"None Will Miss Thee."

Few will miss thee, Friend, when thou
For a month in dust hast lain,
Skilful hand and anxious brow,
Tongue of wisdom, busy brain—
All thou wert shall be forgot,
And thy place shall know thee not.

Shadows from the bending trees,
O'er thy lowly head may pass,
Sighs from every wandering breeze
Stir the long, thick, churchyard grass.
Wilt thou heed them? No; thy sleep
Shall be dreamless, calm and deep.

Some sweet bird may sit and sing
On the marble of thy tomb,
Soon to flit on joyous wing
From that place of death and gloom,
On some bough to warble clear;
But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voice may sing thy praise,
Passing near thy place of rest,
Fondly talk of "other days"—
But no throb within thy breast
Shall respond to words of praise,
Or old thoughts of "other days."

Since so fleeting is thy name,
Talent, beauty, power and wit,
It were well that without shame
Thou in God's great book wert writ,
There in golden words to be
Graven for eternity.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO STRINGS TO ONE BOW.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were,
Never a voice to bid us eschew it;
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

. . . . . .

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever
On either margin, our songs all done.
We move apart, while she singeth ever
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

JEAN INGLEWOOD.

That room of Mrs. Watkins' was unusually quiet that May evening, only Fern Trafford was sitting alone by the open window looking out listlessly at the few passers-by.

Fern's busy hands were idle to-night, and the work lay unheeded in her lap. There was a shadow too on the fair face, and a little pucker of anxiety on the smooth girlish forehead, as though some harassing problem were troubling her.

Fern was not quite happy in her mind. Erle Huntingdon had been there that very afternoon, but he had not stayed long, and his manner had been different somehow.

Fern was revolving the visit in rather a troubled way. She wondered if Erle's decided nervousness and want of ease had been owing to her mother's rather cool reception of him. Mrs. Trafford had not been cordial in her manner; she had treated the young man with some restrain and dignity, and had not pressed him to prolong his visit. Erle must have felt that he was not wanted, for he had very soon risen to take his leave, and had gone away a little sadly.

Fern was too loyal to blame her mother, but she wished she had been a little kinder to poor Erle. Something was vexing him she was sure; he was not in his usual spirits. Once or twice when there had been a moment's pause, she had looked up from her work and found him watching her; and once she was sure that there were tears in his eyes. If they had only been alone she would have asked him what was the matter, and if anything was vexing him. He wanted to tell her something, she was sure, but her mother had been there all the time, and had followed him to the door herself; and though she had gone to the window for a parting look he had not glanced up—he had walked away very fast with his head bent, as though he were absorbed in thought.

It had not been quite a happy winter for Fern. First Erle and then Crystal had been away, and she had missed them both terribly. It was not as though she had other friends to take their places, and their absence had made quite a blank in her existence.

If her mother could always stay at home and talk to her, if Fluff were older and more of a companion, she might not have missed them so much; but somehow her day-dreams were hardly as consoling as usual. They seemed more shadowy and unreal, and now and then Fern felt a little dull. Ever since her mother and Crystal had given her those hints about Erle, the girl had felt some hostile influence threatening her sweet content. Her thoughts were always straying to that unknown Evelyn Selby of whom Percy had spoken. Now and then she would question Erle about her in her innocent way, but he always evaded these questions.

"Oh, yes, I see her sometimes," he would answer. "What makes you so much interested in Miss Selby? I have other lady friends, dozens and dozens of them;" and then Fern would look confused and uncomfortable, and would change the subject; but all the same this girl was never out of thought. She was rich and well-born and beautiful, and Erle was always meeting her.

Fern tried to hide these thoughts, but Mrs. Trafford often fancied the bright face was a little clouded. Fern laughed and talked as much as ever, and worked as busily for them all; but more than once, when she had returned earlier than usual, she had found Fern with her hands lying idly in her lap, and a very thoughtful look in her face. Fern would jump up at once, with a merry laugh at her own idleness; but her mother did not always forget the look. It was far too dreamy and abstracted, she said to herself, as she watched her child tenderly.

Crystal was thinking much the same as she entered the room rather quietly that May evening—so quietly, indeed, that Fern was not conscious of her presence till she put her hand on her shoulder with a light laugh.

