, my child," he said, "and few babes of her age could withstand it, even if they were strong and hearty, she is very weak and so—"

"Oh no, no, doctor!" she exclaimed covering her face with hand, "don't say she must die, don't tell me there is no hope, must everything I love die, and I be left alive. Oh, my darling," she continued passionately, throwing herself on her knees by the cradle and, taking the little form in her arms, "would to God we could die together; if you must go would that I could go with you. It seemed like a ray of sunlight when you came to brighten the darkness of my life; you are all I have to remind me of him, and you are so like him. Oh! stay with me, or let me go with you. And they called you ugly —you did, doctor didn't you?—my beautiful little baby, and now you must die. Oh! doctor you cannot call her ugly anymore for in a short while she will be one of God's white robed angels, and they are all beautiful. My poor little darling, they called you an ugly baby."

"She is the prettiest child I ever saw in my life," blurted out Dr. Heartyman, with tears standing in his eyes, and great sobs coming up in his throat, "I never saw such a pretty baby. She is the image of her father."

"You think so?"

"Yes."

It was a lie, Dr. Heartyman, a gross, palpable lie, and you ought to have been ashamed of telling an untruth at your time of life; you knew it was an ugly little brat, but the bright, happy smile which for a moment lighted up the mother's face, the look of gratified pride and pleasure satisfied you. You had touched the key note of her heart and let in a ray of sunshine on one who was weighed down with care and sorrow; you had gratified a harmless and pardonable pride, and had, for the moment, lightened the burden of care [illegible] heavily on a tired heart.

Yet it was none the less a lie, doctor; but, I think that when the recording angel looked into your heart and saw the goodness and purity of your intention, he either did not record that sin against you, or dipped his pen in the sympathetic ink of mercy so that the record would quickly fade away.

The baby died that night.

Annie never recovered the shock of her baby's death; she did not appear to have any special disease, she simply seemed to fade away. It was painfully evident that she was sinking, that she was daily losing strength and going, slowly, but surely to the grave. It was in vain that the most eminent physicians were called; in vain that every effort which affection could prompt, and money procure, was made to rouse and interest her; Annie's interest in this life was almost over, she cared but little for this world now and had placed her hopes in the life beyond the grave where she fondly hoped to be united again to those two loved ones who had gone before her.

The sun was sinking to rest on a warm July

(Continued on page 205.)

MY NATIVE LAND.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

What though my feet have wandered far
Through groves and lawns of antique shores,
Where ever to the morning star
The enamored lark her love-song pours,
And through enchanted woods and vales
Romance still walks, a spirit free,
Thrilled by the poet-nightingales·
I turn, dear native land, to thee.

It is not that thy giant floods
Sweep seaward with unrivalled flow
It is not that thy pathless woods
Have majesty no others show;
Not for thy matchless inland seas,
Wider than eagle's eyes discerns,
Nor mountains vast;—'tis not for these
My heart, dear land, to thee returns.

Not for thy seasons, though they sweep
From unknown continents of ice,
Or waked in tropic forests deep,
Bring Summer from the land of spice
Not that thy fiery forest-trees,
At harvest close, with splendors burn
In hues triumphant,—not for these
To thee, dear land, my steps return.

Not only that my native hearth
Is shrined among thy greenest hills,
Or that my earliest infant mirth
Was learned among thy flowers and rills,
But, chiefly, that before thee opes
A glorious future, grand and free,
And thou hast all my brightest hopes,—
For this, dear land, I turn to thee.

For the Favorite.

THE MASKED BRIDAL.

BY ANTOINETTE,

OF HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAFTY'S REVENGE.

Meanwhile, time had been busy working changes at Holsbourne Hall. On the eventful day that was to have been the wedding day of Stanley Riverdale, the whole house was thrown into confusion by the sudden disappearance of the intended bride, Lady Alica Paget.

Sir Claude became nearly frantic with grief as time passed on, and no clue could be found to the mystery.

What had been the fate of the tenderly nurtured girl, dear to him as his own child; none could tell. Perhaps she had been brutally murdered, and still this seemed improbable, could such a crime be committed without some trace being left? Surely not.

She had disappeared as completely, however, as if she was no longer living, and all search for tidings of her had proved unavailing.

Rewards had been offered, and advertisements inserted in the London papers, but they had produced no results.

A month passed and all the strangers having taken their departures from a house, so still and gloomy as Holsbourne had now become, Sir Claude and his son were left in solitude. Stanley had affected great grief at the loss of his *promised wife, but many felt strong doubts as* to his sincerity.

Lady Eva for one, had openly declared her belief that his was no disconsolate heart. She had treated him with insulting coldness ever since Lady Alica's disappearance; and one day just before her departure from London, Stanley met her on the terrace in front of the Hall.

It was a very hot day, and the little beauty was flushed and angry, she was tired of the place and annoyed with herself for remaining there so long. She had just received a letter from her friend Clara Hope, and an account of a party to Greenwich, given by her admirer the Marquis of Amen's Ferry, and Lady Clara wrote of it as follows:

"He" (meaning the Marquis) "has consoled himself; he is deeply in love, but not with any of our set. She is some beautiful Italian actress, and he is perfectly devoted to her; follows her about like a shadow. His love they say is returned and there are whispers that they will marry, but this, of course, is uncertain. He goes abroad with her next week, and once on the continent no one knows where they will bring up. I think you were very silly to refuse *him, when he did offer; of course you wanted* him to do it again, but you see your chance is gone now. The party he gave us the other day was, he said, his farewell to polite society, so I can't help thinking there is some truth in the rumors anent his marriage."

This was of course, as no doubt it was meant to be, gall and wormwood to the reader.

The proud, wilful girl had intended to marry the Marquis, and only meant to add to the glory of the conquest by forcing him to offer himself twice. Alas! What was to be done?

She thought it all over in one moment; could she get up to London in time to stop this tour to the continent? No, it was impossible. This letter was nearly a week old, having been written five days ago, and Lady Clara neglecting to post it.

Now, at that very moment he might be on his way to Paris, with the new enchantress.

This thought so maddened her that she stamped her foot in impotent rage, and crushed the friendly letter up in her hand. She ground her pretty little teeth, and if she had not been a lady, methinks she would have sworn.

At this unpropitious moment who should appear on the scene, but Stanley. Stanley, the cause of all this misfortune, for as Lady Eva bitterly thought, "If it was not for coming down here to break this fellow's heart, I would not have lost the best match in England. I'll make him pay up for it.'

Little did he know what thoughts were running through the fair one's head, as he came towards her. He, poor fool, was thinking how lovely she looked, standing in the bright sunshine, in her long white robe, trimmed here and there with knots of rose color. Fair, young and innocent, as she looked she was a serpent, an! and she could sting.

"Lady Eva, I have tried so often to see you alone, and it seems to me that you have avoided me. Is this so?" He was very near her now, so near that she could see the purple velvet doublet rise and fall, with the beating of his heart.

Her face was cold and cruel, and her voice, oh! o clear and bell-like in its tones as she said coolly,

"Why should I avoid you, Master Riverdale?"

"I know not, you must know I love you, you do know it, Eva; oh! tell me is that love returned?" He took her hand, the hand that held the letter, and it seemed to her as if he was taunting her with her loss.

"You love me? Faith, that is a pretty confession for a man that lost his bride a short month ago!"

"Oh! Eva; you know I loved you long ago,—oved you the first time I ever saw you!"

"Indeed I did not; I know nothing about you; you were engaged to your cousin and that was enough for me."

"But I am free now," he cried eagerly.

She raised her eyebrows with just the lowest and most musical laugh in the world.

"You are free now! Yes, and I know how you are free. Do you think I will marry a murderer?"

He grew ghastly white and trembled from head to foot.

"What do you mean?" he gasped, with white lips.

"What I say. Did not my maid Celeste, see you with her own eyes, come into the house through a dungeon window, the first night we spent beneath your roof? Stand back, Stanley Riverdale! don't attempt to touch me, or I will scream for help!"

"Eva, you cannot, you do not believe this? For the love of Heaven cease to torture me; you know I never harmed one hair of Alica's head. She is alive and well at this moment."

"It is false, every word of it. You have killed her. How did you know I meant Alica, I never mentioned her name?"

"Eva, how can you be so mad as to persist in this absurd story?"

He was calmer now and spoke quietly. She looked him in the face, and she was cowed by his fierce black eyes.

"I won't tell anyone. I am going away."

"And you do not love me? Never have loved me?"

"No."

"Why did you make me love you, you fair-faced devil?" he cried passionately.

"I did not, I never sought your love."

"You did. Do you think I did not see your wiles because I am the victim of them? I tell you I did. You sought my love and you have it, and now you shall return it."

"Shall," she repeated scornfully.

"Yes, shall! You have ruined me, and I am desperate, unless I have you I have nothing. Why will you not love me, Eva? I love you with my whole heart and soul."

The girl hesitated a moment, and thought that perhaps she might do worse than accept his offer. Sir Charles Seymour had no fortune to bestow on his daughters, and his estate was entailed, so on his death it would pass to his nephew. She had missed the Marquis, and perhaps Stanley was as rich as anyone she would be likely to meet with. She thought a moment and like a good general weighed the chances.

She was young, and Stanley was bad tempered, he would master her, and she could not bear that. No, she would go back to London. After all the Marquis might not go away; at any rate there was a chance, and it would do her heart good to win him yet, for had not Clara Hope triumphed over her.

Her mind was made up. She would not argue with Stanley any longer, she would go and leave him without further ceremony.

"*I am going into the house; I am fairly* burnt up, standing so long in this intolerable sun."

"But, Eva, darling, you have not given me your answer. What is it?"

"Yes, I have. I don't love you, and nothing will make me marry you."

"Then, Eva Seymour, may my curse rest upon you forever. You have destroyed my life!"

He seized her arm in his strong grasp and hold her as he hissed those words into her ear, then flung her from him with such violence that she staggered and would have fallen, but she caught the stone railing near her, and he strode off down the avenue.

Lady Eva was frightened. She trembled for fear he would return, and hurried into the house and up to her own chamber without delay.

"I will not stay another night in Holsbourne, for I do believe he would murder me," she said to herself, for the wise little lady could keep her own counsels.

Her sister and Sir Charles were always ready to do the petted beauty's bidding, so, ere nightfall, the coach was packed, and after bidding Sir Claude farewell, they started for London.

Stanley had not returned when they left the house, and Eva was not sorry to be spared a final interview with him.

Where was he all that day?

After leaving Eva, he walked on in mad despair, with the evil passions of a demon raging in his heart.

She had called him a murderer, and indeed he almost deserved the hideous name.

On he went, on and on. Leaving the road, he struck into the forest. At one time he would have gone to the gipsy encampment, and passed the day with Myra and his child; but that time was past. He had not been there for nearly two months, and even when Rafty had come to the hall, and besought him to come and see his sister, who was very ill, he had neglected to do so.

He walked on. The woods were fair to see in this the leafy month of July, but he saw them not. The birds sang sweetly, but he looked up and cursed their joyous notes in the bitterness of his soul.

What made the grass so green and fresh, and all the earth seem glad and happy when he was so wretched, so desolate?

On and on he walked, trampling the daisies under foot, and breaking through the leafy branches in his mad haste.

He walked till the grand old sun began to sink to rest in a bed of soft fleecy clouds; then Stanley paused, and looked wildly about him. He was far from home, but how far he knew not. The spot was unfamiliar.

It was a wide clear space, covered with boulders of granite, and stout fir-trees, ferns and mosses sprang up between the huge stones, while a deep black pool gave a sombre look to the landscape.

Stanley sunk down beside an old tree, and gazed about him in bewilderment. What dreary spot was this, and what fate had brought him here?

The sun went down, the stars came out and peeped down sorrowfully at the fallen mortal who lay on the damp earth, regardless of the falling dew, the gathering darkness.

• • • • • • •

"Rafty, I am dying. Can you not bring Stanley to me?"

The voice was low and faint, and betrayed the fast-failing strength of the speaker.

The young gipsy answered with a groan.

"Oh! Rafty, find him; let me see him only once more. I know it is hard for you to go again after they drove you away; but, Rafty, it is the last thing I will ever ask of you. Go, my brother, or you will be sorry when I am no more."

Loud sobs from the brother rendered the low tones unaudible. Myra endeavored to raise herself to wipe away the fast-flowing tears from her brother's brown cheeks as he bent over her, but she was too weak, she sank back with a sigh.

"Myra, drink this wine; it will do you good."

"Where did you get it, Rafty?"

"Lord Northcourt sent it to you."

"God bless him."

She swallowed a mouthful, but her fast-*growing weakness made the effort seem pain*ful.

"Rafty, will you not go, my brother?"

"I cannot leave you alone; besides, they would not let me in. Myra, the last time I was there they set dogs on me and said I came to steal."

Sad as the scene was, the gipsy's eyes flashed at the thought of the insult.

"I know it is hard, but, Rafty, I cannot die till I have seen him."

"Well, Myra, I will go. Who will I get to stay with you till I return?"

"Mona."

The gipsy left the tent, and the dying girl seemed quieted by the thought that her brother would bring Stanley. She folded her hands on her breast, and sank into a troubled doze.

The tent door was lifted softly, and Mona entered. She glanced at the dying girl, and then sat down noiselessly to watch her.

Myra's race was well-nigh run; the girl was passing softly away. She had taken no illness, but her heart was broken—Stanley's neglect had killed her.

Her babe had sickened and died about a month before, and Myra had nothing to live for now. *She felt no anger against the cruel heart* that had destroyed her, only she did not wish to live any more. All the brightness was gone out of her life. She was tired. She wanted to rest—to lie down under the green trees and waving grass—to go to sleep with the merry birds to sing their happy songs over her head the live-long day, and the kind pitying stars to watch over her at night.

Poor Myra! her life had been innocent and harmless. Surely she would be gently judged!

An hour passed. She slumbered on. Then she woke suddenly and started up, a bright smile on her face.

"Hark!" she cried.

Mona rose and stood beside her, but Myra never noticed her. Her eyes were fixed and glassy, and a smile of unearthly brightness was on her face.

"Hush! Stanley is calling me! I must go!"

She raised her head, *still looking far away,* still smiling with strange angelic beauty, and then fell back on her pillow—lifeless.

In another hour Rafty returned—alone. He came in noiselessly for fear of disturbing the still form on the lowly bed. But never again could Myra's rest be broken; she slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Mona was still in the tent. She held up her hand to Rafty, as, he thought, for a sign that the girl was sleeping; so he beckoned her to come out of the tent. She obeyed in silence.

They stood in the pure holy star-light, and Mona knew not how to tell Rafty that the sister he loved so well had gone from him forever.

"Where is Riverdale? Is he with you?"

"No, I knew it was useless to go there. They drove me away with curses and blows. I would not have borne it but for her."

Rafty broke down as he uttered the last words.

Mona sighed deeply. She watched the sobbing boy, for he was but a boy, and wondered how she would find words to tell him the sad news.

"They told me that he told them to drive me away," said poor *Rafty bitterly;* "and what shall I say to her when she begs to see him?"

"Rafty, she will never ask to see him again," said the old woman solemnly.

"What?" cried Rafty, "what do you mean?"

"Myra will never fret again. All her sorrow is over. She died while you were away."

"Oh, my sister! Oh, my little sister!"

He wrung his hands, and threw himself on the earth in an agony of grief. He writhed in paroxysms of anguish.

Mona was alarmed. She knew not what to do. Never had she witnessed sorrow like this.

Suddenly Rafty started up. He passed into the tent, and bending over the body of his sister, kissed her cold face with passionate earnestness.

"Oh, my sister! my little sister!" he cried in heart-rending tones, "I will be revenged on the scoundrel who has murdered you. The sun is rising, Myra, and before it sets he will be cold and still as you are."

With these fearful words he passed out of the tent and away, he knew not where.

• • • • • • •

Stanley lay all night long beside the old tree in the dreary spot where he had sunk down, overpowered by fatigue, and the first early rays of dawn fell on his haggard upturned face. Why did not the whispering breeze warn him to flee the spot? Why did not the ominous bush over the face of nature startle him to a sense of his danger? What nameless horror chilled the life-blood in his veins as he lay?

Rafty stood over him.

When the gipsy left the tent with the murderous words on his lips, the murderous thoughts in his heart, what demon had guided him here? To the very spot where Stanley lay unconscious in deep dreamless slumber.

Rafty drew the knife from his belt and felt its keen edge with his finger, then crept softly to Riverdale's side. One quick plunge into that heaving breast and all would be over, but the gipsy paused. Something in his heart whispered, "Is it fair to take away the life of a sleeping man?" and this silent voice staid his hand.

He paused, and even while he combatted the feeling and fought fiercely against it Stanley woke.

Woke to see the dark wild face, fearfully near his own, to see the wild murderous glare of *these eyes, to feel that hot breath and realize* that his last hour had come.

"Rafty?" he said calmly. Somehow he knew why the gipsy was there.

"Yes, Rafty," replied the other. "Riverdale do you know what I am about to do?"

"Yes, you are going to murder me."

This was said in an indifferent tone, as if the speaker took but little interest in the subject.

"Yes, you are right. You have killed my sister. I will kill you."

"Is Myra dead?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry."

"Sorry!—Ruffian that you are, get up and fight for your life before I am tempted to kill you where you lie."

Stanley rose.

"You have a knife, I am defenceless," he said carelessly. Rafty looked about him, and a smile crossed his face when he saw the pool, black and cold it looked in the chill morning air.

"Do you see that pool?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is deep as Hell, come to its brink and see if you can force me over into it, no one ever comes out of it once in, there will be an *end to one of us.*"

The two men walked to the edge of the pool. Rafty threw away his knife and took his stand on a broad flat stone beside the dark yawning gulf.

Stanley gave one long look round, and then took his place beside the avenger, as he felt the gipsy to be.

He laid his white well formed hand, with its glistening diamonds, on the coarse covering of Rafty's shoulder, and the gipsy placed his dark

sun-burnt hand on the purple velvet that covered Stanley's and the struggle for life began.

It was short, the men were fairly matched, a brief struggle, a loud splash, one loud piercing shriek and all is still.

A few bubbles rise to the surface of the pool and that is all. Not a sound passes over the fatal spot where two souls have plunged into eternity.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR ARTHUR STANLEY.

In a beautiful villa on the banks of lake Como a lady and gentleman sat at breakfast. It is a glorious morning, and the windows are opened from floor to ceiling, in the Italian fashion to admit the soft balmy air and delicious sun.

The view through those windows was one of the rarest loveliness. The villa was situated on a hill overlooking the lake, which lay like a shield of burnished gold. A cool breeze from the south, laden with perfume of shrubs and flowers, filled the mansion, and the soft ripple of the water on the beach broke the fragrant stillness of the mellow air.

The sound of oars and the singing of the boatmen came faintly on the wings of the wind, and the soft notes of a thrush, on the orange tree, mingled with them pleasantly.

Nothing could exceed in beauty the Italian blue of the sky, and the rich varied hues of the gardens on every side, with their terraces, grottoes and flowers of every clime.

The blue retiring hills melting into the deeper azure of the sky, and the white marble villas, statues and vases relieving the green velvet of the turf in the foreground made up a picture of voluptuous sweetness that could be seen no where, save in Italia the land of dreams!

"What a glorious morning, Alica!" said the gentleman after a long look at the beautiful scene.

"Yes, is it not? I do not think I will ever love England half so well again as I did before I saw Italy."

"Oh! I don't know. I did not care for England when I left it, but I almost think I would be glad to go back now. It is three years since we bid good-bye to the chalk cliffs of Dover. Sidney must write and tell us how the old place is looking when he goes home."

"I wish they would come, it is our last day together. I hope Viola will like Northcourt. Antonio seems reluctant to leave Italy and I do not wonder."

"Yes, but Lady Northcourt has made her uncle promise that he will accompany them home and remain in England for one year, and then they will revisit Italy together. Oh! here they come. I will go out and meet them." So saying he left the room, in a few minutes he re-entered accompanied by a lady and two gentlemen.

"Ah! *ma chère amie, bon jour,*" said Alica warmly embracing the new comer, who was a small lady, whose pale complexion, black hair and large dark eyes bespoke her Italian blood.

The gentlemen my reader has seen before, Sidney Neville and Antonio Sanvitali.

"Have you seen the latest English papers, Stanley?" inquired Northcourt.

"No."

"Then you know nothing of this?" said Sidney drawing a paper from his pocket and handing it to his friend.

"Why, Sidney, what does it mean?" he asked growing pale with astonishment. "Surely this is dreadful, what can have happened?"

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow, it is not at all dreadful I can assure you. Stanley Riverdale disappeared three years ago and no trace of him has ever been seen since. I believe they pretty well ascertained that he was murdered by those old friends of ours, the gipsies. At all events when the hue and cry was raised they went off in a panic and have not been seen since. They have tried by every means in their power to find the lost heir, and now they are advertising for Arthur Stanley, heir to Helsbourne."

The colour came back to Stanley's face, and he took the paper up again and read the advertisement with a different feeling. All this was unobserved by Antonio and the two ladies, they were chatting and laughing between themselves, leaving the Englishmen to their newspapers for they knew it was useless to expect rational conversation from them till the latest English news had been discussed and disposed of.

Viola, Sidney Neville's Italian wife was a sweet tempered and beautiful girl, and passionately attached to her handsome English husband, he was of good family, being the orphan daughter of Antonio's sister. They had met with Sir Arthur and Lady Stanley and formed a lasting friendship.

"Alica, come here a moment, if you please."

"Yes, Arthur, what is the matter? You look so wise, you quite alarm me."

She rose as she said this laughingly; and crossed the room to his side. She noticed that he looked pale and anxious, and with a true wife's loving wish to share in all his troubles, she took the paper from his hand.

"Why, Arthur, what do they mean?"

Her cheek was pale now, and she gazed in her husband's face with fond anxiety.

"Don't be frightened love, you will be mistress of Helsbourne after all. Stanley Riverdale is dead it seems; and so poor Arthur Stanley is wanted to heir the estate."

"Thank God," said the wife, fervently.

"Why, Alica, I did not think you were mercenary," said Sidney, surprised at the earnestness of her tone.

"Neither she is, the dear good girl, but she was afraid some of her husband's wicked deeds in his youth, were going to come against him now," said Stanley, drawing her fondly to his side.

When Viola heard that her friend Alica was to go to England also, she was wild with delight.

"Oh! happy day, how glad I am," she cried, clapping her hands with glee. "But tell me it all, why have you had such solemn faces?"

"Listen," said Sidney, and taking up the paper which had caused so much excitement he read aloud for every body's benefit, the following notice:

"Helsbourne Hall, Surrey."

"Information wanted of Sir Arthur Stanley, only son of Sir Hubert Stanley, late of Worow, in the county of Herts. Sir Arthur Stanley, if living, is requested to communicate at once with Sir Claud. Riverdale, Helsbourne Hall, Surrey, or Messrs. Larkin and Giles, Lincoln's Inn, London. Any information of Sir Arthur's whereabouts, if living, or authentic information of his death, received at either of the above addresses.

"London, August 9th 1788."

"Authentic information of his whereabouts will be best conveyed by himself," said Sidney, gayly. "So the sooner we all pack up, and be off, the better."

There was still a shade of anxiety on Lady Stanley's beautiful face, and her husband drew her to one side, and begged to know the reason of this.

"Arthur, are you certain that the old days will not come against you now?"

"Yes, darling; why do you ask?"

"Because I would rather lose the best estate in England than that you should run any risk."

"There is no danger, love. Stanley is dead, Sidney is my friend, and Truncheon and all his party have left England. Who will recognize in Sir Arthur Stanley, Roving Roger the highwayman?"

CHAPTER XV.

HELSBOURNE HALL.

It has been our lot to see this grand old house in joy and in sorrow, let us visit it once more.

It is the evening of a lovely summer day, and old Sir Claude sits at dinner in his lofty dining hall; he is surrounded by servants, and at his feet lies his old stag hound Rollo, the only thing left the lonely old man, to love, or care for.

It is sad to think of him, alone in the great house, and he must often feel dreary when night closes around. Surely, when he sits there, on the long winter evenings, he must see anon in fancy, his wife, and the friends of his youth; or his son and niece, about whose fate hang such dark clouds of mystery.

Alica, the fair young girl who vanished as if by enchantment on the eve of her bridal, and Stanley the young strong man, who went out in all his pride and beauty on that fine summer day, and never returned; never again was seen by mortal eye. Surely their faces must often come up before the lonely old man's vision.

He has waited long for Stanley to re-appear, and somehow lately he has lost heart.

"I will advertise for Arthur Stanley, and if my boy is alive that will bring him back, for he is very proud. He had all the Riverdale pride, my poor boy."

This was done; for six months the notice had appeared in the London *Post*, the great paper of its day, but that had not called Stanley Riverdale back, ah! how could it?

Sir Claude sits alone, the wax lights burn fairly above his noble old head, the last of the Riverdales! The proud race have passed away, not one is left to claim the title and estate.

"What sound is that, Turnbull?" asked Sir Claude, whose hearing is wonderfully keen, for a man of his years.

"A carriage, Sir Claude," the man replies.

"Who can it be?" the Baronet says, half to the footman, half to himself.

"Perhaps the lawyers have found Sir Arthur, sir," suggests Turnbull respectfully.

The door bell rang, a loud clear peal, and footsteps cross the corridor, the door is flung back, and the porter announces:

"Sir Arthur and Lady Stanley!"

The old man rose to his feet, as they enter the room, the gentleman stands back, but the lady rushes forward and throws her arms around Sir Claude's neck exclaiming:

"Ah! my uncle, do you know me?"

The old man put her away, and looked at her long, and earnestly; he passed his hand over her face, and lifting the slender white hands looked at them, all this without uttering one word.

"Dear uncle, do you not know me?"

"Yes, Alica, only I was wondering, and is this Arthur Stanley, Hubert's son?"

"Yes, you have not seen me for years, and I do not expect you to remember me, but I have been with your solicitors, to see my uncle, Father Francis, and have convinced them that I am no impostor."

"It is well; no, that is not the face of an impostor."

The old man regarded his new found heir with almost a father's pride, and his joy at Alica's return knew no bounds.

Helsbourne is no longer a sad or lonely house, merry children are playing on the lawn, and happy laughter rings once more through the lofty old rooms.

Sir Claude is walking on the terrace, hand and hand with Claude Riverdale Stanley, a noble boy of five years, who is telling him:

"I is got a pony now, you gave me my pony cause I is your boy, and you loves me."

"Yes, Claude, you are my boy, but you must take care that you don't fall off that pony, for what would mama say then?"

"No fear, I won't fall off. I aint frightened uncle. I'm a Riverdale, and all the Riverdales are plucky!"

Sir Claude looks down proudly on his own boy, and the old man's heart swells with pride, as he murmurs to himself: "A real Riverdale!"

THE END.

True Love Running Roughly.

A spicy reporter of the *St. Louis Republican* thus tells not only how a young man got into trouble, but also how his *inamorata* was exposed:

That the course of true love does not always run smooth is sometimes verified even in this amicably disposed metropolis. For some reason (probably the action of atmospherical frigidity upon the cuticle) the winter season has been set apart as the favorite time of year for the happy consummation of "love's young dream," and the advent of Jack Frost usually inaugurates the forming of matrimonial alliances—both offensive and defensive—for the discomfiture of icy sheets and cold pedal extremities. Married men always appeared to the best advantage during cold weather — they look so warm and comfortable — and single ones probably "take note," and are anxious to profit by their example.

Some such thoughts must recently have entered the head of little Charley G——, who valiantly wields a yard-stick in behalf of a prominent Fourth-street dry goods establishment, and whose seductive smile is supposed (by himself) to have quite a cannibal effect upon the hearts of his fair customers. Charley, who is a very Beau Brummel in dress, and thinks himself Don Juan No. 2, recently fell in love, over the counter, with a beautiful blonde, who, to add to her numerous other attractions, was an orphan, an heiress (to be) and single.

Not a thousand miles from Lucas Place resides a widow lady, unincumbered with children, and quite comfortably situated in regard to this world's goods. She moves in the very best of society in that wealthy and aristocratic neighborhood, and with her resides her niece, Clara——, the beautiful blonde with whom our friend Charley became enamored.

But the old lady having higher aspirations than a "Clark's best spool thread—500 yards" artilleryman for her niece, peremptorily forbade that young lady's holding intercourse with Charley.

As Clara is dependent upon her aunt, she, of course, appeared to acquiesce in these ambitious designs, but at the same time registered a vow to her looking-glass that no one in the world should ever supplant the dapper yard-stick man in her maiden heart. As it would not answer to offend her wealthy relative, however, the young couple indulged in clandestine meetings; sometimes at the house of a mutual friend, on Pine street, and sometimes, (when the old lady was attending prayer meeting) at Clara's home. They swore eternal love on these occasions, vowed that persecutions should never separate them, and that should the worst come to the worst, a crust of bread, a brown-stone pitcher (with hands on both sides like they have at Ben DeBar's) filled with the crystal fluid from the bubbling spring, and a dry goods box on end somewhere in the vicinity of Kirkwood would be transmogrified into a palace of peace and plenty, sacred forever to their undying love.

