

Too Much of a Lady.

When Eve in the garden was plucking the rose  
And enjoying the Eden waltz shawl,  
I wonder if ever she turned up her nose,  
And signed, 'I'm too much of a lady!

'Too much of a lady,' dear Adam, to work,  
A plummet was made to be put;  
You keep things in order, I feel by most shirk,  
Though the fact, dear, is deeply regretted.

To-day she has daughters whose delicate hands  
Are wholly unfitted for labor;  
It almost figures them to flutter their fans,  
When they languidly call on a neighbor.  
Their mission on earth is to gossip and dress,  
And live upon life's sweetest honey,  
And they haven't a bother or trouble unless  
Their masculine bank fails in money.

It isn't the loveliest thing to be sure,  
To dabble in cooking and dishes,  
But never a home was kept tidy and pure  
By dainty methodical wishes.  
I am free to confess there is something in life  
More attractive than putting a stitch in,  
And many a weary, inharmonious wife  
Isn't deeply in love with her kitchen.

But duty is duty, and dirt always dirt,  
And only the lazy deny it,  
Crocheting is nicer than making a shirt,  
But man never yet was clothed by it.  
To sit in a parlor in indolent ease,  
Till one grows all fragile and fady,  
Or frowns through the streets sally gazers to  
Please.

Is being too much of a lady.

Too much of a lady to darn up her hose,  
Or govern her house with acumen,  
Too much of a lady wherever she goes,  
To ever be much of a woman!

The muscels that God made are useless to her,  
Except to be wrapped up in satin,  
And as for an intellect—she would prefer  
A bonnet to mastering Latin.

Too much of a lady to own a grand heart,  
To be a true daughter or mother,  
Too much of a lady to bear the brave part  
That never can be borne by another.  
By fashion or birth quite too fine for this earth,  
When isomeone's to the judgment's great pay-day,  
Though our Lord may delight in the lites in  
White,

Will He smile on "Too much of a lady?"

### THE STRANGE DOCTOR.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.,  
Author of 'St. Legor, etc.'

"By the way, what has become of Conant?" I asked of my college classmate, Luther Evans, the well known, in fact, celebrated surgeon, whom I encountered by accident at the Hotel Bellevue du Lac, at Zurich.

We had not met for five years, and here, on the shore of this beautiful lake, chance had thrown us together. We spent the evening in calling the roll of our classmates, and in comparing notes of information as to each one of them. Some of our companions were already in their graves; some who had started rich in promise had made shipwreck beyond any hope of recovery. There were others who had arrived at the happy haven which prosperity is supposed to afford; others still were struggling to reach it. The larger portion were married; a good many yet remained single. Sickness, misfortunes and bad luck generally seemed constantly to have attended several; good fortune, firm health and unvaried success had been the lot of a few. It turned out, however, that the majority were recipients, in about equal proportions, of the ordinary good and ill which attend our poor humanity.

"By the way, what has become of Conant?"

"Ah, Conant—Prince Albert, as we used to call him! Well, he was a prince in nature and conduct. Have you heard nothing of him?" was my friend's reply.

"Not for a long time. I saw him in Chicago six or eight years ago. His career appeared to be a brilliant one. Not long after, I was told he had left the place in an unexpected manner and had gone no one knew whither. Ames spoke of a love affair, but I knew Conant too well to credit any such nonsense."

"Ames is a fool!" ejaculated Evans, with emphasis—"simply a fool; that is all."

"Then you don't know what has become of Conant?"

"I have not said that. In fact, I do know what has become of him," returned my classmate.

"Well?"

"I do know; no one else knows—no one else," muttered Evans, rapidly. "I know what has become of him. I shall tell you. It will be easier kept if you and I both know—easier kept. Your word to secrecy, of course. I shall feel better satisfied after I have told you. Because, you know, I doubt sometimes the evidence of my own senses in this matter."

I confess I began to suspect some mellow wine we were drinking was having an undue effect on his senses; but I said nothing. I was soon undeceived. For Evans continued as quietly and methodically as if he were amputating a limb, quite in contrast with his nervous manner at the beginning.

