

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

Were a romantic maiden to be pictured to my reader's mind, modesty would never allow me to assert that the modern Cinderella and I were one and the same. But this is not the story of the charming and abused Cinderella whom we all knew in childhood. This is an entirely new and original one, a commonplace Cinderella with no step-relatives, no ashes to live in, and, what is worse than all else, this nineteenth century reproduction wears a number four boot. Instead of being in the kitchen, where she should have been, to deserve her name, she was boarding. Remember this in no heroine of *ye olden tyme*, but of the Centennial year 1876, and boarding too, in the most forlorn little town that ever lured a visitor by a dishonest advertisement in a city newspaper of *charming summer board*.

My uncle John had spent the last four years of his life dragging Julia and me through Europe. After he had urged us up every elevation and down every shaft and hole in the Eastern hemisphere, and had personally examined every pebble in Switzerland, I fondly hoped he would have settled down. He didn't, though; he took to politics, and my sister Julia was keeping the Senator's house in Washington, and I was in Munson. Had the hotel in Munson such luxuries as piazzas or hammocks, Mrs. Ray and I certainly would have taken advantage of it that warm June afternoon. There was a lilac bush, and under its mesagre shade we sat reading. It was well our party was so small, for that lilac gave the only shade about the premises, and, as it was, an umbrella was found necessary to piece out the shadow.

"What a capital preparation this quiet is for Philadelphia! We shall be as fresh as possible for the sight-seeing!" Mrs. Ray always spoke cheerfully, and had we been stranded in Spitzbergen instead of Munson, she would have found something to be thankful for.

"You certainly take a cheerful view. But after two weeks of the *table d'hôte* here, and the damp under-erasts, I should doubt my ability to do any hard work."

"Only keep the vital spark alive until tomorrow, and then I feel sure we can bid a long farewell to Munson. Still, my dear Ruth, you are not emaciated as yet, even after two weeks of rhubarb pies."

"Don't—don't, please, allude to my weight. To think of my coming so near starvation and not to lose a pound. I don't believe, though, Libby Prison would have told on me. But I believe it's an exploded idea now that Mr. Libby set rather a mean table." Then followed a long sermon from Mrs. Ray on the sinfulness of wishing one's self a little thinner than one was, and she ended as usual by assuring me that, for a sensible girl, I was very silly on one point. Mr. Ray had written us to meet him the next day in New York, and no instruction had I received from Washington telling me where my family would join me in Philadelphia.

"There must be some word from Julia, and I'll begin my hard work by a walk to the post-office. She certainly will write me to go with you or stay here, or unfold some lucky plan of hers for shelter in the good Quaker City," and picking myself up, I shook myself free of countless animate and inanimate things that had crawled and fallen on me while I sat reading.

A two-mile walk in the dust and sun for one postal card. And that an old one! Dated the 20th, and more than a week old.

"Why haven't you delivered this to me before? I have been here every day for letters."

When for answer the little old man laughed I saw the reason of his being behind the iron grating—to protect himself from injury from angry individuals who had been served as I had been.

"You wouldn't mean to tell me that card was addressed to you. I only handed it out to get you to read it. It's puzzled lots of folks. Some thought it was for some of the Myers, and they've been in Westonsin since '73. Lemme look. *Miss Ruth Wyman*. 'Wa! I never should have mistrusted.' For fear that even at this late day the postmaster of Munson should be investigated by the postal authorities for this irregularity, I must be candid and confess, though I criminate one of my own family, my sister Julia's writing is stylish. Legible? No, never. But it is *usefully* stylish, the girls at school used to tell me, by way of consolation, when I could not read one word in ten in her letters. A vigorous correspondence of a winter enabled me to improve on that proportion, and I read without much difficulty:

WASHINGTON, July 20.
Come with the B's Saturday. Uncle and I will meet you at the station. In case either are delayed, go directly to our boarding-house, 707 Maple street. I was lucky to hear of the place. Well house; were rich, but have a spendthrift son. We behave like friends. Oh, how hot!

JULIA.
There in an egg-shell, or rather a postal card, were my sailing orders. Go ahead and join the crowd of patriotic free-born American pilgrims who were thronging to celebrate their nation's advanced birthday at Philadelphia. Mrs. Ray was much pleased that we could together shake the dust of Munson from our feet—a dust we executed with great spirit. Mr. Ray failed to meet us in New York, as his partner or partner's wife had died or done something inconvenient; so Mr. Ray sent Mrs. Ray's Liah—no, I believe they are called *French*—maid.

