Peasant and Peer.

I.

Dolly, the milkmaid, came down the lane,
And Harry, the shepherd, came over the grass
And they met right there by the hawthorne hedge,
And that is the way that it came to pass.

Their hands met over the hawthorne hedge,
Their lips met there in a true-love's kiss;
And the promise that passed between them there
Opened a lifetime of perfect bliss.

. . . . . .

II.

Sir George goes out on the palace lawn
And sees on the terrace Mistress Clare,
With her maid, and her pug, and her silken robes,
Languid and feeble and proud and fair.

In a careless way, with a courtly bow,
He asks my lady to be his wife—
His title against her acres broad;
And that is the first of a cheerless life.

. . . . . .

The robin is singing by Harry's cot,
Where Dolly is cooking the evening meal;
And their love is long, and their love is fond,
And their honest hearts are as true as steel.

My lady weeps in her castle grand,
For Sir George is out with his horse and hounds,
And Love, the guest of the humble cot,
Has never yet crossed the castle bounds.

'Tis the same old story—not wealth nor fame,
Nor rank all lowlier men above,
Nor a pedigree long, nor a lordly air,
Can buy the blessing that comes with Love.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn,', "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc, etc.

"Indeed, arriet, you shall not," cry I, impetuously. "We would all be miserable without you."

"That's a fact, Lady Handcock," puts in Chips, heartily.

"Chippendale, you almost make me relent," says Harriet, smiling. "But"—in a piteous tone aside to me—"do not compel me to go. It is twelve miles there, and twelve miles back, if it is a yard; just think of that. My poor back would not stand it. James shall go and represent me."

"Why not change the place, and name a spot nearer home?" says Dora, quietly. Dora always does the correct thing.

"Just so," exclaims Sir George, who would have thought Jericho a very convenient spot had Dora so named it. "We have another Wishing Well somewhere in the neighborhood; eh, 'Duke?"

"The Deacon's Well," says Sir Mark, "is only seven miles from this. Would that be too far, Lady Handcock?"

"I shall be quite unhappy if you make me the disturber of the peace," says Harriet, in comic despair. "Let me stay at home; I shall do very well; and at present I feel ashamed of myself."

"Nonsense," says 'Duke. "If you don't come willingly we shall carry you. So you may as well make up your mind to visit the Deacon."

"And it is really the prettier well of the two," says Blanche, gracefully, as she sees her cause fall to the ground.

"Then you and Blanche can keep each other company on the coach, Phyllis, and any one else that likes. Thornton shall have the horn; it is about the one instrument on which he can perform with marked success."

"I shall take the phæton and ponies," say I, quietly. "They have not been out for two days, and it will do them good. Exercise is the only thing that keeps them in order."

"Oh, nonsense, Phyllis! you will find it much pleasanter with Blanche and the rest of us."

"Without doubt; but then I have set my heart on driving my ponies. They are my hobby at present; so you must excuse my bad taste if I say I prefer being with them to even the good company you mention. That is, if I can get any one to come and take care of me."

"I shall be most happy, Mrs. Carrington, if you will accept me as your escort," says Sir Mark, instantly, as though desirous of being the first to offer his services.

Blanche Going raises her head and regards him fixedly. In the velvet softness of her dark eyes shines for an instant an expression that is half reproach, half passionate anger; only for an instant; then turning her glance on me, she meets my gaze full, and sneers unmistakably. I feel radiant, triumphant. At least I have it in my power to give her sting for sting.

"Thank you," I say to Sir Mark, with a beaming smile. "I shall feel quite safe and happy in my mind with you. At heart I believe I am a coward, so feel it pleasant to know there will be help at hand if the ponies prove refractory."

"You had better take a groom with you, Phyllis," says my husband, shortly.

"Oh, no thank you. It will be quite unnecessary. Sir Mark, I know, is as good as two or three grooms in a case of emergency."

"Nevertheless, I think you had better have a groom. Those ponies are generally skittish after an idleness. I shall tell Markham to accompany you."

"Pray do not give yourself the trouble," I reply, obstinately; "I shall not need him. You do not think there is any cause for fear, do you, Sir Mark?"

"I think not. I think I am a match for your ponies at any moment," returns he, smiling.