"Asleep, or only dreaming with your eyes open, Fern. What is the matter, little one?"

"Oh, Crystal, how you startled me," exclaimed Fern, turning crimson under Crystal's sharp scrutiny. "What made you come in so noiselessly? I never even heard your footsteps. Yes, I was dreaming, I believe," pushing back her hair with rather a tired gesture. "Fluff was sleepy and went to bed, and mother had to help Miss Martingale with the accounts, and one gets stupid sitting alone."

"I never heard you say that before," rather incredulously; "You are the brightest girl I know, Fern; your mother's name 'Little Sunshine' just suits you; you always seem to me the very essence of sunshine."

"Oh, one must be dull and stupid sometimes," returned Fern, with a suspicion of tears in her voice. "Never mind about me; tell me about your afternoon, Crystal; have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes—no—well, the children did. The flowers were beautiful and the gardens so pretty, and there were plenty of gaily-dressed people there. Oh, by the bye, I saw Mr. Huntingdon, he was walking with such a handsome girl."

Fern felt an odd choking sensation in her throat. "You must have been mistaken, Crystal; Mr. Erle has been sitting with us."

"Oh, yes, he told us so, for of course he came up to speak to me when Miss Selby had joined her friends; they came in very late, just as we were leaving."

"And—and—it was Miss Selby?"

"Yes, and her aunt, Lady Maltravers; and they had other people with them. I liked the look of Miss Selby, she has a nice frank face. I think she looks charming, and she walks so well too. I do like a girl to hold herself well."

"And Mr. Erle was walking with her?"

"Yes, they are evidently very intimate;" but Crystal forbore to add that Erle had looked decidedly uncomfortable at the sight of her, though he had come up to her, and had entered into conversation. She had not thought him looking either well or happy, though Miss Selby had seemed in high spirits. But she kept these thoughts to herself.

Fern did not ask any more questions. A miserable consciousness that was new to her experience kept her tongue tied.

Erle had not mentioned that he was going to the Botanical Gardens with Miss Selby; he had only muttered something about an engagement as he took his leave.

Crystal saw that Fern looked discomposed, but she took no notice. She thought the sooner that her eyes were open the better, for in her own mind she was convinced from what she had seen that afternoon that Erle Huntingdon was on the eve of an engagement to Miss Selby, if he were not actually engaged. They were quite alone when she had met them first. Lady Maltravers was sitting down at a little distance, and Miss Selby was blushing and smiling and looking excessively happy, and Crystal had been rather indignant at the sight.

"Pray do not let me keep you from your friends," she had said rather coldly when Erle came up to her. "That was Miss Selby, was it not, the tall young lady in grey with whom you were walking? what a nice face she has;" and Erle had reluctantly owned that it was Miss Selby.

"Go back to her by all means," Crystal had replied, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice; "she is looking round and wondering whom you have picked up. Oh, yes, I like the look of her very much. I think you are to be congratulated, Mr. Huntingdon;" and then Erle had marched off rather sulkily.

"She looks absurdly happy, and I suppose she is in love with him; just see how she smiles at him. What fools we girls are," and Crystal had turned away, feeling very sorry for Fern in her heart, but all the same she knew better than to say a word of sympathy to Fern.

"He has made himself very pleasant to her, but it cannot have gone very deep. I do not believe Fern knows what love is," she said very bitterly to herself, and then she changed the subject.

"Oh, do you know, I had such a surprise," she continued, cheerfully, as Fern averted her face and seemed much engrossed with a Savoyard and his monkey on the opposite side of the way. "When I got to Upton House this morning I found Miss Campion had arrived unexpectedly, and of course she went with us."

"Do you mean Mrs. Norton's sister?" asked Fern, with languid curiosity.

"Yes, Aunt Addie, as the children call her; she is staying at some private hotel and she drove over to see them. I was so pleased to see her, for you know how kind she was to me at Hastings. I do believe that she has taken a decided fancy to me, and it does seem so strange."

"It is not strange at all," exclaimed Fern, rather roused by this; "many people take a fancy to you, Crystal. I did directly mother brought you in that evening."

"Oh, you"—smoothing the fair hair caressingly—"you are a darling, and you love every one, but Miss Campion—well, she is quite different. One would never expect a clever woman of the world who has friends and acquaintances in all quarters of the globe to be guilty of this sort of sentimentality; but all the same," with a little laugh, "she seemed to be delighted to see me, and of course the American scheme was revived."

