SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Fay's secret was quite safe with Jean, and, as the weeks and months went on, a feeling of utter security came over her. She hardly knew how time passed. There were hours when she did not always feel unhappy. The truth was, she was for a long time utterly benumbed by pain; a total collapse of mind and body had ensued on her flight from her home. She had suffered too much for her age and strength. Sir Hugh's alarming illness, and her suspense and terror, had been followed by the shock of hearing from his own lips of his love and engagement to Margaret; and, before she could rally her forces to bear this new blow, her baby had been born.

Fay used to wonder sometimes at her own languid indifference. "Am I really able to live without Hugh?" she would say to herself. "I thought it must have killed me long ago, knowing that he does not love me; but somehow I do not feel able to think of it all; and when I go to bed I fall asleep."

Fay was mercifully unconscious of her own heart-break, though the look in her eyes often made Mrs. Duncan weep. When she grew a little stronger her old restlessness returned, and she went beyond the garden and the orchard. She never wandered about the village, people seemed to stare at her so; but her favorite haunt was the falls. There was a steep little path by a wicket gate that led to a covered rustic bench, where Fay could see the falls above her shooting down like a silver streak from under the single graceful arch of the roadway; not falling sheer down, but broken by many a ledge and boulder of black rock, where in summer time the spray beat on the long delicate fronds of ferns.

Fay remembered how she used to stroll through the underwood and gather the slender blue and white harebells that came peeping out of the green moss, or hunted for the waxy blossoms of the bell-heather; how lovely the place had looked then, with the rowans or witches, as they called them—the mountain ash of the south, drooping over the water, laden heavily with clusters of coral-like berries, sometimes tinging the snowy foam with a faint rose tint, and fringed in the background with larch and silver birch; the whole mass of luxuriant foliage nearly shutting out the little strip of sky which gleamed pearly-blue through a delicate network of leaves.

It was an enchanting spot in summer or autumn, but even in winter Fay loved it; its solitude and peacefulness fascinated her. But one day she found its solitude invaded. She had been some months at the Manse, but she had not once spoken to the young minister during his brief visits. She had kept to her room with a nervous shrinking rom strangers; but she had watched him sometimes between the services, pacing up and down the garden as though he were thinking deeply.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a plain, strong-featured face as rugged as his own mountains; but his keen grey eyes could look soft enough at times, as pretty Lilian Graham knew well; for the wilful little beauty had been unable to say no to him as she did to her other lovers. It was not easy to bid Fergus Duncan go about his business when he had made up his mind to bide, and as the young minister had decidedly made up his mind that Lilian Graham should be his promised wife, he got his way in that; and Lilian grew so proud and fond of him that she never found out how completely he ruled her, and how seldom she had her own will

Fay heard with some dismay that Mr. Fergus was coming to live at the Manse after Christmas; she would have to see him at meals, and in the evening, and would have no excuse for retiring into her room. Now, if any visitor came to the Manse, Lilian Graham, or one of her sisters—for there were seven strapping lasses at the farm, and not one of them wed yet, as Mrs. Duncan would say—Fay would take refuge in the kitchen, or sit in the minister's room—anything to avoid the curious eyes and questioning that would have awaited her in the parlor; but now if Mr. Fergus lived there. Lilian Graham would always be there too.

Mr. Fergus was rather curious about Aunt Jeanie's mysterious guest. He had caught sight of Mrs. St. Clair once or twice at the window, and had been much struck with her appearance of youth; and his remark, after first seeing her in the little kirk, had been, "Why, Aunt Jeanie, Mrs. St. Clair looks quite a child; how could any one calling himself a man ill-use a little creature like that;" for Mrs. Duncan had carefully infused into her nephew's ear a little fabled account of Fay's escape from her husband, to which he listened with Scotch caution and a good deal of incredulity. "Depend upon it, there are faults on both sides," he returned obstinately. "We do not deal in villains now-a-days. You are so soft, Aunt Jeanie; you always believe what people tell you. I should like to have a talk with Mrs. St. Clair; indeed, I think it my duty as a minister to remonstrate with a young wife when she has left her husband."

"Oh, you will frighten the bit lassie, Fergus, if you speak and look so stern," replied his aunt in an alarmed voice. "You see you are only a lad yourself, and maybe Lilian wouldn't care to have you so ready with your havers with a pretty young thing like Mrs. St. Clair. Better leave her to Jean and me." But she might as well have spoken to the wind, for the young minister had made up his mind that it was his duty to shepherd this stray lamb.