"Yes, madam, Washington tra's two hours late."

"Any accident?" I asked, sadly, for that train contained the only family I had in the world.

"Misplaced switch!" and the official turned away, evidently thinking he had told me something very consoling. Misplaced switch! Why, that was always the trouble when trains ran down embankments and nobody survived to tell the tale.

"He certainly would have told us if anything serious had happened, Ruth. So don't begin to anticipate horrors." I believe Mr. Ray thought it sinful ever to look serious. I did not long oppress her with my sadness, for I cheered up at once after Mrs. Ray cornered a busy official, and by dint of much questioning extracted the pleasing information that nothing in the least alarming had occurred to the Washington train.

"Now, dear, come immediately with me to the Continental. Mr. Ray has engaged a room, and Julia and your uncle can call for you when they arrive."

"That plan doesn't please me much. I think I shall go, as Julia said, to our boarding-house, or rather brown stone front where we are to visit, and pay dearly for the privilege."

"I know she said so, but you will be quite lone, I shouldn't feel easy a minute to leave on."

"Nonsense; I sha'n't mind waiting until three alone. You know I'm used to living in

boarding-houses, and I know how to manage to get things comfortable. I fancy this one isn't so unlike others I've been in. Then I must at least dust myself before meeting my fastidious sister."

"Seven hundred and seven, marm!" and our driver stopped before a row of elegant houses. In vain I tried to discover one a little less stately or less liberally provided with plate glass and lace curtains. Even to the third and fourth story that degree of elegance ascended.

"This is much pleasanter than anything I could have offered, but I feel most unwilling to leave you alone. Were it not that I feel my neuralgia coming on, I should stay with you."

"That I won't hear of for a minute. Ah, charming! here comes the colored attendant;" and I hastened to put into his hands all my small traps.

"Bring Julia to me as soon as she comes, and good-bye for an hour. I kissed my cotton glove to the dear friend who was peering from the window of the coach that was quickly whirling her out of sight, leaving me standing alone, save for the servant who stood ready to usher me in.

"Missus was sorry, but she was really obliged to go out. Said you was to be quite at home, and she would be at home very soon."

I followed the apologizing darkey up the steps, and through a dimly lighted hall.

"Never mind. Only show me the ladies' parlor, and I will wait for the rest of my party."

"Yes! Here's the drawing-room." He seemed to resent my choice of words.

"Well, this is luxury," I said to myself as I stepped under a curtain into a large room in the dim light I could see little excepting the sparkling chandeliers. But the soft carpet on which I stepped, the subdued rich coloring, and the unmistakable elegance of everything, which I felt rather than saw, convinced me that the son had been slandered. He could not have been such a dreadful spendthrift after all, or he would not have left his mother so many comforts in the way of plate mirrors and fine bronzes. Perhaps, though, he had devastated the attic, and was working down to the cellar. Feeling sure I was alone, I walked up to a long mirror and took a survey. Certainly Jane Eyre in Rochester's ancestral halls could not have presented a more ludicrous reflection. My hair, which curls enough always to look as though I had taken a prominent part in a hurricane, was in its usual condition; gray stuff dress, it must be confessed as good as when I started, but with such surroundings it looked shabby enough; dusty boots and dusty collar; and it was well my hat was gray by nature, for veil and gull's wing were thick with dust; gray cotton gloves, that Mrs. Ray insisted were the only fit things for travelling. "I must have a room and repair damages," I thought, on turning from the mirror, and I began groping for a bell cord.

"Sam!"—I started, for I thought the voice came from the same room where I fancied I was alone—"Jam!"—no; the voice came from the room beyond the curtain, and that voice was the voice of the spendthrift—"has the young lady come?" I could only hear one voice, Sam answered so softly. "And my mother not in! Rather awkward, or I don't even know her name. Look on her trunk." I heard Sam go into the hall. "I shall be glad enough when we can shut up this boarding house. She makes the eighteenth mother has taken in." As if it wasn't all his fault that she had to have me in her house, where she ought to have been!

"No, Sah, there's a J. and a W." Sam intended to whisper, but his voice came to me clear and distinct.

"Is she upstairs? In there! You stupid! why didn't you say so?"

I hoped that was the beginning and end of our intercourse, but he evidently regarded it incumbent on him to come in and entertain his mother's boarder. If the doors had not been cut with a view to his height, he would have had to come in sections. He looked ten feet tall, and equal to some more muscular labor than dawdling about his mother's house.