One afternoon recently, Charley received a note from his Clara, stating that her relative would that evenin attend prayer meeting.

The intimation was enough, and eight o'clock saw the young couple seated upon the sofa in her aunt's library, billing and cooing in the regular orthodox turtle-dove style. Little Charley, lured on by the witcheries of love, became perfectly "immense." He wound an arm about her waist and vowed that her form was "sylph-like." He toyed with her long golden ringlets, and likened them to "truant sunbeams," with a few other remarks to the effect that heaven's dearest gift to her sex was a "wealth of bright golden hair." Then when she blushed he swore the roses had been robbed, and when she smiled, that her lips were ruby portals to a casket of pearls. (By "casket" he probably referred to that orifice in the human countenance usually termed the mouth, and the "pearls" spoken of were undoubtedly the teeth.)

Indeed, he talked so nice, and she fed upon his glowing words with such a relish, that the old lady was rattling away at the door, as though the house next door was on fire, full five minutes before the absorbed lovers hear her.

"Great heavens! my aunt!" exclaimed Clara.

Charley grew a trifle pale, and muttered an interjection or two pertaining to the front end of a mill pond.

It appears the old lady having reached the place of prayer, found the meeting epizootic'd, or postponed, and consequently after some little chat with a neighbor or two had returned home at this most inopportune moment.

What was to be done? Not a closet or nook invited retreat, and there Charley stood and wished that he was a mileage or stationery bill, so that he could pass the house, or a member of the Louisiana Legislature, or some other dreadful feature of modern civilization.

At last a brilliant idea occurred to this lady-love. In the corner of the library lay a bundle of carpet that had been brought to the house that day to refurnish the sitting-room, and having been duly inspected by the ladies was temporarily left in a tumbled heap in the corner.

A hasty explanation took place, and then Charley entombed himself beneath the mass with a fervid vow that he would die for her sake were it necessary, and Clara then admitted her aunt.

That relative was not well pleased at being kept so long on the door-step, and sharply demanded what had become of the servants.

"I sent them to bed, dear aunt, so that I might have the pleasure of remaining up for your return — but I fell asleep," innocently remarked the ingenious girl.

This loving explanation somewhat appeased the old lady, who, after warming herself, walked over to the bundle of carpet, and picking up a corner, wondered how it would look by gas-light.

Clara hastened to assure her that it would not look nice at all, in fact she was so confident of it that her aunt need not go to the trouble of an investigation.

The old lady pondered over the stuff for a few moments, while her niece sat trembling upon the sofa, and little Charley felt that the world might come to an immediate end, and not annoy him a particle by the suddenness of the change.

At last, however, the crisis passed, for with some new idea entering her head, the old lady turned, and remarked that she was "tired to death," and plumped her two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois upon the heap, and little Charley assumed the shape of a human pancake. He would have groaned, but did not have wind enough left for the purpose.

A little shriek from Clara attracted the old lady's attention to her niece.

"Why, you are all dressed up to-night."

"Yes, aunt, dear," replied Clara, mentally conjecturing how Charley felt in his pressed out condition.

"Yes," returned the other, "you look very well, only rather pale. Are you sick?"

"I — I don't feel very well," answered her niece, silently consigning her relative to Chicago or some other wicked place.

"I'm sure you don't when you will lace up so tight, my dear," affectionately remarked the incorrigible old lady.

"I don't!" faintly repudiated Clara, while little Charley rasped the skin off one of his ears in trying to quietly twist his head in a position where he might distinctly hear anything of interest.

"You don't! you do; and at your time of life it is positively preposterous. If you were a young, giddy girl, it would be different; but for a person of your age—"

"O aunt!"

Charley barked some more skin off and became decidedly interested.

"No, there's no 'O aunt' about it," continued the incorrigible, savagely oscillating her head. "You sometimes act more like a silly school-girl than a woman who had seen twenty-six years of life."

"I haven't!" exclaimed Clara, and Charley put his mouth in shape for a whistle, but was immediately flattened out by a restive bounce of the old lady's.

"You haven't! Why, yes you have — and nearly twenty-seven! Why, what in the world ails the girl! What are you whimpering about, Clara?"

"My — my head aches. Please don't talk," begged her niece, not quite positive as to the effect her decision might have on the young martyr under her aunt.

"Your head aches, does it? Well no wonder wearing all that mass of hair on your head is enough to make it ache. What nonsense it is when there is no one to see you; besides, it is positively making you bald-headed!"

"I'm not!" vigorously responded the young lady, burying her face in her hands as she thought of all the nice things the fellow under the carpet had been saying.

"You're not! Yes you are. There's a bald spot on the top of your head the size of my hand!" and the old lady extended a palm in illustration. "Now, what in the world are you crying about, Clara? Sakes alive niece, you'll cry yourself sick, and then you'll not be able to visit the dentist to-morrow."

"Bother the dentist! Do keep still, aunt!" cried Clara, while Charley attempted to scratch his head, and had his arm nearly dislocated by a few restless moves made by the old lady as she indignantly reprimanded her niece for her disrespectful petulancy.

"It was your own wish to go to the dentist's, Clara; you know it was. You said that set hurt your mouth, and you wanted — Goodness gracious! What under Heaven does ail the girl?" for Clara had darted out of the room with a smothered cry of rage and anguish, leaving her relative to bounce up and down on the pile of carpet in sheer astonishment, until little Charley G's respiratory organs were like a pair of collapsed bellows.

Then the old lady followed her niece up stairs, and when the house was all quiet, Charley unlocked the front door, and, stealing forth, walked down Lucas Place a sadder and a wiser man.

Clara left town on a visit, and the young ladies who patronize the Fourth street dry goods establishment think Charley must be suffering from a case of unrequited affection, he looks so flat, and talks so dismal.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.

BY G. DE B.

Josephine sat in the faint moonlight playing. One of Chopin's waltzes stole out on the silent summer air, and through the moonbeams the flashing fingers flew like white fairies, keeping time to its perfect music. Then followed a few chords and prelude, and there glided out the delicious "allegro" movement in the "Sonata Pathétique." The tender pleading of the melody rose and fell with the expressive playing of the fair musician. It was indeed a "song without words." Suddenly Josephine felt two hands clasp her head and draw it back, and there fell on lip and brow warm, passionate kisses. As suddenly she was released, and turning round, found herself again alone. Frightened and bewildered at what had occurred, she immediately left the room, and passing through the window out to the piazza, where the soft moonbeams were filtered through the vines in dancing flakes of light over its broad floor, never paused until she reached the farthest corner, where she sank trembling into the camp-chair.

"Did Beethoven's ghost rise at your vandalism, Josephine?" cried Fanny, from the other side, where we all sat enjoying the cool half gloom.

Tom broke her silence by exclaiming, "And well you might be struck dumb for taking such liberties, mutilating the great master's choicest works, an arm here, a head there. Why don't you play the perfect statue?"

Then, half in the doorway, Josephine saw the blonde moustache and tall form of Wayne appear, and by the unsteady gait, together with the faint odor of cigars and wine still upon her face and lips, she knew it could have been none but he who had put so abrupt a finale to her music. Indignantly she turned away her head, and hoped he would not see her in the shadowy corner she had chosen.

All grew still when Wayne came out, for they saw at once, before he mentioned it, that he had just come from the pavilion." This was the skeleton in the closet. The eldest son and brother, of whom they were all once so proud, an honored graduate of one of the universities only five years ago, had fallen so low in the social scale since, that all of the class at which he then stood head were now above him in the world. But they all owned "Wayne Brent had the best head, nevertheless." We never looked for Wayne to join our evening group on the piazza, for the pavilion held forth charms, in the way of billiards and bar, that were not on our quiet programme. His presence was a shadow, although to-night he shone with brilliancy as he dashed into the topics of the day with a vim and sparkle unusual to him. Ordinarily, Wayne was a reticent talker, but wine loosed both his wit and his tongue.

Josephine sat in the gloom, still silent, only her white dress betraying her whereabouts. Her brain was puzzled with many thoughts. What could cousin Wayne mean? Did he mistake her for Fanny? But then Fan didn't play Beethoven, and that "allegro" was his favorite. He knew she alone played it. Ever since she was a girl of fourteen, and he then a young man of twenty-five, Wayne had been to her a sort of seer, knowing everything, teaching her so much. But for him she would never have been what she was, for Josephine passed for a "blue," and was a little vain of the title. He had superintended all her studies. When a student himself, he had attended college in her own city, and she saw him every day. He was kind and good to her, and she loved him like a brother, but never before had he taken such a liberty. On the contrary, he had always appeared to dislike her greetings, as she kissed him with the "other boys" when she came to spend her summer vacations with Fanny. But to-night! Of his own accord—such passionate kisses! What could it mean? And a half-indignant flush mounted her brow as she wondered "what Hamilton would think of it." For two years Josephine had worn a "solitaire" on the third finger of her left hand, and although her lover was across the ocean, she was as true to him even in thought as if he stood beside her, and she blushed and felt dishonored.

As the conversation grew general, she arose and came down among the group, and Fanny cried, "I believe you have been fast asleep, Josephine. What did you dream? Tell us."

She answered slowly, looking toward Wayne, who sat on the steps smoking, "I dreamed I lost a friend."

Tom roared and said, "Oh what a doleful sound! Was it 'the nearer one still and the dearer one'?"

"No," she replied, "it was an old friend."

Wayne rose, and stood unsteadily, looking right in her face, and asked, "Did he die, Josey?" and waited with his cigar in his hand for an answer.

The fumes of the tobacco and their association made her half sick and angry, and she replied warmly, her face aglow in the moonlight, "He did—a dishonorable death."

Wayne threw his cigar off into the grass, where it made fireflies for a minute, and answered, "If he deserved it, all right;" and turning on his heel, he went off to bed.

The next morning Josephine awoke with a vague feeling of something wrong in the atmosphere, and when the last night's scene in the parlor rushed upon her, she involuntarily rubbed her lips, as though to erase the hot kisses she still felt burning there. At the breakfast-table Wayne spoke to no one, and swallowed his coffee in sullen silence. Josephine never looked once toward him; but when she arose from the table and went out on the piazza to wave adieu to the boys as the train passed by, and they went down to the bulls and bears that prowl in the city, he followed her; and throwing himself upon the lounge that always stood there through the summer months, he called, "Josey, come here, won't you?" No one ever dared abbreviate her name but Wayne, for Josephine was as proud as an empress, and demanded every syllable. She felt her color rise as she obeyed him. "Sit down," and he pointed to the little stool beside him. Without raising her eyes she sat, as he bade her, at his feet, and felt his searching gaze. He was silent for a moment, then a sigh escaped him as he asked, half pleading, "Will you not look at me, Josey?" Then slowly raising her great dark eyes until they met his, he saw in their depths all the indignation she was smothering. "I beg your pardon. I know I was a fool last night," he went on humbly, and looking at her askance. "I was mad. It was the wine and liquor, and, Josey, won't you forgive me? Don't let me die a dishonorable death."

With a half laugh, Josephine put out her hand, and, smiling, said, "*Noblesse oblige*, but don't repeat the offence, Wayne, or it will be a bullet at twenty paces."

"Nearer than that, maybe," he muttered, under his breath, and biting the ends of his moustache.

Josephine, not catching his words, went on. "Wayne, now that you are in a repentant mood, I am going to talk to you as aunt Rachel does to me. May I?" she asked, half afraid withal.

"Go on," he answered, with his dreamy eyes away off on the blue mountain-tops melting shadowy into the morning sky.

"But you must pay attention or I won't preach," said Josephine, impatiently. Then he brought his eyes back to full full upon the figure at his feet.

Josephine was one of the old-fashioned girls who look as pretty for the breakfast as for the tea-table, and the *tableau vivant* was a charming one to me from the window in the distance where I sat sewing—Josephine, her dark braids hanging loosely in her net over her pink morning dress, her lithe figure all action, while Wayne was a striking contrast, his lazy limbs and blonde head thrown out in strong relief on the blue-striped cover of the lounge.

Josephine went on. "You know, Wayne, I have always looked up to you, but I fear you are leading such a life as will cause me, as well as others, to look down upon you, if you do not soon put a bar in the path that is leading you to destruction."

Stopping to see the effect of her words, she continued, as he did not answer, "With all the talent and genius you possess, why do you lead the aimless, purposeless life you are dragging out day after day, and dragging out night after night? Is all your pride dead, that you let your inferiors rise above you in the world, while you lie still, drifting with the tide like a weed, careless whether it carries you to the ocean or to the mire of the stagnant pool? Your father—we all have centred such hopes in you! I, too, have been so proud of you, Wayne."

Here his eyes met hers, and his breast heaved; he seemed about to speak, but no sound escaped his lips.

"And you are wasting this noble, God-given life, half spent already, and what gain? Will you go on for ever leading this aimless life? Do you know where it will end?" and she paused breathless, half in fear at her own temerity, and wholly in earnest in her good work.

Wayne arose, and with his hands in his pockets walked up and down the long piazza, then, coming back, stood looking down tenderly on his little teacher.

"What use, Josey? What use? My life is wrecked. Let the débris float where it will."

"No," she cried, springing up and clasping her hands over his arm and walking with him—"no, Wayne, even the pieces of a rare ship are worth the saving, but you shall not lie so low, even in your own eyes. Rouse yourself from this lethargy and mount upward, until, like those distant mountain-tops, you touch the heavens."

Looking down into the dark eyes that burned with intense enthusiasm, he smiled sadly, and said, "Child, they only touch the shadowy clouds. The heavens lie beyond—as far as my heaven from my hopes."

"You only laugh at me," she sighed. Then taking her two hands in his, he bent down and said in a low, tremulous voice, "Josey, I wish I could weep at your truths, but I am past saving; give up hoping for me. You are too good. Mine is an aimless life, and it shan't be one long." Then dropping her hands, he went down the steps and through the gate without a word or a look more.

She stood there, pained and bewildered, her hands hanging listlessly at her side, as he had left them. And so I found her, when I came out to call her to her morning's tasks. Although only staying the summer with us, a half guest, I made her come under the rule of the house and obey my mandates with the rest of my subjects. I, Aunt Rachel, occupied the position of aunt, housekeeper and mother in my little kingdom, Tom being my own boy, while Wayne and Fanny and Bert and Ned were my brother's children, and all cousins to Josephine. Wayne and Fanny and the boys were the heirs expectant to all the broad beautiful lands that sloped down to the river's bank far as the eye could reach. When they lost their mother, ten years ago, little girl and boys then, I came to them; and staying ever since, I loved them as my own. This summer, Josephine, my only sister's only child, had been left by her mother in our joint care, while she, with her invalid husband, sought the flitting shadow health, which the doctor had said lay for him under the soft Italian sky over the sea. I little dreamed I was accepting so painful a duty when I welcomed Josephine to our happy home, only a month before.

I began to discover, after she came, a vague unrest in Wayne. It was true he had for a year or more been "going wrong," but we all still held our breaths, and waited to see if he would not yet take a fresh start and win the day. But the spring melted into summer, and the summer verged into fall, and still he smoked and lounged and went to "the pavilion," coming home unsteady in gait and feverish in eye and tongue, and his father's heart sank within him when he beheld his first-born fallen so low. Since Josephine had been with us, he was more at home. He loved music with an artist's soul, and she played exquisitely, and always "felt cousin Wayne's presence," as she explained, and played to him. And this summer, for the first time in many months, I had found him studying at his books as of old, and I felt a hope born again, and thought he might yet "fulfil the promise of the bud." Then again he would "go wrong," and so all summer I grew hot and cold in my hope and despair over my favorite, for with all his faults he was my favorite still.

That evening Wayne came home like himself, sober and still. He looked so pale and still, I asked him if he was sick. "No, he had been up the mountain, and was tired; he wasn't used to climbing." As he passed Josephine, he threw into her lap a foreign post-marked letter. She caught it with a happy, joyous laugh, and coming into the room where I sat, knelt beside me, and a rosy flush flamed into her lips and cheeks, and her whole face was filled with happiness, as she seemed to hear the warm tones of her lover's voice as she read his burning words. I heard a heavy, labored breathing, and turning, saw behind the vines Wayne's eyes—only his eyes, but they told me what I scarce dared put into a thought. Feigning ignorance of my discovery, I asked, in as calm a voice as I could command, "Well, what does he say?" And Fanny came rushing in from the piazza, where she and Josephine had been watching the sunset. "When, and oh when is the wedding-day to be?" she sang, and Josephine, radiant and blushing, answered, turning to me, "I am so surprised, auntie. Hamilton says I must be ready in October. He is coming for me then, and papa and mamma will wait in Naples for us," and she colored at the words. Fanny hugged and cried over her as though she was to go the next day, and called Hamilton "wicked," and Tom and the boys gave three cheers for the "bride elect." I felt something like tears in my throat, for I could not speak for a moment; then putting my arms round her, I said, "God bless you, my child!"

I heard the vines pushed hurriedly aside, and Wayne stepped in among us. He was pale as death. Coming straight to Josephine, he said in an unnatural tone—it sounded away, far off, like one in a dream — "Do you love him, Josey?"

She looked up amazed; but seeing the earnestness in his face, answered him as earnestly — and she looked like an angel — "With my whole heart, Wayne."

"Amen!" he said, ringing out the word as though pronouncing a benediction, and walked away.

Fanny and the boys and Josephine all looked pained; then I heard Tom say, "Over to the pavilion," in Wayne's unsteady voice, and I saw they believed him what he often had been. Only I knew his secret, and I rejoiced in my heart then that only a few more weeks would my boy be tortured by the sound of the "one voice he loved" and could never possess; and I made up my mind that, hard as it would be, I still would hurry the preparations for Josephine's departure. I know she never suspected the secret, and it should be kept from her for ever, if possible.

The days following were busy ones. From morn till eve the rattle of the sewing-machine kept time to merry voices as they laughed and sang "marriage bells" and "bridal choruses," and all were — save Wayne and me — happy enough over the making of Josephine's hurried trousseau. As the coming winter had, before this peremptory summons came, been settled upon as the time to give up our girl, we had necessarily to "stitch, stitch, stitch," in order to be ready so much earlier. Wayne seldom came into the room where we were so busily sewing, but sometimes he would wheel the lounge up to the window and lie smoking lazily without, watching our nimble fingers.

One day he said, suddenly, "Josey, is this all your 'aim' in life?" and she answered, laughing, "I fill a purpose, don't I? Will not mine be a 'higher life,' that of an honored wife?"

He turned away, and I heard him mutter something from "Locksley Hall," a poem he was fond of quoting—"I had loved thee more than wife was ever loved;" but Josephine and Fanny, who were whispering and laughing together over the matronly title, did not hear him.

And so the long summer days went on, and I longed for October and Hamilton to come. As the time drew near for Hamilton's return, I watched Wayne closely. He grew more restless, and slept little. Half the time I would find his bed untouched, and I could hear him on the piazza under my window, pacing like some wild animal all night. At last the steamer was expected in, and Josephine, all nervously anxious to hear of it, telegraphed below, for we were all to go down to the city to meet Hamilton upon his arrival.

When the telegram came telling us that the Russia would be in next day, Wayne brought it to her, saying, "Read the death-warrant." "Oh, Wayne!" she exclaimed turning pale; but he laughed, and said, "I didn't say yours, Josey."

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful. A soft midst hung over the river, and clinging to the trees and faintly outlined banks, it made them seem shadowy ghosts which had forgotten to vanish with the night. We were all down to an early breakfast. Wayne came in last in his hunting-dress, his gun slung over his shoulder. Tom whistled an air from "Fra Diavolo," and Wayne scowled, and explained, "You'll all be gone, so I'll be off for a day's sport in the woods. I'll aim high, Josey, and maybe bring you home a 'feather for your cap.' Will you prize it among all your glittering gewgaws?"

"More than all if you accomplish your purpose, Wayne," she said, with an expression he understood.

He looked so pallid that I came to him, and said in a low tone, "I don't believe you are well enough to go on such a tramp, Wayne. You had better stay at home and meet us to-night at the cars."

"Pshaw, auntie!" he said, irritably; "who ever heard of me being sick? I do things by wholes. I'll live or die; no half-way station for me any more;" and he laughed a nervous, short laugh.

We all hurried through breakfast in order to be in time for the early train, as we were to go down with brother and the boys that morning.

As Josephine left the table, Wayne followed her to the hall, and pausing at the parlor door, said, "Come, Josey, play 'my piece' once more. I won't ever have you again so."

"And why not?" she asked, stopping and looking half angry. "Hamilton is not a selfish lover. He is perfect, and I won't allow even an inference to the contrary."

"Well," he sighed, "won't you do what I ask you this last time?"

Then she went in, and pulled off her gloves, half impetuously in her haste to be gone, and the soft morning light fell on her fair girlish figure as she sat there and played the exquisite "allegro."

Wayne stood over her, leaning on his gun, still as some carved statue. Then, as the strain died away, he sighed, and said in a low tone, as if to himself, "It is a requiem! Like my life, it is in the minor key, and ended." Then bending down, he looked into her eyes, saying, "Kiss me good-bye, Josey."

But she turned away, exclaiming, "Why, Wayne, I'm not going away for ever!" Then wheeling around again on the stool, "Here, then, good-bye;" and putting up her pure lips, she kissed him — a soft, tender, clinging kiss, like a baby's—and he was gone.

We saw him from the car window tramping over the meadows, his gun over his shoulder, his handsome tall figure a pleasant picture on the bright background of blue sky, gleaming river and dark wood.

The steamer came in on time, but long before she landed her passengers, Josephine discovered Hamilton's bronze beard and dark eyes over the vessel's side, and telegraphed her welcome to him. When at last he came down the plank, she flew into his arms like a bird to its nest, and I was glad Wayne did not come.

We dined at the hotel in town, and went out home in the early evening train. Wayne was not at the cars to meet us, and I felt an indefinable pain when I could not discover him among the crowd. The servants said he had not been home since breakfast, and so we waited tea for him, and still he did not come. I felt an anxious dread of something—I knew not what—all the long evening, and tried to laugh off my superstitious fears. The girls were happy enough singing and playing, and with merry laughter "rehearsing the ceremony," for Josephine was to be married and sail the following week. No one missed my poor boy.

When at last one of the farm-hands called me to the door, I trembled with a premonition of something dreadful, and heard my superstitious fears confirmed: "Mr. Wayne had been found in the western woods, miles away, badly hurt—shot; his gun must have accidentally discharged—and they were bringing him home."

I sent the girls to bed. It was late, and they kissed me good-night, unsuspicious of the shadow that hovered over the house, which I wished to spare their bright memory of the day. While the servants were making ready the room, and the man sent for the nearest surgeon, I told brother and Hamilton what the man told me, and we waited with anxious hearts.

They brought him, all bleeding and pale, his closed eyelids sunken and blue-veined, and the blood gushing from his breast. They laid him down tenderly, and we waited. He lay so still, like one dead, no sign of a breath, no shadow of life on his face. When the surgeon came and dressed the wound—it was near the heart—he asked us how it happened; and brother told him Wayne had gone off in the morning for a day's sport, and his gun must have accidentally discharged. He looked grave, but said no more. All through the long night my boy lay so still and white till dawn, then opening his eyes, he muttered, "Did I aim high enough? It was my heart I brought you, Josey. You said you would prize it, 'more than all.' It is shattered, you see. Better dead

than alive. Eh?" and he laughed a bitter laugh. Alone, then, with my poor boy, I knew what he had done. How I prayed that he might live, not die a death like this!

When the morning came, and the household were told of the accident, all the merrymaking was stilled, and there seemed more funeral knells than marriage-bells in the air. When the doctor came again he looked serious, and shook his head in answer to my pleading looks; and then I knew that Wayne would die. What should I do? What could I do? I sat beside him, and thought and prayed, and still was powerless to act.

He had lain still and sleeping for hours; then, as the sun crept round to his window, he unclosed his eyes, and motioned me to open the blinds, which I did, letting in a stream of sunshine. Turning his face toward the light, he whispered, "Send them all away, auntie," and they left us alone. Then, taking my hand, he said, brokenly, "Auntie, I see by your face you know what I have done. It was cowardly, and it is a 'dishonorable death.' There was courage in it too. Better end an aimless life than live one any longer. You know I loved her. I have loved her ever since she was a little girl, but I knew even then that she deserved one better and braver than I. She has got him too. Hamilton is a good fellow, and she will be an honored wife. But I loved her better than wife was loved. I knew I could not marry her. My cousin! I wouldn't aim beneath my honor and rival him, even if I could; but she said she loved him; so I— Auntie, don't tell her; let me have her respect at least, and God forgive me."

Worn out with the struggle it cost him to speak, he fell into a doze. When the sun was half sunk to rest, he started and called "Josey!" and his eloquent eyes told me he wanted to see her once more. I went down stairs for her. She sat in the parlor by her lover, and looked so joyous and happy, for a moment I felt half angry toward her; then, calling her to the door, I said, "Josephine, I fear Wayne's wound is mortal. He has asked for you. Go to him; and oh, my child, be tender and good."

She looked at me half frightened, and seeing something in my face, cried, "Oh, auntie, not that! He will not die!" and I could not answer her, but led her to the room.

He opened his eyes, and smiled with ineffable love upon her, and groping for her hand like one in darkness, said in a breathless, broken voice, "I was a poor shot, Josey—aimless, you see, in all. I've brought you a sorry present—one you won't prize, more than all, as you promised;" and she sank trembling and speechless beside him.

"Josey," he cried, "do you despise me? Forgive—auntie, you didn't?" Then she arose, and drawing his head to her bosom, she took him in her arms and kissed him tenderly. And we all three understood one another.

With the sun his life went down. Whether it rose on the other world, bright and beautiful, or whether it sank down and down and down—he asked God to forgive him—God knows. We buried him the day before Josephine sailed. She and her husband stood over his grave together, and it was she who put on it the cross and crown of immortelles.

And the aimless life was ended.

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

I.

THE QUARREL.

Estelle Vane was a beauty and an heiress, and—the truth must be told—something of a flirt. The latter quality not being an excellent thing in a woman, for it never fails to bring trouble in its train, and Estelle's case was no exception to the rule.

Estelle was an orphan. A mild, old lady, Mrs. Mold, her aunt, lived with her at Vane Abbey, as the tasteless, modern structure had been presumptuously named. Mrs. Mold possessed decided talents for directing domestic affairs—and it was well she did, for the household would have fared but badly had the management of it depended on its mistress. Estelle was gay and free, and careless as a bird in spring-time, and she showed more temper than was quite proper at times. She was something more than pretty, and yet you could not call her beautiful; she was sunny-haired and sunny-faced; there was a charm about her which defied analysis.

Being a beauty and an heiress, Estelle was of course not without suitors. Indeed there was quite a swarm of them, "like bees around a honey-comb," Mrs. Mold said, but Osmund Ormsby more elegantly observed, "like buttaw-flies awound a wose." People said that Walter Miles and Osmund Ormsby were equally favored by the young lady. But people were wrong. Estelle had been engaged to Walter Miles for nearly a year. Through her caprice the engagement had been made known to no one save Mrs. Mold.

Walter Miles loved her devotedly. He was neither handsome nor very brilliant; but he was sincere and true-hearted. He was, generally, sensible and clear-sighted, but love had blinded him, and he had fallen into the mistake of believing Estelle almost faultless.

Osmund Ormsby, (fourth son of Sir D'Estrange Ormsby, let it be understood,) was a fop and a fortune-hunter. He was distantly related to Estelle through her father, who had been an Englishman. Osmund had come to America with thoughts intent on conquest. The fourth son of Sir D'Estrange Ormsby was not an exceedingly great person in England, but in the new world things are entirely different, you know, even the seventh son of a knight is thankfully received, and eagerly married by the most eligible young ladies. As Osmund was the son of a baronet, his chances were immeasurably superior. Acting on this belief, he took the earliest opportunity of honoring America with his presence. But he was somewhat disappointed to discover that the first-quality heiresses—for Osmund wanted youth, beauty, and refinement, as well as wealth—did not seem inclined to scramble for him, notwithstanding the oft-repeated proclamation that he was the son of Sir D'Estrange Ormsby, so he consoled himself for the indifferences of the city belles by visiting Vane Abbey, and endeavoring to captivate Estelle.

Estelle's little eight-cornered boudoir was the prettiest room in the house. Glossy-leaved ivy vines climbed over the gilded picture-frames, and the scent of roses from the flower-stand mingled with the aromatic perfume of the fir cones with which the little lady liked her fire to be supplied.

She was seated at the piano, playing a noisy "show piece." The door opened, and Walter Miles entered. His face was not as cheerful as usual.

"I thought I'd find you here, Estelle. I want to speak to you."

"*Plait-il, monsieur?*" she responded, wheeling around on the piano-stool, and looking up at him with the sauciest of smiles.

"I don't understand French," he answered grimly. "You had better keep that sort of stuff for Ormsby."

"Some people possess sufficient tact to hide their ignorance; others are too frank." She was evidently prepared for a battle.

"There are many defects worse than a want of tact—flirting, for instance."

Estelle played a few notes with one hand, and said, "Indeed!"

"Flirting is certainly the most unwomanly thing a woman can do."

"I quite agree with you. But pardon me for not seeing the appropriateness of the remark."