He had already spoken out his mind to Lilian; the poor little girl had been much overpowered by the sight of Fay in the kirk. Fay's beauty had made a deep impression on her; and the knowledge that her betrothed would be in daily contact with this dainty piece of loveliness was decidedly unpalatable to her feelings.

Lilian was quite aware of her own charms; her dimples and sweet youthful bloom had already brought many a lover to her feet; but she was a sensible little creature in spite of her vanity, and she knew that she could not compare with Mrs. St. Clair any more than painted delf could compare with procelain.

So first she pouted and gave herself airs when her lover came to the farm, and then, when he coaxed her, she burst into a flood of honest tears, and bewailed herself because Fergus was to live up at the Manse, when no one knew who Mrs. St. Clair might be, for all she had a face like a picture.

"Oh, oh, I see now," returned Fergus, with just the gleam of a smile lighting up his rugged face; "it is just a piece of jealousy, Lilian, because Mrs. St. Clair—to whom I have never spoken, mind you—happens to be a prettier girl than yourself,"—which was wicked and impolitic of Fergus.

"But you will be speaking to her, and at every meal-time too, and all the evenings when Mrs. Duncan is up in the minister's room; and it is not what I call fair, Fergus, with me down at the farm, and you always up in arms if I venture to give more than a good-day to the lads."

"Well, you see you belong to me, Lilian, and I am a careful man and look after my belongings. Mrs. St. Clair is one of my flock now, and I must take her in hand. Whisht, lassie," as Lilian averted her face and would not look at him, "have you such a mean opinion of me that you think I am not to be trusted to look at any woman but yourself, and I a minister with a cure of souls; that is a poor lookout for our wedded life." And here Fergus whispered something that brought the dimples into play again; and after a little more judicious coaxing, Lilian was made to understand that ministers were not just like other men, and must be suffered to go their "ain gait."

And the upshet of this conversation was that Fay found herself confronted at the wooden gate one day by a tall, broad-shouldered young man, whom she knew was the young minister. Of course he was going to see the falls, and she was about to pass him with a slight bow, when he stopped her and offered her his hand. "I think we know each other, Mrs. St. Clair, without any introduction. I am Fergus Duncan, and I have long wanted to be acquainted with Aunt Jeanie's guest;" and then he held open the gate and escorted her back to the Manse.

Fay could not find fault with the young man's bluntness; she had no right to hold herself aloof from Mrs. Duncan's nephew. He must know how she had avoided him all these months, but he seemed too good-humored to resent it. He talked to her very pleasantly about the weather and the falls and his uncle's health and Fay answered him with her usual gentleness.

They parted in the porch mutually pleased with each other; but the young man drew a long breath when he found himself alone.

"Ech, sirs! as Jean says, but this is the bonniest lass I have ever set eyes on. Poor little Lilian! no wonder she felt herself a bit upset. Come, I must get to the bottom of this; Aunt Jeanie is too soft for anything. Why, the sables she wore were worth a furtune; and when she took off her gloves her diamond and emerald rings fairly blinded one."

Fergus arrived at the Manse with all his traps about a fortnight after this; and when the first few days were over, Fay discovered that she had no reason to dislike Mr. Fergus' company.

He was always kind and good-natured, and took a great deal of notice of the baby. Indeed, he never seemed more content than when baby Hugh was on his knee, pulling his coarse reddish hair, and gurgling gleefully over this new game. Fay began to like him very much when she had seen him with her boy; and after that he found little trouble in drawing her into conversation.

His first victory was inducing her to make friends with Lilian. Fay, who shrank painfully from strangers, acceded very nervously to this request. But when Lilian came her shy, pretty manners won Fay's heart, and the two became very fond of each other.

Fergus used to have long puzzled talks with Aunt Jeanie about her protege. "What is to be done about Mrs. St. Clair when Lilian and I are married?" he would ask; "the Manse cannot hold us all."

"Eh, lad, that's what Jean and me often say; but then the summer is not here yet, and maybe we can find a cottage in Rowan-Glen, and there is Mrs. Dacre over at Corrie that would house them for a bit. Mrs. St. Clair was speaking to me about it yesterday. 'Where do they mean to live when they are married?' she says quite sensible-like. 'Is there anywhere else I can go to make room for them?' And then she cried, poor bairn, and said she would like to stay in Rowen-Glen."

