MEN AND AFFAIRS.

CALCUTTA, according to the recent census has a population of 684,658 souls, two-thirds of whom are males, and of these the greater part are in the middle period of life. The number of young persons under 20 years of age has increased perceptibly, and from this it is known that the resident population is growing dong black basical

Radicate in France are making an effort to have taken down the statue of Napoleon I. that stands upon the summit of the splendid column in the Place Vendome at Paris. Their mode of beginning the agitation is the entirely peaceful one of signing a petition, and it is to be hoped that the iconoclasts will this time be contented to take no more violent steps.

FOR six months past reports from the Chapel of Knock, in Ireland, have been comparatively few and uninteresting, leading to the natural conclusion that the extraordinary excitement there had died out. But this proves to be not the case. On last Lady Day a meeting held there was the largest known. Special trains were run from all parts of the country, bringing pilgrims and tourists from many quarters of the world During the day cures were effected in the chapel. All were wonderful and their number was 12.

Gennaro Salvano is a brigand who has been a terror to all the residents of a district in Southern Italy. He was recently captur-ed and taken to Naples where, while in pris-on he was found to be tatooed in a remarkable manner. On his breast was a large picture of himself in a foommanding attitude, with pistols in his hand and the corpses of several gendarmes lying around him. The background was the sea; to the right was a small village with trees and gardens, and, in place of a frame a chair tatooed in green surrounded the whole.

THE execution of the monument at Domremy to the memory of the Maid of Orleans, for which a large sum of money has been subscribed, has just been confided to an artist. The monument will be a group of four statues, Jeanne d'Arc being of marble, and the others, St. Michel, St. Catherine, and St. Marguerite of bronze. It will be set up a few yards from the parish church of Domremy, beneath the clock-tower of a new chapel which has been erected on the spot formerly occupied by the oratory with which tradition has attached the name of the hero-

KAINZ, the actor at the Bayarian Court Theatre in Munich, enjoys the friendship of King Ludwig II., and it is a friendship which he finds worth the having in more ways than one. He went recently to Vienna to visit his family, and rode along in the King's magnificent saloon car, which had been placed at his disposal for a fortnight. the King at Linderdorf, and on his return to Munich was laden with presents of a choice and costly kind-a chased gold cup, two diamond-set watches, a travelling alarm clock in lapis lazuli, diamond studs, and chalk drawings of scenes from the life of

Mr. Irving having recently dwelt on the rapid increase that has taken place in the earnings of actors, some interesting figures to illustrate the point still further have been brought to light. Twenty years ago we are told that it was a fortunate actor in a London theatre who made \$50 a week, but now half that sum is paid in a single night to any young man with a fine figure and a stock of irreproachable clothes. At Drury-Lane 108 years ago Lacy for a week was paid \$83 and Garrick \$170. By far the next largest salary for two persons was paid to Sprange Barry and his wife, who received \$250. For a whole week the total outgoing of Drury-Lane was only \$2,512.

entirely unlike New York in the changes dark bewitching beauty. which overtake certain streets that once | "And what for will ye be aye a glowerin" earlier times, and not particularly early at the house. "I wish the young mon had fantastic pictures on the window-panes. race is now, but change has for many years girl, I take it." been setting its seal fast upon its face, until Nonsense! Is it "nonsense" to her and ly uses.

WAIFS.

A homely young girl has the consolation of knowing that if she lives to be 40 she'll be a pretty old girl.

A young lady of Long Branch told her brother that she wears high-heeled shoes in order to comb her hair better.

married his farmer rival.

Very little jewellery is worn at the seaside this summer. Much of it is left at home with good uncles who furnish travelling

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not

two rooms will be occupied.

The 14-year-old daughter of Sitting Bull is who glances at every ice-cream saloon between | shadow her brow, and half murmursthe theatre and the home of her proud sire. who keeps a dog.

"I'm sorry to have to say it of a woman at talking confidentially now, I'll confess my ever felt that way towards me, she'd use dy-

Four years ago ago a young man, without a cent on his back, and only one suit of clothes to his name, entered Denver and begged his supper. Last week he eloped cash. Close application to business, coupled with pluck and industry, wins every his own, his darling his companion for a life- smile upon her, his eyes gaze tenderly. This

The night had suddenly overclouded and become quite stormy. Being of a sentimental turn she accordingly took her seat at the piano and began to sing, "Into some lives the rain must fall." But he was entirely practical, and, clutching her arm, said tenderly, "Sing something else, darling; you

know I didn't bring my umbrella." drowning at Nantasket by her lover. When love you. I choose to bridge the gulf that agony in the beseeching eyes she raises of color for which the old Italian masters £200; an old silver-gilt monstrance, with a she had sufficiently recovered from the shock the world would say is between us. But mute agony. and fright to feel like talking, she over- others will not see things quite as I see them; "Is it no' true," the old man goes on, drawing, as of color, there was not a fault a life-size silver figure of a pelican, with an whelmed him with reproaches. "My dar- and, if I were to take you now to my uncle, "that ye left sister Annie's house a week be- that could be picked out; yet, after all, the enamelled gold breast, the eyes and aigrette the undertaker, as he made a few memorling," he replied in astonishment; "you he would never see me nor you again. And fore ye came home? Is it no' true that ye greatest charm of a beautiful picture is in surely did not wish me to let you perish?" then, when I am of age and have taken my went off to the Hielands with the Southron? the conception, the intellectual idea, of which three silver-gilt figures of young pelicans, his end with the angels, and you know the "No," she exclaimed angrily, " but own place as an artist in the world I will Girl, will ye kill me, that ye can donaught but the technical skill is the faithful servant.

