# A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

CHAPTER VII.

TRAGEDY. Jessica was not the same after this. The sudden catastrophe had startled her into seriousness. Her smiles and her affectations had alike ended. With John she was now is. And I will be an old maid like Miss very shy and tremulous, watching him | Snow," she ended, with a burst of scalding | love with you?" wistfully and coloring all over if he spoke | teardrops. to her. But this hardly ever happened, and never did he let his eyes meet hers.

"Aren't you going to tell Captain Far- to please her father. It ran thus:quhar, dear Jess?" asked Flora kindly :

does. Oh, Flora, let us come away."

Only a little brown boy brought her "from | glad to know you are happy." ed Cordova, and Granada, and Seville; himself; "but, thank heaven! I am free." and the younger was always very quiet and subdued, and seemed anxious to get home to England.

At last one evening Williams and Talbot arrived at Victoria station in London, and hither came Mr. Nevill to meet them. "Papa," said Jessica, "don't you remem-

ber Flora?"

the "maiden lady." "Upon my word, Miss | wholly without prsopects. He had certain Williams is not to be recognized."

Flora, with composure.

grimly.

sented that Miss Williams to me disguised. | to his kinsmen, he did nothing rashly. The | greatest fun in the world !" cried Flora. I shall not allow your acquaintance with lady of his choice might refuse him, in touring about Europe, and going to hotels | prefer a poor warrior to a rich merchant; It is disgraceful."

people thought we were Americans --- " "Abominable !"

"But we referred to Girton--" "Detestable !"

"---and then every one was satisfied."

It is not a respectable country.

went to no bull-fights.'

"Under your circumstances, Jessica, it Jessica, you did not go near Gibraltar?"

there."

"No, we didn't," quibbled Jessica; heiress. "but if we had, papa?"

accident. He would never have believed Talbot." How came it he was unprepared in love? it an accident. You shall be introduced to for that little addition? Well, no matter. your cousin, Jessica, nowhere but in your Kings and honorable women are nothing to and sent next day for Mr. Hobson. But father's house. Such conduct as you sug. a lover. Still a vision arose before his Jessica would none of Mr. Hobson; and gest might have led to his even refusing imagination of a stiff, titled papa, who when Sir Edgar Lee, the admirable baronet, your acquaintance !"

just then confess the Tangier escapade, which, having unexpectedly grown into tragedy, was now all the harder to describe 509th, with his pay and no expectations. as a mere foolish jest. But the opportune moment for confession never turned up ceremoniously. And all day he went like Miss Snow is best. And sometimes I afterwards, and Jessica became an impos- about murmuring her name, "Caro- wonder whether I am High Church enough waters of the Amazon as the Mediterranean its candidates, nor is it likely that many

taken refuge in silence, Mr. Nevill said and used a very thick pen, so that John got of a sort, but one not oblivious of holidays. testily, "I do wish, Jessica, that I could another little shock, having expected a Yet Jessica only said quietly, "Thank you, get you to take a straw of interest in your round, pretty little writing like Jessica papa, but I don't want to go now," and he future husband!"

He continued displeased, which was very lowed.

a very decided letter, -begging release from his engagement to his cousin. Alas now for Jessica.

Mr. Nevill was even more put about than he had been by his daughter's legacy. He seemed quite unable to regard the matter either calmly or reasonably. One would have thought him a robber (now remorseful) who had enriched his offspring by a theft of somebody's diamonds.

"Oh, papa," sobbed Jessica, "don't blame me'! I never even saw old Mr. Farquhar. It isn't my fault. It isn't any one's fault. It does seem to me it would be so much better just to send John the money and have done with it. Please, please, please, papa, don't ask John to marry me when he doesn't want to."

"I tell you what it is, Jessica." cried Mr. Nevill; "this is your fault somehow. You have written him something ungenerous, grudging; or stay—he has heard of your going about with that Miss Williams ! I dare say he saw you somewhere. Yes, the result, and I am sure I hope you're ashamed of yourself."