"Oh, Crystal," with a very long face, "I thought you had given up that idea."

"Not at all; but I wanted to hear more about it, and I could not make up my mind."

"You talk as though you were thinking seriously of it. Mrs. Norton would never consent to part with you."

"Mrs. Norton would do exactly what her sister wished her to do, my dear. Aunt Addie's will rules Upton House. I begin to understand things better now. We used to wonder how Mrs. Norton could afford all those pretty gowns and bonnets, and why the curate's wife was so much better dressed than the vicar's wife, and how they could afford to go out of town and have all those nice things for the children, but of course it is all Aunt Addie's doings."

"Miss Campion is rich then."

"Yes; Mrs. Norton told me all about it when we were in the gardens. She says some old uncle left her all his money. She does so much good with it; and she is especially kind to Mrs. Norton, who is her favorite sister. She has promised to send the boys to school when they are old enough, and she pays my salary, and, in fact, the whole household are much benefited by Aunt Addie. So Mrs. Norton told me rather sorrowfully that if I made up my mind to go to America with her sister they would not say a word to prevent it."

"But you will not go, dear," coaxingly.

"Miss Campion has friends in New York," returned Crystal, evasively; "but she does not mean to stay there long. She wants to see Niagara and Colorado, and I forget the route she has planned; but a companion she must have, and she offers such handsome terms, and after all she will not be away more than five or six months, and as she says the change will do me good; the only thing is she will start early next week, and as I tell her I have nothing ready, she only laughed and said we should have plenty of time to market in New York; and that she loved shopping."

"Crystal, I do believe that you have made up your mind to leave us."

Crystal hesitated a moment, and her dark eyes grew a little misty.

"And if it be my duty, Fern, will you say a word to keep me, darling?" as Fern looked sorrowfully in her face. "I am not leaving you for good and all; I will never do that until———" but here she paused, and then hurried on. "The fact is, Fern, your mother can no longer protect me; your brother's unmanly persecution is driving me away. No, I will say nothing bitter of him to-night; after all he is your brother; but it will be better for him if I leave here—a brief absence may help to cure him."

"But his selfishness must not drive you away, my poor Crystal."

"Dear, it will be far better for me to go," returned Crystal with a sigh. "I am growing restless again, and as Miss Campion says, the change will do me good; I came home to tell you this to-night. I have told Miss Campion that I will go."

"Next week!"

"Yes, probably next Wednesday or Thursday, about a week from to-day. I shall have to be very busy, you see. Don't look so pale over it, Fern; six months will soon pass. Do you know," rather sadly, "I have had such a curious feeling all day, as though something were going to happen, and that I wanted to get away first. Oh, I can't explain it; I felt the same yesterday. Fern, did Mr. Huntingdon tell you anything more about those friends of his whom he met down at Sandycliffe?"

"No, dear," with rather a wondering look, "he only just mentioned them, you know. What nice people they were, and so kind and friendly; he took rather a fancy to them."

"Yes, but I thought he might have spoken of them again."

"Oh no, he only saw them twice; he just went over to tell them how Lady Redmond's ankle was; it was only the accident that made him speak of them at all. How interested you seem in those Ferrers, Crystal."

"Yes," was the quick response; but something in her voice made Fern look at her inquiringly. "Did you—did you know them, Crystal?" she asked in some surprise.

"Yes," was again the brief answer; but after a moment's silence she said, "Fern, you have been very good, very patient all the time, you have never asked me any questions about my past life. I think as I am going away from you, and as one cannot tell what may happen, that I should like you to know my miserable story. Oh, it will be safe with you; I do not fear that for a moment; I have only hesitated all these months because of the pain of telling it, and for fear you should cease to love me if you knew of the faults I am so bitterly expiating.

"Faults," incredulously; "I have never seen them, Crystal, you always seemed so good and brave and patient."

"My dear," she answered, mournfully, "appearances are deceitful sometimes. Do you remember the story of the poor demoniac whose name was Legion, and how he sat clothed and saved in his right mind? to me it is one of the most touching and beautiful instances of the Redeemer's power. He was so galled by his chains, he was so torn and wasted by those evil spirits among the Galilean tombs. Fern," with a deep pathetic look in her eyes, "sometimes it seems to me that, thank God, the evil spirit is exorcised in me too—that there is nothing in my heart now but passionate regret for an unpremeditated sin."

