(From London Truth, Dec. 26.)

"Oh, woe the day that first I sat, Or, rather, that 1 stood, sir! If I had known what I was at, I never, never would, sir. For since that time I've had no leace, No time to call my own, sir;

My sittings came with no surcease,

I rarely was alone, sir.

"They took me -full length-standing up They took me lying down, sir; They took me drinking from a cup, And with a floral crown, sir; They took me in a Yoeman's hat, And peeping o'er my muff, sir; They took me cuddling up my cat,

They took me taking snuff, sir! "They took me white with paper snow, They took me in a swing, sir; And all amongst the rushes, O, And putting on my ring, sir; They took me in a hammock swung, And pack'd up in a box, sir; And to a cross of pasteboard hung. And feeding hen; and cocks, sir !

"They took me wandering on the coast, They took me as a nun, sir; They took me making buttered toast, And eating Fally Lunns, sir; They took me kneeling on a chair,

"They took me early, took me late, On land and in a boat, sir; They took me on a rustic gate, They took me with a goat, sir; They took me buttoning up my glove, And hugging my pet pug, sir; They took me kissing some dead dove, And wrapp'd in my for rug, Eir !

They took me eating damper;

And popting from a hamper!

They took me with dishevell'd hair,

"They took me in a dozen hats, And dresses by the score, sir; They took me, back'd by Indian mats, And glancing round a door, sir! They took me as Elaine the fair, And as the 'Gardener's Girl,' Fir; They took me letting down my hair, And with it up in curls, sir.

They took me smiling in my sleep, And a l'equestrienne, sir; They took me, posing as Bo Peep, And talking to a wren, sir. In short, they took me every way That fancy could suggest, sir; Until at last, to my dismay, They even took my rest, sir."

MASKED.

(Mayfair

"I say, Jones, you won't mind if I take my butterfly net and go out and look for moths; there are some very rare ores in these parts?"

"Young Vaughan," I replied sternly, "you are hopelessly indolent and desultory. An acquaintance with the habits and ways of moths, or even of glow-worms, will be of no kind of use to you in the first public examination or Mods. Why can't you stick to your book, like Campbell there?" •

"Oh I did an awful lot this morning, Jones : I read a hundred lines at least." "This, sir," I replied, "is adding studied insult to injury. I looked at your note-books and I beheld and saw that you were composing

Snglish verses."

The desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow, was that the theme?" interrupted Campbell. "You know very well, Vaughan, it is no use trying to deceive me. I have my cold grey eye upon you," here the speaker raised from his book pair of very merry blue ones, "and I believe that you are the moth, and that the light is somewhere not very far off, and that you will burn your foolish fingers. Who was that maiden all in white I saw you following last week, that night when I came home late, with the one-pounder trout?"

"Campbell's Hegira is the capture of the pounder trout," said Vaughan, not without a blush; " he dates everything from that tremendous event in the history of sport."

I suppose I looked a little grave and an-

noyed, for he went on, "Keep your paternal mind at ease, Jones lows through the wolds, whatever wolds may e. I don't mind telling you that, after investigation made in the neighborhood, I have not seen even a plain woman. No, they're all hideous, the maids of merry Monkshire. 'Tis science, natural science, I pursue.

Here he used the coarse, vulgar name that is given to the school of Natural Science by many who should know better, took up his butterfly-net, and went off through the open

I'm going to take a class in ——."

window, humming, She keeps the shadowy kine

Oh, Keith of Rawlstone, the sorrows of thy line." "All the same I wish he would stick to his

work," I said to my other pupil, Campbell; " he might do so well if he would only try." Campbell grunted something, and went on doggedly with his Ethics, like the steady class man that he was.

thought myself particularly lucky, both in affair, the death of Raleigh, and all the mysthe place and the men. Maynard Grange, teries of the reign from the Gowrie conideal house for study. The country was he could ever explain the death of the P. of X., good deal of irregular shooting among rabbits | than Eleusinian.' And, further, he was very

and rooks.

away Vaughan to croquet or archery meet. | but I, Jones, was to judge for myself. ights through the green and yellowish glass courts of Florence and Paris and Rome, was and more a party mouthpiece, a lay-figure great straggling garden, full of carved box- lini, as dainty a coxcomb as the Mignons of energies and perchance coarser natures. Oc Vaughan, when he could find no other possi- to be one of the favorites of the English Solo- before all things a gentleman, would disblue china bowls, the only ornaments of the feared him more than he liked last year he frankly told the Synod that family that has left its mark, not a very appear in favor of this great orgy of Maynard he wished, they might go home. decorative one, on some of the darkest pages Grange, the Last Tournament, as it were, was emphatically not a great bishop,

an evening's reading. whom had been my friends before I took my had discovered, or thought he had dis- gracious accessibility, and his readiness to minded.

and this he used to do before.