"In my opinion grooms are a mistake in a small carriage," murmurs Lady Blanche, addressing the table generally. "There is something unpleasant in the fact that they are close behind one's back ready to hear and repeat every idle word one may chance to utter." Her smile as she says this is innocence itself.

"I fully agree with you," answer I, equitably; though Sir Mark and I are above uttering anything idle."

Marmaduke frowns and the conversation ends.

Meantime, the others have been eagerly discussing their plans. Sir George Ashurst has obtained a promise from Dora to take the seat beside him in his dog-cart. Harriet has decided on the open carriage, and declares her intention of calling and taking up mamma. Lord Chandos alone had no hart in the discussion.

Just then the door opens to admit Bebe, fresh and gay as usual. Positively we have all forgotten Bebe.

"Late—late—so late!" says she, laughing. "Yes, Marmaduke, I know it is actually shocking. Don't say a word, dear; your face is a volume in itself. Good-morning, everybody. Phyllis, *you* don't look formidable. I shall have my chair near you."

The men rise and somebody gets her a seat.

"Bebe, we forgot you," cry I, contritely. "Where shall we put you now?"

"Put me?" says Bebe, regarding her chair. "Why, here I suppose."

"No, no; about our drive to the Wishing Well, I mean. We have been just arranging everything, and somehow you got left out."

"I have still two seats at the back of my my trap," says Ashurst; will you accept one, Miss Beatoun? And Chandos can have the other."

The faintest possible tinge of color rises to Bebe's cheek.

"A back seat! Oh, Sir George, is that all you can offer me? I was never so insulted in my life. It is positively unkind. Marmaduke, why did not you look after my interests in my absence?"

"I don't know how it happened. First come, first served, I suppose."

"The unkindest cut of all. 'Duke, you are ungenerous, or else in a bad temper; which? However, I forgive you."

"I would give you the front seat," says good-natured George, "but I fear those very tiny little hands would never be able for the ribbons; and I have given the other to Miss Vernon."

"Miss Beatoun, have my place," says Thornton, eagerly. "I dare say Miss Hastings will get on without me, even if she comes; and Powell can blow the horn."

Dora comes forward gracefully. "Take mine," she says, in spite of a reproachful glance from Sir George. "I don't in the least mind where I sit."

"*Embarras des richesses!*" cries Bebe, laughing, putting up her hands to cover her ears. "Not for all the world, Miss Vernon. Thank you very much, all the same. Did you think I was in earnest? If the truth be told, I like nothing better than the back seat on anything, if the horses be fast. There is something delicious, almost sensational, in finding ourselves flying through the air without seeing what is taking one. I only hope I shan't fall off."

"It will be Chandos' fault if you do," declares Sir George. "Do you hear Chandos? You will have to keep your eyes open, and be careful every time we come to a corner."

Bebe colors again, and glances at Lord Chandos, who by a curious coincidence she finds glancing at her. Their eyes meet.

"Will you find the task too arduous?" she asks, mischievously, for once losing sight of her coldness.

"I will tell you that when we return," replies he, answering her smile.

Not until the others have well departed does Markham bring round the ponies, and as he puts the reins into my hands he utters a gentle warning.

"I thought it safer to let the other horses get a bit of a start first, ma'am," he says. "You might spare the whip to-day, I'm thinking; they're that fresh as it will give you enough to do to hold 'em."

"All right, Markham," says my companion, gayly; "I will see your mistress does not irritate them to madness."

The pretty animals in question toss their heads, knowingly, then lower them, and finally start away down the avenue, round the corner, pass the beeches, and out into the open road.

The air is fresh and soft, the speed, to say the least of it, enlivening, and for a mile or so I know thorough enjoyment; then my arms begin to drag.

"How they do pull!" I say, with a petulant sigh.

"Let me have the reins," exclaims Sir Mark, eagerly; "you will be exhausted if you try to hold those fretful creatures for the next six miles. You are hardly strong enough for the task." And, with a gesture that is almost relief, I resign to him my seat.

"That would be the nearest road to Carston, supposing we had started from Summerleas," I say presently, as we come to one particular turn. "Oh, how often, long ago, I used to travel it! What years and years and years seem to have gone by since last spring! What changes have occurred! and yet in reality only a few short months have passed."

"Happy changes, I hope, Mrs Carrington."

"For me? Yes, indeed. When first you knew me I was the most insignificant person among us at home, and now I think I have all I ever wished for."