"I am very glad to welcome you to Philadelphia, though it would have been pleasanter had my mother been here to present us. I have never been so happy as to meet you before."

I was surprised at his cordiality. Doubtless, though, on our departure this would be explained—address of welcome, extended by son, so much. I did not shake hands with him, though he evidently expected that greeting. Julia had said we were to behave like friends, but to shake hands with a stranger, and he a spendthrift, was too much.

"Thank you. I am glad to get here, though I wish the rest of my family could have come with me."

"I wish they might. I am sure you fatter us greatly if, on so short an acquaintance with our city, you think your family would enjoy it too. Why can they not come?"

"They are coming. My uncle and sister will be here very soon. Their train was late."

"Indeed! Mother neglected to tell me we were to be favored with two young ladies. Though she has had so much on her mind for weeks, that is hardly to be wondered at."

"Did she order dinner for us? We shall want a substantial dinner when they get here."

"Certainly. Travelling in this country is hungry work. Our station restaurants are so abominably conducted. I wonder people with delicate appetites don't starve." This country! he wished me to understand he had travelled. By his patronizing tone he probably thought this my first appearance from the backwoods. I decidedly wished I hadn't come. He stared so rudely when I said nothing, and even worse when I made a remark. "Is this your first visit to Philadelphia? It is rather an unfortunate time, the city is so overrun with queer people who have come to see the elephant."

"I told him I had come to see what he called the elephant."

"Pardon me, I hoped you came, I was vain enough to think you came, partly to gratify us. Was it all on account of our having something to show you?"

"I came solely for the Exhibition, though I don't believe I shall be repaid for my trouble." He had the rudest way of looking at me, and almost laughing in my face when I spoke.

"You said your uncle was coming. Have I ever seen him?"

"A third person is hardly the one to ask." I tried in every way to make him understand that I wanted to be let alone; but he seemed obtuse to my meaning, and persistently revived the one-sided conversation.

"You come from Maine, I believe. Is not the climate of Maine most delightful?" He was trying to be cynical.

"Especially March."

"I imagined you snow-bound until June."

"Oh no, our climate is tropical. March is our most oppressive month." I always have disliked those people who assume such ignorance of the eastern boundary State, and think polar bears our boon companions.

"I am delighted to have my impression corrected. Would it be safe to go from this cold climate to Maine in, say, July?"

"Perhaps, if you keep near enough an iceberg."

"That I could do easily. I believe you live in Maine. The climate of Maine is good to her inhabitants, however. Are all in Maine given such complexions?" Had I been able to speak, I certainly should have called Sam. Such personality was most offensive. It seemed hours that I had been alone with him, but by the clock I saw all my discomfort had been crowded into one half hour. "I have never met any one from Maine before. Are they all so—cold, so brusque, in Maine?"

"Can it be possible you have had no one from Maine this summer? Those in boarding-houses have a great opportunity to study character. I see you have profited by your position."

"Position of landlord!" And he looked very much amused at the thought. "Well, our friends and the travelling public have been very kind to us this summer. Seriously, I think of inserting a slip in the dailies, *thanking the public, etc.*, I hope by a strict attention, etc., to merit their patronage through the winter months. You know the Exhibition lasts only three months more, and then I'm afraid our friends will all desert us." He became quite pathetic when he spoke of losing his boarders, but I knew well enough by what I had overheard that he didn't enjoy keeping a boarding-house any more than I did boarding in it. All this time, which seemed hours, but in reality was thirty minutes, I sat motionless, travelling-bag in hand, gazing through three thicknesses of curtain, in hope of seeing a carriage draw up and deposit my family.

The excessive friendliness with a complete stranger which Julia had enforced was wearing, especially when the stranger turned out to be so loquacious and bent on entertaining me. I wanted Julia should come and take my place, and give me some hints on showing friendliness to a spendthrift. In no young ladies' guide had I ever met a chapter on such an emergency.

"Mother will be so annoyed to be detained! I believe some little orphan has eaten too many unripe peaches, or something like that, and she was sent for to go to the Asylum."

"I hope she won't hurry on my account."

"Thank you. That must mean that you can endure this sort of thing a few minutes more; though upon my word your anxious expression and repeated sighs made me fear I was making but sorry progress in entertaining you."

Entertaining me? A basin of water and piece of soap would have been more congenial entertainment than any he had favored me with; though doubtless this was always the proper way of doing in such a boarding-house. First, address of welcome, then compliments and exchange of conversation, to make the new-comer perfectly at home, and banish any little stiffness that might otherwise occur.