-Now yield the girls the mallet sticks With strange infatuation : And meanwhile play fantastic tricks

With londest catchinnation : Their mallets swing the game to win. Regardless of the friction, Till suddenly one strikes a shin ; And though she struggles hard to grin. She shricks her mallet-diction.

"Why do you wish to leave school at your out near Dansville, remonstrating with a that? And ther Vane would never ask her sandy-haired pupil of 12 years; "you have to do what is wrong! have left school three years ago."

Sencion Salls Gazette

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

The Preacher's Return.

At wharf or depot Satan stood, A gentlemanly creature, To welcome home as best he could The sturdy, sun-browned preacher.

Said he: "I hope you have enjoyed Your summer peregrination, (1) While I the season have employed, Without an hour's vacation.

"You must admit I tried to make Your rest and travel pleasant; And now, to please you, I will take A back seat for the present.

"The churches you will doubtless find All nicely cleaned and garnished, The carpets changed to suit your mind, The pulpit newly varnished.

"The large-print Bible that you prize Is in its old position; And close beside the volume lies The new revised edition.

"The people-well, of course you know How congregations scatter, And what they do and where they go Is not a weighty matter.

"The best of sheep are apt to stray Without a guide to lead them; But I was there to point the way, To watch them and to feed them.

"I dwell alike in virtue's home. In vice's slums and crawlways And they who stay and they who roam Have Satan with them always.'

"OF THORNS, GRAPES?"

By the Author of "HIS VICTORIA CROS "CLARE STANHOPE'S DIAMONDS," "A STRANGE WEDDING-EVE," de.

CHAPTER I.

Bright moonlight lying tenderly on moor | East. land" than with bonnie sonsie Effie.

On this brilliant night, with the great | She starts and looks up at him pleadingly from the keeping-room out on to the door- it to her to keep in her bosom. step, his collies and his staghounds gambolling about him, and be looks out and along half smiling. "Wait in trust and hope." the silvered garden walks and down to the laden trees in the orchard.

in, child—come in !' "We're looking at the moon, father !" from his love for Effie, his peasant-wife. calls back a sweet voice that has little of the father's Scotch accent. For from the West Country came Effie's mother, who has been laid to rest these five years; and Effie has London, with all its conservatism, is not her southern tongue, they tell her, and her

were famous resorts of wealth and fashlon. at the mune?" mutters the old man, striking Great George street, in Westminster, in his stick on the ground as he turns back into that, was as popular as Carlton House ter- never come here-chattering nonsense to my

now the only house that remains among the to him? The girl stands just outside of the long rows, of offices and other commercial shadow of the trees, and her shining eyes places is that of the late Lord Hatherley, look up with dreamy rapture to the golden and in his death the house will, it is feared, | moon ; and he is looking into her eyes—those cease longer to be a home for anyone. Pro- wells where shine for him his sun, his moon, bably it will be sold in the settlement of the his stars, his hand clasping hers-the little estate, so that the last relie of the old resort | soft clinging hand that has never known

more solemn judgment of twenty-five. She is so fair and guileless, and he is an which seems to be his home. artist-artist to the ccre-all the vivid immower! as the fellow said when his best girl with every grace of body and mind is unfet- out her. tered by knowledge, by sorrow, by the She writes him long pathetic letters. Does

passage through the world. Cincinnati has founded a "home" for wid- they are legion-he loves truly and nobly ! with expressions of adoration; his love is in ows who have no intention of accepting a He could not degrade in his eyes and her his heart; he cannot write of it.

He has whispered low passionate words and warns her to expect delays. Yet she called She-who-Glances-at-You-as-She | that call the crimson blood to her cheeks. frets, and the tears comes often to her eyes, Walks." This is better than having a girl She droops her head till the silky curls and she sits listless and weary.

much above me !" that shall last as long as the world lasts. in their glances; and she falls down upon her time of life, Mr. Brudderly, but as we're He tells her love conquers all differences of her knees in her little room and weeps such rank and position; he has no fear. She will tears as leave her spent and exhausted wife uses powder." "Lucky man," innocent- shine a star in the sphere where he will set | She writes to Vane a wild appeal to come ly returned Mr. B.; "if Mrs. Brudderly her, and she shall live in splendor and be back to her and take her away, and tell robed in silk and velvet and be as a queen them all she is his wife. among the women of his fair world.

it really true you love me?" with his employer's wife and \$10,000 of his there occurs to him no thought of a future her dream come true? Ah, no! His touch towhen this rapture shall not be. She is his - | would be soft and gentle, his lips would

tripping over the moors.

happy heart. He is telling her that their untarily clasp her hands before her eyes. marriage must be secret, must be concealed "Ye sit glowerin' over the fire, girl, of

looking down at her with a tender smile, "I once. What for is the change? Answer?" worthy the study, not of an hour, but of monstrance, set with topazes and diamonds, haul the grief?" A romantic maiden was rescued from give you my heart and my name because I She trembles and cowers; but there is days. It had all that richness and softness £640; a gold crescent of eighteen brilliants, why did you let me go down for the third come for you, sweetheart. Till then you will weep and ring your hands ?"