"Mrs. St. Clair," observed Fergus one day, looking up from his writing, "don't you think people will be talking if you stay away from your husband any longer?" for he had once before said a word to her on the subject, only Fay had been hysterical and had begged him not to go on.

"Oh," she said, turning very pale, and dropping her work, "why will you speak to me of my husband, Mr. Fergus?"

"Because I think you ought to go back to him," he replied, in a quiet business-like tone; "it is a wife's duty to forgive—and how do you know that your husband has not bitterly repented driving you away from him. Would you harden your heart against a repentant man?"

"My husband does not want me," she returned, and a spasm crossed her face. "Should I have left him if he wanted to keep me? 'One of us must go,' that is what he said."

"Are you sure you understood him? asked Fergus; but he felt at the moment as though it would relieve his feelings to knock that fellow down; "a man can say a thing when he is angry which he would be sorry to mean in his cooler moments."

"I saw it written," was the low answer; then, with an effort to silence him, "Mr. Fergus, you do not know my husband;—you cannot judge between us. I was right to leave him; I could not do otherwise."

"Was his name St. Clair?" he asked somewhat abruptly; and as Fay reddened under his scrutinizing glance, he continued rather sternly, "please do not say 'yes' if it be untrue; you do not look as though you could deceive any one."

"My husband's name is St. Clair," replied Fay, with as much displeasure as she could assume. "I am not obliged to tell you or any one else that it is only his second name. I have reasons why I wish to keep the other to myself."

"Thank you, Mrs. St. Clair," answered Fergus, moved to admiration by this frankness and show of spirit; "believe me, it is through no feeling of idle curiosity I put this question, but because I want to help you."

"Yes, I know you are very good," replied Fay, more gently.

"If you would only trust us, and give us your confidence," he continued earnestly. "Aunt Jeanie is not a woman of the world, but she has plenty of common sense; and forgive me if I say you are very young and may need guidance. You cannot hide from us that you are very unhappy, and that the husband you have left is still dear to you——" But Fay could hear no more; she rose with a low sob and left the room, and Fergus' little homily on wifely forbearance was not finished.

It was so each time that he reopened the subject. Fay would listen up to a certain point, and seem touched by the young minister's kindness and sympathy, but he could not induce her to open her heart to him. She was unhappy—yes, she allowed that; she had no wish to leave her husband, but circumstances had been too strong for her, and nothing would induce her to admit that she had done wrong.

"Who would have thought that little creature had so much tenacity and will," Fergus said to himself, with a sort of vexed admiration, after one of these conversations; "why, Lilian is a big woman compared to Mrs. St. Clair, and yet my lassie has not a tithe of her spirit. Well, I'll bide my time; but it will not be my fault if I fail to have a grip of her yet."

But the spring sunshine touched the rugged tops of Bemuich-dhu and Ben-na-hourd before Fergus got his "grip."

He was taking his porridge one morning, with an English paper lying beside his plate, when he suddenly started, and seemed all at once very much absorbed in what he was reading. A few minutes afterwards, when Fay was stooping over her boy, who lay on the carpet beside her, sprawling in the sunshine, he raised his eyes, and looked at her keenly from under his bent brows; but he said nothing, and shortly afterwards went off to his study; and when he was alone, he spread out the paper before him, and again studied it intently.

A paragraph in the second column had attracted his attention—

"A reward of two hundred pounds is offered to any person who can give such information of Lady Redmond and her child as may lead to them being restored to their friends. All communications to be forwarded to Messrs. Green and Richardson, Lincoln's Inn."

And just above—

"Fay, your husband entreats you to return to your home, or at least relieve his anxiety with respect to you and the child. Only come back, and all will be well.

HUGH."

"And Hugh is the baby's name. Aye, my lady, I think I have the grip of you at last." muttered Fergus, as he drew the inkstand nearer to him.

The next morning Messrs. Green and Richardson received a letter marked "private," in which the writer begged to be furnished without delay with full particulars of the appearance of the missing Lady Redmond, and her age and the age of the child; and the letter was signed, "Fergus Duncan, the Manse, Rowan-Glen."

CHAPTER XLI.

