

Prose, do not always mean what they say. Such, it may be presumed, was the case when the late Mr. ...

A dispatch from Paris states that the picture representing "Christ Before Pilate," the latest work of Munkacsy, the Hungarian artist, is expected by French critics to take rank as the greatest painting of the century.

A Mexican at Las Vegas, New Mexico, tied his wife firmly to a board, leaped her in his arms, and used her as a target for rifle practice.

The project of tunnelling Mont Blanc bids fair to assume a tangible shape, it being pronounced by some of the eminent French engineers a more practicable undertaking than that of the Simplon route.

A movement is on foot in England to permit clergymen of the Established Church to sit in Parliament as lay members.

The report of the Inspectors of Fisheries in Ireland, just issued, presents many indications of the growing importance of this branch of the national industry.

The Bishop of London has expressed some misgivings as to the effect of the revised New Testament on young clergymen and other indiscreet and ignorant persons.

Princess Arthur's mode of life is not one of ideal happiness. He is now in the service with some regiment somewhere, but this ambition is thwarted by his mother and Mr. Gladstone.

The question of removing the German capital from Berlin is still being discussed by the German papers.

The most remarkable newspaper man in the United States is George L. Rorson, of Calaveras County.

Her Majesty has communicated through Lord Rowton her desire to undertake the charge of young Master Coningsby Disraeli's education.

The Princess of Wales is regarded in Paris as the queen of fashion, whose novelties must be copied by all.

The trustees of the Business Men's Moderation Society of New York met recently, and struck from their list of graded temperance pledges No. 1, which was an intoxicating drinks stronger than beer, ale, or wines.

The fine old toad, which imagined it had a jewel on its head (though the jewel proved in the end to be only a maggot), refused to listen to the small toads, not only when they attempted to advise it, but even when they had valuable information to communicate.

The "star" of a theatrical company in South Africa had to leave "those diggings" very suddenly. One of the native princes gave a barbecue which she and her comrades attended.

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THE LITTLE FISH

An Invalid.
To lie all day and never feel the breeze that moves the upper branches of the trees; to see the fields are growing green again; after the sun has set and the April rain; to see the laughing crowd of children come, being the laughing crowd of blossoms come. To hear the robins trill their merry strain, and yet to be without the strength to reach to lean a weak hand to a weary head. To dream strange dreams of the church-steeple, and to live all day and all the sleepless night. Remembering the days of past delight; and yet to be without the strength to reach the yellow sands. This knoweth thou! Ah, then, Christ comfort thee, not any word of me!

MY UNFORTUNATE PATIENT.

From the Note-Book of a London Doctor.

CHAPTER I.

One bright, sunny morning in the month of June, I chanced to be passing St. George's, Hanover Square, that wondrously fashionable church, wherein all who are united in the bonds of holy matrimony are supposed to enjoy a large share of good fortune, and happiness than falls to the lot of those who have been interred within less auspicious precincts. I was on my way to Brooke Street, to visit a patient; for I was a young man, and I had a young man for my patient, with sufficient prudence to postpone setting up a carriage until a little more firmly established; so I was on foot; and though not generally curious, when I perceived a crowd of persons waiting outside the gates, I paused for an instant to gaze, with the rest, at the happy pair, who, just as I reached it, were issuing from its gloomy looking portals. The bridegroom I rapidly scanned, seeing in him a good-looking young fellow of about twenty, who, in his eyes, I gathered that she had no near relations to turn to; nor had Mr. Meredith, excepting a sister, who was married, and with whom Mrs. Meredith had never been on very cordial terms. They were dressed in a well-appointed carriage which awaited them. The glistening white robe shone out in long graceful folds. The gossamer veil fell in soft, cloud-like pures, and the glittering diamonds might have been worth a king's ransom. They were followed by a man in a scarlet coat, and a woman in a blue dress and bonnet; and I was not long in recognizing that I beheld the face of the bride—a face lovelier, I thought, than any I had ever before seen. She was neither tall nor short, but just what a woman should be. Her eyes were blue, and her hair was dark, and her complexion was as pale as the lily. Her features impressed themselves so firmly upon my memory. The delicate oval face was slightly pale, and the perfect lips were drawn rather into a smile than a frown. She had a knowing, intelligent look, and her eyes were full of a quiet admiration as she passed by leaning on her husband's arm. A slight restiveness on the part of one of the horses caused her to pause just as she was about to enter the carriage. Her husband stepped forward, and she turned to him with a look of surprise. He had a diamond pin in the centre of a somewhat expansive neck scarf.

"Mrs. Meredith is my cousin," he explained. "It was by my advice she applied to you, Mr. Darrell. We are seriously uneasy about her. I am here, and here the jewelled fingers tapped his own forehead significantly—it is a case of not all there, or I am such a mistake."

"Let us hope you are," I replied; and at that moment the carriage door was softly opened, and Mrs. Meredith herself, dressed in dark blue velvet, and looking wonderfully lovely, came in. She greeted me with a mixture of cordiality and nervousness, and went through a formal introduction between Mr. Henry Strutton, and Doctor Darrell; after which she immediately proposed that I should accompany her upstairs.

The bedroom was a spacious one; but the light upon the bed, which was in the centre of the room, shaded also by curtains, and the outline of a figure underneath the coverings.

CHAPTER II.