> to him? He speaks with the calm self-reli- are wildly bright, and her cheeks are flush- passed away from the face of the moon and while he will take one of the highest places promised him, her husband, to say nothing features of the Renegade, revealing there gray-haired father who has cared for her and her to bear this, his wife? ion to be all that her mother was to her.

school " "Young man," said the principal, orchards ; for her there is a long, long kiss ; after their English law."

"You will come, Gipsy," he says-"you does not stop to think that her father is but will not fail, my bonnie Gipsy ?"

this handsome stranger then; so he goes year! about his work and thinks no more of Vane

and consents to her going for a month.

At departing she kisses him tenderly and weeps in his arms. He cannot understand on the world, Vane Ernscliffe stands under face. time, and smilingly tells her she has grown | moon that lights up a tropical world. spinning in the ingle nook all day long. and they wander together over moor and hill leave her for a year. and glen.

He makes so many sketches of her that at last he has nearly a portfolio full of sweet. winsome Effies, looking up with great brown eyes, now wistful, now laughing, now sad. And one day they are married. A Scotch minister speaks the words that bind them together: and Vane's own servant and another are witnesses.

fear of her father knowing or hearing of her last picture before it left for the Salon. eparture a week before the time specified; and Vane takes away his bonnie bride to the lated staircase, where bright-hued flowers Highlands-his own at last!

she to go back to her Border home, he to re-

and plum-shining down upon gable end the last time, and he holds her to his heart Earlier in the season Kainz was the guest of and thatched roof and brown rugged wall, and feels her own beating against his. "You and, glinting upon uncurtained windows, re- must not weep so, dear Gipsy; it will not be flected a crooked flattened moon in the small | for long-a year, perhaps a little longer; but | from diamond panes in that old-fashioned roomy it passes soon; and you must write to me farm-house that is the pride of Robert Mus- and tell me everything, My letters will grave. His farm-folk say that he loves the come to the post office at Ardlaun. I have the original of the 'Francesca' here." house almost as much as he loves his daugh- arranged with old Derrick to let you have ter; that he is more tender with the 'bit o' them quietly. And you must not wear the whom this remark was addressed. 'They wedding ring, dear.

harvest moon hanging like an orb of gold in but only for a second; then she holds up her the sky, the old man, tall and upright, and left hand, and he draws off the golden circarrying himself with a certain dignity, steps | clet, pressing his lips softly to it ere he gives |

"I will put it back, sweetheart," he says, So she returns home, and he goes to Italy; but her soft half-shy kiss lingers yet on his "Effie! Effie, 1 say!" he calls out. "Come lips, her wistful eyes are at all times before him; and not even his art can wean him

> The winter has come, and the moors over which Effic and her lover used to wander in the sunny autumn look bleak and desolate the trees in the orchard are brown and leafless, and the snow lies deeply on garden path and lawn; the icicles hang from the eaves of the farm-house and the frost makes Effie sits and dreams, and thinks the time

is long and weary; and there is a wistful look in the large brown eyes. Letters have come for her often-long delightful letters, which she pores over with eagerness and presses to her lips and lays aside among lavender and sweet-scented herbs. But she pouts over them too, and is

disappointed in some. They are letters such as most girls would will thus be turned over to prosaic and world- hard work, and never shall, he vows-and like to receive, full of vivid descriptions of the gulf that lies between them, forget that her all the glories of Italian art, thinking uttering words of welcome. the dreams of twenty may not outlive the she, poor lassie, will follow his flights and love to soar with him into that ideal region

She puts down the letters with a sigh and agination, the warm impulses, the love of the a pout, and wishes there were more expresbeautiful and good unchecked as yet. He is sions of undying love and devotion to herself. twenty, and at twenty that beautiful glori- She wants him to say on every page that he Oh, cursed the fate that gave thee to the ous fancy that endows the woman first loved; worships her, and that he is not happy with-

thousand and one daily experiences which, he not miss her every hour? She is so loneit may be, will teach him so painfully in his ly! Will he not come back to her now ! And he soothes her in a tender half-playful Vane Ernscliffe loves passionately this style, and does not chide her; but all the beautiful girl at his side, who is a peasant's same he yearns for her to share his enthusidaughter. Will he forget that under her asm. He writes no more at great length father's roof he has received shelter, has about art, what he is doing, and going to do. broken bread with him, has sat in the ingle His letters necessarily are shorter, for Vane nook? No, no, with all his faults-and Ernscliffe is not a man who can fill a letter

second offer. It is to be hoped that at least own the woman he regards now as the apple Then his letter are not sent so often; he has gone to the East, he tells her in the last.

