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THE MORNING

VOL. III.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1874

PRICE : FIVE CENTS.

THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

XLIII. (Continued.)

He raised up the lifeless corpse and laid it out on that same couch where an hour before the marquis twined his arms around the waist of Carmen.

He took from the Marquis' pocket his own declaration, which was now useless; he burned it in a candle flame; he left the house, locking the door behind him and throwing the key into the thick bushes, he descended, with great strides, towards Havre.

Reaching the vessel, he halted the watch.

"Is the captain on board?"

"Yes, sir; he is asleep in the cabin."

"Wake him up and tell him I want to speak to him."

The captain dressed in a hurry and repaired to his superior.

Oliver had a short conference with him. Then, the captain returning on board, gave orders that all should be made ready for sailing with the morning tide.

This was in obedience to the wishes of Oliver who had decided on hastening his departure by twelve hours.

In the meantime Carmen was sleeping profoundly. She was awakened at an early hour by great noises in the adjoining room. On inquiry, she learned that a number of sailors were busy carrying off her trunks and other baggage.

"Why this haste?" thought Carmen.

She arose and dressed rapidly.

As she was completing her toilet, a rap was heard at the door.

"Come in," said she.

Oliver stood on the threshold.

"Ah! it is you. I was precisely going to meet you for the purpose of inquiring why you were ordering my baggage down to the ship so early?"

"I gave the order because, for certain reasons which you will soon learn, I have thought proper to hasten our departure by twelve hours. Instead of the evening tide, we shall take the morning tide."

Carmen was startled by this news and had to lean on a piece of furniture for support.

XLIV.

POISON AND ANTIDOTE.

Oliver pretended not to notice the emotion of his wife.

"After all, my dear Annunziata," said he, "what difference can it make to you when we leave—you have no one to see before your departure."

"Oliver," murmured the young woman, "when you proposed this long voyage yesterday I yielded without resistance."

"You yielded certainly, but not without a little resistance."

"Well, if I asked you a little favor, would you grant it?"

"That depends. I must know what the favor is."

"Something very simple."

"Yes, but what is it?"

"I beg you not to sail till this evening."

"I regret to have to refuse you."

"Why?"

"You will soon know."

"Why not now?"

"Because the time has not come."

Carmen's brow darkened and she changed her tone.

"So it is decided. You will not grant my request?"

"I may not."

"You insist on sailing this morning."

"I insist."

"Very well. I will be ready—"

Oliver smiled.

"I expected this much of you," said he. "I will leave now, but will soon return."

He took Carmen's hand, but it was cold as ice.

He had scarcely closed the door behind him, when the Gitana's face was suddenly inflamed with an expression of anger and hatred.

"Ah!" she muttered, "he is rushing to his own

ruin. I did not desire his death. I will make a last attempt to prevent it. If that fails, I will use my arms and follow out my destiny."

She then resolved to leave her husband's house and take refuge with the Marquis de Grancey.

She lost not a moment.

She flung her jewels in a casket, and took the gold which was left her.

She flung over her shoulders a hood man-

"Madam will pardon me. But I know my duty."

"I forbid you to follow me."

"M. Oliver has ordered it."

"Then you will disobey me?"

"I must obey my master."

"Ah! well,—I see—I am watched. The die is cast and I will be free."

She returned to her chamber, took off her



"THE POISON DROPPED NOISELESSLY INTO OLIVER'S GLASS."

tilia and wrapping herself therein, turned down a hidden staircase. The door was bolted. She uttered a cry of rage.

"Am I a prisoner?"

She rushed back through her apartments and made straightway for the main stairs.

In the antechamber, Zephyr was seated on a low stool.

He arose on seeing Carmen.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"I accompany madam."

"It is needless."

mantilla, laid the casket on a table, hid in her corsage the red phial of Morales and waited.

Three quarters of an hour later, Zephyr announced breakfast.

She went into the breakfast room, where Oliver in travelling costume, was expecting her.

Husband and wife took seats face to face.

Zephyr, with napkin on arm, stood behind his master.

"Oliver," said Carmen, "this man disobeyed me a moment ago and answered me with the

greatest insolence. Please, order him from my presence."

Oliver at once said to Zephyr, "Madame Le-Vallant accuses you. Therefore, you must be in the wrong. Retire at once."

"Whom shall I send in my place?"

"No one. I will help madame and help myself."

Carmen was delighted.

Her husband offered her several dishes which she refused.

"I have no appetite this morning," she said. "Accept at least a drop of that Val de Penal which you like so much."

"Yes, I will take a little."

"Hand me your glass."

And he filled her glass nearly full. His own glass he only half filled.

"Thank you," said the young woman, looking around, as if search of something.

"What do you desire?"

"Those almond cakes which we always have with the Spanish wine."

"Oh! there they are on the sideboard."

He rose from his chair and went to get them.

He had scarcely turned his back when Carmen bent forward. She held the red phial in her hand. The poison dropped noiselessly into Oliver's glass.

This was done with the swiftness of lightning and before the young man had reached the sideboard.

When he returned, holding the large platter of cakes in his hand, the Gitana was quietly seated and the phial had disappeared.

Oliver walked slowly; a terrible pallor overspread his face.

He placed the cakes before Carmen, sat down, took up his glass and said:

"This wine has an admirable color—"

"It has, indeed."

Oliver approached the glass to his lips.

The dancing girl fixed upon him a ravenous look.

He lowered his hand.

"My dear Annunziata," said he, "we shall drink to the success of our trip."

"I am willing."

He raised his glass again and said:

"Let us drink at the same time."

His lips touched the wine.

For the third time he stopped:

"Do you know," said he, "the old proverb:

If you drink in my glass you will read my thoughts. I want to know your thoughts, to-day. Let us exchange glasses."

The blood ran cold in Carmen's veins.

Oliver took her glass and drained it.

Carmen reeled in her chair.

"Take care, Annunziata," exclaimed Oliver.

"At seeing you tremble thus, one might suspect that you poured out poison to me."

"Poison," she cried wildly, "poison....." Do you accuse me?"

"No, I do not. But why do you not drink?"

A sudden thought darted through Carmen's brain.

"I have the antidote of Morales. I am invulnerable."

And raising the glass, she drank it to the last drop.

She looked her husband full in the face, and asked in a firm voice:

"Are you satisfied? Do you still doubt?"

"Oh! unhappy woman. I do not doubt. I have seen the crime and the punishment. The glass over the sideboard revealed your action to me. Go now and meet your lover. I have killed him and—"

At these words, Carmen shrieked and fell rigid on the floor.

Oliver rushed from the room and ordered Zephyr to saddle at once his fleet Arab mare.

He then went into his own apartment, girded around his loins a belt full of coin, slipped two pistols into the same and went down into the yard. There his horses waited him. He vaulted lightly into the saddle.

"You are going, master," said Zephyr, handing him the bridle.

"Yes, I am going."

"Alone?"

"As you see."

"And the ship?"
 "You will go to the captain and tell him to lay her up."
 "Have you no orders to leave me?"
 "None."
 "Not even for madame?"
 "Madame will hereafter take care of herself."
 "Will you be long away?"
 Oliver did not answer.
 "Where are you going?"
 "To the end of the world perhaps."
 "And when will you return?"
 "Never."
 And Oliver rode rapidly out of the court-

XLV.

OLIVER IN DANGER.

Carmen was recalled to her senses by a sensation of freshness and coolness. Her women, kneeling beside her, were bathing her temples with vinegar.

As she opened her eyes her presence of mind returned.

"Is there still time?" she cried looking around for the clock. When her eyes rested on the dial the minute finger was pointing at IX.

Carmen raised herself with a convulsive movement. It was nearly half an hour since the poison had begun to spread through her system. Morales' antidote might prove effective, but in three minutes it would be too late.

The Gitanas fully understood the imminence of the peril that threatened her. Death was upon her; his icy hand already touched hers.

In a moment she was on her feet. With a swift stride she passed out of the room and through the dining-room. The next instant she was rushing madly up the staircase. Nor did she stop until she reached the little sitting-room off her bedroom. Eagerly she tore open the desk in which she had placed the antidote, placed the bottle to her lips and drained it of its contents.

Immediately the feverish energy and unnatural excitement which had hitherto sustained her gave way. Her limbs were suddenly paralyzed; the floor seemed to sink beneath her feet and the walls to dance around her; then she swooned for the second time. As she fell on the floor the thought flashed swiftly across her brain. "It was too late! I am lost!"

The swoon lasted much longer than before, and the day was well advanced when she returned to consciousness.

On awaking she found herself in bed in her own room. By her side were standing two persons in whom she recognized her brother and the family physician.

"Ah!" cried Morales, "Madam is recovering."

The physician took her hand and placed his finger on her pulse.

"How do you feel, madam?"
 "I am not in any pain," returned Carmen.
 "Am I ill?"

"I thought so until now, madam," replied the doctor, "but you completely reassure me. Your skin is fresh and moist, there is no sign of fever, so I think there is no cause for uneasiness. A night's sleep will completely restore you, and you will awake in the morning in your usual good health."

With this cheering assurance the doctor took his leave.

"In the name of heaven," cried Morales when they were alone, "tell me what has happened!"

"Do you not understand? Can you not have guessed?"

"No. I have been racking my brain over it since morning."

"Do you not see? I drank the poison I intended for Oliver."

"How? Why?"

"One of the mirrors in the room betrayed me. Oliver saw me pour out the poison."

"And he made you drink it?"

"Yes, and had it not been for the green bottle, you would have no sister."

"Aha!" cried Morales triumphantly, "you see I was right in forcing you to take the bottle. What did I say, sister?—No one knows what may happen. So, it was a happy inspiration of mine! Now your husband thinks you are dead, and to all appearance is very little grieved."

"He thinks I am dead!" repeated Carmen in astonishment.

"Certainly."

"Where is he?"

"Gone."

"When?"

"When you swooned the first time."

"Where is he gone?"

"To the other end of the world. Those were his words."

"To whom did he say so?"

"To Zephyr."

"And is he coming back soon?"

"Never. So he said at least."

Carmen raised herself on her elbow.

"Are you speaking seriously, Morales?"

"Seriously and truly. We are masters of the house. Your husband is on the road on his mare Miss Betsy. As I was returning from Havre I saw him pass; he was riding like a man that has the police after him; and I know how one who is in that fix can ride."

"The police!" murmured Carmen in a hard voice, "the police! Perhaps he is trying to escape them, and perhaps he will not succeed."

"Is it possible? What do you mean? Has Oliver been guilty of any crime?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Murder."

"I should like to believe you, little sister, but the thing is too absurd."

"It is true! Do you know why my husband was in such a hurry to put the ocean between him and this city? Do you know why he wished to leave this morning and not this evening?"

"How should I know?"

"I will tell you. It is because last night he killed George de Grancey."

"He killed George de Grancey! He killed the Governor of Havre! a gentleman allied to the highest families at court! Misery! I would not be in his shoes, if he really has done so! But who told you this?"

"He did."

"The unfortunate wretch! He boasted of it, eh? He must be crazy! He will be hunted down and caught and will infallibly be condemned. Caramba, sister, his head is not safe on his shoulders, and I think I see you a widow."

"I am counting on that," said Carmen, with a horrible smile.

"But," continued Morales, "perhaps your husband killed de Grancey in fair fight."

Carmen shrugged her shoulders.

"Come, come," she replied, "a duel at night, without seconds or witnesses! Who will believe such a story, and how can he prove it in court? Besides, his sudden and hasty flight will be looked upon as an additional proof of his guilt."

"You are right. But who will denounce him?"

"I! He has killed the man I loved, and he tried to kill me. I will return him evil for evil. It is only right and just."

"Take care what you do. You will have to confess that the Marquis de Grancey was your lover."

"Do you not know, brother, that I shall only say what I choose, and that what I do say will be believed?"

"You are clever, very clever! I never had the least doubt of it. But take care—that you do not compromise me."

"Just like you!" cried Carmen, "a frightful egotist, always thinking of yourself!"

"What would you have? I have adopted as my motto through life a saying that is both ancient and wise: 'True charity begins at home!'"

"In any case you have nothing to fear. You will not be in any way compromised. So, rely on Carmen's word and do not be uneasy. Now leave me."

"You wish to be alone?"

"Yes. To-night I devote to mourning George de Grancey's death. To-morrow to vengeance!"

Morales took a respectful leave of a sister whose genius was so far above his own and withdrew to his private apartment, where he endeavored to chase away certain unpleasant thoughts that would present themselves by counting his money.

The next day all Havre was thrown into a state of intense excitement by the rumor that the Marquis de Grancey was missing. Forty-eight hours before he had left his house, and nothing had been seen or heard of him since.

In vain were enquiries made. The municipal magistrates, the civil lieutenant, the original judges, vied with each other in their endeavors to discover the missing man's whereabouts. All their efforts were futile.

A strange air of mystery surrounded the Governor's disappearance. On the night but one before, his valet had, as usual, presented himself for orders, and had been told that his services were not required until ten the following morning. At the appointed time he was surprised to find his master's room empty and the bed undisturbed. Evidently the Marquis had passed the night elsewhere. At first the man made light of the matter, but when the day and another night had passed without bringing any news of his master he became seriously alarmed, and acquainted the magistrates.

As we have said, all search was in vain. Public opinion was divided. Some people insisted that a crime had been committed. Others believed that the Marquis had met with an accident. But, it was argued, on one side or the other, M. de Grancey had not a single enemy in the city; and he could hardly have fallen a prey to robbers, as his purse was found in his bedroom; an accident too was almost as unlikely, for no body had been found, and as the lost man was an excellent swimmer he could hardly have perished by drowning, even supposing that he had chosen the midnight hour for a stroll on the harbor.

Such was the state of the public feeling when the civil lieutenant received a note from Madame Le Vaillant entreating the favor of an immediate visit, as she had important revelations to make.

The magistrate, it is needless to say, lost no time in presenting himself at Ingouville. He was at once received by Carmen, who at once opened the conversation by referring to the matter in hand.

"Sir," said she, "a sad piece of news has just reached me. I had the honor of counting the Marquis de Grancey among my friends. I believe it to be my duty to reveal everything I know which may aid you in discovering his fate."

"Do you know anything, madam," asked the official eagerly, "which would put us on the track?"

"Nothing positive. But what I have to tell may be of some service to you."

"Be kind enough to explain, madam. In such a strange, mysterious case as this the smallest clue is important."

"Well, sir, I firmly believe that a crime has been committed."

"Your opinion is shared by many. On what ground do you base your conviction?"

"The Marquis de Grancey had an enemy."

"Are you certain?"

"I am. I can prove it."

"Who was his enemy?"

"My husband."

"What, madam," cried the magistrate in astonishment, "do you suspect—do you accuse Mr. Le Vaillant?"

"God forbid!"

"And yet your words signify as much. You believe a crime has been committed, you say that the Marquis had an enemy, who was no other than your husband."

"What conclusion do you draw therefrom?"

"Madam, an old lawyer was accustomed to say in cases such as this, 'Find out who benefits by the crime.' If a man who has but one enemy is murdered, it is only reasonable to suspect his enemy."

"I am convinced that my husband is incapable of such a deed, but I think it possible that some friend or devoted servant of his may have murdered the Marquis without Mr. Le Vaillant's knowledge and against his wish."

"It is certainly possible. We will make every search in this direction. But it is my duty, madam, to ask you one or two questions—questions of a very delicate nature."

"Certainly, sir. I should not have asked you to come here, had I not been prepared to answer any question; you might put to me. What do you wish to know?"

"In the first place, madam, I must beg you to inform me, what may have been Mr. Le Vaillant's grounds for his hatred of the Marquis de Grancey?"

"He had but one—jealousy," returned Carmen unhesitatingly.

"Jealousy!" exclaimed the amazed magistrate.

"Yes, sir; that unfortunate passion which since the beginning of the world has caused so much mischief and spilt so much innocent blood."

"Madam," continued the magistrate, visibly embarrassed, "once more I beg you to pardon me, if I ask an indiscreet question. Mr. Le Vaillant you say, was jealous. Had he any grounds for his jealousy?"

"None. He had no right to suspect his wife. I know what my duties are, and I know how to perform them."

"And yet the Marquis loved you?"

"So he said."

"And you allowed him to say such things to you?"

"Why not? When a woman is sure of herself may she not listen to the compliments of a gallant?"

The magistrate did not seem to care to discuss the dangerous theory Carmen thus put forward.

"Did this jealousy," he continued, "ever lead to an open rupture between your husband and Mr. de Grancey?"

"My husband, carried away by his insane suspicions, went so far as to request the Marquis no longer to honor us with his visits."

"And what did Mr. de Grancey do?"

"He did not return. But he wrote."

"To you, madam."

"Of course."

"And you received his letters?"

"I could not help myself. I found them in my room without knowing how they came there. And again I should have been sorry to wound the feelings of an honest and courteous gentleman whom my husband had grievously injured."

"Did the correspondence between you last any length of time?"

"About two months."

"And what did you do with the Marquis' letters after having read them?"

"I burnt them."

"Your husband never found any of them in your possession?"

"One only, which he took from me by force."

"When was this?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Do you know the contents of that letter?"

"Yes."

"What did Mr. de Grancey say?"

"He begged me to give him a rendez-vous for one moment in a small house he had purchased, which is situated in a lonely street which skirts my garden."

The magistrate pricked up his ears.

"A small house in a lonely street," he repeated. "And your husband read this letter?"

"He took it from me, notwithstanding my resistance, and carried it off to his room where he shut himself in."

The magistrate reflected a few moments.

"Madam," he said at last, "you are right. The information you have given me is of the highest importance. I must see Mr. Le Vaillant, and that at once. Would you have the kindness to let him know that I am here and that I wish to see him?"

Carmen looked at the magistrate with an admirably feigned air of astonishment.

"Are you not aware, sir, that my husband is not here?"

"I did not know it, madam. When did he go away?"

"Yesterday morning."

"How did he travel?"

"On horseback."

"Was anyone with him?"

"No, he was quite alone."

"What was his destination?"

"I do not know."

"When will he return?"

"I have no idea."

"How is it, madam, that you know nothing of his movements?"

"M. Le Vaillant told me of his departure. His leaving me is the more inexplicable as we were to have sailed a few hours later for Havre, where I have property. He went away suddenly, leaving me in a faint after a terrible scene that was due to his jealousy. I only learnt of what I may call his flight on recovering an hour after, and this unexpected intelligence threw me into a second swoon from which I only awoke in the evening. The last person to whom my husband spoke in this house is an old servant who was forty years in the service of my father-in-law. Would you like to question him?"

The magistrate signifying his assent, Zephyr was sent for.

"What did your master say to you," the magistrate asked him when he had made his appearance, "when he was leaving you yesterday?"

"Mr. Oliver said to me; 'Give me your hand and do not forget me,'" replied Zephyr.

"Is that all?"

"Then said I, 'Where are you going, sir?' He replied, 'To the end of the world.' As I thought that was rather far, I asked: 'When will you return?' Then he looked back at me with a sad face, spurred his horse and galloped off, crying: 'Never!'"

"Very good, my friend," said the magistrate, "you can go."

Zephyr left the room.

"Well, sir," said Carmen, "what do you make of this?"

Instead of replying the magistrate asked another question.

"Is there a door leading from your garden into the street of which Mr. de Grancey spoke?"

"Yes."

"Have you the key of that door?"

"I really can not tell you. The servants can no doubt tell you. I do not know. But it is quite likely that there is such a key. If your wish it, I will send and ask."

"It is not worth while giving you that trouble."

"It is no trouble."

"I thank you, madam. But it is not worth while—at present at least."

Here the visitor rose to take his leave.

"I am going now, madam, but before night I shall have the honor of seeing you again, and unless I am mistaken I shall be able to tell you that, thanks to your information, we have found a clue to this terrible mystery."

As he rode back to the city the magistrate pondered over the interview he had just had.

It was very strange, he thought. Evidently the woman he had just left was wittingly accusing her husband. As matters stood appearances went dead against Oliver Le Vaillant, and yet appearances are so frequently deceitful. In an hour, however, a clue to the truth would be obtained. How beautiful she was, that woman, and yet how likely it seemed, why, he could not tell, that her angelical beauty concealed the heart and the nature of a demon.

When the door closed behind the worthy magistrate Carmen had but one thought; "George will be avenged!"

To be continued.

HABITS OF THE BALTIMORE OYSTER.

In a conversation with a prominent oyster packer, says the *Baltimore American*, some curious and interesting features of the oyster trade were related. As is well known, the habits of this bivalve are an entire mystery; what it eats and how it lives are questions not yet understood. The spawn of the oyster floats around with the action of the waves and tide, and adheres to whatever it may come into contact with. Oysters taken from a rocky bed are of superior quality; those taken from a soft bottom are comparatively poor in quality. Thousands of "poor innocent" oysters die annually from resting on a soft bottom, a fact which should arouse the sympathies of all tender hearted people.

The weight of the oyster, as it gradually matures, sinks it beneath the surface; and as soon as it is covered with sediment or mud, it dies. Many people suppose that the oyster really eats, and kind hearted people, buying oysters in the shell, sometimes throw corn meal over them, thinking to feed them. The peculiar noise emanating from them has been supposed to be produced by feeding. All shellfish at times have their shells open, and when touched will instantly close them. The noise thus produced has been mistaken for mastication, when, in reality, it is from fright.

Most of the Baltimore dealers in raw oysters during the summer months transact their business at Fair Haven, Conn., wether large beds of Baltimore oysters have been transplanted. The beds are so arranged that, on the receding of the salt water tide, fresh water from a small stream covers the oysters; it is said that this fattens oysters better than any other method. Orders are received for the article in question during the summer months, and they are taken from the beds and shipped with the greatest possible dispatch, and many eat them with apparent relish, notwithstanding the warmth of the season. Altogether the oyster packing trade of Baltimore is an enormous one, and in connection with fruit and vegetable packing business, employs a capital of about \$25,000,000, a fact which sufficiently expresses the great importance of this interest to Baltimore.

SEA-BIRDS.

BY HECTOR A. STUART.

Through the deep embrasure,
Towards the distant azure,
Gaze I o'er the purple colored sea,
Where the white gulls sailing
Restless, wildly wailing,
Seem like ghostly messengers to me.

Spirits of the ocean,
Wild as is its commotion,
Moaning o'er the foaming harbor-bar;
Bearing many a token,
Many an image broken,
Many a tribute from the climes afar.

Many a tale of sorrow,
Such as life may borrow
From the deepest founts of misery;
Such as wounding ever,
Time can soften never,
Ever growing in severity.

Such as ceaseless haunteth
(Which no power avaunteth)
Those who like me feel its energy,
When beneath its anguish
Every joy may languish—
Blighted by one upas memory.

Then betimes a-sighing
Like a sea-moan dying,
Sweeps across the sorrow-musing mind,
And remembrance waking
Like a dead sea breaking,
Rolls her sullen wave with grief inclined,

Say, ye birds unquiet,
Charged with misery's fiat,
Circling o'er the chanting coral-bar—
Bear ye not some tidings,
In your mournful chidings,
From a form beneath the surge afar?

Bring ye not one token
From an idol broken,
Ay, one whisper from a spirit fled—
From a dream whose dirges
Chant the sea-green surges
Tolling round Samoa's rifted head?

Bear ye not one token
From a vision broken,
Ay, one whisper from that fateful shore,
Which like sunlike breaking,
Joy from sadness waking,
May these ghostful shadows banish ever-
more?

RUTH IN THE GARDEN

I.

Poor little Ruth! On a bright wintry morning she was wandering about like a timid creature of the woods, driven to despair by some mysterious act of cruelty. Hither and thither among the glades and dells of the beautiful garden she had learned to look upon as her own, she walked to and fro, hating it because she was soon to be expelled—an outcast, an alien, yet innocent. Except a little fit of petulance or caprice now and then, she could not accuse herself of having wronged the parent by whom she had been adopted and just now disinherited. Would it not be best to die, seeing that she had no longer a home, no longer a protector, no longer a duty? But how was she to die? A man would have courage to shoot himself, or get his dues by force, or at least he might win back all that he had lost. She could do none of these things, and she despised herself for such helplessness. There was surely no sadder figure for the winter sun to look upon than this despairing little maiden of eighteen; yet there was something to smile at too, for you felt that a very little would dry those angry tears, and check those passionate sobs. The impotent indignation of very small creatures has ever its comic as well as tragic side. She saw somebody coming towards her through the trees, and ran, bird-like, a few steps forwards, as if to escape from him; then seeing there was no help for it, stood still, trembling. "I will be proud and angry, as I have a right to be," she said to herself. "I loved Bertie as a brother yesterday, but I ought to hate him, and I do hate him now, since he is the new master here, and every bit of bread I eat from to-day is his charity."

The girl and youth met without a word—she downcast and pale, he flushed and eager.

"Ruth," he said in a voice full of joy and hope—"Ruth, have you no word of congratulation? Why, I thought you would be the first to rejoice in my good fortune; and, after all, does not good luck to me mean good luck to you?" And he stooped to kiss and caress her, but she drew back.

"How can you talk so?" she cried. "I may be helpless, but I have not a mean spirit. I would rather starve than be a burden upon you."

The young man's face, which was singularly candid and sweet in expression changed in a moment. He crimsoned, his large brown eyes filled with tears, his lips trembled.

"Oh! Ruth, how could you ever be a burden upon me? You must know what I mean. Our father by adoption felt sure that in making me his heir, he but divided his fortune between us. Don't you love me?"

She went on from one bitter speech to another, hardly hearing his words.

"What does it matter whom I love? I loved him, and he thought it no unkindness to let me be driven a beggar from his doors! I don't see that love has anything to do with it. I have to begin my life again without any help, and yours he had mapped out for you just as you wished it. Of course you are happy, and I am miserable."

"Ruth, only listen to me for a minute, and I can make you understand what I mean."

"I understand; there is no possibility of making a mistake," cried Ruth, with a burst of tears. "You were always generous, and you wish to make amends for the injustice shown to me, but I cannot be passed from hand to hand like a slave-girl. I have a will of my own."

For some time the youth was silent. At last he said very sorrowfully—

"Then I was wrong, and you never cared about me, Ruth, or else my good fortune is evil fortune indeed, if what has happened to-day has turned you against me."

She made no answer.

"Which is the truth?" he asked. "In fairness you are bound to tell me that."

But he could get no answer from her; his words had not softened her—rather the reverse, for she took the slight peremptoriness in his voice as an assumption of his new dignity. Never before had he talked to her of what was due to himself. They had been a pair of happy children till to-day, loving each other with no more thought of mutual obligation than young birds.

When she did speak, it was only to make matters worse, and they parted sorrowfully and bitterly.

It was a superb winter morning, and little by little the bright colours of cloudless sky, glossy ever-green, scarlet berry, and velvety turf, got into poor little Ruth's heart, cheering it and calming it. Every step recalled some kindness of the good man who had died a day or two ago. Here he had arranged a little garden for her, and filled it with such flowers as children love; there he had built a stable for her pony; in another place was her dovecote. One of his chief pleasures seemed to have been in pleasing her. She began to find excuses for that eccentric will of his, read only an hour ago, by which Bertie inherited all that he possessed. Even her doves and pony belonged to Bertie now! "He must have had some good reason for doing this," the child said to herself, and tried to divine what it could be. Well, what else could he have intended, but that Bertie should marry her some day? But things could never come right between Bertie and herself now; he was growing imperious and exacting already, and would not let his love be a mere piece of generosity and heroic self-sacrifice? She wished she had been less violent in her reproaches, for the sake of the dead, but she felt none, the less vindictive towards his heir. She would leave him to the full enjoyment of his new position, and would begin life anew without any help. Oh! what could she do to earn her bread? she thought, sitting down in a lonely spot to weep.

Meantime, Bertie was going over his new domains with alternate feelings of dismay and exhilaration. Ruth was the one person he loved best in the world, but he loved himself a little; and at twenty-one even real grief can be for a time absorbed in unexpected good fortune. When he left Ruth a few minutes ago, it was with the feeling that he should never care a straw for his magnificent possessions, would most likely leave them to take care of themselves, go abroad, and so on; but no sooner had he begun the survey of the superb old house, which had that day become his own, than his thoughts took a more cheerful turn.

It was one of those Elizabethan mansions that bear, both inside and out, the stamp of English character, having rich red walls of a thickness that appears cyclopean in these days; lofty rooms, well adapted for the massive furniture of our ancestors; liberal allowance of kitchens and cellars, in the recesses of which it would be easy to hide a disguised hero or a murdered enemy; and numerous 'nooks and corners fit to turn to any use, from a prison to a lady's boudoir. The late owner had been eccentric in many things, but consistent in his love of what is really and purely English. From the hall to the attic, the eye rested upon nothing that was not entirely patriotic, if we may apply the word to art, and good and satisfying was the result. The armour worn by English knights at Cressy and Poitiers, the picture painted by Reynolds and Gainsborough, the chests and coffers carved out of English oak, the well-filled library of English authors in sober brown and gold bindings—all these things were a new and fascinating aspect to him. If Ruth broke his heart, he would still do what behoved an English gentleman of the old school; and the boy's honest nature glowed with all kinds of enthusiasms and emotions. But Ruth would not break either his heart or her own. When the first passion of his disappointment was over, he felt sure she would see that all was wisely ordered for herself as well as for him.

II.

Exactly an hour from the time that Ruth and Bertie had parted, though it seemed an age to each, they met again. But under what a different aspect! Now it was the youth who looked crushed and heart-broken,—the girl, whose face was bright and sympathetic, Ruth felt now a little comforted as to her own affairs, but full of compunction for her treatment of him. After all, it was mean and petty to reproach him for wrong done by another. It was not his doing that he was suddenly a prince and she a beggar girl; and though there was no good fairy to

bring them together as in a story-book, they might be kind and pleasant to each other for old acquaintance's sake. So she was returning to the house determined to find him, and say how sorry she was for her naughty behaviour, when a sudden turn brought them face to face. She was so full of her penitence that she did not notice his pallor, and, holding out her hand, began eagerly—

"Dear Bertie, forgive me, for saying such hard things to you just now. I am very sorry. I can never accept anything from you; but I do rejoice in your prosperity, I do indeed, and I shall not take any harm, never fear."

"You don't know what a mockery all this is," he answered almost savagely, "I have nothing to bestow upon you, Ruth—not even a crust of bread. My prosperity had lasted just two hours, and now I am a beggar!"

He put his hand to his brow distractedly.

"It seems like a horrid nightmare, but it is the truth. Oh! Ruth, it is hard to be waked from such a dream. Since I left you I have been going over the old place and making all kinds of plans, not to please myself only, but others. I intended to build a room for our dear old tutor, so that I could have him to help and advise me always, and I saw in my mind's eye, new cottages for those capital fellows who nursed all their neighbours during the fever last year, and a lovely boudoir for you, for I thought in time you would rather live here with me than anywhere else. But I shall emigrate next week, and marry some savage woman—unless I shoot myself, which perhaps would be the best thing to do. A second will is found, revoking the first, and now not a half-penny comes to me."

Ruth's first thought was to comfort him.