"How can you say that, Estelle?" he hotly demanded. "Doesn't your conscience reproach you for flirting with—"

"I never flirt with anybody," she interrupted, looking as dignified as she could.

"Last night at the Mayton's party you danced at least a dozen times with that puppy Ormsby. Pretty conduct for an engaged woman!"

"Osmund Ormsby is a stranger and a guest here; as such he is not without claims. Although you appear to have forgotten them as well as your pretensions to the name of gentleman."

Feeling that she had made a telling thrust, Estelle paused and toyed with her bracelet in a cool, provoking manner.

"Ormsby is not your accepted lover, and you should not treat him as such."

"How dare you insult me, Walter Miles?" Estelle's eyes flashed, and her cheeks reddened. "Remember, sir, that our engagement is not irrevocable."

Her sentence cooled his anger for a moment, but he burst forth again.

"Your behavior was disgraceful—outrageous! I forbid—"

"You are rather premature in your assumption of authority, sir. There—take back your ring." She drew Walter's engagement ring from her finger, and handed it to him. "Good evening, Mr. Miles, you need not tell me what you forbid." And with the most graceful courtesy in the world, Estelle pointed to the door.

Scarcely [illegible] g the evidence of his senses, Walter Miles [illegible] ft the room.

When he had gone, Estelle covered her face with her hands and indulged in a burst of tears. Inconsistency! thy name is woman, is certainly an improvement on Shakespeare's celebrated lines.

If Estelle's wishes and sighs could have accomplished it, Osmund Ormsby would have been wafted back to England that very night.

A week passed. Estelle read Walter's name among the list of passengers on the *Dolphin*, bound for Europe.

A month went by—slowly and wearily for her. Osmund Ormsby came to the conclusion that he was not appreciated, so he started for New York, hoping that Estelle would learn his worth by his loss.

One morning Mrs. Mold opened the damp newspaper at the breakfast table as was her habit.

"Ah," said she, "news of the *Dolphin* at last!" Then she stopped short, cast a disturbed glance at her niece, and rose to leave the room.

"Please let me see the paper, aunt," Estelle said, endeavoring to hide her eagerness.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Mold was at her wits' end.

"No, no, my dear," she responded, walking toward the grate, with a confused idea of burning the journal, but before she could accomplish her purpose Estelle seized it and read—the printed words seemed to blind her—that the *Dolphin* had gone down with all on board.

Mrs. Mold ran for smelling salts, but Estelle sat very pale and still. Every feeling deserted her—the sense of her great loss alone remained. Now she knew how much she had loved the man who lay beneath the waves. For a long time she made no movement. Mrs. Mold grew frightened. At last came a gush of hot tears, then Estelle prayed for resignation, and said, "Thy will be done!"

II.

ORMSBY'S BOUQUET.

Eternity grew nearer by a year. The darkness of grief passed away; life became pleasant to Estelle, but its joy and buoyancy were gone.

Osmund Ormsby had again come to Vane Abbey. He was determined either to win Estelle this time or to sacrifice himself to a rich old widow who was ready to take him whenever he should offer himself.

Estelle's birthday was near. Mrs. Mold, urged on by Ormsby, had determined to celebrate the season by a *grand fête*. There were to be *tableaux* first, afterwards dancing and supper.

The day at length arrived. Estelle, though at first looking on the affair as a great bore, had at length fully entered into the scheme. It was a sunny spring afternoon, and the performers had come to rehearse the evening entertainment. Gay groups of people were laughing and chattering in the great drawing-room, while the hammering of the workmen, who were busy with the stage and curtain, formed a deafening accompaniment. Bright-colored costumes and books of engravings littered the room. The scene was bizarre, and altogether indescribable.

"I wished so ardently to appear as a Moorish princess," said a tall, red-haired young lady, who was discontentedly leaning against a pile of velvet cushions. "Queen Elizabeth isn't in my line. I don't like the character, and then Sir Walter Raleigh has such a small head that his great ruff quite hides it. When he kneels to place his cloak before me, I declare he looks as if he had just been beheaded. It's too ridiculous!"

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Mold, with the amiable intention of throwing oil on the troubled waters, "perhaps Mary of Scotland might suit you."

"Mary Stuart had auburn hair, they say—"

"But not crimson," said the voice of one who was to represent an evil spirit in the last tableau.

"What!" exclaimed the red-haired maiden, turning wrathfully.

"I was alluding to the velvet, my dear," rejoined the evil spirit, innocently.

Upon this the insulted young lady assumed the character of Niobe, and the evil spirit hastened to console her.

"What shall I do?" asked a plump, smiling damsel. "How can I wear my pearl-colored silk in the 'Kathleen Mavourneen' scene? Irish peasant girls don't usually wear silk dresses, do they?"

"You can wear it at the dance after the tableau," said Mrs. Mold, cutting the Gordian knot, as she thought.

"But that's not all. I'm dreadfully afraid of the cottage. It's only pasteboard, you know, and if it were to fall, and bury me in the ruins, how awkward it would be!"

"I'll see that it's safe. I'm in the same scene," said Ormsby, who, having seen Estelle pass the window, was on his way out.

"Wouldn't he make a fine Lord Dundreary?" commented the evil spirit, maliciously.

"No, indeed—you mean that polite man—what's his name? Oh, yes!—Lord Chestnutfield," said Kathleen Mavourneen.

"Lord Chesterfield, you mean," corrected her discontented Majesty of England.

Osmund Ormsby went out on the terrace in search of Estelle. She was there, watering the thick border of roses which grew along its edge.

Osmund's attire was resplendent to-day. In fact, his "get-up" was perfect. His valet had spent all the morning in elaborating him. Even the costly cuff-buttons bearing the Ormsby crest (for which he hoped to pay out of Estelle's fortune) glittered with unusual brilliancy. He advanced towards Estelle with an air of assurance—somewhat in the came, saw, and conquered style.

"Ah," he drawled, breaking off a rose, to show his delicately gloved hand, "they're squabbling inside. Queen Elizabeth wants to abdicate and assume the style and title of the Queen of Scots."

"It can't be done," said Estelle, decidedly. "There's no time for changes, besides, the scene is from Schiller, and both queens are in it. But I'll go in and settle the matter."

"No—not yet! Please stay. I've something to tell you."

"Another time will do, Mr. Ormsby."

"No! no! only a moment—please wemain!"

"A declaration," she thought, stopping reluctantly. "I may as well marry him as anybody else."

So, with anything but a pleased expression on her face, she prepared to listen.

"Ahem!—ah!—beloved Estelle!—ahem!" began Osmund. Then followed an awful pause. He had forgotten his oft-planned speech. The young lady's coolness disconcerted him. He had expected that she would pave the way.

"Well?" she said, impatiently.

He was scandalized by her want of sensibility. She did not even blush!

"My darling, I love you distwactedly," he resumed, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a perfumed handkerchief. "Be my wife, *ma belle Estelle!* O be mine!" His supply of words ceased. Proposing was harder work than he thought.

"I'll think about it," she responded, shortly, moving towards the house.

Now Osmund had his own reasons for desiring an immediate answer. Creditors were pressing, &c., so he said in a less sentimental tone—

"Couldn't you decide my fate now?—or, at least, to-night? Young ladies are generally bashful in like cases, and—"

"You have had a great deal of experience, I presume."

"No—that is—I was about to say," stammered Osmund, "I thought you might be delicate about saying yes—"

"Or No."

"Oh, not No, dwear Estelle! And I was about to say that as we are to be in the same *tableau*—The May Queen—you might signify your consent by giving me the bouquet of white woses and heliotwope I will send you."

"Very well—if I give you the bouquet, it will mean Yes." And she left him.

"An ice-maiden!" he soliloquised, putting up his eye-glass to look after her. "Stwange cweatures these American girls! Awful work popping the question! Glad a fellah has only to do it once. She can't be worth less than five hundred thousand dollars. Wish it were pounds sterling."

The glow of sunset faded into twilight, and night came bringing many guests to the Abbey.

The folding doors separating the two large drawing-rooms had been removed, forming in this manner one large hall. In front of the newly-erected stage the audience, presenting as many gay colors as a bed of autumn flowers, were already seated and listening to an exquisite duet, played by a violin and flute.

The curtain slowly rose to a slow, wailing strain, revealing a picture from Faust—Margaret going to church. The lights and hues had been arranged artistically by Estelle, and the tableau received an *encore*.

Then came the scene from Schiller, and after that Kathleen Mavourneen. A cottage was seen in the fore-ground. A landscape with the sun rising above distant hills occupied the back of the stage. Ormsby, in the costume of an Irish peasant, stood just beneath the cottage window, and began the song—"Kathleen Mavourneen." To do him justice he had a rich, sweet tenor voice, but his attempt at brogue proved abortive. He struggled manfully with the R's, and came off second best. As he reached the words, "O why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart," the lattice opened, Kathleen appeared, and the curtain fell.

Scenes from Dickens and Scott were followed by The May Queen. This was a pastoral scene imitated from a Watteau fan; all the characters appearing in the quaint court-dresses of the *ancien régime*.

The orchestra began a stately minuet, and the May Queen was discovered seated on a throne of velvety moss and surrounded by her court. Estelle made a lovely queen—a veritable Titania. She held Ormsby's bouquet of white roses and heliotrope. She was extending it to a kneeling shepherd (with a glass screwed in his right eye), when she suddenly noticed a strange form among the audience. The bouquet fell to the floor, and she sank back fainting in her seat.

There was some confusion. A man hastily rose from his seat, and pushing his way through the audience, took the fainting girl in his arms and carried her from the room, followed by Mrs. Mold.

Ormsby put up his eyeglass in silent astonishment.

A short time passed, while the audience chattered, sympathized, and wondered. Mrs. Mold entered to announce that Miss Vane had quite recovered, and would be able to appear in the next tableau.

"I say, Mrs. Mold," said Ormsby indignantly, "that fellah acted as if he had a wight."

"And he has a right," returned the lady. "That 'fellah' is Walter Miles, and I imagine that Estelle is happier now than she has been for many a day."

"Walter Miles! I thought he was dead."

"It appears not. The *Dolphin* went down, but he was saved."

"How deuced awkward!" muttered Ormsby.

Later. Strains of music float through the open windows. The scent of roses fills the air. Two people are standing on the moonlit terrace.

"We were both to blame, Estelle," says Walter, putting a golden circlet on her finger.

"Let us forgive and forget, Walter—but you're in such a hurry about the wedding-day that I won't have time to gratify my inclination for flirting," she added, archly.

"You never did flirt. I was a brute to say so!"

But Estelle knows better.

CHINESE PROVERBS.—The ripest fruits grow on the roughest wall.

It is the small wheels of the wagon that come in first.

The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service th[illegible] he who is stationed at the top of it.

The turtle, though brought in at the back gate, takes the head of the table.

Better be the cat in the philanthropist's family than the mutton-pie at the king's banquet.

The learned pig does not learn his letters in a day.

True merit, like the pearls inside of an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.

The top strawberries are eaten first.

He who leaves early gets the best hat.

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton nightcap.

FORSAKEN.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

Young summer, that strengthened the faltering shoot,
The last sap sucked from the mouldering tree.
Is there no hope for the slip with its yesterday's root?—
For the shallop adrift on a threatening sea?

Yes, kindly's the strange earth, the strange shelter's warm;
The root lives afresh in its alien home.
The boat blindly drifts until dawn, without harm—
One terrible billow! then over the form

'Tis carried to port! O desolate maid!
Was there ne'er a beyond to that desert of rain?
Grief-dazed, wounded nestling! she cowered and prayed
A bow might illumine the darkness—in vain!

None now to divine the huge yearning within;
Unmothered!—how sorely she weepeth without!
It were seemly to whisper, repining is sin,
To tell her God's mercy 'tis wicked to doubt,

If glibly spun Pharisee-phrases like these
Would raise her prone forehead and sweeten her eyes.
Poor heart! ere the autumn 'twas beating at ease;
Calm heart! touched in silence by Him, the All-Wise.

As a mother will wile her child healthward, He led
His child through the sunshine to forests and fields.
The glow of her past on her present He shed—
Her future white harvests of happiness yields!

New joy in the dance of the brooks, in their rhymes
New meaning and music; the clouds as they pass
Are nothing but silver! the bees in the limes
Drown with mellower droning the chirps in the grass.

Forgetting their shyness, the human-eyed fawns
Claim the mourner for mistress; their bosoms of snow
The hares never stir as they doze on the lawns;
And the talk of the linnets is neighborly—low.

The lark hears her footsteps, and flutters in rings
About her ere gurgling his way to the sky;
The swallow floats down on his wonderful wings,
And scorns the blue arch that spreads windily high.

There are fays in the woodland and elves in the air;
Veiled voices that speak to the answering shore;
So she fancies, nay feels!—'tis the death of despair!
In her heart no more room for the plaint—Nevermore!

Let the sapling drink rain and the lily breathe dew;
To him words of comfort; her sobs never heed.
As the prophet was fed by the ravens, she drew
From Earth's humbler creatures the food of her need!

For the Favorite.

MR. FITZ-BOODLE'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

OF MONTREAL.

"Fitz," said my friend Billy Fuddles, calling at my office one evening about a year ago—"Fitz, if you have no engagement this evening, come with me to our last rehearsal of Romeo and Juliet; you know the first entertainment of my Dramatic Club is to take place on Friday, and as you take such an interest in us I will take you to rehearsal. Oh, such a Juliet as we have! Young, beautiful, and a finished actress. I'm sorry, old fellow, you don't belong to the Club; but come up and look on to-night, and if you like I will propose your name for membership."

Of course I consented. I had always been passionately fond of theatricals and had assisted at several private entertainments, so that an invitation to join an association which I had every reason to believe first class was most acceptable.

We arrived at the place of rehearsal about 7½ o'clock, and then for the first time I became acquainted with the gigantic size of the proposed performance. "Romeo and Juliet" was to be the play, then, as an interlude "A Morning Call," after which the farce of "Toodles," the part of Timothy to be played by a very stout young gentleman, who, on account of his obesity, and a fancied resemblance to Blake, thought he could take the part to perfection.

The Romeo of the evening was rather a mystery. He had only attended one rehearsal, but Miss Flimsey (Juliet) had declared she would play with no one else, and as she was the "bright particular star" of the company, of course no one opposed her.

My friend Billy Fuddles, who was a lantern-jawed, sanctimonious-looking fellow, had been selected as Friar Lawrence. With the rest of the cast I was not acquainted, but from sundry hints and expressions used I gathered the information that they would all be "good" in their parts, when they put in a few "gags," which each actor was very industriously practising. Romeo was to accompany the lovely Juliet, and the rehearsal should have commenced at half-past seven; but Juliet was late, and we waited until eight, half-past eight, a quarter to nine, and still no Juliet. Every one was angry, even my friend Billy swore a small oath, and we were about to rehearse "Toodles," when there was a ring at the door and we heard the gratifying announcement that Juliet had arrived.

Oh! how beautiful she was. I was captured instantly, and felt that I would willingly go through the hottest fire or jump into the coldest water to serve so beautiful a creature. She came, but she came alone, and was the bearer of direful tidings. Romeo would be unable to play. He had met with an accident. In jumping from a stage before it had stopped he had fallen on his nose, and damaged that organ to an extent that would require two or three weeks to repair it.

Here was a catastrophe! What was to be done? Some proposed that he should still take the part and wear a mask or a false nose. Little Fitz-Quirk, who played Tybalt, proposed that he and Romeo should open the play with a new scene—a P. R. Exhibition; Romeo keeping his back to the audience and in that way fighting out R. U. E., when Tybalt would throw a tremendous "smasher" just where Romeo's nose ought to be, which would of course account for the damaged condition of that feature during the remainder of the play; and by way of finishing the scene Fitz-Quirk—who considered himself "some" on the double shuffle—would perform the war dance of the "Rum-fuddy-tangalore" Indians, and sing "John Brown's body" in triumph over his victory.

After some discussion it was determined not to accept the proposition, as the play was supposed to extend over a period of some months, and Romeo's nose would have time enough to get well. Sniffin thought that Romeo might be left out and the play called simply "Juliet," but that was overruled, and at last it was decided that another Romeo must be found; but who would take the character? Every one had a part, and no one felt inclined to saddle himself with another. After it had been offered to two or three and refused, Fuddles said that he had a friend whom Nature had framed to shine on the stage, who had had a great deal of experience in these matters, and he was sure would help them out of their difficulty; then, to my great astonishment, he begged to introduce as the person he referred to, his friend "Fitz-Boodle!"

Me! The thing was impossible. I had no time to learn my part, and no rehearsals. It was ridiculous, nonsensical, not to be thought of!

"Oh! you must, or spoil our play; now do try to be obliging, there's a good fellow."

"It's not much to learn," said Jones, who played Peter. "I learnt my part in two hours." His part was five lines, and mine nearer 1,500.

"Do take it," said Juliet, "just to oblige me;" and she looked at me so sweetly, and leant on my shoulder in such a charming, bewitching manner, that I would willingly have jumped off Niagara like Sam Patch to oblige her.

"Well," I said, "I will try it; but you must postpone the performance to give me a chance to study."

"Oh, no! that won't do; the music is engaged, the guests invited, the costumes and scenery hired, and we must have it next Friday."

"Oh, do, please!" said Juliet, in her charming manner, and of course I consented; and it being then too late for rehearsal, it was agreed that we should meet at 7 o'clock on Friday, so that I might have one rehearsal.

The next three days passed like a dream. I kept Shakespeare in my desk, and every moment I could spare from business was devoted to study.

I recited my principal speeches to a select audience of the store porters—I was in the pork and butter business at the time—and spouted until I was hoarse to an assemblage of pork barrels; I astonished our staid old book-keeper by addressing him as "Sweet Juliet," and offended the head of the firm by telling him "Peace, peace, thou talk'st of nothing."

I broke the best office rule in a "grand combat" with the janitor, and bruised myself in all manner of uncomfortable places practising a "new fall;" and at last, having lamed myself learning to drop suddenly on one knee, for the garden scene, I arrived, tired and fagged out, on the evening of the performance, at the house of Mrs. Bumpus, who had kindly loaned her parlors for the occasion.

I have always said, and I still affirm, that innovations spoiled our play; for without them—a few mishaps excepted—a more perfect success could not have been desired.

Our company made a mistake; they were too operatic, and should have selected "The Bohemian Girl" or "The Rose of Castile," or some other light English opera, and then each one could have had as much singing as he or she desired without taking liberties with the "Divine bard."

As the case stood, however, every one had some little "addition" to make to his part, and in all cases it proved only an addition without any improvement.

"Fitz," said Bouncer, who played Paris, "have you a pair of boxing gloves?"

"No!" I replied, somewhat astonished. "Why?"

"Oh! it does not much matter, I have a pair, and I'll give you one and fight you with the left hand."

"Fight me with the left hand! What do you mean?"

"For the last act, of course; you don't suppose I'm going to let you tilt at me with a long sword, do you? Oh, no! I can't afford to be killed in earnest; beside duelling is quite out of fashion in the present day, and it would have a much finer effect if we took the gloves and had a little scientific set-to. And there's another point: when you knock me out of time I will fall so as to open the door of Juliet's tomb, which will add effect to my request to be laid in there."

This was so ridiculous that I immediately rejected it, and Bouncer was so much incensed that he threatened to throw up his part, until Fuddles promise to spar with him after the play, which somewhat quieted him, although he still had a grudge against me for my "priggishness," as he termed it.

As I had not had a single rehearsal, it was arranged that I should "go through" my principal scenes with Juliet, which I did in a small back room up-stairs, with Fuddles and the family cat for an audience. What a lovely creature she was! And how splendidly she played Juliet; I was enchanted. Let the others do as they pleased, Juliet would introduce no innovations, nor would I, and their nonsense would only tend to show off our good play to greater advantage; so we were content.

According to our play-bills, we were to commence "at 7½ o'clock precisely," but owing to the thousand and one little difficulties which always attend Private Theatricals, we were not ready until 9 o'clock; meanwhile the audience, having got tired of stamping, etc., cleared away the seats, and started a grand game of "Post," which it took our stage manager a long time to stop. At last everything was ready, the curtain went up, and the play commenced. Everything went on pretty smoothly except that most of the gentlemen forgot their parts and had to be prompted audibly.

Our first serious mishap was in the second act, where Friar Lawrence, goes on with the basket of flowers. It was then discovered that Fuddles, who played the part, had left both flowers and basket at home; and as no other basket could be found but the one with which Mrs. Bumpus did her marketing he was obliged to take that, and in the hurry and confusion of the moment, he went on without any flowers. How he would have got over the line, "in this small flower lies hid," etc., it is impossible to say, had not Bouncer with the greatest promptitude seized a bouquet from Juliet, with which I had presented her, and hurrying into the audience thrown it to Fuddles, striking him most artistically on the nose, and strewing the stage with flowers.

In the scene between Romeo and the nurse, the first innovation was introduced. Jones who played Peter, having a great idea of "by play," took on a little trained dog of his and made him perform lots of tricks, among them barking whenever nurse called Peter; and when she asked for her fan, Jones, who was something of a gymnast, stood on his hands and presented it with his feet, and in that ridiculous manner made his exit, the little dog walking gravely before him on his hind legs.

Innovation now became the order of the evening, each member striving to outdo the other by introducing some new effect, and the play was changed from a tragedy to a roaring farce.

In the third act, where Mercutio is killed, Tybalt (Fitz-Quirk) insisted on singing the "Ratcatcher's daughter" which he said was clearly what Shakspeare meant by making Mercutio call him a rat-catcher; and the only reason the song did not appear in the original was, that it was not written in the time of Shakspeare. As no persuasion could influence him, of course he sung it, introducing at the end of each verse the war dance of the "Rum-fuddy-tangalore" Indians, previously mentioned.

At this new rendition of the "bard of Avon" the audience were fairly convulsed with laughter, and as Mercutio could not bear to see all the honors carried off by his conqueror, he immediately sung "O boys carry me long," while supported out by Benvolio; and being tremendously applauded, he came on again and repeated it immediately after Benvolio had declared "the brave Mercutio is no more."

The audience had now become uproarious. It made "the judicious grieve," but the majority enjoyed it highly. Juliet and I were voted "bores," because we followed Shakspeare's advice and "spoke no more than was set down for us." Each of the actors was called on by one of his friends for a song, which he almost always gave, and the greatest confusion prevailed.

Still we struggled on, Juliet and I, almost crazy with vexation, in vain appealed to the others to act with decency. We were told to mind our own business, and not to interfere with what did not concern us; that every one played his part after his own fashion, and that we may do as we please with ours.

The finale to this "new rendition" was in strict accordance with the other ridiculous interpolations, and occurred in this way:

Bouncer, who had not forgiven me for refusing to substitute boxing-gloves for small swords, primed himself with innumerable "hot whiskeys," "Tom and Jerries," etc., and staggered on in the last scene, breathing the sanguinary determination to "finish me." Fiercely attacking me, he drove me about the stage, striking at me so savagely that I, fearing he really meant to kill me, was forced to dodge about in a very undignified and un-Romeo-like manner. Whether he would have finished me it is impossible to say, had not fortune befriended me, and caused his foot to catch in the carpet, throwing him violently on the ground.

This was of course too great an advantage for me to neglect it, and placing my foot on his chest I swore to kill him unless he promised to be quiet and die like a Christian. This he rather sulkily promised to do, but in place of requesting to be buried with Juliet, as Paris always does, he said, "when I die bury me with my father," and being near the tomb gave it a hearty kick, as if to show the resting-place of his father's ashes.

Now "the tomb of all the Capulets" was a very slight structure, being simply a screen placed across a window leading to an inner room, and it had been arranged that I should open it with my hands in place of using an axe; but Bouncer's kick spoiled it all, for, with a loud crash, down went the screen, and Juliet, startled from her propriety, forgot that she was dead, and running screaming out of her "last resting-place," threw herself into my arms, while Bouncer—the little wretch—beat his heels on the floor and shouted with joy at the mischief he had created.

This was too much; the last drop had overflowed the bucket of patience, and human nature could stand it no longer. I walked down to the footlights in as dignified a manner as my excited state would permit, and supporting Juliet with one hand, while with the other I waved my sword aloft, I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is utterly impossible to finish our play when we are interrupted by such a disgusting exhibition as that" (here I pointed my sword at Bouncer).

"What do you mean by that?" said he, starting up. "Who'se—hic—disghusting? You're drunk. Wait till I come back and I'll dis—hic—ghust you;" and off he rushed, and in a few seconds returned with the boxing gloves, one of which he tendered me in a very defiant manner. What could I do? I was forced to put on the glove, and it was only after I had knocked him down half a dozen times that he would consent to leave the stage and permit Juliet to return to the tomb, so that the play may end in the usual manner.

It was now almost two o'clock, and as more than two-thirds of the audience had left, and all the actors were more or less "elevated," it was determined to postpone "The Morning Call" and "Toodles" until the next week. How that performance went off I cannot say, for I had had enough of Private Theatricals and did not attend; but I have no doubt it was very fine, as I was afterwards informed by Fuddles that "Romeo and Juliet" had been a "great success." So it might have been, but I confess to an inability to appreciate such an effort in "high art."

The Great Fairs and Markets of Europe.

BY R. H. HORNE.

(Concluded.)

Fairlop Fair (besides being a market for horses, cattle, and sheep) was a delightful fair in former years, whatever may be thought of it at the present time. Its pastoral outskirts presented features of a similar character to those just described; but there were more gipsies, many of whom, no doubt, were residents in the vicinity of Epping Forest, and perhaps furnished some of the donkeys for the donkey-races which formed one of the peculiar and most mirth-provoking features of this fair. There were also more sailors than at any other fairs. This may appear strange, as the distance of Fairlop from the sea-coast was greater; but it is easily explained. Fairlop fair originated in a party of boat-builders going down, one day, for a jolly picnic in Epping Forest, not by means of a van or waggon, but in a large boat, with her sails set, and fixed on four wheels. Such a boat-load as this, full of jolly sailors and their lasses, went to Epping Forest once a year, and "sailed" round the Great Oak. The number of sailors may be also attributed to the grand and unique feature of this fair, viz., the famous Oak Tree, round which the fair used to be held. This tree was so enormous, that during the years of its slow decay, when the trunk below became hollow, the cavity was cleared, smoothed, papered, hung with drapery (pea-green with poppy flowers, when I was there), furnished with a circular table and a circular bench, where ten or a dozen happy fair-going people sat round to dinner, and sometimes to pipes and grog. Now, the special attraction to British tars must have been this tree, into the topmost branches of which "Jack" always made a point of climbing, and, drunk or sober, standing upon one leg and waving his little hat, at the imminent delightful risk of breaking his British neck! You seldom saw any drawing or print of Fairlop Oak without a Jack tar perched on one of the topmost branches. The tree stood

for many, many years, all trunk and bare dry boughs—not a leaf had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant. It stood there as a colossal skeleton—a monument of itself—by the sheer strength of its bulk—and was pulled down, at last, by teams of oxen and long ropes, lest, some fair-day, a huge limb or so might fall, and crush several penny theatres, peep-shows, and holiday people. Myriads of snuff-boxes, tobacco-boxes, and fancy boxes were made of the wood—or said to have been made of the wood—and are sold as such to this day, every fair-day.

Croydon Fair is a good one (especially for the gipsies from Norwood), but more famous as a market for horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. It presents no special features beyond those already described, with the exception of a tradition, or legend, which used to be very popular with all schoolboys of the district, and elsewhere, to wit, that the green lanes on the outskirts of Croydon were haunted by a certain "Spring-heeled Jack," who was possessed with a monomaniacal propensity to assault young men and women, and gash them with a fine-edged, silver-handled knife. The anomalous Spring-heeled Jack always eluded pursuit by the swiftness of his running, and the fabulous leaps he could take, clean over high hedges or turnpike gates,—attributable to his wearing india-rubber boots, the soles and heels of which were full of steel watch-springs, as every boy of us thoroughly believed.

Peterborough Market-fair is celebrated for only one peculiarity, viz., its immense quantities of wood-work for farming operations. There you may see piles on piles of axe, hoe, fork, rake, and spade handles; also handles for smiths' and carpenters' hammers; also tyres and spokes for cart-wheels, window-frames, wheel-barrows, and dense arrays of field-gates, hurdles, and fences.

Greenwich Fair was a very great fair.