"You remember, Albert Conant and I were room mates for the whole four years. Of course you know it, and how we were called Damon and Pythias, and all that sort of thing. The only one who fully shared our friendship was yourself. How well you know that, too, or else would I now be making this revelation? When we left college we still kept together. We attended one course in Philadelphia, one in New York. Then we went abroad. Conant devoted himself principally to medicine, and I to surgery. It was all the more agreeable, for we had a wide range of topics to talk about, and there were many branches which we pursued together, listening to the same lectures and walking the same hospitals. From Paris we went to Vienna; this was to please me, for there were special advantages there in my department. How enthusiastic we were! How truly ambitious of a career! I had abandoned medicine as a leading pursuit and gone over to surgery from a total lack of faith in the dispensary. We were, all of us, so it seemed to me, groping in the dark, and, for my part, I was desirous to feel myself on firm ground. Not so Conant.

"I admit," he said, "that medicine is not a science; but tell me, are we not making an advance?"

"No doubt—no doubt," I would say; "but it is mere experiment, after all. I am not willing to prescribe a medicine which I cannot predicate its effect upon my patient. A conscientious practice of medicine is mere expectancy, and that is no practice at all."

"You talk nonsense," Conant would answer. "Progress in medicine comes as progress comes in all other things, by careful study, observation and experience, and the practical application of our experience. It shall be my ambition to do something before I die towards placing medicine in its proper position as a science."

"Ah, he was very earnest, very sincere. I recollect, after we came back to Paris, that Magendie gave him a terrible shaking up at his opening lecture in the autumn at the

Hotel Dieu, of which Magendie was at the head. It was on the memorable occasion when that famous physician distinctly told the students not only that medicine was not a science but almost in terms that the dispensary was a humbug, asking derisively who could cure a headache? He went on to say that in one of his wards he divided his patients into three classes. The first he treated according to the dispensary, to the second he gave bread pills and colored water, the third received nothing at all. The latter grumbled a good deal ('les imbéciles,' as the lecturer called them), but all got well. Every one in the second class also recovered. A few in the first class died. 'Nevertheless,' added Magendie, 'we are making progress, and I have hopes at the end of a hundred years that medicine will have become a science. Then, no doubt, phthisis will be cured.' I enjoyed the lecture hugely, and from time to time nudged Conant, as much as to say, 'What do you think of it?' for he was a great admirer of Magendie. As we left the lecture-room after he had concluded, Conant took my arm, exclaiming: 'That is what I call a great man—a man who, with such a reputation, dares to say he does not know! What I have heard does not one whit discourage me; it does me good. I am quite content to spend all the years of my life in the attempt to advance the progress of the most interesting, most humane, and the most beneficent of studies.'

"We came home at last. I settled in New York. Conant went to Chicago, where certain advantages by way of acquaintances and introductions awaited him. It was not long before he became known. His career was rapid and brilliant. We saw each other very seldom. Twice in the course of ten years he visited New York for a day or two—he came expressly to see me—twice I was in Chicago. I may say literally for the purpose of seeing him. These were days of the highest, truest enjoyment; memorable days never to be forgotten. I found Conant unsoiled by worldliness, selfishness or small ambition. The same lofty purpose which filled his breast when a student still inspired him. Meanwhile our correspondence never slackened, so that our friendship did not become an old memory, but was preserved fresh, increasing all the time. I had already married, and it was but natural that I should urge Conant to go and do likewise. I used even to add a bit of worldly wisdom to my suggestion, telling him how advantageous it was for a physician to be a married man. His reply would be: 'All in good time, my friend—all in good time, my friend; when the right person comes along I shall make haste to follow your excellent example; till then, patience, as the Spaniard says.'

"Well, a time came when Conant was engaged to be married. He announced it in his characteristic way, and, instead of giving me particulars, he said, 'Come and see for yourself.' This I had made up my mind to do, and wrote him accordingly. His answer came without delay. It was a long letter, written in his happiest vein, with a smack of his old student habit, and brimful of current incidents and topics; no allusion to his engagement, for that would not be like him, but I could see plainly that he was living in a paradise.

"I shall never forget that letter—it was the last I ever received from him. I answered it within ten days, and told Conant that I was going to give myself a long vacation, at least for me. I was to spend two weeks in the Adirondacks, and that he might look for me at furthest in three weeks from the date of my letter. Four days after, I left New York, disposed of the two weeks as I had planned, and was to take the train at the nearest station the next morning for my trip westward.