"You will soon forget this disappointment, Bertie," she said gently. "Our dear father had doubtless some good reason for leaving his fortune elsewhere. We cannot say we are disinherited."

"But you are not disinherited!" cried Bertie. "The tables are turned, Ruth, with a vengeance; it is you who are rich—I who am a beggar now."

"Oh, Bertie, is that true?"

"You may well look aghast! Oh! it is too cruel. What can I do? My education is not finished; I have no friends; I have been accustomed to plenty of money all my life; and now I am thrown without warning on my own resources. But I forgot that I have not wished you joy of your inheritance, Ruth, pray forgive me."

Ruth was trying to put her thoughts into words, but found it difficult to begin. What did she care for this great fortune now, seeing that she was miserable? Yet, if she said so, how was he to believe her? He seemed to read the unspeakable longing for sympathy in her face, for he added—

"Don't be unhappy about me. I am a man, and you are a woman, and it is right that I should work and you should not. If I only knew how to set about it, I would not mind. But I won't be beholden to any one."

That stung her, for she was on the point of saying: "Forget the idle words I said. Take my love, if you will, and my fortune anyhow." Now she could not say that.

"Is everything left to me to do exactly as I like with it?" she asked.

"Not exactly; but everything is yours. There are trustees, of course."

"And would they prevent me from doing what I just?" she said in as business-like a voice as she could put on. "I mean, in making over half this property to you. He loved us both equally. We were alike his children, in everything but name and blood. I would rather have nothing than have all."

"This is childish," he answered impatiently. "Law is law, and it has made you mistress here. You cannot undo a dead man's will."

"Dear Bertie, we have always been good to each other till now. Why should any change of circumstances alter us in that? You wanted me to share your fortune, just as I want you to take half mine."

He laughed scornfully.

"And don't you remember what you said? I have not a mean spirit any more than yourself, and I would rather go to the gold-diggings than be a burden upon you. Had you cared for me as much as I thought, it could make no difference now. All that is over between us."

And it seemed, indeed, as if all was over between them. Their eyes met without a trace of the old fond playfulness and affection; their voices were cold and hard, every word divided them more and more.

It was winter in their young hearts as they walked back to the house. They were such mere children, their lives had been so careless and unclouded hitherto, that the one was no more fit to enter upon new responsibilities than the other. Ruth wanted to keep nothing but her doves, her flower-garden, and her pony, and had wept for the loss of them more than anything else. Now that everything was hers, mansion and park and treasures, she was too concerned to care about any. Hard as it had seemed to have to pack her little bundle to-morrow and go, it seemed twice as hard to see Bertie pack his, and leave her behind in her state alone!

In that ten minutes' silent walk how many thoughts flashed across her bewildered mind! Her part to play in life had hitherto been that of love and playfulness only. Nothing more was asked of her but to be happy. How could she ever be happy any more? Her old friend and protector was dead; her playfellow and boon companion was estranged;—who else could be to her what these two had been?

III.

They were met on the threshold by Bertie's tutor, who had been with the orphans during their trouble, and was now the dearest friend they had in the world. Ruth flung herself into his arms, but he put her away very gently and sorrowfully, saying that something most unexpected had happened, and that they were wanted in the library at once. They followed him: he downcast and apathetic, she absorbed and sorrowful. The family lawyer begged them to be seated, and looked somewhat embarrassed. He seemed to have something unpleasant to communicate now, for he looked first at the tutor, then at the youth and girl, then ran his eyes across a parchment before him, finally coughed, and began:—

"My dear young friends, in the entire course of my professional career—and such a survey leads me back upwards of thirty years—I never remember to have been so peculiarly placed as at the present moment. My position an hour or two ago was disagreeable enough. I had to break the news to one of you that your late kind friend and most generous protector had made no kind of provision for her in the future, doubtless for some inexplicable reason or other which we could not perceive. A short time after that, a later will was found, revoking the first, and entirely excluding his adopted son from any share of his ample fortune; and now we have come upon a third will, perfectly legal in form and substance, and of later date than all: and this is entirely contrary to the spirit of the two first. My late friend was, as we all know, eccentric; and he was so afraid of his intentions becoming known that he never employed me in drawing up testamentary documents, but a stranger in a distant part of the country. Well, it is now my duty to read this last and final disposition to you, first begging you to be prepared for tidings quite as unexpected, and perhaps even more distressing than any you have yet heard."

The lawyer put on his spectacles and read the entire paper:—

"In revoking all past wills and testaments—and I have made a great many—in favour of this final one, I have been actuated less by affection towards my adopted children than by a real interest in their welfare. I at first made Bertie my heir, because he was a boy, and it seemed right and natural to let him step into my place, and become my little Ruth's protector; then I gradually came to the decision that such a sudden accession of fortune and power might make him arrogant, and that to fight his own way in life would best strengthen his character, and fit him for the responsibilities of property which he might become possessed of by virtue of being Ruth's husband. And now I am led to make another alteration, partly being actuated by a desire of doing justice to another, and partly out of a real unselfish love for them." Here Ruth touched Bertie's hand. "They did not know that the estate I have enjoyed during the last half of my life only became mine because its rightful owner, my brother, was disinherited by our father on account of an improper marriage. He went to America, and there died; but I have lately learned that a son of his is living, and to him I bequeath what is only his due." Here Ruth touched Bertie's hand again, looking at him fondly, and almost joyfully. She felt as if a great weight was suddenly lifted from her heart. "Between my adopted children I have equally divided all the sums of money I have laid by from my income, which will be found a modest provision enough, but ample to complete Bertie's education and start him in life, and for my little Ruth a guarantee against need. Let them both learn to depend upon better things than wealth for happiness, and share what little they possess, not only with each other, but with many others. My advice to them is, provided they love each other, as I fondly imagine, to go to some new country where luxury has not yet encroached upon reason, and there lay the foundations of a new, simple, and useful life."

The lawyer laid down the document, and, taking off his spectacles, eyed the couple, half with commiseration, half with curiosity.

"I hope, my dear young friends," he said smiling, "that you will not give way to disappointment till we see how matters stand. My late client's economies may have been more extensive than we imagine, and in any case you are not penniless."

"What are we to do, Bertie?" asked Ruth confidingly; there seemed no reason why they should not consult each other now.

"Be friends, of course," the youth said, blushing as he stooped to kiss her. "Thank Heaven, I am no longer a fairy-tale prince, nor you a beggar-maiden, so we have nothing left to quarrel about."

The lawyer and the old man left them alone, and forgiving each other, without any more ado, for what at passed, they began to scheme their future. The sombre library all at once became an enchanted palace, for their talk was of unknown lands, where it would be good to build a hut and begin a new life together—of broad rivers running amid golden swards and purple hills, on which they might gaze and never tire. There was nothing to keep them in the old world, everything to draw them to the new. With the old confidence in each other, there returned also their affection and gratitude for their foster-parent. The winter day that had begun with such bitter disappointment to each, ended in bestowing abundant blessings on both, all the sweeter and more welcome because of the trouble which had gone before.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY MAX.

Two children are watching for winter,
The one with a shivering dread,
And a puzzled thought in her little heart
Of why, if the sparrows are fed
By a Father-hand, she must always beg
In the cold for her daily bread?

And why she might never nestle
By the fire in the glowing grates,
That she sees through the cheerful window-
panes
As she passes the closed gates,
But must live in a cellar cold and damp,
And eat of the food she hates?

The other a rich man's darling,
With a bright and pleasant eye,
Well clad in her fur-lined cloak and hood,
And watching the murky sky,
Waiting to see the snow-flakes whirl
In their merry dance on high.

She loves the beautiful winter,
The frozen lake and stream.
Where gliding over the surface bright
Her polished skates will gleam,
And her thought, when even at work or play,
Is how short the winters seem!

Two little ones far asunder
As the East is from the West,
Yet the children of one great Father—
A mystery at the best;
For we only see the beginning
While He knoweth all the rest!

AGLAI A.

"Come, Uncle Alf," said Bertie Grant, bursting into the studio of his bachelor uncle, Alfred Wickersham, "you must go to the party with me to-morrow night. I've come down on purpose to demand it. I know all the old excuses by heart, and not one of them can even be revamped so as to do for this occasion. I shall accept no answer but an unconditional surrender, and you may as well lower your flag first as last."

Alfred Wickersham was sitting in his luxurious easy-chair, a cigar in one hand and the morning paper in the other, looking with a mild and mirthful face upon the daring youth who had so unceremoniously broken in upon his quiet.

"Well, Bertie," said the uncle, when he had stopped to breathe, "you must be exhausted by this effort of yours. Take a cigar, if you like, and sit down and tell us the news. How are all the young ladies?"

"Oh, the girls are all well enough, that is judging from the glimpses which I get of them. They've been forty fathoms deep in millinery the past ten days. New dresses coming home to be tried on and sent back for alterations, and grave questions to be decided as to whether pearls can be made to do when sapphires are all the rage, and whether natural flowers are after all so satisfactory as artificial ones; all these things, I say, throw a bevy of pretty girls into total eclipse, and the house is as gloomy as if it were a funeral impending instead of a party."

"Why, what is all the fuss about?" asked Uncle Alf, quietly. "We are not used to make such an ado about a party."

"Oh, this party of Mrs. Van Zandt's is to be extremely select and elegant. Why, there won't be over a hundred people there, and not a dress in the room that will cost less than a cool one hundred pounds, and they'll range from that to a thousand."

"Oh, it's to be a display of *recherchés* dresses," said Uncle Alf, coolly. "I'll stay at home."

"It's Miss Nellie McGowan that I want you to see," Bert said, impatiently. "It's not the dresses at all."

"Ah," said Uncle Alf, sapiently, "in love again, are you, for the five-and-twentieth time? When will you be twenty-one, Bert? I believe I did promise to come down with something handsome upon your majority."

"Well, now you're out again," said Bert, with something like his uncle's placidity. "I'm not in love at all. Should never think of marrying Miss McGowan myself. She isn't my style at all. But she's just your style, and—the truth is I want you to see her."

Uncle Alf's face assumed its very merriest expression.

"Why, Bert, you sly dog, you are not laying a trap for your old uncle, are you? If I should marry and bring up a family, what would become of you and your prospects?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Uncle Alf," said Bert good-humouredly, "I hadn't thought so far as that. It's not that I'm in the least haste to marry you off," he rattled on, "but then I haven't seen a woman these two years that I thought would suit you so admirably as Miss McGowan. I didn't really expect you to marry her, you know; but the truth is I've often thought, Uncle Alf, that you think more highly of women than you are at all willing to own; it's only that the fast kind don't please you. So when I saw Miss McGowan at the opera last week I somehow thought at once, 'Now there's a girl that would suit Uncle Alf,' and I made up

my mind on the spot that I'd bring you together if I could."

Bert stopped a minute and then went on with a rising colour in his face:

"It might be a little awkward for me, as you say, sir, if you were to marry. All the same, if you were the happiest for it, I hope I should manage not to starve, and if you should fancy Miss McGowan—"

"You'd give me your blessing, eh, Bert?" laughed his uncle, gaily. "Thanks, my boy, thanks; but the better way for me is to avoid temptation."

"Now, uncle, please do go to this party. You needn't be introduced to the lady, if you don't choose, but I've set my heart on seeing how she pleases you."

There was something unusually earnest in Bert's manner, and Alf Wickersham, who, until this moment, had not the slightest idea of going to the party, suddenly felt a giving way in his resolution, and, on the spur of the moment, answered:

"Well, well, boy, you're too badly spoiled ever to be mended again, so I suppose once more humoring you won't matter. You may give my compliments to Mrs. Van Zandt, and tell her I shall do myself the honor to accept her invitation."

"Oh, thank you, uncle; and Alice Van Zandt will be so glad to see you at her party. She told me, the other day, that her list of acceptances was perfectly satisfactory, except that it lacked your name."

"But mind, Bert, I'm to have a quiet corner to myself, and not to be bored with introductions."

"All right. I'll see that everything goes to please you. You shall not be asked to dance once, and you shall have the very girl that pleases you best to talk to half the evening."

"Go off, you saucy lad. I'm not the Grand Vizier of the Turks. I'm simply a stupid old fellow who can't bear a crowd, but who now and then martyrizes himself for the sake of a graceless youth who can't be taught wisdom."

"Well, I reverence wisdom, and that's just as well," said Bert, and was off, with a laugh to carry the news of his victory to his cousin, Mrs. Van Zandt.

Alfred Wickersham was regarded by all his friends as an eccentric person. It was generally supposed that in his youth he had met with some disappointment, though no one could tell any particulars of it; but at all events, he was at thirty-five simply a handsome man of fortune, who kept bachelor's quarters in a suite of elegant apartments, and dined at his club; devoted his leisure to the study of art and light literature; abjured society, although he was the admiration of ladies; was gentle and kind to all his relatives, charitable to the poor, and led a life that was absolutely blameless.

To his nephew, Bertie Grant, he was sincerely attached. Bert was an orphan, an inmate of the family of his aunt, Mrs. Clarendon. His cousins, Grace and Arabella, were older than himself, and were girls lively and vivacious enough to exercise a strong influence over a youth so well disposed as Bertie was. The consequence was that he had grown up their constant companion and friend, and so had escaped a thousand and one temptations which must otherwise have beset his path. His Uncle Alfred, while affecting a genial indifference to his welfare, had really watched over him with the tenderest care. He was well pleased with Bert's progress, and would usually vary his ordinarily somewhat rigid rules of life for no one else so readily as for his young nephew. And Bert, to do him justice, was sincerely fond of his uncle, and quite as disinterested in his attachment as the nephews of well-to-do bachelor uncles are apt to be.

When Bert had left the study, Alfred Wickersham sat for a few moments smiling to himself. He was, as we have said, a handsome man, a trifle old-looking for his years, partly because of a certain expression of pensive sadness which habitually shadowed his face, and partly because, if the truth must be told, he was already growing a little bald. It was on this account that most young girls, while they admired him afar off, had an idea that he was "very old;" and those among the mammas who perfectly remembered the years of his adolescence, knowing his obduracy against all female charms, took care not to dissipate the impression.

"So," said Alfred Wickersham to himself, after Bert's departure, "I was not wise enough, after all, to keep myself out of Alice Van Zandt's snare. For of course it is her snare. Bert would never have thought of such a thing as my being pleased with any certain type of young lady if some one had not put it into his head."

The ashes fell from his cigar and the spark died out while he sat musing. His breast rose and fell a little, and there dropped upon the carpet something like a tear. It was a moment in his life of which the world could not have dreamed, and the tear itself, if tear it was, he would have purchased from the gaze of any mortal at the price of half his fortune. Rising at length, and throwing away his paper, he crossed over to the mantelpiece, and regarded earnestly a tiny ivory miniature which hung suspended there. When Bert had once asked him a question about this picture, he had said in reply:

"It is a relic from the buried city of the past—that means Pompeii, you know. I brought it with me from abroad."

Certainly nobody could identify the face, and it was a face to court identification. Not handsome, by any rules of art of beauty; the forehead low and broad, the mouth wide and firm

the eyes deep-set and shining by an inward light, "a light that never shone on sea or land," but could only beam from a soul that was steadfast and true. The hair alone was beautiful. It was of a rich reddish-chestnut color, and fell about the lovely shoulders in affluent waves that, catching the light here and there, brightened into burnished gold.

If Bert could have looked into his uncle's face as he stood regarding the picture he would have understood the meaning of that phrase, "a relic from the city of the buried past."

It was like Alfred Wickersham to hang the token of his buried past in the sight of all the world, where careless comers and goers noted and criticized it. He heard them all, answered their questions if he had to, but never revealed himself to any. Bertie, only, had caught one day a single gleam of his eye, as it rested upon the miniature, and had cherished the strange thought which that look had awakened among his heart's most sacred treasures.

On the evening of Mrs. Van Zandt's party, Alfred Wickersham was among the earliest guests. He had a fancy for going early to a party. There was a chance, then, of a few moments' chat with his hostess before the fatigues of the evening had exhausted her freshness. He liked, too, to choose some quiet corner where with a congenial companion, he could watch the arrivals, and speculate at his leisure upon the guests. Upon this evening he had chosen Cora Van Zandt, whose first season it was, and who, being the youngest of Mrs. Van Zandt's numerous daughters, could the most readily be spared from her mamma's side, to be his companion. Suddenly there was a stir about the doorway, and a little murmur among the throng which already began to crowd the rooms, and it was evident that there was a distinguished arrival. Alfred Wickersham looked up in time to notice a very tall and elegant man of middle age, in military costume. Upon one arm hung a little faded woman, whose dress, however, was literally gorgeous—trailing satins and nodding plumes and ancient laces and sparkling gems all combined to maketh it small and sickly-looking specimen of humankind the most conspicuous creature in the crowd. Upon the other arm was a young lady whose age at first view baffled one's conjectures, but who was, at all events, simple and cool and fresh as a rosebud.

"Why," exclaimed Alfred Wickersham, as his glance rested upon the gentleman of the party, "that must be an Indian nabob. And that is his sickly, broken-down wife. But, great Heavens! who—"

He stopped short here, for at that moment the young girl turned her face that way and smiled. She was simply greeting the daughter of her hostess, but the smile seemed to have some magic in it to transfix Alfred Wickersham.

"Why," said Cora, too much absorbed in the excitement of the moment to notice the change in Alfred Wickersham's manner, "do you not know that is Colonel de Vere, an officer of distinction, who has served during a long campaign in India? and Lady de Vere his wife, is the daughter of a baronet. What was Bert thinking of that he did not tell you? But mamma is looking for me, and I must go and be presented," and away she went, leaving Alfred Wickersham still staring vacantly at the girl's sweet fresh face.

"Colonel de Vere, indeed, and Lady de Vere!" he muttered, "but who upon earth have they with them? Ah! let me look again. Yes, my Lady de Vere is certainly no other than the eldest daughter of my old friend, Sir Roger Gersham; but who—who is the other?"

At that moment he saw Bert across the crowd, and signalled to him.

"Bert," he said, carelessly, "how came these strangers here? Why didn't you prepare me for so striking an event? You've laid an ambush for your old uncle, you graceless scamp!"

"No ambush at all, I assure you, sir," said Bert. "Now I think of it, I believe I didn't mention about Colonel de Vere. It was just my rattle-headed way of doing things, however—no more. But there's time enough for explanations yet. Colonel de Vere has just returned home from India with his wife, and is staying here for a week or so."

"The young lady, Bert? You haven't told me about the young lady yet."

"Why, that, to be sure, is Miss Belle McGowan, the very creature I wanted you to see. Hasn't she rather a wonderful face? I have a fancy that she is like your Pompeian damsel, only older."

Alfred Wickersham, who had been very white till this moment, suddenly turned crimson to the temples. But, with a light laugh, he answered:

"It's you against the world, Bert, for seeing resemblances. I should have said, now, that she was a deal more like Joan of Arc. Be that as it may, I believe Lady de Vere to be an old acquaintance of mine, and I propose, so soon as this crowd disperses a little, to go forward and speak to her. Shall I present you also?"

"By all means," said Bert, gaily; "it will be such fun to have outflanked Alice Van Zandt."

"Oh, you will enjoy your triumph, no doubt, but consider my dilemma. How am I to apologize to Lady de Vere for not having before paid my respects to her?"

"Oh," said Bert, laughing good-humouredly, "you'll find some way out of it. Plead illness. Indeed you have a rather languishing look."

Alfred Wickersham did not fancy being teased about his looks at this moment; he said nothing,

however, but began his progress down the room to the vicinity of Lady de Vere.

He made no unnecessary haste, and at very convenient opportunity he paused for a glance at the face of Miss McGowan.

"How like, how very like!" he said to himself "but it is impossible, and I am simply foolish."

But, as he approached the group, Miss McGowan, who was at that moment engaged in vivacious chat with a gentleman, looked up casually, and met Alfred Wickersham's penetrating glance bent upon her. She grew deadly pale, looked wildly about for an instant, and then fainted. There was a great stir and commotion, and Miss McGowan was carried out by two or three gentlemen.

Nobody, not even Bert, had time to think how Alfred Wickersham was looking. If anybody noticed that he grew deadly pale, sprang forward and then retreated, and when Miss McGowan's unconscious form had been carried past him, retreated to a bay window, and there, in alternate fits of pallor and trembling, passed the next five minutes, it was only attributed to his sensitiveness and eccentricity.

Word soon came that Miss McGowan was too ill to return to the drawing-room, and the entire party of Colonel de Vere made their adieux.

Alfred Wickersham withdrew almost immediately. How he passed the night was his own secret. Bert came in quite early in the morning, however, and immediately remarked upon his uncle's worn appearance.

"And you didn't get a chance, after all, to renew your acquaintance with Lady de Vere and her party. I'm so sorry, for I had a curiosity to see how you would be pleased with Miss McGowan. By the way, do you know how she is related to Lady de Vere?"

"Can't imagine," replied Alfred Wickersham, curtly.

"You are sure you never saw her before?"

"Never so much as heard the name."

"By the way, what has become of your Pompeian damsel?"

"Oh!" said Alfred Wickersham, carelessly, "The ring came out of the frame this morning, and I sent it to be repaired. I'm going to get a little Beatrice Cenci to hang in that place. I think I shall like it better. By the way, Bert, what about those horses you wanted me to try? I'm just in the mood this morning."

Bert went off immediately in enthusiastic praises of the horses in question, and Miss McGowan was dismissed from his thoughts.

Alfred Wickersham waited two days before paying his respects to Lady de Vere. He met with a cordial welcome from his old friend, but, in answer to his inquiries concerning Miss McGowan's health, he was informed that she was still too ill to see callers. "Indeed," said Lady de Vere, "I think we must try what Brighton will do for her."

Alfred Wickersham expressed his cordial satisfaction and recommended Hastings enthusiastically.

"Will you permit me," he said at his departure, "to leave a card for Miss McGowan, and to express to hope that upon some future occasion I may be so happy as to make her acquaintance? Miss McGowan is, I understand, a relative?"

"Not at all," said Lady de Vere; "she came out to India some years since to attend Lady Amesbury, who was some distant relative or connection, I think of hers. Lady Amesbury died, leaving the bulk of her property to the young lady—a very handsome property it is—and Miss McGowan has placed herself under my care for the journey home. That is all I know of her, except that she is a very charming young lady, and had turned the heads of half the officers in Colonel de Vere's regiment."

"And did she prove obdurate against such an array of suitors?"

"Oh, entirely. I never saw so stony-hearted a young lady. There was poor Lieutenant Goldsby, a fine, handsome fellow and of good family, among others. Oh, I've heard her say a thousand times that she should never marry; and now that she has her fortune she is more determined than ever."

Alfred Wickersham made a smiling protest against this obduracy and added:

"I shall certainly do myself the honor to call again before you leave town, and I trust to your friendship to procure for me an introduction to this cruel fair one. You may represent me to her as a determined bachelor, whose reputation for hard-heartedness fairly matches her own, and plead my cause on these grounds."

Lady de Vere promised, and Alfred Wickersham left in very good spirits.

On the second day he called again, but, to his dismay, found that Colonel de Vere and his party had already taken their departure. He hurried back to his quarters, and, leaving a note for Bert to account for his absence, immediately packed his portmanteau and set out upon the same route. The evening of the next day found him at an hotel at Hastings, watching, with momentarily increasing impatience, the groups of visitors. But it was not until the current had already set in the direction of the dining-room that he caught sight of Colonel de Vere's tall form and saw hanging upon one arm his faded-looking wife, and upon the other—how his eyes brightened at the sight—the mysterious Miss McGowan. Strive as he might, he could not gain a place at the same table with them.

But in the evening, when the band commenced to play, and the guests to promenade, he was more fortunate. Having paid his respects to Colonel and Mrs. de Vere, he was duly introduced to Miss McGowan, and with the ease of manner acquired by long familiarity with the best so-

clety he immediately offered her his arm, and, contriving to leave the promenade, he led her to the conservatory from the balcony of which the placid ocean, now illumined by the moonlight, was visible.

The lady having seated herself, he opened the conversation in a voice broken by emotion: "Aglala," he said, "am I not right in calling you by the name? Can you tell me how it is that the dead and the living meet again?"

She looked up at him and spoke firmly, though her voice trembled.

"Mr. Wickersham," she said, "the events of these last few days have cost me infinite pain. I am not even yet calm enough to speak of them, with impunity. One thing I must ask of you, if I have any claim upon your generosity, and that is, that you will for the present refrain from all mention to any person of so much of my past as is known to you. You can imagine," she went on, speaking rapidly and with evident emotion, "that when one has consigned an experience to the everlasting past, buried it literally in a deep-made grave, it is something of a shock to one's nerves to behold it suddenly exhumed and made to pass, ghost-like, before one's eyes. Thinking of this, you will not wonder at the emotion which I betrayed on seeing you so unexpectedly in Mrs. Van Zandt's drawing-room. Having thus explained it to yourself, forget it utterly, I beseech you, and think of me and address me only as Miss McGowan. Indeed, that is now my name, and my only name. It is mine by legal right. I adopted it with parliamentary sanction, five years ago, when I was restored to my relatives, and went out to Lady Amesbury in India. The rest of my history you know from Lady de Vere, and I beseech you, nay," she said, looking up with a frank smile which thrilled him with the memory of forgotten joys, "nay, I know that I need not even ask that you will refrain from directing gossip towards me by any mention whatever of what you have known of my past."

"Aglala," he said, "the very suggestion pains me unutterably. The past to me is sacred as my hope of heaven. I have never mentioned it to one of my friends. I believed you dead. I believed that I had myself hung garlands upon your grave, and I have been as true to your memory as ever any man was to the memory of the wife of his bosom. And is this to be my reward?"

"Alfred," she said, with a troubled look in her eyes which pierced him to the heart, "can it be possible that I have been all these years deceived? You must be aware that this is no place in which to discuss these matters. Come to me to-morrow, and I will do what I thought never to have done again—go over all that dark and painful past, and make so much of it clear to you as is now mysterious. After that it must be forever forgotten."

"Forgotten, Aglala? Nay, that is impossible."

He took her hand in his, and found it hot and trembling.

"Do not agitate me farther," she said, blushing deeply. "Indeed I cannot endure it. I must go to my room this moment."

He escorted her to the staircase.

"At least," he said, "you will bid me good night in the old fashion?"

She smiled a wan smile. "Not to-night," she said. "Oh! I cannot after all these years of pain so soon bring up the tender remembrances of the past. Wait till I am stronger."

He lingered still holding her hand.

"Just that one word," he said. "It would atone for so much that I have suffered. Oh, Aglala, remember all these sorrowful years."

She blushed, and dropped a single syllable of liquid Greek into his ear, and then, turning suddenly, fled like a starbeam.

Alfred Wickersham passed in his own apartments with a face which, in the silver moonlight, seemed to glow like the face of an angel.

She lived, she loved him, and the past was as a cloud that is spent! How should he live till the dawning of the day?

The story of Alfred Wickersham's youthful attachment is easily told. Soon after leaving college, during a summer tour among the lakes of Scotland, he met Aglala Varsami. Her father was a Greek merchant, who had married the daughter of a Scotch nobleman, and settled in his adopted country. He was a man of singular character and of indomitable will. Imagining that the connection of his family with a Scotch earl gave his daughters pretensions to husbands of noble birth, he sternly frowned upon any suitors who could not show the necessary patent of nobility.

Aglala was visiting her aunt, Lady Amesbury, when she met Alfred Wickersham, who was a guest at the same house. An attachment sprang up between them immediately, which Lady Amesbury—who well knew that the fortune and family of the young man made him a worthy match for any woman of Aglala's position, and who besides admired the sterling virtues of his character—encouraged by every means in her power.

Mr. Varsami being then in Greece an engagement was contracted between the young people and openly acknowledged. When Mr. Varsami returned, however, his rage knew no bounds. He immediately ordered Aglala home, and informed Mr. Wickersham that upon no account whatever could he be permitted to see the young lady whom, to use Mr. Varsami's expressive language, "he had so foully wronged by enticing her into a marriage engagement with one so far beneath her; a mere foreign adventurer."

Alfred Wickersham pleaded his cause with all the eloquence and ingenuity of which he was master; offering to prove by references to his

London bankers, and other incontrovertible witnesses, that he was of good family and connections and ample fortune; but all in vain. He contrived, however, to open a correspondence with Aglala through Lady Amesbury, who was highly indignant at this treatment of her favorite niece. And at last Aglala, who was a girl of sense, and character, convinced that there could be no reasonable hope that her father would relent, seized the occasion of one of his frequent absences to pay a visit to Lady Amesbury. Alfred Wickersham met her there, and arrangements were made, with the sanction of Lady Amesbury, for a private marriage.

The day arrived; the clergyman was present, and they stood before him with clasped hands, and the ceremony was actually commenced, when a postchaise dashed up to the door, and Mr. Varsami, bursting with rage, rushed into the room, and forbade the marriage. Aglala, plunged in grief and affliction, was carried home and Alfred Wickersham was left to comfort himself in whatever way he could.

The marriage ceremony had proceeded so far that he believed it would stand a legal test, and took measures to have the question tried, when suddenly he received a note from Mr. Varsami, saying that for the sake of the dead he would probably spare the family farther shame. The nervous shock had been too great for his beloved daughter, and she had died three days after her return home.

Alfred Wickersham wrote immediately to Lady Amesbury, from whom he received the fullest confirmation of the sad intelligence. He then, in a transport of grief, made a journey to the grave of his beloved, found the tombstone upon which was inscribed her name and age, and laying upon it a floral tribute to the memory of one who was as sacredly worshipped as though she had been in very deed his wife, he immediately left the country. Lady Amesbury's health, always delicate, was profoundly affected by the shock, and a few months afterwards, her husband being ordered to India, she accompanied him. So that Alfred Wickersham had been cut off entirely from all sources of information concerning the fortunes of the Varsami family.

His astonishment, therefore, at meeting Aglala Varsami under the strange name of Miss Belle McGowan, at Mrs. Van Zandt's party, may easily be imagined. Convinced, however, that Miss Belle McGowan was in reality the Aglala Varsami of his early love, that she was still true to him, and that now, in all probability, there remained no insurmountable obstacle to their union, his happiness knew no bounds, and the hours seemed years till he should hear her strange story from her own lips, and clasp her again in his arms.

Morning came at last, and with it an invitation to breakfast with Aglala. It may easily be imagined that the breakfast was a slight one, but Aglala had been so agitated by their interview of the last evening that she was in reality unfit for the slightest exertion.

"You told me last evening," she said, when the servants had withdrawn, "that you had always held my memory sacred. Were you not, then, married in six months after our separation at Lady Amesbury's?"

"Married!" he exclaimed. "Who could have so basely deceived you? But, alas! it is not strange that you should have been deceived when I was taught to believe that you were dead. No, Aglala, I repeat it, no husband was ever truer to the memory of a wedded wife than I have been to yours. But tell me upon whose tomb was it that I hung the garlands? It certainly bore your name, and the inscription of your death."