The extinction of this brilliant fair caused much regret to the holiday-making Londoners. It had several marked peculiarities, besides the usual number of large shows. First, there was the noble old Hospital, and the frequent presence of old pensioners in their quaint, old-fashioned, grave uniform of dark navy blue, with the three-cornered cocked hat, knee-breeches, and square-toed shoes with huge plated buckles. To see these veterans, English—Irish—Scotch—Welsh, who had well deserved all the care of a grateful country, wandering about—some with one arm—some with two wooden legs and a stick—some with one arm and one leg, and no stick—and mixing among the young fair-going folks, smiling and laughing at the grotesque groups, actions and noises around them—and now and then showing signs that the eccentricity of their gait and bearing was not entirely attributable to a wooden leg—gave an additional interest to the scene, of a mixed kind of pathos and humor not to be described in an off-hand way. The other great feature was the "Crown and Anchor" booth, which, varying its size at different fairs, invariably put forth its utmost magnitude and fullest splendors for Greenwich Fair. How many swarms had luncheons and suppers there, through the day and night—how many scores of hampers of cold fowls and ham, turkeys and tongues, and hundreds of dozens of bottled ale and stout—is beyond any knowledge possessed by the present deponent; but that between two and three thousand people sometimes assembled therein at night to dance, and that sometimes more than two thousand Londoners were dancing there at the same time, after a fashion, he can answer for, as also for the fact of the whole scene being at such times enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, rising up from the creaking and yielding floors, and that, whatever colored coat you entered with, everybody emerged with a coat the color of whitey-brown paper, large black nostrils, and black semi-circles of dust under his eyes. The "Crown and Anchor" booth was so long that a full band played for dances at the top, by the bar, another at the bottom of the booth, and a third in the centre—and though they often played different dances, different airs to suit, and in different keys, you could only hear the music of your own dance—the predominant accompaniment to each being the measured muffled thunders of the boots of the fair-going Londoners. At these "high" moments it may be supposed that the great majority were of the rougher sex; the fun was too "fast and furious" for the gentler beings of creation—of course with some rather conspicuous exceptions. The last great specialty I shall notice, connected with this fair, was the roll down Greenwich Hill.

Many persons, at home as well as abroad, have never seen that celebrated hill—never rolled down it—and some, perhaps, may not even have heard of it. But a word or two will suffice to make them, in some degree, aware of the pleasure they have lost. A number of fair-going young people of both sexes—but most commonly lovers, or brothers and sisters—seat themselves on the top of this steep and beautifully green hill, and beginning to roll down slowly, they presently find that the rolling becomes quicker and quicker—that they have no power to govern their rapidity, still less to stop and they invariably roll to the bottom. It doesn't agree with everybody.

Of the great cattle fair of Ballinasloe enough has already been said; but of an Irish pig-fair something remains.

The peasant's pig—the "jintleman that pays the rint"—the favored, spoilt son—almost the lord of the cabin—when, for the first time in his life, he finds himself forcibly driven the way his master chooses, which, of course, is the way he perseveres in objecting to—by the time he arrives at his journey's end, enters the fair in a very bad state of mind. His temper—never, at the best of seasons, half so sweet as his flesh—has become morose, and something is sure to occur to render him savage. Among other things, he is sure to quarrel with the pig next to him for precedence of place, and the immediate consequence—for this pig is in quite as bad a state of mind as that pig—the immediate consequence is a fight. By a fight, we do not mean an ordinary routing of snout to snout, but a savage fight of two wild beasts. They stand upon their hind hoofs, and fight in lion-and-unicorn fashion. It is a fine thing to see a pig under such unusual circumstances, and shows that he is not merely a creature of fat and crackling—to be roasted, or made bacon of—but an animal whose blood, when roused, inspires him to fight to the death against what he considers injuries and insults. The most amusing part of the whole affair is the dismay of the respective owners, and their anxiety to separate the furious combatants, because a pig that has been over-driven in coming to the fair, or has a serious stand-up fight, is always reduced 2d. or 3d. a pound in his market value.

We must now take a turn through Donnybrook. All those who were ever present will bear witness that an Irishman "all in his glory was there"—but not exactly for the reasons generally supposed. In the first place, the song, which makes the "shillelah" the all-in all, refers to a traditionary period. A few fights and broken heads, inseparable from all English as well as Irish fairs, of course always took place, but the crowd was too dense to allow of much damage being done. There was not only no room for "science," but no room to strike a blow of a real kind—from the shoulder, and "using the toes." We saw no blood flow. Something else in abundance we did see flow—whisky. As for the interior, or main body of the fair, it presented no features materially differing from others previously mentioned; but the outskirts certainly presented something very different, indeed,—unique. The fair, as to its great shows and booths, was held in a large hollow, or basin of green ground, on descending into which you found the immediate skirtings occupied by a set of very little, very low-roofed, hut-like booths, where a busy trade was carried on in fried potatoes, fried sausages, and oysters, cold or scalloped. Not a bad mixture; but the cooking, in some cases, seemed to be performed by individuals who had never before seen a sausage or an oyster, and who fancied that smoke and peat-ashes improved the one, and sand and sawdust the other. But cookery is by no means the special characteristic alluded to. It is this; and I will defy the world to produce anything like it. Donnybrook is a village, a few miles only from Dublin. The houses are all very small, the largest generally rising no higher than a floor above the ground-floor rooms, and every house being entirely appropriated to the use of the fair-coming people. The rooms below were devoted to whisky-drinking, songs, jokes, politeness and courtship, with a jig in the middle; and the very same, but with more elaborate and constant dancing, in the rooms above. Every house presented the same scene—yes, every house along the whole village; and when you came to the narrowest streets, the effect was peculiar and ludicrous in the extreme. For observe, the rooms being all crowded to the last man and woman and child they could hold, and the "dancing"—especially above stairs—being an absolute condition, there was no room left for the fiddler. We say, there was no room left for him — and yet he must be among them. There was room for him, as a man, be it understood—but not as a fiddler. His elbow required space enough for another man, and this could not be afforded. The problem was therefore solved by opening the window upstairs; the fiddler sat on the window-sill, and his elbow worked outside. The effect of this "elbow playing outside the window of every upper floor, and sometimes out of both upper floor and ground floor of every house in a whole street, and on both sides of the way — and playing a similar kind of jig — surpassed anything of that kind of humor in action it has ever been my fortune to witness. If that is not merry fun, show me what is. The elbows all played so true to time that if you had not heard a note you would have known that it was an Irish jig by the motion of all those jaunty and 'knowing' elbows!

A last word on Donnybrook shall be devoted to one other custom; characteristic of the kindliness as well as the humor of the nation, which was manifested in a way never seen elsewhere. Once every hour or so, a large police van was driven through the fair to pick up all the very drunken men who were rolling about, unable to govern their motions. They were at once lifted into the van, and here many of them again found their legs, and you heard the muffled singing and the dull thunder of their dancing inside as the philanthropic van passed along. As they got sober they were set free.

By way of an exception and contrast, take the following. While "high and low" visited all the great fairs, there was only one that was specially patronised by the London aristocracy, and that was Horn Fair. It used to be held on Charlton Green, in Kent, and was the most elegant (if I dare use the word of such things) and fashionable of all these annual merry-makings. All the military of Woolwich attended, as did the Prince Regent, and the rest of the male branches of the Royal Family, from the hour of two till six, but never later, as it was said; but people had their own opinions. Horn Fair was to other fairs what Ascot was to other races.

The impossibility of adequately describing any of these great fairs—and pre-eminently the renowed Bart'le'my Fair — is attributable to several causes. It requires a panorama for its grotesque forms and colors, and expansive varieties; all sorts of figures in all sorts of motions and attitudes, which even automatons could not convey much better than the pen; and all manner of sounds combining in one general uproar and confusion, — because all these moving objects, colors, and sounds are going on at the same time, and all in most vigorous conflict with each other, and indeed with themselves. Under such circumstances our best plan will probably be that of giving a few of the most broad and striking general characteristics, dashed in with a scene-painter's brush, full of color, and almost at random.

Saint Bartholomew's, *alias* Bart'le'my Fair, was held in Smithfield market-place, which used to be considered the rowdy heart of London. All the butchers' stalls — cattle-yards — sheep-pens — pig and poultry enclosures, and other wooden structures were cleared away so as to leave a very large open space. This was approached by the different streets, and by white calico avenues of gilt gingerbread stalls, toy-stalls, and nondescript booths of all kinds, but more particularly for eating, drinking, little gambling-tables, and other similar things on a small scale which would have been lost amid the blaze and magnitude of the main structure. Nearly all round the great open area, the only intervals being the streets, and other avenues of entrance, were ranged the theatres; the menageries; screened enclosures for the horsemanship, robe-dancing, balancing, tumbling and leaping; the shows for conjuring, fire-eating dancing dogs, learned pigs, the exhibitions of waxwork, and of living monstrosities, such as the calf with two heads and five legs, the mermaid (whom you were not allowed to examine very closely at the junction line), and the living pig-faced lady, who was usually seen sitting at a piano, in an elegant evening low dress, with a gold ring through her snout. A giant was always there, and both a male and a female dwarf but never together, being always in rival caravans. The music, so called, was a bedlamite mixture of brass bands, screaming clarionets and fifes, clashing of hollow-toned cymbals, gongs, bells, triangles, double-drums, barrel-organs, and prodigious voices bawling through speaking trumpets;—now imagine the whole of these things going on at the same time!

Now, imagine it to be night; and all the great and little shows, and booths, and stalls are ablaze with lights of all kinds of colors, magnitudes, and, we may add, smoke and odors, as many of them issue from a mysterious mixture of melted fat of various creatures. All the principal shows, and many of the smaller vans, have a platform, or stage, in front, and hereupon is enacted a wonderfully more brilliant, attractive, grotesque, and laughable performance than anything to be seen inside. Portions of tragedies are enacted, including murders, combats, and spectres; dances of all sorts are given, men and women in gorgeous array of cotton velvets, spangles, and feathers stand upon horses, or promenade with most ostentatious dignity, sometimes coming forward and crying aloud, "Be in time! be in time! All in to begin!" which is subsequently repeated half-a-dozen times before they retire to console with their presence those who are waiting seated inside. Now and then, part of the promised "grand pantomime" is represented on the outer stage, and culminates with a rush of the clown, pantaloon, and two or three acrobats mounted on hobby-horses, down the steps of the platform, and right into the very thick of the crowd below, causing one or two fights in the confusion and difficulty of their return, to the immense delight of those who witness it, and to the great advantage of all the ruffians and other pickpockets here and there collected. While these things are going on below, there are other scenes above — such as high-flying boat swings, full of laughing and screaming young men and women; the slack-rope dancers in their brilliant dresses of silver and gold tinsel and spangles, who are perched on swinging ropes amidst the white and scarlet draperies near the topmost ridges of the larger theatres and shows; and, rising over all, the coiling smoke-clouds of the blazing fat-lamps and pitchy torches roll and float upwards towards the moon, every now and then rapidly cut through by the hissing head and tail of a rocket, which presently explodes in brilliant stars of white, green, and red over the frantic tumult beneath.

It only remains for us to take a look at the winter fair which has been held in London at those rare intervals when the frost has been so strong and continuous, that the ice on the Thames, as well as the Serpentine and other metropolitan waters, has attained a solid thickness capable of bearing the thousands of people who assembled there. Innumerable stalls and booths for eating, drinking and dancing, together with swings, peep-shows, puppet-shows, and other amusements, were rapidly erected, or wheeled upon the ice; there were also many little gambling-tables, roundabouts, ballad-singers, and instrumentalists, from the humble Jew's harp to the pompous brass band. The many slips and tumbles upon the ice constituted a considerable part of the fun, and was promoted by glassy surfaces of various cross slides, as well as by frequent jerks and sudden pushes with a view to the destruction of an equilibrium. The crowning joy, however, was at night, when a great bonfire was lighted upon the ice, and a bullock was roasted whole. As the form and face of the huge creature changed with the action of the flames and the red heat, and the head, horns, and eye-balls became inexpressibly hideous, John Bull, far more than his emblematic representative, might be said to have been in his glory, while dancing and whirling in uncouth and rampant mazes round the crackling and roaring flames, while the national divinity, self-basted with black and crimson streams, was fiercely roasting.

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

America as yet has produced no song writer. No one has done for her what Burns did for Scotland, Moore for Ireland, and Béranger for France. Not even the popular enthusiasm which shook the nation to its centre during the late civil war could give birth at the North to any finer inspiration than "John Brown's Boby," and "Rally round the Flag, Boys." In "Maryland, my Maryland," we recognise a spark of the same divine fire which flashes forth in the "Marseillaise" and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The country, therefore, owes no ordinary debt of gratitude to John Howard Payne, who if he did not write enough to entitle him to a recognised place among the authors of this class, has at least given us one song which is already far beyond the reach of chance or change—a household word, sacred and secure. If fame is to be secured by wide-spread popularity, we had rather been the author of "Home, Sweet Home," than all the verses of all the poets our land has known from its earliest age to the present hour. There is little in the song when we subject it to critical analysis, and yet this very simplicity is a precious gem which has snatched it from forgetfulness, and blended the familiar lines with the holiest associations of the fireside. How curious that this humble daisy, this "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," should grow and blossom into fair renown, when so many monarchs of the forest lie prone in the dust, unnoticed and unknown.

The more important facts of Payne's life require but brief mention. He was born in New York, and at an early age manifested decided literary and dramatic talent. When only thirteen years of age he conducted a small periodical called the *Thespian Mirror*, which attracted the attention of a gentleman named Seamen, who generously offered to defray the expenses of his education at Union College.

Pecuniary difficulties which involved his father forced him to leave this institution before the completion of his studies, and in order to support his impoverished family Payne went upon the stage, making his *début* at the Park Theatre, New York, February 24th, 1809, in the character of young Norval. His success was so unmistakable that he continued in his new profession, performing in the principal eastern cities, and in 1813 went to England, where he received a cordial welcome, and became a great popular favorite. He remained for nearly twenty years, leading a Bohemian life, and figuring alternately as an actor, playwright, and manager, gaining some reputation, but little money.

"Home, Sweet Home," was penned in a garret of the Palais Royal, Paris, when poor Payne was so utterly destitute and friendless that he knew not where the next day's dinner was coming from.

It appeared originally in a diminutive opera called "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The opera is seldom seen or heard of now, but the song grows nearer and dearer to us as the years roll away, for "it is not of an age, but for all time." More than once the unfortunate author, walking the streets of London or Paris, amid the darkness, hungry, houseless, and penniless, saw the cheerful light gleaming through the windows of happy homes, and heard the music of his own song drifting out upon the gloomy night to mock the wanderer's heart with visions of comfort and of joy, whose blessed reality was for ever denied him. "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a homeless man.

In 1832 Payne returned to this country, and after pursuing literary avocations with indifferent success for a few years, was finally appointed Consul at Tunis, where he died June 5th, 1852. One passage in his ill-starred career tinges it with a hue of melancholy romance, and perhaps explains the secret of his restless, erratic character.

Maria Mayo, afterwards Mrs. General Scott, was a great beauty in her youthful day, whose charm of person and of mind made her the acknowledged belle of that venerable State whose soil has been no less prolific of fascinating women than of gallant men. The legend prevails in Richmond that Payne met Miss Mayo and fell madly in love with her. The homage of a poet could hardly be other than flattering, even to one whose shrine was worshipped by scores of richer devotees, and possibly he mistook the smiles she gave him for the evidence of reciprocated passion; but be this as it may, the same old, old story was enacted. He staked his happiness, his peace, on woman's love, and—lost.

Thenceforth life had no attractions for him, and he sought an exile to the barren shores of Africa, as a welcome relief from the bitter disappointment which had crushed out hope and ambition here. The sands of the desert have long since covered the grave of John Howard Payne, and the place where, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well," is unknown. "Home, Sweet Home," is a monument which will carry his name and fame to the remotest posterity, and stand firm when effigies of marble and of bronze shall have sunk into indistinguishable decay.—*Dramatic World.*

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

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News-dealers will please send in their orders for advance sheets at once.

"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY."

An American contemporary draws the following picture of our cousins across the border, which certainly has a great deal of truth in it: "It sometimes looks to us as if this American people were destined to break down in the very flush of its powers from physical causes. As a people we do not know how to play. Of all arts we are the most backward in this. We can work—we can talk, we can fight — but we cannot play. We do not play. We are always intent on business. Our very fun flashes out as an incident, in the midst of the church or of society. We stop long enough to eat and sleep, simply because we cannot help ourselves. But the eating and sleeping are thrust in edgewise, as it were. They are institutions, and we dispatch them at the highest speed, and carry our cares to our meals, and into our dreams. If we profess to take amusement, we so manage as to keep up the full tension of the system, we do it hard. The result of this excessive pressure is not only physical disability, but moral infirmity; the innate need of diversion, breaking out at last in some sensuous and destructive form."

NEWSPAPERS.

It is really astonishing to think how little we would know without newspapers. If it were possible at one swoop to wipe out all the newspapers, the world would be surprised to discover that, with all its telegraphs, railways, steamboats, and endless means of transmitting information, it would be perfectly ignorant without newspapers to spread the intelligence.

Newspapers have become as necessary to the body politic as bread and meat to the body physical; and for a man who for years has breakfasted on a "steak and a newspaper," it would be about as easy to give up one as the other.

It is through newspapers that we know the world; books tell us the history of the past, but the newspaper is the history of the present, and is "written up to date" every morning. For the few pennies invested in a paper, we are introduced to all the high and mighty of the earth, we learn the price of stocks, we see what our fellow-men think, and know what they do. We are informed why Mr. and Mrs. B. were divorced, and told the price of wool at the Cape of Good Hope; here we discover that some of our friends have been relieved from earthly cares, and here we see a list of those parties who have been increasing the census; in fact, newspapers are the memorandum-books of the world, in which all its transactions are noted, and he who does not read them gropes through life without having any idea of what sort of world he lives in

A PLACE FOR EVERY MAN.

It is curious how various grades of society range themselves in direct hostility to each other; the poor man is ever complaining of the arrogance and oppression of wealth, ever crying out against the overweening influence of capital and its power on labor; while the rich man is constantly abusing labor, accusing the poor man of all the enormities of life, and endeavoring to hold him down in his "proper place," as he terms it. Now the philanthropist cries out, that the poor should be equal to the rich man, and that the gifts of an all-wise God should be more evenly distributed. All a mistake, good Mr Philanthropist; it is in this inequality of distribution that all our joy lies hid, and it is by this inequality alone that we are of use and benefit to our fellow-men. If we were all rich, there would be no use for riches and we should be all miserable; we are all mutually dependent, the rich man on the poor, as much as the poor man on the rich; the millionaire despises the humble boy who kneels at his feet to black his boots, and spurns the little barefoot girl who sweeps the crossing that he may escape the mud, and yet that boot-black and that little girl are God's creatures as well as he — "have the same organs, dimensions, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" What would the titled Duchess, who, robed in splendid satin and decked with costly gems, draws a host of admiring suitors to her feet, be without the poor dress maker or the humble attendant, to deck her out for conquest? The greatest men are oft dependent on the humblest of mankind for the means to work out their great schemes; the mighty General lays his plan of battle, but the common soldiers win it for him Bulwer uttered a fine sentiment when he made Claude say, "Would that we, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, had been swept away, that the proud may see what the world would be without us;" but the sentiment is false, if there were no "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" the whole human race must stand still, and all the organs of life would waste away and perish. Every man, woman, and child is born into the world for some purpose, and no human being is despicable. We all know Esop's fable of the members, and as it is with the body physical so it is with the whole human race and their relations to each other, each one has a place in nature to fill, and to remove him and leave a vacuum would endanger the happiness of his fellow-men.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The Aldine for April will be received with enthusiasm and delight by every person of taste who has a grain of appreciation for the beautiful or a spark of pride in the progress of American art. Being the latest, it is, of course, the finest of all the fine issues of all this wonderful press, and in this constant improvement may be noted the secret of the great success which this American Art Journal has achieved, where, hitherto, so many beginnings have invariably counted just so many failures. The publishers demonstrate, not only the amplest resources, but a determination to use these resources to the utmost, and this enlightened liberality in their business can have only the one result—a hold upon the popular faith that will be to them a tower of strength for all time to come. The second of the child sketches, by John S. Davis, announced as the quarterly tinted plates for this year, appears in this issue. It represents a theft of a slice of bread and butter, by a roving cur, from a youngster who was seated in the open doorway to enjoy the balmy morning air A shadow has in verity clouded his day, and the fast-falling drops of an April shower accompany his tearful protest. It is a very pleasing sketch, and will add to the reputation of this promising young artist. Thomas Moran presents five masterly delineations of the Yellowstone Region, one of which, "Tower Creek," a full page cutting by Linton, is a most superb specimen. The "Death Warrant of Mary Stuart" is a truly royal subject, royally treated; and for texture and detail, is noticeable even in the *Aldine*. "A Catskill Brook," by Wittredge, will carry off the palm with very many: a pool, surrounded by forest trees, in which the beautiful white birch is conspicuous; the solitude heightened, not broken, by a pair of kingfishers, one perched upon a leafless branch, the other skimming the surface, and most enchanting vistas of dim forest distances form a picture worthy of the reputation of one of America's foremost painters. Such a spirited sketch as "A Bare Chance," by W. M. Cary, in which one of our frontiersmen, on his gallant mustang, is brought suddenly to close quarters with a monstrous grizzly, deserves more than a passing notice, but so do the others, and space is limited. There is a perfect gem of landscape by Wimperis, the great rival of Birket Foster. "A Deserted Church," "Spring Flowers," and "O Pray, my Child," an exquisite *genre* picture of the German school, complete the list of attractions which are scattered with such a generous hand among the patrons of this elegant journal. The literary contents of the April *Aldine* display the usual excellence and variety. There are, for instance, three good short stories, "I Will if You Will," by Clara F. Guernsey; "The Ball on the Ice," by E. B. Leonard; and "Madame Jeannette's Papers," by James Watkins. There is a careful biographical and artistic study of the life and works of "Malbone, the Miniature Painter," by Osmond Tiffany; a readable paper, by the editor, descriptive of "The Yellowstone Region;" another on "The Death Warrant of Mary Stuart;" another on "An Old German Tribunal in the Harz Mountains," and, best of all, a racy little essay, by John Sydney, which would have charmed Lamb, since its theme is his prime favorite, "Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle." There are five poems, "A Gazel of Hafiz," by Henry Richards; "The Four Seasons," by S. W. Duffield; "O Pray, My Child," a translation from the German of Hoffman; "A Bare Chance," a unique little dialect poem by S. Lang—a new writer, who contests for the laurels of Bret Harte and John Hay; and the "Rosemary," another tender flower-fantasy by Mary E. Bradley, who has already won a prominent place among American female poets. Music and Art receive thoughtful consideration, and Literature more than usual attention, the page containing it being devoted to the late Henry Timrod, the best and most unfortunate of all the Southern poets. The story of his life, as re-told by Mr. Stoddard, from the Memoir of Mr. Paul Hayne, is the saddest literary record that we have read for years. Subscription price $5.00, including Chromos "Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor" James Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

PASSING EVENTS.

The treaty for the evacuation of France has been ratified.

An intended revolt of the Canary Islands was feared in Madrid

It is said George Francis Train will be sent to a lunatic asylum.

Cambridge won the race against Oxford by three boat lengths.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte petitions the Assembly for the right of citizenship.

The collection of taxes in Italy had caused revolts in two of the country towns.

Two thousand five hundred immigrants arrived at New York on the 24th inst.

An International Patent-Rights Congress will meet at Vienna during the world's fair.

The Carlists are said to have won a victory in the field, and afterwards captured a small garrison.

The British manufacturers of agricultural implements will not take part in the Vienna Exhibition.

A wing of the Legislative Council building at Quebec caught fire from an overheated flue. Damage slight.

The Carlist Committee in London deny that Don Carlos has renounced his claim to the Spanish crown.

The *Neva*, a journal established at St. Petersburg to advocate a Franco-Russian alliance, has been suspended.

M. Thiers' government has issued an order for the arrest of Don Carlos wherever found on French territory.

The Japanese ambassador and *suite* sailed from Boston for Liverpool in the Cunard steamer on Saturday.

The Modoc Indians are endeavoring to draw a powerful neighboring tribe into an alliance, and trouble is anticipated.

The Spanish Government is indignant at the course of the United States, which it accuses of encouraging rebellion in Cuba.

Bismarck refuses to recognize the Spanish Government which, he says, was imposed on the Assembly by popular pressure.

The Spanish Assembly, immediately after passing the bill for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, voted its own dissolution.

Mr. Caron, the Conservative candidate, has been returned to the Commons for Quebec County by an overwhelming majority.

It is said the United States will add sixteen postal cars to the number now in use, involving increased expenditure to the amount of $800,000.

The Prince of Servia declares his principality independent and refuses to pay tribute to Turkey whose Sultan will send troops to enforce payment.

Bidwell, the man arrested at Havana charged with being concerned in the forgeries on the Bank of England, now claims to be an American citizen and asks to be sent to New York.

The Porto Rico emancipation law, which goes into effect at once, provides that the freedmen shall serve with their masters three years, and be admitted to the rights of citizenship in five.

In the Imperial House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone stated that no appropriation to pay the Geneva award will be included in the expenditure for the financial year ending 31st instant.

The Ontario Legislature brought its labors to a close on Saturday. The Lieut.-Governor assented to a number of bills, reserving, however, the Orange bill for the Governor General's decision.

An Ingenious Imitation.—By a very simple process, our American slate is now transformed into a beautiful substitute for marble. The rough blocks of slate are first planed down to the required thickness, and the patterns are then drawn upon the slabs, which are cut into the proper shape and polished. The marbleizing is the peculiar feature in the operation. The material is prepared in a vat, and the slab is let down upon the composition, which adheres to the surface of the slate. The slab is next baked in an oven for one night, and then receives a coat of varnish, manufactured for this especial purpose, and after six repetitions of these processes it is finally removed and polished, the surface presenting a beautiful appearance. So firmly united to the slate is this coating, that it cannot be scaled or chipped off without taking the slaty particles with it.

The Sun and the Earth.—"Proofs of an intimate and mysterious connection between the sun and the earth are rapidly accumulating from various quarters," says Professor Balfour Stewart, "and the latest instance is one which is surely well worth the attention of all practical men. I allude to the discovery by Mr. Charles Meldrum, of Mauritius, that the years when most spots are observed on the sun's surface are also those of most cyclones in the Indian Ocean. Furthermore, a similar connection between the state of the sun's surface and the magnetism of the earth was noticed twenty years ago by Sir Edward Sabine, the late President of the Royal Society."

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

AN APPLE OF DISCORD.

Can any thing be more disturbing to a household than the unexpected importation of a baby?

A baby, too, who owns a pair of lungs, and shows a most determined knowledge of the use of them.

A baby who has kicked, and fought, and bellowed its way into the world by sheer force of *intellect, and determination of will.*

A baby who had no notion in the world of dying, or of allowing anyone near it to be ignorant of its existence for ten minutes together.

Such was the infant that Ben had so imprudently rescued from Oak Clough that early November day, and which his master had likewise been soft-hearted enough to bring as an apple of discord into his previously peaceful home.

Though they often found it very difficult work the "sax" girls nevertheless contrived to manage him.

But there were certain things, as Mary Garston, who had arrived home from her visit the day before, emphatically told her sisters when they met in a council over the obnoxious and unwelcome babe, that nobody could expect them to put up with, and this freak of their father's of having a baby in the house was one of them.

"What would the townsfolk say?" she demanded of her appreciative audience. "Would anybody believe that the child didn't belong to one of them? Would they believe that their father was fool enough to find and keep it at his own expense if it were not kith or kin tosome of them? No," she continued, still more positively "It ain't that I've aught to say ag'in the child; and if one of us was married, I'd say, let her take it if she likes; but we've got no mither, and lasses with a character to lose can't be too careful on it, and I won't put up with it, or stay at home *if feyther is determined to keep it.*"

"And I won't neither," came from four other voices.

So that there only remained Lily, or Lili, as she was commonly called, the youngest of Garston's six girls and about fourteen years of age. If young, she was not without an opinion of her own, however, and she said now, pertly enough—

"Father's got a right to do as he likes, and he'll do it. 'Spose he was to marry again, and have a lot of boys, where would we be wi' a stepmother about us?"

"I shouldn't stand it," said Mary, haughtily.

"And what would you do? You can't forbid the banns."

"No. I'd go and get married myself," was the reply.

At which there was a general laugh, until Lili again asked—

"Who'd you got to take you?"

"Eigh, she's thinking of the pictur'-painting chap," said Martha, the second daughter, with something like a sneer.

She was jealous of Mary's extra good looks, and the attentions which the handsome artist had paid her.

"If she's thinking of him, he ain't of her," chimed in Maria. "He's got the Lady Helen Beltram to paint, and I hear he's gone right mad about her."

"You don't know nothing about it," retorted Mary, tossing her head disdainfully. "Never mind who I'll marry. I'll marry somebody, be sure, if only to help you all off. But what are we to do with this brat that feyther's taken such a fancy to?"

"Dose it," suggested Martha.

But Mary shook her head.

"Drop it in the mill-pond, said Maria.

Whereupon there was a general outcry that in the present state of the law this would be murder.

"I think," said Lili, "that if you don't want the baby, you'd best find out who it belongs to, and give it back to 'em: feyther can't say nowt to that."

"Beest daft, lass?" asked Mary with supreme scorn and contempt. "Dost think folks buries childer alive to want 'em back ag'in? Out on you. Take my word for't, we'll never know who it do belong to till our dying day."

"And what makes you think we'll know then?" asked Lili, with an assumption of innocence.

But Mary only stamped her foot impatiently. They might wrangle all day, but that would not remove the terrible baby.

"I tell you what it is," said Lili, who was the youngest, and therefore, being less able to comprehend all the bearings upon the subject, had the most to say upon it. "I'm not going to be drove away from my home for nobody, so if feyther brings home ever so many more, I'll just bide where I am."