"Do you anticipate much pleasure from the Exhibition?" He asked the question as a man would who was determined to make himself entertaining, no matter what rebuffs met him. "We Philadelphians find it rather tiresome, though I own I enjoy immensely showing mother's young lady visitors the wonders." I should feel sorry to deprive any human being of enjoyment in this world, but I resolved I would not consent to have that creature show me a single wonder. Julia could, and probably would, do as she pleased, but Uncle John and I could go together, and it would not be the first time Julia had deserted the family ranks.

"Yes, I anticipate much pleasure. Will you please see if I may not be shown my room? And please tell your mother we shall want dinner as soon as the rest of my party comes," and I rose, bag in hand, determined to put an end to the *tete-a-tete*.

"Certainly. I will see where the delay is. I was glad to see he realized that there had been a delay. Giving my bag to Sam, I followed him up a flight of broad oak stairs, and into a room as luxuriously furnished as the lower part of the house. I could not make an elaborate toilette had my feelings prompted, as my trunk was below, and no move had been made to take it to my room. I screwed up my hair more snugly, and dusted my boots, and hoped my appearance would be more satisfactory to meet my sister. Those bare stairs! They were signs of the son's extravagance. He had drunk up or gambled that carpet, I felt sure. I once knew a maiden lady who always, in selecting a house, looked first to see if a coffin could be brought down the front stairs. Winding stairs condemned a house in her eyes. I never cared for the wind, but I do for a carpet, and bare, slippery stairs are, in my mind, a relic of barbarism."

A bell! It was just three o'clock. It was Julia and Uncle John. I ran—no, I crawled down the polished stairs, holding fast the balustrade, and, stepping softly as I might, my boots made a racket that reverberated from floor to ceiling. That spendthrift should never see me clinging to the rail; and straightening myself, I proceeded to trip boldly down—too boldly, for I caught my heel and fell, striking on every stair, my thick boots making a great clatter. When my landlady's son came to see the extent of my injuries, I wished I had had sense enough to have killed myself in my fall before getting into such a ridiculous position.

"I am so sorry! Why did you try to go so fast? Those stairs are a great nuisance. Are you hurt at all?"

I was very much afraid I had not hurt myself; but on trying to stand, I suddenly gave it up, and sat down on the lower stair again.

"Where are you hurt?"

"Wait, please, until I find out."

"In the meantime I will pull off this boot," and he was on his knees unbuttoning my boot.

"Stop!—that is the well one, and I can ask you when I want any help." My ankle was throbbing and aching badly, and if that spendthrift kept on bothering I should burst out crying.

"What do you think of doing? Sit on that stair?"

"Yes, until my family come and take me away."

"Away? Why, you've but just come; and my mother told me she depended on your staying two weeks."

"I was silly to come, though I'll not be well enough to stay. Besides, we are at

perfect liberty to go when we please. Uncle John said he wouldn't be tied down."

"Oh, certainly, just as Uncle John pleases. I sha'n't tie him, and when mother comes she will make it all straight."

"She can't help my ankle. Oh, it was all those stairs!" and I felt a tear fall on my nose. I said, "Don't touch that boot!"

"My mother neglected to tell me how stubborn you were."

"Because she didn't know. If I had known you would be so disagreeable I should have gone to a regular boarding-house."

"You are very honest. That boot is to be pulled off!"

"Oh! that hurt me dreadfully; and I didn't tell you you could," and I didn't try to keep back the tears, which came fast.

"Now if we had a slipper. Have you one?"

"Yes—no. I can't get at it." My face was in my handkerchief, and I was given up to my misery when the outer door opened, and I found myself in the ample embrace of some one, who was calling me dear Alice; and the son was explaining the accident and my persistency in sitting on the stair.

"I'm not Alice at all; I'm some other idiot." I sobbed, freeing myself from the elderly lady's arms. "Tell me, is this a boarding-house?—no, not that, but is it a place where they take boarders, and she has a worthless son?" At that point of my confusion I heard a titter, and the son left his mother alone with me.

"There is a mistake. I was expecting a dear young lady. It was so dark—"

"Yes, there is a dreadful mistake, and I have made it."

"Where do you live? Perhaps we can send to your friends."

"Oh, I don't live; I stay sometimes; I'm an orphan!" and with that dismal confession that would have drawn tears from a flint, or would have been a good stock in trade to a professional beggar, I sobbed harder than ever.