Jessica began to cry -a thing Mr. Nevill never could stand. He was all tenderness

in a moment-and for a moment. must give up that most objectionable Miss Williams, who has led you into this deplorable mischief, and I will write and explain | she had aguess at the truth herself. Privateto John. I'll tell him that all the blame ly she wrote to Flora :lay with that Miss Williams, and with me for letting you go with her. He shall for-

give you. "Papa, please don't make any explanations to John. Oh, papa, let it be," sobbed Jessica. "He loves some one else. That's ter in your hands. Students of Moral what it is. I know it, papa." For Jessica Philosophy never regard affairs of the had pored and pored over John's letter till heart. Yours, she knew it by heart, and till she had read between all its lines. It was a very Flora, being sensible, at once on receipt "Wouldn't yer like to be a musician?" to an Englishman" and a vague—a very course of errors. Flora, however, took the lost all heart fur it. It reminded me too Tommy—"But she's going to give me a

loves Flora! Well, it was my own plan. I worked for it. I ought to be pleased. Dear Flora! She is worthy of him, if any one

Jessica wrote to John Farquhar, a poor little note, not nearly ceremonious enough

"MY DEAR COUSIN, -It is much better to and Jessica, clenching her hand, replied marry the person one loves. And I ao, do hope you will get the lady you want, who-"I am afraid he knows; but I am not ever she is. I knew papa was mistaken in going to say one word about it unless he fancying you thought the money so important. But couldn't we get Mr. Farquhar's After a few days they went; and John will altered? We should so much rather be bade Flora good-bye, and thanked her for all | without all that money. Please sometimes she had done; but he took no leave of Jessica. | think kindly of Jessica, who will always be

shentleman" a bunch of beautiful frail gum | When John received this letter from the cistus which grows wild at Tangier, on the unknown cousin, he felt for the first time a hills where fly the hoopoe and the golden throb of interest in her. "She must be a bee-eater. The girls went away and visit- very sweet girl, this Jessica," he said to

#### CHAPTER VIII.

CCELEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

John took stock of his position, for he new thought seriously of going a-wooing. First, he had definitely thrown away his "No," said Mr. Nevill gruffly, staring at | rightful inheritance; but come! he was not well-to-do material kinsmen who could put "A rough passage is unbecoming," said him in the way of making a competence, if he would leave the army and betake him-"And rejuvenating," returned Mr. Nevill | self to commerce. Though fond of his prostudent, preparing at Girton to earn her

told himself; "a college is a foolish place gay dresses hidden; her dancing step had for a woman." Oh, masculine prejudice! become a slow and languid tread. She had "I never was so vexed in my life. And To dub Flora's nursery "foolish" when it no little jests ready; no affectations; no what possessed you, Jessica, to go to Spain? had reared her, so pretty, so brave, so prac- merry coaxings and saucy whims. She sat tical, and so lively; emancipated yet not much in her own room, and often came down "We were quite respectable, papa. We strong-minded, after the fashion of Mrs. with tear-stained eyes. Once Mr. Nevill Geoffrey Cobbe!

Unable to find trace of the two girls in | flowers. was the worst taste. Did you forget that Spain, though he ran round Andalucia look-John Farquhar is at Gibraltar? I hope, ing for their names in the hotel books, John at last dec'ded he must write to" "the fool-

Jessica couldn't, she really couldn't Farquhar Court, many acres, and a balance hunted him out of the county at once turnat the banker's; but who would put on his | ing up her little nose most disdainfully. spectacles at plain John Farquhar of the

> However, he wrote to Miss Talbot line!" "Caroline!" and wishing he thought to get on in a sisterhood.

"DEAR SIR, -I hasten to answer your trying both to himself and to his daughter, letter of the 5th, though it is evidently not love," said Mr. Nevill, clasping her to his and Jessica began to look worried and ill. intended for me. I have never been at breast; and Jessica brightened a little, and All this was bad enough, but far worse fol- Tangier, nor have I the pleasure of your answered :acquaintance. Your letter is probably for One fine day a letter came from John my grand-aunt, Caroline Talbot of Mont-Farquhar, -a courteous, a penitential, but pellier Square, Brighton; but as she is very infirm it will be well to consult her physician before visiting her. I am, sir, yours

CAROLINE MARIANA TALBOT."

