A Natural Inference.

One dark and chilly winter night,
(All dimly burned the nurs'ry light,)
There came from out the farthest bed,
Where lay a towsled, curly head,
A wheezing, barking, croupy sound,
That waked the mother with one bound.

With turpentine and ipecac,
With rubbings front and rubbings back,
With many a blister, many a spew,
The croupy little man pulled through,
Within a week, much less a day,
Could wear that horrid smell away.

Long passed—not so very long
From the beginning of my song,
A sweet excitement filled the air,
A new piano—"grand" and "square"
Adorned the household stood about
To see the hands and screws come out.

The boy was there—boys always are—
Who scent from battles from afar;
He sniffed the music varnish smell,
And thought he knew it well enough;
"Why," turning to the waiting group,
"This man's come—he's of the croup!"

ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Our Graves.

A mound, a stone and violets,
A bird singing in the air,
A child that gathers flowers and lets
The wind play with its hair;
A field of wheat across the hedge
Rippled by fairy hands,
A river stream that downward runs
To cheer the lower lands.

A mound, no stone, no violets—
A blue sea overhead,
A sobbing wind that never forgets
Its chanting for the dead;
Beneath the stars on summer nights
That deep, blue grave, now fair,
The white upon the shore the waves
Beat low, as if in prayer.

No mound, no stone, no violets,
No birds, no wave, no star,
A spot whose memory forgets
What spring and summer are.
Deeper it lies that deep sea graves
From land and sea apart;
A grave, no sad and desolate
A grave within the heart!

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Yes—my heart—such a weary pain, Lucie! Nay, do not look so troubled, dear; it will be better soon. It is not much; but I have always been a coward at bearing pain."

Her head fell back wearily upon the cushions and she closed her eyes, laying her hands in Lucie's as she knelt beside her, while Miss Grey, looking at the wan death-like face framed in falling hair, thought that any more grief must kill her. And yet how could they spare her this grief, which might, which would, Lucie feared, come within the hour? They had been careful to let none of the rumors which had been rife in the little town reach her; even Lady Eastwell had been carefully kept away—for it was she who, in her violent hysterical passion of grief, had cried out that the dead man had been murdered, and that Guy Stuart had murdered him and there were hundreds who shared her belief; and, little as Lucie Grey knew of Shirley's story, she felt instinctively that such a report would be to her more bitter than death itself. She remembered the look which had come into Shirley's eyes when he had joined them so unexpectedly among the rocks; she remembered how the lovely face had brightened and flushed and lost all its weariness; and, as she thought of Guy's grave noble face, she felt that the accusation was as false as it was monstrous.

And yet the proofs were dreadfully against him. They had set out together on the morning of Sir Hugh's last day on earth, and beside the body had been found, stained and discolored with blood, the silver headed bamboo cane, the weapon which it was quite evident had given the blow on the head which had been the immediate cause of death. True the face had lost all its semblance of humanity when the body was found, but the huge boulder of rock under which it had been partly concealed had evidently tilted over and fallen upon it, crushing the handsome face which had looked back so smilingly at Shirley a few short hours before, while, as if to let justice have every chance in its favor, the back of the head remained untouched, although the fair hair was matted and stained with blood. What a terrible end to the brilliant career!

"What are you thinking of, Lucie?" asked Shirley, lifting the heavy lids languidly. "How sorrowful you look, dear! I seem to bring sorrow and pain to all who love me."

"I would suffer infinitely more pain to possess your friendship, Shirley," Miss Grey said, in her soft sincere voice; and the faintest little wraith of a smile flitted over the white lips.

"Thank you, dear. Oh, Lucie, what should I have done without you? Even Ruby could not have been a truer friend than you. Dear Ruby, she must not know," she added earnestly. "All her happiness at the birth of her little daughter would be destroyed. Lucie, how slowly the time goes! I wonder why they are so long?"

She moved restlessly on the cushions and with a weary impatient gesture pushed back her hair from her forehead.

"Poor darling, it is wearisome for you lying there!" Lucie said, putting her cool hand upon the throbbing temples.

"What makes them so long, Lucie?"

The sweet eyes, so sad and pleading, made Lucie's lip quiver; she felt sure that it was doubt as to the verdict they should return which had detained the jury.