"My poor dear Crystal, is it so bad as that?"

"Yes," with a sigh; "shall I tell you about it—as I told your mother—oh, how good she was to me, how she tried to comfort me, and she had suffered so much herself. Of course, you have always known my name is not really Davenport, but you have never guessed that it was Crystal Ferrers."

"Ferrers! Do you mean that you belong to Mr. Erle's friends, the blind clergyman who lives with his sister at the Grange?"

"Yes, I am Margaret Ferrers' cousin, the young cousin whom they adopted as their own child, and who lived with them from childhood. Well, I will tell you from the beginning, for you never will understand without hearing about my mother. Give me your hand, dear; if you are tired, and do not want to hear more, will you draw it away. I am glad it is getting dusk, so you will not see my face; the moon will rise presently, so we shall have light enough."

"One moment, Crystal; does Mr. Erle know?"

"No, of course not, he is a mere acquaintance; what should put that in your head, Fern?"

"Oh, nothing, it was only fancy," returned the girl; she hardly knew why she put the question; was it something in Erle's manner that afternoon? He had asked her, a little anxiously, if Miss Davenport were going away again, and if she would be at home the following week. "For she had been such a runaway lately," he had said with a slight laugh, "and I was thinking that it must be dull for you when she is away." But Fern had assured him that Crystal had no intention of going away again, for she had no idea of the plot that Crystal and Miss Campion were hatching between them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CRYSTAL'S STORY.

The path my father's foot
Had trod me out (which suddenly broke off
What time he dropped the wallet of the flesh
And passed) alone I carried on, and set
My child-heart 'gainst the thorny underwood,
To reach the grassy shelter of the trees,
Ah, babe i' the wood, without a brother-babe!
My own self-pity, like the redbreast bird,
Flies back to cover all that past with leaves.

Elizabeth Barret Browning.

"I must begin at the very beginning, Fern," said Crystal, with a stifled sigh. "I hope I shall not weary you;" and as Fern disclaimed the possibility of fatigue with much energy, she continued: "Oh, I will be as brief as possible, but I want you to understand it all plainly.

"I have told you that Margaret Ferrers is my cousin; her father, Colonel Ferrers, had a brother much younger than himself: his name was Edmund, and he was my father.

"I recollect him very little, except that he was very kind to me, but they tell me that he was a singularly handsome man, and very accomplished, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

"He was much younger than Uncle Rolf; he was still at college when Uncle Rolf went out to India with his wife. He distinguished himself there, and made a great many friends; his brilliant abilities attracted the notice of rather an influential man; he offered him a secretaryship, and soon afterwards took him with him to Rome.

"There his success was even greater than it had been in London. Every one conspired to spoil and flatter the handsome young Englishman. He was admitted to the most select circles; the youthful queens of society tried to find favor in his eyes; he might have made more than one splendid match, for there was quite a *furore* about him, but he soon put a stop to his brilliant career by a most imprudent marriage, for he fell in love with a Roman flower-girl and made her his wife.

"Ah, you look shocked, Fern; society was shocked too, they had made so much of him, you see.

"People said he was mad, that Bianca's dark eyes had bewitched him; it may be so, but from the day when he first saw her tying up her roses and lilies on the steps of the fountain, to the last moment when he laid his head like a tired child on her bosom to die, he never loved any other woman but her, and he loved her well. But it was not a happy match; how could it be? it was too unequal; he had all the gentleness and calm that belonged to the Ferrers, and she—she brought him, beside her dark Madonna beauty, the fierce Italian nature, the ungovernable temper that became the heritage of her unhappy daughter."

Fern started as though she would have spoken, but Crystal only pressed her hand and went on—

"When a few months had passed over, and the fame of Bianca's great beauty had got abroad, society relaxed its frowns a little, and received its erring favorite into its arms again.

"They had left Rome and had settled at Florence, and friends began to flock round them; Bianca was only a peasant girl, but love taught her refinement, and she did not disgrace her husband's choice; but it would have been more for her happiness, and my father's too, if they had never withdrawn from the seclusion of their quiet villa.