UNDER THE ROWANS.

My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.
Tennyson's "Princess."

Fergus was not kept long in suspense; his letter was answered by return of post. Messrs. Green & Richardson had been evidently struck with the concise, business-like note they had received, and they took great pains in furnishing him with full particulars, and begged that, if he had any special intelligence to impart, he would write direct to their client, Sir Hugh Redmond, Redmond Hall, Singleton.

After studying this letter with most careful attention, Fergus came to the conclusion that it would be as well to write to Sir Hugh Redmond. He was very careful to post this letter himself, and, though he confided in no one, thinking a secret is seldom safe with a woman, he could not hide from Lilian and Aunt Jeanie that he was "a bit fashed" about something.

"For it is not like our Fergus," observed the old lady tenderly, "to be stalking about the rooms and passages like a sair-hearted ghost."

Sir Hugh was sitting over his solitary breakfast, with Pierre beside him, when, in listlessly turning over his pile of letters, the Scotch postmark on one arrested his attention, and he opened it with some eagerness. It was headed, "The Manse, Rowan-Glen," and was evidently written by a stranger; yes, he had never heard the name Fergus Duncan.

"Dear Sir," it commenced, "two or three days ago I saw your advertisement in the *Standard*, and wrote at once to your solicitors, Messrs. Green & Richardson, begging them to furnish me with the necessary particulars for identifying the person of Lady Redmond. The answer I received from them yesterday has decided me to act on their advice, and correspond personally with yourself. My aunt, Mrs. Duncan, has had a young married lady and her child staying with her all the winter. She calls herself Mrs. St. Clair, though I may as well tell you that she has owned to me that this is only her husband's second name"—here Hugh started, and a sudden flush crossed his face.

"She arrived quite unexpectedly last September. She had been at the Manse as a child, with her father, Colonel Mordaunt;" here Hugh dropped the letter and hid his face in his hands. "My God, I have not deserved this goodness," rose to his lips; and then he hastily finished the sentence, "and she begged my aunt to shelter her and the child, as she had been obliged to leave her husband; and as she appeared very ill and unhappy, my aunt could not do otherwise.

"The particulars I have gleaned from Messrs. Green & Richardson's letter have certainly led me to the conclusion that Mrs. St. Clair is really Lady Redmond. Mrs. St. Clair is certainly not nineteen, and her baby is eleven months old; she is very small in person—indeed, in stature almost a child; and every item in the lawyers' letter is fully corroborated.

"We have not been able to gain any information from Mrs. St. Clair herself; she declines to explain why she has left her home, and only appears agitated when questions are put to her. Her fixed idea seems to be that her husband does not want her. Her health has suffered much from ceaseless fretting, but she is better now, and the child thrives in our mountain air.

"As the sight of your handwriting would only excite Mrs. St. Clair's suspicions, it would be as well to put your answer under cover, or telegraph your reply. I need not tell you that you will be welcome at the Manse, if you should think it well to come to Rowan-Glen.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully, FERGUS DUNCAN."

A few hours later a telegram reached the Manse.

"I am on my way; shall be at the Manse to-morrow afternoon. No doubt of identity; unmarried name Mordaunt.—H. REDMOND."

"Aunt Jeanie must be taken into counsel now," was Fergus' first thought as he read the telegram; his second was, "better sleep on it first; women are dreadful hands at keeping a secret. She would be fondling her with tears in her dear old eyes all the evening, and Mrs. St. Clair is none so innocent, in spite of Jean and Lilian calling her a woman-angel. Ay, but she is a bonnie lassie though, and brave-hearted as well," and the young minister's eyes grew misty as he shut himself up in the study to keep himself safe from the temptation of telling Aunt Jeanie.

He had a sore wrestle for it though; but he prided himself on his wisdom; when, after breakfast the next morning, he led the old lady into the study, and, after bidding her prepare for a shock, informed her that Mrs. St. Clair's husband, Sir Hugh Redmond, would be down that very afternoon.

He might well call Aunt Jeanie soft, to see her white curls shake tremulously, and the tears running down her faded cheeks.

"Eh, my lad—eh, Fergus," she sobbed, "Mrs. St. Clair's husband—the father of her bairn. Oh, whatever will Jean say? she will be running away and hiding them both—she cannot bide the thought of that man."