Sir Mark smiles.

"I never heard any one say that before. Of what use will the Deacon's Well be to you? Do you mean to tell me you have no wish left ungratified?"

"Well, perhaps there are a few things I would willingly put out of my way," I reply, with a faint recurrence in my own mind to Lady Blanche Going.

"Only things? You are unfortunate. When I go in for that useless sort of wishing, it is for people—not *things*—I would have removed. Were I you, Mrs. Carrington, I believe I should live in a perpetual state of terror, waiting for some blow to crush such excessive happiness. You know one cannot be prosperous for ever."

"I never anticipate evil," return I, lightly. "Surely it is bad enough when it comes, without adding to it by being miserable beforehand. Why, how doleful you look! What is it? You remind me of some youthful swain in love for the first time is his life."

"Perhaps I am."

"In love? How amusing! With whom, then? Bebe? Dora? Or some person or persons unknown? Come, surely you may confide with all safety in your hostess."

"She is the last person I would choose as a confidante on this occasion. The sympathy she would accord me would be very scanty."

"Oh, how unjust! Have I proved myself so utterly heartless? And is sympathy so very needful in your case—is it a hopeless one?"

"Quite so."

"Poor Sir Mark! 'If she be not fair to me, what care I how fare she be?' is a very good motto; why not adopt it, and—love again? I have heard there is nothing easier."

"Would you find it easy?"

"I don't know, having never tried. But if the love is to be unhappy, I wonder people ever let themselves fall into the snare."

"You speak as if you yourself were free from the gentle passion," says Sir Mark, with a searching look, under which I color and feel somewhat confused.

"We were talking of second lovers," I say, hurriedly. "One hears of them. I was advising you to turn your attention that way. Surely it would be possible."

"I don't believe in it; at least to me it would be impossible," replies Sir Mark, in a low tone, and silence falls upon me.

Once again I am in the ball-room at Strangemore, listening to a tale of early love. Is Sir Mark thinking of Marmaduke now, I wonder, and the story he then told me, of his old infatuation for his cousin Blanche? Was it more than infatuation, a passing fancy? Was it an honest, lasting attachment? And have I secured but the tired, worn-out remnant of a once strong passion?

My changeful spirits, so prone to rise, so easy to dash to earth, again forsake me. Discontented and uncertain, I sit with lowered lids and fretful, puckered brow.

"Do you, then, think a man can love but once in his life?" I force myself to ask, though with open hesitation.

"But once? Is it not enough? Would you condemn any one to suffer the restless misery, the unsatisfied longing, a second time?" responds he moodily.

"No; but it is bad for those who come after," I reply with deep dejection.

"They must take their chance. The suffering cannot be all on one side. We must accept our share of misery, as it comes, with the best grace we can."

"I will not," I cry, passionately. "All my life I have determined to be happy, and I will succeed. Whatever happens, whatever comes of it, I refuse to be miserable."

"What a child you are!" says he, almost pityingly.

"I am not. I am talking quite rationally. I firmly believe we all make half our own grievances."

"And what becomes of the other half?"

"Let us leave the subject," I say petulantly, ignoring my inability to answer him. "You are dull and prosy. If you insist on being a martyr, be one, but do not insist also on my following in your footsteps. Because you choose to imagine yourself unhappy, is no reason why I should not be gay."

"Certainly not," replies he with increasing gloom, and brings the whip down sharply across the ponies' backs.

Instantly, almost as the lash touches their glossy skins, they resent the insult. The carriage receives a violent shock. They fling themselves backwards on their haunches, and in another moment are flying wildly on, regardless of bit or curb or rein.

As I realize the situation, I grow mad with fright. Losing all sense of self-control, I rise from my seat and prepare to throw myself out of the phæton. Surely the hard and stony road must be preferable to this reckless, deadly flight.

Seeing my intention, Sir Mark rises also.

"Phyllis, are you mad?" cries he, flinging his arms round me. "Your only chance is to remain quiet; Phyllis, be sensible. Sit down when I desire you."

There is an almost savage ring in his tone. He holds me fast and forces me down in my seat. I struggle with all my strength for a moment or two to free myself from his strong grasp, and then a coldness covers me, and I faint.