"For very soon the fierce jealousy of her undisciplined nature began to assert itself.

"She could not endure to see her husband talk to another woman, or hear him praise one even in the most moderate terms. A mere trifle would provoke her, and then long and painful were the scenes that ensued.

"She loved him passionately; she loved him as only an Italian can love; and she made his life so bitter to him that he yielded it up almost thankfully at last. He had been very patient with her, and when he was dying, he put his hands upon her dark hair in his tender way:

"'We have not been happy together, dear,' he said, 'but I do not think it has been my fault. I loved you always, but it was hard to make you believe it; be good to our child, Bianca, for my sake.' And then, as she knelt beside him in speechless anguish and remorse, he called his little Crystal to him and kissed and blessed me, and while he was still holding my hand a sudden spasm crossed his face and he put his head down upon her shoulder, and in another moment he was gone.

"My poor mother, she did not long survive him.

"As soon as the news of my father's death reached England, Uncle Rolf wrote at once offering a home to his only brother's widow and child.

"It was my father's desire, she knew, that she should live under the protection of his relatives, so she obeyed his wishes at once. She did not hesitate for a moment, though she felt she was a dying woman, and it broke her heart to leave her husband's grave. She would bring her child to England and place her safely in Colonel Ferrers' care, and then she could go with an easy conscience to rejoin her beloved.

"How well I remember that journey; every detail was stamped upon my childish recollection.

"Alas! she never lived to reach England. She was taken very ill in Paris, and after a few days of intense suffering, she passed peacefully away.

"A kind-hearted American widow and her daughter, with whom my father had a slight acquaintance in Florence, had travelled with us and were at the same hotel, and nothing could exceed their goodness to my poor mother.

"They nursed her most tenderly, and were with her when she died, and Mrs. Stanforth promised my mother most faithfully that they would watch over me until they had seen me safe under Colonel Ferrers' care.

"Every one was kind to me. I remember once when I was sitting in a corner of the saloon with Minnie Stanforth, I heard people talking softly of the beautiful Florentine lady who lay dead up-stairs, and how some one had told them that she had died of a broken heart from the loss of her English husband.

"I was not with her when she breathed her last. Minnie had coaxed me away on some pretext or other, and when I became restless and miserable, she took me in her kind arms, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, told the truth.

"Fern, sometimes when I shut my eyes I can recall that scene now.

"I can see a child crouching in a corner of the big gaudy salon where a parrot was screaming in a gilded cage, a forlorn miserable child, with her face hidden in her hands and crying as though her little heart would break.

"I remember even now with gratitude how good the Stanforths were to me. Minnie had a little bed placed beside hers, and would often wake up in the middle of the night to soothe and comfort me, when I started from some dream in a paroxysm of childish terror and grief. Young as I was I so fretted and pined after my mother, that if we had stayed longer in Paris I should have been ill; but, as soon as the funeral was over, we started for England.

"Uncle Rolf had been prevented, by an attack of gout, coming to the funeral, but he wrote to Mrs. Stanforth giving her full instructions, and promised that if possible he would meet us at Dover.

"It was early one November morning, as I lay listlessly in my berth, that I was aroused by the noise overhead. Was the brief voyage over, I wondered; had we reached England so soon? and, weak as I was, I crawled on deck, full of languid curiosity, to see my father's country. But the first glimpse disappointed me—a leaden sea, white chalky cliffs, and a grey sky, with black ugly-looking buildings and ships looming out of a damp mist; this was all I could see of Old England. And I was turning away disconsolately when Mrs. Stanforth came up to me with a tall gentleman with a kind, brown, wrinkled face and a grey moustache.

"'Here is your little niece, Colonel Ferrers', I heard her say in her pleasant clipping voice; 'poor little dear, she has fretted herself almost to death for her mother.' Then as I hung back, rather shyly, I felt myself lifted in my uncle's arms.

"'Little Crystal,' he said, gently, and I thought I felt a tear on my face as he kissed me, 'my poor Edmund's child.' And then, stroking my hair, 'But you shall come home with me and be my dear little daughter;' and then, as the kind hand fondled me, I crept nearer and hid my face in his coat. Dear uncle Rolf, I loved him from that moment. The rest of the day seemed like a dream.