"You're a very ignorant girl, Lili," observed Mary, in a putting down sort of tone; "but, of course, when you don't know nothing, one can't expect much from you; but I'm not going to *stand it all if the rest does. I'm not going to* have my character took away as it will be, and I'll go away from home if feyther will be so unfeeling."

"I shouldn't think a character was worth much that was lost so easily," said Lili, pertly again.

"'YOU HAD BETTER KEEP AT A DISTANCE,' SAID FLORENCE CARR."

But Mary only gave her a withering look.

However ignorant Lili might be, her tongue was uncommonly sharp, often disagreeably so, and Mary invariably came off second best in such encounters.

So the conclave broke up as such meetings usually do, without arriving at any resolution or decision, and being unanimous only in the desire to get rid of the very unwelcome little stranger.

I am afraid also that poor Ben got more kicks and cuffs about this time than he considered he deserved, certainly many more than he had been accustomed to, for he was in the eyes of the girls associated with the very noisy and troublesome baby; and Martha even went so far as to wish that "pictur'-painting chap" had been in Heaven, or any equally remote region, before he had taken the fancy of having Ben in Manchester, and then losing him there to find his way home alone, and this baby on the road.

But here Mary interposed.

It was absurd, she said, to blame the artist for her father's folly; in addition to which, if the truth be told, she thought it not improbable that he would assist her, at least, to escape from the consequences of it.

Meanwhile, the subject of these contentions in the spinner's family seemed to be thriving *in a most positive and determined manner.*

As far as could be made out, though, say what we will, babies are most uncommonly alike, he seemed a fine healthy boy, plump, well-developed, uncomfortably red, as though he had been half boiled, but with large black eyes and a crop of very dark hair.

Now it so happened that William Garston had black eyes and hair; and I really am ashamed to record the want of charity, but Betty the housekeeper, when she had restored the babe to consciousness and washed it, looked at the wet nurse that had been procured, and muttered, as though afraid of her own thoughts, that it was uncommonly like the master.

The likeness between a babe of some four and twenty hours' life and a man of forty-five could not have been alarmingly great, however, and even had it been so, William Garston was about the last man in the world to be induced to change his determination or course of action for all the old women in Oldham could say.

So the baby prospered.

A strong, healthy woman, the wife of one of his own workers in the mill, was engaged to *come several hours daily to nurse it with her* own infant; and Ben and his master, no doubt considering it their own special property, and conscious that it was surrounded by enemies, or those scarcely friendly to it, kept such a close watch and paid so many visits to the cot in which, when not in the nurse's arms, it lay, that it would have been somewhat difficult for Martha's proposal of losing it to have been carried out.

Indeed, neither Ben nor the spinner had the least intention of losing the baby boy.

"He were sent to fill the place my dead lad have left in my heart," he muttered to Ben *confidentially, "and I'll na love the memory of* the dead boy less that I've got a living one to take his place. Gossips may say what they likes, do what they likes, make what fuss they likes, and go where they likes, but I'll stick to my boy. I never were henpecked, and I'se getting too old and tough to be pullet-pecked. There's *a good home for 'em while they like to bide in* it, but the boy shall bide here too."

So matters stood on the Tuesday on which the carrier had been desired to call upon Edwin Leinster for the dog, as though it had not returned, and, having had his joke at the artist's expense, request him to come over to Oldham the same day.

It might have been noticed, indeed Mary's sisters did not fail to notice it, that Mr. Garston's eldest daughter took more than ordinary time and trouble with her toilette on this particular afternoon.

True, she was in mourning, but then even black admits of some improvement and variation, and her glossy black hair, which shone and glistened like so much satin, could be, and you may be sure was, arranged with all the effects which skill and art could lend it.

"Mary means to book the pictur'-painting chap; that's her way of getting out of the way and leaving the rest of you in the lurch," said Lili, with whom Mary was no favorite.

"Aye, but she ain't catched him yet," remarked Martha, who had also her mind fixed in the same quarter; "and I doesn't think she will."

The result does seem doubtful, it is true, but Edwin Leinster is what some people would *term smitten; and who can say what effect the* sight of a woman he admires and in distress caused, too, inadvertently by himself, may have upon his susceptible heart and impulsive tongue!

CHAPTER XIII.

AN IMPORTUNATE LOVER.

"Who are you—what do you want?" asked the girl, in broken accents of terror, as the stranger—burglar, she thought him—entered the room, closing the door and bolting it behind him.

By the fitful firelight, she could see that he was tall, broad and powerful-looking; but the thick woolen scarf wound round the lower part of his face, and the slouched felt hat, drawn over the upper part of it, completely disguised him.

"Don't be alarmed, pretty one. I am only come to talk with you."

The voice was familiar; at least she had heard it before. A sudden blaze from the fire springing up, enabled her to see something of his face, and she involuntarily exclaimed—

"Mr. Gresham!"

"Yes," he said, removing his hat and muffler, "You naughty puss, see what trouble you give me to have a chat with you. Don't be alarmed, however. I suppose Moll won't be home just yet."

With the knowledge of the identity of her visitor, the girl's courage and presence of mind returned, and muttering something about his singular conduct, she began to light the candle.

"Don't do that; the firelight will be quite sufficient. I would rather do without the *candle," said the mill owner hastily.*

"Thank you. I prefer having a light," was the cool, almost defiant reply. "I can see you better, and learn the reason of your strange visit more clearly."

"Upon my word, you're as proud and independent as you're pretty. Come now, don't look so cross, but let me have one kiss before we begin. By Jove, what a trim little waist and fine figure you've got. Just one."

And he advanced to embrace her.

Was it intention or accident?—it would be difficult to say, perhaps a mixture of both, but in placing the candlestick on the table, her hand came in contact with the handle of a knife.

The knife which she had used at tea-time, for, as I before observed, the tea-things still remained upon the *table.*

Involuntarily she grasped it, and as the spinner approached her, raised it in a threatening manner, saying, however, without any appearance of excitement or fear—

"You had better keep at a distance, or you will repent having come here."

The young man looked at her, somewhat dumbfounded.

This was by no means the reception he anticipated, for, having stormed the citadel, he had entertained no doubt whatever but that, after making conditions, which would perhaps be very heavy, and slightly exorbitant, the besieged would surrender.

"Come, lass, you *needn't go on like that. I'll not come near you* to take by force what you won't let me have without; but what ails you? Do you really hate me as much as you make out?"

"I don't know what my love or hatred has to do with you, Mr. Gresham," was the cool response, as she resumed her seat by the fire, keeping, however, the knife in her small white hand, as though it were a toy.

It was a difficult game which she had set herself to play, but the stakes were high, enormously so—wealth, home, name and position, all—or almost all that her craving heart and restless nature could desire, and the lead was for the moment in her own hands.

"What has it to do with me?" repeated the young man, driven to be more explicit; "it's a great deal to do with me. I can't sleep at night for your face haunting me. I think of you in the morning; during the whole day, you are never from my thoughts, and the desire upon me is resistless, the craving to be with you, to have you with me, to call you mine, to know that you are my own."

"Yes, until you tire of me," retorted the girl bitterly.

"I can't sympathize with you, Mr. Gresham," she added in an almost mocking tone. "I have no ambition to be any man's toy. I will *not be; I would kill him and myself first."*

And her eyes blazed up with a wild, fierce, ungovernable fury in them, such as the spinner would never have believed they could assume.

"So you see," she continued, calming down almost as quickly as she had flashed out at him, "our seeing each other, or knowing more of each other, is simply useless."

"But I never meant to harm you, Florence. I can't help loving you; surely you might find a kinder answer for me."

"A kinder answer!" and she laughed with unutterable scorn.

"Yes," she went on, "out of kindness, you would have me take a serpent to my breast and warm it into life and power, that it might sting me to death; that is the kindness you ask for."

"I should certainly like the warming process, though I disclaim all power or desire of sting-

ing," he replied with a smile, that irritated her far more than his earnestness had done; and she half rose from her seat as though she would order him to leave her; then, thinking better of it, perhaps, sank back again, maintaining a contemptuous silence.

"Come now, let us be friends at least," said the spinner, in a winning tone. "I wouldn't hurt you for the world. I can't help loving you, but you needn't hate me for it, and I can't help hoping that you'll get over your prejudice, and learn to love me, if it is only a little bit."

"I am not to be blinded in this manner," replied the girl calmly. "The difference between us is too great for there to be any friendship between us. You are rich, I am poor. That is quite a sufficient reason."

"But wealth is very little after all," urged the young man. "You are superior to the people with whom you live, and if you will only listen to me, you need never go to the mill again to work; and you shall have a pretty house of your own, as much money as you like, and everything that wealth can procure to make you happy."

"And gold and diamond earrings?" she asked, in allusion to the presents he had sent her and she had returned.

But he did not notice that she was mocking him; on the contrary, he thought she was beginning to yield, and he said impulsively—

"Yes, you shall have a whole set of diamonds. I will go to Manchester to-morrow for them myself."

"Not for me, thank you," she said, with a short hard laugh; "the only present I could think of accepting is a plain gold ring."

"A plain gold ring!" he repeated, in surprise.

"Yes, a wedding ring. Now you may judge that your errand here is fruitless."

"But, my darling, you don't mean to tell me that you would marry me only for my wealth. It's rather a cool thing to tell a fellow when he has been swearing he loves you for the last half hour."

"No, I don't say anything of the kind, but I do say that no man will ever possess me except as his wife. I tell you this only to convince you that your suit is useless. I don't want you to marry me; don't think it for an instant, and I shall be very glad to show you out and say good-night to you."

And she rose to her feet.

The spinner rose also, although he had no intention of going.

"You are very cruel," he said, leaning on the mantle shelf, to the eminent danger of Moll's china shepherdesses.

"Am I?" she replied, indifferently.

"Yes, you know you are. I would marry you to-morrow if it were not for my infernal engagement with Lady Helen Beltram. But I love you a thousand times better than her. Can't you be satisfied with that, Florence? You will always be best and dearest to me."

"I don't know that I have any inclination to be dissatisfied," she said, indifferently. "If I were in your own sphere of life, I might be indignant at the insult you chose to offer me; but being only a mill hand, of course I am beneath any feelings of that kind. If you were a gentleman, you would not further outrage me by your continued presence here, but as I am poor, I suppose I must submit to that indignity also."

There was such proud contempt in her tone and manner that it stung him.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, hotly, "you're uncommon high and mighty for a mill hand. You are ungrateful too. I have treated you with respect. I have not laid a hand or a finger on you since I have been here, and you don't think I'm afraid of that knife, do you? Why you and it too would be nothing in my hands, and there you stand, sending me almost mad with your beauty and taunting me with your tongue as though it were a whip-cord of steel. I wonder you're not afraid to do it."

"No, I am not afraid," said the girl, throwing the knife on the table, as though to show him how little she relied upon it for protection, and then resuming her seat. "True, it may seem strange for Moll and her sweetheart to find you here on their return, but if you don't mind it, I need not. Nobody that I care about knows me, and, though Lady Helen Beltram may not like it, she can scarcely blame me for your inconstancy."

The shot told, and he said, in a conciliating tone—

"Come now, I'll make a bargain with you. Promise to meet me one evening in the week, and shake hands to show you forgive me for coming on you so suddenly, and I will go away at once. For your sake, I don't want Moll and her friends to find me here."

"If you had felt much consideration for me, you would not have come," she retorted, with her old bitterness. "As to promising to meet you," she continued, "I won't, however long you may stay, because, as I have told you, such meetings are useless."

"Well, will you shake hands with me?"

"No; why should I?"

"And why should I go?" he retorted, recklessly. "I won't go. I'll stay here; a fig for my lady and all she likes to say. When Moll comes home, I shall tell her I have been here courting you all the evening. It is of no use your telling her that my visit was unwelcome, because I shall deny it, and she won't believe you."

And he threw himself into the chair facing her and smiled defiantly.

After all, what he had to lose was nothing in comparison to the risk she ran.

She was getting nervous.

Moll might return at any moment.

It would not suit her plans to have her meet the mill owner.

She must get rid of him on any terms.

He might almost make his own, only he must go.

Thus thinking, she said nothing.

But he watched her countenance, saw its troubled, wavering expression, and knew that he should succeed.

"Why compromise yourself and me like this?" she asked, after a short silence. "Pray do go away."

"I will if you will say good-night."

"Very well; only make haste. Good-night."

And she rose and held out her small, delicate hand.

He rose too, took the hand in his own, held it for a moment, and, then, seeming to lose command over himself, he threw his disengaged arm round her supple waist, drew her forcibly towards him and pressed hot, burning, passionate kisses upon her sweet red lips.

For a moment she was passive in his embrace.

Astonishment seemed to have overcome her.

Nay, for an instant you might have thought she yielded to the torrent of mad, over-mastering passion that seemed as though it would engulf her.

If she did hesitate and totter on the brink of the precipice at her feet, it was scarcely for a second; scarcely longer than the wild hope could have taken to pass through her temptor's mind.

The next instant she was cold as ice, if not pure as snow, and, tearing herself from her captor's embrace, she stood before him, her face pale with anger and indignation.

"Go," she said, "this instant."

"Say that you forgive me, I could not help it. I do love you, Florence; say you forgive me."

"Go."

And her hand pointed to the door.

There was something in her tone and manner that seemed to command, nay, to enforce obedience, and yet he hesitated.

He was loth to leave her thus.

He would have gone on his knees to entreat her pardon, could he thus have procured it, and he felt as though, if he left her in that mood, she would never forgive him, never speak to him again.

"Say you forgive me," he pleaded again, "and I will go."

"If you won't leave me I must leave you," she said, moving towards the door.

But he stood in her path.

"I will go, Florence. Try to remember that it was my love for you overcame me. Try to think kindly, lovingly of me. Let everything be as it was before I came. See, I am going. Good-night."

And, so saying, he shot back the bolt of the door and opened it.

A frigid bend of the head was all the reply she gave, and the next moment he was gone.

"So," she thought, drawing a long breath as the door closed upon him, "that ordeal is past for the present. And how handsome he looked. I—I must steel myself against him. It must not I—it shall not be!"

And she literally ground her teeth, as though to nerve her to some trial

Her next act was to secure the door on the inside.

The young mill owner's visit had been a lesson to her.

When Moll returned an hour after, she laughed at her friend's nervousness in locking herself in, but was too intent upon the subject of her own visit to notice the extra pallor of her companion's face.

Little could she dream of the mental struggle that had been going on in the girl's heart during the last hour, since indeed the spinner's departure and Moll's return.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN INEBRIATE.

Being engaged even to the object of your choice does not necessarily imply a state of unbounded felicity, as, no doubt, many of my readers of both sexes will admit to themselves, if not to a second person.

Lady Helen Beltram at least found her condition under these circumstances by no means enviable, and wondered how it was that at the very time in her life when she believed she should be most happy, she was, in point of fact, most miserable.

Perhaps one of the causes which contributed to this state of feeling in her case was the very decided opposition which her brother evinced towards the young mill owner; but the principal cause of it, without doubt, was due to her intended himself.

Had Lady Helen possessed more experience in *les affaires du cœur*, she would have played her cards better, at least better as far as she herself was concerned.

But the truth is, Frank Gresham was her first earnest suitor, the first man that had really proposed to her, and if she had not given him her whole heart, she believed most sincerely at the time that she had done so.

The penniless daughter of an earl (for the two hundred a year secured to her seemed as nothing in her position), she had been looked upon with admiring, even longing eyes; but, prudence and worldly wisdom having a great deal to do with matrimony now-a-days, Lady Helen Beltram having been duly admired, was passed by for a richer if not a fairer prize.

This being palpably the case, Miss Stanhope, with whom the younger lady lived, both of her parents being dead, had jumped at the Reverend Sidney's suggestion, that they should come and visit him, making Rosedale Rectory their home, and remaining in it as long as they pleased.

In two points, according to Miss Stanhope's view of the case, this arrangement would be advantageous.

First it would be a saving of expense, and in the second it would open out a new field for the exercise of her niece's fascinations.

There would be sure to be plenty of manufacturers who would be glad to wed the daughter of an earl, without expecting any addition to their own possessions; indeed, the old lady considered it would only be a fair and equal exchange, rank, family, and beauty on one side, with the golden calf—even if it were a calf—on the other.

So far she had succeeded.

Succeeded, however, only to find herself the object of her nephew's anger, almost of his contempt, and to see her niece, professing to be happy, and yet daily getting an anxious, restless look on her fair face, and becoming, the old lady declared, thinner every day, and losing all her beauty.

For the true position of affairs really came to this.

Satisfied that he had won the prize, and thus placed it beyond his brother's reach, Frank Gresham's love for the aristocratic beauty showed itself only by fits and starts, and then usually, when growing weary of his excuses and continued neglect and absence, the woman he was thus insulting, remembering her own dignity, declared her desire to be free, and end the engagement.

But this would not have suited "Frank o' Meary's," as amongst the townspeople he was called; and when matters came to this crisis, he pleaded with such apparent earnestness, and promised such amendment, that the poor girl, despite the doubt she could not drive from her mind, consented to be rebound by the fetters that fretted her proud heart and sensitive nature.

Things, however, could not go on like this for any length of time.

The Reverend and Honorable Sidney Beltram had taken an intense dislike to the mill owner from the first moment they had met; and the character he had heard awarded to him, in addition to his own personal observation, had so deepened the antipathy, that it is no exaggeration to say he would much rather have officiated at her funeral than at her marriage with the man to whom she had promised herself.

Yes, much as he loved her, he would have seen her with death as her bridegroom sooner than she should wed the young cotton-spinner.

And from no personal motives or simple personal dislike to Frank Gresham, be it remembered.

In his way, according to his light, and judged by the standard of excellence he had set up for himself, the rector of Rosedale was a good man.

Bigoted, self-righteous, paying too much heed to forms and ceremonies, it may be, but yet a good man; a man intending to do good, a man who would be just even to his own detriment, and stern and implacable even to his own condemnation.

Perhaps the only person who watched the struggle going on with an all-absorbing interest, and yet apparently blind to and untouched by it, was John Gresham, the poet, ironmaster, and brother of the man who was working so much pain and misery.

A fascination, which he could not resist, seemed day after day to draw him to the rectory, and make him a silent spectator of the drama in which his own life's happiness, though he tried to close his eyes to that fact at the time, was at stake.

Weak and impressionable as you may think her, Lady Helen Beltram was a woman of no common order.

Her weakness was of the heart, not of the head.

The latter was clear, firm, and definite enough.

It is one of the misfortunes of the present state of society that women of her class and intellectual capacity are expected—nay, almost compelled, to walk in the old beaten path which their mothers for generations have trodden — marry well, that is, in a worldly point of view, and having accomplished this, consider their work done, and try to stifle the cravings for something nobler and higher, to which every human soul is born.

There was great strength, as well as great weakness, as I have said, in my lady's composition, and both were soon to be severely tried and tested.

It is evening, the day following that on which Frank Gresham had forced his way into Moll Arkshaw's cottage, and held such a long and unsatisfactory conversation with Florence Carr.

The fire burns brightly in the drawing-room at Rosedale Rectory.

Only four persons are in the room, and these are all engaged in their own several occupations or amusements.

A busy day has this one been for the rector and friends, for the church close at hand is to be decorated this year as it has never been before, and Lady Helen's taste and delicate fingers have been put into requisition, as well as the assistance of some dozen young ladies and gentlemen, who, by the manner in which they went about the work, evidently considered the occupation prime fun, and an excellent opportunity for a little quiet flirtation.

Indeed, I should not like to be very positive that a small quantity of mistletoe did not find its way into the sacred edifice; in fact, I am sure it did, for the Rev. and Hon. Sidney Beltram spoke learnedly upon its origin, and of how the Druids considered it sacred.

The reverend gentleman, however, would certainly have been scandalised could he have seen the use to which some of the sacred twigs were put when his back was turned.

Not that I wish to defend the culprits.

Kissing under the mistletoe is all very well, though a church could scarcely be considered a suitable place for the performance, and the consciousness of this was, no doubt, the reason why the victims — and, of course, those who were kissed were victims—blushed, tried to look angry, but refrained from any noisy protest upon the subject.

Consequently, the learned clergyman talked, and the party of workers flirted, both, happily, paying little heed to the other.

There was still fully two more days' work to be got through before the desired effect for Christmas morning would be attained.

But labor was over for the day, which reminds me that I must return to our friends in the rectory.

The Reverend Sidney's one relaxation, I may almost say his one weakness, was a game of chess.

Not that he often indulged in it, one cause of his self-denial being, that though he had taught his sister Helen to play, she was not an apt pupil, and did not share his love for it.

John Gresham, however, was not only a scientific player, but, as a natural consequence, was very fond of the game, and since the clergyman discovered this, there had been, I am bound to record, many more games of chess played in six months than he had previously gone through in twice that space of time.

So there the two friends are, for they have become fast friends, busy in the mystery of kings, queens, bishops, castles, knights, and pawns; one of them, at least, looking up every now and then to take a glimpse of that fair figure listlessly seated at the piano, and now and then letting her fingers wander over the keys in an aimless, unthinking manner.

Miss Stanhope, in an armchair by the fire with some fancy wool work in her hands, had fallen asleep, and was dozing contentedly, with an occasional nod of her head, as though she were assenting to some wise proposition.

"Check," said the host, as his companion, more intent on watching the girl at the piano than in taking heed to his play, had made a move and lost a piece.

"You don't seem to play with your usual skill or attention to-night," continued Beltram, with the slightest shade of petulant annoyance in his tone. "What ails you, man?"

"I don't know—I beg your pardon, I was inattentive. In fact, I was wondering what had become of Frank," was the reply.

The words reached Lady Helen's ears, roused her from her abstraction, and sent the red blood for a moment in a hot flush over her face and neck.

(To be continued.)

DRINKING TO EXCESS.

Five-sixths of an animal body is made up of water. A man weighing two hundred may be dried into a mummy not weighing over about sixteen pounds including bones of the skeleton. Water, therefore, is largely employed in giving form, flexibility and beautiful lines. Enough is taken in with the food to meet all demands of the system. The precise quantity, and indeed quality, is regulated by a sense of thirst. But that vital sentinel may be corrupted by excessive indulgence. When simple water is taken, a morbid thirst never follows. If, however, stimulating fluids are swallowed, a morbid craving may be generated, which, if not restrained, may become an unsatisfied passion, to the positive injury of organs on the regular functions of which sound health depends. There is danger in indulging in artificial drinks. Nature distils over in the stomach by her own chemical process—separating the water from them, which is used for legitimate purposes, but rejects all the rest, throwing it out of the body through the kidneys and skin. By working the renal apparatus beyond a normal gauge, to carry off offending elements, they fall into disease beyond the resources of medicine. This explains a prodigious advance of Bright's disease—that is, a degeneration and loss of ability in those organs to do what they must accomplish for stability in health. None of the lower animals have kidney disease, because they never drink to excess or burden the stomach with compound beverages.

COLT AND FILLY.—We clip this from an American paper:—"Mrs. Samuel Colt, of Connecticut, made $500,000 profit out of revolvers last year. She has a very lovely daughter who will inherit $8,000,000." We should say tha the young lady will have more than six s(h)ooters revolving around her.

SPRING AND WINTER.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

The world buds every year,
But the heart just once, and when
The blossom falls off sere
No new blossom comes again,
Ah! the rose goes with the wind,
But the thorns remain behind.

Was it well in him, if he
Felt not love, to speak of love so?
If he still unmoved must be,
Was it nobly sought to move so?
Pluck the flower and yet not wear it?
Spurn, despise it, yet not spare it?

Need he say that I was fair,
With such meaning in his tone,
Just to speak of one whose hair
Had the same tinge as my own?
Pluck my life up, root and bloom,
Just to plant it on his tomb?

And she'd scarce so fair a face
(So he used to say) as mine;
And her form had far less grace,
And her brow was far less fine;
But 'twas just that he loved then,
More than he can love again.

Why, if beauty could not bind him,
Need he praise me, speaking low?
Use my face just to remind him
How no face could please him now?
Why, if loving could not move him,
Need he teach me still to love him?

And he said my eyes were bright,
But his own, he said, were dim;
And my hand, he said, was white,
But what was that to him?
"For," he said, "in gazing at you,
I seem gazing at a statue."

"Yes!" he said, he had grown wise now,
He had suffered much of yore;
But a fair face to his eyes now,
Was a fair face and no more.
Yet the anguish and the bliss,
And the dream, too, had been his.

Why, those words, a thought too tender
For the commonplaces spoken?
Looks whose meaning seem'd to render
Help to words when speech came broken?
Why so late in July moonlight
Just to say what's said by noonlight.

"I WILL IF YOU WILL."

The Kay House is a pleasant little hotel, standing half way up the side of a mountain in New Hampshire.

In the parlor there, one July evening, were four people—Mrs. St. John and her daughter Elly, Miss Emily May and Mr. Millburn. As Elly St. John went to the piano, these two last slipped out on the balcony, and stood listening as Elly sung:

"Could we forget, could we forget!
Oh that Lethe were running yet,
The past should fade like a morning dream,
In a single drop of the holy stream.
Ah! we know what you would say,
But we are too tired to hope or pray,
For, hurt with ceaseless jar and fret,
Body and soul cannot forget.

"Can they forget, will they forget
When they shall reach the boundary set,—
When with the final pang and strain
They are parted never to meet again?
Ever to them shall rest be given,
Senseless in earth, or happy in Heaven?
That which has been it might be yet
If we could only learn to forget;
But the stars shall cease to rise and set,
And fall from Heaven ere we forget."

Elly sung with an intensity and pathos which borrowed none of its force from within, for she was a good-natured, inconsequent sort of girl, who had never had a trouble in her life. The gift of musical expression is often quite independent of feeling or experience. Elly's music hurt Emily cruelly, and stirred and roused the old sorrow which had but just begun to fall asleep for a little. She had loved deeply and fondly a man who had grown tired of her and left her, because he was greatly her inferior.

Much as she suffered, I rejoiced when her engagement with Lewis Leighton was broken. I had known Lewis from his earliest childhood, and I had always disliked him as a selfish, conceited prig. The last I heard of him, he had turned Catholic, and joined the Jesuits; and I only hope he got well snubbed during his novitiate. Had Miss May married him, her disappointment would have been unspeakably greater than it was. As she leaned over the balcony while Elly sung, and looked out into the shadows and starlight, her heart was wrung as with the first anguish of loss, the sickening sense of her own blind infatuation. "Oh God!" she said to herself, "when will the bitterness of this death be past?" Then she became conscious that Mr. Millburn was speaking to her; but he had more than half finished what he had to say before she realized that he was asking her to be his wife.

He spoke at a very unfortunate moment. He and Emily had been very good friends that summer. They had wandered in the woods, ascended Mount Washington, and been to Glen Ellis together. She had liked him, but she had never dreamed of him as a lover, and when he presented himself in that light she was shocked, and startled, and a little provoked.

"Oh hush!" she said sharply. "It never can be—never!"

"Do you then dislike me so much?" said Evert Millburn, trying very hard to speak quietly.

"No, she said, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "I have liked you—you have been good to me; but all the love I had to give is dead and buried, and there is no resurrection."

He made no answer; but she felt that she had hurt him.

"I am very sorry," she faltered; "I never meant—"

"I understand," he said quickly. "It is no one's fault by my own. Good-night." And they touched hands and parted.

Evert went up to his own room, where his friend, Dick Bush, was sitting in the dark. Dick was a boy of nineteen. He had been trying to work his way through college, and had worn himself out in the effort, and Mr. Millburn had brought him to the mountains for his vacation. Dick made a hero of Evert, and he had been mortally jealous of Emily May.

"Dick," said Mr. Millburn, after a little, "we will go over to the Glen to-morrow."

And then Dick understood the case, and mentally abused Miss May as "a cold-hearted flirt." which epithet she did not in the least deserve.

Evert and Dick went away early in the morning. Emily heard the stage drive away, and turned her face to her pillow, and thought bitterly of the horrible perverseness of things in this world.

She knew that Evert was good, and manly, and sensible. He was in a fair way to win reputation at the bar, and, if not just handsome, was attractive and gentlemanly.

"There are dozens that would be proud and happy to accept his love; and nothing would do but that he must throw it away on me," thought Emily, impatiently. "But it's never worth while to pity men very much. They mostly get over their troubles very easily, if there is no money lost." From which it may be inferred that Miss May was perhaps a bit of a cynic.

Emily lived with her mother, in an inland town in New York. She had a little property of her own, and, with what she could earn by her pen, she managed to dress herself, pay for a summer's journey now and then, and keep her own house over her head.

It was her way to look after her sick neighbors, poor or not; to visit, now and then, at the hospital and the county house, and do what her hand found to do. She made no fuss, an laid down no rules, and was under no ecclesiastical "direction" in particular; but I am inclined to think she was as useful, and far more agreeable, than if she had made herself hideous in a poke bonnet, and committed mental suicide.

When her holiday was over that summer, she came home, and settled quietly down to her work.

She was busy at her desk, one day in October, when a carriage drove rapidly up the street, and stopped at the door, and Dick Bush jumped hurriedly out, and rang the bell. Emily went to the door herself, upon which Dick's hurry seemed suddenly to subside, and when he came into the parlor, he appeared to find great difficulty in expressing himself, and Emily, greatly wondering, asked after his friend Mr. Millburn. Dick's tongue was loosed.