"Late that afternoon our little mail arrived. Among my letters was one which struck a sudden terror into my soul. It was the letter I had addressed and mailed to Conant, returned to me with the indorsement, 'Not found.' I felt a wretched, sickening, sinking sensation at my heart. I sat perfectly still, my eyes fixed on those two words, till the twilight began to gather about me. This brought me to my senses. 'Pshaw!' I exclaimed to myself, aloud, 'what is the matter with you? It is some old blunder at the post-office. A mistake in reading the address,' but the supererception was painfully legible and the residence not to be mistaken. 'A blunder—a gross blunder, that is all. In forty-eight hours it will be all right. I will overhaul those post-office fellows for giving me such a start. I will make a special report of the case to the Postmaster-General, that I will!'

"I started early the next morning. Notwithstanding all my reasoning, a dead weight hung at my heart the whole way. I reached Chicago on the morning of the second day, about half past seven. I drove directly to Conant's house. I ran up the steps and rang the bell nervously. I waited for a response, but none came. I rang again and again—no answer. A market-boy who was passing with his basket, stopped and looked at me."

"There ain't no one living in that house, mister," he said.

"I thought Dr. Conant lived here."

"He's moved away."

"How long since?"

"Oh, more than three weeks ago."

"Where has he moved to?"

"Don't know; and the boy trudged on."

"I felt relieved by this colicquy; there was some excuse for the return of my letter, though a flimsy one, since Conant was so well known. I was about driving to the house of a mutual friend where I might learn where he had removed to, when a gentleman, who lived in the house opposite, who evidently had been a witness of my dilemma crossed the street and addressed me.

"You are looking for Dr. Conant, I presume?"

"Yes."

"The doctor has left Chicago."

"Good God! you don't say that!" I exclaimed. "How did it happen?"

"A very sad affair, I assure you, sir. You are a friend of the doctor's?"

"The most intimate friend he has. I have just arrived from New York expressly to pay him a visit. What does it all mean?"

"If you will step into my house for a few moments," said the gentleman, "I will tell you the little there is known about it."

"I was only too glad to accept his invitation. His narrative was brief.

"You know," he said, "the doctor was soon to be married. I assented. 'The young lady was one of the most charming in Chicago. She died, about four weeks ago, after an illness of a few hours—a most mysterious and inexplicable illness. Upon her death the doctor disposed of everything he had, including his medical library, in fact, everything to the most minute articles, and

left the city. He told no one where he was going, not even his most intimate friends, and nobody knows where he has gone. No one has heard a word from him, the whole matter is enveloped in mystery from beginning to end."

"Sadly I descended the steps, declining the worthy man's invitation to take breakfast with him, and drove to the house of the friend I have just mentioned. I really could get from him no information in addition to what I had already received. Some details were added about the rapidity with which Conant disposed of his effects. He would converse with no one, he entered into no explanations, and in this strange manner he quitted the place where his labors had been so brilliantly successful.

"That evening I took the train back to New York. I knew, after a while, I should hear from Conant. I knew it was impossible for him to abandon the friendship that existed between us. No doubt he was stunned by so swift and sudden a blow; after the first terrible shock should be over he would come and see me, or let me know where I could go to him. He never wrote, he never came, and for nearly seven years I was in ignorance of what had become of him."

Evans paused so long in his history at this point that it actually seemed as if he had brought it to a conclusion, although I had felt it had scarcely begun. I had no disposition to break the silence, and at length he resumed.

"You must not suppose that in those seven years I made no effort to discover his whereabouts; you must not suppose I waited patiently for him to communicate with me. I employed every means which I could devise to reach him; nothing which my ingenuity could suggest was left unattempted. I visited Chicago again, hoping to gain some clue, how ever trifling, but I could find nothing which gave me the least assistance. I went to see his relations, but they knew less than I did. They were his cousins, for Conant's parents were dead, and he was an only child. After that I commenced a system of advertising. I would cause notices to be inserted in the leading newspapers all over the country, and also in Europe—notice which no one would understand but Conant, but which he could not fail to understand. I kept this up year after year. I sent these to every principal city in the United States, to London, to Paris, to Amsterdam, to Berlin, to St. Petersburg, and other places. No token came from these efforts. As you will perceive, by and-by, not one of these notices ever reached him—could not have reached him.

"Last summer I made an excursion into one of the most remote and unfrequented portions of our country. I had reached what seemed to me the extreme border of civilization—the last settlement in that direction. Two gentlemen, who had accompanied me, had given out about ten miles below, and were to wait for me till I had accomplished this little extra trip. I took a smart lad for a guide, and in this way comfortably reached the place I have indicated. A dozen families were scattered about in as many log-houses. They were engaged in felling timber—clearing the land, and, to some extent, cultivating the soil. A set of hardy, energetic pioneers, such as you meet on our northwestern frontier. I was made heartily welcome at the cabin of one of these, a 'shake-down' was promised me, and a seat at the table as long as I chose to stay. As to trout-fishing I could not go amiss; all the small streams which cut through the mountains towards the river were crowded with trout. For game, anything from a stagger byrrial to the catamount and the straight, red without much extra search."