This letter went at once into the wastepaper basket, and John Farquhar sat biting his nails and wondering what on earth he should do. His thoughts reverted to Flora Williams. If he could catch her, he could doubtless catch her companion. But, come now ! had the two of them been humbugging about Girton? If so, how the deuce was he to find even Flora? He sat down and began another letter to Girton, this time addressed to Miss Williams, to be forwarded; but he hesitated a little about sending it, so much was his fear increasing that neither would this letter find the person to whom it was written. And he sat for hours staring at the envelope, ready stamped and addressed, "Miss Williams, Girton College, Cambridge. To be forwarded"-and he bit his nails, and answered crossly if any one spoke to him, and that must be the explanation. Well, here's felt his heart and his hope sick unto death within him.

Meanwhile Captain Farquhar's first epistle had been read and ridiculed by every one of Miss Talbot's chums, none of whom had a clue to the mystery. But though "Never mind, never mind, my love. You the jest of receiving a letter which was almost a love-letter from an unknown man was too good to be needlessly explained,

> " My good WILLIAMS, -Who was that malapert miss who borrowed my name to inspect a lover in? 'Lhe lover is looking for her. I send his missive, and leave the mat-

" TALBOT."

vague-hint that he had already selected prevaution of reading her mother's letter be- much of an ax and a woodpile."

fore posting it, and was aghast at this ingenious spoiling of the comedy. She tore it to pieces, and made Mrs. Williams compose

one totally different. "You must say, my dear mother, that the bride for such an espousal. "Oh," you write for your daughter, who is just thought Jessica, "it is true! I saw it at going to marry a man named Smith, and the time, and he confesses it now. He is-walking out with him, mending his stockings, or whatever you choose:"

"My dear child," said simple Mrs. Wil liams, "there is no such person. Are you afraid this Captain Farquhar may fall in

"Not in the least," said Flora coolly; "but I should greatly dislike his surmising that I was in love with him. When you have finished that sentence, mother, say we have found out that he wants to renew his acquaintance with Talbot, and shall be happy to assist him in doing so, as we know it will be agreeable to her."

"No, my dear Flora," said Mrs. Williams. "I am older than you, and I am quite sure it is imprudent to give this gentleman any hint as to Jessica's partiality. I shall say, 'Though we are, of course, unable to answer for the young lady that his doing so will seem to her desirable."

"Well, mother-then go on and beg him to come here on Saturday and stay with us till Monday, so that we may take him to see her. Don't you see, mother, you and I are to dine at Nevill Lodge on Saturday, and Jessica has written to say one of the men has failed, and won't we, for pity's sake, bring some one. Just as if our men were plentlful as blackberries! But really it's providential; we will take John Farquhar."

"My dear love!" exclaimed Mrs. Wil-

"It will be thrilling!" cried Flora. am just dying to see what he'll do !" "But, my dear child, suppose Jessica

doesn't want to meet him?" "Then she can go to bed with a sick

fession, John had never meant to s'ay in it headache. Nature provided that complaint Arrived at home, he soundly blew his beyond his father's death, so the idea of for these emergencies. But my own opincivillite wasnothing startling'y novel. Still, | ion is that Jessica will meet him, and that "You deceived me, Jessica. You pre- beyond writing diplomatically and vaugely it will all come right, mother. It's the

How came "that Miss Williams" to be her to continue. Do you mean to tell me | which case death on the battle-field | dining in Mr. Nevill's house after he had you two girls-girls, Jessica-have been seemed the one thing needful; or she might forbidden Jessica her further acquaintance? The fact was, the child changed so much by yourselves? Do you hear me, Jessica? or she might have a little money herself. that her father had taken fright, and by Not that the last seemed probable. John this time was indulging her in every way "I hear papa. But really Flora is older had persuaded himself that Williams was he could think of. Jessica was frettingthan a great many widows. And most the rich one, and her companion a poor there could be no doubt about it; and what made matters worse was that no one could tell what she was fretting about. She grew "I shall get her away from there," he pale and thin; her dimples were gone; her caught her sobbing over some dead cistus