"Oh, Miss May," he said, with a shaking voice, "Evert is dying."

"Where? How?" said Emily, startled, and sincerely sorry.

Now Dick had been rather melodramatically inclined. He had meant to act like the hero of a lady's novel, and administer a severely inflexible reproof to the woman who had trifled with Evert, but in Miss May's presence he found this plan impracticable, and wisely refrained.

"He went out shooting with a lot of a coy, and he, the boy, fired wild, and Evert was badly hurt, and fever set in; and, oh! Miss May, he keeps asking for you, and he won't be quiet; and the doctor said, if you could you ought to come, for it might make a difference. There's his note and Mrs. Millburn's."

The doctor wrote succinctly, that, considering the state of the case, Miss May's presence might possibly keep the patient quieter, which was all important. Mrs. Millburn's note was an incoherent blotted epistle, begging this unknown young lady to come and save her boy.

Emily could not refuse; her mother hurried her off, and in two hours she was seated beside Dick, on her way to Springfield. Her reflections were not pleasant. Every one would talk and suppose there was a romance. Elly St. John would be sure to know about it, and Elly was such a little chatter-box; and to try to make a mystery of the matter would be still worse.

Then she had "nothing to wear." And how should she get along with Evert's mother and sister? And who would take her Bible class on Sunday? And what was to become of her little book promised for "the spring trade?"

"I dare say it's all nonsense his wanting me," she thought. "People never mean what they say in a fever. I remember Pat Murphy insisting that he would have a hippopotamus 'handy in the house;' and if Mr. Millburn comes to himself, how horribly embarrassing it will be!"

On the whole, Miss May's feelings were rather those of vexation than of romance.

They rode all night, and when Emily reached the door of the handsome old-fashioned house in Springfield, she was conscious of "looking light a fright," and wished herself anywhere else.

The door was no sooner opened than she was embraced by a little old lady in black, and a pretty girl in an elegant morning dress. Both were in tears, and had evidently been for some time on the verge of hysterics; and Emily at once set them down as "the sort of women who are never of any use."

"Oh, my dear! It is so good of you! So very good of you!" said Mrs. Millburn.

"I am sure you will be his guardian angel," said sentimental Hatty.

"Not at all. Mr. Millburn and I were very good friends, and I shall be very glad if I can do him any good," said Emily, in a very matter-of-course tone; and then the doctor made his appearance, and begged her to come up stairs.

"If he could be kept quiet, there might be a chance for him," said the doctor; "but so much depends on nursing"—and the doctor ended with an expressive silence. Evert was moaning and sobbing, and begging that some one would send Emily May with "one drop of water."

The nurse, who, to Emily's critical eyes, looked anything but capable, was fussing over him in a way that was enough in itself to drive a sane person mad. Emily poured out a goblet of water with a steady hand, and as the ice tingled against the side of the glass she held it to his lips.

"There is water," she said, in her ordinary sweet, cheery voice. "Now if you will try to be quiet, I will stay with you."

She could not tell whether he recognized her or not, but the nervous, feverish distress and excitement seemed in some measure to subside; and, after a time, he was comparatively quiet.

Now nursing a wounded man in a fever sounds very romantic in a novel; but, in its real details, it is anything but a romantic business.

Emily May, at Evert Millburn's bedside, felt herself in an entirely false position; but she took care of him, for there was nothing else to be done. The nurse went off in a huff with Miss May and the doctor; Mrs. Millburn and Hatty could only cry and rustle about, and overset things with their dresses. Evert would grow restless as soon as Emily left him, so that the charge, in spite of herself, fell into her hands.

Happily Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were not jealous. On the contrary, they admired Emily extremely, and were very grateful and affectionate.

Before the end of the week, Evert came to himself.

"I have dreamed you were here," he said, with a faint smile. "Now I see it is you, and no phantom."

The delirium had gone, but the doctor said nothing encouraging. Evert insisted on hearing the exact truth; and learned at last that he might possibly live a few days, but no longer.

Then, to Emily's wonder and dismay, Evert entreated that, for the little time there was remaining, she would take his name. His heart was set on this idea, and he pleaded, for what seemed such a useless boon, with a vehemence that seemed likely to hasten the last moments. Mrs. Millburn and Hatty seconded the petition with tears, and were sure that "darling Emily" would not refuse dear Evert's last request.

Emily did what nine women out of ten would have done in the same case, and consented.

"What harm can it do?" she thought, "it is only a mere form, but it gives me the right to be with him to the end, and will prevent any talk; and he is so good, and has loved me so well; and if it comforts him now to think that my name will be Millburn instead of May, why should I refuse?" And then it crossed her mind that a widow's cap would be very becoming to her, and she hated herself because this silly notion had come to her unbidden, and twisted up her hair tight and plain, and went to meet the clergyman in her old black mohair, which had become considerably spotted down the front in the course of her nursing.

The rite was made as short as possible, and then Mrs. Millburn sent every one away, and for two days the bride stood over the bridegroom, and fought against death till she was ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient entirely, and ceased to do anything; and, as sometimes happens in like cases, he took a turn for the better; and slowly the balance trembled, the scale inclined, and life had won.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the doctor, "your wife has saved your life."

Evert turned his head on the pillow, and looked for Emily; but she had slipped away into the next room, where she sat down, feeling, for the first time, with a strange shock, that she was actually married. What should she do? What could she say? How could she tell Evert, after all, that she had only come to him as she would have gone to Pat Murphy, if he had sent for her, and consented to that marriage rite as she had lent her silver candlesticks to hold Father Flanagan's blessed candles when Judy Murphy died?

The doctor went down stairs; and presently Mrs. Millburn and Hatty came to her, and overwhelmed her with embraces and gratitude, and a *point appliqué* set, and fragmentary talk about her "things," and proposals to send for her mother, all mingled together. Emily resolutely put away thought for the time, but she could not help feeling, in an odd surprised way, that she was not unhappy, and despised herself for having a sort of ashamed, furtive interest in those "things," which Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were longing to provide.

A week after that day, Evert was allowed to sit up in his easy chair, white and wan enough, but with a look of returning health and life. Emily was sitting almost with her back to him, looking out into the tossing leafless branches of the great elm.

"Emily," said Mr. Millburn, at last.

"Yes," she answered quietly, but she did not turn her head.

"Emily, I did not mean to get well."

No answer from Mrs. Millburn.

"I know how much you must feel what has happened. Believe me, I will take no advantage of your goodness; I will set you free as soon as I can. My only wish is to spare you trouble; I will take all blame on myself. I know you are longing to be away; and why should I delay what must come at last? I dare say Dick and Mrs. Macy, the nurse, can do all I need now."

"Oh, if you prefer Mrs. Macy's attendance, I am sure it is nothing to me," said Emily, in a remarkably cross manner.

"You are angry with me, but there need be no difficulty, dear. You came away from home so hurriedly that it would be perfectly natural for you to return to your mother now."

But here, to Evert's dismay, Emily hid her face, and began to cry in quite a passionate and distressful fashion. Evert rose with difficulty, and went to her,—it was not more than three steps.

"Do you want to kill yourself?" she said through her sobs, and she took hold of him and made him sit down, and then turned away, and laid her head on the window seat.

"What can I do?" he said, distressed.

"It's too bad! Oh, it's too bad!" she said in the most unreasonable way.

"I know it, Emily. You are as free as though no word had ever passed between us. Do you want to go to-day? I will make it easy for you with mother and Hatty," he said, with a pang.

She went on crying, and then in a minute she said, in a most incoherent fashion.

"I—I didn't think I was so very disagreeable." The words dropped out one by one between her sobs. "But, of course, if you don't want me—"

"Emily! What do you mean? Will you stay? Will you really try to care for me?" he asked, with a sudden light in his eyes.

"I don't know. I—did think—as matters are, we might try to make the best of it," she said in the faintest whisper, while the color ran to her fingers' ends.

"You will?"

"I will if you will," said Mrs. Millburn, with a sweet, shy smile.

And she kept her word.

KID GLOVES.

We call them kid from courtesy, but they are generally made from lambskin; or, if they are extra nice three-button gloves from Paris, they undoubtedly grow on the back of a colt. For there are not kids enough in the whole world to supply the glove-makers. There would be no colt-skins gloves if they came to America for skins. We are too fond of horses to kill colts for their skins. But they get them easily from Tartary, for the people of that country eat their colts, as we do lambs. Besides kids, lambs and colts, sheep-skins are made into gloves in Germany and Italy, and sold in America for kid. They have the advantage of being cheap, so that Biddy can buy gloves for a dollar that look as well at a little distance as yours that cost three dollars. But whether sheep, kid, lamb or colt, the skins have to go through several operations before they are put into snug packages of one dozen pairs of gloves. In the first place they are collected from the ends of the earth, and sent to the glove-maker, we'll say in Paris, since all gloves profess to come from that city. The first operation in the factory is to remove the hair. If it were a common skin for shoes it would be taken off with lime, but delicate skins require a different method. So it is soaked in water and Indian meal. What properties the meal possesses we can't tell; but when it is well beaten out the hair comes off with perfect ease. The skin has next to be cut down thinner, and is then ready to be colored. For this operation it is laid right side up on a large, flat stone, while the color is put on with a brush, painted, as you may say. That's why gloves, of whatever color, are always white inside. When the color is dry the skin is ready to cut, and this is a very singular operation. The glove-cutter has a steel frame, shaped like a pair of open hands, and all around the outside of the frame is a sharp edge. Having laid the prepared skin on this frame he takes up a club, which is stuffed and padded so as to be soft, and with it he gives the outstretched skin one blow. The sharp edges of course cut, and the glove is ready for the sewer. The strips for the inside of the fingers are cut from the edges of the skin. They are tied up in bundles of a dozen pairs, and sent out to be sewed. This is done in the country, by women at their homes. Holes are punctured for the stitches, and that is the reason why you can never mend a rip in a glove and have it look as nicely as it did when new. After being sewed they go back to the dealer, who puts them up in the packages you're seen in the shops, a dozen different colors in a package. There are, for ladies, ten different sizes made. There smallest is five and one half, and the largest is eight,

THE STOLEN KISS.

With blue eyes closed, and head thrown back,
Within the easy-chair sat Kitty.
Thought I, "If now a pair of gloves
I may not win, 'twill be a pity!"
But as I softly reached her side,
The red lips parted with a murmur;
And oh, what joy! my name she breathed:
Within my heart grew hope still firmer.

"Dost love me, Kitty?" whispered I;
And soft in sleep came back her answer:
"I love thee not!" I stood aghast,
Till love urged, "Kiss her while you can, Sir!"
But ah! the blue eyes swift unclosed,
And glanced at me with mirth o'erflowing.
Thought I, "I'll let her think awhile
That I have heard so nothing worth the knowing."

Then, drawing near, I slyly said,
"Fair maid, your dreams have well betrayed you."
"For shame!" cried she, "to steal my thoughts,
And get my sleeping tongue to aid you!"
All penitent, I humbly said,
"But ah! the secret in my keeping
Has made me sad!" She answered low,
"One never tells the truth while sleeping!"

AUNT DUNK.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY L. K. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT DUNK AT HOME.

Did any of you know aunt Dunk? Because if you did not, remember that ignorance is bliss. I experienced poverty, toothache, and aunt Dunk, all rather violently, in the course of one year, and I decidedly prefer the two former.

In June we were ruined; in July I suffered from tic-douloureux; and in August I went to live with aunt Dunk. There had been an uncle Dunk once, but it was a situation of some difficulty; therefore he died as soon as he could. His last and most fervent wish was, that his wife should not soon join him in the family vault; but, dear man, with his usual kind thought for others, he worded it very beautifully.

"Hannah, my dear," said he tenderly, "I hope you will have a long, long life."

"That I shall not, Mr. Dunk," said my aunt with her accustomed promptitude. And then uncle Dunk, perceiving his mistake, and feeling too surely that to suggest to her to live would but decide her to die at once, added: "Ay, my dear, I ought to have known you better. You won't get on without me; you'll soon be after me, won't you, Hannah?"

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Mr. Dunk," said my aunt; and those were the last words that fell on his ears, for he was so well satisfied with them, that he died without giving her an opportunity of contradicting him again.

And then aunt Dunk lived on Dunk Marsh, with Crampton the old butler, and Crow her maid and housekeeper, probably the only two people in the world who could have endured the life. They got on pretty well with her, by always suggesting to her to do everything they did not wish done, and *vice versa*. Moreover, although the best of friends, they abused one another perpetually to my aunt as a matter of principle, keeping her amused and really quite comfortable by imaginary quarrels. They were good-hearted creatures, or they would not have plotted to introduce a poor relation to their mistress' home; which they did as soon as they heard of our losses. They at once suggested to aunt Dunk that no doubt we should be expecting her to take one of us to live with her, but that it was a thing that never could be. It would upset the household, and put an end to all regularity. Mrs. Crow added, that although nothing would ever induce her to leave her dear lady, she had heard Mr. Crampton declare that if any of the Miss Pellams came to live at Dunk one day, he should give warning the next; while that great man privately informed my aunt that he knew for certain that Mrs. Crow would never stay to be put upon by two ladies. This course, steadily pursued with judicious alternations for one month, resulted in an invitation to one of us to take up our abode with aunt Dunk. The following is a copy of her letter:

"GIRLS,—I am glad to learn that you have lost all your money. I hope you will never have any more to lose. At all events, you shall have none from me, living or dead. Women can live by their brains as well as men. However, as you no longer have it in your power to make fools of yourselves with other folks' hair piled on the tops of your heads, stuff enough in each gown to make three for any reasonable woman, and tags and bobtails hanging all over you, I will take one of you to live with me—especially as Crampton and Crow object most strongly. You are all ugly, but if one has grown uglier than the rest, that one I will have. I have written to the clergyman and churchwardens of your parish to decide the matter for me, as I like to uphold the church in all things.—I am your aunt,

HANNAH DUNK."

The knotty point referred to the decision of the church was a source of amusement to us. Our rector was a shy young man, very much in love with my sister Ellen. He came up to the house with a red face and an open letter. I believe he had passed a sleepless night in agonies of doubt as to the course he ought to pursue.

"Miss Pellam," said he, "I have received a most extraordinary letter from a relative of yours, a most extraordinary letter."

"Indeed, Mr. Anson!" We all preserved our gravity, but Ellen blushed violently as she bent over her work.

He looked at her, but he spoke to my eldest sister Anne. "Really I hardly know how to act. If I disregard it, I may be doing you an injury; yet—it is an unheard-of request; no gentleman—no man of any—" He walked about the room in dire perplexity. "To be required to look round deliberately upon five sisters, and to decide—to pronounce—I mean to say, to announce—to one of them that she is—that one considers her—that is—"

Here we all burst into ungovernable laughter, and lightened his task by assuring him that we were all aware of its nature, and that no doubt could exist upon the subject. Hannah, my aunt's namesake and godchild, had long enjoyed the distinction of ugliest among Pellams. Then he showed us aunt Dunk's letter. It was as follows:

"SIR,—You are doubtless aware that it is the duty of the clergy to assist those who are perplexed in spirit. I am in that condition, and I apply to you as a clergyman to assist me. I wish to have one of the Miss Pellams, my nieces, to live with me, and for reasons which I will proceed to explain it is my desire to select the ugliest. In my day I was a handsome young woman, and was much annoyed by proposals of marriage from men of various standing. I refused them all till I was black in the face; but the pest continued, until in sheer self-defence I was obliged to marry my dear departed, the late Mr. Dunk, almost the only man of my acquaintance who had had the good sense never to ask me. You will easily understand that I do not want to have my middle age disturbed by the same kind of annoyance, by means of any young woman residing under my roof. Neither should I wish any one to suffer as I did. I intend to guard my niece from every proposal of marriage, and I shall hope at my death to leave her in that state of single blessedness and isolation the attainment of which should in these days be the object of every right-minded woman. I hail with pleasure the advance of public opinion, and still more of public practice, on this point. But I will not at present trouble you with my views, merely pausing to remark that woman is evidently at length taking her proper place as man's equal. I now come to the subject of my letter. Although recognising that the annoyance to which I have alluded is less to be apprehended than in my own youth, I still wish to reduce the danger in the present case to a minimum. I would, therefore, ask of you, as the clergyman of the parish in which my nieces reside, to call upon them in company with your churchwardens, and, according to the best of your and their judgment, to decide for me which of these young women is possessed of fewest attractions; in plain words, which is the ugliest. Awaiting your early reply, which I doubt not will convey a solution of my difficulty, and perfectly ready to expound to you my views upon women, should you desire it, I am, sir, yours faithfully,

HANNAH DUNK."

This letter was the subject of much laughter, and more discussion. The difficulties were: first, how to avoid the churchwardens, for aunt Dunk would hardly consider the election legal unless her commands were fulfilled to the letter; secondly, how to contrive the election of myself, the only one willing to face the situation. From our knowledge of aunt Dunk, we felt sure she would not take the one recommended, but here all certainty stopped.

At length we resolved that the question of churchwardens should be waived for the present, and that, as a preliminary step, Mr. Anson should write to name Hannah as undoubtedly the plainest of the family.

According to our expectations, this produced an angry letter from aunt Dunk, demanding why the signatures of the churchwardens had been omitted, and desiring that photographs of the five sisters should be taken for her at once. There was no escape. The churchwardens were accordingly sworn to secrecy, and in a state of great amazement were surreptitiously introduced into our drawing-room, when, in consequence of Hannah's perfect good-humor and tact, they arrived at a unanimous decision in her favor.

In the meantime we received a most curious epistle. It was to this effect:

"Young Ladys if One of you wants for to come say you dont and if anny particular wants not for to come say you du from your Umble servants to comand

CRAMPTON & CROW."

We profited by the advice. My eldest sister sent with the photographs a letter expressing the gratitude and readiness of the whole family, but adding that if we were allowed a voice in the matter, it would entirely coincide with the decision of Mr. Anson and his churchwardens, and venturing to hope that in any case aunt Dunk would not decide upon taking me, as I was several years younger than the others, and had bad health and irritable nerves. All this was strictly true, and indeed poor Anne did her best to dissuade me from putting myself in the way of a trial which she herself had experienced many years before. Her warnings were disregarded. I was self-willed and spoilt, and eager to judge for myself of eccentricities of which I had heard so much.

The effect of Anne's letter was all I could desire. I was sent for at once, and I went. Aunt Dunk's carriage met me at the station. It was the carriage in which she and uncle Dunk had taken their wedding tour some thirty or forty years before. It was very high, and very heavy, with enormous wheels, and was lined with thick musty yellow leather. Postillion and horses matched it well. The horses had thick legs, thick necks, thick ears, and thick heads, which latter they poked straight out before them. The postillion was aunt Dunk's own servant, and had acted in the same capacity in the very tour aforenamed. His hair was gray, his jacket was darned, and his horses pulled different ways; but they brought me to Dunk Marsh, with no other incident than one remark from the old man as I approached the carriage. "Bless my old eyes, you are a little un!" said he, turning round in his saddle to survey me. And then he laughed aloud, and kicking one leg up in the air, and plunging the other into his horse's flank, off he set.

The old manor-house where aunt Dunk lived and worried was long and low, red and rambling, standing in flat water-meadows surrounded by rushes and poplars, dreary beyond description. At the door appeared Crampton and Crow. Why Crow always appeared to welcome the coming guest, I never could divine. It was either a fancy of her own or of my aunt's. Possibly it was a custom of the Dunks'. They received me kindly, as one they had known as a child.

"Ma'am," said Crampton in a hushed voice as we crossed the low red-tiled hall, "you'll have a hard time of it with my mistress. Excuse me, but I hope you'll bear with her."

And if we can give you any little hints we will, bless you; for you're as like what you was at three weeks old as pin to pin," added Crow, pressing my hand.

"And be sure you never gainsay her, ma'am," said Crampton; "if she says you are as black as them niggers, be sure you say you've known it all along. She's a good lady at heart."

"If one can but find it out," added Crow, who generally finished his sentences. Perhaps it was for this purpose she accompanied him.

"And she's getting on in years, Miss Jane. She's not as young as she were, poor lady."

"You old dotard! that's not true. I get younger every day I live."

It was a loud voice, and it was close to us. Crampton and Crow vanished, and I turned to be welcomed by aunt Dunk.

Short and spare, dressed in a black gown to which the same adjectives might truthfully be applied; small sharp black eyes, thin tight lips, red cheeks, and a most palpable "front" of shiny black curls, above which peeped a quarter of an inch of real gray hair. She was holding open a door, and signing to me to enter.

"The ridiculous old idiot! daring to talk about me! I'll let him know I won't be talked about. Not as young as I was! I'll be bound I'm a great deal younger and brisker! Come in here, child, and let's have a look at you. Ah, come, you are plain enough. I knew I was right, in spite of all their Hannahs. No eyes to speak of; spots on the face; crooked nose. Well done."

It was a long untidy nondescript room. A fire burned on the hearth, and half-a-dozen school-girls stared in the background.

"Sit there till I send off my class. They have just done. John Groom and Crampton said you could not be here till six, and I knew you would come by five; so I had up the girls to worry them—Crampton, I mean. He can't abide any one to find them here. Now you shall see what physical education means. Girls! attention! march!"

And, to my utter amazement, placing her hands on her shoulders aunt Dunk began to march up and down the room, followed by her class, some of whom imitated her with a fidelity which was too much for the gravity of the others.

"Were you ever drilled, child?" asked my aunt, stopping so abruptly that the whole class nearly came to grief.

"No, ma'am," I responded meekly, faintly.

"High time you should begin. Stand up and do as we do."

I obeyed in fear and trembling, and some moments passed in feeble imitation of the terrible energy aunt Dunk displayed. Conscious of being an object of ridicule to my fellow-pupils, I was ready to drop from mortification and fatigue, when the door was quietly opened and a young man entered the room. My aunt nodded to him, still continuing her instructions, and I stepped aside and resumed my seat.

"How d'ye do, Charles? One, two, three. Tired, child? Stuff and nonsense! Head up, Eliza Stours. One, two, three. Sit down, Charles; just done. Shoulders down, Ellen Toms. One, two—"

Charles looked both vexed and amused, and I shivered in my chair. I had heard of Henry and Charles Treyhen, sons of aunt Dunk's only sister, and I recognised the present Charles as a Treyhen and the clergyman of the parish.

"There," said aunt Dunk triumphantly, "that will do. Put on your bonnets, girls. That is something like teaching—beginning at the beginning. I have a theory, Jane, that the first thing to teach children is—how to walk. It is the first step towards preserving health. People's chests contract with stooping—hence disease. Charles here differs from me."

"Only in thinking other instruction of more importance."

"There you are quite mistaken. The groundwork is of the most consequence. You begin at the roof, and so it all falls down together. You try to stuff their brains before they've got any. This is how you go to work— Here, girls! attention!" They stood before her. "Now, my good girls, Mr. Treyhen wishes you to learn to think—to use your reason. Listen to me. He wants to know who wrote St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Now think."

A dead silence. The girls looked at one another. Aunt Dunk waxed impatient. "Come, girls, think; can't ye say something?"

Thus admonished, the eldest girl grew very red in the face, and feebly suggested "Solomon," while another, gaining courage from the immediate discomfiture of her friend, promptly added "Moses."

"No, he didn't," said aunt Dunk in triumph; "and now you may go home and find out who did, and mind you walk as should be. There; that's all thinking does for them. You work their brains too soon. All children are fools, and you may be sure it's for some good purpose, and that purpose undoubtedly is to give the body time to grow in health and strength. Those girls won't be fools when they are grown women, unless you make them so with your preaching and your teaching. There, now, don't contradict me. My mind's made up. Here's my niece, and she's not come here to help you with the schools, I can tell you. She will have duties at home."

Mr. Treyhen looked to see if my amusement equalled his own. It did not. I was weary and overwhelmed, and already regretting the wayward fancy which had brought me to Dunk Marsh.

"What did you come for?" asked aunt Dunk suddenly.

Though the question was not addressed to me, I felt it in every nerve, and was on the point of answering, "Because I was a fool."

Mr. Treyhen forestalled me. "To ask you to give up drilling the children."

"Then I shall not. So that's settled and done."

"Very well. I suppose you like being the laughing-stock of the village."

"I am no such thing, you impudent boy."

"O, then I did not meet Eliza Stours yesterday evening marshalling the girls, and making them walk like you."

"I am heartily glad to hear it. My instruction is appreciated, you see."

"Very much so. Eliza took off your voice and manners so well, that Tom and William Champ, and young Groves, and one or two others, were applauding loudly, and I felt ready to laugh myself. 'Just like the old missis,' said Tom."

"I don't believe a word of it. The little minx! I'll wash my hands of the whole lot of them. I'll never believe it. I have no patience with the people."

Apparently Mr. Treyhen was satisfied, for he turned the conversation, and chatted pleasantly upon other subjects for some time, receiving my aunt's repeated contradictions with a lazy smile which excited my envy, for already she irritated me almost beyond endurance. When he took leave she called to him to come back, but he did not hear.

"Run after him, Jane. Just tell him to stop at the school, and desire the second class, the second drill-class, to be here by nine to-morrow."

I overtook him in the hall, and delivered my message. He laughed outright. "You should not have caught me, Miss Pellam. Please tell my aunt that I cannot possibly deliver such a message. I do not recognise the class; or stay—tell her I will send them, and the Champ boys too, to applaud. Good-evening."

It was too audacious. How could I repeat it?

"Well," said aunt Dunk sharply, "what did he say?"

"Nothing, aunt Dunk," I mumbled rather than spoke.

"That's not true. Out with it at once. Some impudence, I'll be bound. 'Nothing' won't do for me." And with those sharp eyes fixed upon me I felt impelled to repeat the message word for word. Aunt Dunk gave a snort, but nevertheless I could see that she was not displeased.

"There! I knew it. Never say 'Nothing' to me, or we sha'n't get on. Come up-stairs now. You are nice and ugly, that's one comfort."

Now I really was not so very ill-looking, indeed some people thought me rather pretty at times, and so Crow hinted to my aunt that evening, but aunt Dunk would not hear of it. I was irreparably frightful in her eyes, for she had settled it herself.

We dined together in a room on the other side of the hall. It was the same size and shape as the drawing-room, and was hung round with pictures of ancient and modern Dunks in rags. I do not mean that these highly-respectable personages were represented as clothed in rags, but that the canvases were, from age and ill-treatment, reduced to that condition. Crampton waited in carpet slippers. He stood behind her chair with his arms akimbo, and joined freely in the conversation. For this he apologized to me the first time he found me alone. "My mistress expects it of me, ma'am, and I thought it might be a help to you on the first night; but I am aware that it is not the custom in families of distinction." And it was a help on that first night, and many others. The old man was, however, often sorely perplexed, be-

tween his anxiety to propitiate his mistress and his reluctance to hurt my feelings.

"And so they really do not call you the plain one," said aunt Dunk, eyeing me complacently. "Why, I pitched on you the moment I saw the photographs; didn't I, Crampton?"

"Yes, ma'am; I believe you did. But them photographs is often nasty deceiving things."

"Well, they did not deceive us here, at all events. Why, she's as ugly as sin."

"I don't think the young lady is so bad to look at, ma'am," said Crampton, in patronising pity.

"Then you know nothing about it, you stupid old man. These peas are not half boiled, Crampton. I wish you would tell the girl."

"I spoke to her yesterday, ma'am."

"What business had you to do any such thing? What business have you to speak to the maids unless I desire it?"

This lively style of conversation continued until we adjourned to the drawing-room, where aunt Dunk at once took out her netting. No elegant silk purse or airy scarf, but an enormous length of netting of the coarsest twine, fastened to a nail in the wall. At this she stood up the whole evening, working furiously, and talking vehemently. She questioned me minutely concerning every detail of our family history, plans, and prospects, blaming everything we had done or thought of doing. My father was quite wrong in dying so suddenly, my mother had no right to linger so long, my sisters ought all to have been brothers, and I myself had no business to have been born at all. All this was far from soothing to one used to the indulgence of a sister Anne; but ere long it merged into the alarming, for I committed the great error of pronouncing an animated "No." "If I had my way with you girls, you would all be trained to some profession. Anne would have made a capital doctor, Emily might have been a lawyer, Mary an architect. All of you should have turned your hands to something."

"O aunt Dunk, impossible! I am sure Anne never could go about feeling people's pulses and looking at their tongues."

"Why not, eh? Is Anne a fool? Every woman should make the most of her talent; and now I think of it, you are not too old to begin. Time has been lost, for of course you know nothing, and can do nothing; but much may be done yet. I should like to make a lawyer of you, and maybe, by the time you have studied a bit, the profession would be open to you; but if you have a fancy to be a doctor, that could be done at once."