"I should be going into these details, but I should be going into another pause, except that I dread to approach my subject. I tell you that Conant's disappearance had made such an impression on me that I preferred these solitary excursions to any other; they served, in a degree, to tranquillize my mind and—and—I don't know exactly what I want to say, or, rather, how to express myself; but it always seemed to me I might meet him somewhere in some strange, out-of-the-way place. Do you understand?"

"I nodded.

"The second day I was following a small mountain stream filled with stones and occasional large rocks, which guarded large pools of water, called by boys 'trout-holes,' where I had to fight my way against the thicket of branches which almost completely secluded it. I had dropped my line into one of these holes, to reach which I was obliged to stand upon two slippery stones. A splendid fellow had seized the bait, and to secure him I made a sudden lurch to one side, heedless of where I was standing. The result was, in endeavoring to save my foothold, my ankle turned and I fell. I feared possibly that I had strained it seriously, and I had nothing to do but to hobble back to the cabin, which was at least a mile distant. It was slow work, and before I reached there I was suffering a good deal of pain. The people knew nothing of my profession, and the good housewife set to work in a practical way for my relief. One of the children was sent to pluck some wormwood which grew in the enclosure. It was bruised and mixed with spirits and my ankle speedily bound up with it. I was greatly interested in the alacrity of the woman and the practical knowledge she displayed.

"If it is not any better by morning," she said, "we must have the doctor look at it."

"The doctor?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you have a doctor in this little settlement?"

"Yes, indeed. He was here before any of us."

"There flashed through my mind a premonition; then came a sharp, sudden pain, as if a knife had pierced me. It was with difficulty I had caught my breath.

"The woman noticed it.

"I fear you are getting ill, sir," she exclaimed.

"Yes, I feel very ill indeed," I said. "Can't you get the doctor here right away?"

"He lives a mile and a half off," she answered, "but I will go myself. He won't come unless a person is very sick. He is a strange man."

"Tell him," I said, "that I am very, very sick, and he must hasten." I thought since I had begun to feebly I would not make any half-way work of it.

"Oh, I hope you are not so bad as that," said my hostess.

"Yes, yes; I am," I answered. "Be quick, I beg of you. Stop one moment," I exclaimed. "What is the doctor's name?"

"He don't appear to have any name, sir. At least, nobody ever heard it. I told you he was strange. We call him the 'Strange Doctor.'"

"So saying, she started on her errand."

"I threw myself upon the bed and

wrapped my cloak around me in a way that completely concealed my face. I knew who was coming—knew to a certainty.

"In about three quarters of an hour I heard footsteps approaching. I peeped through a fold in the cloak, and saw, entering the cabin with the woman; a large, stout man, dressed in the coarsest materials, with long, flowing hair and uncut beard. He wore upon his head a shouehed hat. From underneath the broad brim shone eyes which, once seen, could never be mistaken.

"It was Conant.

"He came up to the bed, and in a quick, decisive tone he asked, 'What is the matter with you?'

"Not a soul was present in the room; the woman had gone to attend to her regular duties—not a soul was in the room save Conant and I.

"I threw back the cloak from my face and looked at him intently. He did not appear to recognize me.

"'Albert, I said, 'I have come a long way to see you.'

"'To torment me,' he replied, without changing a muscle.

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'can this be you, Conant?'

"'No; it is not I. Does that satisfy you?' was his answer.

"'It does not satisfy me,' I said. 'I will not be satisfied till I hear from your own lips what all this means. My presence here is accidental. I did not know you were in the vicinity. Had I known it I should have come, of course. I have searched for you over the world these seven years—these seven long years, by every means that I could devise. Now that I have found you, I will have an explanation. I will not quit the place till I get it, if I stay here the balance of my life.'

"I had arisen from the bed, thrown aside my cloak and stood confronting him. His agitation was fearful to witness. Large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead and rolled down his face. His breathing became difficult and his frame shook.

"'You are not ill?'

"He spoke at last and in a natural tone.

"'A slight twist of the ankle, not worth mentioning,' I said. 'Thank God, I hear your natural tone once more,' I continued. 'Conant, I will not intrude myself on you, except to hear how this has come about. That I must know.'