She keeps the house and rarely stirs forth, "Hush, hush! Oh, no, no; you are so shunning the gaze of the village folk on the hill-side a mile away. She fancies they look Then he pleads the old, old sophistries at her, some of them, with strange meaning

"Your love," she says, laying her head picturing how he will come to her soon in upon his breast, "will be all I ask. Ah, is hot haste without warning and turn all her for a yard of lace !" sorrow into joy, a hand is laid upon her He clasps her in a long close embrace, and shoulder. She starts up with a cry. Has chievously, "is your eagerness to see it due with four large Oriental pearl buttons, and a we'd better do it to-morrow." time ; and but a month ago he met her is her father's stern face, sterner than usual, He is well-born and handsome, this lover down at her which sends the blood coursing clasped lightly befor her, her head a little large number of precious stones, including you like a rosewood or a velvet duster for ing, in themselves, any more than "chips," with something in the gray eyes that look of hers; and she has given him her young through her veins, which makes her invol-

from every one till he comes to claim her. | late," he says grimly. There is suppressed "For, my darling," he says, caressing the passion in his voice, and his hands tremble was covertly watching her. shapely head that rests on his breast, and a little. "Ye're no' the blithe lassie ye were

Trust ! What is there she would not trust hair that has fallen over her face ; her eyes chosen that moment when the cloud has half ance of genius, and thinks that in a little led. She cannot bear this; though she has a clear light is shining on the upturned

an ignorant peasant; she believes him. She smiles and promises again: and then This then explains Vane's short letters dreams. he rides away. She turns back to the house, and lengthened silence, How little in those singing blithely; and her father, watching letters he seems to miss her; how little he and looked round with bewildered eyes,

In a dazed way she creeps away up-stairs ately recover herself to answer. But a day later Effie says she would like, of her room, looking mournfully around her, della Rocca?" said the soft gentle voice of to go and see an aunt who lives at Douner She sits there all the evening and will take the Cardinal; and to him she turned gratewhich is some twenty miles off; she has so no food. In the middle of the night she fully. often asked her to pay her a visit. He leaves her father's house, her happy home.

into the darkness, a homeless wanderer.

why she is sorry to leave him for this short soft skies looking up at that brilliant golden soft-hearted. So she goes and stays three He is thinking of a night under the laden ing; "but it is seldom we see genius so maweeks with her aunt, an old dame who sits orchard trees, and his hand steals to his tured at twenty-five." breast and rests on the little spray of white

CHAPTER II.

A long line of carriages was drawn up in that noble street on to which looked the trellised windows of the Palazzo Mongini. All Rome knew that the Anglo-Italian artist -they claimed him as of their own training -Vane Ernscliffe, lived there, and that on Afterwards the girl bids farewell to her that glorious afternoon his rooms were thrown aunt as though to return home. There is no open to his friends that they might view his

Through the wide portals, up the tesse scented the air, passed silken robed ladies At the expiration of a week they part, with attendant cavaliers, princes and dukes and counts. There was the Cardinal Andolfo. turn to Italy, where he is going to paint and the great patron and lover of art and letters; study further. Thence he will go to the there were artists and litterateur, fair maidens and stately dames, all eager to see this work him on a long visit this summer.' and hill and glen, the moon shining down "I will write very often to you, my dar- -as they were eager to see every work-of through laden orchard trees-apple and pear ling," he says, when they stand together for the young artist, who had just completed his twenty-fifth year.

"They do say," whispered the Condel'Anizzano, who had driven tessa her villa some miles in country to see her favorite picture, "that beautiful Margherita della Rocca is "Oh, very likely!" answered the artist to are great friends. Do you think, Contes-

"Who can say?"-shrugging her should ers. "If signor Ernscliffe has the vivacity of our nation, he has the reserve of his own. Is she to be here, I wonder ?"

"No doubt. She will come to see herself finished," returned the artist; and the Contessa laughed. "These rooms," said lovely Valentina

Barletti, casting up her eyes sentimentally, "are the vestibule of Paradise." Magnificent indeed were Vane Ernscliffe's rooms; he had gathered into them arttreasures that were almost priceless, paintings and statues, specimens of rare carving, porcelain vases, and silver and gold of ed by all the artists, male and female. She

Cellini's working. Everywhere the eye painted too, and was considered, and was, a rested on some beautiful object. Passing through these rooms one stood the studio beyond—a Paradise of art. But few people had arrived there as yet. One could point out the artist unerringly in the noble, somewhat grave-looking man who was standthan at twenty. He had the same supple

grace and the same wonderful brilliance of Every now and then, as he talked in his soft musical tones, his eyes glanced back towards the doorway; and once, in so doing, they lighted on the Contessa and those with "sweet madness" - that makes him forget this picture and that statue, he paints for the lady's hand with courtly deference and

-"I am always happy to see you in my of sympathy. with a bright smile and a coquettish glance hand deprecatingly on his arm. flowers and the sunlight of heaven.