He read to her, walked with her, rode with her diligently; he was always ready has an enhanced value. to talk to her, but their speech was of prim, "We slept at Gibraltar for a night, ish place "itself. Talbot had, of course, bockish subjects, which told him nothing. returned thither, her Easter holiday ended. Neither John Farquhar nor Jessica's for "Dear, dear me! I do most sincerely It was now June, and, as prearranged, John tune was ever mentioned. At last she got hope, my dear, that you did not see John was on leave and had come to England to a cough, and the servants said she was go a-courting; only not to his cousin the going into a decline. Mr. Nevill took her to town to see a physician, and the learned He procured a list of the Girton students | man thumped her on the chest and slapped "My dear, you speak like a baby. What and ran his eye over it. No mention of her on the back, and stethoscoped and do you suppose John would have thought Flora Williams; that was all right, for she laryngoscoped her till she was terrified; of you? Running about with another girl had described herself as "gone down." John finally pronounced that she had nothing of sixteen, and I do declare running after found the name he sought; read it, and gave the matter with her; and asked her father him! Bless my soul! Don't talk to me of a little jump-" The Honorable Caroline privately if she had, perhaps, been crossed

Very nobly, Mr. Nevill took the hint, might have smiled upon John Farquhar of made his long-expected proposal, Jessica "Still resolved to be a single woman,

Jess ?" asked Mr. Nevill, in despair. "I think, papa," replied Jessica, "to be

More alarmed than ever, Mr. Nevill, with felt more anxious than before.

"Tell me something you would like, my

"I should like to see my dear Flora

Mr. Nevill hurried off in the tram instantaneously, and brought Miss Williams back with him. After which there was peace between the two families; and Mrs. Williams and Flora received invitations for the dinner-party.

On the morning of the day for this festivity behold a note from Flora to her friend's

" Dear Mr. Nevill, -Jessica asked us to bring some one to replace your sick clergy. man at dinner. Sur friend Captain Farquhar will be here then, and mamma thinks you will not object to him accompanying us I fancy he is a relation of yours, so it seems

"Oh, papa, no!" cried Jessica, with blazing spot on each pale cheek. "I cannot meet John Farquhar ! I cannot."

"My love," said Mr. Nevill, "no doubt side, after all that has occurred is there any feeling of soreness or grudge."

"But I believe he's engaged to Flora! burst out Jessica. "To Flora! Bless me! is that how the

wind blows? You queer girls, never to have told me she ever knew him! Come now, Jess; for your friends sake, if for no other, you must oblige me by being civil to your

And poor Jessica stood looking at her father with piteous eyes, wishing she had courage to confess and to explain. She could not do it, and she crept away and cried bitterly in her own room.

"Oh, it will be hard to see them together !" she sobbed. "But I have got to bear it, for it was my own plan, and Flora will expect me to be pleased. No one must ever know how I really feel. No one ! no

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### SEED THOUGHTS.

Few save the poor feel for the poor. Our enemies are our outward consciences. A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.

The true art of memory is the art of at-The deadliest sin were the consciousness

If thou wouldst be borne with, then bear with others.

The truly sublime is always easy and always natural. Character is a diamond that scratches

every other stone. He that will watch providences shall

never want providences to watch. The usual fortune of complaint is to ex

cite contempt more than pity. He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be bad; the worst of madness is a saint run Observe the effects of rage on those who

deliver themselves up to the passion. Music makes the people milder and gent-

ler, more moral and more reasonable. Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbl-

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids; her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

We are often prophets to others only because we are our own historians. When will talkers refrain from evi speaking? When listeners refrain from

evil hearing. Most of our misfortunes are more sup-

upon them. In seeking wisdom thou art wise; in imagining thou hast attained it thou art a

might govern multitudes if they could second innings scores eighty runs less than govern their tongues.

All, with one consent, praise new-born gauds, though they are made and molded ings immediately or of sending the other of things past.

desires, man is a fallen god who has recollection of heaven. The body is the shell of the soul, and

dress the husk of that shell; but the husks often tell what the kernel is. There is a courtesy of the heart : it is allied to love. From it springs the purest

courtesy in the outward behavior. Reason! how many eyes hast thou to see | their opponents? evils, and how dim, nay blind, thou art in preventing them.