"I must go back," she said, "to the day on which we parted, and tell you all. When I arrived at home I was immediately consigned to a suite of rooms, and put under the care of a keeper—an old Greek woman, in whom my father very justly reposed implicit confidence. You will remember my poor sister Leila, who had been a confirmed invalid from youth. She had been sincerely attached to me, and it was evident from the first that the shock, together with her grief for my unhappiness, would be fatal to her. It occurred, therefore, to my plotting father to substitute my name for hers in the funeral announcements, and then to hurry me off to an obscure place, which he owned in Scotland, upon a plea that Leila, whom I was to represent, needed a change of air and perfect seclusion. It was during my sojourn there that I was informed of your marriage.

"At the end of the three years my father died, and then there was no longer any motive for my concealment, except the natural desire of my family to be spared the disgrace of an open exposure. I went from my Highland tower immediately to my Aunt McGowan, from whom I learned the full details of the deception which my father had practised, and which had only gradually been suspected and traced by the family.

"I believed you married, however; and Lady Amesbury, who might possibly have thrown some light upon the subject, was in India. I was determined, however, that I would not adopt my sister's name, and, to prevent scandal, I acceded to my aunt's desire, and by parliamentary sanction took her own, and was duly announced as her heir. But she, poor lady, was not destined to live long. Her death occurred within six months after I went to reside with her, and having written to Lady Amesbury meantime the particulars of my strange story, she invited me immediately to come to her in India. The rest you know from Lady de Vere.

"You can easily imagine my surprise upon

meeting you at Mrs. Van Zandt's party, and the horror I felt upon having betrayed so much emotion at the sight of you whom I believed to be married. Even after I learned, through Lady de Vere, the fact that you were at least at present without ties of that kind, though I still apprehended that you might have formed some secret tie—you see the plots of which I had been the subject had fairly turned my brain—it did not seem possible that you should have remained true to me through so many years, and I hesitated to see or confide in you."

"But tell me, dear Aglala, that this hesitation is removed, that your confidence in me is utterly restored, and that so soon as may be the tie once so nearly formed between us may be consummated, and that I may introduce you to my friends as my wife, the innocent cause of all the mystery which has heretofore enshrouded my life."

When Lady de Vere returned from her morning promenade she found two very happy people. Alfred Wickersham briefly informed her that he had been betrothed to Miss McGowan in Scotland, long before she had gone out to India, but had been separated from her by circumstances which had now happily been explained, and that she must give her friend as much assistance as possible in preparing her trousseau, for he should not wait long before claiming his wife.

"So," said Bert, in great glee when he heard the story, "I was right about Miss McGowan looking like your Pompeian dame. Ah! Uncle Alf, you must own that at last you are my debtor. What would have happened if I had not been sharp enough to see that resemblance which you so strenuously denied?"

"Well, Bert," said his uncle, laughing, "remember that you promised me your blessing beforehand, and indeed you shall not be much the worse for my marriage. There is money enough for us all, and Aglala will not, I am sure, grudge a generous remembrance to one who has been the means of reuniting her to the man she loved and waited for so long."

Society never knew the whole of Mrs. Wickersham's story. Her nephews and nieces call her Aunt Belle, and many people wonder why it is that Mr. Wickersham only, of all the world, calls her by that strange name, "Aglala." J. W.

JIM.

BY H. RUTHERFURD RUSSELL.

Mr. Thomas Green, news-vendor, 49, Street, Marylebone, sat at dinner with his wife and daughter in the little dark inner room behind the shop. The door was half open, so that the entrance of a customer, or the ringing of the shop-bell, might not pass unheard.

"What was that?" said Mrs. Green, bending forward. "Wasn't it the bell?"

Mr. Green's chair was exactly opposite the aperture. He raised his eyes from off his plate, lowered them again, and shook his head.

"Nobody there," he said. Silence ensued for some minutes, then Mrs. Green gave a start.

"Law!" she exclaimed, "but that was the bell. Mary Ann, push open the door and look."

Mary Ann laid down her knife and fork with no very good grace, twisted round, and thrust forward her head.

"Somebody has come in," she said. "It's a ragged boy. He's standing in the doorway."

Mr. Green shoved back his chair and rose.

"Be off with you!" he shouted to the newcomer. "We can have no beggars here. Be off with you, I say! We've nothing to give you!"

The tone of his voice was loud and alarming, still the boy did not move. The other went a step nearer and repeated his words more threateningly.

"Do you hear me? Be off with you! We've nothing to give to beggars. Be off I say, or I'll send for the police!"

Still the boy stood motionless in the doorway. Mrs. Green, attracted by his pertinacity, again bent forward.

"What does he want?" she asked. "Look, he's got something in his hand?" She left the table, and went through the shop. The strange visitor awaited her approach quietly; then stretched out a grimy wrist, and handed her a dirty slip of paper. Mrs. Green looked at him and at it.

"Who sent you?" she asked. The boy raised his heavy face; for a second his dull eyes rested on her.

"Mother."

She leant against a pile of books and opened the slip of paper. It was not only dirty but torn. Piecing it together in her hand she held it down to catch the light. A few words were indistinctly scrawled and blotted, and suddenly she grew pale.

"Oh! Tom," she called faintly. Thomas Green hastened to her from the inner room, with his mouth full. She held the blotted paper so that he could read the signature.

"It's from Jane," she said. "She's dead. Read it."

Jane was Mrs. Green's sister, who had angered her whole family by marrying beneath her. For many years she had been lost sight of by all the respectable Green connexion. No one spoke of her; no one inquired after her welfare; no one scarcely remembered her. Mr. Green frowned as he read; then he exchanged blank

looks with his wife. Mary Ann was standing beside them, by this time staring. The boy seldom raised his eyes. Mr. Green drew nearer and bent down, almost as if he would have liked to have shaken him.

"Who sent you?" he asked.

"Mother," repeated the other slowly.

"But—" said Mrs. Green, and then stopped. The boy seemed to understand her. He lifted his face.

"Yes," he said, "she's gone, she's gone!" Then his head drooped again. He was a wretched-looking object, half-starved, tattered, stupid.

"What's your name?" inquired the news-vendor.

He did not reply; scarcely seemed to hear.

"What's your name?" repeated the other roughly.

The answer came at last.

"Jim."

"Are you the only one left?" asked Mrs. Green. "Have you no brothers or sisters?"

Jim stood silent. Mr. Green did shake him this time. He caught him by the sleeve.

"Can't you answer when you're spoken to?" he said. "Say, boy, are you the only one left?"

Still he did not speak, but stared stupidly on the floor. Waiting brought no better result.

Thomas Green looked at his wife, then shrugged his shoulders.

"An idiot," he said "an idiot. What on earth shall we do with him?"

The tone, which was annoyed, added a great deal more; it said, "What on earth did Jane mean by dying and leaving this creature upon us? It was too bad of her."

"Read what she says," said Mrs. Green, wiping her eyes with her apron. "It's no use complaining now, Tom, when she's dead and gone; read."

He read with difficulty.

"If you have a sister's heart in you, Ann, look after my poor orphan boy." The last word was almost illegible. "The parish will bury me; but, oh! don't let him go to the work-house. Do something for Jim if you can, he isn't fit to look after himself—"

Here it broke off abruptly; every line was miserably blotted; one sentence too blotted to make out, the words being altogether effaced.

"Well," said Mr. Green, eyeing the boy, and putting his thumbs into his waistcoat pocket. Mrs. Green waited; she was afraid of her husband. She stood still, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, for her heart was softened. Jim bore the scrutiny with dogged indifference.

He was not an interesting object. The wretchedness of his appearance aroused more loathing than pity. No gleam of intelligence lighted his dull countenance, and his eyes when he raised them had almost an idiotic stare. Mr. Green gazed with repugnance. He had not forgiven Jane in his heart for what she had done; on the contrary, he resented it as an injustice. Mrs. Green looked on the boy as on her own sister's son. She thought of the wretched hours spent by the wretched woman in poverty, misery, and death. She could not have turned Jim from her door had he been a hundred times more ugly or repulsive. Her heart was softened. Mr. Green was aware that his wife did not share his feelings. This, perhaps, hastened his decision.

"Well," he said with a jerk, "I suppose we must keep him."

He turned to her. His tone was discontented.

"Yes, Tom," said she.

Still he did not recover from his ill-humour. "I don't know what we can do with him,"

he continued; "he doesn't seem fit for anything. I suppose he can't read—can you?" He raised his voice as though addressing a deaf person.

Jim shook his head.

"What can you do?" asked Mr. Green.

"Nothing," answered the boy stolidly.

Husband and wife exchanged looks again.

"Are you hungry?" inquired she. Jim showed sudden signs of animation.

"Very!"

"We'll give him some dinner first," said she, "and then see what we can do."

Mr. Green muttered something to himself as they returned into the inner room. Jim remained in the shop. When left alone he employed himself in gazing all round, and up and down at his new quarters. Presently Mrs. Green re-entered with some meat and bread. Jim eyed the eatables greedily. He stretched out his grimy fingers for the plate before she had time to hand it to him, but when he had it, tightly in his lap, he did not touch a morsel.

"Why don't you eat?" asked she. He did not answer. She stared curiously at him. His repulsive appearance almost overcame her kind feelings. The remembrance of her sister alone kept her charitable. After watching him a minute she rose and went out, thinking perhaps some feeling of bashfulness prevented him eating before her. No sooner was her back turned than Jim's dull eyes brightened. Something almost equivalent to a smile lighted his ungainly mouth. After a glance round, he divided the bread and meat, and hastily slipped by far the largest half into his ragged pocket. Then he began—not to eat, but to gobble. When Mrs. Green returned he was still gobbling, and looked more like a wild animal than any human creature. In the afternoon Mrs. Green seemed to dust a pile of books, and at night a tress was put under the counter for him upon. It was tacitly understood that his home, and stupid though he seemed to comprehend, and position with his usual star-

Two days afterward

appeared, he accepted his new indifference.

early in the morning,

to sleep

was to be

accepted his new

indifference.

early in the morning,

to sleep

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indifference.

customer made his way to the news-vendor's shop to get his daily paper and to discuss the news. As he approached the door was roughly pushed open, and Jim running out rushed headlong against him.

"Hullo, hullo!" cried the old man, stepping. "Take care where you're going. Where are you off to?" And he seized the boy by the collar and held him tightly. Jim's countenance betrayed sudden dismay and terror. He answered not a word. The old man watched the change in his face with good-humoured amusement. "Where are you off to, eh?" he repeated. "To some mischief, I'll be bound! People don't run like that for nothing. Now look here, if I set you down, don't be after any of your pranks, or I'll let the master know—do you understand?"

So saying, with a wink and a threat, which was not all play, he shook the boy gently and let him go. The moment Jim found himself free he darted down the street from his tormentor, and the next had disappeared round the corner. The old man watched his movements attentively, then he shook his head.

"That's a queer fellow just left the shop," he remarked on entering to Mr. Green, who came forward behind the counter rubbing his hands. "Who is he? He nearly overturned me, he was running so fast."

"There, mother!" broke in Mary Ann triumphantly, who was standing at the far end of the shop, not yet divested of her curl-papers. "I told you so! that's the way he ran out yesterday and Thursday; he stayed away ever so long before he came back. It's my belief he's a thief; it's my belief he isn't so stupid as he makes himself out to be—that's my belief!" And she nodded her head.

"A thief!" echoed the new-comer. Mr. Green drew nearer, still rubbing his hands. This was a favorite customer, who was in the habit of coming daily.

"Mr. Blake," said he softly, "we haven't seen you for three whole mornings, or you would have heard. That is a charity boy. I took him of charity, and feed and keep him from charity. Mary Ann thinks he's a thief. I think is an idiot; that's what I think."

Mr. Blake's little round eyes twinkled. He was an old-fashioned man, who wore an old-fashioned green coat, buttoned up, that looked as though it had belonged to his grandfather. His countenance assumed an interested expression. Mr. Green thought a good deal of his opinion: indeed, thought it quite worth the seeking.

"Where did you pick him up?" inquired the other, who did not appear accustomed to acts of charity on the bookseller's part. "Where did you pick him up?"

Mr. Green put his thumbs into his waistcoat pocket.

"Came to the door begging two days ago," he answered. "We were at dinner. Couldn't send the poor creature away; so he's stayed on. He isn't fit for much."

"That's all nonsense!" broke in Mary Ann sharply, from her corner. "He's not as stupid as he looks. It's my belief he's a thief, and we'd better keep a watch over our belongings."

"Be quiet!" retorted the father equally sharply, and with an eye on his customer. "Don't you be accusing an innocent lad. You can't say he's laid his hand on a thing—not a thing. It isn't his fault that he was born a blockhead."

"H'm," said the old man, who had been listening attentively. "Runs off, does he, every day?" then he shook his head. "Have you asked him where he goes to?"

"Asked him!" interposed the obstreperous Mary Ann in a shrill voice; "asked him! I should think we had! And beat him, and shook him too yesterday, didn't you father? And he bore it just like a dumb animal, he did. It's just that, that looks bad. He didn't bellow a bit. If he'd have been an idiot, he'd have bellowed."

"Be quiet!" repeated the father loudly; "you hold your tongue. It's not your business." Then he turned to the other with a softened tone. "Yes," he said; "I've tried persuasion and I've tried force, but it was of no use. I can't make him out at all, poor creature!"

"And you did cut into him!" broke in Mary Ann again, who was not to be quieted. "Oh, my! I did cut into him, father! But he stood as quiet as if he'd been a dumb animal, he did."

"H'm," repeated the old man, as though he had not given up the subject. Then he slowly put on his spectacles, and took up his newspaper.

Mr. Green was not altogether contented with the impression left on his customer's mind.

"For charity," he observed gently, "one can bear a good deal for charity's sake, can't one, sir?"

Which remark elicited no reply. The old man was already buried in the columns of the *Times*.

Meanwhile Jim, having darted round the corner, continued his race with unabated speed. He threaded his way out of the wider and more important streets to the narrow alleys, turned from a dark passage in a court, almost as dark, and entered one of the miserable houses. Quite out of breath, he mounted the rickety wooden stair and opened the door of a room softly. It was a bare place with damp-stained walls, and scarcely any furniture. On the floor sat a little boy playing with a broken tin pan and stick. Jim stood a second watching him. The child was so busy and so happy rattling it, that he had not heard his entrance; all the time he hummed to himself in a low voice. He was a striking contrast to Jim, with fair round limbs that rags and dirt could not disguise, bright eyes

and a sweet winning face. The rattling and the song continued undisturbed for a few moments; then Jim gave a low whistle, and the little boy turned round, and springing up, rushed to him and clasped his arms round his waist.

"Oh, my Jim—my Jim!"

At the words Jim's whole countenance beamed with an uncouth delight. After the first transports, the little fellow loosened his grasp and sat down on the floor again, his eyes still riveted on Jim. The other understood the look and movement. He slipped his hand into his ragged pocket with a delicious air of mystery, and slowly drew forth its accumulated contents. At the sight of the fragments of food, the child clasped his hands, and hugged himself with pleasure. This little comedy was repeated daily, as sure as the time came round; both of them acted the same parts over and over again; neither of them ever grew tired of it. Jim watched the progress of the meal with eyes still lighted with joy. He was hungry himself, and could gladly have swallowed every morsel that he had given away; he was always hungry, for he never had enough, but at that moment his satisfaction was greater than his hunger, and he forgot the one in enjoying the other. Spiritually, he shared every mouthful tasted by his companion; his lips writhing themselves into hideous grimaces of sympathy. No remark passed between the two. They were both too happy and too busy to speak. But the little fellow's eyes scarcely ever left Jim's face. There his looks darted to rest, as on a beautiful and beloved idol. No ugliness of form, no lack of expression there struck him; to his mind Jim was altogether lovely.

Jim also sat on the floor with his hand clasped round his knees. A ray of sunlight straggled from between the chimneys through a broken pane and rested on the dusty boards.

"Look!" said the little fellow, pointing.

Jim nodded.

"Been in the yard, Billy?" he asked.

"No!" answered the other sadly. "I wanted to, but I couldn't get the door open."

Jim looked at the door, deeply interested.

"But it ain't fastened!" said he. "She didn't fasten it when she went out?"

"It wasn't she," explained Billy; "she didn't do nothing. It was the door. I couldn't push it open, it wouldn't come."

"Did you call?" asked Jim.

"Yes," said he. "I put my mouth to the chink and called out loud, ever so often, but the other doors were shut and they didn't hear, or they were out. But," he added hopefully, "you won't shut it."

"Billy," said Jim after a silence, "you'll not leave the yard, will you? There's the gutter to play in. You musn't leave the yard."

"No, Jim," answered the child.

The other did not seem quite satisfied.

"Not if anybody asks you. Say Jim says no. You will, won't you?"

The little fellow raised a face of perfect faith and perfect obedience.

"I won't never," he said, "while Jim says no."

"Billy," said the other wistfully, "you're 'appy, ain't you? You've the tin pan, and I'll make you some boats to sail in the gutter."

Billy stood up, and put his hand behind him. He was thinking.

"I'd like ducks to swim," he said boldly; "paper boats stick in the mud. I'd like ducks—tin ducks painted green. The others have got some."

Jim's face clouded. He could not bear to refuse Billy a single thing—yet how could he get tin ducks? He put his hands to his head, but no ideas came to his assistance. It was not the first time he had suffered from a sense of his incapacity; the fact of his stupidity hung like a heavy cloud of despair over him, and he was only happy when he could forget it. But Billy's bright eyes rested on him with unconcealed expectation. He trusted in Jim entirely, knowing nothing of his doubts, and believed he could do everything.

"I'll try to get you ducks some day," and Jim at last, with a little sigh.

Billy clasped his hands.

"But," said the other, still anxious, "you'll remember not to leave the yard? You can play nicely in the gutter. It's very full to-day."

"Is it?" said the child, duly impressed. "I'll run down as soon as you're gone."

"I must go now," said Jim slowly.

The little fellow's face fell; his lip began to tremble ominously, and tears swam in his eyes. Jim put his arm round him. This part of the scene also was generally repeated daily, as the time came round, but they did not get tired of it.

"Don't cry, Billy," said the big boy tenderly. "I'll come back to-morrow."

Billy clung to him with all his might.

"I don't like you always to go!" he cried passionately. "Let me come too. Don't leave me behind. I'm tired of playing in the gutter!"

Jim bent down to exert all his authority.

"When you're bigger," he said, "you shall come too; not now. Let me go, Billy."

The child released him. He was accustomed to obey Jim.

"Good-bye!" said Jim, forcing a smile. "I'll come back to-morrow!"

But as he ran down the stairs his heart was sad. The burden of life was heavy, its responsibilities great, and he had nothing with which to meet them. A wretched glimmering sense of inferiority stole over him as he threaded his way through the active, bustling crowds. He glanced up timidly into one or two faces. There was a light of intelligence there that he did not

possess. The old, deadly misgiving as to something wanting returned; he could not trust to himself, and there was nobody else to whom to trust. It was not that he thought of the future; his dim, short sight did not penetrate so far; no difficulty or complication there alarmed him, but the present hung with an indefinite sense of evil over him. Billy had asked for tin ducks to play with—how could he get them? He knew of no way of getting ducks. He knew nothing. Very much disheartened, he slunk back into the shop like a guilty creature. Mary Ann was not there, and Mr. Green was busy with a customer, so he escaped this time without a beating. He did not much mind the beatings, and never thought of resenting his rough treatment. All his life he had been more or less accustomed to ill-usage, and his greatest state of comfort was—neglect.

The room Billy occupied belonged to a neighbour, who had been a friend of his mother's. She was a washer-woman, and went out early every morning, not returning till late. She could not afford to support the child entirely, but she did what she could for him, and was kind. She asked no questions, not interesting or troubling herself, having too many struggling anxieties of her own to take the weight of her neighbours upon her. But a sad day was coming to Jim. One morning she met him on the stairs as he was leaving the room and stopped him.

"I've been looking out for you," she said, "to tell you I can't keep the child any longer. The rent of that 'ere room is too much for me, and I'm going to move to another part, and live along with a neighbour." She stopped. Her voice was plaintive; her whole appearance was plaintive. She was worn and wan. One idea pursued her night and day—to keep off want—to support herself. The daily drudgery of life had nearly quenched her spirit. Jim heard her words, and by degrees slowly comprehended their purport. The faint light of intelligence that he possessed seemed to die out of his eyes. Misfortune terrified him. The woman noticed his stupefied face, and some pity awoke in her. "I'm very sorry," she began, as though excusing herself; "I'd never have turned the child away if I could have helped it. But it's no good staying on to starve, and that's what it would have come to. I'm three weeks already owing, and he's a hard man."

Jim did not seem to listen to her. One fact alone had forced itself into his mind, one fact alone stared at him like a spectre, Billy must go. Where was he to go? He knew not.

The woman waited for some words to come from his lips, but none came. Jim had nothing to say. No blame arose in his thoughts against his companion; no bitter rebelling against fate or Providence. His heart was all gentleness, but he was terrified. The one deception and resource, which the strength of his affection had enabled him to carry out for Billy's comfort, had failed. He had no other. As long as a single resource remains, there is hope; but when that disappears, then comes despair. The idea of taking the child to his uncle never presented itself to his mind. He could not bear to think of Billy ill-used; he did not think of it.

The woman still waited. Without comprehending the boy's feelings, she saw his bewildered, distracted look, and was sorry for him. But what can the poor do for the poor? She had no counsel or help to give him. After standing for some moments without an answer, she repeated her plaintive wail.

"I'm very sorry; I would not have sent the little un away if I could have helped it, but what's the use of staying there, only to starve?"

Then she passed down the rickety stair, and out into the street to her daily drudgery, and, most probably, forgot about Jim.

After a few minutes, more from the force of habit than anything else, he also moved down, and crept into the open air. A heavy, foggy atmosphere hung over all; the houses looked cheerless, the people gloomy. Jim walked among them, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. As he turned a corner, the church suddenly loomed out upon him, and struck him with a thought. Beside it was the grave-yard, a dismal place, the tombstones black and reeking with damp, and the scanty tufts of grass without freshness and colour. Unobserved by the passers-by, he pushed open the gate, and made his way into a corner. Then, under the shadow of one of the dark buttresses, he knelt on the wet earth, and shut his eyes.

"Oh, God!" he said aloud. "Mother has gone to you, and never come back. She said, as how you would remember us and take care of us. But, oh God, have You not forgotten little Billy? Mrs. Ray is going to turn him out, and he hasn't a place to sleep in, unless You will find him a room. I can do nothing, nothing, nothing! Oh, God—Oh, mother, ask God to get little Billy a room!"

He stopped. Tears were rolling down his cheeks, but he was comforted. Now that he had reminded God of His promise, and called to his mother, there was hope. They would do something for him. Though his perception of truth was small, his faith was great. No doubt, no inquiring as to ways or means perplexed him. He reposed entirely in the Unseen Power. Rising up, he left the chilly grave-yard and went his way home. The soothing presence of faith still remained with him as he pushed open the shop-door. And it was well. Mr. Green was in one of his terrible humours. He flew at him immediately on his entrance, and seizing hold of his jacket collar, showered upon him angry blows. Jim guarded his head with his arms as well as he could, and bore the attack, as Mary Ann had said, with the quiet-

ness of "a dumb animal." He would have borne double the amount of angry blows and angry words without an instant's shrinking for the sake of little Billy. Mr. Green, ignorant of the cause of endurance, set it down to stupid want of feeling and obstinate rebellion.

"Didn't I tell you you wasn't to be running away?" he shouted, furiously shaking him. "I might as well speak to that 'ere wall. Where were you off to, I say? You thief, you! I'll have it out of you yet! and I'll have you do as you're bid. If you won't do it from speaking, you shall be beating! It shall be beat into you, or starven out of you, do you hear?"

He paused, out of breath. His back was to the door. During the scuffle it had been opened, and some one had entered.

"Gently, gently!" said a voice. "You'll kill the boy if you pitch into him at that rate."

The tone was severe. Mr. Green dropped his victim and turned. Mr. Blake, the old-fashioned customer, stood before him.

"Oh, sir," said the news-vendor, recovering himself, "he's the most obstinate, disobedient, ungrateful idiot you can imagine! Kindness does nothing, punishment does nothing, he's hopeless!"

Mr. Blake's face was grave. He watched Jim closely. The boy had sullenly slunk away to the back part of the shop. No softening gleam of contrition, no expression of any sort of feeling showed itself in his countenance, to allay his master's irritation. On the contrary, he looked a stupid, senseless animal, too senseless almost to suffer or to defy.

"You should remember," said Mr. Blake, speaking in a low voice, and tapping his forehead significantly, "that he isn't all that other people are here. He is stupid, certainly, but I don't believe he's bad. I think you are harsh with him. I think"—he paused, then added, hastily, with emphasis—"you are cruel."

Mr. Green was a little crestfallen. He regretted that his customer had been present at this exhibition of violence, but he answered blandly, "I've done what I could for the boy in giving him a home, and it's hard sometimes one should get nothing in return but ingratitude. Outsiders don't know the truth of things"—his tone grew sharp—"they can't be the judges. People who interfere in other's family affairs are sure to be unjust, and to blame the wrong ones."

He stopped, aware of having gone rather far, considering it was a customer, but he was angry and at the moment his feelings got the better of him. Mr. Blake made no reply, and the subject was dropped.

The following morning Jim hastened to his usual haunt. Billy met him on his entrance; all was unchanged, nothing had happened; the daily comedy was scrupulously acted from beginning to end, without any variation. Still Jim's hope in his prayer remained unabated, "for," he thought, "God or mother will be looking out for another room for Billy to-day." But the next time he went up the dark stairs, and stood at the door, he could not open it. He pushed and rattled in vain; it was locked. Very much surprised, he bent down, and peeping through the keyhole, called aloud,—

"Billy—Billy!"

No sound returned to him; all was quiet within. Clearly the place was empty. Jim began to be frightened. He ran into the neighbour's room opposite. A tall woman stooped over a wash-tub, washing; two little children like Billy played on the floor, half dressed. Jim went to the point at once.

"Where's Billy?"

The woman drew her arms from out of the soap-suds, and wiped her streaming face. Then she pointed with her thumb.

"Ain't he there?"

"Door's locked," answered he, staring blankly at her. "He's gone!"

The other received the news without alarm. "Look in the yard," she said, and plunged her arms into the soap-suds again. Jim rushed down the stairs, outside into the court.

Billy was not there; he was nowhere to be found. Anxiety, instead of sharpening the poor boy's faculties, seemed to deaden them. He ran distractedly from one person to another, putting the same question—

"Where's Billy?"

But he could obtain no answer. Billy had not been seen since the previous afternoon, when he was playing in the gutter. Terror deepened over Jim. He sat down on a door-step, and pressed his hands to his head. What was he to do? where was he to go? Billy was gone.

Instead of returning to the shop he wandered aimlessly about the streets for hours. Many a stranger, struck by his strange figure and white, terrified face, turned to look after him. As he ran along, he muttered to himself, and often gazed up at the faces of the passers-by with wild, appealing eyes, as though imploring their assistance. Late in the afternoon he retraced his steps to the court. At the entrance stood a figure who recognized him, although had Jim been able to observe any one, he would perhaps not have remembered who he was. It was the old-fashioned customer in the green coat. As the boy was creeping past into the yard he stopped him.

"Where are you going?" he said cheerily. Jim stood still and stared blankly at his questioner. Then he slowly pointed down the court, and shook his head piteously.

"Billy's gone! Billy's gone!" he said. The utter hopelessness of the tone, the utter mournfulness of the face, the wretchedness of the whole creature, would have thrilled through the hardest heart.

"Gone!" repeated the old man briskly, look-

ing attentively at him. "Nonsense! little boys don't disappear all of a sudden in that manner. Come along, and let's look for him."

Jim's countenance did not brighten at the words. The fact still remained. Hope was too far away to be called back so easily. He only shook his head and repeated his old wail in the same tone of sorrow.

"Billy's gone!"
"Come along and we'll see," said his companion hastily; and as Jim still made no effort to move he drew the boy's hand within his arm and led him down the street. Jim did not resist; he followed passively. After walking in silence for some minutes they stopped before a bright little house with a green door and a shining brass knocker, and red curtains hanging at the windows. Jim took no notice of surrounding objects; he did not seem to see with his eyes, or hear with his ears. Despair had truly deadened, blinded, deafened him. The old man opened the door, still holding his hand, and leading him slowly along the passage, turned into a room on the right. A ruddy fire blazed on the hearth. It lighted on the fair head of a little boy, as he sat on the rug bending over a basin of water in which two green tin ducks were swimming.

"Billy!" said the old man gently.
The child sprang up and rushed forward. It was the old movement and old cry, only more joyful.

"Oh! my Jim, my Jim!" and the next minute the little arms were clinging tightly round him, and the little face lifted in a transport of delight.

But Jim stood rigid. The shock appeared to be almost too great. Happiness this time, and not misery, stupefied him.

"See," said the child, "see, they're mine!" And he pointed triumphantly to the two green tin ducks. Still Jim remained motionless, without one word or one responsive look. The old man, standing by, watched with kind anxiety. He began to fear that the shock had been too great. Jim gazed slowly round him, laboring to comprehend. The light of the ruddy fire glowed on the table, covered with a delicious meal of bread and butter, and cheese and beef; it shone on the warm carpet, and sofa, and cushions; it danced gaily on the red curtains, and rested upon a tall, bright-coloured geranium that was placed in the window. The poor boy's power of reasoning failed to supply any connecting links; all he saw was that a beautiful miracle had been performed. There was Billy, there was the room, there was food, there were even the green tin ducks, nothing had been forgotten, there was everything provided! Suddenly the truth flashed upon him. A new light of intelligence illumined his whole countenance. He turned to the old man.

"Oh, sir!" he cried eagerly, "was it mother as came and told you, or was it God?"
It was a moment before the other answered; his eyes were glistening; then he said hastily, "Both, boy, both!"

This idea is common throughout Europe. In Germany, they aver that the badger peeps out of his hole upon Candlemas morning, and if the ground be white with snow, takes his walks abroad; but should the sunshine greet his eyes, he will not venture from his snug abiding-place; being of one mind with the shepherd, who would rather see a wolf enter his fold, than the sun, upon Candlemas Day. So in Norfolk the proverb goes that a shepherd would prefer seeing his wife on the bier, than the sun shining clear upon Candlemas Day; and they firmly believe in the wisdom of the rhymes:

On Candlemas Day, if the thorns hang a drop,
Then you are sure of a good pea-crop.

As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day,
So far will the snow blow in afore Old May.

In 1855, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* announced that the Candlemas prognostication had been verified in Norfolk, if nowhere else, when a spell of rough winter weather was brought to an end by a fair and sunny Candlemas Day. "On the following evening, about ten o'clock, a thaw suddenly commenced; but on the evening of the fifth, frost again set in with increased intensity, which continued uninterruptedly to February the twenty-fourth, the ice in the 'broads' ranging from eight inches to a foot in thickness." But he had forgotten to take the change of styles into account; so the striking verification of the ancient superstition was no verification at all. The Hebrews observe, or did observe an old custom. On Candlemas Day, in every house, a sheaf of oats was dressed in feminine attire, and laid, with a big club by its side, in a basket, called "Brud's bed." Before turning in for the night, the mistress and her maids cried in chorus, "Brud is come! Brud is welcome!" If, next morning, an impression of the club was visible in the ashes on the hearth, it was held a sure presage of an abundant harvest and a prosperous year; if the club had not left its mark, it was an omen of coming bad times.

