Baby in Church.

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing, of hamburg and ribbon and lace, And Mamma had said, as she settled it 'round Our beautiful Baby's face, Where the dimples play and the laughter lies Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes— " If the day is pleasant and Baby is good, She may go to church and wear her new hood.

Then Ben, aged 6, began to tell, In elder-brotherly way, How very, very good she must be If she went to church next day. He told of the church, the choir and the crowd, And the man up in front who talked so loud; But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing, But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May, When the bud-burst into flowers, (There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree So fair as this blossom of ours), All in her white dress, dainty and new, Our Baby sat in the family pew. The grand, sweet music, the reverent air, The solemn hush and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe, As she sat in her little place, And the holy look that the angels wear Seemed pictured upon her face And the sweet words uttered so long ago Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow ; " Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He, And I knew that He spoke of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ peeled forth again, The collection box came round, The Baby dropped her penny in, And smiled at the chinking sound. Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood, Waiting the close of the soft prelude, To begin her solo. High and strong She struck the first note, clear and long

She held it, and all were charmed but one, Who, with all the might she had, Sprang to her little feet and cried : " Aunt Nellie, you's being bad! " The audience smiled, the minister coughed, The little boys in the corner laughed, The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie could never tell How she finished that terrible strain, But says that nothing on earth would tempt Her to go through the scene again. So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best, For her sake, ours and all the rest. That we wait, maybe, for a year or two, Ere our Baby re-enter the family pew.

THE PASSIONATE VIOLINIST:

A Story of Love, Music gloom and sorrow." and Adventure.

buried as it was in clustering vines and that I could yield thee up for ever-that I shrubs, when the sounds of a footstep fall- could go forth from the place made blessed less care—with which, for my dear ing lightly on the path which wound by thy presence, and live on through weary mother's sake, he nurtured me." through the deserted garden caused him to years of absence, sustained only by the look up, and then to gasp for breath, as memory of thy beauty and thy love. But still should seek thy happiness," replied through the thick foliage he saw the lovely now that I gaze on thee again—that I listen Guiseppe; and if he doth, there is no cause figure of Ianthe approaching the place to thy gentle voice—that I see thine eyes for flight—nor would I name it to thee, but he occupied. Her step was slow-her air beaming on me with love and pity, I feel for the haunting fear, that when our love is sad-her cheek pale, and tears glittered on how weak are my resolves--mere ropes of known his anger will enforce our separathe fringes of her downcast eyes. She sand which the strong waves of passion tion, and effect for thee without delay the came near—she passed by without raising scatter into fragments and destroy. Suffer hated union which shall render it eternal!" the place.

Eagerly his gaze followed her retreating form as moving through the shrubs and trees she approached the tower and disappeared within its narrow portal. It was the impulse | ter for thee by far than to acted here rapidly as he did so, when he stood beneath Should he but learn what are thy thoughts asked Guiseppe, with trembling anxiety. the arched doorway she had passed up the steep and winding stairs from sight. He hesitated whether to ascend after her, for as he placed his foot on the lower stair an invisible hand seemed to hold him back, and a voice to whisper in his ear:

"Whither goest thou? and by what right dost thou pursue her whom thou knowest it wrong to seek, and to whom thou hast voluntarily bidden a last farewell?"

he stood in an instant, breathless on the

landing place above. A half open door was before him, but paused irresolute, longing yet trembling to hopes beckoning us gaily onward, and shall long been viewed by him as an event of by the presence of her he loved. While he turn from the sunny path stretching bright exist." cross the threshold of the chamber hallowed yet lingered and listened for some sound to greet him from within, a low sob, mingled with murmured words of prayer met his ear, and yielding to the emotions which rushed like a flood of fire upon his heart, he hastily entered, and stood in the centre of the small apartment which crowned the summit of the tower. But he saw nought that it contained - nought save the kneeling figure which, prostrate before a painting of the Virgin, poured out in bitter agony her secret soul. The blended hues of twilight fell like a rich mantle around her person, illuminating her upturned face, and radiating like a crown of glory from her brow, investing her with such unearthly radiance that Guiseppe gazed upon her with tender awe, almost persuaded he beheld in the angelic being before him a celestial visitant, supplicating for mercy on the sins of frail and erring humanity.