She blushed and smiled with a soft, "Ah, Signor !" and passed on. For each and all Vane had some pretty compliment, some gallant speech, and earnthey stood in rapt contemplation of the large to London. picture on the easel, he turned at some slight was a lighting up of the gray eyes, a momentary quiver of the lip, and then he crossed the room and met the dark-eyed slender girl who stood there, looking herself as though she had just stepped down from one of those antique pictures, with her soft dusky color-

ng and lustrous eyes. There was neither shyness, embarrassment, nor coquetry in the girl's frank manner to him. She returned his soft-spoken now being waged in South America has been

smile and a clasp as warm. "that I could not come sooner; and now I patriotic persons in order to procure funds put stiffs in there now, and you can pop him have run away and left poor aunt Lucia to toward the defence of Peru. Of nearly 500 into the grave whenever it's handy. By the One day, as she is soothing herself by do the rest of her purchases by herself. lots, which realized very various prices, time you get around to it he'll be so far than as a man. Fancy keeping me from seeing your picture the following were sold at the highest gone you won't mind it. If I was you I'd

"Ah, Margherita," said the painter mis-

"No, no; I can see myself in the glass."

And in this, "The Vision of Alp," the artist She springs to her feet, dashing back the had not fallen below the painter; he had

that is to bear him to the town. her ignorance takes for Gospel truth. She Renegade's bride. hour, and nearly 212 per minute.

"Well, Margherita, how do you like your portrait?" a voice broke in on the girl's

She started, a half exclamation on her lips, her, is easy at heart. She does not miss said about the re-union at the end of the flushing crimson, and shivering like one rudely awakened. She could not immediand stands for a few moments in the middle "A marvellous picture, is it not, Signorina

"It is almost too beautiful!" she murmurfather thinks the change will do her good, She does not break down as she goes out ed. "Ah, Eccellenza, how glorious it must Major McGregor, of the royal engineers, who be to have such genius!" And while she blindly casts herself adrift He looked down at the speaking Italian

> "Heaven has not left us without the golden portals, daughter," he said, half smil-

"Is it not wonderful?" exclaimed the Con-There bonnie Effie meets her handsome lover, heather she laid there when he rode away to tessa and Valentina both at once. "This alone would make an artist's fame. And when you consider he is an Englishman !" The Cardinal laughed; and Margherita Smith at the battle of Brunker's Spruit. A said archly-

"Are these poor English then quite without gifts? And, besides, Signor Ernscliffe is trained in the Italian school. "But his genius is English born," put in

Gerald Atherton, the talented English sculptor, laughing. "Don't abuse my nation, has to wait till the rest of us bear the upshot friends; I am listening." "Oh, no !" said Margherita, with a bright smile. "You must be very tender with them, dispatch. The wife of the bandmaster in one of tarily corked up its prison. I gave a final because I love the English so much, and

know so many." "You have lived much in England, Sig norina della Rocca ?" asked the Contessa. "Yes ; you know my uncle is attached to the Embassy in London, and I have been in England a great deal. I think I shall go to brave woman was shot dead at her side

"What, shall we lose you?" cried Guiseppe Maremma, who was madly in love with la bella Margherita, and followed her like a shadow wherever he could. "Rome will not be Rome without its brightest star." "Rome will do very well without it," re-

turned the girl, laughing. "While I am in

London, you can think of something else to compare me to. But every one is going; and aunt Lucia has not come vet." The beautiful Italian was not sorry for this, for she was untrammelled by very rigid notions of propriety; and, having known Ernscliffe from the time she was thirteen, chose to think herself, as regarded him, quite

in young ladies. She had lived too so long among artists and in artistic circles that she had fallen into much of the free-and-easy Bohemian style of thought characteristic of them; and she not un- Thinking little of her own wound, leaving afrequently scandalized society by her ways. the dead body of her husband, and comfort-She was as lo imbued with many English notion in regard to the liberty accorded to unmarried women; and, as she did much as she liked, being indulged by her aunt, the Count della Rocca's-her uncle's-sister, it the story told be true. Her child had been followed that Margherits was greatly belov-

genius; so that most of her eccentricities were She was not alarmed therefore at the prospect of a tete-a-tete with the artist in his studio while awaiting for her aunt; and, besides, she wanted to look at the picture ing talking to a Venetian prince. Not that much longer. When she had said good-bye he had changed much, save in expression, to her friends, and every one had departed, and was more matured in feature and form she went and stood before the easel, and lost herself in dreams. Vane came back and paused a little way off, watching her with a

"So you like it, Margherita?" It was the painter's soft tones that this time brought her back to the world; and this time she did not start and shiver, but a rolled away that the reaction came, and all his artist's soul goes out to that bright scenery, of the men and women he meets and her. Immediately, with a graceful apology bright light flushed for an instant into her beauty that has steeped his senses in this sketches, of the society he is in. He extols to the prince, he came forward, bending over large eyes, and the quick color of pleasure tion. came to her cheeks.

"It is so perfect, Vane," she said, falling "This is kind of you, Contessa. I scarce- as they always did when alone, into the ly expected such an honor, though I ventur- more familiar style that had had its begined to send you a card. Ah, Eccellenza"-to' ning in the days when she, a child, and he | bed the Willow Wiltwingle, as she gazed the aged cardinal, who greeted him warmly | but twenty, had formed such a strong bond | down upon the features of the late lamented, rooms. Signorina Barletti"-lifting to his 'Perfect? Ah, yes, I think so !" return- long mourning veil.

lips the little hand the young lady gave him | ed the artist, half smiling; but she put her -"you bring with you the breath of the "No, no; you know I did not mean that; for us to plant him in as fashionable a shape who witnessed it could scarcely believe their and you shall not paint me again, signor, if as we can. Hadn't we better plough him you make such remarks !"