Down Winchester-way it is commonly believed that from whichever quarter the wind blows chiefly upon Palm-Sunday, it will blow during the best part of the summer. In Hertfordshire they hold that

A good deal of rain upon Easter Day
Gives a good crop of grass, but little good hay.

If the sun shines clearly on Easter Day, good weather and good times are in store, and one may make sure of seeing the sun upon Whitsunday. The lightest of showers falling upon Ascension Day is an omen dire, foretelling sickness among cattle, and great scarcity of food for man. A reverse result follows a dry Holy Thursday, and pleasant weather may be expected almost up to Christmastide. A fine Whitsunday means a plentiful harvest, but if any rain falls then, thunder and lightning, bringing blight and mildew with it, may be expected. Almost as ill-omened is a wet Midsummer Day, for although apples, pears, and plums will not be affected thereby, nut-bushes will prove barren, and the corn-fields be smitten with disease.

It was a proverb in Scotland that if the deer rose dry and lay down dry on Bullion's Day, there would be an early harvest. Considering the soldier-saint was the chosen patron of publicans and dispensers of good liquor, it seems odd that a shower falling upon St. Martin's Day should be supposed to indicate a twenty days' opening of heaven's sluices. Martin, however, when he went in for wet, was more moderate than his uncanonised brother Swithin, commonly called St. Swithin; he, as every one knows, is content with nothing under forty days:

Saint Swithin's Day, gin ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain;
Saint Swithin's Day, an' ye be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Why this should be, has been explained in this wise: When the good Saxon Bishop of Winchester departed this life some thousand years ago, he was, in accordance with his expressed wish, buried in the churchyard, so that his humble grave might be trodden by the feet of passers-by, and receive the eaves-droppings from the abbey roof. Thus he was permitted to rest undisturbed for a hundred years; then the clergy of the diocese took it into their heads to have the saint taken up, and deposited inside the cathedral; but when they set about the work, the rain came down with such violence that they were compelled to desist, and finding the deluge continued for forty days, interpreted it to be a warning against removing Swithin's remains, and therefore contented themselves with erecting a chapel over his grave. As poor Robin sings:

Whether this were so or no,
Is more than you or I do know.
Better it is to rise betime,
And to make hay while sun doth shine,
Than to believe in tales and lies
Which idle monks and friars devise.

Mr. Earle, however, has shown that while it is true that St. Swithin did leave directions that he should be buried in a vile place, under the eaves-droppings, on the north side of Winchester church, there was no supernatural protest on his part against his relics being removed to the magnificent shrine prepared for them in Ethelwold's cathedral. On the contrary the weather was most propitious for the ceremony. Whoever was at the pains of inventing the story of the forty days' tempest, misapplied his im-

aginative faculties altogether, since the phenomenon popularly associated with St. Swithin is as apocryphal as the story concocted to account for it. From observations made at Greenwich in the twenty years ending with 1861, it appears that during that term forty days' rain was never known to follow St. Swithin's Day; while, oddly enough, the wettest weather came when the saint failed to "christen the apples." In only six instances—in 1841, 1845, 1851, 1853, 1854, and 1858—did it rain at all upon the fateful day; and the forty days following showed respectively twenty-three, twenty-six, thirteen, eighteen, sixteen, and fourteen rainy ones. On the other hand, there were twelve wet days out of the forty after the dry St. Swithin of 1842, twenty-two after that of 1843, twenty-nine after that of 1860, and no less than thirty-one after that of 1848. Not that any evidence is likely to shake the faith of believers in the ancient notion. Convinced against their will, they will hold their old opinion still, like Hone's lady-friend, who, finding her favorite saint's day fine, prophesied a long term of beautiful weather; but when a few drops of rain fell towards evening, veered round, and was positive six weeks of wet impended. Her first prophecy turned out to be the correct one; but the obstinate dame would not have it so, declaring stoutly that if no rain had fallen in the daytime, there certainly must have been some at night. There are rainy saints beside Swithin; in Belgium they pin their faith to St. Godelieve; in France to Saints Gervais and Protais, and St. Medard.

If Bartholomew's Day be ushered in by a hoar-frost, followed by mist, a sharp, biting winter will come in due time. A fine Michaelmas Day betokens a sunshiny winter, the pleasantness of which will be neutralised by nipping, long-staying northeasters. Merry Christmas sadly belies its name in its prognostications, which are of such a very lugubrious order, that did we trust in them, we should be inclined to parody Carey's famous song, and pray:

Of all the days that are in the week,
Come Christmas but on one day,
And that is the day that comes between
The Saturday and the Monday!

A Sunday Christmas Day is the only one prophetic of unalloyed good, being the harbinger of a new year in which beasts will thrive, fields flourish, and all lands rest in peace. When Christmas Day falls upon a Wednesday, we may hope for a genial summer, as recompense for a stormy winter; but when it falls upon any of the remaining five, a severe winter without any compensation is in store for us; supplemented by war and cattle-plague, when the festival comes upon a Monday; with mortality among kings and great people, when it comes upon a Tuesday; and by a great clearing off of old folks, when it falls upon a Saturday. If Childermas Day be wet, it threatens us with death; if it be fine, it promises us abundance; and as the wind blows on the last night of December it tells what the unborn year will bring—for

If New-year's eve night-wind blow south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold and storms there will be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If north-east, flee it, man and brute.

Not the least amusing thing about all these sage predictions as regards weather, is that they take no account of the change from old to new style, which altered the exact position of the days named; there being now, for example, a difference of twelve days between old St. Swithin's and new St. Swithin's Day. Weather prophets are above minding this awkward trifle.

THE VAGARIES OF LOVE.

It is pleasant to see "spooning" on the stage. The love-sick heroes and heroines of certain comedies when they are represented by clever and agreeable actors and actresses, rarely fail to make people sympathize with them. The assumption is that their billings, and coolings, and caressings pleasantly remind those of mature years of old times and excite a spirit of emulation, and a desire to become slaves of the tender passion in the young. But it is only on the stage that most persons care to contemplate pronounced love-making. This is not surprising, for off the stage it becomes a very different and, all things considered, a much less agreeable proceeding—at least so far as spectators are concerned. Perhaps the actors themselves think differently, albeit that their appearance and demeanor lead to the conclusion that they are often in a state of what may be best described in the contradictory term, "delightful misery." As a matter of fact, the love-making of most individuals is a very commonplace and stupid proceeding, if it is not something worse. Many men never appear to best advantage than when they are in love. Graceful posturing and flowing rhetoric do not come naturally to them at such a time. It is true that the heroes who figure on the stage, laboring under the wounds inflicted by Cupid's honey-lipped arrows, are the personifications of easy confidence and elegance, but to this they are true to an ideal, not a reality; and the probability is that when these self-same nonchalant customers retire into private life and endeavor to do a little business of

a similar character on their own account, they do not appear to so much advantage. If an actor were to venture to represent commonplace love-making exactly as it is, with its intervals of vacuity and its periods of clumsy boldness, he would very soon discover that it does not pay to be natural, and that if he wishes to succeed he must content himself with presenting a fanciful and highly-colored portrait, and speak his author's carefully rounded and eloquent sentences in that manner which he has reason to imagine will render them most acceptable. History affords many examples of the fact that love-making is not an edifying thing to gaze upon. A very large proportion of our great men, for instance, have seriously marred their reputations by the vagaries and acts of idiosyncrasy into which they were led whilst suffering from the tender passion. Where it not a profitless task, many celebrated names might be cited to prove the truth of this.

All things considered, then, it is evident that actual love-making should be conducted on the principle of the right hand not knowing what the left hand doeth. The amorous swain, who is longing to imitate the successful and talented wooer whom he has seen at the theatre, would do well to make the attempt in as unostentatious a manner as possible. The probability is that when he comes to offer his hand and fortune to her for whom his soul is withering, he will succeed in getting into a quandary and making a sad mess of the whole affair; and it is certain that the preliminary "business," in which he will probably deem it necessary to indulge before making the final plunge, will compare most unfavorably with the preliminary business indulged in by the individual whose lot it is to unbend his mind, in a general way, at least once a day. But many amorous swains have not the good sense to refrain from obtruding upon public notice. There is a stealthy openness about their eyes and murmurings which never fails to command attention. Their blushes, their awkwardnesses, their occasional leers of triumph when they imagine that they have, as the Americans say, "struck it," are neither amusing, artistic, nor clever, but they are very apparent. Their inattention to everything but one special object is too well known—as is also the mystery in which they try to enshroud themselves—to be commented upon. Suffice it to remark that they can be seen through as easily as can a piece of crystal, and that it is the reverse of diverting to watch their proceedings, as it is, unhappily, the fate of a few people sometime during the course of their lives to be compelled to do. There is, however, some excuse for the unpleasant line of conduct adopted by the class under notice. However disagreeable are the doings, it cannot be forgotten that they are, probably, the result of real feeling, and that they will cease to be practised after the lapse of a certain time.

The case is different, however, with another class who go in very extensively for the mystery of love. It is composed almost entirely of young ladies who have not entered upon the real business of life. These young ladies make a point of contracting with one another what they describe as "eternal friendships." As a matter of fact, these "eternal" affairs last, in a general way, until one of the contracting parties marries their ideal of a man—and no longer. But while they do continue in full bloom they are things not to be spoken lightly of. The "friends" are friends to a positively alarming extent. Many and desperate are their vows and declarations. No man shall sever them is the burden of their song. Admitting that they may be trapped into matrimony, which, by the way, is a most remote contingency, their husbands shall only have the second place in their affections is their declaration. They care about no one but each other, and this they render evident by attempting to snub or treat with supercilious indifference nine out of every ten people with whom they are brought in contact. One cannot have a thought without the other being made acquainted with it; one cannot get a new shawl or a new dress without the other longing to procure one of a precisely similar pattern. Of secrets they possess a countless number, and of each secret they are co-possessors. Traces of these secrets are ever coming to the surface. You cannot be in the company of the fair damsels for one hour without being unpleasantly informed that some people do not think so much of you as you are in the habit of thinking of yourself, and that there are many mysteries in circulation which must be left mysteries so far as you are concerned. The love the fair creatures bear towards each other is often bubbling up, and a thousand little endearments and caresses are indulged in which very quickly enable people to form an opinion as to the state of the case. A large portion of the "friends" time is spent in selecting gifts for each other. The brooches, the charms, the earrings, the rings, the bracelets they wear are all marks of the intense affection in which they are mutually held. They cannot be separated without experiencing the keenest pangs and inflicting an immense amount of labor upon the post-office officials, for which those functionaries are, no doubt, sufficiently grateful. All this would be very beautiful were it not for several important facts. In a general way the display of affection, in its most exuberant developments is nothing more nor less than simple affectation. It is one of the crazes to which young ladies of a sentimental turn of mind seem to be addicted; and which is invariably generated by the reading of mawkish books or some flaw in the system of education which has been pursued in reference to them. Fortunately, it does not last long.

PROPHETIC DAYS.

Would-be weatherwise folks would be saved a world of trouble if experience justified the popular faith in certain days of the year—saints' days, of course, most of them—having such a prophetic power attached to them, that by merely using our eyes and our almanacs, we may learn what the future will bring "of good or evil luck, of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality." These ominous days are but few in number, something under a score; and it is impossible to guess why they any more than their fellows, should be invested with such a valuable attribute.

If the New-year's first morning sky is covered by clouds of a dusky red hue, there will be much debate and strife among the great ones of the earth, and—this we may really believe—many robberies will be perpetrated before the year has run its course. Should the sun deign to shine upon St. Vincent's Day, dwellers in wine-growing lands may take heart and rejoice, for they will see more wine than water—that is to say, they may calculate upon a dry season, especially conducive to a profitable vintage. Less limited in its application is the fore-knowledge acquirable by meteorological students upon the Feast of the Converter of St. Paul, according to the old monkish rhymes, one of the many translations of which runs:

If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It does betide a happy year;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kind of grain;
If clouds or mist do dark the sky,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die;
And if the wings do fly aloft,
Then war shall vex the kingdom oft.

Candlemas prognostications go, as those of dreams are said to do, by contraries; fine weather on Candlemas Day being prophetic of a long succession of unseasonably cold days, and necessarily a failure of the crops; while foul weather on that day is a sure promise of a bright spring, with a summer to match:

If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half o'winter's to come, and mair;
If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
The half o'winter's gone at Yule.

Or as a southern version puts it:

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if it be dark with clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

"THE FAVORITE"

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1874.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

THE REPUBLIC: Published by The Republic Publishing Company, Washington, D.C.—With the January number now before us, THE REPUBLIC enters upon its second volume. As a political and economic magazine its power and influence is rapidly spreading. Emanating from the great political centre of the country, and having an able corps of close observers, terse and vigorous writers, it has attained in a few months an exalted position in the estimation of every citizen alive to the interests of his country, and who is fortunate enough to be numbered among its readers. The contents of the January number are exceedingly valuable as well as timely. Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, contributes a remarkable article upon a scathing review of Jas. L. Pike's unnecessary and really fulsome eulogy of the late journalist. The cheap transportation question is well considered, being the third of a series of articles on that question. Another very readable article is a reply to the report of Prof. Eliot upon the proposed National University. The leading paper of this month's REPUBLIC is one devoted to the Civil Service Reform Question, in which is embraced more real sense and a deeper insight into the question than has yet been brought to our attention. Another article entirely disposes of the demagogic cry of the "Farmer Pays for All." A very fair descriptive sketch of the "District of Columbia" follows, which is succeeded by a comprehensive paper upon "Canada Annexation." An elaborate and exhaustive review of the so-called "French Expropriation Claims," supplemented by several minor articles, closes an exceedingly valuable number of a magazine of which every citizen and political scientist should be a reader. \$2.00 per annum.

WEARINESS OF HEART.

How many weary hearts are there that exclaim, "Life is a wilderness, a dreary desolate way. Every succeeding step leads us over the

ruins of some once cherished hope. Flowers clustered thickly round our path at the outset of the journey, but gradually their number decreased and their fragrance diminished; we have long since lost sight of them altogether. Our road is cheerless indeed; how different from the glad way we had pictured in the morning of youth!"

Such is, alas, the exclamation of many a disappointed heart. It is useless to tell them they are mistaken, they sadly point to the thorns around their feet and the withered hopes behind them. It is no longer possible to delude them with the idea that the future may be different from the past, experience has thought them better. They shake the head mournfully, and heavy tears stream from their weary eyes. We desist from the vain endeavor; men are rarely convinced against their will; we will go so far as to agree with them that life is dreary as a wilderness, but we will also bid them remember that it resembles the desert in more than one particular. The path may be cheerless and the journey wearisome, the sun may shine with painful intensity, and the blasting simoon sweep over it; but every desert has some resting-places; there blooms some verdurous oasis in every waste. There the aching eye is gladdened by the refreshing sight of grass and foliage; there the parched lip is moistened by the purest and sweetest of springs, the weary limbs rest upon a couch of moss; the fevered brow is overshadowed by far-spreading branches, while the soft murmur of falling water and the gentle sighing of the breeze among the leaves lull the tired spirit to repose. Blessed, thrice blessed oasis of the desert!—what traveller ever forgot thy hospitable welcome?

And has not your wilderness, oh, weary heart, some oasis which you ungratefully forget. The destiny of the most wretched among us is not wholly dark. Unfortunately it is the miserable custom of mankind to sorrow for what they have not, instead of rejoicing for what they have. The most luxurious couch could not give repose to the Sybarite; one rumpled rose-leaf banished sleep from his eyes. And so it is with us all. What are the blessings around us compared to those brighter joys our souls desire! "When one has not what one loves, one must love what one has!" says the sapient Frenchman. This philosophical maxim is laughed to scorn by the multitude. What we "have" is insignificant, the oases are forgotten, we only see the dreariness around us and sigh for what "might have been." The great hero of modern times, when, in the days of youthful ambition, he found himself repulsed before the walls of Acre, exclaimed, with heart anguish, as he thought of the glorious career which that obstacle withheld from him, "I have missed my destiny!" And still, perhaps, through all his brilliant future life, notwithstanding his countless conquests, and his unparalleled power, still he looked back with regret on those unrealized early dreams, and sighed for the destiny he had missed. And we can sympathize with him! We all of us know, more or less, how bitter is the dissipation of youthful visions. We can all of us recall some bright hours whose memory renders dim the happiness the present or the future can bestow. We can all of us exclaim with the poet,

"Oh death in life! the days that are no more."

But we seem to be arguing against ourselves! It is not our object to foster the "divine despair" of the disappointed; we would rather, while we admit the dreariness of their path, remind them of those blooming oases which relieve it. Each of you who hear our words be candid now, place your hand upon your heart (although they do say that when a man lays his hand upon his heart, he never means what he is saying), be candid now—does not green spot refresh your desert way, while memory recalls you that summer's evening when for the first time your voice dared to give utterance to "the dear thoughts that lived in the core of your breast, that lived and were loved as the pulse of your life," and when first the whisper of your companion responded to these feelings, when you recall the years of joy rendered doubly joyous, and sorrows, soled by the sympathy of that sweet companionship, does not a blush of shame tinge your cheek when you think that you have called life a desert? Happy, thrice happy, are those favored ones whose oasis of refreshment is found in their own home.

METHOD OF SPEAKING.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent, of sound limbs and health before the infirm, of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.—There are truths so immense and glorious, that when we really credit them, though the heart should be opposed to them, they will still take hold of us in so many ways that we cannot escape from their impression; and the very attempt to do so, will but make us the more sensible of our trouble, as he would be who should shut his eyes to rid himself of a pain, or run to get out of the light of day. What, then, must be the impression, the power of faith, when the heart accords with its object?

NATURE will be reported. All things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the

river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of its fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

THERE is a story told of Nilsson which is worth mentioning. It appears that she objected for some reason to Capoul's method of love-making, and suffered from suppressed indignation at the time when the audience believed her to be filled with passionate adoration of Faust, or Alfredo, or some other ardent impersonation of the accomplished tenor. One night the Northern Nightingale became more than usually angry with the earnest Frenchman, and when the last scene arrived (the opera was "Faust"), and the impassioned lover threw himself by the side of the dying Marguerite, she gently placed her hand upon his curling hair. She ought to have died in the holiest possible frame of mind. Instead of so doing this unregenerated Marguerite viciously pulled the unprotected tenor's hair until he seriously meditated astonishing the audience with a prolonged high "C." Peace was subsequently made between the two, and the integrity of Capoul's hair was expressly guaranteed by a triple compact signed by Nilsson, Strakosch, and himself, by which all parties agreed to bury the past in oblivion and to abstain hereafter from all capillary liberties. The agreement was drawn by a prominent Brooklyn lawyer, who is also a member of Plymouth Church.

HOW TO SHOW LOVE FOR A WIFE.—Show love for your wife, and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her gloves, or in carrying her fan; not, though you have the means, in hanging trinkets or baubles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at and seeming pleased with her follies, or follies, or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her health, and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and with sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity.

He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolic stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords, is the best that you can use, especially before other people. An everlasting "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for the want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardship, if the life or health of his wife demand it.

Let your deeds, and not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact, that you value her health and life and happiness beyond all other things in this world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is more or less in danger.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.—From the last census it appears there were in 1870, in all the States of the Union, 4,438,206 persons ten years of age and upward who were unable to read. This is a startling exhibit of illiteracy for a country boasting of free schools and universal education; but when we come to examine the figures more in detail, they are robbed of much of their significance. In the sixteen States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia, comprising the former area of slave territory, the census takers found 3,550,424 of these illiterate persons. There were consequently only 887,782 to be found in all the remainder of the country. It must also be remembered that of the total population of 38,115,641 in all the States, these sixteen States contained only 18,347,614. It can hardly be necessary to comment on these figures. A population of 24,768,027, blessed with all the advantages of free public schools, had only 887,782 illiterate persons, while a population of 18,347,614, deprived of these advantages, had 3,550,424 such persons. This comparison tells the whole story.

SCIENCE AND FAITH.—Science is belief verified; faith is belief unverified. Both make assumptions; but science proves its assumptions; while faith does not or cannot. Science always begins in faith, while faith may end in science. There is no necessary conflict between the two, though if any rude, imperious faith ever sets itself against science it must go down. But science should not set itself against any unverified belief, for that belief may at any time become the grandest science, as witness Kepler's pregnant guess. Science is ever encroaching on the domain of faith, dissipating many a fond belief, but placing others on everlasting foundations. Without faith there could be no science for in the ascertainment of knowledge we must begin with assumptions. The whole universe is closed against us except we first have faith. But without science faith ends in darkness. It must ever seek verification. It must not be a floating dream, but find solid ground on which to stand. Some have nothing but faith; they necessarily have crude ideas, weak characters and narrow feelings. Others have nothing but science; their vision is correct, but too limited for superior development. The science of today, with all its marvellous results, is not broad

enough for all our want and desires. We must ever go beyond it into the infinite unknown. We must continually make beliefs which we cannot verify; we did not, science itself would die. We have imagination as well as understanding, and without the flight of the one the other could never be enlarged. The imagination must have a clear eye, but not a clipped wing. If it can only flutter along the shores of ascertained knowledge, the universe will no more open to us its wondrous treasure houses. It was Newton's faith that gave us Newton's science. We must believe at times in things that we cannot prove else the universe is no longer immeasurable to us; we are caged, cribbed, confined. Of course, I cannot impose my faith on any one. Faith is individual, while science is universal and imperative; we cannot reject its teachings. But faith is elective. We do not except it because it's a dead certainty, but because it's a glorious enchantment, a living dream, a wondrous romance, an immeasurable joy that we cannot handle or touch, too fine for the microscope, too immense for the telescope. Science is, indeed, wonderful in its revelations and possibilities, its facts and their thousand-fold meanings and beauty, but with tears I should bury it in its gorgeous tomb if faith were not beside it with its glittering wings to give it fresh life and lead it on with immortal hopes springing to perpetual verification from the unknown.—Lib's Christian.

NEWS NOTES.

THE Home Government has granted without restriction the extraordinary powers demanded by Captain-General Jovellar.

In the week of the great fog the mortality of London rose to 27 per 1,000, an average not known before for many years.

REV. DRs. STORRS and Buddington and Mr. Beecher have settled their differences growing out of the Plymouth Church proceedings in the case of Theodore Tillon.

SEVERAL members of the majority which voted against Castelar, now approve of the stand he has taken. The Capital is quiet, but there are rumors of disturbances in Valladolid.

In the House the committee on appropriations cut down the navy estimates three millions. The bill agreed upon now aggregates \$18,387,000, apart from the \$4,000,000 heretofore appropriated.

THE Tribunal of Breslau has condemned Dr. Forster, Prince Bishop of that diocese, to a fine of 11,600 thalers, or two years' imprisonment, in contumacious, for appointing clergymen in violation of the new Ecclesiastical laws.

CASTELAR, in a letter addressed to country, says he must protest with all his energy against the recent brutal Coup d'Etat. He concludes: My conscience will not permit me to associate with demagogues, and conscience and honor refuse to accept the situation created by bayonets.

A very important step has been taken by the Bavarian Government. The decision of King Maximilian II., according to which the Bavarian Constitution had always to give way to the Concordat with the Papal See whenever their respective provisions happen to clash, has been abrogated.

THE Supreme Court in general term on motion of the District Attorney issued orders on Tweed, Ingersoll and Genet, to show cause on third Monday why they should not be struck from the Rolls of Attorneys. Tweed is to be served personally, Ingersoll through the Warden of Sing-Sing Prison, and Genet, leaving a copy at his last known residence.

THE overthrow of Castelar's Ministry has been favorably received in Havana. The volunteers are evidently in favor of a monarchy. Crowns on the sterns of Spanish vessels in harbor, which were painted over when republic was in favor, are now being repainted. The Imperial Spanish coat of arms has again been placed in the palace of the Captain General.

THE official correspondence in the "Virginian" affair is published. The negotiations were continued at Washington under the impression that Gen. Sickles had left Madrid.—Senor Castelar was asked to become a member of Serrano's Cabinet, but he declined. Gen. Moriones is to be superseded.—The British troops will enter the Ashantee territory on the 15th of January.

THE French Admiralty Court which has had the disaster to the "Ville du Havre" under investigation, has rendered a verdict to the following effect:—The conduct of the captain and crew of the steamer was irreproachable, the collision was wholly due to the "Loch Earn" which manoeuvred contrary to every rate of international maritime codes. It is said that Captain Surmont will be appointed to command the French trans-Atlantic steamer "Ville de Paris."

PRESIDENT Grant had a conference with leading Republican Senators yesterday regarding the Chief Justiceship, and it is probable that Mr. Williams' nomination will be withdrawn in a day or two.—The Republican Assembly Caucus at Albany nominated Messrs. Husted and O'Donnell for Speaker and Clerk.—The Louisiana Legislature assembled and received Gov. Kellogg's message, which recommends a consolidation of the State debt.—Mayor Cobb's annual message shows the net indebtedness of Boston to be nearly \$29,000,000.—R. H. Rowland, Treasurer of Richland County, Ohio, has absconded with over \$110,000.

A DAINY "RESPONSE."

The blessed Christmas eve draws nigh,
The casements glow with gold and red,
And radiance from the western sky
Gleams on the maiden's bending head.

Dainty, yet brown, the maiden's hand,
Kissed by the wind, the dew, the sun;
Deftly it folds the lengthening band
And blithe the busy fingers run.

And "Ah," she sings, "thou little hand,
Thou art not fair, thou art not fine,
But one I love would humbly stand
And sue to clasp this hand of mine.

"Thou marriage-robe, my lightsome task,
Thou art not gay with gold or gem,
But one I love would gladly ask
The boon to kiss thy very hem."

The task is done. She lifts her eyes,
And greets the sunset's golden glow;
And, lovelier than those evening skies,
O'er brain and heart sweet fancies flow.

Dreams of a manly toll-knit form,
Whose voice shall cheer, whose arms shall stay,
A comrade through the earthly storm,
A leader towards the heavenly day.

Her dreaming soul is in her eyes,
She heeds nor hears the appealing knock,
Till, with a sudden, sweet surprise
His welcome touch is on the Lock.

And, "Come, my darling, almost mine,
Put on this wedding robe ere night;
The bridesmaids wait, the tapers shine,
And earth is dressed in bridal white."

He leads her from her cottage home
Down the pure fields of virgin snow;
Above them bends heaven's pearly dome,
Touched by the sunset's fading glow.

Dark, fragrant pines o'erhang the dell;
The cottage maiden pauses there,
Sees the gray church, and hears the bell
Pour its clear music on the air.

And gazing in each other's face,
There murmured on the lips of both,
"Rememberest thou the hour, the place,
The tree that heard our mutual troth?"

Then breathed each heart a tender prayer
For blessings on the unspoken vows,
While o'er them gleamed in the air
The stately hemlock's graceful boughs.

TO MARRY AGAIN OR NOT.

No man ever had a fonder or better wife. I say so now, with as full conviction as I said it when I looked my last in her dear dead face, and kissed it and the fingers that had wrought so deftly and untiringly for the poor, for our children, and for me. I am a hale, active man of seventy, and through God's mercy, capable of much enjoyment; but a day and night pass not without the thoughts of how well she suited me, how simply she admired me, how tenderly she loved me, what a happy old couple we should have been.

"I wonder you never married again, Morton," said my early friend, Jack Hathaway, to me once. "You must have wanted a wife in the parish as well as at home, and you must feel very lonely in the long winter evenings."

Then I knew that he was thinking lovingly of his fat little wife and commonplace children at home, and I was glad of it, for he is a good creature, and though we are intellectually antagonistic, and he sometimes offends my taste, I like him because we were lads together. I felt that I must say something, and I am sure I astonished myself more than I astonished him when I said: "To tell you the truth, Jack, I did think of it once."

I was so taken aback by the having made such a confidence—I had never breathed the fact—had intended never to breathe it—that I felt as I think I should feel if one of my good sound front teeth fell out, and I had to attack a piece of coal.

"Then what hindered you?"

"Well to be candid—postage-stamps."

"Postage-stamps?" he queried loudly.

"It is a curious story," I answered. "I will tell you all about it, if you really feel interested, but I would rather not have it repeated."

"I am as deep as a well, and of course I'm interested."

With that he crossed his legs, leaned back in his chair, and looked expectant.

I began: "You know that I was left a widower with two children, a boy and a girl. They went to school as soon as they were old enough. About sending a boy, there can be, in my opinion, no doubt; and I do not believe that a solitary girl can be educated, with advantage to herself, at home. She requires companionship, wishes for it, and ought to have it. I even took care to provide it for mine in her holidays. My wife had always taken great interest in the Daltons. Dalton was the perpetual curate of Furzeham, about four miles off, and he had married a favorite schoolfellow of hers. It was an imprudent match; neither of them had any money; of course they had a large family, and Furzeham

was worth £120 per annum. Mary helped them a great deal, and, "You'll be kind to the poor Daltons—won't you?" was among her latest expressions. Their oldest daughter was two years older than ours, and ten years wiser. Education, as it is usually understood, she had none; it was simply impossible: first, there was no money for it; next, her mother wanted her to help in nursing, sewing, cooking, housework. I must say the child was a strong case in favor of no education. She had abundance of talent; and her father being a gentleman, her mother a gentlewoman, she acquired easy, self-unconscious manners, talked with tact, read aloud charmingly, wrote a capital letter—she even danced and sang when she had an opportunity. Now, partly for her sake, to give her the recreation she deserved, and a glimpse of better social things than existed at home, but much more for my own girl's sake, I always had Dorothy Dalton to spend her vacation with her, and I treated her in every respect as another daughter, even to kissing her and blessing her night and morning. It went on thus six or seven years, till Anna married, which she did at eighteen. Dorothy had been invaluable during the troublesome period of preparation for the wedding; and when it was over, I asked her mother to leave her with me for a time, not only to set new arrangements going, but to talk to me; for Charles, who was with me for the long vacation, was very dull, a mere book-worm. Mrs. Dalton agreed; and for several weeks all went on delightfully. Dorothy had an exquisite gift of companionship—could set conversation going when it was wanted, and her silence was never glum or oppressive. As far as I am concerned, this state of things might have lasted to the present day—I should never have dreamed of putting an end to it—but one morning I was alarmed by a visit from Mrs. Dalton—I say alarmed, not only because her countenance betokened trouble, but because I knew that it was barely possible for her to leave her family. My first thought was of some pecuniary difficulty; not that she or Dalton had ever asked for even a small loan—yet, how could they make both ends meet? Her first words were: "I want to speak to you alone."

"So you shall," I replied. "Now, my dear good friend, what's the matter? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No," she said faintly, and with a quivering lip, not looking up at me; "but I want Dorothy to come home with me to-day."