Frightened and weary, I could only sit and tremble, as I saw myself in imagination the cynosure of all eyes, standing up to undergo an examination in the schools, preparing to browbeat a witness, or sharpening my knife to cut off a fellow-creature's leg. Could aunt Dunk really mean it? There was such a terrible energy and earnestness about her, that if she had announced her intention of drowning herself in the tea-kettle, one would have expected her to do it at once. I am ashamed to say that I cried myself to sleep that night over the prospect of walking the hospitals.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT DUNK ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Daylight enabled me to ridicule my fears; but they returned with full force when I went down-stairs, for aunt Dunk was holding forth to Charles Treyhen, and her subject was the necessity of educating me to a profession. She only nodded to me as I came in, and continued talking vehemently, only stopping to say "Pshaw!" when he got up to greet me. It was certainly embarrassing for a young woman to eat her breakfast before two people who were discussing the question whether she would excel most as doctor, lawyer, or architect. Aunt Dunk was very eager, Charles Treyhen considerably amused.

"I tell you the girl has no fortune. She must do something. Marry, you say. That's all nonsense, and you know it, Charles. The day for that is past. Girls don't marry nowadays — at least, those ugly ones don't. They've a better destiny."

"Really, aunt Dunk, it can hardly be pleasant to Miss Pellam to listen to this discussion."

"Stuff and nonsense! She don't care a pin, and if she does she must get over it, for she'll, for she'll have to hear enough about it before I've done with her."

"I believe you," *sotto voce*, and aloud, "I will be no party to such rudeness."

"Where's the rudeness? It's common sense. The girl can't starve."

"Give her some of your superfluity,"

"Mr. Treyhen! as if I should take it!" It escaped me involuntarily, and I colored crimson to find that I had spoken.

"Hoity-toity, my young lady! As if you would take it, forsooth! I can tell you, you shall take it, if I choose; and maybe you'll have to take it. Am I not to give my own money to my own brother's daughter, if I please?"

"I beg your pardon, aunt Dunk."

"And you will promise to be good, and to ask for money whenever you want it," added Mr. Treyhen, in comical imitation of my frightened manner.

"She will do no such thing. Ask me for money indeed! I should like to hear it. She shall keep herself, and from this moment I devote myself, first to the choice of a profession for her, and secondly to fitting her for that profession when chosen."

"In other words, you will cease to worry your friends about women in general, and will content yourself with worrying woman in particular."

"I shall not, Charles; and you are abominably rude."

"Miss Pellam, what profession shall you choose, supposing any liberty of choice is left you?—which it will not be."

"Now, Charles, why say that, when you know perfectly well she will be free as air, provided only she chooses in accordance with my wishes? I imagine some consideration is owing to me."

"Very well; I must frame my question differently. Miss Pellam, what profession do you hope aunt Dunk will choose for you? Will you build my house, cut off my arm, or ruin me at law by your eloquence?"

"All appear to me equally terrible and impossible."

"Impossible they are not, Jane, and of that I will soon convince you."

"Not now, aunt Dunk; please wait till I am gone. I am bent on finding out whether Miss Pellam would rather be soldier, sailor, tinker, or tailor, that I may give her the advantage of my influence with you."

"Influence you have none, either with me or anybody else. I regret that as yet the noble professions of soldiers and sailors are closed to us. But that will all come in time."

"And you will immediately join a marching regiment, aunt Dunk, and oblige poor Miss Pellam to serve her time as middy."

"It would do her all the good in the world, and had I been born in these days of emancipation, I should undoubtedly have entered the army."

"As soldier sailor, or lawyer you would have excelled, aunt Dunk."

"That I should not, Charles; but I humbly hope I should have done my duty, as I mean to do now."

"If you mean to perform that disagreeable operation now, aunt Dunk, I, knowing what it is, shall take my leave. Good morning, Miss Pellam. I wish I could hope that, when next I see you, you may still be allowed to knit, net, and crochet work, which to my mind are the chief duties of woman."

"Charles, you are a fool——" began aunt Dunk; but the appearance of Crampton and the letter-bag arrested her speech, and for some time she was fully occupied, while Charles still lingered, talking to me.

"Well," said aunt Dunk at length, laying down a letter which she had been attentively perusing, "if I could only have foreseen the glorious destiny of woman in the nineteenth century, I for one would never have married; your uncle Dunk might have whistled for me. But in my day a woman had no profession but marriage. An unmarried woman was nothing but an old maid; now she is something more than man, better than wife or widow. What a fool I was, to be sure!"

"But what is this glorious destiny of which everybody writes and talks? Do tell me, aunt Dunk," said Charles.

"What is it! Why, emancipation from the social slavery of centuries; franchise, professions, the prizes of life open to us—in a word, equality with man."

"I am glad you think so highly of man; I rather fancied you despised him."

"I don't think at all highly of man. He is a mean, despicable creature, and he has kept everything to himself as long as he could. But every dog has its day, and, thank goodness, his day's past and gone at last. It is our turn now. Man grows more abominable every day. In my young days, though they did keep us out of our rights, they had the grace to be ready enough to marry and keep us. They don't even do that much now. I made a fuss to have the ugliest of the Pellam girls; but upon my word, now I think of it, any one of 'em would have done nowadays."

"Aunt Dunk, light dawns. I begin dimly to comprehend all this agitation about woman's rights. You open my eyes; you enlarge my mind. You were all happy enough as long as you all had a fair chance of being married, but now that the increase of luxuries and expensive tastes has rendered marriage an event of rare occurrence, you demand, forsooth, to enter the arena as man's equal. He will have none of your help and sympathy; he shall meet you as a rival on his own grounds."

"That's not true, all claptrap, every word. There are some fools who hold that woman's highest place is as wife and mother. They pretend that the rights we are claiming should only be given to those who are waiting to be made wives—slaves, I should say—or to those who miss that slavery altogether. But bless you, boy, that's all bosh, and it's dying out, Charles. It did well enough to break the ice; it was but the thin end of the wedge. I hope to live to see the time when girls will look upon married life as a last resource when health and powers are failing, the battle of life fought and the prize won—just as men do now, you know."

"Aunt Dunk, aunt Dunk, defend me from a wife covered with Victoria Crosses and Waterloo medals!"

"Defend yourself from any wife at all. No, no; the day for that is past; I looked forward to a glorious consummation of the present dispensation in a perfect equality of man and woman."

I looked up in astonishment, which was lessened in the course of the day, when I accidentally lighted upon this very sentence in a book.

"Bravo, aunt Dunk; *encore!*" exclaimed Charles. "That was worthy of a platform. Why do you not give the public the benefit of those mysterious *expressions?* Make Miss Pellam an orator; a female orator must have a 'glorious mission.'"

"Upon my word, the boy has hit it!" exclaimed aunt Dunk, starting up. "Dear me! That he should have had the wit to think of it! Well, men are not all fools, that's one comfort. It's the very thing. I'll train you up for public speaking, Jane; that's settled and done."

As usual, aunt Dunk spoke with such energy that we both felt that she meant it. I grew white as a sheet when I saw my own conviction reflected in Mr. Treyden's face; I saw too that he felt for me. His whole manner altered, and he was startled into expostulating. He could not have done worse. Every word he uttered only confirmed her resolution, and I was surprised at his eager pertinacity, so different from the cool sarcasm with which he had hitherto treated her. At length he took his leave, with a mortification so evident that aunt Dunk was in the seventh heaven.

The day wore on wearily. Prompt in action as in speech, aunt Dunk ransacked the library for works on eloquence, oratory and the management of the voice. She wrote to London for the latest publications on the same subjects, and was only prevented from writing to Mr. Gladstone for advice by my immediate acquiescence in the proposal.

"I would just ask how a young man should be trained to speak in public. I shouldn't say it's for a woman, of course. It's all the same."

"A very good idea, aunt Dunk," said I, in obedience to violent winks from Crampton, for the conversation took place at dinner. "No doubt Mr. Gladstone will be charmed; especially now, in the recess, when he can have nothing to do."

"Nothing to do, child! Why, the man's worked to death. I should not wonder if he had all his letters burnt unread, now Parliament is up. Now I think of it, I'll write to Mr. Mill instead. I shall tell him the whole truth, and send you up to see him if he wishes it. Crampton and Crow could take you up — couldn't you, Crampton?"

"With pleasure, ma'am. We should like to see the nobility and gentry once more, ma'am."

"Why, you stupid old man, do you call Mr. Mill the nobility and gentry? You'd like to see Madame Tussaud's waxworks, I expect. That's more in your line, to say nothing of the shop-windows."

"Precisely, ma'am; I was on the point of mentioning the shops, ma'am. We would be proud to take charge of Miss Jane, ma'am."

"I'm not sure I won't go myself and state my views to Mr. Mill. He's the man for us, Jane."

I sought safety in silence.

After luncheon, aunt Dunk announced her intention of driving into Crippleton alone. She had business, and I was to stay at home and write to Anne, and tell her I was perfectly comfortable and quite as ugly as aunt Dunk expected.

As soon as she was gone, Crampton entered the room with a huge pile of books which he placed before me.

"My mistress begs you will look these through, ma'am, if you please, and tell her what's inside of them when she comes back; and if you please, ma'am, if you've no objection, I think of taking out my gun for a 'arc, ma'am. My mistress expects of me to keep the house supplied, though she makes a rule of objecting if she catches me doing of it, so I am obliged to do it on the sly. There is no fear of nobody calling, ma'am."

I signified my consent, and he went on,

"If I might make so bold, ma'am, Mr. Treyhen and Mr. Charles sometimes looks in, and my mistress wished them to be told that she is gone into Crippleton to consult Mr. Williamson about the matter in hand."

I promised to deliver the message, and he left me. I turned wearily to the books — Cicero, Burke, Whately; I gazed upon them with terror, and letting my head fall on the table, I burst into tears.

A woman who cries in the drawing-room should always do it judiciously, that is to say, with her hair (if real) down, and taking care to leave off before her eyes and nose are red, for she can never foresee who may surprise her. I fulfilled both those conditions, and the Mr. Treyhens came just in time to see me at my best.

There was a momentary confusion on both sides, and then Charles Treyhen advanced with eager solicitude. He was so sorry, so very sorry—of course it was aunt Dunk; but could he do nothing? His sympathy made my tears flow faster; but collecting myself, I pointed to the books.

"Cicero! Burke! You do not mean that she is going on with that nonsense? Henry, can you believe it? Miss Pellam, let me introduce my brother." And he repeated what had passed in the morning.

Henry laughed aloud.

"It is impossible. Even aunt Dunk could not be so mad. The thing could not be done. Bye the bye, where is my aunt, Miss Pellam?"

I faithfully delivered my message. The brothers looked at one another, and all laughter died out from the face of the elder, while Charles paced the room in an excitement of which I should not have thought him capable.

"Dolt that I was! I should have known her better. She took me by surprise, or I should not have been fool enough to oppose her. Had I but agreed, she would have dropped it at once. And I actually suggested the idea. Never, never shall I forgive myself."

"But, Mr. Treyhen, do you really think she means it?" said I, trembling.

"Of course she does. Aunt Dunk always means it, and does it too. She always has some crotchet in her head. The last was what she was pleased to term "physical education." That I imagine died last night, as I find she has not had any of the girls up to-day. That, too, was my doing; and she is consequently ready for anything, and especially anything likely to annoy me. She is only to be conquered by ridicule; *she cannot oppose it; and if she can be* made to feel that the hobby of the moment places her in a ridiculous light, she generally drops it.

"Then we may hope; for the present plan is of all imaginable ones most open to ridicule."

"She will call it narrow-minded opposition, and glory in persevering."

I inquired who was this Mr. Williamson, whose name evidently gave a more serious aspect to the affair, and I heard that he was one of the few who possessed any influence with my aunt; a man of vulgar mind and manners, holding very advanced opinions; a lecturer, an atheist, and a firm upholder of woman's rights.

"Especially that of conferring hare-shooting upon man. I declared I hate Woman. I beg your pardon, Miss Pellam, I didn't mean you," said Henry.

"I hate her too, Mr. Treyhen. Aunt Dunk is enough to make one detest the very name, especially when it is dignified with a capital W, which I know it always is in her mind."

We tried to invent some plan of opposition, but the experience of both brothers pronounced it hopeless. They agreed that it would be best to let things take their course, and it was possible that the fancy, it unopposed, might pass away.

"After all, if she only makes you read and recite to her, it will be no more than a bore, and I don't see what more she could do just yet," said Henry's common sense.

But aunt Dunk was capable of a great deal more, *and she lost no time in proving it.* She returned before her nephews were gone, and she returned triumphant.

"Here I am, Jane! The very thing has turned up. How do you do, boys? Mr. Williamson is to hold a public meeting this day month—a lecture on "Woman's Rights"—and the leading people in the town want him to get a lady to speak. Lady A———'s speaking at ——— has put them up to it. O, she's a blessed woman! To think of a woman like that having no right to a seat in parliament, when a young Hop-o'-my-thumb like you, Henry, might get in to-morrow if you liked! The world's all topsy-turvy. Well, Jane is to speak this day month at Crippleton Townhall. There's a fine beginning, Jane? You'll have to work hard though, I promise you."

"Miss Pellam to speak! Aunt Dunk, are you mad? You have not really entered into any such engagement?" exclaimed Charles, starting up in great excitement as I hid my face in my hands with a moan of real terror.

"But I have; and what's more, I mean to carry it out."

"Impossible; it can never be. You do not consider—"

"I consider enough to know that it's no business of yours."

"No business of mine! It is the business of every man to prevent tyranny, oppression—"

In vain his brother signed to him to be silent, and the dispute continued with vehemence, while I sat and trembled in utter misery.

"Is Charles possessed?" whispered Henry to me. "*He can generally turn her round his* finger, and he is making matters worse every minute. We shall find you spouting on the dining-room table next time we call, Miss Pellam."

"If she does, you sha'n't hear her," interrupted aunt Dunk. "I've seen your signs and winks and nods at Charles. D'yo think I'm blind, eh? There, go away, both of you."

Henry vanished, looking half the size he had appeared on entering the house. Charles walked off in high anger, leaving aunt Dunk in the best of tempers. Nothing pleased her so much as a pitched battle. Her last word was "Humph!" and it was uttered with a short laugh of mingled scorn and triumph as she stood and watched him take leave of me.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE UNINVITED GAS-MAN.—A Chinese visiting etiquette is that the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting-card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, nicely tied up. A gentleman lately engaged a full-blooded Chinese servant, and immediately after held a "reception." John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small cards of the visitors, and, evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of the gentleman's friends, pitched them into a basket, and, with scant ceremony, showed their owners into a drawing-room. But presently the gas-man called with a bill on a big piece of cream-colored paper. The card satisfied John—with deep reverence he received it. With low salams, he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but with profound bows, to the dismay of the gas-man, clear up to the centre of the room, where the lady of the house was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John, with another humble reverence, meekly retired, doubtless supposing that the owner of that card could be no less than a prince.

For the Favorite.

MR. WINKINS' HOUSE-HUNTING.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,

OF MONTREAL.

Mr. Jacob Winkins, was a bachelor of middle age, he was tall and tain, and sedate-looking, with a proportionate amount of moustache and whiskers, and withal, was not a bad looking man.

Mr. Winkins lived in a quiet boarding-house about a mile from the busy city. He went into the city every morning and returned every afternoon, but what he did nobody knew. He had been boarding in the same place for several years, but the inmates of it had never become better acquainted with him than they were the first day he came.

Folks said he must have had a disappointment in his young days, probably he had, for he studiously avoided the female sex, and was misanthropical even to his own, having no intercourse or friendship with any one, except by replying to questions in the most polite and distant manner; for Mr. Winkins was always civil, and if he made no friends he made no enemies.

Under all these circumstances, it is rather surprising that Mr. Winkins was going "house-hunting," therefore it must be explained how it came about. Mr. Winkins had a cousin somewhere in the country, the only being he appeared to hold any communication with. This cousin was married and had a family, which event had happened since he and Mr. Winkins had met last, which was many years past; but correspondence had been kept up occasionally as I have already said. These said cousins had made up their minds to return into the city, in the spring, and wished a home taken for their reception in May.

Not being acquainted with any one else, they wrote to ask Mr. Winkins to get one for them, stipulating the rent to be given, and size, and accommodation and locality of the desired house.

"Horror of horrors!" said Mr. Winkins, when he received this unwelcome letter, "of course I will not do it; go and ask women to show me through their houses, peering into all nooks and corners, no, it is impossible."

He drew his desk near him and wrote a positive refusal; then came after-thought, would it not be very unkind to refuse this first favor his cousin had ever asked, and if there was any one he had the slightest regard for it was this cousin, so he determined to compromise the matter, he tore up the letter he had written, and wrote another saying, that he would with pleasure do what they had asked him, but was sure he would make a wrong selection, as he mingled very little in the world, and would not know the requirements of a comfortable house, which they wished.

He hoped that would put an end to that job; but no, back came an answer.

They would still be thankful to him to get the house and would be sure to be satisfied with his selection.

Well, clearly he was in for it, there was no getting out of it, and as Mr. Winkins was not ill-natured he determined to make the best of it; therefore, the next afternoon instead of going back to his office after luncheon Mr. Winkins was going "house-hunting."

All who live in this part of the globe are fully experienced in the annual anxieties, perplexities and delights, some think, of this house-seeking. If Mr. Winkins had had a female friend to have asked her advice or co-operation this arduous task would have been less, but as I have said he had none. "House to let," read Mr. Winkins, "I'll try here," he rang the bell with a great deal of trepidation, and when the door was opened felt inclined to turn round and walk away as fast as he could; however, he mustered courage to say, "will you allow me to see this house?"

"Come in, sir," replied the girl, and he was promenaded through parlors, dining-rooms, kitchens, bedrooms, &c., until he became bewildered, then it occurred to him to ask the rent, it was considerably more than the sum stipulated for him to give, so here was a fix.

This house would not do, he must look for another.

"Here was time lost," he thought, out into the streets again he sauntered.

"House to let, house to let," he read from time to time down the street, none to suit his ideas; some seemed too expensive, others too mean; some he looked over, but he knew they would not suit; down another street, then up another until patience was nearly gone.

Consulting his watch he found it was nearly five o'clock. Just then he caught sight of a house a little back from the road, "that seems just the one to suit," he thought, "I'll try here."

He went in the little entrance, rang the bell, and a little girl appeared at the door, pretty and fair, with soft golden curls and large lustrous blue eyes.

"Can I see the house," he asked rather tremulously, for, strange to say, he was quite struck with this little vision of beauty.

"I will go and inquire, but I think it is past the hour," she returned and pointed to a slip of paper which had escaped his notice. "To be seen from two to four o'clock p.m." So he gave a last look at the little maiden and walked away. There was the day gone and the task yet to be done, he must wait until the hour mentioned on the slip of paper and return and see that house the next day, or seek some others.

He truly hoped that this would be the last time he ever would be called upon to perform such an unpleasant business; then his thoughts glanced back to the pretty child he had seen, how lovely she was, how familiar seemed her face, how much it resembled that photograph hidden away in the secret drawer of his desk with a long fair curl wrapped round it.

"Bah!" he said, "am I mad, to think so much of this little girl; why do I allow her to bring back to my mind such painful past thoughts, and feelings; are there not thousands of children in the world with blue eyes and yellow hair, that I should let this one disturb me so much? I'll not go back then, to look at that house again. I shall become foolish, and bring back sad memories that I have buried so long."

Musing thus, Mr. Winkins reached home, exhausted, but it was more mentally than physically. Throwing himself into his arm-chair by the fire, he was soon fast asleep.

The next day came, and Mr. Winkins started off again upon his exploring expedition; contrary to his resolve of the evening before, he bent his steps again to the house of the little beauty with the golden curls; he rang the bell; again she appeared at the door.

"Can I see the house to-day?" he inquired.

She answered in the affirmative and led the way through the usual apartments, and then they came to a small sitting-room, where a lady was seated, in a low easy chair, by a grate, which was blazing brightly. As he entered, the lady looked up.

Mr. Winkins started back with amazement, for the resemblance was still more striking to the photograph in the desk, than the little girl was, although the mother and daughter, (which they evidently were) were certainly alike.

Mr. Winkins stood silent for a moment; then calming himself he inquired what rent the house was.

As the lady answered, the voice seemed strangely familiar; he became quite stupefied with astonishment; all past scenes of his life were crowding on his brain. In a few seconds the lady and himself remained silent gazing inquiringly at each other, at last the lady spoke.

"Pardon, sir, my unusual behavior, but I cannot help observing you; you resemble so much a gentleman I once knew, a very dear friend; I know you cannot be him for he was drowned many years ago."

"Ah!" said Mr. Winkins, "pray, Madam, tell me quickly, what was his name?"

"Mr. James Wentford."

"Heavens above!" cried out Mr. Winkins, "you are Blanche Cordover," and he extended his hands to her.

"James Wentford, have you come back from the dead; if you lived why did you not come back to me,—why were you so cruel?" and the lady sank down in the chair and sobbed, much to the consternation of the little girl.

"I was not cruel to you, Blanche; what do you mean? I wrote you a long letter after my shipwreck, telling you how I was saved, and that in a short time I should be back to make you mine. The only answer I received was a letter from you telling me you had found since I left that you did not love me; you were about to wed another and going away to Australia. I was stunned with grief, and resolved not to go back to my native place. I changed my name, for I wished to be thought dead, and have travelled from place to place, a sad and lonely man; but latterly I have not felt as strong as I was, and have remained in this city. I have still your photograph and the curl that you gave me the day I left; many times I took it out to destroy, but put it back again. That is all, Blanche, I can tell you."

"James, you shock me," replied the lady; "I never wrote a line after you left; I did not get your letter. My cousin, who was afterwards my husband, brought me the intelligence of your loss. The paper said that the vessel foundered and all went down. I was maddened with grief, but after a long time my cousin induced me to become his wife. He led me a miserable life. I am now a widow, and I have no cause to wish it otherwise."

"Father of goodness, what treachery has been used towards me. The letter that I thought was yours was a forgery of Fred Wiley's; I had enclosed the letter that I wrote you to him. Well it is that I never met him and know all this. Blanche, as you are free again, will you take my poor weary heart and resuscitate it to life again? It has never known love for any one but yourself. I will be a father to your child, and try to make you happy."

"James Wentford, if my love can make you happy, I am yours."

Mr. Winkins put out his arms and clasped his long-loved one to his bosom.

"After so many years of sadness, my heavy-laden heart is at rest. I am so happy."

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Winkins, Mr. Winkins!" said a voice outside of the door, accompanied by repeated knocks.

Mr. Winkins jumped out of his chair.

"I will be there directly," he called out.

He rubbed his eyes, he shook himself, his dream had been so collected, so life-like that he could scarcely realize that it was all a vision, and that here he was still, a lonely bachelor. He bathed his face and brushed his hair. Consulting his watch, he found it was long past the dinner-hour; however, he went down, only looking a little more sombre than usual.

The next day Mr. Winkins wrote a letter to his cousin advising him to come into town himself and look for a house, for he could obtain none to suit him. He was determined not to go through the ordeal of the previous day, for that dream had put a climax on his annoyances. And so ended Mr. Winkins' house-hunting.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.

(Translated from the *Shunpau—North China Herald.*)

"Life's limit is about a hundred years,
Joys how few! and yet how many tears!"

Reflecting on those lines, my thoughts wandered insensibly to a consideration of the vanity of human wishes.

Of men born in this world the greater proportion meet with untimely or premature ends; but with more fortunate, the utmost limit is still one hundred years, and to such exceptional cases of longevity will I address myself at present.

Here then have men 36,000 days, and assuming this time to be devoted with fair success to the attainment of happiness, there still remains the reflection that days and nights are passing away, that the final end is surely and steadily approaching. But, during these 36,000 days, how much grief, sorrow and distress, misery, sickness and pain form the common lot of man? How melancholy to witness the common desire for happiness thwarted by greed for empty gain by struggles for illusory fame, rendering life but a continuance of turmoil and trouble? The result thus verily becomes one hundred years of struggling existence, checkered here and there by a few gleams of sunshine. The sum of pleasure how small! And yet in cases of premature death is it even still less. Life is but a dream, its joys are a delusion!

In ancient books we read, "In the pursuits of life know when and where to stop." Why involve an entire life in the heart-burnings and disappointments inseparable from struggles after wealth and honor? Why deprive the mind of one quarter-hour of repose? Why not afford the body a day of rest and quiet? Alas! man's wishes are insatiable, he reverts to dust, and then and there only are they quenched.

In former years, it is recorded that Kan Tai-shan located himself in a pavilion in the neighborhood of the Pelo-wang Hills; a visitor inquired of him how he could be contented in such a locality. Kan Tai-shan replied: "Because I am resolved not to be unhappy." Herein have we the true philosophy of life—the key to which is contentment. A discontented mind, however surrounded by external advantages, however favored by worldly success, will still thirst after more. The contented man, although little favored by extraneous circumstances, is still cheerful and happy.

Li-ti remarks: "The poor man, if he would be happy, let him reflect and say, "I am poor but there are poorer than I. I am mean but there are meaner than I. I am troubled by my wife and family but there are bachelors, widows, and the childless who long in vain to take upon themselves such cares. I labor and toil, but there are others bound hand and foot—prisoners unable to move." With reflections such as these, a sea of misery may by analogy be transformed into a realm of bliss; while on the other hand, by a comparison with those more gifted by Providence, the body becomes, as it were, plunged into a region of mansions and torture.

In ancient times there lived a man Shien. During a traveling tour he had occasion to rest the night at a roadside post-house. The weather was insufferably hot, and within the room, musquitoes swarmed by thousands. Shien fortunately had provided himself with curtains, but unfortunately the curtains were insufficient to resist the enemy. His efforts to keep them out were in vain, sounds of buzzing in unpleasant proximity still continued, and writhing under the intolerable torment of their stings, his thoughts transplanted themselves to his own peaceful home. He reflected on the spacious halls, cool couches, and the crowd of handmaids to fan and wait on their lord; and, continued he to himself, how is it that I should have suffered one moment of ennui in such a paradise? Why leave to seek pleasure and find misery abroad? During those meditations he observed the keeper of the post, who had no curtains, pacing the room with the mosquitoes swarming around him. But what seemed to him inexplicable was that the man still appeared to be in perfect good humor. Shien, still writhing in misery, exclaimed; "My good fellow, you are one hundred times worse off than myself, but how is it that while I am in torment of mind you on the contrary seem happy?" The keeper replied: "Sir, I have just been recalling to mind the position I was once placed in; when a prisoner, bound hand and foot. I was a helpless prey to these murderous insects, unable to move a muscle, they preyed on me with impunity and the agony was unbearable. It was the contrast of that horrible period with my present condition, that produced that feeling of contentedness within me." Shien was startled by the mine of philosophy herein unfolded. Would, he thought, that the world in ordinary life would but daily keep in mind, and carry on such a principle of analogy How vast then would be the result to man!

The Sages have it: "Parents and brothers around you form alone a subject for continued joy." It rests but with the individual to avail of it or not.

For my own part, I but mourn over the vanity of human nature which, incapable of grasping those pleasures so abundantly strewed in life's path, magnifies inconveniences into miseries and struggles through a labyrinth of briars and thorns.

DECAYING FRIENDSHIPS.

Attempts are frequently made on the part of people to constitute everlasting friendships which shall be signalized by complete confidence upon both sides. Young ladies, on the point of leaving school, are peculiarly subject to this sort of thing, and many are the vows they exchange of undying affection for each other. When separated they maintain their friendship through the medium of the penny post, and great is the expenditure of ink and paper. Their letters, which are generally crossed upon three or four pages, and are thereby rendered almost undecipherable, are full of italicized words and expressive adjectives. Anything that has happened to a correspondent is straightway committed to paper, as is also something that may have occurred to any one with whom the correspondent is acquainted. Bonnets, young men, and novels, are criticised in an equally impartial and incisive manner, and a good deal of space is devoted to those who are married, those who are going to be married, and those who, if they are not about to do any such thing, ought to be. Full confession is made of the sentiments with which the correspondent regards her acquaintances, male and female, and matrimony is frequently discussed in a most original fashion. It is taken for granted that the matter contained in these epistles is what has been confided to no other living soul, and that, therefore, it is only intended to meet the eye of one person. Indeed, the notes are presumed to be the outward expression of the writer's innermost thoughts, and are to be valued accor[illegible]. The letters are frequently written at intervals which, considering their length, speaks very well for the industry of the writers. When not forced to resort to letter-writing as a means of sustaining their friendship, the young ladies ostentatiously seek each other's society, which, they show by unmistakable signs, they value more than the company of any one else. They like to hold themselves aloof from their fellows, to take solitary walks together, and to make each other innumerable presents. But, as might be anticipated, the thing does not last, and there are very few such friendships among women who have passed their twenty-fifth year. Marriage is the first break, and an irreparable one it is. The attempt may be made to keep up the sentimental friendship, and for a time it may succeed, but the appearance is deceptive, and ultimately the attempt breaks down; gradually the intimacy grows less intimate, the confidences fewer and of comparatively minor importance. This, perhaps, may be owing to the fact that the wife makes a confidant of her husband, in which case she, of course, does not require to make one of a friend, for though it is almost a necessity for some people to find a ready ear into which to pour the story of their hopes, their fears, their disappointments, their plans, and their proceedings, they do not feel the want of more than one such receptacle. In plain terms, every ordinary individual must have a confidant, but very few, indeed, require to have two. So, with marriage comes the first break in a friendship such as that which we have described. By-and-by, the separation between the quondam friends becomes more marked, and it is by no means a rare case for them in time to almost completely forget each other. Looking back upon their lives, most women must remember some bosom friend whom they now know not at all, or knowing them, are merely upon bowing terms. Young men never so earnest in their friendships, are almost as fickle. Drawn together, in the first instance, probably by a fondness for the same sports, the same studies, and the same modes of life generally, they quietly drop asunder as their tastes and ways of existing change. Sometimes they quarrel. But, whatever may be the cause or causes of their separation, it is a fact that comparatively few friendships contracted in early life continue true to the last. It may be said, indeed, that it is the exception rather than the rule for them to do so. And yet, if a man does not make friends when he is young, the probability is that he will never do so, for, after hots well up in years, circumstances arise which render the task more difficult.