"You cannot help it. Margherita." he answered. "I could paint you from memory." est welcome. But still, as he mingled with the girl laughed. "When you paint my por- after.

sound near the doorway; for an instant there answered her; and then he said, as he drew shovel him in pretty sudden. He smells bad feet eight inches in height. It was stated forward a chair for his companion-"Is it true then that you are going to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rich South American Jewels at Auction

"Margherita" and clasp of the hand with a the sale of a large number of gold and silver | with streaming eyes. church ornaments set with precious stones, "I am sorry, Signor Ernscliffe," she said, and old personal jewellery sent from Lima by ed the undertaker. "Mourners generally from a lofty historical level, or even in the

A pair of long pearl and diamond earrings, pair of extraordinarily large pearl drops, £235; a curious silver-gilt mitre, enriched can him up during the day and in the morn-Her eyes grew bright, and she flushed a with scrolls of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, ing I'll team him over to the church. Don't fimde up of unimposing words, such as little as she came forward to greet her and other stones, £273; a magnificent old cry. Just heel yourself pretty well up with friends. Then she stood back, her hands chased tine gold monstrance, enriched with a Scripture and you'll pull through. Would words really not worth looking at, or hearthrown back, utterly unconscious that from fine emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, him?" the picture to her-the exquisite original of and amethysts, likewise pearls, total weight that perfect conception - the admiring glances | 378 oz 10 cwt., £2,000; an old gold of many present went, and that the artist monstrance, with a centre of large diamonds and topazes, with rays of rubies, diamonds, little, but we'll make it as easy as we can for The painting on which she looked was well and topazes, £940; fourteen gold rays for a him. How many teams will you want to pent of, but our severity. were famed. In all technical details of gold door and lining, 298 oz. 10 dwt., £200; gone?" set with large emeralds cut en cabochon, anda in his note-book. "He's keeping up £380 ; an old enamelled frame in three pieces, Bible says the Lord is a shepherd who leads enriched with emeralds, £275. Total of the us around by green pastors. Brace up, and

The Postal Business of the World.

prices, £10,778.

A German paper has been compiling the in the world of art. Effic forgets the of their marriage, surely he could not mean the awful struggle of opposing passions. On statistics of the world's correspondence by now. Francesca too, "his promised bride," the post and by telegraph. The latest returns "That's all right. I'll be around again loved her, and who strives in his stern fash- | "Father," she cries wildly, "forbear, oh moon is shining down serene and clear; but which approached completeness were for the during the day to try the box on, and I forbear! I am his wife! A minister did the shadow of the cloud not yet passed year 1877, in which more than 4,000,000,000 guess I'll freeze him a trifle, or you can't "That is best which lieth nearest." But it-two folks saw it, father! He said it was leaves the transparent hands that are laid on letters were sent, which gives an average ctand him by morning. This heat is terrible she stretches forth her hand for the sweet true; he called me his bride, his bonnie, Alp's in semi-darkness; in her eyes is the of 11,000,000 a day, or 127 a second. on defuncts, but we'll slide him away as well forbidden fruit offered her. She is doing no bonnie bride! Oh father"-she broke into agony of supplication, the anguish of a soul Europe contributed 3,036,000,000 letters to as we can, and you'll just bust with pride to age," asked the principal of a country school harm. A secret marriage ! Why, what is bitter weeping-"he couldna have deceived in travail for the soul she loves as her own. this great mass of correspondence; America, see how it's done." With marvellous skill the painter had por- about 760,000,000; Asia, 150,000,000; Africa, And the simple-minded, good-hearter "Greetin', greetin';" and her father looks trayed the warm flesh-tints that half per- 25,000,000. As- undertaker left the widow to her grief, THE new Duchess of Argyle is a grandlearned comparatively nothing up to this So the next day Vane Ernscliffe bids fare- down at her with a half-fierce sorrow. suaded Alp that this form he saw was no suming that the population of the globe was while he went to order his men to daughter of the tenth Baron Ward and time. The learned one thing well to his host, with his winning bright "That marriage ye trust in is no more nor mere vision, and yet was so spirit-like that between 1,300,000,000, " slap up the square thing by old Wilt- the niece of the first Earl of Dudley. She mighty solid, anyhow," persisted the stu- smile and graceful kindly manner, deeply bare words over the Border; he knew that he shrank from the touch so cold and death- this would give an average of 3 letters per wingle, who had sprung a leak in his mortal is the eldest of Bishop Claughton's daugh-"And what is that?" asked the tinged with the reverence due to age; and, | well enough. And now ye think he'll come like. teacher. "I've learned that a mistake in if there is in his heart a pang of self-reteacher. There were teacher. There is in his heart a pang of self-respellin that only fetches a boy a cuff on the proach, he stifles it. The girl goes with wi just her beauty for her dower! In his the face that looked at her "counterfeit and the number of messages may be set school the boy his books, "you should then he vaults on to the mettlesome horse handing the boy his books, "you should then he vaults on to the mettlesome horse handing the boy his books, "you should then he vaults on to the mettlesome horse handing the boy his books, "you should then he vaults on to the mettlesome horse handing the boy his books, "you should then he vaults on to the mettlesome horse handing the boy his books, "you should then he vaults on to the mettlesome horse hand not a sin-

A BRITISH HEROINE. The Battle of Brunker's Spruit - Her Wound.