"Why?" I asked. "Is Dalton ill, or one of the children, or are you. What is it?"

"She broke into quiet tears; and knowing the woman's long endurance, her strength as well as tenderness of character, I was very much affected.

"Come, come," I said soothingly; "remember what an old friend I am. Try and fancy that I am Mary," I whispered, and I took and kissed her roughened hand, spoiled for society, but in my eyes made venerable by holy household toil.

"She wiped her tears, and said: 'We have all forgotten that Dorothy is now a woman. We ought not to have allowed her to stay with you after Anna went away. People are making ill-natured remarks.'

"Then I felt exceedingly angry, and said: 'I really think that my age and social position entitled me to have a young lady staying in my house as long as she and her parents choose, even if she had not, as Dorothy has, grown up as one of my own family. How did you hear this gossip?'

"In the most innocent, unexpected manner, from my dear little Mattie. She went to Miss King's to buy some cotton. The Browns, who were in the shop, did not see her, and made observations, which she repeated, and asked me to explain."

"I should have liked to know what the observations were, but I checked myself, and inquired: 'Do you believe that this sort of thing is worth noticing? To me, it seems utterly contemptible.'

"No; it is not," she answered firmly: "society has made rules, and they are useful, and we must abide by them. I will take Dorothy back, if you please; and I am sure you understand"—her voice faltered—"how much I like, and have always liked, her to be here. You are a second father to her."

"You won't tell her?"

"O no; there is no occasion. It is simply true that I am very much in want of her help at home."

"Then I reproached myself for having been selfish in keeping her so long; and she came in, radiant and affectionate, and I felt that a sort of void was made in my life, which I knew not how to fill. I drove slowly back, after leaving them at Furzeham, and stopped to give an order at the sadler's. While I was there, these words caught my ear: 'Will she take the old one or the young one, think ye?'

"I could not see the speaker; I did not know the voice, but, at the moment, the words seemed to have an unpleasant significance, though probably they had no reference to me."

"Things do occur very oddly," interpolated Jack. "They might have alluded to something quite different. Circumstances seem sometimes to be tinged by what is uppermost in the mind. The man might have been talking of horses or cows that he had to sell. Had you any notion that your son admired Miss Dalton?'

"None whatever. He was at that time very backward socially—devoted to hard reading, and if he spoke of women at all, it was to depreciate them intellectually. I should have been hard on

him for it, but that he could not remember his mother; and Anna, dear creature, is not clever."

"She is none the worse for that, in my opinion," interrupted Jack. "As a rule, clever women do not add to home happiness, which is the chief end for which they are sent into this world."

It was useless to answer this, though it irritated me: he had always taken a low tone, or he could not have married the insipid little woman whose twaddle was quite up to his mark.

"But go on, James," he continued; "I want to get at the postage-stamps. I think, by the way, that Mrs. Dalton was right to take her daughter home. Unless people hereabouts are simpler or more good natured than they are elsewhere, they would infallibly say that her parents were trying to catch you or your son for her."

I winced again, and said: "You may be right; but as I had never troubled myself about gossip—possibly because I have never been affected by it—I thought it very hard at the time. There was I, deprived of the harmless, pleasant flitting of a girl about my quiet house; and she was removed from surroundings that suited her, to a very meagre home."

"Where she must have been very much wanted by her mother," interrupted Jack. "The fact is, James, that I suspect you were, quite unconsciously, in love with the young lady."

"No!" replied I, stoutly; "of that I am quite certain; but I admit that after I had thought over the matter some weeks, I asked myself why I should not marry her, if her parents would give her to me willingly, and if she thought she could be happy with me. That, in a way, she loved me, I was as sure as that I loved her—not with a lover's love—that was as impossible for me as second sight, but with affectionate approbation, cordial admiration, genuine pleasure in her society. I could take her from poverty to affluence, and, when I died leave her independent."

"What prospect has a poor parson's daughter? He can leave her nothing. If, by some painful process, he contrives to educate her—as it is called—to make a governess of her, what a life is before her? I declare I think a girl had better marry any kind, good man who loves her, than teach, teach, teach; conflict with the old Adam in children day after day, year after year; having no freedom of action, no home the while, till she is too old for it; and, after helping her family, has perhaps saved what gives her twenty or thirty pounds per annum, on which to languish and die. Dorothy, moreover, could only be fit for a very inferior situation; she had bright parts, but no systematic training. What was to become of her, her mother, and sisters, when Dalton died? She might—with her attractions, she probably would, come across more than one man who would be fond of her, but could not marry without money. Of what use would that be? After discussing the matter with myself a month, I wrote her a letter, of which I remember every word—ay, even the position of the sentences. I told her that, though not with a young man's love, not with the sacred love I had given my wife, I loved her; that I would rejoice in her presence, would shield her as far as I could from the ills of life, till my death, and after it, would advance her brothers' and sisters' interests, make her mother's life easier. I told her to take her own time to consider, and to consult her parents. I wrote late one night, and next morning the letter seemed to me too important for my own post-bag. I was not afraid that the servants or post-office people would think it odd that I wrote to her, for I had often done that; but I resolved to take the letter myself, and post it at Crossford. The postmaster there had married a parishioner of mine; she would be glad to see me: the walk was a pleasant one, and I was in a frame of mind which demanded quiet motion. I stepped out cheerily, that bright September morning, wondering, among other wonderings, whether Dorothy and I should ever walk that way as man and wife."

"Now," interrupted Jack, "I suppose we are coming to the postage-stamps."

"We are," said I, "but we must come at them my own way. The post-office at Crossford was a grocer's shop. The mistress, my friend, Mrs. Sims, was, as I expected, pleased with my visit."

"Such a pleasure, to be sure, sir, and you looking so well—" fresh as a four-year-old," as my goodman do say of you, sir, special.—Yes, he is nicely, sir, thank you—gone to Boxham market to look about some pigs. There's a fine new sort, they do say, that Sir William have brought into the county, from Shropshire. You'll come into the parlor, sir, and sit down. You may well look at all them letters. I couldn't say how many has been for stamps this morning; and I had not one till half-an-hour ago. Master Charley, too, he have been for some. They left their letters, and I said I'd see to stamping them, and that I will, surely."

"I'll do it for you," said I. "I see you want to put away these goods; and it will amuse me while I talk to you."

"So, notwithstanding resistance on her part, I began. I daresay there were between thirty and forty of them, and I was getting rather tired when I came to the last. I had really not looked at the addresses of the others. I could not have told where one of them was going; but this one—

"Was to Miss Dalton, from your son!" exclaimed Jack.

"It was indeed," I replied; "and I cannot attempt to describe my feelings. I believe that I was for some seconds unconscious; the ground seemed gone from under my feet. My own son

was deceiving me; and I could not conjecture how far Dorothy was involved. The one miserable consolation, was, that my own letter remained safe in my pocket. I was not committed. I conclude that my countenance had changed, for when I rose to go, as I did immediately, Mrs. Sims entreated me to have some brandy, saying she was sure that 'the smell of the nasty dips had upset me; but what could she do? People must live and she must sell what there was a demand for.'

"You need not be told with what different feelings I walked home; the entire aspect of life was changed for me. Dorothy was irretrievably lost, and hanging over me was the disagreeable necessity for an explanation with Charles. As far as my observation reached, he had not only shown no preference for Dorothy, but paid her less attention than in my opinion, she had a right to expect from him. It annoyed me exceedingly to become aware that I was an utter stranger to my son's inner life; I thought him more than usually silent at dinner, but then I was constrained and heavy-hearted. As soon as the servant was gone, I said: 'Pray, Charles, do you consider me an inquisitive man?'

"Certainly not," he replied. "No man less so. I should say."

"Have I ever," I demanded, "shown my distrust of you, or any disposition to hamper you by unnecessary exercise of parental authority?'

"He looked amazed, and answered: 'No, sir; I have always felt, when comparing my position with other men's, that I was singularly fortunate in my father.'

"That's well. I have the less difficulty, then, in putting a question to you. What's the meaning of a letter addressed by you to Dorothy, which, without blame being due to any body, I saw this morning at Crossford post-office?'

"Surprise, displeasure, and a sort of doggedness, were in the countenance; he turned away from me, and some seconds— they seemed to me minutes—passed before he said: 'It would never have occurred to me that there was anything out of the way in my writing to her; we have been brought up like brother and sister.'

"But why walk six miles to post your letter? I should not have thought about seeing a letter from you to Dorothy on the table or in the bag, though I should have reminded you that you could not correspond with her with propriety. You might, of course, have written a casual note to her about a book, or some arrangement."

"Why infer," he asked, "that the letter you have seen was not one of this character?'

"In the first place," I replied, "because you took the trouble to post it where it was in the highest degree improbable that I should see it; and lastly, from your evasions."

"Then there was a long pause, and I thought he was determined not to speak."

"Charles," I said sternly, "Dorothy has been so much among us, that I am responsible for whatever, involving her happiness or misery, is connected with any of us. As your father, and in place of her father, I demand what relation exists between you and her which leads to your writing to her clandestinely. If I cannot elicit it from you, I shall have an immediate explanation with her."

"He looked badgered, ill-tempered even, and said hurriedly and surlily: 'I wrote to Dorothy to ask her to marry me some day.'

"Asked her to marry me?" I exclaimed. "I put aside your gross disrespect in ignoring me in so important a matter, and remind you that you have not taken your degree, that you are wholly dependent on me, and that, during my lifetime, unless I assist you, you will in all probability, have nothing better than a country curacy."

"I suppose it was not unnatural to expect that you would help me, sir, as you are very fond of Dora."

"This he said in a tone which softened me a little. After all, thought I, he is very young. 'Pray, what answer do you expect from her?' I inquired. I was relieved to find that she was innocent of aught that would have lowered her in my eyes. She was lost to me for ever, whether she accepted Charles or not, but she was worthy the place I had given her in my heart, and would have given her in my house. Without giving him time to reply I went on: 'I have too good an opinion of her to believe that she will answer you without consulting her mother.'

"I begged her to say nothing to any one."

"Then either," I rejoined, "you are more ignorant of the world than I believed even a reading-man could be, or you have endeavored consciously to lead her to act as a modest girl should not. Pray, what reason did you give for such a request?'

"This: that, in the event of her taking me, some years must elapse before I could marry; and I should dislike being pointed at as an engaged man all that time; and that if she refused me, it was no business of any one else."

"His cool selfishness exasperated me. I got up and walked about the room. 'Good heavens!' I ejaculated; "and you are a very young man, and my son."

"Of course, I did not put it quite so broadly as that," he observed, rather apologetically; "but you expect confidence, and I am not a man of many words. I really took pains to write a proper letter, and I think I succeeded. I always had a notion that I should never marry. A college life has been my object since I was old enough to have one, and, as a rule, I find women a bore, but Dorothy is different from all the women I know—suits me, in fact. I thought I should like to make sure of her, and would not mind waiting for her. You see, it could all go on quietly enough. I should see her here a great deal."

"I set my son down as utterly abnormal, and I think I disliked him for a minute, but I remembered his poor mother's loving pride in him as a little child, and relented.

"Have you any reason for expecting that Dorothy will accept you?" I inquired.

"He leaned back comfortably, put his hands in his pockets, and said: 'Not exactly; but I do not see why she should not; she is very fond of us all. At any rate, I will let you know as soon as I get an answer.'

"With that he seemed to consider the conference over, and that he was at liberty to leave the room. I was glad when he was gone. I puzzled myself very much as to how Dorothy would act—not as to whether she would accept Charles—it never occurred to me to discuss that with myself. Would she tell her mother? Undoubtedly, she would wish to do so, for she was openness itself; but she would be unwilling to annoy Charles, because he was my son, if for no other reason. Would she write to me? or would her father or mother write? Unless they sent a special messenger—and they guarded conscientiously against needless small expenses—there could be no letter till the third day. In the interval, there was no perceptible change in Charles's ways, except that he was constrained when we were alone. I imagined that he feared I should renew the subject, but I was not at all inclined to do that. I had discovered a great grief, unsuspected before, between my first-born and myself. My life was placed in a new groove, and did not—perhaps never would—run easily in it, and that odious gossip had given the first impetus. I believed my hands trembled a little when I unlocked the post-bag on that third morning. There was no letter for Charles, but a note from Mrs. Dalton, asking me to call as soon as I could. I gave it to him without a remark. He put it in his pocket, and did not read it in the room. Soon after breakfast I walked to Furzeham. Dora came to me in the little study, and again I felt how changed I was. Up to that time, we had held out both hands mutually and simultaneously, and I had kissed her as heartily and naturally as if she had been Anna: now, my own secret consciousness made that impossible, and the something unexpressed by me, or something which I did not fathom in her, held her back.

"Coloring, and looking distressed, she gave me one hand, saying: 'It was very good of you to come so soon, but I thought you would.'

"I made an effort to be playful, and rejoined: 'You know I have utterly spoiled you, kitten! The smile this evoked was a poor pitiful spectre.

"Come, I went on; 'I know why you sent for me, so you need not worry yourself about how to begin. Charles has told me.'

"Oh! I am so glad. But why did he not do so before he wrote to me? It would have saved me great unhappiness. I did not know if I ought not to have kept his secret, though I should have felt quite guilty hiding anything, especially such a thing, from mamma; but I could not. The letter was taken to her, and, of course, she has always opened and read my letters as if they were her own.'

"Quite right; the longer she does so the better. Charles had no right to make such a request. I am surprised that he did not know better.'

"But I am sorry to have done anything disagreeable to any of you. I am so fond of Anna; and you have always, always been so kind to me.'

"There is no harm whatever done, Dorothy; circumstances helped you out of a difficulty as they often do help the innocent.'

"Then we were both silent. I saw she wanted to go on, but did not know how; and, for myself, I had a sort of fear of what I should hear—but I helped her.

"Well, Pussy, I asked, 'what are you going to say to Charles?'

"I do not know; and she looked miserable.

"I have always thought you were very clear in your views, and distinct in stating them.'

"Yes; I know my own mind quite well; but—She stopped, and seemed about to cry. 'I do not know what to do,' she went on.

"Do you mean that you do not know whether you like Charles well enough to accept him or not?'

"O no; but there are so many difficulties. This was said hardly above her breath.

"Do you mean the long engagement, and so on?'

"She blushed with vexation, and answered: 'O dear! no. But I am so afraid of hurting your feelings, or displeasing you. I do so wish it had never happened.'

"But, my dear child, what could there be displeasing to me, or injurious to my feelings, in your being attached to my son? I think it would be an indirect compliment to me.'

"She hardly let me finish, but spoke very earnestly.

"Did you ever think that I—No; you never can have supposed that; you must have been as much surprised as I was. If anything of that kind had been going on, I must have been the most deceitful creature possible; but I am afraid of your thinking that Charles would not have asked me, if I had not encouraged him. I am sure I should say so of any one in my circumstances. I hope the lesson will make me very charitable. I have really never thought about Charles at all. It no more entered my head that he thought about me in that way, than that you did.'

"I winced. She had been speaking so fast that I could not get in a word. I was sitting in what they called humorously her father's easy-

chair; she was opposite, on a low seat, leaning forward, with her little hands clasped in her lap, her pretty warm brunette complexion brightened, her eyes sparkling, her countenance expressing what she was trying to put in words.

"Dorothy, I said, 'you will grieve me very much if you imagine for one moment that it would be possible for me to doubt your candor. I am sure you were as much surprised as I was. To tell you the truth, my dear little girl, I never gave Charles credit for so much good taste, and it had never even entered my head to think of his marrying at all.'

"She looked, however, only partially relieved when she returned: 'I am glad you understand me—I hope you always will.'

"And is that all you have to say to me, Dora?'

"No; I want to know what I am to do?'

"That must depend entirely on your own feelings. I am quite as anxious for your happiness as for my own children's. Do you love Charles? She only replied by tears; and I began to consider if she had a secret fondness for him, and thought I might object to her want of money, so I went on: 'If you do, I consider him the luckiest fellow in the world, for, though he is my own boy, he is not worthy of you.'

"I will tell you all, she said, wiping her eyes. 'I do not love him; I am sure I never should love him well enough to marry him; but I do not like to say so to you; it seems so ungracious.'

"In the depth of the meanness hidden in my heart, I was delighted that she had spoken thus of my own son, but I smothered the feeling, and walked to the window to look out.

"I am afraid you think me ungrateful," she resumed.

"That would be utterly unreasonable. No one can command his heart.'

"You see that I do not think I could make Charles happy if I married him without loving him, and it could not be right either—could it?'

"Certainly not.'

"I hope he will see it all as you do.

"If not, it cannot be helped. He has managed very badly. Young ladies are not usually gained by a *coup de main*. In my young days, men went thoughtfully and carefully to work, venturing on little graduated attentions, which had an infinite charm in themselves, and were skillful feelers. Whatever be Charles's disappointment, he has no one to blame but himself.'

"I am so glad you think so—this was said in her own natural manner, — 'and yet it is a great shame to say so. But you do understand—don't you?'

"Of course I did, and told her so. Then she asked if I would tell Charles for her.

"I compressed my lips, laid my head on one side, and tried to look as if I were considering. 'What does mamma say?' I inquired.

"She thinks I ought to answer his letter. It is due to him, she says.'

"I was of her mother's opinion. Of course I did not see her letter, and we never recurred to the subject afterwards. Charles asked me no questions when I returned home, made no remark on Dorothy's decision, which, I knew, reached him next day, and bore his rejection with the apparent impassibility which had characterized his wooing. He took his fellowship, and settled into a conscientious, respectable, somewhat pompous don. I do not think he ever met Dorothy subsequently.'

"It was a pity for the girl, and she was evidently a nice girl," observed Jack: "and her father and mother must have been disappointed."

"No doubt. When Dalton was dying, two years later, Dorothy was very heavy at his heart. 'To think of that bright, pretty, high-spirited creature, chilled, drilled, kept under, as I have seen girls as sweet, lively, and good as she is, lacerates me,' he said to me one day. And then I told him that, with God's help, she never should be; that I had taken forethought about what would be best; and that, if Mrs. Dalton agreed, I would find the money for them to start a school for little boys, which I considered the least laborious undertaking for ladies, and she not only need not be separated from her daughters, but would be materially helped by them. His look of perfect satisfaction is among my dearest recollections."

"You're a good fellow," remarked Jack huskily.

"Not at all, Jack. I made no sacrifice, and insured myself very great happiness. They have always succeeded extremely well; and they spend their summer holidays with me; Anna, her husband, and children come at Christmas. As to the loneliness which you thought must oppress me, I know nothing about it. Of other men's hidden experience, I know nothing; but for myself, I find that, as I grow old, though I enjoy society with undiminished zest, I am more independent of it. No one is less dear to me, but all are less necessary."

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

Of all that occupies the attention of the naturalist, there is nothing more interesting than the study of the habits of animals, their various instincts, and the intelligence which they display. Anecdotes, perfectly well authenticated, concerning dogs and elephants, sufficiently attest their intelligence; and any one who keeps a dog, and watches its behavior with attention, will soon see enough to remove all doubt on the point. But many animals, as well as dogs and

elephants, exhibit similar proofs of intelligence, although not perhaps in equal degree. We propose now to relate a few anecdotes illustrative of intelligence in animals of different kinds, most of them from personal observations, one or two as communicated to us by persons whose testimony we could not but unhesitatingly accept.

A small menagerie exhibited at a fair in a village in Ayrshire was much crowded with visitors. Among the animals was a brown bear, not shut up in a cage, but fastened by a chain in a corner of the area, which was fenced off by a slight rail, that people might not go too near him. A woman who was there with a basket, selling gingerbread, however, went so near, that Bruin, putting forth his huge paw, clutched the basket, which he quickly drew from her hand, emptying most of its contents upon the ground within the space allotted to himself. She began to make some attempt to recover her gingerbread, but the animal, offering no violent resistance, quietly lay down upon it, and then proceeded to draw it forth piece by piece, and to eat it at his leisure. Something of reason was surely displayed by the bear, in adopting this method to secure possession of the gingerbread.

A farmer in Renfrewshire had a horse which not only discovered how to slip its head from the halter by which it was fastened in the stable, but how to lift the latch of the stable-door, open the door, and get out, when at any time the door was left unlocked. This trick was often repeated. A similar story, we believe, is told of other horses, and probably with truth in every case. We have no doubt of the truth of it in the case now mentioned.

Cats are quite as clever in the act of opening latches when it suits their purpose. A family in one of the northern outskirts of London were a good deal annoyed with the frequent robbery of their larder, a small outhouse behind their dwelling. Legs of lamb and other articles were devoured or carried off, and no one could tell how. The theft was a mystery. One of the servants determined to discover the delinquent. She accordingly watched, and one night found that the thieves were a set of cats belonging to the neighborhood. The larder had a latch which had to be pressed down in opening the door. No cat could properly press it down by springing from the ground. There was, however, an adjoining wall, from which cats might leap and risk the depression of the latch as they successively passed. This was what they did: they leaped from the wall one after the other, each trying to depress the latch as it passed, until one cat more fortunate than the others made the needful depression with its paw. The door immediately was opened, and a leg of mutton, which had been the object of siege, was secured, and eaten all but the bones. Was there not much sagacious planning in this piece of robbery by cats? We think there was—almost as much as we see demonstrated in some of the meaner department of the human species. The incident took place lately.

Many are aware, from their own observation, how familiar horses become with particular roads and localities; so that, if left to their own choice, they will take the road to which they are best accustomed, or which leads to a well-furnished stable, in preference to another; and it is also very easy to note that they often proceed with much more apparent alacrity in going home than when going away from home. But the memory of the horse is more tenacious than is commonly supposed. A gentleman having on one occasion travelled along a certain road at a considerable distance from home, turned off it to pay a short visit to a friend, at whose hospitable abode his horse found rest and refreshment as well as himself. Riding along the same road about a year after, he wished to see if the horse retained any recollection of the place and occurrence, and when he came near where the road to his friend's house branched off from the main road, he let the reins fall loosely on the horse's neck. Presently the animal pricked up his ears, quickened his pace, and on coming to the side-road, unhesitatingly turned into it, instead of going straight on.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," says the prophet Isalah. We have not had much opportunity of observation as to the ass, although we are inclined to believe that it is far from being a stupid animal, and is at least equal in intelligence to the horse; but often have we observed that both the ox and the horse soon get well acquainted with those who attend to their wants and show them kindness. Well also do they know the place where they are fed, and the time when a supply of food may be expected. If you see the farmer's cart on a winter-day at the gate of the field where the sheep or cattle require supplies of hay, because the ground is covered with snow, and hard-bound by frost, you will see also the animals congregating towards the place where it is usually distributed. When the hour is near for cows to be brought home to be milked and fed, they very generally are to be seen waiting near the gate of the field, or, if not, they are ready to come at the accustomed call. The horse whinnies in recognition when his master enters the stable and probably to express his desire for a little corn. He knows well what is likely to come when the corn-chest is opened, and further whinnying signifies his approbation and eager expectation. Similar things may be observed in many other animals. The pet lamb knows as well where the bread is kept as any of the shepherd's family. We remember a goat, which, being commonly kept chained in an outhouse, to prevent him from destroying shrubs and flowers, was accustomed, whenever he could break loose, to rush into the kitchen, and

in all haste to the press where the oatcake was to be found, that being a luxury in which he delighted. The gruntings of the hog, when a footstep comes near the sty, are as certainly a begging for food as the sitting up of a dog upon his haunches; the approach of footsteps having become associated with the idea of a replenishment of the trough, or an agreeable donation of cabbage-blades. Poultry know the call that invites them to come and be fed, as well as their own chickens do the cluck by which the mother-hen announces that she has found something for them to eat. In the one case, we have an instance, apparently, of instinct; but the other is evidently very different, an instance of something learned and acquired in the state of domestication.

Many instances have been recorded of the display of intelligence by rats, to which we beg leave to add the following. A farmer's wife in the west of Scotland remarked that the cream on the surface of the milk in her dairy was often interfered with. At first she suspected that some of her children had taken the unwarrantable liberty of dipping pieces of bread in it, but she could find nothing to confirm this suspicion; and by-and-by she noticed strange little streaks of cream on the edges of the milk-basins, as if a string had been dipped in and drawn out, so as to leave a mark. At last she discovered the secret. The cream was stolen by rats, which got upon the edges of the earthenware basins containing the milk, and not being able to reach down to it, a depth of several inches, nor daring to attempt to go down, as they could never have climbed up the smooth surface again, dipped in the tips of their long tails, drew them up loaded with the rich cream, and licked them. An arrangement of the basins, such that the rats could not get on the edges of them, put an end to all further depreciations of this kind. There was surely something more than instinct in this case in the procedure of the rats.

We have something still to tell regarding the ingenuity of rats. A family in a country-house in Hertfordshire had a fancy for rearing ducks, but could not well do so on account of rats, which systematically got hold of and carried away the young ducklings, even from close to their mother. With a view to circumvent the rats, the maternal duck and her young were housed for the night under a coop, which admitted of no opening for the furtive intruders. The rats were not to be so easily cheated of their prey. On discovering that the mother-duck and her family were closely shrouded from intrusion, they devised a pretty plan of engineering, which was eminently successful. In the course of a single night they excavated a tunnel, going below the outer edge of the coop to its interior, and thus very neatly, without producing any alarm, stole every duckling from under the guardianship of the mother.

Two rats belonging to the same colony performed a feat quite as ingenious. A trap which was baited for their capture, was habitually plundered without securing a single rat. They had evidently invented some plan for safely stealing away the bait, and what the plan was could only be learned by setting a watch on the trap. We shall explain how the theft was effected. The trap was of the kind which is sometimes employed for catching mice. It was a box with a sliding door, which was sustained by mechanism connected with the bait. On the bait being nibbled at, the door descends and makes the mouse a prisoner. The two rats saw through the device, and resorted to the following very simple but effectual method to take away the bait, which was a piece of toasted cheese, and yet escape imprisonment. One of them placed itself under the door, so that it might fall on its back, while the other crept in and successfully carried off the morsel of cheese. The first rat then drew itself from under the door, and joined its companion. This demonstration of rat intelligence, like the preceding incident, is of recent occurrence.

Our next anecdote relates to an animal of a very different kind, a magpie. Amongst the poultry at a country-house in Renfrewshire was a turkey-hen, that preferred, as turkeys often do, to make her nest among bushes on the side of a burn, some three hundred yards from the house, rather than in the outhouse appropriated to the poultry. A magpie, chancing to be perched one day on a neighboring tree, saw the turkey visit her nest, and pounced down on the newly laid egg as soon as the turkey had left it, proceeding without loss of time to make a hole in the shell, and extract a portion of its contents. From that day forth, the magpie was never absent from the vicinity of the nest about the hour of the forenoon when the turkey was accustomed to repair to it, but, seated on one or other of the trees, kept watch for the opportunity of so delicious a repast; so that it was found necessary to follow the turkey pretty closely in order to obtain her egg unbroken by the magpie's bill.

The last anecdote that we propose to tell concerns a trout. Few anecdotes have been told of the intelligence of fishes, and they do not generally get credit for much of it, nor do they probably possess much. Yet that they do possess some measure of it, appears from the well-known fact, that carp in ponds have learned to come at a certain signal to be fed, and something of the same kind has been observed of some kinds of sea-fish in a marine fish-pond. It would be worth while for any one who has an aquarium to direct his attention to this subject, and to keep a record of his observations. Ours were made on a trout in a burn. Its place of abode was under a stone in a small pool, immediately below a wooden bridge, over which the

path led from the house in which we resided to the garden. It was a pleasing amusement for boys to feed the trout with worms, which were readily to be procured in the garden; and the trout was fed accordingly, and soon learned to come out from below the stone, and seize the worm thrown in the pool, whatever number of spectators might be close at hand on the bridge, and although some of them might be a little noisy. But it was thought proper to try a trick upon the poor fish, and to present him with a very small long radish, instead of a worm. Out came that trout at once, the radish in shape and color being pretty much like a worm, and caught it ere it reached the bottom; but quickly spat it out again, and retreated to the shelter of the stone. Once or twice afterwards, the trick was successfully repeated; but the trout soon learned to distinguish a radish from a worm, and ceased to come out for the one, although prompt enough in coming for the other.

MISS GREY, OF SANDY GULCH.

"Sandy Gulch! You as don't stop here git breakfast." We had determined to stop here, and had kept this spot in view as an objective point during several hundred miles of stage journeying. There is something wearisome in six days' continual stage riding—becomes slightly monotonous in twenty-four hours; cramped up in a corner, unable to lie down or get a good stretch, is a trial to the patience of the ordinary American.

We cannot present an active-looking picture of our fellow-travellers to your mind—they were all too stiff and sore, and we might say out of humor. The man who could rest his head anywhere and sleep was an object of envy and distrust, and a general desire was felt by each wakeful one to pinch the man driving you mad with his delicious snores. 'Twas at a time when our nerves, detached and shaken up, and our very brains sloshing around, we heard the welcome sound, "Sandy Gulch!"

Not a very beautiful name, nor, as we poked our heads out of the coach window, did it look to be particularly charming. To hundred or more miners' cabins that seemed to have started from the stage station and got lost in all sorts of places along the Gulch; odd little boxes of houses perched up on the very top of an immense rock, or nestling close to their mossy sides, down by the roaring mountain stream, or far up on the mountain side, as the airy fancy of the rough owner in fee simple dictated.

The "main house" of the Gulch was at the "Bar," and the bar was at the main house. The broad stretch of golden sands, washed by the heavy rains from the mountains and deposited near the mouth of the Gulch, gave the place its name. The "Overland" always stopped at the main house, we suppose on account of the bar. The coming of Skaggs, Jim Jones, and the Boss Myers was something to Sandy Gulch. They were heavy operators, and the owners of the ponderous machines that were up the Gulch battering away at the silver ore. Even the bar-keeper shook hands with all and said, "What is it Skaggs?" But we were unnoticed. We, who had come to edit the *Miner's Friend*, found none—no, not one to do us honor. However, having visited strange towns and edited several short-lived dailies before, we were prepared to meet any fate like philosophers.

There was one passenger we pitied in his loneliness—not more than our and twenty, slender, delicate, whose face and form indicated the intellectual man stripped of his grosser attributes—who shrank from the rude oaths and boisterous merriment of his fellow-travellers, and who seemed to us unfitted for their society as would an angel. We say we felt sorry for him—such sorrow as we sometimes feel for inexperienced fellow-travellers on life's journey. It was whispered about that he was a missionary. This opinion became fixed when it was found, after repeated trials, that he would not drink, nor had he been known to swear during the entire trip—something truly wonderful. His place in the coach had been so far removed from Skaggs, Jones & Co. that much as we desired to make his acquaintance, no opportunity was offered.

He, too, got out at Sandy Gulch, and the greasy register bore the name of Rev. Milton May.

We learned that he had but just graduated from one of our leading theological colleges, and had come to look after the spiritual welfare of the "Gulch."