When my senses return to me, I find I am still in the carriage. The ponies are also to be seen, motionless in their places, except for the trembling that convulses their frames, while a fierce snort, every now and then, and tiny flecks of foam that fly hither and thither and mingle with those already to be seen upon their backs and harness, betray their late irritation. But we are safe, apparently, quite safe.

Sir Mark's arm is supporting me, while with his other hand he holds something to my lips. It is that detestable thing called brandy, and I turn my head aside.

"Take it," urges he, in a low, trembling tone; "whether you like it or not, it will do you good. Try to swallow some."

I do as I am bid, and presently, feeling better, raise myself and look around for symptoms of a smash.

"What have they done?" I ask with a shudder. "Have they———"

"Nothing," replies he, with a laugh that is rather forced. "It was a mere bolt. If you had not fainted you would have known it was all over in a few minutes."

"It was the whip," I whisper, still nervous.

"Yes; it was all my fault. I quite forgot Markham's caution. I have to apologize very sincerely for my mistake."

"Never mind apologies," I say, laughing' "as we are safe. I never remember being so terrified in my life, not even when my steed nearly deposited me in the middle of the High street in Carston. And you," I continue, in a half-amused tone, peering at him from under my hat—"you were frightened, too? Confess it."

"I was," returned he, carefully evading my gaze.

"But why, if, as you say, there was no danger?"

"There are worse things than runaway ponies—your fainting, for instance. I thought you were never going to open your eyes again, you looked so horribly white and cold—so like death."

"What a lovely picture!" laughing voluntarily. "Well, console yourself; you have seen what nobody else ever saw—Phyllis Carrington fainting. I had no idea I had it in me. I really think I must be growing delicate or weak-minded."

In silence Sir Mark gathers up the reins, and once more the ponies start forward.

"Now, Dora can faint to perfection," I go on, finding immense enjoyment in my subject. "If she is vexed or troubled in any way, or hears thunder, she can go off gracefully into the arms of whoever happens to be nearest to her at the time. She never fails; it is indeed wonderful how accurately she can measure distance, even at the last moment. While as for me, I do believe if I were scolded until nothing more was left to be said, or if it thundered and lightened from this to to-morrow, it would not have the effect of removing my senses. At least up to this I have found it so. For the future I shall be less certain. But how silent you are, and how cross you look! Still thinking of the obdurate fair one?"

"Of her—and many other things."

"Well, perhaps she too is thinking of you.'

"I can imagine nothing more probable," with a grim smile.

"Neither can I." My treacherous spirits are again ascending. "Let me describe her to you as at this moment I think I can almost see her. Seated in a bower, enshrined in roses and honeysuckles, with her hand folded listlessly upon her lap, and her large dreamy black eyes (I am sure her eyes are black) filled with repentant tears, she is now remebering with what cruel coldness she received your advances; while unmolested the pretty earwigs run races all over her simple white dress—simple but elegant, you know."

"H'm—yes."

"And now remorse has proved too much for her; she resolves on writing you a letter expressing contrition for her past heartlessness. She draws towards her paper, pens and ink (in a three-volume novel the heroine has everything at her hand, even in the most unlikely places; there is never any fuss or scramble), and indites you a perfumed and coronetted note, which you will receive—to-morrow. There! Now, don't you feel better?"

"Infinitely so."

"What! still frowning? still in the lowest depths? I begin to doubt my power to comfort you."

I don't feel any inclination to jest on the subject," returns Sir Mark, gruffly, making a vicious blow with the whip at an unoffending and nearly lifeless fly.

"Well, there," I gasp, in a sudden access of terror lest he might again incense the ponies, "I will jest no more. And don't despair. Perhaps—who knows?—she may grow fond of you in time."

He laughs, a short, bitter laugh that yet has something in it of dismal merriment. "If I could only tell you," he says, "if you only knew, you would understand what a double mockery are such words coming from your lips."

His fingers close around the whip again. Again frightened, I hastily clutch his arm.

"Don't do that," I entreat; "please do not use that dreadful whip again; remember the last time you did so we were nearly killed."

"I wish we had been altogether so," mutters he, savagely.

I stare at him in speechless surprise. Did that flask contain *much* brandy? What on earth has happened to our careless debonnair Sir Mark?

Even as I gaze in wonder he turns his head and looks with some degree of shame into my widely-opened, astonished eyes.

"Pardon me," he says, gently. "I don't know what has come to me to-day. I fail to understand myself. I doubt I am an ill-tempered brute, and have hardly any right even to hope for your forgiveness."