Campbell's account of his behavior had occurred to my mind before, but his denial of the impeachment had seemed unembarrassed, and, on the whole, I preferred to give up thinking of the affair. The authority of a "coach" over a pupil of his own age is, of course, very slight indeed. Besides I had every reason to think that Vaughan could take care of himself, and that his taste might do some moral service where his conscience would have been silent.

That night Vaughan came in very late. Campbell had gone to bed, and I assumed a

rather stern demeanor.

"I'll tell you all about it now," he said, after fidgetting restlessly about the room for a few minutes, during which he managed to drink a glass of brandy and soda-water, which liquid, as a rule, was his detestation. He went on thus: "The first night that he had gone out for a lonely stroll among the lanes, he had caught sight in the dusk of a figure in a white dress moving among the trees. She was a lady, he said, and she wandered about in an uncertain way, sometimes seeming to look for something she had lost, and again waiting as if expecting some one. Her conduct was so odd, and her walk so graceful, that he followed her for sometime till he lost her in a deep lane at some distance from the back of the house. She had never gone far from the Grange, but went over a good deal was excited, of course, and on the following evenings he had always looked for her, sometimes not seeing her at all and sometimes pursuing her for a considerable distance, but never seeing her face. On this last night of cunning, he had been more himself early four yards of where he stood.

very greatly moved, " she wore a black mask, covering the upper part of the face, and when she saw me her eyes shone through like the eyes of a woman gone mad with horror, and her lips were wrung with a kind of laugh, and she called out " Maynard, again ! " and pressed her hand on her heart, where there was a red stain. Then she turned and ran up the lane, and turned task. again and came straight back close to me, and her eyes were set, and her hair all push. ing up from under her visor. I don't think she saw me this time, and I certainly followed her no further. The oddest thing is that Maynard is one of my names-Arthur Maynard Vaughan, and some of my people call me by it. I remember they said I was like the portrait of an old Lord Maynard in the portrait collection last winter. I hope not :

he looked a deeply-stained one." It was not easy to know what to say to this story of Vaughan's. There could be no scholarly taste on the candidates for the doubt that his agitation was real, and it was ministry, he became Archdescon of York, difficult to see why any one should plan, or and received his doctor's degree from Trinity how they could carry out, so elaborate a College University. When an attempt was hoax. On the whole, I was rather relieved when Arthur said, next day, that he thought | Bishop Strachan, after a wearying conflict he would join his people in the Highlands. of parties, the Archdeacon was pitched He was succeeded by a "huge barbarian upon as a compromise of exhaustion, pupil," and, as the nights grow shorter and colder, no one was tempted to wander in the amiable and moderate clergyman, would, lanes; and the October term came, and the it was hoped, though he did not wield the

Years went on; the men took their degrees tions. His last fancy was that he was the First of England, and, as he would say with a sneer, 'Sixth of Scotland-fancy standing six of them! He had access to some family MS. and other curious papers, and really seemed interested, though one doubted Suctonius.' He went on to say that ne had much afraid he had found a clue to the ap-There were scarcely any neighbors to lure | pearance that he had followed in the wood :

first oppressed him when he went to bed after and extravagant costumes were the only wear. aroma of a pure life, a scholarly character bedside wondering why he didn't get up.