Her brief and earnest petition ended, she rose, and drawing a letter from her bosom, approached the window, and stood in the rosy light to read its contents. That letter was his own-filled with burning words of passion, and blotted as he wrote, with tears of love and of despair. He now saw hers fall fast upon the sheet, he saw her press it in an agony of tender sorrow to her lips, and then hiding it in her bosom, sink upon a seat and weep convulsively. It was a sight to unman the stout. est heart, and to one that loved and suffered like Guiseppe's the firm resolve of prudence was at once forgotten. Love, deep, ardent, grateful, devoted, triumphed over every other thought, and springing from the obscurity in which he stood, he cast himself with passionate words for pardon at the feet of the weeping girl. With a faint shriek she sprang swiftly to her feet, and overcome by surprise and shame vas turning to fly, when he gently caught her robe, and raising his pleading eyes to her

knew not if I was ever more to see."

still wept, as faintly struggling to depart and terrified at the thought of her becom. Disappointed, he stood beneath the low she stood in silence with her averted face ing anothers, he exclaimed, with all the brow of the portal, looking anxiously

detain thee-wherefore, since with vain deaf to thy entreaties, persist in sacrificing attendant planet, the lovely star of the

presumption I have misinterpreted the true source of thy emotion?"

grief that again he knelt at her feet, and covet for thee." sealed his lips in speechless ecstacy upon her gently yielded hand.

murmured after a minute's expressive "Yes," he continued, though seas and mountains separate us, my exile shall in thine eyes, that in thy heart I have a humble home," he answered, soothingly; view with Ianthe, he turned away and place unshared by any other."

said. "It were sad enough to part as friends, but now, --- " and with a quivering lip she paused, and subdued by tenderness and grief, bright tears chased each

other in silence down her cheeks. "Alas! that it must be so," said Guiseppe; "but is there no alternative? May hope farewell, when with a despairing heart, mind, and sometimes, too, I have visited steps to the garden, though had he conand tears of deepest agony, I wrote thee my adieu. It should have been my last, last word of parting; and so it would have proved but for this meeting, unlooked for and unsought; but ah! I may not add man mingle with the sweeter melody of that thou knowest all my love, and some what of my wretchedness, I pray that thou wilt suffer one faint star of hope to linger of the sky." in my dark horizon, guiding me onward

Ianthe with low and trembling utterance, hide from thee, nor from myself," she con-

"Sayest thout so, my beloved? Ah, yes! let my lips utter the language of my

influence it grew rejoicingly and bright." Ianthe, with trembling earnestness; "bet- way by which I may preserve invioleto the brave the fearful anger of my uncle. towards me, and that I -- "-she hesifare with thee, and ill with me, for then sible." thy only safety would be in flight, while my

the dark walls of a convent.' tyranny like this, sweet Ianthe," said clasped it fondly in his own. Guiseppe, eagerly. "Art thou dear to this | "Alas! I know not," she replied, with a and far before us, because a shadowy form, which we, with love's courage may subdue, exclaimed Guiseppe, his passionate eyes sits frowning at its entrance? Forbid it, fixed tenderly upon her, "for they threaten

said Ianthe, with a sad smile; "but if thou the deep undying love with which thou deemest it will weigh aught with my aspir- hast inspired me. Patiently will I await ing uncle, thy true knowledge of him is, as the hour when I may dare to claim thee yet, but limited indeed. Already he hath openly, and till then ---. an early friend, a powerful noble of Venice, sprang in alarm to their feet, while their marriage will arrive."

as he heard this horrible announcement, cautiously descending the stairs, met their while his blood rushed like a tide of burn- ears. Pale and agitated, Ianthe, with ing lava through his veins, and unable to clasped hands sank trembling on the seat, control his emotion, he almost fiercely while Guiseppe touched by her silent agony,

exclaimed: and now thou wilt submit to it, renouncing fear, and rushed out to discover, if possible, every dearer hope, rather than provoke the the intruder.

arbitrary relative!"