Every man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says

Flints may be melted—we see it daily but an ungrateful heart can not be; not by the strongest and noblest flame.

will of highest dispensation, which, happily, hath ends above my reach to know. I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide;

for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive. The Widest River in the World.

It is the Amazon in South America, which is fifty miles broad at the mouth, enters more varied experience of life than Sir Wilthe Atlantic Ocean by an estuary 200 miles liam, who was at the same time a sportslong and 130 miles broad. The tide is felt | man, traveller, politician, a fine judge of art, for 530 miles; the river narrows very grad- a successful colonial governor and a man of ually, and even for 200 or 300 miles above | the world. He was an admirable reconteur, the tidal course is never less than four and having known a host of interesting and miles in width. Lieutenant Nunes wrote | celebrated people his records should be enthat at a distance of 1,500 miles from the | tertaining. mouth they did not see the two shores of the river on both sides at once. The inhabitants of the Province of Para describe the | many English names among the long list of navigable for a distance of 2,000 miles, and it has been almost semi-officially announced Mrs. Farquhar's death, as if she knew a day or two came a reply from the Honor- a sigh told her that if she wished she might in the upper parts of its course averages that no British need apply, excepting for nothing about it; and the girl having able Caroline, who wrote a very large hand go to Girton, which is a sisterhood indeed from one to two miles in width. With its the temporary membership extended to tributaries, many of them large and impor- | diplomatists and other itinerants in considtant rivers, the waters of the Amazon form | eration of a long subscription. During the an inland navigation of not less than 50,000 | last nineteen months two noble lords and miles, a line double the circumference of the son of an ambassador have been victims the globs. The area drained is 2,500,000 of this anti-English feeling. square miles, equal to ten times the area of France. The source of the Amazon is within fifty miles of the Pacific Ocean at a great elevation in the Andes, and the river reaches right across South America for a distance measuring in a straight line 2,000 miles, but taking it along the windings of the stream, covering nearly double that length. From the sea to the mouth of the Negro the depth of the main channel of the Amazon is nowhere less than thirty fathoms; higher up it varies from ten to twelve; and up to its junction with the Yucayali there is depth of water for vessels of almost every description. The depth and width of the Amazon are both affected once a year by the floods, which cause it to rise in many portions of its course as much as 30 or 40 feet, and to flood areas of the lands immediately adjoining to the extent of many miles. The bulk of Amazon equals that of 130 rivers the size of the Thames.

## A CHINESE NEWSPAP ER.

#### it is his own wish, to show that on neither | The First of the Kind to Be Established in Canada.

The Chinese of Canada have decided to start a newspaper of their own. Toronto Celestials have been notified that the Vingwaw Bo Printing and Publishing Company (Ltd.) has been established at Vancouver, B. C., and in a few days a weekly newspaper, which, by the way, will be called The Globe-Reporter, will be started.

The company has been in formation for several months past, and subscribers have been obtained from all parts of Canada. Following the example of English papers, The Globe-Reporter modestly lays claim to possessing the largest circulation in the Orient and United States of any Chinese paper published in America. The leading articles in the Celestial "Thunderer" will be from the pen of T. Jung Gentjee, who will discuss all current topics affecting the Chinese nation, especially concerning the Chinese in this country.

Tommy-"Mr. Yabsley, sister Laura did, he can't vote. proper letter indeed, and there was one of this letter, ran to her mother and told asked Plodding Pete. "I used to think I said at the table this morning that she sentence in it which to Jessica seemed her the outlines of Jessica's history. And would," replied Meandering Mike. "But thought you had the prettiest mustache she to contain the clue to it all. Something Mrs. Williams, being still more sensible, I oncet heard a man say they was some- ever saw." Yabsley—"You oughtn't to tell cured?" Doctor—"Well, the patient should about "the only sort of marriage congenial wrote a letter to John explaining the whole thing about strikin' a chord in music, an' I things you hear at the table, Tommy." dime for telling you."

#### LATE CABLEGRAMS:

The Queen's Health-Major-Ceneral Her-

bert's Report. A London despatch says :- The Queen is in the best possible health; the cold weather always benefits Her Majesty in every respect, whereas Osborne is rather too relaxing for her when it is mild at this season. The Queen has been out in the grounds nearly every morning in her donkey chair, and has taken a drive in the park or in the neighborhood every afternoon.