The good ship Duart Castle has just brought home to Portsmouth a very remarkable woman, who is a fit and proper candidate for the newly appointed order of St. Catherine, so highly esteemed by nursing and, rapidly drawing the body through the sisters who bear an English name. From the same vessel was lately disembarked advanced up the Majuba hill that fatal day ! with 120 men, but only brought back three to tell the story of the disastrous engagement ; but of all those on board there was no more notable person than Mrs. Smith, the reception, I once more assayed to lay hold widow of the band-master of the 94th regiment of foot, who had so acted as richly to deserve the title of heroine, even in days when chivalry is, comparatively speaking, a dead letter. Details have yet to be supplied in order to account for the presence of Mrs. soldier's wife is seldem at the front. Her my finger in recklessly to try to secure it. heart indeed is there, but her loving eyes are spared the horrors of the actual conflict. She is at home tortured with an intolerable longing, or creeping as far as she dare to the din and turmoil of battle; but as a rule she by word of mouth tenderly conveyed, or by the curt uncertainty contained in a telegraph our regiments appears to have been an exception to this inevitable rule, for she was not only kere when the fighting took place, but was accompanied by her little daughter, 2 years old. At the battle of Brunker's Spruit the husband of this marvellously Such a shock would be enough to paralyze a woman of ordinary nerve and render her for a moment helpless. To leave so attached a friend, and, as the ancients used to say, "so dear a head," amid the agonizing hor-

rors of the blood-stained battle-field, not what many women could or would have done, no matter how strong their inclination of duty. But brave Mrs. Smith, the bandmaster's wife, did far more than this to entitle her to the just name of heroine. Her husband was shot dead : she was found herself wounded in the head, and so was her little daughter. No matter how serious her own wound was, it is quite certain that her child's injury was not very serious, or she absolved from the rules that usually hedge would not have left it even for an instant. There were, however, cries so poig-

> nant, so searching, so full of exquisite anguish, that this good woman was irresistibly roused to the grand duty of humanity ing her injured child, this soldier's wife became for the moment a saint. In what she did she was dead to the world and all its selfishness, and she became transcendent, if wounded; but there were others who would have died had it not been for the heroic devotion of this noble creature. Her call was not to the dead but the dying. A nurse was wanted and she could not turn a deaf ear to so many sad appeals. While the light lasted the wife of the dead bandmaster busied herself with her husband's dying comrades. She brought them water when they were parched with thirst; she stanched their gaping wounds; while men were crying for help around her, she tore up her own clothing and bound it round the bleeding limbs she, neglectful of her own sorrow, appeared where she was most needed, comforting others, while her, heart was dead within her breast; and it was not until the din of battle, like some terrible thundercloud, had with it all the horror of her forlorn condi-

Consolation.

"It is very hard to lose a husband," sob and wondered whether she could borrow a

"Yes," sniffed the undertaker. "But all flesh is grass. Timothy v. 22, and it only remains under to-morrow?"

his guests and talked with them, ever and trait, you shall show your skill and do it "I don't believe he'll keep," said the Wheeler elevator, but for the past week had anon he looked back at the door. While from memory, and then you need not come undertaker, eyeing the deceased critical- been handling lumber in various yards on ly. "This here is pretty hard weather on the island. He was about twenty-eight

> at him cautiously. "And yet I hate to put certain. Mr. Chaffe says the generator is him in the ground." "You can store him in the receiving vault | fifty thousand men as easily as one, for a while, if you like, but if you try to keep him around the house long he's likely

to bust open, and you'd better not have that if you can avoid it." "Is it cold in the vault?" asked the widow, "It ain't soremarkably tropical," respond-

stick him in the vault for a few weeks." Well, I suppose it is best, and perhaps

"All right," said the undertaker, "I'll

"Rosewood, by all means. Please handle to be the signs of something unspeakably him tenderly. "Oh! we may have to bump him around a

"I think ten will be enough," replied the widow. "Oh, what shall I do when he's "Don't think of that now," sympathized

think of him as being where the wicked degraded man. cease from troubling and the weary get the best. Who have you got to do the pious "Our minister is preparing himself tion.

of the Lord was amazing.

How to Unbottle Your Snake.