"We were speeding through a strange unknown country, past fields and hedgerows, and stretches of smooth uplands, ugly ploughed lands and patches of grey sullen gloom that resembled the sea.

"Now I was gazing out blankly at the dreary landscape, and now nodding drowsily on my uncle's shoulder, till all at once we stopped under some dark trees, and a voice very close to me said, 'Let me lift her out, father.' And then some one carried me into a sudden blaze of light; and all at once I found myself in a large pleasant room with some sweet-smelling wood burning on the hearth, and a girl with dead-brown curls sewing at a little table with a white china lamp on it.

"The strong arms that had carried me in and put me on the sofa, and were now bungling over the fastenings of my heavy cloak, belonged to a tall youth with a pleasant face, that somehow attracted me.

"'Come and help me, Maggie,' he said, laughing, and then the fair mild face of Margaret bent over me.

"'Poor child, how tired she looks, Raby,' I heard her whisper, 'and so cold too, the darling;' and then she knelt down beside me and chafed my hands, and talked to me kindly; and Raby brought me some hot coffee, and stood watching me drink it, looking down at me with his vivid dark eyes, those kind beautiful eyes—oh, Raby, Raby!" and here for a moment Crystal buried her face in her hands, and Fern was grieved to see the tears were streaming through her fingers.

"Do not go on if it troubles you," she said, gently; "I am interested, oh, so interested in that poor little lonely child; but if it pains you to recall those days, you shall not distress yourself for me."

"Yes—yes—I wish to tell it, only give me one moment." And for a little while she wept bitterly; then drying her eyes, she went on in a broken voice,

"Ah, I was not lonely long; thank God, there is nothing more transitory than a child's grief deep and inconsolable as it first appears.

"I did not forget my mother—I do not forget her now, but in a short time I threw off all traces of sadness. The change, the novelty of my life, the unfailing kindness that I experienced, soon worked a beneficial effect on my health and spirits. In a little while I ceased to regret Italy and its blue skies—and the Grange with its dear inmates became my world.

"But it was Raby who was my chief friend—my favorite playfellow.

"I loved Uncle Rolf; child as I was, I very soon learnt to reverence that simple kindly nature—that loyal heart; and Margaret was like a dear elder sister; but it was Raby who from the first became my master and my companion; Raby who instructed and reproved and praised me; whose frown was my worst punishment; whose smile was my reward.

(To be continued.)

A Wanderer Returns in Tatters.

Yesterday afternoon a seedy looking man walked into the office of Deputy Sheriff Samuel A. Johnson, and announced himself as John F. Mahon, of the firm of John Mahon & Sons, of Lynn, that was bankrupted in 1881, at which time the junior partners fled the country. The estate was put in the hands of assignees, who, in November, 1883, paid a dividend of 3 per cent. Mr. Mahon presents a sorry appearance to those who knew him before his departure. In conversation with a *Herald* representative, he stated he had been in Canada, Texas, Ireland, Paris and England since he left Lynn, and had at one time passed as a journalist. He asked Sheriff Johnson for the warrant for his arrest, as he understood one had been issued. The sheriff knew nothing of any warrant, and he referred Mr. Mahon to the police station. Here he told his story to Marshal Hart, who telephoned to the police station at Lynn, but they did not want him. The district attorney was applied to, but he did not want him. His old counsel, Mr. James H. Sisk, was applied to, and his answer was "Send him to Lynn." Mr. Mahon declined to go, as he did not care to appear as a tramp in the city where he once rolled in wealth. He sat in the station last night a picture of despair. He had been two weeks on the road from New York, and what to do with himself he did not know. He was offered a bed by the kind hearted marshal.—*Boston Herald.*

Trying to Collect.

"How is Brown getting on, doctor—any better?"

"Oh, Brown has been up and about for two weeks."

"Then you don't go to see him any more?"

"Don't I? I went to his office three times to see him yesterday, and I'm on my way there now."

Tomato Pie.—The remains of cold pork or mutton, a few slices of potatoes and onions, cover with sliced tomatoes, add a little stock, or, if this be not at hand, a little water; make a short crust and bake.

The water from the Daniel spring, Georgia, is said to be a natural hair dye. Bathing gray hair with it will change the color to black.

Lotta returned from Europe on board the steamship Etruria.