The "Gulchers," big and little, were to be brought under the sound of Mr. May's voice—that is, if they wanted to. On the first Sabbath ten of them did. But Mr. May, being an enthusiast and an earnest Christian, determined to increase this number; and during the second week climbed sluice-boxes, jumped ditches, waded the creek again and again, in pursuit of little working parties of miners. Nor did he stop with the workers. The lonely, weary man, lying on his bunk, his frame racked with pain, and seeing in feverish fancy the approach of a dear wife, or mother, was soothed by the pale faced man.

The gaudy room behind the bar was not free from him, for he entered and invited "Slick Dick," who was dealing faro, to come to the services at the log cabin. Strange as it may seem, he came, and the room was full of those whose ears had not heard one word of these tidings in many, many years. Ah! what may

not the influence of one man have on a community?

Of course, the latter thought was entirely in connection with ourselves.

The *Miner's Friend* was succeeding; we were able to live and pay off such of our liabilities as were pressing. We were beginning to feel something of the delights of independent journalism. The Territorial printing was ours, and we fondly looked forward to the Postmastership of Sandy Gulch. But there was always more or less jealousy on our part for the Rev. Milton May. He seemed to have made himself immensely popular, and we felt that the quiet, pale-faced man could have beaten us for the Legislature any time.

We had respect for him almost amounting to awe. One night, coming from our office, we were nearly opposite Jack Bowman's, who was lying crushed and dying. The door was ajar, and the light from a tallow dip was softly thrown on the bed and forms. At the bedside, kneeling with face uplifted, and wearing an expression we could not understand, was Mr. May. Through the misty years it comes to us, and we see it with the reverence we saw it then. Some pictures impress themselves so deeply they are never forgotten, no matter what trials may rasp the mind.

Mr. May was successful. So much so that it was determined to start a school. Think of it! a school at Sandy Gulch. Well, do you suppose that they did not want a school at the principal town of the Territory? Where there no calculations to be made in the great future of the Gulch? Undoubtedly.

It must not be thought for one moment that there were no children at Sandy Gulch; indeed, there were more than at any place we had visited in the mountains—plenty of women and children—but few wives. Yes, dear reader, it was a sad state in which Mr. May found society, when he came to preach and try, in the name of his Master, to redeem the Gulch. Poor Jack! as he died, blessed his children, and the black-haired, black-eyed woman, who had been a wife, in the eyes of the law, but a few hours. True, she loved him all the same, and sat moaning and rocking herself back and forth as though she would shake the burden of grief from her shoulders. There were children, there was to be a school, and we were expecting Miss Grey to teach it. Being in the position we were, and occupying a large place in the confidence of Mr. May, he had informed us that his board had determined to send Miss Grey. She was not personally known to us, nor had we ever seen a photograph of the lady. But it was no trouble for us to fancy all she must be, as we will create some form for the person presented to our minds usually. Pretty women don't go to Sandy Gulches to teach, especially young, marriageable ladies; their charms are too great for them to think of hiding from an admiring world entirely for the world's sake. These facts common sense dictated to our minds.

So we prepared—as we waited the coming of the mail—for a tall, thin, quadrangular female, with long, thin face, watery weak eyes, sharp nose straddled with, perhaps, gold spectacles, drab travelling dress, blue woollen stockings, and list shoes—though we scarcely expected a glimpse of them—a bottle of cold tea in one hand and a blue cotton umbrella in the other. We waited, kicking our toes in the sand, and thinking alternately of a leader for the *Weekly* and Miss Grey.

We saw the mail whirling down the grade, and thought with lively satisfaction of our position in the society of Sandy Gulch, that gave us the privilege of welcoming Congressional aspirants, members of the Legislature, and that old maid school-dame.

As the mail neared us we saw a brown hood with blue lining, and the sweetest face it had ever been our fortune to look upon. The eye so clear and laughing, the fair shiny hair—not dead, but vivacious, smiling hair—a sweet little mouth, whose lips looked the very couch of love, her face soft and round like a child's.

We were absolutely overcome and inactive. The crowd did not try to suppress their joy, but gave a prolonged shout of welcome. "Ain't she a stunner, though!" "Prettier than a chunk of pure gold!" "Darned if I ever seed anything so trim!" were some few of the compliments that greeted her, while we stood rooted to the ground. Mr. May had advanced hat in hand, and offered her a word of quiet welcome. We could say nothing. Some commonplace remark filled a moment, and we went to our office to write an article on "Popular Education," and a flattering notice of her arrival. Then we began to think we had been hasty in leaving so soon. This was probably the greatest editorial error we ever made. We did not think how much effect, a kind word or quiet act of attention would have, or we too should have carried her bundles to Mrs. Skinner's, where she was to board. But we did not, and Mr. May did.

The summer passed. And with it each day, to the little school-house up the Gulch, passed Miss Grey. The mountains were glorious in their varied hues of autumn. And Miss Grey was equally lovely in her beauty.

"Why was it our heart beat more rapidly and our tough cheek glowed when she came near? Why did we feel so backward about coming forward and walking home with Miss Grey, as she came each evening down the little path, swinging her sun-bonnet by the strings? He was not backward, but cool and self-possessed. He met her and walked where we so much wanted to be—by her side. We discover-

ed that we disliked Mr. May. He was growing absolutely odious to us. We never saw him walking slowly up the Gulch toward the school-house that we did not have this feeling.

We came from our walk one evening in the early spring, and saw Mr. May placing blossoms in her hair, and then—kiss her!

Well, we sigh as we think of it, there in the wild West, so near where the sunset on our love years ago.

People spoke of his goodness, and one red-shirted admirer had sworn in our presence that "he'd died for that 'ere preacher. You ought a seed him, Mister; just ought 'a seed the way he nursed my pardner when he got cut up at Peter's Baitic—him and that school-marm a helpin' him." Aye, we found we disliked him—because he liked her.

We found that with perfect harmony of soul these hearts had met and mingled.

We are alone. Rev. Milton May won "Miss Grey, of Sandy Gulch."

"CAPILLARY" INSANITIES.

Those of us who have reached middle age must often have been struck by the old determination with which conventionalism (especially in dress) sets at defiance all the laws of taste. The genius of the toilette ought to be represented as a perverse Imp, with a face of puzzling capriciousness and the nimblest of weathercocks for a head. The history of capillary extravagances alone might fill half a dozen bulky folio volumes. In the British Museum there is a work, illustrated by magnificent plates, which details the innumerable modes of dressing the air during the reign of Elizabeth alone; and although the author is not especially garrulous, his production rivals the first editions of Froissart in length, breadth, and thickness. Now let us imagine some enterprising and "learned Theban" who should undertake to write the *History of Human Hair*, as Austin Gaxton undertook to write *The History of Human Error*, and whither do you think so stupendous a subject would lead him? If, taking his course backward, he deftly disposed of the huge "water-falls" of recent days, escaped strangulation from the enormous periwigs of the Georges, burst through the yard-long "love-locks" of the Merry Monarch (who came at best "from over the water,") was not crushed under the tower-high "plaits" of Louis le Grand, and could see his way beyond the midnight darkness of Italian tresses—suffered in the thirteenth century to sweep the very pavements sometimes, as the fair devotees attended mass—assuredly he would find himself wandering, distracted, lost, among the complex coils of the latter-day Roman beauties, and be fitted only for an asylum of imbeciles when finally he stumbled among the bewitching favorites or gay "Heteral" of the age of Pericles!

Let us particularize a little. At one period in Rome both wives and virgins displayed what we may well term a morbid passion for cultivating (or trying to cultivate) beards. They shaved their faces, and applied to them every species of irritating unguent then known, in order to propagate these unnatural and revolting appendages. Quacks and charm vendors made it their special business to supply the unguents needed, and there is a story in Juvenal of a haughty, rich, and handsome lady of the court whose fair complexion was spotted and disfigured for life by her employment of one of these rascals and his atrocious oils. Now and then some Greek community (affecting eccentricity perhaps) would sacrilegiously represent Venus herself as bearded, a really extraordinary fact of a *bizarre* contradictory aspect, when we reflect upon the proverbial good taste of the Hellenic genius. On the other hand, who can wonder that the warrior Amazons of Lombardy should have delighted in "getting up" tremendous beards, partly artificial, of course, as bugbears to frighten their enemies in battle?

Vanuzzi, in his *Italian Records*, affirms that during the epoch of highest art in Italy, the lifetime, for example, of such demi-gods as Titian and Paul Veronese, a species of madness prevailed in favor of hair, not auburn, or yellow, or golden, but absolutely and hideously red!

Ah, sweet ladies! matured madame and delicate maiden of this our nineteenth century, whose fashions were never known to violate the laws of taste, or to court attention by the facile devices of extravagance, only figure to yourselves those *débonnaites* belles of Venice four hundred years ago, laboriously wending their way up the long, narrow, complicated stairs of their palaces, until, having reached the roof, they sink exhausted on the couches expressly placed outside for their convenience, first throwing the masses of their luxuriant hair, well steeped in perfumed oils, over a frame-work of straw, so that the alchemy of sunshine might change the dark locks or the light into the dazzling color esteemed *à la mode*.

There would these beautiful fanatics—martyrs to the sacred fiat of society—recline, hour after hour, with a sublime patience, worthy, one may venture to hint, of a better cause.

Apocryphal of this infatuation, we learn, upon the testimony of a writer in one of the back numbers of *Putnam* or the *Atlantic*, that the peasants of Ireland have always regarded fiery-hued locks as the *ne plus ultra* of loveliness.

"An illigant orator she is," you will hear them remark, "but, by the rock of Cashel, it's a thousand pities she hasn't rid hair!"

"Can any serious or philosophic thinker doubt

for a moment," asks one among the shrewdest of our scholars, "that the modern 'water-fall' was foreshadowed by the Roman 'rats'?" And he adds that two thousand years since "Grecian curls" were sported in "Athens not only by women, but by men. Theodoric the younger, King of the Goths, wore his hair in 'toupets à la Grecque,' crimped in front, and combed back."

The Lombard people were noted for their exorbitantly long tresses, falling over their ears, a fashion which brings to mind a very curious German legend related by Sir Walter Scott in the notes, if we err not, to *Count Robert of Paris*.

Thus runs the legend: "There was once a king of the Lombards who was particularly proud of his luxuriant side locks. He owned a body-guard of fifty noblemen, each chosen for his singular resemblance to his master. They likewise wore their hair in long flowing tresses.

"Now the queen's apartments a little distance from the palace, were visited by his royal highness every evening at night-fall. He wore on these occasions, a white mantle, so as to hide his features, and gave a special countersign to the sentry at the queen's gates. A certain young gillie of his guard, bold, enterprising, and much interested in the beauty of the queen, concocted a stratagem by which he might obtain undiscovered, an interview with her.

"Ascertaining that on a particular day the king would return later than usual from the chase, this guardsman (his majesty's 'double' in form and face) wrapped himself at twilight in a white mantle, obtained somehow the countersign, passed the sentry, and coolly entered her majesty's rooms.

"A convenient golden gloom pervaded the place. The air was heavy with perfumes; and there, at a marble table, on which a feast was spread that would have entranced Lucullus and made Apicius almost faint with anticipated delight, sat the ravishingly beautiful queen. She sipped an exquisite wine of Cyprus, and her lord, as she supposed him, was warmly welcomed.

"Our audacious youth made himself perfectly at home, partook of every delicacy, pledged his companion more than once, and, to cap the climax of impudence, actually kissed her at parting.

"He had not been gone five minutes before the king strode past the amazed sentinel, and in his turn entered the queen's apartments.

"Ah, your majesty," she murmured—'your majesty does me honor, returning so soon after your kiss of good night!'

"Ho! ho! exclaimed the king; 'there's a rat about, is there? By all that's sacred, we must ferret him out!' Whereupon he hastened to the dormitory in which his fifty guardsmen slept, armed with a dagger and a lantern of complicated slides. Here, in a long row, lay his fifty 'doubles.' The king very cautiously cast his light upon the first bed. He felt the sleeper's heart. 'That's not the villain,' he muttered; 'his sleep is too tranquil.' And so on from bed to bed he crept, feeling each guardsman's heart, with the same result, until he reached the very last couch. 'This is my man,' thought the king, as he felt the guardsman's pulse throbbing tumultuously under his pressure. Up flashed his dagger; but a sudden idea arrested him. 'The impudent, sacrilegious varlet! he ought to die the death unshriven; but—but I'll not kill him now. He shall be fairly tried to-morrow. Meanwhile, my young cockerel, I mark you—thus!' And at the word the flowing locks on the right temple of the youth were severed by one stroke of the king's sharp blade.

"Just as the sun had risen on the following morning the king summoned his fifty guardsmen to parade before him. His Majesty was in rather a self-complacent mood. He couldn't help admiring his own great sagacity. But, ye gods of perverseness and lumps of discord! what does his majesty behold? Why, as the parade was formed, and the guardsmen passed in single file before him, he could hardly credit his eyes when it became apparent that not one man of all the fifty had any hair on the right side of his head!

"The special guardsman he had detected in the dormitory had been quite conscious of his master's visit, and instinctively appreciated his motive in depriving him of his right side locks. So, as the only means of saving his life, he had risen after the monarch's departure, and, with admirable *sang-froid*, docked his comrades of their tresses all round.

"Thus it happened that our Lombard king, who in the main was a good fellow and therefore could not find it in his soul—being open to sweet touches of pity—to execute his entire guard for the fault of one, was cleverly balked of his vengeance, and that audacious young scamp got a queen's kisses, not to speak of the delectable wine of Cyprus, with

'rich salvers full of nectarines, Dead-ripe pomegranates and Arabian dates, Peaches and plums, and clusters fresh from vines, And all imaginable sweets and cates,'

with no other punishment than the night's fright, and some trifling uncertainty as to the result of his experiment in the morning."

AN Alabama editor thirsting for subscribers has adopted a singular expedient. Instead of offering as premiums chromes and that sort of rubbish, he promises to name his new baby after the patron who pays his subscription for the longest time in advance.

THE LOVE THAT IS BORN.

"The love that is born in the joyous morn
Will fade with the eventide,"
That was the strain of the old refrain
You used to sing at my side.
The burden of that old song,
How it rings for me now and here,
As the year declines and Autumn twines
Her garlands over its bier.
For 'twas in the Spring,
In the merry morn of the year,
That you pledged your faith to me till death,
In the same old woods out here.
A flush of green on the boughs
Was just beginning to start,
And a rapture of birth pervaded the earth,
Like the throbs of a human heart.
The year was young as you carolled and
sung,
In the light of your beauty and youth,
And little we thought the song had aught
Of prophecy or truth.
But sadly it comes to me now—
Like spectres those words abide;
"The love that is born in the joyous morn
Will fade with the eventide."
For the love that was mine in the Spring's
soft shine,
And to swift Summer fulness led,
Fell off and was lost by a pitiless frost,
Ere the leaves on the maples were red;
And ne'er, in these woodlands lone,
Can I ever forget the cost
Of my shame and my grief, where the gold of
the leaf
Reminds me of how it was lost.
For gold, and fame, and a lofty name
You bartered the faith you had sworn,
And the hapless strain of that old refrain
About "love that is born in the morn"
I could not silence it quite,
If I never so sternly tried:
"The love that is born in the joyous morn
Will fade in the eventide."

SHAM JEWELLERY.

The passion for jewellery has been a habit of mankind from the days of Solomon to those of the Shah. It was illustrated by the idolaters of Somnath; it blazed at the feet of the Esterhazies; it has culminated in the tiara and belt of Nasr-Shah-Eddin. This potentate made himself the cynosure of Europe by means of the diamonds flaming upon his aigrette, his breast, and the hilt and the sheath of his scimitar; and so the subject of gems has been wonderfully upon the carpet lately. But with fashion comes ambition. People will wear glittering ornaments somehow, and prefer the false to none at all. In romance, these lustrous deceptions have played a high part, as in the story, by Dumas, of the "Three Musketeers," where a brilliant bit of dissimulation saves Anne of Austria from disgrace. Everybody, too, has read tales of extravagant ladies pledging their genuine jewels and wearing shams for the deception of society. And the art has reached such perfection, that, apart from certain tests, which, of course, are impossible to apply, they really do deceive. In flash and splendor, the imitated are often scarcely inferior to the originals, whence, by the chemist's magic, they are copied. In dealing with this consummate kind of forgery, one preliminary remark has to be made. Jewels viewed in a natural, and jewels viewed in an artificial light, are, like certain sorts of beauty, not to be compared. There is a fluid radiance in them which wants refraction: the former take it from the sun, the latter from the chandelier. In the case of the peerless stone, however, the diamond, the object of the splendid illusion is to produce a perfectly colorless substance, thoroughly lucid, and capable of reflecting all lights. To this pebble—for it is nothing more—have been attributed many virtues; but it can be fabricated by science with a very neat approach to reality. First, it is necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallisation—a mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still, all this may not yield a thoroughly deceptive diamond. Another composition is made from silversand, very pure potash, minium, calcined borax, and a form of arsenic, varied occasionally by a mixture of strass—a mixture for which an equivalent is paste, and which represents transparent pebbles burnt to powder, white-lead, and other similar materials. Sometimes rock-crystal is used, with borax acid from Italy, and nitrate of potash. Of these materials is composed the false diamond, which figures so alluringly in the shop-windows of the Palais Royal. Let us turn to the sapphire, the next esteemed among precious stones, even above the emerald and the ruby. It is a product of the East, though found, of inferior quality, in Bohemia, Saxony, and France among rocks of the secondary period. There are white sapphires, occasionally mistaken for diamonds; crimson or carmine, resplendent beyond description; vermilion, and topaz-tinted. Indeed we may assign rank to the emerald as daughter to the sapphire. Do you covet them in order to beam with borrowed lustre at a ball? Take, as the cookery-books say, one ounce of paste, mix two grains of precipitated oxide of cobalt, and there you have the colored and glowing necklet, which none except a jeweller can detect. Supposing, however, that you desire ear-rings of chrysoberyl, or chrysolite—or cymophane, as the French term it, which means "floating-light"—the trifle is exceedingly pretty, with its

surface of asparagus green and its heart of radiating fire. Yet it is to be emulated by a combination of aluminium, silica, oxide of iron, and lime.

Coming to the splendid gem, the ruby, whether of Brazil, Barbary, or Bohemia, with its cherry or purple red, varied by opalescent or milky aspects, there are various methods of rivalling it—with litharge and calcined shells; with paste, antimony, glass, and purple of Cassius; with white-sand, washed in hydrochloric acid, minium, calcined potash, calcined borax, and oxide of silver, stirred in a crucible. We are furnishing our jewel-box rapidly and at a moderate expense. But care must be taken lest, through an imprudent admixture, your fictitious ruby should suggest the idea of a garnet, which is a poor and unrecognisable relation of the family. The topaz has never been very fashionable in England; yet it is a charming gem in all its varieties—yellow, white, colorless—"drops of water" the Dutch lapidaries call these—orange, shining to little disadvantage among diamonds, "red jonquil," purple, red, blue, and violet. But it is unnecessary to search the rocks of Brazil, Saxony, or Bohemia to gain credit for wearing these bits of beautiful radiance. A little white-lead, with some shells of a rich tint, pulverised and calcined, will yield a composition of exquisite fire and tint, capable of being cut like the genuine gem. So will a mixture of antimony, glass, and ordinary jeweller's paste with purple of Cassius; but the best imitation of any is produced by a composition of white-sand, minium, burnt potash, burnt borax, and oxide of silver. This, with the necessary processes, is a somewhat costly preparation.

Far above the topaz, however, in point of splendor and value, ranks the emerald—not that of Brazil, or India, or Carthage, but the "noble" quality discovered in Peru, among the valleys of New Granada, of a rich grass green, with a sort of velvet surface, unapproached by any other precious stone. There are, of course, several varieties—the skyblue, the aquamarine the corn-colored, even the white; but they are not often imitated. The true *smaragdus* has been converted almost into an object of worship. It has been exalted as an amulet in cases of epilepsy and insanity; its aid has been evoked for the detection of witches and hidden treasures; that of Mantu, indeed, was formerly termed the "goddess." Still, our chemist will, with paste, oxide of copper, and nitre of potash, create something wonderfully similar, or, more elaborately, he may employ numerous different materials, including the invaluable silver-sand. The true hyacinth of Ceylon, often confounded with the orange sapphire and the saffron topaz, and known also as the "brown diamond," can be counterfeited almost to perfection. So with the water sapphire, hyaline, the common amethyst, the "smoke diamond" of Alençon, the cat's eye, and the agate. Onyx and coral need scarcely be enumerated. There is a notorious manufacture of onyx nearly all over Europe, from German pebbles, treated with acids; and the false can scarcely be distinguished from the true, except by their weight and price.

We should recommend very great caution in purchasing what purports to be onyx. In no kind of precious stones is more deception practised. As regards coral, there are also false kinds as well as the reality. By the aid of the real or pink coral, many beautiful imitations are effected; sometimes with the assistance of diamond-dust, for application to mosaic, to furniture ornaments, and enamel. The opal is, in its way, peerless among precious stones, and the only one which when extracted from the earth, as in Hungary, is soft, hardening and diminishing in size through exposure to the air. It is rarely larger, with its milk-blue beauty illuminated by sun-tints, than a nut, but has always been marvellously esteemed. In fact, the flamboyant opal of Mexico, representing an admixture of silica, iron, and water, is a magnificent gem, and its family is mentioned in the Apocalypse, as including "the most noble of stones." In consequence of their being excessively prized and of a quickly fading nature, sham specimens are fabricated to an extraordinary extent.

Thus, also, with pearls, although by many they are preferred when they have lost their original whiteness. The rage for this has no limit. False pearls were invented in Paris towards the close of Henry IV.'s reign, by an ingenious fellow named Jaquin. Thence the manufacture spread into Italy, where it was extensively practised, though the French specimens retained their superiority. To begin with, were employed the scales of the blay, a small flat fish, with a green back and a white belly, common in numerous rivers of Europe. The scales are carefully scraped off, and repeatedly washed in pure water until they glisten like silver. They are then again washed in a sieve, inclosed in a net, and whipped like a pulp, though still retaining those rectangular particles, which, to some extent distinguishable to the eye, constitute a high merit in genuine pearls. The mass thus formed was at one time known as "essence of the East." To it was added some gelatine, from the same fish. Glass of the most delicate texture, and powdered white wax, with a dash of mother-of-pearl, completed the operation, and the necklace of the demoiselle was ready for wearing. It needs only a slight additional chemistry to convert these pearls into opals—a kind of jelly made from parchment is added.

The rose pearls of Turkey are formed by pounding fresh and young flowers in a mortar until they become a paste, spreading this on cloth, and laying to partially dry in the sun. When nearly dry, they are pounded again in rose-water, then dried again, and so on until the

paste is exceedingly fine, when it is rounded into shape, polished with rose-water, for the sake of lustre and scent, and thus becomes the pretty imposture celebrated as the rose-pearl. They are of various colors—black, for the white throats of Circeasia; red, for beauty of a darker depth; blue, also for fairness; and a splendid amber, fit for all complexions, though chiefly for the brunette. Mock-pearls, it should be remarked, by the way, have been made from fruit, perfumed with storax and musk. The commerce in these fictitious decorations is principally French and Austrian, though something is known about it in our own honorable country. There is Japanese cement, there is rice-paste, and there are Roman pearls, made up of silver-sand, fish-scales, spirits of wine, and white wax. The Venetian pearls are generally vitreous, and little likely to deceive, yet they are sold by thousands of boxes throughout Europe, Asia, and the New World. The art employed is simply that of producing white glass in tubes, tinted, however, by a process which the Italians still claim as a secret, though the existence of any such mystery in our days may be doubted. These tubes, so to speak, are melted again, whirled into a globular shape, or sometimes manipulated in a soft condition into the spherical form, which, however, is occasionally produced by simply stirring the fragments of glass round and round in a vessel filled with warm sand and hot wood-ashes. Nothing now remains beyond collecting the pearls, blowing off the dust, stringing them on thick strings of silk, packing them in barrels, and exporting them far and wide throughout the world, only stopping short of the uninhabited islands. Enamel would come into our scope, with gilding, silvering, damascening, besides the alloy of coinage, but that the subject, however attractive, would attain to unmanageable proportions. These are among the most tender and delicate arts existing, and their culture has always accompanied the higher progress of civilisation. Enamelling is, in fact, the creation, rather than the imitation of a jewel, and calls upon the artist's taste and skill scarcely less than did the production of Ascanio's famous lily. The clouding and watering of metals, again, are artificial glosses upon nature, representing a subtle science; but it is in the fabrication of decorative insignia illustrating the various orders of chivalry in Europe, that the limits of ingenuity have been reached, with their mixture of false gems, their crucibles of color, amaranthine enamels, bits of polished shell, and rays of burnished metal.

Thus, therefore, there is still a sort of alchemy practiced in this world, for it is not a Rosicrucian art to manufacture diamonds, emeralds, rubies, opals, and pearls from the common elements of the earth, and convert the contents of a laboratory into sparkles which shall flash as though they were beautiful secrets surrendered by the two miserly mines of Golconda, or the Sinbad valleys of Brazil! The very light of heaven, the sunbeams themselves, have been entrapped and imprisoned by these mimetic jewellers. As for the result, what myriads of people are pleased in the indulgence of a little innocent vanity, without wearing one fortune on their heads, another round their necks, and a third upon their arms! It is not the savage only who delights in baubles. Besides, do we not thus enjoy that which Marie Antoinette called the "luxury" of wearing diamonds, without her "torturing fear" of losing them?

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

It was during the palmiest days of the Empire. Never was Paris so gay: in fact, it was the fete day of the Emperor, the last flickering blaze of his greatness ere his glory departed forever. All Paris knew that he would grace the opera that night, and add to its usual lustre the glittering pomp and circumstance of power. Accordingly all that portion of Paris who had the necessary number of francs went to the opera, in honor of so great an occasion. Mons. Blauvais, the director, was to produce "Le Prophète."

The overture was over; the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, radiant in her beauty and glittering with jewels, had just entered the royal box; his suite, uniformed in every color of the rainbow, stood grouped in the background. In another moment the bell would tingle and the opera commence. But in an instant of time, when every sound was heard, the second box to the right of the Emperor was opened, and the curtains were drawn aside, and revealed the lovely wife of the Russian Ambassador, Duke Metzkerwitch.

No wonder that the bell tinkled unheard and the curtain went up unnoticed; no wonder that every eye was fixed with a fascinated gaze upon the woman who had just taken her seat and was calmly and with well-bred nonchalance glancing about the house; for upon her arms, blazing like beacons, sparkled the diamonds of which Paris had heard so much, and which royalty in vain had long sought to purchase. A hum of admiration ran through the house, and then, for the first time, the enchanting strains of the chorus were listened to.

When the curtain fell upon the first act, and Milord This ogling Milady That, a servant wearing the imperial livery presented himself at the Russian Ambassador's box, rapped only as an imperial flunky could rap, and then entered the box.

"Her Majesty had noticed the bracelets and was dumb with admiration; would Milady be so gracious as to allow the Empress to make a personal examination of one of the bracelets?" In an instant the fair arm was shorn of its

gems, and with a smothered ejaculation of delight the man wearing the imperial livery bowed himself out of the box, bearing the bracelets that a million of francs could not purchase.

The curtain fell upon the third act, ascended again on the fourth, the notes of the finale rolled through the house, the curtain fell for the last time; and still, with well-bred politeness, the wife of the Russian Ambassador waited for the return of her priceless jewels. The imperial party rose and departed, and yet the bracelet was not returned. Then the Duke, with a terrible frown of impatience, rose and drove rapidly to the Tuileries, and demanded the return of the diamonds.

Explanations followed, and the Duke was at last convinced that the Empress had never sent for the bracelet, and that the man wearing the imperial livery was one of the daring thieves who infested the capital. He bade his coachman drive to the office of the Prefect of Police, and ere daylight a hundred of the shrewdest officers were searching Paris for the gems. The Duke, filled with anxiety, remained at the office for tidings while the Duchess restlessly awaited the recovery of her bracelet at home.

The great clock had just tolled the hour of six when the bell of the Duke's hotel rang violently, and an officer of the police was ushered into the presence of the Duchess.

"Was the bracelet recovered?" and "would they imprison the scoundrel for the rest of his days?" eagerly demanded the Duchess.

With a grave bow the officer stated that the thief was taken, and upon his person was found the bracelet. But the fellow stoutly insisted that he was not a thief, and that the bracelet in his possession had been in his family for many years. Would madame intrust to him the mate to the missing bracelet, that the identity might be complete?

Madame the Duchess, without a word, unlocked her casket and placed in the hands of the trusty officer the second bracelet. The officer, with a profound bow, left the apartment, and madame retired once more—this time to sleep and to dream of her precious diamonds. When the bell tolled the hour of nine, the Russian Ambassador, haggard and disordered, entered his wife's apartments and threw himself in despair into a chair. Madame opened her eyes, and with a smile a delight asked for the bracelets.

"Satan!" exclaimed the Duke, "we can learn nothing of them."

"What!" shrieked the madame, "have you not recovered it? The officer who came for the other bracelet said the thief had been taken and the bracelet found."

The Duke, with an exclamation of amazement, sprang to his feet, and in a husky voice besought his wife to explain. In few words she told him. And then with a groan the Duke dropped into a seat.

"I see it all," said he; "the rascals have robbed you of the second bracelet. There was no messenger sent for the bracelet. The man to whom you gave it was no officer, but a bolder thief than he who robbed you first."

And so it proved. The bracelets were never returned, and the Russian Ambassador recalls the last fete day of the fallen Emperor with a sigh, for it made him a poorer man by many millions of francs than he was when he handed his charming wife into his carriage and bade his coachman drive to the opera.

HOW TOADS DINE.

When our toad gets into his mouth part of an insect too large for his tongue to thrust down his throat (and I have known of their attempting a wounded humming-bird), he resorts to the nearest stone and presses the protruding part of his mouthful against it and thus crowds it down his throat. This can be observed at any time by tying a locust's hind legs together and throwing it before a small toad. On one occasion I gave a yellow-striped locust to a little toad in its second summer, when he was in the middle of very wide gravel walk. In a moment he had the locust's head down its throat, its hinder parts protruding and started for a stone or clod but finding none at hand in either direction he lowered his head and crept along, pushing the locust against the ground. But the angle with the ground was too small, and my walk too well rolled, to increase the angle he straightened his hind legs up, but in vain. At length he threw up his hind quarters and actually stood on his head, or rather on the locust sticking out of his mouth, and after repeating this once or twice, succeeded in getting himself out side of his dinner. But these instances of ingenious adaptation to the circumstances were exceeded by a four year old toad at Antioch College. I was tossing live earth-worms while digging, and presently threw him so large a specimen that he was obliged to attack one end only. The end was instantly transferred to his stomach, the other end writhing free in the air and coiled about the toad's head. He waited until the worm's writhing gave him a chance, swallowing half an inch, then, taking a nip with his jaws waited for a chance to draw in another half. But there were so many half inches to dispose of that at length his jaws grew tired, lost their firmness of grip, and the worm crawled out five-eighths of an inch between each half-inch swallowing. The toad, perceiving this, brought his right hand to aid his jaws, grasping his abdomen with his foot, and by a little effort getting hold of the worm in his stomach from the outside he thus, by his foot, held fast to what he had gained by each swallow, and presently succeeded in getting the worm entirely down.—Thomas Hill, at the Am. Sc. Association

The Ladies' Page.