"'You shall have it,' he replied, after a pause. 'I cannot refuse as we stand face to face, but I would have traversed a thousand miles to have avoided it—to have avoided you.'

"'To have avoided me, Conant?' I said. 'Have you no memories of our past companionship—no thought of our old life together?'

"'Nothing, nothing whatever,' he replied, in a perfectly calm tone. 'If I exhibited emotion on seeing you it was not from such recollections, but—no matter. How shall we manage?' he continued, after a long pause.

"'If you would hear what I have to say you must come with me; this is no place for it; but you cannot walk, and I have no means of transportation.'

"'I will walk,' I said, 'if every step is an agony.'

"'I made the best preparations I could. The two hours' rest disclosed there was nothing serious after all, and taking Conant's arm we proceeded to his dwelling.

"'You know there is a certain magnetism, a something which produces a sense of genuine companionship, when we take the arm of a friend. Between Conant and me this was always experienced in the strongest degree. I was the more sure of it, the more I was grasping an intimate object for support.'

"'Not a word was spoken the entire distance. We reached the place at last; a plain log cabin, like those in the neighborhood, only smaller. The door was wide open, and I went in. I found myself in a room which contained a small iron bedstead and bed, one chair, a small table and a chest of drawers, positively nothing else.

"'Will you lie down,' said Conant. I said that it was all right and sat down upon the bed. Conant took a seat beside me.

"'It is a short story, and shall be quickly told.' He spoke in a sharp, incisive manner. 'You may remember the last letter I wrote you in reply to your promise that you would soon visit me—a long letter, wasn't it? Is it not strange,' he added, abruptly, 'that we are permitted no warning, no presentiment, no subtle, psychological premonition of what almost instantly is to happen to us, involving catastrophe and destruction. The letter, yes, I posted that letter with my own hands. It was already evening'—here Conant's voice grew hurried. 'On my way home I stopped to see Eleanor; we were to be married in three months; three months from that very day. Who Eleanor was and what she was to me—you used to know me and you may imagine.'

"'I was in particularly high spirits when I entered the room. I found Eleanor quite in the same mood. She always enjoyed the perfection of health. We spent an hour together, then some friends came in, and in the course of our general badinage, one of her cousins remarked:

"'I think it is too bad, doctor, that Eleanor has never given you an opportunity to show what a skillful physician you are. Can't you persuade her to be a little sick just for once?'

"'No, indeed, not even for once,' I said.

"'On due consideration,' exclaimed Eleanor, entering into the spirit of the scene, 'I believe I am a little ill this evening, and am sure I should feel all the better for one of your prescriptions.'

"'The jest ran round, Eleanor from time to time describing imaginary symptoms of a decidedly nervous character, and insisting that for the last two nights she had not slept well at all.

"'When it came to the point, however, that I was actually pushed by the company for a prescription, I unequivocally declined to make one.

"'Ah,' said Eleanor, 'you do have patients who imagine they are nervous, with whom there is nothing whatever the matter, and for whom you are forced to prescribe. I have heard you say so. Now, I insist upon such a prescription. Do you know,' she added, turning to one of her friends, 'I have never yet set eyes upon one of his prescriptions.'

"'It seemed foolish to continue serious, so I took my tablet and wrote this.' Here Conant produced a small scrap of paper. It read:

"R. Tr. Humbul. Zi  
Eig.—One teaspoonful in a wine-glass water on retiring. CONANT.

"This, you, of course, know," remarked

Evans, interrupting his narrative, "was nothing more than the tincture of hops, utterly harmless. Neither narcotic nor anodyne, slightly sedative only."

"'This will prove of the greatest service to you, madam,' I observed, with a professional air. "In the morning I shall expect to find you entirely recovered." There was a general laugh as I made the announcement and quitted the room with solemn dignity.

"'I had several visits to make, so that I did not reach home until after eleven. The first object my eye rested on as I entered the hall was a favorite maid-servant of Eleanor's. She started up quickly on seeing me.

"'Oh, doctor,' she cried, 'Miss Eleanor has been taken so sick. I have been waiting half an hour for you to come in. They said you might come in any minute.'

"'Will you believe it, my first impression was that this was a ruse from the bilious party I had left to bring me on the scene again. A second glance at the messenger undeceived me.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'I don't know, doctor. My young lady is dreadful. Won't you come right away?'