He felt her hand tremble violently in his dence that lingered in the mind of the the flight, it vanished altogether, he knew as he spoke, and he could perceive that she youthful lover, and subdued by her grief, not how or where, from view.

sadly, "and wherefore then should I seek to from this threatened fate; for, if thy uncle, radiance, while the young moon with her tesy had I fled at her approach."

thou permit, bear thee hence, secretly, if it | crimson glories of the west. How peaceful He released her hand, and rising, stood must be so, rather than leave thee with one and how calm the scene—how touching and ever, for love her as thou may, pursue to whom thy true happiness is as nought and how holy the contrast which it offered up her face she cast upon him a look of when put in competition with the worldly to the disturbed tumultuous world within

startled girl, pale and gasping with emotion. "Thou lovest me, and I am blest," he "Dost thou ask me to fly with thee! clandestinely too? And whither, whither could we go, if indeed it comes to this, to expectation of discovering the individual, find a shelter in our wanderings?"

"Ah! wherefore rejoice at this!" she bless me that I bring to her a daughter, he had left her, and where he found her in for which dear gift her heart hath ever trembling apprehension awaiting his return.

mother's love!" said Ianthe tenderly. he strove to calm her fears by his tender "But that fair dwelling of thine early and soothing words; and when comforted days," she asked with thoughtful look, by them she regained her self possession, he "is it not far away? Thou hast described it | yielded to her wishes and led her with a to me so often that it seems familiar to my lover's care down the long flight of stone it in sleep; aye, but the past night only, I sulted his own, he would gladly have dreamed that I sat with thee in that small | lingered with her in that old lonely chamgarden chamber which overlooks the blue ber, till the moon quenched her soft light Adriatic, and heard the song of the boat- in the Brenta.

"Ah! were it for me to bid thy star of omnipotence of wealth can purchase. But, avowal might involve them. hope beam undimmed in the heavens, alas! I can offer thee only an adoring heart, And so they parted, and though for a me a paradise of love."

of expression, "that dark clouds hover home, so quiet and so calm, with them - ing she broke from his encircling arms and over and threaten to obscure it, and if now with thee," she murmured, blushing as she fled away, he stood watching with delight we part, before we meet again, its light spoke, at the full confession which her her airy figure, as with the swiftness of a will be quenched in a night of hopeless words involved. "I love not pomp," she timid fawn she sped along the path and it eclat, and the splendor of the life to which Then with a sigh more rapturous than sad my uncle would condemn me; but yet, to he slowly turned to retrace his homeward soul in thus addressing thee," he said. "But sever thus the tie that holds me to his heart way. against which he leaned, he stood bending if this doom indeed impends over us. God I cannot—dare not so repay his kindness. down his head upon the old pedestal, half forbid that we should part. Vainly I believed I were an ingrate if I did, when years have

"For her sake, then, if not for thine, he

her head, and as he felt the air gently me then to remain near thee, and banquet "Dismiss that fear," she said, "for it is stirred by the flutter of her robe, the blood daily on the smiles whose sweetness is my groundless. My hand, no less than my retreated to his heart, and but for his low life's elixir, since, if exiled without a hope heart, is at my own disposal, and neither and hurried respiration, he might have of return, from thy dear presence, I must without my own free consent shall become been mistaken for the "marble genius" of pine and die like a plant cut off from the the property of another. Though in all sun's light and warmth, in whose genial things else my uncle may control me, in this he never shall; and if unjust power "And it were better even so," said is used to constrain me thou hast named a

"And thou milion." ... uysen or ter tated, blushing and embarrassed—"that I but yet reluctantly, "and not until I find have listened to thy words, ill would it escape from an enforced marriage impos-

"And to decide this thou permittest me punishment would be an enforced marriage to name my hopes to thine uncle without with one I love not, or refuge for life within delay, and to ask, even now, though faint the prospect of obtaining it, the precious "Thou wilt not-must not submit to boon of this dear hand," he said, as he

unexpected as it was, could not be resisted, proud uncle of thine, and will he sacrifice troubled air. "It were in truth better to and springing lightly up the narrow stairs, thee to his vain ambition? Permit it not, learn our fate at once, but yet I dread all I pray thee, but remember, if indeed thou that may follow thy avowal, for I fear fare!" dost bestow on me the blessing of thy love, there is little hope from my uncle's clemremember that we stand as yet on life's first ency, his purposes are so resolute—his will threshold, with golden promises and glad so firm, and this projected alliance hath so we then-it is for thee to say-shall we whose ultimate fulfilment no doubt could