degree. Campbell was as nice a companion | covered, that his sister had a lover, and that as he was a steady worker, and Vaughan's Lady Amande should be such a one as himcharacter and ways were full of surprises | self was what he could not brook. He learned even to us who knew him well. So we were the place of assignation at which the masked not very much astonished when he went out | gallant was to meet his sister, and he deterone evening to gather glow-worms, he said, mined to take an Italian revenge on a person but did not return till we had given up hopes | too high to be reached by the laws of the of him for the night. But I began to be an- duel. It need not now to be told how noyed, though I had always known his the P. was prevented from coming mild old gentleman who succeeded him has desultory indolence, at his sudden infatua- to the place of meeting, or how faded away into the shadowy land which yet tion for natural history. It did not seem to from this moment the hope of the nation is probably more real than this. May he affect him in the day-time: he was not dwindled and faded to his early death. rest in peace! and may that Church from otherwise fond of it than was shown by con- Maynard put on the P.'s domino, a simple | which many of us differ, but which we all stantly sending his dog in after water rats, white one, and his mask, and went at moon- respect, find a chief pastor able and wise who rise to the rendezvous, there to astonish, to | will guide her on with fresh vigor and inrebuke, who knows-perhaps to slay, the creased success to the accomplishment of woman who had brought shame on his her arduous and beneficent work. house. They met, and a hidden comrade heard her call the masqued figure by the name of P. ; heard her prey him to remove the vizor that for a long week had hidden his face. The mask was removed; there was a terrible cry of "Maynard!" and the Lady Amande clutched her brother's sword and pressed it to her heart. Quid plura? The old letter I quote from is dated from Flanders, whither the witness of this tragedy had the wit to flee without turning back his head, when he saw and heard what I have described. Do you guess now what the figure was I followed through the wood and why she called my name?'

> Maynard Grange is an ideal place for a reading party; but somehow I prefer to take mine to Scotland, or the Tyrol, or, for that matter, to Zanzibar.

Denih of the Bishop of Toronto. (Mail)

The Right Reverend Alexander Neil Bethune, D.D., LL.D., the second Bishop of Toronto, gently passed away to his rest early | tiful, while three others kep' on fiddlin' as I yesterday morning. On his return fron Europe recently it was observed that he gentleman up and sang, and then a lady looked feeble and somewhat broken; and as winter came on he was obliged to leave the of ground in a desultory way. His curiosity actual execution of his office in the hands of his Commissary the Archdeacon of York and the Bishop of Algoma. Cheerful and serene to the last, he may be said to have just faded out of the world. Last week erysipelas set | braitb, Christie & Co., wholesale dealers in in, and it became evident that the end was not hats, caps, and furs, in this city, was received far off. It is expected that the body will lie with surprise as well as regret. The firm in state in the Cathedral Church, and that it | was supposed to have had sufficient capital for the spot in the lane where he generally | will afterwards be interred below the chancel | their business, and were considered shrewd lost her, and there awaited her coming. The pavement. Immediately after the funeral the and careful financiers, but from what now night was dark and rather cold, and he was Chancellor and Registrar of the Diocese will appears, we fear the facts will not fully supjust thinking of returning home, when the wait on the Dean with the summons to the port this view. Neither of the partners can rising moon topped the hedge above the lane, Synod to meet, and by canon law the be charged, we think, with extravagance in and fell full upon a figure in white, advancing church parliament must be assembled living; both worked hard to meet their bills, towards him, this time, and actually within and ready for the despatch of business the junior partner was assiduous in looking within twenty days thereafter. That after the firm's outside affairs. It is to be "And I tell you, old man," said Vaughan, business will naturally be the election of a borne in mind that high profits have not successor to the vacant See. This is the been obtainable in hats and caps of late years, first time since its erection that the Anglican | that business having been overdone. Then Diocese of Toronto has been left without a the fur and robe trade has suffered from dehead, for when Bishop Strechan died Bishop creased demand and from a fall in prices. Bethune was already coadjutor with the right But we fear that their difficulties are not of succession. The bishop is elected by the | wholly attributable to shrinkage in values free votes of both orders, clergy and laity, and | and heavy losses by bad debts. Good book we wish them well through their responsible keeping might have corrected some of their