"Aunt Jeanie," broke in Fergus in his most masterly voice, "I hope you will not be so foolish as to tell Jean; remember I have trusted this to you because I know you are wise and sensible, and will help me. We have made ourselves responsible for this poor child, and shall have to account to Sir Hugh if we let her give us the slip. I have said all along that no doubt there were faults on both sides, only you women will take each other's parts. Now, I am off to the farm to see Lilian. Just tell Jean that I am expecting a friend, and that she had better choose a fine plump pair of chicks for supper; she will be for guessing it is Lothian or Dan Ambleby, or one of the old lot, and she will be so busy with her scones and pasties that one will hardly venture to cross the kitchen." And then, begging her to be careful that Mrs. St. Clair might not guess anything from her manner, Fergus strode off to the farm to share his triumph and perplexities with Lilian.

It was well for Aunt Jeanie that Fay was extremely busy that day, finishing a frock for her baby; so she sat in her own room all the morning at the window overlooking the orchard, and baby Hugh, as usual, crawled at her feet.

He was a beautiful boy now, with the fresh, fair complexion of the Redmonds, with rough golden curls running over his head, and large, solemn grey eyes. Fay had taught him to say "dada," and would cover him with passionate kisses when the baby lips fashioned the words. "Yes, my little boy shall go home to his father some day, when he can run about and speak quite plain," she would tell him; and at the thought of that day, when she should give him up to Hugh, she would bury her face in the fat creasy neck, and wet it with her tears. How would she ever live without her child?" she thought; but she knew, for all that that she would give him up.

When Fergus returned to luncheon, he found Aunt Jeanie had worked herself almost into a fever—her pretty old face was flushed and tremulous, her eyes were dim when Fay came into the room carrying her boy.

"He is far too heavy for you, Mrs. St. Clair," exclaimed Fergus, hastening to relieve her. "I know mother's arms are generally strong, but still this big fellow is no light weight. What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon? Aunt Jeanie always takes a nap in Uncle Donald's room, but I suppose you have not come to the age of napping."

"No," returned Fay with a smile; "but Jean has finished her preparation for the strange gentleman, and she wants to take baby down to Logill; Mrs. Mackay has promised her some eggs. It will do the boy good, will it not, Mrs. Duncan?" turning to the old lady; "and as I have been working all the morning, and it is such a lovely afternoon, I think I will go down to the falls."

"That is an excellent idea," returned Fergus with alacrity before his aunt could answer. He had to put down the carver to rub his hands, he was so pleased with the way things were turning out—Mrs. St. Clair safely at the falls, where they knew exactly where to find her; Jean, with the boy and her basket of eggs comfortably occupied all the afternoon, and Aunt Jeanie obliged to stay with Uncle Donald. Why, he would have the coast clear and no mistake. Sir Hugh would have no difficulty in making his explanations with the Manse parlor empty of its womankind.

He had received a second telegram, and knew that the expected visitor might be looked for in an hour's time; but it was long before that that he saw Jean with the boy on one arm, and the basket on she other, strike out bravely down the Innery road, from which a cross lane led in the direction of the village where the accommodating Mrs. Mackay lived.

A few minutes later Mrs. St. Clair passed the parlor window. It was a lovely May day, and she wore a dainty spring dress—a creamy silk fabric—and a little brown velvet hat, which particularly suited her. As she saw Fergus, she looked up and smiled, and then called Nero to order as he scampered amongst the flower beds.

"Ay, my lady, I have my grip of you now," he observed, with a gleam in his eyes, as he turned away.

About twenty minutes later he heard the click of the gate, and saw a tall, fair-bearded man, in a tweed travelling suit, walking up the steep little path, and casting anxious glances at the windows. Mrs. Duncan saw him too.

(To be continued.)

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Faure, the baritone, is going to Vienna to sing in opera and concerts.

Anton Rubinstein has endeavored to fuse the operatic and oratorio styles in a new work entitled "Moses."

Cowen, the composer, has taken the place of Sir Arthur Sullivan as conductor of the London Philharmonic concerts.

A posthumous opera of Flotow's, entitled "The Musician," has been applied, with fair success, to the patient people of Hanover.

Rev. Dr. Warren claims that if there were no women on the stage no men would go to the theatre. How does he account for the time-honored popularity of minstrel shows?