"Can't you think of some one I could send for? Were you told to go to 707 Maple street?"

"Yes, they told me to come here and they would meet me. She said it was a fine house, and not a boarding-house; so I came here."

"I am very sorry, indeed, that there was a mistake made. The city, though, is so full of strangers that I do not wonder at such mistakes." The kind old lady had to leave me there on her stair, and welcome the right Alice, who arrived, looking as fresh and pretty as possible, in a dark blue traveling dress. I felt myself to be the most pitiable spectacle that the Quaker City ever harbored, not excepting the spectacle of the hungry B. Franklin and his rolls. I imagined from the low whispers that came from the drawing-room my melancholy position was being explained to Alice. I was too depressed to mind being plied by anybody.

"Perhaps you would let me put this on?" I put down my handkerchief to see the young gentleman who had been so manfully struggling to entertain his mother's visitor standing over me holding an embroidered Turkish slipper. I felt I had said quite enough that day, and if I should ever attempt to explain my rudeness, I could never appear anything else than energetic and insolent. When I pushed out my foot and saw its usually grand proportions so swollen, I could not help saying, and I believe I even had the spirit to smile, "You need a knife. It's a regular step sister's foot, and I guess you'll have to cut heel and toe."

"No, indeed; no surgery is necessary, and there's a fit that proclaims you a Cinderella."

"Thank you; it feels very comfortable. I am going now, and please always think it was a dreadful mistake and forget it all."

"If you promise to forget that worst of all mistakes about the son," and I saw he struggled to keep from laughing outright.

"Oh, don't, please; but get a carriage and let me go."

"Yes, but where?"

"Oh, anywhere—orphans' asylum or insane, I am fitted for either. No, seriously, I don't know where to go."

"Do you know no one in the city? If not, tell me to where I can telegraph?"

"Oh yes, I do know somebody—a lady. I came with her. She's at the Continental. Send for her." I was glad to be able to think of some way out of the difficulty, for every minute of such perplexity was telling on my weakened intellect.

Martha was sent in a carriage, as Mrs. Ray was suffering with neuralgia, to bring me back to the Continental, where I should have at first gone. How grateful I was, for Julia's sake, when Martha and I were tucked in the carriage, and the trunk marked "J.W." on the rack, that the inmates of 707 had no clue to my identity! I could have kissed the little trunk with its mysterious letters for the secret it had helped me keep.

"Where have you been?" was the way Mrs. Ray, Julia, and Uncle John worded their first remark.

"Never your mind; but Julia, look there!" and I pulled her postal card from my pocket. "You were right in its not being a boarding-house, and it was well—I've brought away some in my foot; but it was 707 Maple street. Now ask me where have I been, as though I had done something dreadful."

"Ruth, I'm awfully sorry. If you love me, though, don't produce that writing. Uncle John is all ready to scold. I always make my ones that way."

"With a fall? Then there's one consolation—it's stylish. Though I wish I had known your methods earlier. Fortunately—no, they are as ignorant who their boarder may have been as I am about them. I don't even know their names."

"It's all awfully ridiculous, and so like Ruth!" Julia gasped, as I related the particulars of my adventure. She thought it very entertaining. I was glad it sounded so; it certainly was far from that while it lasted.

"Of course I had on this old gown and boots. When could I have changed them?" Then Julia scrutinized the boot on the well foot, and scorn and disgust were the result.

"Yes, I know they are shabby. I wore them out in Munson going to the post-office so much. I gave them three coats of French dressing, and hoped they would deceive the public; but they're not a success. But where's the other? Martha, didn't you bring it? Oh, dreadful discovery! It's left behind, and it had my name in it!"

"How careless! But what did you put your name in it for?"

"Oh, the name and date! To see how long they would last. I wish I hadn't, though."

"Can't we send now and get it?"

"No, don't. Trust one of the servants has thrown it into the ash barrel before this."

"Unless you behaved, as I'm afraid you did, very high and mighty, I'm not ashamed

of you, for all your gown and those abominable boots. She has grown uncommonly pretty this last year. Don't you agree, uncle?"

"Don't be silly, Julia, above all things, and as uncle John always brought me up by that discouraging maxim, 'Handsome is that handsome does,' you had better not be proud of anything I have done to-day."

When I got well enough Julia insisted that we should drive by the house where I had ordered dinner and almost broken my neck.

"Think, Ruth, of your boots in all that splendor!"