his amiability of character, and for the elsgance of his style in composition. Educated for the ministry of the Church he was successively ordained deacon and priest, and after a long and peaceful life as Rector of Cobourg, where as the Principal of the Theological Seminary he left the stamp of his gentle influence and made to elect a co-adjutor to the aged and having the reputation of being an of the adventures of the "Lady in the Mask." of geniality on the troubled waters and mediate between the contending parties in the and went away. As the leaves in autumn are | Church. The following year, 1867, the the generations of undergraduates. Camp. venerable pioneer bishop was gathered to his bell went to the Bar, of course; Vaughan fathers, and Dr. Bethune became Bishop of did nothing in particular, distracted by the Toronto; and now after a stormy episcopate rival claims of a century of literary inven- of twelve years' duration, he, too, has fallen asleep in a good old age, and gone to "where heaven-born historian of the reign of James, beyond there voices there is peace." Dr. Bethune, without being a very eminent theologian, or having any pretensions to genius, was an elegant servery courteous in manners, a very good whether his work would ever get beyond the specimen of the English Church clergymen state of notes. One day I had a letter from who is before all things a gentleman. It is though that reign would have disgusted Strachan, who was a born administrator, a man of sharply cut convictions, and of ring to the last Lord Maynard, and through | the country which he largely aided in opening It was my first reading party, and I him he hoped to 'get a line' as to the Overbury up; Dr. Bethune would have been more at home in an English country parsonage. The deceased prelate belonged decidedly to the which we had taken for the Long, was an spiracy downwards. What would I think if High Church party, and the Church Aspretty, with plenty of trout fishing, and a that mystery, as Mat Arnold says, 'more an occasional petulant self-assertion which not really feel. Auxious to please, and someings, or seduce Campbell with chances of The letter went on to say: "You must and storms raging around him, he was apt to best part," they said, "of the entertain. E uno diavolo incarnato,' or, as Ascham has himself into the arms of the party who employed. ment." It was so old—as old as the days of it, 'an Englishman that is Italianate doth professed an unlimited loyalty to an Elizabeth in one part-so cool, with its quickly prove a devil; incarnate,' Lord May- authority which the opposite party seemed to smooth black oaken floors, so full of rich nard was the worst. He had lived at the him to assail, the good Bishop became more of the narrow panes. Then there was a as desperate a spadassin as Benvenuto Cel- pulled from behind by men of stronger trees and great creamy roses, with which Henri of Valois. Such a character was sure casionally he would assert himself, and, being ble form of idleness, used to fill some big mon, but it was well known that James concert the plans of his friends, as when house. The place had belonged to a noble him. The King, therefore, did not as they would not give him the assistant of English history. But the name has and culminating shame of the Court. This incumbency of the chair was marked by no passed from the peerage and whatever the was that "Masque of the Deadly Sins," of outburst of energy in Church matters; he last Lord Maynard knew of the Overbury which you have come across the name in the has struck no deep stamp of individuality in

afford them any help which his presence and services could bestow.

The sturdy little figure of the hard grained Aberdeen man, with his keen eye, trotting swiftly along our streets with hat tilted back on his head, stick under his arm, and subdued whistle, has vanished down the dark road. The thin, almost ascetic, refined and

" Punch," Jan. 25.

FIE, FOR SHAME, SANDY!-(A rebuke to Glasgow Bank sufferers.) -A hair of the dog that bit you. Starting a lottery to pay your losses at unlimited loos!

FINANCING .- Tommy : " Oh, gran'pa, dear. I've been counting what my Christmas presents will cost, and it just comes to ten shillings. I've saved up one and sevenpence. Can you advise me where to get the rest?"

PERIODICAL FROM THE WASH .- Mr. Smelfungus has adopted into his wardrobe the title of a popular miscellany. He calls his clean shirt Once a Week.

FAMILY PRIDE. -- Street Arab-"They couldn't take my father up like that—it takes six p'licemen to run 'im in !"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE .- "Well, nurse, did you her back. find your way all right to St. James' Hall?" "Yes, thank you, sir." "And how did you day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not like the Christy Minstrels?" "Well, I was embarrassed at all," said he, "it's my credirather disappinted, sir! There was one of tors that are embarrassed," them as played on the violingshenner beauthought they'd never leave off; and then a played on the pihanner. But none of their faces was blacked!" (With Mr. Punch's apologies to Mesers. Joachim, Zerbini, Ries, Piatti and others.)

The news of the suspension of Messrs. Galmistakes, and made known the real position Dr. Bethune was born in Montreal on the of the firm at an earlier date. It is not possi-23rd of August, 1800, and was consequently | ble yet to state what the amount of the firm's | occupation?" "I am a judge of the Supreme in his 79th year. He was one of "Strachan's | liabilities is, or what proportion to them boys," and distinguished himself early for | the available assets bear .- Journal of Com-