Letters from Canada refer to the good effect which has already been produced by the recent report of Major-General Ivor Herbert, on the subject of the local militia. It will be remembered how outspoken and independent that report was. General Herbert simply told the truth, but he told it in a manner which brought home to official places how great their responsibilities were, and how seriously the interests of the Dominion might be jeopardized if they showed a disposition to ignore tham, and the effect has left nothing to be desired. The Government seems to be at last quite sensible to the absolute necessity for it to arouse itself, and is doing so in a way which is calculated to produce the necessary progress which has been so long de-

It is learned that the annual revenue of Duke Alfred from the Double Duchy will be about £30,000 a year at least. There is no civil list in Coburg-Gotha, his income being simply derived from surpluses yielded by the exchequer, and hitherto this has been about £5,000 for Cobourg and £25,000 for Gotha. But as the Duke has to reside alternately in his two capitals, the expenses arising from this dual court are very considerable. With his English allowance of 10,000 his Royal Highness will thus, howportable than the comments of our friends ever, enjoy an income of about £40,000 a year. But in addition to this he has in her ited a private property, the estates of his

uncle, including some fine shooting grounds. The committee of the Marylebone Cricket club appear to have committed themselves There are many men whose tongues to the proposal that when the side taking its opponents, the leaders shall have the privilege of going on with the second innside in at their option. This seems to be a Bounded in his nature, infinite in his rather violent remedy for the slight evils of the existing system of following on and it might be made a means of great injustice. It is often an enormous advantage to win the toss and there is no sufficient reason for increasing that advantage. Au eleven sometimes falls behind on the first innings through unkindness of the elements. Why should their very misfortune be made an excuse for giving further advantage to

The contemplated increase of the French navy is far from meeting with unqualified approbation. Men in the best position for forming accurate judgment on the matter are decidedly of opinion that the country cannot afford to spend so much money on naval armament, when, if war comes, it must stand or fall by the army, and the army alone. It will be a long time before But peace ! I must not quarrel with the French taxpayers forget how little their navy did for them in the last great war. Its services were insignificant and its cost comparatively unimportant. The naval estimate for 1894 amounts to 266,000,000

> The reminiscenes of the late Sir William Gregor, which will be published in the spring by Murray, ought to prove an extremely interesting book. Fow men have enjoyed a

> Elections of members to the Paris Jockey club have commenced, but there are not

# SONG OF THE INDIANS.

Funeral Music and Self-Laceration Among the Omahas.

The funeral song is sung at the obsequies of any man or woman who has been greatly respected in the tribe. Upon the death of such a one, men in the prime of early manhood meet together near the lodge of the deceased, divest themselves of all clothing but the breech-cloth, make two incisions in the left arm, and under the loop of flesh so made thrust a willow branch, having on it sprays of leaves. With the blood dripping upon the green branches hanging from their arms and shoulder-blades, the men move silently in single file to the lodge where the dead lies; there, ranging themselves in a line, shoulder to shoulder, and marking the rythm of the tune by beating together two small willow rods, they sing in unison the funeral song.

There is a violent contrast between the bleeding singers and their vocal utterances, tor the music in its major strains suggests sunshine, birds, and verdure, and has a fleet, happy movement. Nevertheless, there must be some latent harmony between the song and the ceremony. Music, the Indian believes, has power to reach the unseen world. The spirit of the dead man can hear the song as it leaves the body, and the glad cadences are to cheer him as he goes from those who have been dear to him on earth. He hears only, he cannot see-so the song is for him; the bleeding wounds of the singers are expressions of the loss felt by the friends of the dead; his kindred can take note of the manifested sympathy -- the wounds are for them.

## A Great Scheme.

The Statesman's Wife-" This paper says

that they tax funerals in Paris.' The Statesman-" Why, that's the brightest idea I ever heard of. A man don't care how many taxes you pile on him after he is dead." At least, I guess he don't and if he

Bodkins-"Doctor, how can insomnia be count slowly and in a meditative manner 500 and then-"Bodkins--"That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count."