HOLIDAY CHILDREN.

ONE of the most pleasing sights at this festive season is the group of boys and girls returned from school. Go where you will, a cluster of their joyous, chubby faces present themselves to our notice. In the streets, at the conjuror's, or play-house, our elbows are constantly assailed by some eager urchin whose eyes just peep beneath to get a nearer view. We are more delighted in watching the vivacious workings of their ingenious countenances at these Christmas shows, than at the sights themselves. From the first joyous huzzas, which announce their arrival, to the faint attempts at similar mirth on their return, we are interested in these youngsters.

Observe the line of cabs with their swarming loads hurrying from the railway-stations to tender and exulting parents, the sickly to be cherished, the strong to be amused; in a few mornings you shall see them, new clothes, warm gloves, gathering around their mother at every toy-shop, claiming the promised bat, hoop, top, or marbles; mark her kind smile at their ecstasies; her prudent shake of the head at their multitudinous demands; her gradual yielding as they coaxingly drag her in; her patience with their whims and clamour while they turn and toss over the play-things, as now a sword, and now a hoop is their choice, and, like their elders, the possession of one bauble does but make them sigh for another.

View the fond father, his pet little girl by the hand, his boys walking before, on whom his proud eye rests, while ambitious views float o'er his mind for them, and make him but half attentive to their repeated inquiries; while at the museum or picture-gallery his explanations are interrupted by the rapture of discovering that his children are already well acquainted with the different subjects exhibited.

Stretching half over the boxes at the theatre, adorned by maternal love, see their enraptured faces now turned to the galleries, wondering at their height and at the number of regular placed heads contained in them, now directed towards the green cloud which is so lingeringly kept between them and their promised bliss. The half-peeled orange laid aside when the play begins; their anxiety for that which they understand; their honest laughter, which runs through the house like a merry peal of sweet bells; the fear of the little girl lest they should discover the person hid behind the screen; the exultation of the boy when the hero conquers.

But, oh, the rapture when the pantomime commences! Ready to leap out of the box, they joy in the mischief of the clown, laugh at the thracks he gets for his meddling, and feel no small portion of contempt for his ignorance in not knowing that hot water will scald and gun-powder explode; while with head aside to give freshness to the strokes, they ring their little palms against each other in testimony of exuberant delight.

Who can behold them without reflecting on the many passions that now lie dormant in their bosoms, to be in a few years agitating themselves and the world? Here the coquette begins to appear in the attention paid to a lace frock or kid gloves for the first time displayed, or the domestic tyrant in the selfish boy who snatches the largest cake or thrusts his younger brother and sister from the best place.

At no season of the year are their holidays so replete with pleasures; the expected Christmas-box from grandpapa and grandmamma; plum-pudding and snap-dragon, with blindman's-buff and forfeits; perhaps to witness a juvenile play rehearsed and ranted; galanty-show and drawing for twelfth-cake; beside Christmas gambols in abundance, new and old.

Even the poor charity-boy at this season feels a transient glow of cheerfulness, as with pale blue face, frost-nipped hands, and ungreatcoated, from door to door, he timidly displays the unblotted scutcheon on his graphic talents, and feels that the pence bestowed are his own, and that for once in his life he may taste the oft-desired tart, or spin a top which no one can snatch from him in capricious tyranny.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

GOLD is a very poor substitute for affection. No man or woman, with a heart capable of entertaining a sincere love for another human being ever "married for money," without purchasing life-long unhappiness. There are people in the world who are not much troubled with an affectionate nature. Their love (or rather what answers them as a substitute for love) is a sort of good-natured regard, created sometimes by a gratified vanity, and sometimes by a spontaneous gratitude for services rendered.

With such a person as this, the acquisition of wealth, by marriage, might awaken a feeling of thankfulness that would resemble a love for the one who brought that wealth. It might also touch the complacency of the enriched one so much by investing it with the means of ostentation, as to kindle a gratitude that would pass for love. But these are resemblances of love, not love itself. For love itself is wholly disinterested. It is a passion which, in its purity, exalts the human heart intirely above all sordid considerations—refines it, fills it with a chivalric devotion, and inspires the whole being it influences with a something so akin to divinity, that all baser conceptions drop from its association, and crawl away from it, as reptiles crawl

from excess of light. Such is real love; all other is counterfeit.

We have not much faith in "love in a cottage," in the common sense of that expression, for poverty is fatal to love in some bosoms, and so is affluence. The ambitious spirit, fettered by love alone to a life of toil and privations, frets too much against its prison bars to hope for happiness. The bars or the spirit most break eventually. The end must be, death or liberty. So, too, the sudden acquisition of wealth has on some minds such an effect, that love soon finds itself crushed amid the accumulation of new aspirations, new feelings, new habits, and new conceptions. It is only with the contented nature that love can bring all its joys to the cottage door as readily as it can to the mansion's gates; but, with such a nature, love always asserts its glorious origin, and is itself alone independent of exterior circumstances. Thus a real love is ever love, whatever lot it may be tied to in life. Money cannot buy it, nor the want of money drive it away. The counterfeit love which money purchases may resemble it, as the new composition, *oreidé*, resemble gold; but the precious metal, after all, is only one that will stand the test of trial and of time. Its base imitation will soon display its real character when brought to the touchstone of experience.

TRUE LOVE INDEPENDENT OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

SHOULD not a deformed woman, who appears graceful in her husband's eyes; a lame one, whose defect a man would not wish remedied; or an elderly one, who still seems young to the fond gaze of love, be reckoned the happiest of the female sex? Can human passion go beyond this? It is a woman's great glory to possess such an influence over a lover, that he should adore her for that which the world generally looks upon as a blemish. To forget that the lame cannot walk straight, may proceed from the fascination of the moment; but to love her because she limps, is like deifying her for her defect. Perhaps the following beatitude might be justly inscribed in the gospel of women—"Blessed are the imperfect, for the kingdom of love is their heritage."

And rightly considered, the perfection of beauty is rather a misfortune, than otherwise, for a woman. Its transient bloom enters too much into the substance of the passion she inspires, and she is loved for it much in the same way as a rich heiress is loved for her money. But that love which is excited by a female disinterested of those fleeting graces which the children of Adam run after, is the real and true love, mysterious and unknown to the world; an ardent interchange of soul and sentiment, whose day of disenchantment never comes. Such a creature possesses graces independent of, and uncontrolled by, the caprices of society. The flower of her beauty is always in season; and the exquisite pleasure of making her imperfections forgotten, is too intense not to inspire her with an unconquerable desire of pleasing.

The most memorable love stories in history recount the devoted attachments inspired by women whom the vulgar herd thought plain. Cleopatra, Jeanne of Naples, Diana of Poitiers, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Madame de Maintenon, and, in short, the greater part of those females who have been made famous by the passion they inspired in kings and heroes, were all disfigured by some personal blemish or infirmity; while the majority of those whose beauty has been extolled as faultless and consummate, found only disappointments in their love, or witnessed its melancholy catastrophe. This apparent inconsistency must have a cause; and, perhaps, man lives much on sentiment, and the many physical charms of the all-perfect have their limit, while the essentially moral attractions of an ordinary woman are infinite. Had Henry the Eighth's wives been ugly, they might have defied the axe, and have overcome the inconstancy of their royal master.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY OUR FACES.

We may pretend that it is otherwise, but we are all interested in our own faces; and yet we treat them as badly as we do many other things in which we are deeply but ignorantly interested. The countenances of a nation define the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates the moral training as well as the temperament and the ruling traits of its owner, just as much as any human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proved by the varieties of human faces everywhere visible. Those whose whole lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage a people, the uglier they are in facial development. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violent and ungovernable passions. People whose employments are intellectual invariably have a large, clear gaze, a bright, out-raying expression as if from inward light shining through a vase. Where a fine organisation and deep sensibility accompany the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent luminous look. Person endowed with powerful sensibility, however plain the features, always have moments of absolute beauty. "My sister-in-law is plain," said one lady of another, who possessed such a countenance, "but I have seen her so absolutely beautiful at times that she drew everybody in the room toward her. When she is very happy, her face

kindles with an absolute radiance." The refining effects of high culture, added to deep religious feelings, not only subdue evil passions, but beautify and elevate the entire expression and bearing of an individual. Thus it is a physical as well as a moral fact that it is in the power of every person to improve his own beauty as well as bearing by a constant control of passion and temper, and a deep and constant cultivation of the intellectual faculties, pure affections and the moral nature.

It is a physical as well as spiritual fact that the concentration of desire upon one object of thought, upon a single subject, shows itself in some feature of the face as distinctly as it stamps its effects upon the character. This is why we see so many distorted and almost deformed faces, so few symmetrical and spiritually beautiful ones. Comparatively few have the desire, and fewer still have the leisure, to cultivate that harmony of thought and temper which is sure to shine forth from within, and harmonise every feature. Work and struggle, care and fret, bustle, hurry, and wearing-out ambition make the law of average American life. It all shows in our poor faces—in our sharp, eager, restless, weary, unhappy faces. Look about you on a ferry boat crossing the river near the standard dinner-hour. It is more than the want of dinner that gives that hungry look to eleven out of every twelve mortals that you see homeward bound. It is the consuming care, the ever-repeated, never-ending daily care; it is the struggle to live, the curse of the want of money, and the curse of ever-craving, unsatisfied wants—physical, affectional, spiritual—which have seamed and scarred those faces, and made those sunken eye-sockets the craters of burned-out fires. Don't say "Never mind about the face!" We all mind about our faces, and we mind very much about the faces that we see. It may be too late to make our own very beautiful, though never too late to beautify them; but it is not too late to serve the next generation through the souls and faces of our children.—*Hearth and Home.*

IMPORTANCE OF DRESS TO WOMEN.—There are certain moralists in the world who labour under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun—if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy, or being old, fantastic or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over.

NOT KNOWN BEFORE MARRIAGE.—A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware, until he has placed her in his own mansion, to be the guardian angel of his household happiness? If defects be brought to view by close inspection so may the nobler and finer characteristics lie comparatively unknown till tested and expanded by the touchstone of family society. Most of us have met with persons who, though very agreeable as mere acquaintances, we should not wish to single out as our daily associates at home. But we may have also lived with others one-tenth part of whose worth we have never estimated until brought into daily communication with them, and under the same roof.

FUTURE HOUSEWIVES.—We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housewives when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their brides. We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging but boasting of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the esteem of their friends as the confession of an ability to bake bread-make pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollection, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily-white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil, or put the smallest piece of food therein.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE RECOLLECTIONS.—How pretty and fresh our home was then, in the valley yonder! He was our neighbour's son, and honest, and industrious, and handsome. People may be offended with me if they like, but so it is; but he, I cannot name his name, though every one knows, all the same, that he was called Anton Striegler. He was resolved to go travelling; and so he went off to foreign parts with merchandise; and by the brookside he took leave of me, and said, "Frances, so long as that brook runs, I will be faithful and true at heart to you, and be you the same to me." He could say all these fine words, and write them down too; that is the way with these false men; I could never have believed it. In the course of four years I got seventeen letters from him—from France, England, and Spain. The letter from England cost me, at the time, a crown

dollar, for it came at the moment when Napoleon did not choose us to receive either foreign letters or coffee; so our pastor said the letter had come round by Constantinople and Austria, but at all events, it cost a whole crown dollar. For a long, long time after, I never got one. I waited fourteen years, then I heard that he had married a woman in Spain. I never wanted to hear any more of the bad man, and none could be worse. And then I took out of my drawer the fine letters, the fine deceptive letters that he had written to me, and I buried them all, my love going off with them in smoke up the chimney.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

ROAST SUCKING PIG.—Be sure it is fresh killed. Scald it; put some breadcrumbs, sage, pepper, and salt into the belly and sew it up. Skewer the legs back; lay it to a brisk fire till dry. Rub the pig over with butter; dredge flour over it; scrape off the flour with a blunt knife; rub it well with a buttered cloth, and take off the head while at the fire; then take it up, cut it down the back and belly, lay it in the dish, chop the sage and bread very fine, and mix a little flour and plenty of melted butter. It may be served whole, in which case the gravy should be poured into the sauce, and it should be garnished with bread sauce and currants.

CONSOMME.—This means very rich broth made richer and clarified. It is to the old what milk is to the infant—the best food that can be given. Process: When broth is made and strained it is put back in the pot or digester with a few onions or carrots in slices, lean beef chopped and mixed with raw eggs, and then beaten into the broth, which is set on the fire and boiled for about half an hour, or until perfectly clear. The more chopped meat is used, the richer the consommé. It is as nutritious as beef, healthful, and very easy of digestion. Whoever named it the *staff of old age* named it rightly; it is certainly the best way for old persons, deprived of masticating powers and of strong digestive organs, to eat, digest, and assimilate beef and other meats.

GROUSE SOUP.—Chop up the remains of two roast grouse; put them into a saucepan with an onion, and a carrot cut up in pieces; a bundle of sweet herbs, a bay leaf, and pepper and salt to taste. Fill up the saucepan with sufficient common stock to cover the contents; let the whole boil till the meat comes off easily from the bones; strain off the liquor, pick all the meat from the bones, pound it in a mortar, pass it through a wire sieve, and add the liquor to it. Amalgamate in a saucepan a piece of butter, with a tablespoonful of flour; add the soup to it; let it come to boiling point, then stir in (off the fire) the yolks of a couple of eggs, with or without a little lemon juice, according to taste. Serve on very small dice of bread fried in butter.

HOW TO MAKE ZEPHYR FLOWERS.—Get the finest wire you can find at the hardware store; take a piece and wind it close around a pin, or large needle; then slip it off and stretch it out and form a leaf the shape of those in the flower you wish to make; then split your zephyr, and take one thread, beginning at the stem, close to the leaf, and wind through the centre around the wire. Make a number of leaves, if you wish to make a full flower, and tie them together, one by one, with thread. For the centre of the flower, take stamens or a little of the zephyr, white or yellow; place a row of leaves around that, making the leaves larger in each row. To make the green leaves, shape your wire in the form of a leaf, and wind the zephyr across the leaf until you get to the end, and then bring it across the centre of the leaf back to the place of commencement.

TO CLEAN CASHMERE.—If ordinary soap is employed, the valuable shawls and fabrics of cashmere will be creased and spoiled by the alkali it contains, and it will leave them, at any rate, much less pliable and velvety than they are when cleaned after the manner of the Turks and Persians, who make use of a root which affords an abundant mucilage when heated with water. M. Jaubert, who brought into France several goats from Thibet, also imported from Asia, under the name of *ishkar*, a quantity of this soapy root. It is usually as large as the thumb, of a grayish yellow color, white within, free from smell, almost tasteless, and affording an ash-colored powder. When mixed with water it becomes a very thick yellowish mucilage. With this paste the beautiful stuffs of the East are cleaned, and while it always removes greasy stains, it leaves them the yellow tint so much prized.

CRYSTALLIZATION.—Put 18 ounces of alum into a quart of water and dissolve by simmering gently in a close tinned vessel over a moderate fire, stirring it frequently with a wooden spoon. When the solution is completed it must be poured into a deep glazed jar, and as it cools the subject intended to be crystallized should be suspended in it by a piece of thread or twine from a stick laid across the mouth of the jar. Let them remain twenty-four hours. Take them out, hang in a shady, cool situation till perfectly dry. Take care the solution is neither too hot nor quite cold, as in one case the crystal would be very small and in the other too large. Insects, spiders, beetles, and grasshoppers, vegetable productions, hops, ears of corn, daisy, hyacinth, pink, furz blossom, lichens, and mosses are some of the most suitably if fastened on a branch of a tree, are very pretty.

THE PINE.

The mountain owns its breast, and the stream
Its maid; lo, the dryad of the pine!
How stern and lofty! sorrow, how divine
Its murmurs speak! but let the lightnings
gleam
Around it, and the storm hold fearful reign,
Lo, the proud warrior! with what calm disdain
He braves the utmost fury! all forgot
His sorrow, for great souls remember not
Their trials when great troubles come; they
call
The poised soul up; and great hearts do not
bow
To tempests, but with calm uplifted brow
Dare the wild worst; dark, stormy troubles
fall
Upon the strong to try them; weakness bends,
Strength grows more strong, and vain the
storm its fury spends.

A WATERCRESS TEA.

We were requested to be at the Agricultural Hall one evening by five o'clock, and were punctual. Mr. Groom received us. He it is who, in passing through Farringdon Market, seems first to have thought of the state of the thousand wandering and isolated cress and flower sellers of this huge metropolis. Himself young and engaged in business, he saw how difficult it would be to be of service to them; but he was not discouraged. The result of some six years labor was before us, in three tables spread for six hundred guests. One of the long galleries of the enormous hall was devoted to the feast, and the whitest of linen and freshest of ware adorned each board.

Mr. Groom told us that he believed hundreds of these poor souls had not only been aided in their sore temporal need by the mission he had been permitted to begin, but had been spiritually turned from darkness to light. We were struck by one remark he made with much simplicity. "It is strange," he said, "that those who have given up Sunday trading have not been losers, but rather gainers." Nothing could be more skillfully or quietly organized than the proceedings of that evening. At about a quarter to six some forty or fifty lady-helpers were requested to take their places. Each had a *vis-à-vis*, and twelve chairs on either side. A waiting gentleman attended on every pair of ladies, so there was no confusion.

At six o'clock the doors were opened, and a motley crowd streamed in. Women and young girls outnumbered the old men and youth, though both sexes and all ages were represented. There were few children, because two hundred and fifty juvenile vendors are to have a separate treat shortly. Infants, however, were numerous.

Hard must have been the heart that did not ache as those six hundred ill-clad, dejected-looking human beings filed down between the tables, and quietly took their seats as directed. Although dressed in their best, and scrupulously clean, poverty peeped out at every corner, and nowhere more than from the crumpled flower or faded ribbon, meek attempts at adornment. They looked neither to the right nor left, but, as if conscious of observation, cast their eyes downwards.

When all were seated, the urns were brought in, and placed between every two helpers on the narrow table. As they were furnished with two taps, cups were rapidly filled. The male aids disappeared, and returned with plates heaped up with thick meat sandwiches and bread and butter, one of which was placed before each guest. Grace being sung, the projector invited all to the enjoyment of the meal provided, and gave permission to those who could not eat the whole of what was set before them to take the remainder away. This was received with visible approbation.

Eating and drinking restore the weary frame and revive the depressed spirit. We all grew more cheerful by degrees, and conversation flowed. At our particular table we talked much and even laughed frequently. As the "unincubating beverage" disappeared in an endless succession of cups, the wan faces kindled and confidence succeeded. In tea, truth. We soon knew one another's histories, and, although they were sad enough, they would probably have seemed sadder without the viands. Three mothers with infants in their arms sat side by side, and, as mothers do, compared their babies. Two were tolerably flourishing, but the third was a miserable specimen of babyhood—a small, wizened, animated corpse. It must have been nurtured on gin and opium, for no natural influences could have produced a creature so little human. The mother, too, was pale and thin, with a dejected face terribly suggestive of the gin-palace. Contrasting with her was a large, red-faced Irish-woman, who had a bunch of shabby pink flowers in the front of her bonnet. She was as voluble as the other was reticent.

"I sell flowers," she said; "bless yer heart. I left the basketful outside when I came in for me tea. I must sell 'em to-night or I'll be the loser, for they'll wither by to-morrow. I've had twelve children, and one's at home out o' work ill, and there's a grandchild waitin' for me cake and plenty o' mouths for all I have."

"My baby have eat all my meat!" said one of the mothers proudly.

"And my little girl have had half my cake, because she means to take all hers home to her brother!" said another almost exultantly.

A good-sized plum-cake was given to ache guest when the first course was disposed of.

As a rule they seemed to eat sparingly, as if too weary to be hungry.

"I always had a small appetite," said one apologetically, as she stowed away the greater portion of her meal for the children at home; "but I have enjoyed a bit of meat. 'Tis quite a treat for them as never gets it. Yes, I sell water cresses, and walk all day long. The worst of it is, my shoes are all in holes."

This woman's manners and appearance were especially pleasing and suggestive of "better days." She talked much to a lad who sat next to her and was the only one at our portion of the table who ate with avidity. The contents of his plate disappeared quickly, as did cup after cup of tea. This youth had a singularly handsome and interesting face. The profile was classical, and the eyes large and deeply gray. It was a countenance you could not forget. He might have been eighteen or thereabouts, and spoke good English.

"I have no work for a fortnight," he said; "I don't know where to get any. I sell flowers because I have nothing else to do. I can neither read nor write. I have no home and no friends since I buried my mother."

Tears came into his eyes at these pathetic words. He was recommended to apply at the Mission House, where he would not only receive spiritual teaching, but be put into the way of finding employment. He promised to do so; but he kept his large melancholy eyes fixed on us as if help must follow kind words. He was on our left; on our right was a young girl about his age, but apparently more prosperous. She could speak of the Mission, for she belonged to it. "I go to the meetings," she said. "I was at one the other night all about the blind. None of them can see at all. Isn't that dreadful?" She was evidently contrasting her own poor state favorably with theirs. This girl was the neatest of those with whom we came in contact. She had on a light, riant gown and brown-holland apron, both spotlessly clean. She was fair and pretty, with an expression half-shy, half-defiant.

"I sell flowers. I get up at four, and walk three miles to market. We must be there early or the flowers are not fresh. When I have made up my bunches I walk about and try to sell them. Sometimes I sell them all—not always. We don't get much profit at best," she continued.

"No, indeed," interrupted a neighbor; "I sell cresses, and walks four miles there and four back to get 'em. You see they're perishable, and what's left won't do for the next day. That's how we lose. I was lucky to-day, and sold quickly, or I couldn't 'a come here. Yes, I walked here too, for I can't afford to ride. I'll 'a walked over twelve miles to-day; but I've enjoyed myself."

"I'll tell you why we sell flowers and cresses," said a third. "We must do something, and we can buy a lot for threepence. 'We couldn't set up in any other trade without money. Three o' my children sells 'em too; the eldest is turned nine. They'll have their treat soon, poor 'dears. What do we do in winter when there's no flowers and cresses? Why, we starve; that's hat we do."

Here it may be well to state what Lord Shaftesbury has done to avert this terrible starvation evil. He has lately given capital for the institution of a loan fund, by means of which coffee-stalls, baked potato ovens, stalls and urns for the sale of stewed eels and soup, and barrows and baskets, with a supply of winter necessities, are let out at two shillings per week. When the borrower has paid the full value of his loan—i. e., between two and three pounds—it becomes his own property.—*Cassell's*.

CURIOUS WILLS.

The knowledge that at the time their wills are opened and read they will be absent from the scene, and beyond reproach or reply, leads many testators to speak therein their minds freely and fully, and to say very hard words of those they leave behind them. It would appear as though some had not dared to say all they thought in their lifetime, and take this opportunity to ease their minds of their real opinions. It is not a very novel thing for a husband to take advantage of such a chance to call his wife "jealous, disaffectionate, calumnious, reproachful, and censorious," when she cannot be heard on the other side; and thus by a sort of refined cruelty to oust her of her prescriptive right to the last word. It is not a commendable thing for a husband to perpetrate his wife's "unprovoked and unjustifiable fits of passion, violence and cruelty" through his will, so that it may always be remembered against her, and give their children the pain of knowing that among the public documents of the country one contains the records of their mother's failings. But there are some whose wills bear testimony in the strongest and most affectionate language to the virtues of their wives. If we can judge anything from the evidence of wills of such an opposite character, it is that the husbands who rail at their wives are distinguished by their meanness, and have themselves a copious supply of vituperative language; while the husbands who record the worth of their wives have done the best they can, by appreciating, to deserve them.

Mr. Sharon Turner, whose will was proved in May, 1847, not only delights to speak of the affections of his wife, but is anxious that she should not suffer in her personal appearance by

the incapacity of the persons who had taken her likeness. Speaking of his wife, who was dead, he says, "It is my comfort to remember that I have passed with her nearly forty-nine years of unabated affections and connubial happiness, and yet she is still living, as I earnestly hope and believe, under her Saviour's care in a superior state of being. May all the blessings of the united Godhead be for ever upon her and upon all her children as yet here, whose filial attentions to her demand all my gratitude, and are most pleasing to me to think of! None of the portraits of my beloved wife give any adequate representation of her beautiful face, nor of the sweet and intellectual and attractive expression of her living features and general countenance and character."

Too often testators place all the obstacles they can in the way of their widows marrying again. The following instance is one of the few exceptions, and it contains besides the most eloquent tribute to a wife's character, as given in a will, that we know of. We refer to the will of Mr. G. Granville Harcourt, proved in March, 1862. "The unspeakable interest," he says, "with which I constantly regard Lady Waldegrave's future fate induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again with someone who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society during the many years of her probable survival after my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection, and I pray and confidently hope that she may long continue to possess the same esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her and can appreciate her admirable qualities and the respect of all with whom in any relation of life she is connected."

Ladies have not the same opportunity of controlling their husbands in regard to their remarriage, and we do not remember a single case of a married woman by her will placing any restraint on her husband marrying again; but we do know of a case to the contrary. Mrs. Van Hanrigh, by her will, proved in December, 1868, leaves all her property—which appears to have been considerable—to her husband. Indorsed on the back of her will is a memorandum stating that she wishes her clothes to be sold to pay her funeral expenses, which are to be as small as possible; and, after commending her husband to the care of her mother, she adds, "It is also my earnest wish that my darling husband should marry, ere long, a nice, pretty girl, who is a good housewife, and, above all, to be careful that she is a good temper."

Theologians differ as to the precise nature of the happiness to be enjoyed in heaven; but Mr. John Starkey, whose will was proved in November, 1861, had no doubt of the sources of the happiness he expected to enjoy there; for he states that, "the remainder of my wealth is vested in the affections of my dear wife, with whom I leave it, in the good hope of resuming it, more pure, and bright, and precious, where neither moth nor rust corrupteth, and where there are no railways, or monetary panics, or fluctuations of exchange, but the steadfast, though progressive and unspeakable, riches of glory and immortality."

The following bizarre testamentary document, penned by an Earl of Pembroke who lived during the political turmoils of the seventeenth century, testifies to a singular shrewdness and knowledge of character, and is expressed with a considerable amount of dry humour. The copy from which this is taken bears the signature of the keeper of these records, Nathaniel Brind, beneath the words "Concordat cum originali":

"I, Philip V., Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, being, as I am assured, of unsound health, but of sound memory, as I well remember me that five years ago I did give my vote for the dispatching of old Canterbury, neither have I forgotten that I did see my King upon the scaffold, yet, as it is said that death doth even now pursue me, and moreover, as it is yet further said that it is my practice to yield under coercion, I do now make my last will and testament.

"Imprimis: As for my soul, I do confess I have often heard men speak of the soul, but what may be these same souls, or what their destination, God knoweth; for myself, I know not. Men have likewise talked to me of another world which I have never visited, nor do I even know an inch of the ground that leadeth thereto. When the King was reigning I did make my son wear a surplice, being desirous that he should become a Bishop, and for myself I did follow the religion of my master; then came the Scotch, who made me a presbyterian, but since the time of Cromwell I have become an Independent. These are, methinks, the three principal religions of the kingdom. If any one of the three can save a soul, to that I claim to belong. If, therefore, my executors can find my soul, I desire they will return it to Him who gave it to me.

"Item: I give my body, for it is plain I cannot keep it, as you see the churgeons are tearing it in pieces. Bury me, therefore, I hold lands and churches enough for that. Above all put not my body beneath the church porch, for I am after all, a man of birth, and I would not that I should be interred there, where Colonel Pride was born.

"Item: I will have no monument, for then I must needs have an epitaph, and verses over my carcass—during my life I have had enough of these.

"Item: I desire that my dogs may be shared among all the members of the Council of State. With regard to them, I have been all things to all men—sometimes went I with the Peers, sometimes with the Commons. I hope, there-

fore, they will not suffer my poor curs to want.

"Item: I give my two best saddle-horses to the Earl of Denbigh, whose legs, methinks, must soon begin to fall him. As regard my other horses, I bequeath them to Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and his council take away his commission he may still have some horse to command.

"Item: I give all my wild beasts to the Earl of Salisbury, being very sure that he will preserve them, seeing that he refused the King a doe out of his park.

"Item: I bequeath my Chaplains to the Earl of Stamford, seeing he has never had one in his employ; having never known any other than his son, my Lord Grey, who, being at the same time spiritual and carnal, will engender more than one monster.

"Item: I give nothing to my Lord Say; and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor.

"Item: Seeing that I did menace a certain Henry Mildmay, but did not thrash him, I do leave the sum of fifty pounds sterling to the laquey that shall pay unto him my debt.

"Item: I bequeath to Thomas May, whose nose I did break, at a masquerade, five shillings. My intention had been to give more; but all who shall have seen his history of the Parliament will consider that even this sum is too large.

"Item: I should have given to the author of the libel on women entitled "News of the Exchange" threepence, to invent a yet more scurrilous mode of maligning; but, seeing that he insulteth and slandereth I know not how many honest persons, I commit the office of paying him to the same laquey who undertaketh the arrears of Henry Mildmay; he will teach him to distinguish between honourable women and disreputable.

"Item: I give to the Lieutenant-General Cromwell one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own.

"Item: I give to the wealthy citizens of London, and likewise to the Presbyterians and the nobility, notice to look to their skins; for, by order of the State, the garrison of White-hall has provided itself with poniards, and useth dark-lanterns in the place of candles.

"Item: I give up the ghost."

OATMEAL IN AMERICA.

It is well for farmers in certain parts of our country to understand that, within a few years, oatmeal has come into general use in many cities and towns, and that it is certain to have a still greater demand. It is made into porridge, and eaten with or without milk, usually for breakfast, and probably it is found on more than half the tables in New York, Philadelphia, and some other cities. In villages and country places it has scarcely yet appeared, but it will soon appear. The porridge is made by simply boiling the meal in water, the same as corn meal, and it comes to the table rather thick. Its advantages are, it sits easily on the stomach, never souring, as every preparation of corn meal is apt to; the taste is more pleasant than any preparation of Graham flour; it is a mild aperient, it is said to be unequalled in muscle-producing qualities, and in restoring the waste of the brain by its phosphoric elements; and, above all, it meets with general acceptance from the delicate and fastidious American taste, which probably is correct, because it has been established by the use of great abundance and variety of food, a result of the natural "selection of the fittest." An analysis of Scotch oatmeal made by Liebig and Hassel shows that barley contains 14, corn 12, and oats 20 per cent of nutritious elements of life and of the muscles; and as its merits have stood the test of centuries there can be little question as to its great value. The experience of our people long ago demonstrated that fine flour bread was not the best for constant use, and the opinion became general that a mixture of corn and rye bread was advantageous; and in wide sections corn bread is in almost exclusive use; but there are serious objections, and it may be said that it is absolutely deficient in such qualities as build up a high grade of mentality. Possibly corn, or a mixture of corn and of rye was well suited to the condition of our people 50 years ago, but now that we have thinner skulls, finer bones and tissues, and a more highly organized nervous system, corn bread is more and more rejected, and if by instinct, and the rapidity with which oatmeal has come into use indicates that it is a need for the race in its advancing stage of development.