Mme. Patti sends word to her American friends that she loves them all and longs to return to them—"they are so enthusiastic." This is the first authoritative announcement that Patti contemplated another farewell tour in this country.

In order to try the extent to which a tragic actress is moved by the whirl of stage passion, Sarah Bernhardt's pulse was once tested at the wings immediately after a scene of great intensity. It ticked as regularly and normally as an eight-day clock.

Wilson Barrett proposes to revive the Princess successes from "Lights of London" and "Romany Rye" onward. In the same way Grace Hawthorne talks of reviving all of Boucicault's dramas on a scale of magnificence not yet attempted here. It is reported that Boucicault himself will appear in well known characters.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, the comedian, is about to take a long rest from the stage, and will travel in Europe and otherwise court leisure for a year at the close of this season. During fifteen years of continued work the actor has accumulated a large fortune, one of the largest among men of his profession, and now he will rest awhile, content with both fame and fortune.

Patti is going on a South American tour in the spring. She says the birth of children has spoiled Gerster's voice, as it will any woman's. Patti has no children. "Mme. Nilsson's voice is as good as ever," added Patti, "only she prefers not to sing. Then I hear that Mlle. Arnoldson, who is young and pretty, has a remarkably sweet voice; but what is this I hear about her engagement to Robert Strakosch? Is it true?" "I think not," the correspondent replied; "I heard M. Strakosch himself deny it to-day."

Little Josef Hofmann a few months ago was asked by an English lady of high degree to spend a week at her country seat. He was too well bred and too knowing to decline the invitation. To his father, however, he whispered: "I don't want to go, and I won't go!" "Why not?" asked his father, not a little dismayed. "Why?" Because there are too many ladies in those English places. And they cut off my hair and they ask me to write in their albums all day long, and—they kiss me and hug me from morning till night—and I don't like it, there!" Just you wait ten years, little Master Josef, and then——.

A Steamboat Race on the Pacific.

From a gentleman who arrived here yesterday we lean the particulars of a great steamboat race which took place on Monday between the sidewheel steamer Yosemite, late pride of the Sacramento River, and the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's new steamer Premier. Ever since the latter arrived from San Francisco there has been a great rivalry between the captains of the two boats as to which is the faster. About a week ago they had a little brush for about ten miles, when it was claimed that the Yosemite gained on the propeller, and a great deal of talk was made about it at Victoria and elsewhere. Last Monday the Yosemite came down out of the Fraser River into the Gulf, and rounded the buoy about half a mile ahead of the Premier. Both boats were on the alert, expecting to meet at that point and it is needless to say were all ready for a big race. As soon as the Premier sighted the sidewheeler she gave chase and for a time it seemed as though she would be unable to overtake her rival, but as steam came up to the full amount allowed by law and her screw began to turn over at the rate of 124 revolutions per minute she commenced to come up on the Yosemite and passed her. As she came along the sidewheeler was making 24 turns per minute and fairly flying through the water. The new boat proved too long-winded for her rival, and in the fourteen-mile race across the gulf led the sidewheeler fully two miles. It is stated that the Premier developed a speed of over sixteen miles per hour during the race. Considerable money changed hands on the result.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer of Dec. 7th.*

Christmas Among the Esquimaux.

For the benefit of such of our readers as have never spent a winter in Labrador, Alaska or other countries of the far North, we will relate some interesting facts illustrative of their manner of keeping Christmas.

The winter residences of the Esquimaux are made of blocks of solid snow with thin sheets of ice for windows. Thus the glazier in that country carries his materials for patching up windows in an ice waggon.

Esquimaux children hang up their seal-skin socks on Christmas Eve. They, like our own little folks, appreciate a pair of skates or a sled, but in place of candy they long for blubber. When a young Esquimau wakes up in the morning and finds his stocking full of blubber he is happy. If he doesn't—well, he blubbers all the same.

Their Christmas dinner is a rare feast for them. It consists of a chunk of raw whale with a sauce of rose-colored hair-oil, washed down with a flagon of seal's blood. Tallow candles with dip are served as dessert.

Rev. Daniel P. Pike, whose death has lately been announced at Newburyport, Mass., is credited with preaching 5,000 sermons, marrying more than 2,000 persons, conducting more than 2,000 funerals, and baptising (by immersion) nearly 1,100 converts.

According to Sir John Lubbock, the negroes knew nothing of the art of kissing until it was taught them by Caucasians.