But his manner has effectually checked my burst of eloquence, and we keep unbroken silence until we reach our destination. Here we find Marmaduke and Lady Blanche anxiously on the lookout for us; the others, tired of waiting, have wandered farther afield. Marmaduke is looking rather white and worried, I fancy.

"What has kept you till this hour?" he asks, irritably, pulling out his watch.

"Oh, how long you have been supplements Blanche. "We were beginning to wonder—almost to fear an accident had occurred. It is quite a relief to see you in the flesh."

"You were very near not seeing us," I explain. "The ponies behaved very badly—ran away with us for half a mile or so—and frightended me so much that I fainted."

"How distressing!" says Blanche, apparently much concerned. "How terrified you must have been! And so unpleasant, too, without a lady near to help you! You were able to resuscitate Mrs. Carrington, at all events." (To Sir Mark.)

"Well, I don't suppose I would have been of much use without the brandy," replies he, coolly.

"It must have been quite a sensational scene," remarks her ladyship, with a little laugh. "It reminds one of something one would read; only to make it perfect, you should be lovers. Now that you are safe it does not seem unkind to laugh, does it?"

Marmaduke by this time is black as night. In spite of myself, I know I have blushed crimson; while Sir Mark, turning abruptly away, goes to explain some trivial break in the harness to one of the coachmen.

"It is a pity, Phyllis, you would not take my advice this morning," says 'Duke, in a voice that trembles a little, either from suppressed anger or some other emotion.

"If you had taken a groom, as I begged of you, all this unpleasantness might have been saved."

"I don't see how a groom could have prevented it," I reply, coldly. "Without a second's warning they were off; it was nobody's fault."

"My dear 'Duke, we should be thankful they have escaped so well," murmurs Blanche, in her softest tones, laying a soothing touch upon my husband's arm. Both touch and tone render me furious. "I dare say it was not very serious."

"I dare say not; but it might have been. And, whether or not, it has kept every one waiting for at least three-quarters of an hour."

"It might have kept you still longer had I been killed," I return, quietly, moving away in secret indignation.

Marmaduke follows me, leaving Blanche and Sir Mark to come after, and side by side, but speechless, we proceed on our way.

At length, in a rather milder tone, Marmaduke says, "I hope—otherwise—your drive was enjoyable."

"Very much so, thank you. Though I must say I don't care about feeling my life in danger. I hope you enjoyed yours."

"No"—shortly—"I did not. I never enjoyed anything less."

"How unfortunate! Was her ladyship thoughtful, or ill-tempered, or what?"

"She had nothing to do with it. I was thinking of you the entire time."

"Of me? How good of you! I am so sorry I cannot return the compliment, but no one was farther from my thoughts than you. Concluding you were happy, I dismissed you from my memory."

"I had a presentiment about those ponies."

"Ah! it was the ponies occupied your mind—not their mistress. That sounds far more natural."

"They are vicious, and not to be depended upon," continues 'Duke, declining to notice my interruption. "I shall dispose of them the very first opportunity."

"Indeed you shall do nothing of the kind. They are mine, and I will not have them sold."

Well, keep them if you insist upon it; but certainly you shall never drive them again."

"Then I certainly shall and to-morrow, most probably. I will not be ordered about as though I were a mere baby."

Marmaduke turns, and regards me so steadily and gravely, that at length, in spite of myself, my eyes submit and drop.

"Phyllis, how changed you are!" says he, presently, in a low tone. "When first I knew you—even two months ago—you were a soft, tender, gentle little girl; and now you are always unjust and bitter—to me, at least."

Something rises in my throat and prevents my utterance. Large tears gather in my eyes.

"I *am* changed; I know it." I burst out, suddenly. "Before I married you I was a different person altogether. And how can I help being 'bitter' at times? Even now, when I told you how near death I had been, you showed no feeling of regret—thought of nothing but the delay I had occasioned you and your friends."

"Oh, Phyllis," says 'Duke, in a tone that implies that I have wrung his heart by my false accusations, and before either can again speak we have passed a hillock and are in full view of our guests.

They are all scattered about in twos or threes, though none are very far distant from the others; and the scene is more than usually picturesque. Certainly the old Deacon knew what he was about when he placed his well in this charming spot. It is a little fairy-like nook, fresh and green, and lying forgotten among the hills. A few pieces of broken-down, ivy covered wall partially conceal the steps leading to the Wishing Well.