"Don't mention it. Think rather of the scars and scratches it made on those oak stairs. I have returned the slipper. I hope I shall never live to see the day when I shall be mortified by the return of my property. And, Julia, I never dared to tell you before, there were three buttons done!"

A week later, as we were sitting in our parlor, 101 Maple street, a card was handed Julia by a servant.

"Yes, show him up."

"Who?" She handed me a card, and rushed to the nearest mirror to give an additional pat to her yellow curls. "Mr. I. Putnam Graham. Who in the world is this descendant of Israel, and why doesn't he own up to it like a man. I. Putnam."

"Hush, for pity's sake! I met him in Washington. He's very nice. Nannie said she should write him I was here."

"I suppose you know I'm not dressed up?" I said, dubiously, for I had on my old gray stuff gown.

"I ought to by this time. I never knew you to be, the eighteen years I've known you."

"Don't you think, though, I'll do? One comfort—he didn't come to see me."

"Keep that shawl round you, and look what you are, an interesting invalid with a sprained ankle." She threw a white shawl over me, and tucked a sofa pillow under my foot, and that was all she could do to lighten my interesting role of invalid, when I. Putnam Graham appeared, and far from finding him a stranger, I found I had previously known him as my landlady's son.

Of course Cinderella could do nothing but follow the example of the good old Cinderella, and wed the Prince who came bringing the slipper, even though the slipper chanced to be the shabbiest, heaviest old boot that ever escaped charitable distribution. It was altogether too large for the sister. Cinderella couldn't say it was not hers, for there was the name written in full. She sometimes tells her Centennial experience. Her husband! Never. He made a solemn vow never to describe his impressions of his first boarder until five years shall have passed over their married life. She threatens divorce in case he breaks his promise, and three young unemployed lawyers stand ready to take her case.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

New York, October.—A *Herald's* London special of the 6th says the mass meetings which yesterday assembled all over Ireland to discuss the Land Question form to-day the theme of lively debate. According to this morning's papers they show that two currents are at work. The more moderate men advocate as a practical step the concentration of all the country's energy in procuring a total change of the existing system of Irish land tenure, and in making farmers either owners of the soil or joint owners with the landlords. This scheme would involve little dislocation of the existing arrangement for the distribution of the land. It could be accomplished by developing the principles of Gladstone's Land Act. The majority of experienced parliamentary men support this view. Parnell and others of the more extreme section say it is an excellent plan in itself, and yet it does not meet the urgency of the impending crisis. Tenants should refuse to pay rents which have been always oppressive, or which are made so by the pressure of hard times. If they were to stand together in every part of Ireland they could not all be driven off the land. There was no need of physical force; passive resistance would secure the victory. William Shaw, M.P., declared that the results of the present harvest were not so bad as in the past two years. The people of Ireland need not be alarmed. The crisis is exaggerated by selfish men for their own private purposes, but as for the landlords, their letters prove that as a class they are frightened. There is no doubt they will resist, and that they will strive to obtain from the Government such measures as may fortify their resistance.

A Suggestion from Mr. Holyoke.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoke, the English Liberal and exponent of co-operative principles, arrived in Ottawa on Sunday. Yesterday he held an interview with Sir John Macdonald and the Minister of Agriculture, and pressed upon them the desirableness of the Government sending proper information to Great Britain respecting this country—such information as will be of practical interest to the farming and artisan classes. Mr. Holyoke desires the publication by the Canadian Government of a blue book similar to that issued by Lord Clarendon some years ago at his request. Besides the usual information, the volume should mention the localities in which special industries exist, so that an artisan of any particular occupation may know precisely where he will be likely to obtain work, and not enter the country perfectly ignorant of the character of its industries and their location, as is now the case. The book should also state the character and nationality of the labor with which he will have to compete here, the state of the labor market, and the rates of wages, with above all their purchasing value. Mr. Holyoke claims that the most convincing arguments to the prospective emigrant is to show him that he can purchase more of the necessities of life in Canada for \$5 than in England with its equivalent, a sovereign. It is understood that the Premier promised to bring this and other propositions before the Government.

Miss Moffat, of England, skillful horse-woman and whip, capital sailor, accomplished musician, perfect singer, fine painter, champion solver of double acrostics, tall, handsome, with the world at her feet—Miss Moffat, of England, is dead.

Occasionally you will find an exchange that will talk in this manner:—"Bring him into the house now, girls, it is too chilly to loaf around on the front stoop; you can make the gas bill light by keeping the parlor dark."

The Natal colonists purpose presenting Oheinstorf with a service of plates.