About six months after the foregoing circumstance, I was myself married; and if my wife could not boast of perfect beauty, she was fair enough in my eyes; and a very happy home she made for me. My prospects were steadily improving; and my success in my profession was such as to justify me in moving into a more imposing house than the one which had hitherto been mine. So about two years passed by. I had been more than usually occupied one very gloomy day, when I introduced myself to you, a London doctor, whom I had just seen in the drawing-room where my wife and I were seated, hoping most devoutly that no summatious might arrive to take me on such a journey as I had just undertaken. A carriage had driven up to our door; and I was told that a lady wished to see me on particular business. I immediately descended to my consulting-room, on entering which I perceived a lady seated in a chair, her eyes fixed on me with a look of intense interest, and her hands clasped in her lap. She raised her veil; and I could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise when, as she turned her face towards me, I recognized, perhaps lovelier than ever, the bride I had seen at St. George's. She was exquisitely dressed, in the richest of black velvets, trimmed with sable. Her delicately gloved hands were resting upon the finest of Maltese dogs, which nestled down upon the costly garments with the most perfect air of security and comfort.

"Mr. Darrell?" she asked, in a sweet silvery voice, with a half-inquiring smile. I bowed my affirmative; and she continued to gaze at me with a look of intense interest. "I am Mrs. Meredith; and I have been advised to come to you, as you attended a distant relative of mine—and I am anxious to have your opinion upon what is to me a matter of almost life and death."

"My professional eyes had meanwhile failed to discern any symptoms of illness in the beautiful changed face before me. But presently Mrs. Meredith explained that it

was not of her own health she wished to speak, but of her husband's. "Has he been long ill?" I asked. "Yes," she replied. "I think I can almost fix the date when I first became anxious about him. We have been married nearly two years; but it was only lately that I began to grow uneasy."

"And what are the symptoms?" I asked. "What is supposed to be his complaint?" she said. "Ah," said she, "that is just what I wish to discover; and I—oh, doctor!" here she passed a very fragile pocket-handkerchief slightly over her eyes. "I dare not say what I think. I want him to have the very best advice, every possible care, but—"

"Has his family physician seen him?" I asked, growing more and more interested in my fair visitor. "No," she replied. "You can readily understand that I shrank from anything like publicity, as I dreaded what he might say; and my poor husband has a rooted dislike to him. I want you to see him—to come wholly unbiased, and if necessary, to conduct a consultation with me; for I am sure you would be most likely to understand his case."

She had a habit of not finishing her sentences, leaving me to infer perhaps more than I thought. However, of course I could form no medical opinion of the case until I had seen the patient, who, of course, was from her account pointed naturally towards one direction.

She conversed with me for a short time longer, once or twice giving way to considerable emotion; not to be wondered at, under such trying circumstances; for I gathered that she had no near relations to turn to; nor had Mr. Meredith, excepting a sister, who was married, and with whom Mrs. Meredith had never been on very cordial terms.

"Who are you?" I asked. "Who are you?" she repeated, with a look of surprise. "I am Mr. Meredith's doctor," I replied sternly, "and I shall know the meaning of this. What are you doing here?"

"I was utterly shocked by the speech and conduct of the man, but thought it wise to make no objection to his coming in; and so I only asked for a light."

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Just as I was preparing to leave, I saw he wanted to say something to me. I approached the bed, and the thin hands stretched at my coat, dragging me closely to his face. "Write to my sister," he whispered. "They are killing me by inches."

"Where does she live?" I asked. "Mrs. Royton," he whispered. "Manor End, Surrey. Send for her."

"I will," I said; "rest assured, I will," and then he sank back like a weary, but satisfied child.

"It is impossible to form an opinion until I have seen more of him," I replied. "I fear it is his mind," said she; "that is my terrible dread. Death is nothing to that."

"Has he any anxieties, Mrs. Meredith?" I asked. "Do you know of any special trouble which might account for this depression?"

"O no; none," she answered readily, just the faintest tinge of colour rising on her fair cheek—"none whatever."

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ALAMEDA AVENGERS.
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Quick Work of an Early Alameda Vigilance Committee.
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FALLING EIGHTY FEET.
The Remarkable Escape of a Young Lady on Orange Mountain.
A party of young ladies started from Orange, N. J., one Saturday afternoon, recently, for a ramble on the summit of the Orange mountains.

CHAPTER III.
I thought a great deal about my new patient. A vague suspicion kept floating about my mind that I had solved a mystery about his illness, of a kind which I must discover if I wanted to save his life.

It was very ill; but there seemed no actual disease—merely a riddle. The remedies I ordered had no visible effect—which surprised me, as I had lately prescribed a somewhat unusual course.

One of the chief characteristics of glass is brittleness. "As brittle as glass" is a comparison of such universality that there is scarcely a civilized person living who has not at one time or another made use of it.

China-man Muecho Odd.
Tan Sam, a Chinese woman, has been arrested and brought before a San Francisco court for keeping Nan Lung as a slave. It transpired that Tan Sam bought the handmaid from a Chinese merchant in Hong Kong, and kept her two years locked in her house, compelling her to earn back the money and a good name for her. Finally Ah Yung saw the girl, and offered her his heart and hand. Nan Lung agreed. Tan Sam presented a bill for \$500, marked price of Nan Lung. Ah Yung declined to pay; got habeas corpus; found sweet Nan in garret, pining; court released her; weeping Tan; bells ringing; fire crackers; lovers happy; curtain rung down on pastoral scene.

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