"Thy words fill me with terror!" heaven! that such should be our coward- the extinction of that dear hope which this ice; be thou but firm, and nought on earth | hour hath sprung up in my heart, to bloom shall daunt my purpose or destroy my there ever, as I fondly thought, in the glad hope; I will wait and watch, and labor and sunshine of thy angel smile. Ah! I cannot achieve, till I have earned a right, which see it so cruelly destroyed, and I pray thee, if thou sanction it, none may gainsay, to let me still cherish it in silence and in demand thee of thy guardian for my own." secret, still see thee day by day, and breathe "Vain and plausible reasoning of love," to thee when no ear is by to listen,

promised my hand, and looks upon my future | A low rustling sound from the passage at fate as sealed. While yet a mere child, he that moment startled the lovers, and Guicontracted for me an alliance with the son of seppe leaving his sentence unfinished, both and but a few months are now to elapse throbbing hearts seemed suddenly to pause before the period named for this hated as they turned in uncertainty to listen. But all was again still without, and then A cold dew stood upon Guiseppe's brow once more the same sound, as if some one and unable to endure his own suspense, "And thou hast consented to this union! whispered her to await his return without

anger, or resist the will of thy unjust and Though the apartment which he quitted was still illuminated with the golden twihave done so," she said, with a flitting place and the narrow winding stairs were calmer feeling, would not have escaped blush; "when I heard it spoken of unmoved, involved in utter darkness, save where a me." and looked forward to its consummation few rays struggled in through the small with calm indifference—when in the hid- loop holes with which at intervals the untroubled, and all within was peace, the from within, and also of lighting the ascent tence by seeking the earliest opportunity be an architectural glory of the city, are trueting peace, of childhood content with den chambers of my heart the deep foun- thick walls of the tower were pierced, for tains of feeling and affection slept as yet the purpose, doubtless, both of defence trusting peace of childhood, content with to its sumit. But well acquainted with the to renew his guilt." present bliss-fearless of coming ill. But localities of the place, Guiseppe found his now, oh now! that life hath so changed to way without difficulty down the rough assent to this aphorred and dreaded which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's, Dane's Church, which he was almost certain he saw to aspire to her, I had bidden a last them St. Clement's a la me its aspect, think you I would not sooner stairs, descending them with celerity in flying before him as he proceeded. But it farewell. But as a favorite resort, I sought always figures in drawings of the neighbor-Her lovely eyes bathed in tears, and the seemed to elude his pursuit, and like some these ruins to linger a while among their ing Temple Bar. The spot is full of social granting me yet to behold thee, whom I tender earnestness of her impassioned shadowy form to flit rapidly on as he low lived as a student in Clement's Inc. accents, dispelled the last scruple of pru- approached, till, on reaching the bottom of for ever!"

"Thou desirest to go from me," he said, "Confide in my love and I will save thee out, as beautiful it lay, bathed in hues of

"What sayest thou?" exclaimed the into quiet trust and resignation to whatever fate the great Disposer of the future influence?" might have yet in store for him.

After lingering a few minutes in the vain whom he felt convinced had been both an "To a peaceful and a happy, though a eye and ear witness of his passionate inter-"to the arms of a tender mother, who will retraced his steps to the apartment in which Without imparting to her his conviction "Ah! it would be sweet to know a that their conversation had been overheard,

At the door of the tower she besought unwelcome! And now, sweet Ianthe, now thy instrument, while we looked forth him to leave her, lest some watchful eye and numbered the golden stars as they should be observing them; but he persisted came out one by one from the dark depths in conducting her to the extreme limits of fountain, I sat beside it till I heard thy the tangled garden, and there, in compli. step, and now stand before thee to warn "It was an omen, sweet, that dream of ance with her entreaties he left her, but with its cheering ray to achieve a name, thine, of what shall ere long be to us a not till they had mutually agreed that their which when hereafter I shall aspire to link reality," said the delighted Guiseppe. love should remain secret for the present; "Ah! for thy sake, I would I could bear since in the first intoxicating moment of its the estimation of thy proud relative, cast thee to a palace, and shrine thee amidst acknowledgment to themselves and to each upon thee one shade of shame or dishon- such objects of beauty and of luxury as other neither felt that they had courage to now surround thee, and which only the endure all the evil in which its more open