"'I was at the house in five minutes. When I went in her mother met me.

"'Doctor,' she said, 'what can be the matter with Eleanor? Almost immediately on taking your prescription she began to have the most fearful symptoms.'

"'Did Eleanor really carry out the joke and send for the medicine?'

"'Certainly she did. Was there any harm in it?'

"'No more harm than in a spoonful of milk; but I had no thought she would send for it.'

"'Why, immediately on taking it, her suffering commenced. After a few minutes I was alarmed; we sent for you. She grows worse every moment.'

"'I went into Eleanor's chamber—her chamber. She was in bed, in agony—in a great and not to be controlled agony.'

"'Albert,' she cried, 'I am so very, very ill! How long you have been in coming to me. You did not know how ill I was, did you, Albert? But you are so wise, you will relieve me; I know you will.'

"'There she lay in the thrall of death. You will understand the symptoms: A pungent heat in the palate and fauces; a burning sensation in the stomach; a numbness over the limbs, even to the extremities. The action of the heart intermittent and weak, with violent retching, yet the head clear, and three-quarters of an hour lost. You know what that means. 'Where is the medicine?' I asked. The vial was placed in my hands. It was the tincture of acetic acid which had been put up instead of what I ordered."

"'She essayed to put her arms about my neck and to impress a kiss on my forehead. She expired as she made the effort.

"'What more is there to tell? I rushed to the druggist's. They had sent to the first petty place which came in sight. I roused the principal and demanded the prescription. It was correct. It had been put up by a young man considered to be competent and having experience. He fled that very night. Flight was confession. I was content that the wretch escaped.'

"'I saw Eleanor laid in her grave; then I quitted the accursed town and went into the wilderness, where, I scarcely know. After a season I came here. Now let me conduct you back to your house.'

"'One word, Conant,' I exclaimed, 'have you really nothing to say to me, your old, tried, loving friend? Do you throw me off in this way without a thought?'

"'You misunderstand, he answered; 'I do not throw you off. I have no feelings—none. No sensibility touching the past remains to me—only Eleanor. I live only with Eleanor.'

"'But,' continued I, 'you do interest yourself in something. The folks here call you "doctor," and you came to me as such, not knowing who I was.'

"'Conant laughed an unnatural laugh. 'It is true I sometimes attend these innocent people. I prepare their medicines with my own hands. Bread pills and colored water from Magendie's dispensary. It is my entire pharmacopœia—ha, ha, ha! Nobody dies.'

"'But, Conant, have you no thought of duty! You with your talents, your acquirements, the prospects that might still await you?'

"'Prospects! Talk you to me of prospects when her voice is hushed? Talk you to me of prospects who should call himself her slayer by making a jest of my profession? Prospects for me? Think you I could encourage a new ambition with that scene—a living scene—before me? Come, come!'

"'He helped me back to the log-house and turned and left me.'

Just then a company of merry voices broke in on us—hearty, healthful, strong. These came from a party of English people who were rowing about in their boats.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly twelve o'clock.

"'Evans,' I said, 'there is no sleep for me to-night. Let us go on the water.'

"'It is what I was about to say myself,' he replied.

We quitted the room and engaged a sturdy fellow for the night. A full moon shone over the mountain peaks and across the green valleys and upon the smooth waters of the lake.

We talked of everything—everything except what had lately so intensely held us; chatted about trivial scenes and nonsensical matters; and, so strangely contradictory are our human attributes, we laughed and we jested over them.

In this way the night wore on—the night during which neither of us felt willing to land.

It was not till the sun had sent his first glance above the glacier, across the bosom of the lake, that we attempted to find rest in a brief slumber.

English Provision Market.  
Latest mail news from Liverpool says:  
CHESH.—The market continues firm and buyers more disposed to operate than for some time past, and for finest September makes 66s to 68s is obtained. Some holders relate to sell under 70s, as the stock on this market at present is undoubtedly the smallest; we have had for many years and any improvement in the demand would cause prices to advance, as the home makes are now about sold. Buyers who have been confining their purchases recently to medium quality find that they cannot obtain any further quantity of this grade, and it is generally thought that we shall see a decided improvement in the demand next month.

BURTON.—With cold weather holders are firm, but seem disposed to meet buyers, and there has been a fair trade done at fully last week's quotations. Stocks generally are small. We quote finest Canadian township and Brockville, 115s to 118s; Amesbury, 108s to 105s; medium grade, 70s to 80s; creamery, little or none here.