The catching of frogs has become quite a business in Eastern Massachusetts. According to a Newburyport newspaper the frog-fishery employs a number of men in that neighborhood. The market for them is in Boston, where the epicures like them as a change after too many fish-balls. One Newburyport man has taken 1,000 and another 600 frogs this season, making 3,200 hind-legs in all. These creatures after capture are kept in tubs, fattened with meal, and forwarded to order.

A MEETING of the survivors of the *Polaris* Expedition was held lately at the Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y. The object of the meeting was to agree upon the terms of a petition to be presented to Congress, praying for remuneration to the survivors of the crew of the "*Polaris*" for hardships they had suffered in the Arctic re-
the glons.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A GENEVAN physician has observed that among populations dwelling at a high elevation above the level of the sea, cases of consumption are very rare, while on the other hand cases of pneumonia are very frequent.

It is stated that the utmost capacity of a population to consume grain in the form of food is eight to ten bushels per capita per annum. The grain product of the commercial world however, amounts to eighteen bushels per head, giving an excess of supply which necessarily makes agriculture unprofitable.

The kitchen range in a house at Tom's river, New-Jersey, the other morning refused to burn the coal in spite of all efforts. Finally on careful investigation a family of hornets were discovered within two feet of the fire-chamber, busily engaged in plastering the draft-hole with clay.

At the battling mills in Easton, Mass., the other day it was found impossible to obtain the usual rate of speed from the Plymouth wheel used for power. Examining the wheel to ascertain the trouble, the foreman was surprised to find it filled with eels, and rigging up a fall and taking the wheel out, no less than seventy-five eels were found, the largest weighing four pounds and a half.

The New Mayor of Liverpool is a benevolent brewer, and he kindly offered to supply gratis the inmates of the parish workhouse with the beer required on Christmas. But the Workhouse Committee say that they do not want the paupers to have any beer on Christmas Day. They aver that in former years when beer formed a part of the Christmas dinners it led to scenes of uproar, owing to one set of paupers buying up the allowance of those who did not care for beer, and getting gloriously fuddled.

SHERRY wine having regained its old popularity and been recalled from its banishment to the kitchen, the adulterators are busy in keeping up the supply. In England a number of persons are said to have died in consequence of indulgence in this particular tippie, even in moderation. "Pure" sherry receives from 15 to 18 per cent of proof spirit before leaving Spain, and to this the English bottlers are said to add enough to bring the proportion up to 26 per cent. Merry-makers who quaff all this artificial alcohol will find their jollity but brief.

ALAS! another well-dressed, pleasant-mannered young man has been playing his little games, this time in Camden, Me. The following are the points of the case, but we have n't the heart to arrange them: Young man suddenly appeared—boarded at the best hotel—costume perfect—sensation among the ladies, especially the young ones—married woman, wife of a worthy mechanic, misled—the wrong-doing couple bolt—nice young man discovered to be a miscellaneous scamp, and principally a gambler. The confidence of the human race in good clothes is truly miraculous.

A NOVEL method of obtaining fire, practised in Burmah, is described by Dr. John Anderson, naturalist to the commercial expedition sent in the Chinese province of Yunnan by the Government of British Burmah, 1868. It is by means of "the sudden and forcible descent of a piston in a closed cylinder. There is a small cup-shaped cavity at the end of the piston-rod into which a little tinder is inserted. The piston is then introduced into the cylinder, which it tightly fits, and by a blow is made to descend with great rapidity and force, and is as rapidly withdrawn, when the little pellet of tinder is found to have become ignited."

The fishermen of Norway carry in their fishing boats a water-telescope or tube three or four feet in length. They immerse one end in the water, and then, looking intently through the glass, they are enabled to perceive objects ten or fifteen fathoms deep as distinctly as if they were within a few feet of the surface. Hence, when they discover plenty of fish, they surround them with their large draught nets, and often catch them by hundreds at a haul, which, were it not for these telescopes, would frequently prove precarious and unprofitable fishing. This instrument is not only used by the fishermen, but is only found in the navy and coasting vessels.

THERE are rumors, that Dr. Kennealy, counsel of the Tichborne claimant, will indemnify himself and pocket a huge fee by writing a book with some such title as "The Secret History of the Tichborne Case," and that in it we shall have full confirmation of one or the other of the whispers that though this be Arthur Orton, he is the natural son of the elder Tichborne, or of Lady Tichborne by some lover, who deposited him in babyhood with the Ortons, and that having always known this, the fellow had studied up the family, and when the legitimate Roger perished, had undertaken, on the strength of a certain resemblance between him and the Tichbornes to step into the legitimate youth's shoes.

To illustrate the difficulties which English engineers experienced in making educated Persians understand the theory and working of the telegraph, Mr. Mounsey narrates as follows:—"Much of the time of one of our officers was occupied during several weeks in attempting to enlighten the mind of a provincial governor, who had got it into his head that the wires were hollow tubes, and that messages were transmitted through them, as in the pneumatic post. In vain was the whole apparatus shown to his Highness, in vain even all its parts explained and re-explained—he stuck to his idea, and it

was only by the suggestion of the following simile that he was at last induced to relinquish it and declare himself satisfied. 'Imagine,' said the officer, 'a dog whose tail is here at Teherau and his muzzle in London; tread on his tail here and he will bark there.'

FELT hats, says the legend, were invented by no less a personage than St. Clement, the patron saint of the latter's trade. Wishing to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, at the same time to do penance for sundry unexplained peccadilloes, the pious monk started on his journey afoot. As to whether he was afflicted with corns or kindred miseries, the ancient chronicle from which this information is derived is silent; but at all events, a few days' successive tramping soon began to blister his feet. In order to obtain relief, it occurred to him to line his shoes with the fur of a rabbit. This he did, and on arriving at his destination, was surprised to find the warmth and moisture of his feet had worked the soft hair into a cloth-like mass. The idea thus suggested he elaborated in the solitude of his cell, and finally, there being no patent laws in existence in those days, he gratuitously presented to his fellow mortals the result of his genius in the shape of a felt hat.

It is a matter of regret to lovers of music that playing upon the pianoforte should be such an universal accomplishment. It is almost a matter of course for a young lady of the present day to sit down and perform in the presence of a party of friends, in many cases without a sufficient knowledge of the art, or perception of the beauty of harmony, to enable her to gratify her hearers; all unconscious of the annoyance she causes to many, and perfectly unaware that she is not gifted as a daughter of Enterpe. Such a performer wends her way through the mazes of an ill-chosen piece with often more self-possession than one more really musical can boast of. So it is with vocal music. Sweet voices, lacking the power to divest themselves of all nervous quivering, are drowned by the screams of a self-satisfied songstress, or by a too conspicuously-played accompaniment. A sensitive mind generally goes with a true appreciation of harmony, and a young performer is often hindered from doing herself justice by sheer bashfulness.

If we may credit the observation of a Boston writer, there is inevitably an ascending and descending scale in families in regard to money. That is to say, wealthy young men be in where their fathers left off, and end where their fathers as business men began—in poverty. It follows that our millionaires of the future are the young gentlemen who are at present skillfully conducting the onerous details of the peanut, candy, and boot-black trades. One clever little match merchant is mentioned as one of the coming gold princes. Having nothing but the power and the determination to work, he horrowed a little while ago \$25, all of which astonishing fortune he invested in matches. He presently sold his stock at a good profit, paid his debt, and began business untrammelled, putting every spare dollar in bank, and being now the possessor of \$800, a quantity of matches worth \$75, and money enough besides to give him daily comfort. This is the sort of boy to know his catechism and never go swimming on Sunday, and naturally to grow up rich and respected.

The late King of Saxony was in the habit, out of regard to the public interest, of attending the courts of justice, the higher and lower schools, and the different Government offices, to see all the State institutions in working order. One day, says a German paper, which vouches for the authenticity of the anecdote, King John appeared at the telegraph office of a small station, taking the clerk by surprise. This official had only time to telegraph to his colleague at the next station, "The king has just arrived on a visit of inspection," before he was summoned to give all possible details to his sovereign with regard to the amount of traffic in the place, the number of despatches received, the number sent out, &c. Presently a message came along the wire which the clerk read in much embarrassment. "What are the contents of that despatch?" inquired the King. The official stammered out that the contents were unimportant; but, as his royal master insisted on being informed, the unhappy clerk was at length compelled to acknowledge that he had telegraphed to his neighbor, "The King has just arrived," and that the answer he has received ran thus:—"The King pokes his nose into everything."

A WELL-known sporting character being on his death-bed, was attended by a friendly divine of somewhat nervous temperament, who, to console him, expressed a conviction that he and his penitent would meet hereafter as winged angels. "Are you sure of that?" inquired the dying man. "Quite sure," replied his adviser. "Then I'll fly you for a sovereign," replied the incorrigible gambler. An enthusiast of this sort seems, according to a local paper, to have greatly distinguished himself on the occasion of a fire which lately broke out at the cotton-sampling offices of a firm in Liverpool. While the conflagration was at its height, and the burning cotton was being thrown out of the windows upon the flags below, a number of brokers stood in the streets discussing the sum which the waste would realize. One among them offered to bet a guinea that the burnt cotton would fetch £15, and as this was apparently far beyond its value, he found no difficulty in finding persons willing to take the bet. This he did till twenty people had accepted the wager for a guinea each. He afterwards went to the sale and bought the cotton for £16, which he then sold for £12, sustaining a loss of £4 upon the purchase, but pocketing sixteen guineas as the balance of his profits on the transaction.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

LOCOMOTIVE SNOW-BROOM.—Messrs. M. C. Isaacs & Co., of Chicago, are supplying railroads with a broom made of steel wire, and designed to be attached to locomotives forward of the truck-wheels, for the purpose of keeping the rail clear of light snow and other obstructions; they are arranged so as to be lifted clear of the rails when their use is not required. They have been tried on many roads and are found to be both durable and serviceable.

PASTE FOR WALL-PAPER.—In pasting wall-paper, posters, &c., especially where successive layers are put on, there arises a most disagreeable effluvia, which is particularly noticeable in damp weather. The cause of this is the decomposition of the paste. In close rooms it is very unwholesome, and often the cause of disease. In large manufactories, where quantities of paste are used, it becomes sour and offensive. Glue, also, has a very disagreeable odor. If, when making paste or glue, a small quantity of carbolic acid is added, it will keep sweet and free from offensive smells. A few drops added to ink or mucilage prevents mold. In whitewashing the cellar and dairy, if an ounce of carbolic acid is added to each gallon of wash, it will prevent mold and the disagreeable taints often perceived in meat and milk from damp apartments. Another great advantage in the use of carbolic acid in paste for wall-paper and in whitewash, is that it will drive away cockroaches and other insect pests. The cheapest and best form of carbolic acid is in crystals, which dissolve in water or liquify at an excess of temperature.

STAINING.—The following are recommended as the best black stains to imitate ebony: an excellent black stain may be got by a mixture of pounded asphalt and mineral naphtha. The proportions must be according to the degree of blackness required, the more the asphalt the blacker the stain; but as it is very volatile, it must be mixed in a corked bottle and laid on quickly with a brush. Drop a little sulphuric acid into a small quantity of water, brush over the wood and hold to the fire; it will be a fine black and receive a good polish. Take half a pound or so, according to size of the job, of log-wood chips, and boil them with water until the extract is of a very dark color; put on three coats of this extract when boiling hot, allowing the work to get dry, and lightly sandpapering after each coat. Then put some rusty nails into a stoneware jar and pour over them some strong vinegar; allow the nails to digest a few days; brush the solution over the wood, which will immediately become jet black. When dry it will be of a dull bluish black, but a coat of shellac will again make it like ebony. Before applying the varnish rub down the table with No. 9 sandpaper.

WIRE netting for plastering, we are informed, is being rapidly introduced to take the place of lath. It takes less labor to place on the walls, is more continuous and will not burn. Coarse netting with one inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, as it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to iron studding in a brick building, our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire resembling barrels and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble stone barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and masses they make excellent material for breakwaters. Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron framed buildings, covering them with wire netting, and spreading concrete on both sides. It is claimed that a house, walls, floors, roofs, doors, partitions and all, has been built that is strong, firm and absolutely incombustible. Various applications of the use of wire netting, and plaster or cement, readily suggest themselves, and the matter is worthy of the attention of mechanics and builders.

HOW TO BURN GAS.—Now that the nights are long, the gas bill will be large, and any plan by which they can be curtailed, will gladly be welcomed. The following tells how to do this, and gives other information of value to gas consumers. Gas chemists all say that the light is not in proportion to the gas consumed. As an example:—If a flame consumes eight feet per hour, giving the light of sixteen candles—and this be reduced to six feet (three-fourths of eight), then instead of the light being equal to twelve candles, the theoretical proportion, it will only equal eight candles, causing a loss of 36 per cent. And if the flame be reduced to consume four feet, instead of the light being equal to eight candles, a proportionate amount of light, it will only be equal to three and a half candles, being a loss of sixty per cent. Lastly, if the flame be reduced to 1½ feet per hour, a small blue flame will be seen, which will not give any available light. Then the cost of light from gas is very much increased as you decrease the size of the jets. So if you have four 2½ feet gas jets in your room, making a light equal to ten candles, throw the four little jets into one—making a ten-foot burner—and you will get a light equal to twenty-eight candles. It will, therefore, save you much money if you have one good gas jet—and any gas-house chemist will tell you the same thing.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

Josh Billings says: "There ain't ennything that will completely kure lazyness, but a second wife has been known to hurry it some."

A contemporary says, "Some of our future poets may be found among our street boys." We hope not. Those street boys are bad enough now, goodness knows.

Somebody in a Georgia court "applauded," whereupon, the judge indignantly remarked, "Now dry up; I will let you know that this is no camp-meeting."

A Southern editor announces his intention of securing a hall, of one of sufficient dimensions can be found, for the purpose of holding a convention of the authors of "Beautiful Snow."

A man lost his railway season ticket nearly a year ago. Last week he found it in his Bible. He has thought it necessary to publish in the newspapers a statement that "it wasn't his other Bible."

Somebody says, "a touch of sorrow is necessary to real beauty." Probably that accounts for so many ladies' anxiety to become early widows. There are some things which shouldn't become generally known.

Near-sighted hens are not so bad after all. Jones says that he had one once that ate a quart of sawdust, supposing that it was meal, and then went off and laid a nestful of bureau knobs. But Jones is near-sighted himself.

A Southwestern editor whose orthography has been somewhat neglected, or else whose compositors use him ill, remarks that "ex-President Johnson argus well." The allusion to Argus is delicate and appreciative.

A fellow, who is nearly as big a bore as the Hoosac tunnel, was telling in our office the other day of a song that always carried him away. Quadrat, looking around, gently inquired, if any one present could sing that song.

A Nevada paper says: "The many friends of Bill Thompson will regret to hear that he was hushed up by a catamount to-day, on Nixon's hill, while lying in wait to shoot a Chinaman. This was always a world of disappointment."

A farmer committed suicide because his sheep did not take the first premium at a fair. We have not heard how the sheep took their disappointment, but it isn't very likely they went to work and made mutton of themselves.

"I didn't at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look; "but I hope you'll make yourselves at home."—"Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off; "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

A gentleman was admiring a young lady's hair the other evening.—"Miss D—, please give me one little curl—just one, won't you?" he pleaded.—"Couldn't think of it, Mr.—; couldn't think of it for a moment," replied the young lady, briskly. "Those curls cost me five shillings apiece."

Though, when in London, a great deal of Lady Blessington's, it seems the late Emperor Napoleon III. never got on very well with the hostess. At the height of his power he met her in Paris, and coolly said, "How long do you stay here, Lady Blessington?"—"I don't know," she said. "How long do you?"

"Sir," said an old Scotchwoman to her minister, "I dinna ken a part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed! what was it?" "You said the Apostle used the figure of circumlocution, and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh! ah! is that all?" said the good woman, "what a pair stupid I were not to understand that!"

A celebrated Scotch divine had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in the front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. The whole pack was scattered over the floor of the gallery. The minister could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "O man, man! surely your psalm-bulk has been ill bund."

A little boy named Bob lives not a thousand miles from Harrodsburg, 4s six years old, and grows in stature if not in grace every day. His grandfather is devoted to him and spoil him. Not long ago the old gentleman was walking up and down the back gallery holding his half open hand behind him, as is the habit of many people. Bob looked at him reflectively for fully a minute. All at once he disappeared, entered the kitchen, and reappeared holding a small coal of fire between two sticks. Just then his grandfather was walking toward the other end of the gallery. Swiftly and cautiously Bob stole up behind and dropped the coal into the half closed palm, and then disappeared like a flash. The old gentleman's hand closed convulsively, and then he made a frantic effort to throw it away. He hopped about and capered like a two-year old colt, and finally discovering that he was burned, darted for the water bucket, into which he plunged his arm up to the elbow. But alas for Bob,—his mother had arrived just in time to see him do the naughty deed, and, despite his declaration that he didn't go to do it, she interviewed him so effectually that he found it inconvenient for him to sit down for several days thereafter. During the interview Bob howled in his most melodious and heart-rending manner, but his victim only stood by the water bucket and nodded approvingly as the sound of the conflict reached his ears.

OUR PUZZLER.

21. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A fair and beautiful woman, willing quite,
To leave her husband, some historian say;
Others aver, she was purloined one night [way,
By Priam's son, who chanced to come that

I.

Emblem of Erin, thy sweet notes are still,
But seldom on the earthy music falls:
Thy strains of war and love no longer thrill,
As in the days of yore, in feudal halls.

II.

A Romish prayer,
Are you aware,
It has of letters three?
Now just transpose
Them. And it shows,
A female name, you see.

III.

Oh, hero fair, thy passion sweet,
With dire disaster crown'd—
One night her lover went to meet
Her; but, alas, was drown'd.

IV.

They brought him word the ark was gone,
His sons were dead beside.
He never spake, but backward fell,
His neck broke, so he died.

V.

Nymphs of the Sea, of whom you are aware,
Their number's fifty, and extremely rare.

22. CONUNDRUM.

Why should a person engaging in a difficult
enterprise, secure a companion named "Wil-
liam?"

23. BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.

- 1. In what part of the Old Testament are old
cast clouts and old rotten rags mentioned? and
who was ordered to make use of them?
2. What miraculous sight was beheld by
Moses at Horeb, which may be considered a
great one naturally, figuratively, and symbol-
ically?
3. Quote seven words from the New Testa-
ment which expressly declare, in the future
tense, the exclusion of all darkness from hea-
ven.

24. LOGOGRIPH.

Of letters eleven my whole's compris'd,
The six, which are vowels, be not surpris'd,
In order appear alphabetical—
I'll add (in a way parenthetical);
No letters twain are alike.

Though merriment by my whole implied;
Stop! more than half my letters place aside;
The balance transpos'd's a power motive,
And again transposed, a provocative,
Or a stimulant well known.

If again transpos'd, and then beheaded,
Lo! an event, one perhaps that's dreaded,
Or, perhaps, it's wished for, or maybe,
Neither dreaded nor wish'd for, as you'll see,
This last transpose and curtail.

When done, behold now plainly standing forth
Britain's mightiest servant—one whose mirth,
Dignity, usefulness, strength, and splendour,
Most briefly—in these words summ'd, shall end
Lines, "Majesty and Subject." [our

25. TRANSPOSITIONS.

A queen, the mother of a strange royal brood
(But mythologic quite, be it understood),
If transpos'd, will name a useful piece of wood;
If transpos'd again, you'll see—at least, you
[should—

A word which means to burden; now be so good
As to transpose again, if you're in the mood.
There will appear a metal; once more, if you'd
Oblige—lo! a place by Nature's hand hollow'd.

26. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Suppose the distance between London and
Bristol to be 120 miles, and an engine starts
from London at the rate of 60 miles the first
hour, 30 miles the second, 15 miles the third, 7 1/2
the fourth, and so on. How long will it be before
the engine arrives at Bristol?

27. CHARADE.

The wanderer's heart my first will cheer, when
travel-stained and weary,
He seeks repose at evening's close, and a seat
by the ingle cheery:
My second leads to my first through daylight's
closing gloom.

When sol's last rays give splendour to the moun-
tain in heather's bloom;
Should a doubt then cross his mind or empty
ears oppress,
A little word that forms my third will that
brief doubt express;
My fourth is what the braggart makes his ever-
lasting theme
By day and night, awake, asleep, nay, even in
his dream;
But should he e'er yield to despair, and trouble
off would cast,

'Tis ten to one, before he has done, he fairly
owns my last.
My whole perhaps you'll think my verse when
you have read it through,
But modest I would not apply the words con-
joined to you.

ANSWERS.

189.—CHARADES.—1. Waist-coat; 2. Neck-tie.

190.—SQUARED WORD.—

HANNAH
ATTICA
NOTION
NATION
ACACIA
HANNAH

191.—DOUBLE PYRAMID.—

LOGOGRIPH
BOLIVIA
SABLE
ERA
A
ELI
OTTER
ARMANIA
WATERFORD

192.—ANAGRAMS.—1. Oliver Goldsmith; 2.
Charles Dickens; 3. William Shakspeare; 4. Dr.
Samuel Johnson; 5. Daniel Defoe; 6. Thomas
Miller.

194.—SQUARE WORDS.—

1 2 3 4
FRAME FEED GNOME DAVID
RIDER WEAVE NAMES ARISE
ADELA EATEN OMERS VIOLA
MELTS EVENT MERCI ISLES
ERASE DENTS ESSIIE DEATH

195.—CHARADES.—1. Fire place; 2. Don-
caster.

196.—ANAGRAMS.—1. Sir Isaac Newton; 2.
Sir Richard Steele; 3. Benjamin Disraeli; 4.
William Shakspeare; 5. William Ewart Glad-
stone; 6. William Harrison Ainsworth.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

For invalids, never make a large quantity of
one thing, as they seldom require much at a time,
and it is desirable that variety be provided for
them.

Always have something in readiness; a little
beef-tea, nicely made and nicely skimmed, a few
spoonfuls of jelly, etc., etc., that it may be ad-
ministered as soon almost as the invalid wishes
for it. If obliged to wait a long time, the patient
loses the desire to eat, and often turns against
the food when brought to him or her.

In sending dishes or preparations up to inva-
lids, let everything look as tempting as possible.
Have a clean cloth laid smoothly over the tray;
let the spoons, tumblers, cups, and saucers, etc.,
be very clean and bright.

Never leave food about a sick-room; if the
patient cannot eat it when brought to him, take
it away, and bring it to him in an hour or two's
time. Miss Nightingale says, "To leave the
patient's untasted food by his side, from meal to
meal, in hopes that he will eat it in the interval
is simply to prevent him from taking any food
at all." She says, "I have known patients liter-
ally incapacitated from taking one article of
food after another by this piece of ignorance. Let
the food come at the right time, and be taken
away, eaten or uneaten, at the right time, but
never let a patient have something always
standing by him, if you don't wish to disgust
him of everything."

Never serve beef-tea or broth with the smal-
lest particle of fat or grease on the surface. It is
better, after making either of these, to allow
them to get perfectly cold, when all the fat
may be easily removed; then warm up as
much as may be required. Two or three pieces
of clean white-brown paper laid on the broth
will absorb any greasy particles that may be
floating at the top, at the grease will cling to
the paper.

Roast, mutton, chickens, rabbits, calves' feet,
game, fish (simply dressed), and simple pud-
dings, are all light food, and easily digested.
Of course, these things are only partaken of
supposing the patient is recovering.

A mutton-chop, nicely cut, trimmed, and
broiled to a turn, is a dish to be recommended
for invalids; but it must not be served with all
the fat at the end, or must be too thickly
out. Let it be cooked over a fire free from
smoke, and sent up with the gravy in it, be-
tween two very hot plates. Nothing is more
disagreeable to an invalid than smoked food.

In making toast and water, never blacken
the bread, but toast it only a nice brown; Ne-
ver leave toast and water to make until the mo-
ment it is required, as it cannot then be pro-
perly prepared—at least, the patient will be
obliged to drink it warm, which is anything
but agreeable.

In boiling eggs for invalids, let the white be
just set; if boiled hard, they will be likely to
disagree with the patient.

"THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA."—Under
the above heading the *Tribune* says: "Our
knowledge respecting many parts of this con-
tinent has been very largely enhanced within
the last dozen years; this new information is
finding its way into the text-books and will be
taught to our children, or at all events to our
grandchildren. But meanwhile if, for instance,
the average educated Americans were asked to
give names, altitudes, and localities of the half
dozen highest mountains in the United States,

he would probably reply that he could answer
that question as to Europe or even Asia or Africa
more readily than as to his own country; unless,
indeed, he had been a careful reader, and was
familiar with the story of Western explorations
in 1873. The previous expeditions of the United
States Geological Survey of the Territories, un-
der the management of Prof. Hayden, had
penetrated the wonderland which has since been
set apart by act of Congress as the Yellowstone
National Park. No description can do justice
to that region, where Nature has exhibited her
most fantastic mood. The geysers, surpassing
in grandeur those of Iceland, have an infinite
variety; although so numerous that they have
scarcely yet been counted, there are no two
alike. The scenery is equally strange and varied,
and there are many series of basins of graceful
shapes, lined with brilliant yet delicate colors,
filled with waters of every degree of tempera-
ture, from cold to boiling. Selecting that which
suits him best, the bather plunges at will into
some tepid basin, and those who have enjoyed
this luxury declare that there is a softness com-
municated to the skin by these pleasant baths
which gives rise to the belief that there is a pecu-
liar virtue in the waters. In short, it was a tale of
fairy land; and however delightful when first
told, would not bear repeating too frequently.
So for 1873 Prof. Hayden gives us instead of the
story of the Yellowstone, that of the Rocky
Mountains of Colorado."

BRAIN WORK.—Hard study does not of itself
shorten life, but does of itself tend to increase
the longevity of man. When hard students die
early, it will be found that in some way they
had fallen into the habit of violating some of the
laws of nature, or began study with some inhe-
rited infirmity. The pursuit of truth is pleasur-
able; it is exhilarating; it is exalting, and pro-
motes serenity. Of all men, natural philosophers
average the longest lives. The great, the govern-
ing reason is, in addition to the above, that their
attention is drawn away from the indulgence of
animal appetites; their gratifications are not in
that direction; hence they are neither gluttons
nor drunkards. Sir Isaac Newton had always to
be reminded that his dinner was waiting; the
call to eat is often a most unwelcome one to
literary men; they consider eating a secondary
matter; they literally eat to live, and the pro-
cess of dining is often gone through with them
as a task. Many hard students have become
miserable dyspeptics, and have died while yet
in their prime; but the tormenting disease was
brought on by over eating, by eating too fast, or
by returning to their studies too soon after a
hearty or hasty meal, thus drawing to the brain
the nervous energy which ought to have been
expended on the stomach in aiding it to prepare
the food for nourishing the system; for, not
being so prepared, it "lays heavy," feels like a
load, or induces other discomforts which increase
in intensity and duration, until life becomes a
burden and a failure. The circumstance most
favorable to longevity among brain-workers is
the spending a considerable portion of early life
in out-door activities, travel and the like; and
then, by a temperate and plain mode of living,
the brain will work advantageously until past
four score years.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, JAN. 17th, 1874.

All communications relating to Chess must
be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 29.

- White Mates:
1. B to Kt 2nd (oh)
2. Q mates.
White Self-Mates:
1. B to B 5th (oh)
2. Q to Kt 2nd (oh)
Black Mates:
1. Q to B 8th (oh)
2. Q or B mates.
Black Self-Mates:
1. B takes Q (oh)
2. Q to Kt 7th (oh)

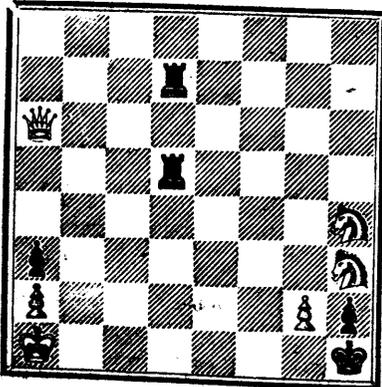
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 30.

- White.
1. P to Q 8th, becom-
ing B
2. B to B 6th
3. Mate.
Black.
1. Kt to Kt 3rd or B
2nd
2. Anything.

PROBLEM No. 37.

BY THOS. D. S. MOORE.

BLACK.



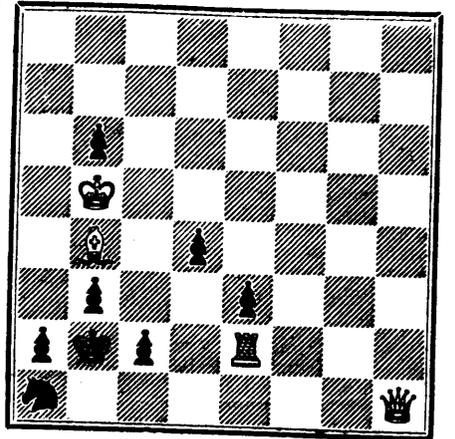
WHITE.

White to play and self-mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 38.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

(From the Danbury News.)

An interesting match is about to be played in Dan-
bury between Messrs Smith and Jones. The former
gentleman, on account of his great size and im-
mense growth of beard, is said to resemble Paul
Morphy! Mr. Jones on account of his "most re-
markable countenance," resembles no man, living or
dead.

The following are the conditions of the match:—
The match to be for the sum of one cent, either
party having the right to double the stakes.
All games not won by either party to be called
drawn.

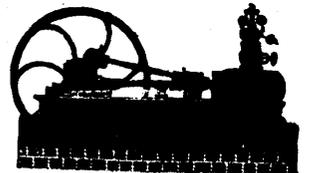
Neither party must move a piece without touching
it.
All disputes in regard to the game to be referred
to Hoyle.

Smith to move alternately; Jones to move every
other time.
No glaring at each other across the board.
When either party loses a game he is to conceal
his murderous intentions and oaths of vengeance by
asking his adversary "if his grandmother is as young
as she once was?"

Either party winning a game is not to ask his op-
ponent "if there is any game he plays better than
chess?"
All checks to be mentioned with tenderness or an
Indian war-whoop, as the occasion demands.
The victor to be declared the winner.

A New Book.—We are indebted to Mr. O. A.
Brownson jun., Dubuque, Iowa, for a copy of Thomp-
son's Problem Book, containing 100 Problems, many
of them very choice. We believe the price is one
dollar per copy. Address as above.

THE CHESS JOURNAL.—An excellent photograph of
Mr. W. H. Hotchkiss, chess editor of the Watertown
(N. Y.) *Re-Union*, prefaces the December No. of this
capital Chess Magazine. M. O. A. Brownson, Du-
buque, Iowa, is the editor of the *Chess Journal*.



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