BETTER AND BEST-CLEVER BUT UNPROFIT-ABLE.—Mr. Charles Ford's feat of writing with a pen the Lord's Prayer within seven-eighths the circumference of a five cent piece, a Quebec correspondent says, is no doubt very clever, but he sends us a specimen of fine writing done by Mr. J. B. Lefranc, clerk at the Central House, in that city, which eclipses it. Within the same space he has written the Lord's prayer in French, the Ave Marie, the year, month, date and his signature. Mr. W. R. Taylor, late of Newfoundland, who passed through the city last week, brought to this office a still finer specimen of writing, being no less than the Creed twice, the Lord's Prayer once, and the year inside the circumference of a circle the size of a five-cent of Balliol; 'tis no milkmaiden thy pupil fol- end of this reading party, and of the first part sturdy sceptre of Strachan, pour the oil however and the writing cannot be made out however, and the writing cannot be made out with the naked eye. He says he only occupied four hours' time in doing it .- Montreal

It is stated in the London Times that Dr Boll has discovered that the phenomenon o vision is a case of veritable photography, and that subsequently Dr. Ruhne has discovered the organ by which a purple pigment in the last retinal layer of the eye is regularly deposited. Without in any way discrediting these discoveries, the Athenæum calls attention to mon writer, and a man of blameless life, a passage in a paper by Sir John Herschel printed in the Royal Society's "Transactions "in 1842, in which he stated, drawing conclusions from some remarkable photograhim, saying that he was plodding away, true he suffered by contrast with Bishop phic effects which he was then studying that the phenomenon of vision was of photographic origin, the images of external objects being eight-hour-a-day, sure-to-get-a-good-second- just unearthed some letters of the time refer- indomitable will. Dr. Strachan just suited printed by the solar rays on the retina or the choroid coat of the eye.

A New RESISTANT .- Coal-armour is the newest idea among English naval constructors. A coal bunker eight or ten feet wide, filled with coal, has been found to resist the sociation movement seemed to drive him into | projectiles of the 41-ton gun (nearly seven inches bore), even when fired under congave him the appearance of a repugnance to ditions most favorable for penetration, and the Evangelical party which perhaps he did experiments have been tried by exploding shells with increased bursting charges in the what bewildered by the ecclesiastical breezes | coal without setting it on fire. For converted merchant steamers and vessels, where the cricket, the one temptation he could not know that of all the scoundrels who at that lean upon the advice of others. Circumstances greater part of the machinery is placed above resist. But the Grange itself was "the time justified the saying 'Inglese Italianato, having given him an excuse for throwing the water line, these bunkers are likely to be

> THE TREATMENT OF SPRAINS .- Mr. Daore of this form of injury, says that in the more severe cases he finds that after a few days of advance of the Gospel. fomentation the best treatment is regulated pressure by means of carefully adjusted pads and large plasters of a special shape, varying according to the particular joint involved By this plan he feels sure that it is possible to control the effusions into the sheaths of the tendons and adjacent structures, to lessen the pain, and to shorten the duration of treat-

affair sleeps with him in the vaults of the memoirs of the time. They only mention it the diocese as did his predecessor, and his a fleeting show because his girl had gone out parish church. Doubtless the Grange was vaguely, and with a shuddering horror, and successor will find plenty of scope for energy, riding with another fellow, tossed off what he only part of what had once been a much it is but now that I have come across some and by a firm yet conciliatory attitude may supposed was a vial of laudanum which he meet the ghost of a lady of honor in the old | week's festival at the Grange, during which | copal duties with the utmost con. | he had slept for nearly twenty hours he woke | the late. This is a scandalous world." parlor was never gratified and Campbell had no one was to be permitted to appear unlong got over the Celtic eeriness which at masked, and all manner of outre, hideous industry, and has left behind him the below zero and his landlord standing by his a place where a festival was in progress, and

What of That!?

Tired Well, what of that? Didst fincy life was spent on beds of ease, Flattering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze? Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day Coward, arise ! go forth upon thy way !

Lonely! and what of that? Some must be lone y! 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive rise and fall, To blend another life unto its own: Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Didst foodly dream the sun would never set? Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet! Lear n then to walk by faith and not by sight; Tay steps will guided be, and guided right. Hard? Well, what of that?

Dark! Well, and what of that?

Didst fancy life one summer holiday, Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die! It must be learned! Learn it then, patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so! Though human help be far, thy God is nigh. Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry, He's near thee, wheresce'er thy footsteps roam, And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee

Humor.

Has a walking match any connection with a running candle?

"I presume you won't charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

When does the rain become too familiar with a lady? When it begins to patter on

A bankrupt was condoled with the other

"Why, Willie," said his mother at dinner, " you can't possibly cat another plate of pudding, can you ?" " Ob, yes, I can, ma; one more plate will just fill the Bill."