To get a snake out of a bottle is a tedious

job; in whatever position it is turned, the

head will be directed upward, so the only

way to induce it to come out is to place the

bottle upright or nearly so; even then the head is withdrawn on the slightest alarm, and the position is by no means favorable to its transference to a box. If the door or opening of the latter will admit of it, the best plan is to put the bottle uncorked into the box, and let the snake crawl out at its leisure; first "choking off" the bottle with a wedge of paper or wood, lest it should roll over on the reptile, and fastening a string to it, in order that it may be removed without difficulty at the earliest opportunity. If this is not practicable, tie a stout bag over the mouth and stand the bottle upright; when the snake is out cut off his retreat by means of another ligature, and there you have him. It is worse than useless to try to shake him out or accelerate his exit in any way, if the neck be narrow. One of the first poisonous snakes I ever possessed was brought to me in a brandy bottle, and, after twisting and shaking, and tapping it for an hour without avail, I grew impatient. The tail just then happened to protrude about half an inch, so I seized it with my fingers, other hand, had the reptile safely in my grip behind his death-dealing jaws, now distended with anger. But the slide of my snakebox was shut over, and I could not draw it back with one hand; so I was obliged to let him slip back into the bottle again. Having set the box all in order for the new comer's of him by the tail; but now, most provokingly, no amount of manœuvring would bring that useful member to the top. Another half-hour's unsuccessful angling con verted my impatience into desperation, and at length when I saw the tail about two inches from the mouth of the bottle, I stuck That was hopeless, as I might have known; but it certainly did cool my spine a little when I discovered, on attempting to withdraw it, that my finger was jammed! I pulled, wrenched, twisted it with all my might, for the brute was raising its head, and its flickering tongue was rapidly approaching the unhappy digit that involunug, the violence of which nearly disolated all my phalanges; but it was no use, and with a yell I raised the bottle high in the air, intending to smash it on the edge of my bunk. I distinctly felt the snake, momentarily inverted, fall on the end of my finger; but as I flung my hand up the bottle slipped off, and fell on the deck beside me, fortunately without breaking. By the time picked it up the snake was halt way out, hissing furiously with rage and fright, and I had but just time to thrust it into the box. If I had not been flurried, I should probably have been able to extricate my finger with very little difficulty. It is of the utmost importance never to lose presence of mind in dealing with these things. One extreme is as bad as the other. Men who become habituated to reptiles often find themselves running unnecessary risks, not in foolhardiness, but from sheer thoughtlessness, from the simple absence of loathing or conciousness of danger. You need not fear a

A Fatal Electric Shock.

venomous snake, but always respect him.

A strange and terrible accident occurred recently at the generating rooms of the Brush Electric Light Company on Gadson street, Buffalo. About 9 o'clock two young men named George Leonard Smith and Henry Kimball, in company with another young man and two girls, stepped into the station and stood looking at the machinery in motion. Smith was very inquisite and wanted to experiment. The manager, Mr. G. Chaffe allowed him to try a harmless experiment, which consisted of taking hold of one of the brushes attached to the commutation, in which the electricity is held until carried away; and then, taking hold of the hands of his companions a gentle current of electricity was passed through their bodies, Smith wanted to take hold of two of the brushes, but Mr. Chaffe grabbed his arm and held him back, telling him it was sure death to touch them. The party shortly afterward left, Mr. Chaffe telling them to get out. About a quarter past ten o'clock Smith suddenly came into the building, seemingly under the influence of liquor. He leaned over a railing which keeps outsiders at a distance from the machinery, and, before a warning could be said, he had grabbed the first and third brushes. Mr. Chaffe saw what he was about to do and made a jump for him. His hand stuck fast to the brushes. and, giving the engineer word to stop the engine, he took hold of Smith and endeavored to pull him from his hold. This he was unable to do, but as soon as the engine stopped Smith raised himself to his feet, and throwing up his arms, gave a loud gasp and expired instantly.

The thing was done so quickly that those eyes. Smith's face had a pale bluish tint and was drawn out of shape. His hands "Isn't that too quick ?" sighed the were badly burnt, and on several of the fingers widow, who knew she couldn't get her the flesh was burnt to the bone. Of the un-"Then I shall not give you sittings," and washing from the laundry until the day fortunate man but little could be learned, save that he was formerly a scooper at the Vane paused one brief second before he meat, and he's liable to sp'ile unless you years of age, and in the neighborhood of five that he has a wife and child living in the "So he does," replied the widow, sniffing city, but where the writer was unable to asone of tremendous power, and would kill

George Eliot's Sayings.

See the difference between the impression a man makes on you when you walk by his side in familiar talk, or look at him in his home, and the figure he makes when seen eyes of a critical neighbour, who thinks of him as an embodied system or opinion rather The beginning of hardship is like the first

unbearable; yet if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite, and and it possible to go on. The finest language, I believe, is chiefly "light," "sound," "stars," "music," -

taste of bitter food; it seems for a moment

great and beautiful. When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we re-

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow; when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have re-

The mother's yearning, that completest type of the life in another life, which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child, even in the base.

THE Emperor William is reported to be suffering from a severe attack of indiges-

Ir has been suggested that a suitable opening for may choirs may be, "Oh, Lord, have

mercy on us miserable singers." THE correspondent of the London Standard says that it is no secret at St. Petersburg that the nobility were far more attached to the late Emperor than they were to Alex-

It is a curious fact that though the late THE preacher took for his text: "He giveth | Mark Hopkins died worth some \$30,000,000, car keeps a big girl in two hours after him down the garden paths and through the own country ye couldn't claim to be his wife presentment there lay to those who could down for the year at between 110,000,000 His beloved sheep." And then he said, as he never kept books or had any bank acread-as one could-the capabilities of such and 111,000,000, being an average of more he glanced around, that the way his congre- count. He spent \$1,750,000 in the construc-