"'Duke, let us wish for dinner—and get it—before we wish for anything else," entreats Bebe. "The drive has given me a horrible appetite. I am generally a very nice person—eh, Mr. Thornton?—but just at present I am feeling a downright unladylike desire for food. Phyllis, darling, do say you are hungry."

"I am—starving," I reply, though conscious at the moment that the smallest morsel would choke me.

"Yes, by all means. 'Business first, pleasure afterwards,'" quotes Chips, blithely, who is stretched full-length by Miss Beatoun's side, with his hat off and a straw in his mouth, looking extremely handsome and unspeakably happy. Lord Chandos is at her other side, though rather farther away.

"What do you say, Phyllis?" says 'Duke, looking at me.

"Do not take me into consideration at all," I return ih a suppressed voice. "Dinner now, or in five hours to come, would be quite the same thing to me."

I move quickly away from him towards mamma as I say this, and, sinking down on the turf very close to her, slip my hand into hers; and as I feel her gentle fingers closing upon mine, a sense of safety and relief creeps slowly over me.

Dinner progresses; and, though I will not acknowledge it, I begin to feel decidedly better. Fragments of conversation float here and there.

"I have a great mind to set my little dog at you," says Bebe, in reply to some flagrant compliment bestowed upon her by the devoted Chips. A little *bijou* of a dog, with an elaborate collar and beseeching eyes, that sits upon her knee and takes its dinner from her pretty white fingers, is the animal in question.

"Oh, please don't," murmurs Chips, pathetically. "I am so horribly afraid of your little dog. You would not like me to die of nervous excitement, would you?"

"I am not so sure. It would make room for a better man."

"Impossible! There isn't a better fellow going than I am. You ask my mamma when you see her."

(To be continued

A Railway Run by Water.

A newspaper correspondent, writing from Switzerland, tells of a curious railway as follows:

"The picturesque and practical are often curiously intermixed. I glean a few particulars of a funicular railway which connects Territet (Chillon) and Glion. The railway, which is on a steep incline, something after the style of the one up Mount Vesuvius, commences at an angle of 32 deg. and soon increases to 57 deg. It is a single line with a loop at a passing place half way. There are two carriages on the line, one of which ascends while the other descends. The ascending carriage is drawn by the force of gravity of the one which is descending, the latter being weighted by a reservoir placed underneath, being filled with water. The reservoir is emptied as soon as the carriage has made the descent. The two vehicles are connected with each other by means of a wire cable, which passes over a wheel at the summit of the incline. By the passenger a remarkable optical illusion is experienced. Trees, huts, houses, rocks, all seem to be bent back, as though by some enchantment. They are apparently standing out of the perpendicular, and one can scarcely help wondering that they do not topple over. The deception is due to the seats of the carriages, which are constructed at such an angle that, notwithstanding the steepness of the gradient, the occupant preserves his ordinary upright sitting posture. The line is 743 yards long, and the difference between the level of its base and that of its summit is 984 feet."

An Enormous Fish.

The Port Elgin *Free Press* says: A couple of weeks ago Capt. W. H. McLeod, who is running one of the fishing boats belonging to Mr. D. McLeod, an extensive fish dealer in Southampton, caught an immense salmon trout, weighing 80 pounds, measuring from the point of its nose to the end of its tail 5 feet, 2 inches, and around the thickest part of its body 34 inches. The head was 10 inches in length, and the width of the tail, from point to point, was 12 inches. This is the largest fish of this species ever caught here and Mr. D. McLeod may well feel proud of having caught such a grand specimen of the finny tribe. The monster was packed in ice and consigned to Mr. Furey, of Woodstock, where it is now held for exhibition, and is afterwards to be preserved and placed in the museum in Rochester, N. Y.

There are other things besides beauty with which to captivate the hearts of men. The Italians have a saying, "Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth."—*Ninon de Lenclos.*

According to the *Pharmaceutical Record*, a New York patent medicine manufacturer, being about to die, was asked by his friends how he would like to be buried. "Insert me," he said faintly, "at top of column, next to reading matter, 52 times, electro by mail." Then he quietly expired.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies which are out of the reach of art, a power which no precepts can teach and which no industry can acquire.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*