"What is the reason," said an Irishman to another, " that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, " we are both of one mind-she wants to be master, and so do I."

Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman whose cow had been killed, "But she did'nt get out of the way when I rang the bell." " Faith, thin," said Pat, "ye didn't shtop when she rang her bell, naythur."

"I am convinced that the world is daily growing better," remarked a reverend gentleman to a brother minister; "my congregation is continually increasing." "Curious." replied the other, who happened to be a penitentiary chaplain, "for so is mine."

We are not abliged to believe everything we hear. Stanley was told at Karagwe of a strange people " who had long ears descending to their feet; one ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover them from the cold, like a dressed hide."

While one of the Supreme judges was recently staying at Paris, he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked him a number of questions, and among the rest, "Where do you live?" "In California." "Well," asked the rude Gaul, "what is your Court." "Oh, ah!" returned the Frenchman, "then I need not ask your namo-it is Lynch,

The Court Circular tells a little story of a traveller who- But we will let him tell his own story : " The other day I paid for a railway ticket costing three shillings and sixpence with a sovereign. A minute after leaving the booking office I found the clerk had made a mistake, and, returning, I said to him, 'You gave me the wrong change just now for a ticket to B --- .' 'Very sorry, sir,' was the reply ; ' you should have counted it at the time. We never rectify errors after passengers have left the counter.' I protested, but in vain. 'Very well,' I said at last, 'you gave me a shilling too much. Good morning.' The clerk's face was a treat. But I stuck to my shilling."

COOKING IN THE SICK ROOM .- Cooking in the sick room is an improper thing to do-it not only irritates the enfeebled brain and nerves of the patient, but the odors arising therefrom render the atmosphere of the room more or less impure. No food of any kind, whether in the crude state or already prepared for eating, should be kept in the sickroom or in its immediate vicinity. In the first place, if such food throws out any odor it will annoy and injure the patient, and, in the second place, the unhealthy vapors of the sick-room will pass into it, contaminating it and rendering it unnit to eat on account of its tendency to cause disease among those who use it.

The Pope, considering the present conditions of the Church and society, has thought that the observance of too many festivale, especially in Italy and Spain, causes both material and moral evils. Instructions have been issued to the bishops to study and report on this subject. Complaint was long ago made in Canada that the observance of so many holidays, in addition to the fifty-two Sundays in the year, seriously hampered in his industry or business the Catholic trader, artisan or farmer in Quebec.

All the bishops in the House of Lords but one-Dr. Mackarness, of Oxford, a prelate of Mr. Gladstone's creation-voted with the Government on the Afghan war question. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has deemed it necessary to explain his vote by publishing a letter, in which he says that he came clearly to the conclusion that the war was one of necessity and not of injustice or of concealed designs. To have acquiesced Fox, an English surgeon to a large railway in the Ameer's refusal would have involved company, who has had considerable experience | the danger of the decline of English influence in India, which also meant a decline in the

It is related that in a gambling trial in one of the Western States it was thought best that the jury should be instructed in the practical working of a faro table, and the judge ordered the necessary apparatus to bebrought in, and directed the defendants to give an exhibition. All hands became so interested in the game that the sheriff, seeing A Saratoga youth who thought the world moned a posse, and arrested the whole roomhow things were going, went outside, sumful, including the Court itself.

"And you are really going to marry again, nobler mansion and might have witnessed details in papers and letters which I have take up and carry forward towards comple. procured at a druggist's, and laid him down after losing that dear husband of yours—and many a wild revel of the court of the First been permitted for the first bishop, to die. But the divining apothecary had you so young and pretty yet!" "My love, James. But Vaughan's expressed desire to The "Masque of the Deadly Sins" was a Yet Dr. Bethune discharged his epis- given him a sleeping potion instead, and when it's simply out of respect for the memory of

addressing a citizen. "Well," replied the Of the other scandals and shames of this and an unostentatious benevolence, that will The man who got in a barber's chair, pinned citizen, "they call it fair, but they take every-Everything, so far, had been pleasant. I revel nothing need be said; let us go to the linger long in our memories. His clergy will a newspaper round his neck and began to body in." He probably had invested in a ticket was scarcely older than my pupils, both of events of the last two days. Lord Maynard not soon forget his unfailing courtesy, his read the towel, may justly be called absent- in an oyster-soup lottery, and had drawn a

ut ill. He in