The friendships formed by people after they have passed their thirtieth year are by no means so sentimental, so ostentatiously thorough, as those contracted when people are younger. Middle-aged men make little, if any attempt, at being confidential towards each other. Their converse instead of being of a personal character is principally upon politics, theology, and business, seasoned by a certain amount of gossip. Matured women, on the other hand, are more confidential, but they are not so demonstrative and gushing as girls just out of their teens. They do not make protestations of eternal affection. Still, they tell as much as they know and learn as much as they can about their neighbors and their affairs, and discuss matrimony and dress in a manner which shows how much they relish doing so. Properly prompted, they will, too, enlarge upon their own affairs. Into sympathetic ears they will pour the story of how their first-born, as fine a youth as ever lived, is developing certain characteristics calculated to cause his guardians

serious inconvenience, how their husband is one of the most extraordinary men in existence and possesses the rare virtue of entertaining due affection and respect for his wife; and other similar matters of an equally important and interesting character. But these elderly friends make no pretence of being bound up in one another; they steer clear of lengthy correspondence; and they do not mourn — that is to say, beyond indulging in a few hackneyed conventionalities—when they fail to see each other except at rare intervals. Having their own families and interests to look after, they virtually concede that they have no time for elaborate friendships. This is, of course, when they are married. When they are single, the case is slightly different, and it not unfrequently happens that spinsters knock up a species of lasting friendship. They go nowhere except in each other's company, and they co-operate in each other's schemes, whether it be one for the founding of a blanket club or one for the advancement of the principles of the Women's Rights Association. They, perhaps, say hard things of each other, they probably repeat those matters with sundry elaborations behind each other's backs, but they never regularly quarrel. If Miss A is maligned, Miss B is quick to resent the affront, and let Miss A know what has been said of her, which last act is, however, a somewhat questionable kindness. The two keep together, and that is the main thing. It is a small matter that their motives for so doing are found, when fairly analyzed, not to be purely disinterested, but that they cultivate each other's society for the want of better, and because it is among the necessities of their nature that they should have some willing ear to pour scandal into, and some ready tongue to amuse them in like manner.

There is, then, very little really genuine friendship. The present constitution of society is unfavorable to its growth. When everything is artificial, and everything is conducted upon the high pressure principle, it is impossible for it to flourish. We may regret this, but the best thing is at once to admit the truth.—*Liberal Review.*

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A German botanist claims to have ascertained that the "Garub" trees on which the captive Israelites hung their harps at ancient Babylon, *were not willows at all*, but poplars.

The plan of plunging diseased meat into carbolic acid, so as to unfit it for butchers' purposes, has been adopted by some of the London health officers in the case of seizures made at the markets.

Lightning and lightning conductors were the subject of discussion at a recent meeting of the Society of Telegraph Engineers. In the course of the debate, a gentleman present said that for the purpose of attracting lightning from a passing cloud, a gas jet, flaming from the mouth of a tall pipe, is far more effectual than a pointed metallic rod.

Several actual glaciers exist in the Merced group of mountains adjacent to the valley of the Yosemite in California, and have been examined by Mr. John Muir, who describes them in the *Overland Monthly.* The largest, near Mount McClure, is half a mile long, and about the same distance in width at the broadest place. It has a progressive motion of one inch per day.

The comparative merits of chloroform and ether as anæsthetic agents being recently before the Surgical Society of Ireland for discussion, it was stated by one of the members that while only one death had occurred in 23,204 cases of ether inhalation, one death in 2,500 cases was reported from chloroform. A well-known practitioner was quoted as having stated that although he had himself chloroformed upward of 6,000 cases nothing would induce him to submit to its influence.

Mosaic Pavement.—A large portion of this material is made by female convicts, thus: A pattern is traced on a square of wood the desired size, this is then dropped into a closely fitting frame; fragments of marble, such as are chipped from larger pieces in the working, are now arranged on the pattern; when completed the interstices are filled up with cement, a tile being placed at the back for greater strength. After the pavement has thoroughly dried and set, it is removed from the frame, and the face is polished with a piece of York stone.

Coral.—Respecting the growth of corals, an interesting fact has recently been observed. Somewhat less than two years ago Captain McGregor, of the steamer Kilauea, moored a buoy in Kealakekua Bay. A short time ago he was ordered to hoist the anchor and examine the condition of the chain. The latter, which is a heavy two-inch cable, was covered with corals and oyster shells, some of which are as large as a man's hand. The large corals measured four and a half inches in length, which represents their growth during the period of two years that the anchor and cable had been submerged. The specimen which we have seen shows the nature of its formation by the little coral insects more distinctly than any we have before examined. When taken out of the water it had small crabs on it. A query arises whether these crabs live on the coral insects or whether they seek the branches of the coral for protection. The popular supposition is that corals are of extremely slow growth. Here we have a formation equal to more than seventeen feet in a century.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Thorough interchange of opinions corrects error and establishes truth. Where secret convictions, whether false or true, are fearlessly proclaimed, they will soon find their true level. The truth that is in them will be confirmed and disseminated, and the error blown away like chaff before the wind.

Educate Yourself.—Thoroughly well educated people who keep sober seldom starve. A man of information must be needed somewhere. If you cannot do something for somebody with brain or limb, the world has no use for you. It is a selfish world, and the only people it can endure are the rich ones. And if you are rich one day in your life, you may be poor the next.

No Place.—A great many boys complain that there are no places. Perhaps it is hard to get just such a place as you like. But when you get a place—and there are places—this big country, we are sure, has need of every boy and girl and man and woman in it—when you get a place, we say, make yourself necessary to your employers; make yourself so necessary by your fidelity and good behavior, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low price at first, no matter what the work is, if it be honest work. Do it as well as you can. Begin at the very lowest round of the ladder, and climb up. The great want everywhere is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these, and there will always be a place for you, and a good one, too.

The Burdens of Love.—The possibility of husband and wife falling out is in some way to be expected; in what way, we cannot well foresee, and it is not best we should. It may be health, or temper, or habit—it is no matter; there must be a trial of our faith in each other, as there is of our faith in religion. No man or woman has any business to enter into this intimate oneness of life and soul without such an expectation. Wise old Bishop Taylor says, "Marriage has in it less of beauty than single life, but more of safety. It is more merry, but, alas! more sad. It is fuller of joy, but also of sorrow. It lies under more burdens, but is supported by the strength of love, so that these burdens become delightful."

How to Make Yourself Unhappy.—In the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things. Don't care about any thing else. Have no feelings for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy, but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself, think unkindly toward them and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin, for your rights are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

Plaster may be sown at any time when most convenient—from one to two bushels per acre is enough. It will do no good on low, wet land.

Sow grass and clover seed on wheat early in the spring, unless you propose to harrow the wheat. It is seldom that the seed is injured by the frost. Do not spare the seed, and be careful not to miss any land.

Ewes heavy in lamb should be allowed plenty of exercise, but they must not be driven through drifts of snow, or allowed to slip on ice, or jump fences or ditches; and especially avoid crowding at doors or gates. Treat them gently. If for any reason you have to catch a ewe do not frighten her, and if possible do not turn her on her back.

At lambing time have plenty of separate pens for the ewes and lambs. Let them be warm and well-ventilated, and above all let them be dry. If all goes right, if the ewes are healthy and the lambs strong, there is no trouble; but there is no greater test of skill, patience, good judgment, and ingenuity, than to have a number of weak lambs come during wet cold weather in the early spring. A few little lamb-blankets made of flannel and tied on with tape will be found very convenient. See that the lambs suckle frequently. This must be attended to. There is no chance for the lamb if it does not get plenty of milk.

Early lambs fattening for the butcher should be allowed anything and everything they will eat in little troughs, placed where the lambs can, but the ewes can not, get at them. Bran, oatmeal, oats, oil-cake, corn-meal, and sliced Swede turnips or mangols, are all good—those are best of which the lambs will eat the most. At two weeks old a lamb will generally commence to eat a little bran with its mother, and after that it should be encouraged to eat as much as possible. Feed the ewes well, and see that they have plenty of water. A few roots for the ewes are of great value. Feed plenty of bran and clover hay.

FAMILY MATTERS.

To Destroy or Prevent Bugs.—Tar water washed into the parts of the bedstead, &c., infected.

For a Sprain or Weakness.—Take the well-beaten white of an egg, add a teaspoonful of salt, and rub it well over the sprain once or twice a day.

Corned Beef.—Corned beef should never be boiled. It should only simmer, being placed on a part of the range or stove where this process may go on uninterruptedly from four to six hours, according to the size of the piece. If it is to be served cold, let the meat remain in the liquor until cold. Tough beef can be made tender by letting it remain in the liquor until the next day, and then bringing it to the boiling-point just before serving.

To Protect Cloth against Moths.—Reimann, the celebrated German chemist, recommends for this purpose steeping the cloth for twelve hours in a solution prepared in the following manner: Ten pounds of alum and twenty pounds of sugar of lead are dissolved in warm water, the mixture being left undisturbed until the precipitate of lead sulphate is deposited. The clear liquor, now consisting of acetate of alumina, is then drawn off and mixed with 180 gallons of water, in which a little isinglass has been dissolved. When well steeped, the goods are dried and finished by pressure or otherwise.

To Remove Stains from the Hands.—Ink stains, dye stains, &c., can be immediately removed by dipping the finger in water (warm water is best), and then rubbing on the stain a small portion of oxalic acid powder and cream of tartar, mixed together in equal quantities, and kept in a box. When the stain disappears wash the hands with fine soap or almond cream. A small box of this stain-powder should be kept always in the washstand-drawer, unless there are small children in the family, in which case it should be put out of their reach, as it is a poison if swallowed.

Good Cooking.—It has been practically demonstrated that the good health of the community depends more upon good cooking than upon anything else, and yet cooking is the only art that is nowhere systematically taught. More of practical lessons in our private schools for girls in this line would be an advantage. Home education by competent heads of families on the subject is also very desirable. If a large portion of the attention which is given to dress, which there is now an over and silly abundance, was directed to the careful study and practice of cooking, so as to attain to excellence and economy in the art, good heath would be promoted. Good dispositions would naturally follow; for dyspepsia engendered from badly cooked food, would no longer beget bad temper, and the peace of the household and happiness of the family would be greatly improved.

Graham Bread.—Make a sponge by boiling four good sized potatoes; when soft, mash fine; then stir in a cup of flour; pour on the water in which the potatoes were boiled scalding hot, and if not sufficient to make three pints of the mixture, add cold water. When the milk is warm put in a teacup of soft yeast, and set in a moderately warm place to rise. After it becomes light, put in a teacup of good brown sugar (white is not good), and stir in Graham flour until thick enough to drop heavily into the greased baking-pans. Set it to rise again, and bake in a moderately hot oven *forty minutes.* *This* quantity will make two large loaves, and when taken from the oven should be allowed to stand five minutes before removal from the pans. Sheet-iron bread-pans are much to be preferred to tin for any bread, but especially for Graham, baking more slowly, but much more evenly. If the sponge seems at all sour, add a little soda.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

The Controller General.—Cupid.

Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

A party hearing of "a dog after Landseer," wanted to know what he was after him for?

Why is a *prima donna* like a jeweler?—Because she may be called a dealer in precious (s)tones.

What is the difference between a forward minx and a shot rabbit?—One's over-bold and the other's bowled over.

A down east editor announces through the columns of his paper the loss of a "cloth cloak, belonging to a gentleman lined with blue."

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax; "what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder! Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

A Darby widow keeps the skull of her deceased husband in a glass case. She once remarked to a friend who was viewing the remains, "Alas, how often have I banged those bones with a broomstick!"

The Detroit *Tribune* says: "A very common epitaph in Arkansas cemeteries is, 'We will meet in Heaven, husband dear.' This may explain why the men of Arkansas are generally conducting themselves so as to go to the other place."

A shrewd little fellow was entrusted to the care of his uncle, who fed the boy very poorly. One day he happened to see a greyhound, whereupon he asked the little fellow if he knew what made the dog so poor. The reply was, "I expect he lives with his uncle."

Sewing-Machine agents do not seem to do well in Japan yet, owing to the people not being educated up to the standard of patience required to endure the efforts of this class. Recently the body of an agent was found in four pieces nailed to trees, with his sample machine converted into kindling-wood near by.

A traveler in Texas was invited to drink at a small town where he had stopped. He says: "I woke up next morning and found myself on top of a hay-stack, my horse eating from said stack, with my coat on, and myself with both arms inserted through the stirrips of my saddle, and the sircingle around my neck as a neck-tie.

Genuine Enthusiasm. — Practical Person (who fondly imagines that Fiddles were made to be played upon): "Well, but what sort of tone as it got?"—Real Connoisseur (who knows better): "Tone be hanged? What's that got to do with it? Look at the varnish, man! Look at the double purfling! Look at the exquisite curves of the back and belly! Why, I could gaze at that violin for hours, and I wouldn't part with it for a hundred pounds!"

An enthusiastic Berliner, residing on the coast of Guinea, obtained a bust of his well-beloved Emperor to present to a friendly chief in the slave line of business. It was a plaster of Paris production, and, in order to give the effect of a bronze work of art of high value, the Berliner bestowed a few artistic coats of black upon it. The chief received the bust with pleasure, and remained in contemplation of it for some time. The Berliner was astonished at this marked effect, and asked for an explanation of the long and mute wonder, believing it to be due to his artistic efforts. The reply was the following question: "And is this really the great Emperor who conquered his no less mighty neighbor?" "Indeed it is," replied the Berliner. "Then," responded the Negro ruler, "I am indeed delighted, for I see that the great conqueror, the mighty Emperor William, is, as I am, a Negro!"

OUR PUZZLER.

49. DECAPITATIONS.

I.

Complete, I'm a gallant and brave cavalier,
Behead me, I'm a season, but not of the year;
Curtail me, you'll find, I'm now close to hand;
Curtail, and transpose me, I'm a curse in this land.

II.

Complete, I'm an officer, commissioned to rove,
Behead me, I'm raging—strong as the bolts of Jove;
Curtail me twice, then transpose me, you'll see,
I'm a useful animal, to both you and me.

III.

Complete, I'm a weapon, used in days of yore;
Behead me, I'm a name, used by both rich and poor;
Curtail and transpose me, I roar; sometimes bellow;
Behead and transpose me, I'm then a rich fellow.

J. G. Penny.

50. CHARADES.

I.

Poor pussy, she sits in front of the fire,
And my first sings lowly and sweet;
The area-bell rings, the butcher-boy brings,
My second a joint of meat;
My whole is what many a sad rogue does,
Oftimes in the open street.

II.

My first, though not half a rod in size,
Is three parts of a pole;
My second, o'er a river, and pond, and brook,
In winter has control;
Deprived of my third, this earth would soon
Be desolate and undone;
My whole, both day and night you'll see
About the streets of London.

Arthur Bentley.

51. CONS.

1. My first is company, my second shuns company, my third calls company, and my whole amuses company.

2. If the walls of an unfinished house could speak what two historical names would they utter?

52. CHARADE.

My first is a domestic animal; my second an article; my third an article of the toilette; and my whole is a grim receptacle.

ANSWERS.

43. Double Acrostic. — Ramsgate, Yarmouth:—1, RaritY; 2, AreA; 3, MotheR; 4, SarcasM; 5, GustO; 6, AcajoU; 7, ToasT; 8, EnougH.

44. Hidden Poets.—Warton, Spencer, Waller Dyer, Gower, Dryden, Cowley, Burns, Scott Byron.

45. Letter Puzzle.—Ar Row, arrow.

46. Rebus.—Goldsmith thus:—1, Grayling; 2, Ox-bird, 3, L-adder; 4, Du(n)chess; 5, Stone-house; 6, Man-drake; 7, I-sling-ton; 8, T-rum-pot; 9, Homerton.

47. Decapitation.—Blast, last.

48. Literal Charade.—Agnes (Agnes).

(*Continued from page 193*).

day, and his last departing rays lengthened the shadows in the room where Annie was lying in bed, taking her last look at the bright world, and bidding farewell to those kind and loving hearts she would know no more on this side of the grave. She knew she was dying; she felt sure of that without the kindly warning of Dr. Heartyman, but she felt no fear; she had long ago prepared herself for this and tried to make her peace with her God. She wanted to die; life had lost all its sweetness and freshness to her, and she was anxious to pass that mystic boundary between the known and the unknown, and solve the problem of the hereafter at once; so she had no fear, only a firm, quiet confidence in God's mercy and goodness to aid her through the awful valley of the shadow of death, and to bring her to His everlasting kingdom.

It was a very sad group which assembled around her bed, Mr. Howson, Julia, Miss Moxton, Dr. Heartyman and Charlie Morton. Annie had taken leave of all of them except Charlie, somehow she seemed purposely to have left him for the last. Her voice was very low and weak, but she retained perfect consciousness, and was in possession of all her faculties; her illness had wasted the once plump form, and hollowed and paled her cheek; the color had faded from her lips, and the old bright, laughing sparkle of her eye was dimmed; but a purer, holier expression had come over her face; a quiet, dignified calm which lent it a higher tone of loveliness. It was the first imprint of the beauty beyond the grave; the beauty which we are taught to believe, and hope comes when the deformity and unsightliness of sin has been shaken off, and when the spirit stands in the presence of its Creator.

"Charlie," she said, holding out her attenuated hand to him, "I am so sorry for all the grief and misery I have caused you. I know, I can see it now, that much of what has happened was the result of my thoughtless, heartless flirting; I didn't mean to pain or grieve you, Charlie, you have always been good and kind to me, my 'dear, big brother,'" a faint smile wreathed itself around her lips as she used the term, and she continued; "Yes, my big brother, for you always have been like a brother to me; but I know I have pained and grieved you, Charlie, and you must try to forgive and forget me. No —don't forget me; don't let me pass out of your mind; think of me sometimes, Charlie, but don't think of me as the headstrong, wilful woman who caused you pain and suffering, but think of me as the little girl you used to take on your knee and pet and caress. Love me, Charlie, as you used to in those days."

He was down on his knees by the bedside now with his face buried in his hands, and great heart drawn sobs shaking his whole frame; it seemed so hard to him that all he loved must be taken from him, and in the bitterness of the trial he prayed that it might please God to take him too.

"Don't cry, Charlie," she continued, "don't cry for me; I shall be happier, I hope and trust, in the world beyond the grave than I ever have been, or could be on earth. I haven't been as good as I ought to have been, but God is very merciful and I feel calm and happy in his love."

There was a pause of some minutes broken only by the half-suppressed sobs of the spectators, and then she spoke again, but so low, so feeble that the words could scarcely be heard.

"It is coming now, I can see it, death; but I do not fear it, I see a bright and radiant form beside it, and fear is swallowed up in hope and thankfulness. Kiss me, Charlie, let the last memory I take out of this world be of your pure and noble love, kiss me."

Fondly and reverently he folded the frail, loved form in his arms and imprinted a kiss on the pale lips; the first kiss he had pressed on them since she had grown to womanhood. A happy gratified smile stole over her face, a bright joyous light danced for a moment in her eyes; her lips trembled as if they strove to utter something but only a faint sigh escaped them, and while he held her in his arms, while his lips were pressed to hers, the last beams of the setting sun flooded the room with a momentary burst of glory, and ere its brightness had passed away, Annie's spirit had taken its flight.

SCENE LAST.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Time, April first, eighteen hundred and seventy-three; place, the author's office.

My story proper ended with the foregoing chapter; but, somehow, I cannot sever the connection which has existed between my readers and myself for the last twelve weeks, without a few "last words." Even a criminal on the scaffold is allowed a few last words, and I suppose this culprit may be permitted to claim the same privilege.

I cannot claim any very high or mighty moral for my tale; it has a moral, I suppose, that crime and wrong doing is sure to meet its just punishment, that vice may be triumphant for a while, but retribution is certain to overtake the wicked; I have not tried to gild evil so as to make it look like good, and I have not endeavoured to place virtue on stilts so that it may be admired from a distance, like some sculptured marble; I have tried to paint human nature as we see it around us every day, and if I have succeeded in that, and in interesting and amusing you, I have attained my purpose as nearly as I ever expected to do.

"Hard to Beat," has frequently proved hard to write; but as I have gone on from week to week it seemed as if I was being drawn closer and closer to my readers, and it is almost with a sigh of regret that I have to lay down my pen. I will not, however, say "farewell," but *au revoir*, trusting that ere long we may again have the pleasure—mutual I hope—of meeting in the pages of THE FAVORITE.

It is now almost two years since the date of my last chapter, and perhaps you would like to know how some of the characters I have been writing about have fared in that time.

Charlie Morton is not married, nor is he likely to be. His heart lies buried in Mount Royal Cemetery under a pure white marble cross, bearing the inscription "Annie Griffith, aged 20 years 3 months," and he is not a man likely to love twice. He discovered where his niece had been taken, and finding she was in good hands with the kind-hearted nuns of the Hochelaga Convent left her there, content to visit her frequently and endeavour as far as possible to fill a father's place to her. She is all he has to live for now, and Miss Fan stands a good chance of the next year. He did not suffer by it, however, for Morton made him a handsome present, and he now keeps a hotel in the Eastern Townships and is doing well.

Theophilus Launcelot Polydor Johnson, Esq., is about to commit matrimony. Since Annie's death, Mr. Johnson has discovered that Julia is the girl for him and he proposes to lead her to the hymenial altar some time next month, you know, and settle down and be steady, don't you see.

Mr. Augustus Fowler—commonly called Gus —has abandoned the study of medicine and devoted himself to the legal profession. He says he has made up his mind that he was not quite equal to murder, therefore, he is not suited for the medical profession; but he thinks he can tell lies in a plausible sort of way, and that will be of great advantage to him if he ever gets a case to plead. Mrs. Sudlow has been more gracious to him of late, and there is every prospect of a wedding in St. Dominique Street sometime this summer; the golden haired little beauty

"THE HUGE YEARNING WITHIN."—SEE PAGE 198.

being a spoiled child as far as he is concerned, for her will is law with him and he cannot bring himself to believe that the word "no," was ever invented to be applied to her. Often as he takes her out with him memory carries him back twelve years in his life, and he can almost fancy the fair-haired little creature by his side is Annie as he first knew her when a little girl. Very quiet, still and methodical is Mr. Morton's life now, having but one object, the education and happiness of his niece and time slips by easily and pleasantly for him. Let us hope that the future may bring him all the happiness and love in an old age, which his single heartedness and simplicity of character deserve.

Mr. Harway was not so fortunate as he hoped to be; the detectives were rather too smart for him and that perfect gentleman is now serving out his time in the Vermont State prison where he will, probably, spend the next three years. He complains a little about the prison rules which do not permit the consumption of any cold gin; and he protests strongly against the turnkey for taking away his handkerchief, thereby depriving him of the pleasure of dusting his boots and wiping his face afterwards; but, I think he is well taken care of where he is, and there I shall leave him.

Mr. Boggs does not drive a cab now; his participation in the body snatching business came out rather strongly at the inquest, and he was consequently refused a license when he applied having expressed her opinion that she prefers June to July because——well, she didn't state the reason, but I suppose it is because June is one month earlier than July. I think that is all, and that everybody is disposed of, and, therefore, I will retire, and—and—

"Prompter, drop the curtain!"

FINIS.

HELEN WESTON'S TRIAL.

"Hallowe'en, girls!" exclaimed Nellie Johnson. "Are we to sit quiet when just this one night of the three hundred and sixty-five, Fate lifts the dim curtain of the future to our wondering comprehension! No, a thousand times no! So, my dear, puritanic Helen, for once lay aside your scruples, and let us try what that mysterious future has in store for us;"—and the animated speaker threw her arms lovingly around Helen's neck.

It was a dear old house where our friends were gathered, nestling among the Cumberland hills. Helen's grandfather had built it. Here Helen's mother had opened her black eyes, and Helen's own sweet blue orbs had first beheld the light. Dear, gentle, charming Helen, the idol of her father's heart, (for the energetic mother had years ago closed her eyes and folded her restless hands in the last long rest). The one ewe lamb, patient, noble, brown-haired Helen.

It was autumn, and a cheery fire blazed in the open grate, throwing its fanciful shadows over the golden curls and perfect faces of the city cousins, Nellie and Minnie Johnson, who had come from London to spend a few weeks ere the opening of the winter season; over the black hair and tall form of Hugh Vaughan; Helen's accepted lover; over the bonnie braids that crowned Helen's own shapely head; over the quaint old furniture and pictures, lingering around the piano, and dancing into the dark corners.

"Just this once, my dear cousin, in honor of our grandmother's memory," still pleaded the coaxing tones.

"Well, Nellie, I've no objection, I am sure, provided you wish it. Of course there is nothing in it. But as we are all sensible, and above the silly superstition, the amusement will be harmless. Let us adjourn to the kitchen. Cook has a good fire, and we will very soon settle our destinies."

"I pray you, fair ladies, do not doom me to solitude. I humbly crave permission to accompany you to the sybil's haunts, that I, too, may learn somewhat of the good that Fate has in store for me," said Hugh, as his laughing eyes sought Helen's blushing face.

"Oh, knight of the woful countenance, our liege lady grants your petition. I see it by her smiling lips. So, forward march for the kitchen it is;"—and Nellie's laugh rang merrily through the clean, wide room as they entered.

The smouldering fire was soon crackling in the fireplace. The lead was melted and poured into water, where, after spluttering and hissing for a time, it assumed many and various shapes, causing much merriment. Then apples were eaten and the brown seeds counted, "one I love, two he loves," with blushes and smiles; and at last the crowning trial, naming chestnuts and placing them in pairs upon the coals. Helen bent down over the coals to arrange the nuts properly, when an explosion suddenly took place, and, with a low moan, she fell back, tightly pressing her hands over her eyes.

The mischief-loving Hugh had placed a percussion cap upon the hearth "to startle the girls," laughing in imagination at their terrified screams. But now, when he saw the result of his cruel trick, his lips grew pale, and raising the prostrate form in his arms, he cried passionately, "Darling Helen, are you hurt? Speak to me, sweet one. Have I murdered her?" with an appealing look to the sisters, who stood in dumb, pallid terror beside him.

"No! no! Dear Hugh, I am alive, but oh, my eyes! The pain is maddening. Please assist me to my room, and then go for a physician. I am afraid I am blind. Do not alarm father; but hasten, dear."

Carefully, tenderly they led her to her own quiet room, shaded the light, bathed the swollen eyelids, and then the cousins sat down to wait.

The physician came, a kindly, good man, and pronounced his verdict. Only one eye was injured, but that so severely that it must remain curtained in night.

"Oh, doctor, do not say that!" wailed the sufferer; but it was so, and no human agency could remedy the mischief.

Her beauty was gone; and amid the agony, the thought that he, for whom she would have shed her life's blood (strange how much stronger is woman's love than man's), might look with aversion upon the face he was once so proud of, made it still harder, and so there was a great sob in the voice that said, "Not that, doctor—oh, not that, doctor! I cannot bear it."

But heaven is merciful, and her heart did not break—not even when heartless Hugh so readily accepted the freedom she offered him. He was *proud*, and could not for a moment think of marrying so very plain a woman as Helen Weston with one window to the soul shaded. Weeks of pain she passed in the darkened chamber, and then came once more among her friends—pale, but, oh, so sad and sweet that one could almost weep to see her. Her father would gaze upon her altered countenance, and in his heart cursed the cowardly hand that caused the blight. But no one ever heard Helen murmur; and when they brought her the paper recording the marriage of Hugh Vaughan with Nellie Johnson, not even a repining word mingled with her good wishes.

Years have passed, and Helen is thirty. Calmer, sweeter, more lovely than of old, art has in a great measure remedied the defect in her beauty; and there are those who will tell you to-day that in all the Cumberland village there is not one young face so handsome as Helen Weston's. Old Farmer Weston went to join the wife he loved some years ago, blessing his daughter with his latest breath. Golden-haired Nellie has long since joined the angel-band; and Hugh, with his four lovely little girls, came back to his native place soon after. He saw our Helen, and his old love revived; but she refused to listen to him.

Said she, "I think I buried my love for you twelve years ago to-night, when you so gladly severed our engagement. I can never be aught else to you save a friend. That I will try to be, for, with all your selfishness, I do not hate you."

He went away then a sadder and, let us hope, less selfish man. For a time he was angry and would not permit his daughters to visit the farm-house; but after a while his ire passed away and though he never darkens the door, yet four little golden-haired girls think "Aunt Helen" is perfection itself.