never, oh! never should its rays be shorn filled with thy image, and consecrated to brief interval as they fondly thought, yet of their brightness," said the soft voice of thy dear service, and a home of simplest lingering and sweet was that first farewell comfort, brightened by content and peace of the new-made lovers-he leaving her oft and hallowed by the virtues and affections and then as oft returning to fold his soul of tenderness. "But, alas! I cannot of those kind parents who have made it to treasure to his breast, and thank God in silence for the blessing of her love. And "Ah! it would be happiness to share that | when at last with sweet low words of chidadded, "and shrink from the display, the disappeared in the distance from his view.

> Unobservant of every surrounding object he passed on through the mazy garden walk, till he arrived right opposite the old sun-dial, when pausing a moment on this spot, which was ever associated in his mind with the image of Ianthe, he was startled on beholding the figure of a woman | had pursued thee with his vengeance to the sitting beside the fountain, and gazing grave. Aye! to have this known would listlessly upon the silver-drops that trickled | be to ensure thy misery and ruin, and from its basin. One glance sufficed to tell to bring a bitter curse upon that orphan him whose was that brilliant form seated girl whom thou hast taught to forget her now in quiet sadness on the earth, and in no mood to encounter either the tender or sarcastic sallies of the Countess Bertha, he was gently passing on, hoping to escape unobserved, when he heard his name audibly pronounced, and suddenly springing up, she advanced a few steps, and paused proud and erect before him. Yes, haughty presumptuous love. "Ah! may peace and was her air, and scornful the curl of her joy dwell ever in her heart, whatever are vermillion lip, while the angry flashing of the stealthy listener of the tower.

abruptly, "and I scarce marver at til desire to do so, since few voluntarily seek the presence of those whom they have wantonly wounded by their ingratitude." "Lady," said Guiseppe, "I deserve not

scious as I am that I have never failed to she continued, "the bright promises of appreciate the kindness of which I humbly the future to a boyish passion, which confess myself wholly unworthy."

"Ingrate!" ejaculated the Countess, with flashing eyes, "how hast thou shown thy appreciation of it?-how, but by displayence which seemed intended to rebuke the knowledge of the world may teach her that foolish interest I have expressed in thy wel-

"Lady," he said, "thou hast mistaken deference for coldness, else ---."

"Nay," she interposed, with passionate emphasis, "I know nought of these fine distinctions; I have stooped to invite thy confidence-thy friendship-and thou hast not only withheld both, but hast used towards me the basest and most unpardonable deceit."

"Thou art severe beyond my deserts, madam," said Guiseppe, "since voluntarily I have been guilty of no deception, for the secret this morning revealed to thee by chance was scarcely known to my own heart till the moment of its betrayal to

"Thou fearest not to confess to me, then, this guilty passion which thou art nourishing to be thy ruin!" she exclaimed, with ill suppressed rage; "thou dost it boldly, too, and without a blush of shame for having stolen into the affections of a silly child, whose ignorance of the world made her an easy prey to thy endeavors.

The hot blood burned angrily on the cheek of Guiseppe at this taunt, but remembering all he had at stake, he checked the bitter words that rose to his lips, and said gently:

"Thou art unjust in thy resentment, lady, since brief as has been our acquaint. ance, thou knowest me far too well to believe that I have used art or endeavor to win the love of one born to shine in a sphere so high above my own. I deny not that my soul felt her power, though my lips never had acknowledged it, till when alone with her this morning I was betrayed into expressions which, in a moment of

"I might not doubt thy words," said the thou not so soon repeated thy offence; but he enormous reconstruction is now projected. Countess, with a smile of irony, "hadst who errs involuntarily shows not his peni- The new law courts, which are asserted to

me," said Guiseppe, "since I came not bither Dane's Inu, and the block of buildings expecting, or even hoping, to meet the Lady including Wyck street and old Hollywell Ianthe, to whom, as feeling I had no right street are to be swept away, and with

hurried accent.

thee to his ambitious schemes, I will, if evening, hung in mild splendor among the returned the Countess quickly; "aye, thy

"Perchance not," said Guiseppe, with soft reproach, so full of tenderness and aggrandisement which his aspiring wishes him! Aud as he gazed, he felt rebuked by as calm a tone as he could assume; "but though my very presence were a baneful

"It would be wiser so to do than linger with her as thou hast this eve in the chamber of you lonely tower," said the Countess. "Yet think not," she added, "that I have watched thy steps; like thee, in my twilight walk I strolled hither, and trusting to find Ianthe where it is oft our wont to sit together, I climbed the stone stairs to the top of Hugo's turret, but on the landing place I was startled by the murmur of lew voices within the chamber, and pausing, I recognized thine-thy passionate accents and hers, soft as the voice of love. The words reached not my ear, but how, uttered in those tones, could I doubt their import? I sought not to hear them-wherefore should I? but turned to fly, when the rustling of my garments caught thy notice, and thou rushed forth to detect the intruder. My foot, however, was fleeter than thine, and I cluded thee, but concealed amid the thick shrubbery I awaited thy re-appearance, and soon I saw thee pass by with Ianthe. Knowing thou must return by the thee of thy danger-to entreat of thee as thou regardest thy safety or thy welfare to think of her no more, or only as the pupil whom thou art bound to instruct according to the best of thy ability in the science thou dost profess to teach."

"Thy counsel doubtless is wise, lady, and given in friendship, and therefore it demands my gratitude and thanks," said

"And thou wilt let it profit thee?" she asked anxiously.

"It should do so," he said, with hesi-

"And must!" she exclaimed, "if thou would'st avoid peril. Knowest thou not that from her cradle the Lady Ianthe has been the affianced bride of another, and that my brother's honor is involved in the certain fulfilment of the contract? And were it not so, he hath the blood of an ancient race in his veins, and the pride of an exalted station in his heart, both of which will forbid him to bestow his favorite niece upon one destitute of the outward gifts so all important in his eyes.

"Believe me, should he learn that thou hast dared lavish one tender thought upon the child of his adoption, so implacable is his nature that he would not rest till he duty, and the obedience due to him who hath been to her a father."

"God forbid that I should cast one shade of sorrow over the brightness of her happy life!" exclaimed Guiseppe, shuddering at the fearful picture drawn by the artful Countess, of the evils to result from his the sufferings of mine. Singly I can bear were worse to me than death."

..... Renounce then.thxhapes of que whom will be well; yes, after one faint struggle, well for thee and for her," said the Countess in a softened accent, delighted at the effect her words had produced upon his excited mind. "Sacrifice not," for aught thou knowest is destined to expire as suddenly as it was kindled. Ianthe is but a child, and withal a fickle one, whose unformed tastes render insecure her girlish choice, since a more extended the beau ideal of her young imagination, in spite of her early penchant, has not yet been realized."

"In truth, madam, were my self-love prone to be flattered, it would find but slight food for its cravings in thy words," said Guiseppe, slightly piqued by her insinuation. "Yet the Lady Ianthe's wishes shall --."

(To be continued.)

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor .- Schiller.

Owing to the rapid increase in number of speculative matrimonial, birthday and short endowment insurance companies in the Southern States, and the activity displayed in establishing agencies northward, the Insurance Commissioners of several western States have issued circulars warning the public against these schemes, and giving notice that persons acting as agents will be prosecuted for violating the insurance laws of the respective States.

No need of baby farms in India. A correspondent writes to the Indian Pioneer: "The wolves are carrying off children at a terrible rate. A poor little child was taken away and eaten (only the lower part of one leg being found) from the lines of the 27th Punjaub Infantry a short time ago. Another child was carried off and eaten (only the head being found) from the door of the house of a poor, old, half-blind coolie. Last night an ayah's child was carried off from inside a walled inclosure in an officer's compound, the wolf jumping over two children and taking a third lying close to its mother, who, poor creature, ran shricking after it. The children are apparently always seized by the throat, so their cries are not heard."

London alters by leaps and bounds. An "Again, madam, dost thou misjudge ties in. For that purpose Clement's Inn, and used to sally out thence for a lark with pose is changed," said the Countess in a that other scapegrace, young Jack Falstaff. Defoe lived in Wyck street. Dick "By accident I met her here," said Gui- Steele lodged there. Mistress Nell Gwynne seppe, evading a direct reply; "and even lived at the corner, and the house still