"I cannot say, dear," she whispered tremulously; and there was a long silence.

"Lucie, how weary you must be, and how selfish I am!" said Shirley then. "Ring for some tea, dear; you have been here so many hours."

Lucie rang, not for the tea only, but for a chance of speaking to some one who could tell her something of what was going on in the large dining-room below. When the servant answered the bell, Shirley had relapsed into her old apathy, and lay back with closed eyes, so that Lucie had an opportunity of speaking a few words to the girl and having her suspicions confirmed.

"Oh, how will she bear it?" Lucie said to herself, great tears filling her eyes at the thought. "Oh, if the mother had only been well enough to come to her! I am afraid it will kill her!"

"Lucie"—the shrill agonized tones startled her, the wild haggard eyes were wide and horror-stricken—"don't let me go to sleep. I was dozing, I suppose—oh, such a horrid dream!"

She clung with both hands to Lucie, who bent over her anxiously, and, so clinging, raised herself and stood upon her feet, trembling in every limb, with a cold dew starting on her forehead.

"Don't let me lie there—don't let me sleep, Lucie. I will sit up. Give me some air: I am choking; I cannot breathe."

Lucie hastily pushed open the window, letting the air play upon the white pinched face which lay upon her shoulder so heavily, while it required all her strength to prevent the nerveless limbs from slipping to the ground.

Below, groups of people were collected, talking eagerly among themselves; and one or two glanced up at the window, but saw nothing to attract attention.

"What a murmur of voices!" Shirley's faint voice said. "Is there a crowd? My eyes are so dim, I cannot see. There are people there, are there not?"

"Yes, dear. Are you better? Let me close the window."

"Why are the people there? Why are they waiting? Why don't they go? Lucie, help me—I cannot stand."

She was not insensible or unconscious, but the same terrible weakness was creeping over her again, and but for the opportune assistance of the servant who at that moment brought in tea, she must have fallen to the ground. With the girl's help, she was placed in an arm-chair, and Lucie made her drink a little wine.

"It is absurd to be so weak," she murmured, when they were alone again. "I am worse even than Mrs. Beaudesert was on the night of the storm"—with a faint smile—"and I felt so impatient with her. But she fainted, you know, and lost all consciousness. Ah, if I only could! Lucie, I think death must be like this. Don't cry, dear," she added, as Lucie fairly broke down. "I promised I would—. Ah, there is some one!"

The door opened softly, and Mrs. Beaudesert entered, looking pale and subdued and touched. She had not seen Shirley since the night of the storm, and now she uttered a startled, shocked exclamation.

"Is it over?" The voice was almost inaudible from agitation and weakness.

"No, not yet," Mrs. Beaudesert said unsteadily; "but it cannot be long now. Poor Shirley! Do not be afraid. It cannot be against him."

"What cannot be against him?"

"The—the verdict," Mrs. Beaudesert said, startled by a sudden imperative gesture from Lucie which she was inclined to resent.

"Shirley, will you go back to the sofa?" asked Miss Grey, speaking fast and excitedly in her terror. "You will rest better there. Mrs. Beaudesert will help you—"

"Lucie, are you hiding anything from me?" Oh, how pitiful the look in the sweet eyes was! "What does she mean? A verdict? I thought it was only a trial for—for—" her voice died away on her lips, but she forced herself to continue "for murder that there was—"

"My darling, the coroner's decision is always called a verdict," said Lucie earnestly. "Are you feeling faint again, Shirley?"

"No—oh, no! I am well," she answered eagerly. "Mrs. Beaudesert—oh, my heart! What—what is that? What—what is that?"

There was a sound of voices and footsteps, of opening and shutting doors; they could hear the shouting of the crowd outside. Mrs. Beaudesert flushed and trembled and ran to the door, Lucie Grey turned pale, and Shirley stood up, supporting herself by both hands upon her chair, waiting in silence which was as of death itself, it was so intense.

It was broken by hurrying footsteps along the passage, the rustle of heavy silken skirts, the tapping of high heeled shoes, and Lady Eastwell rushed into the room, her handsome face pale and eager and triumphant. Shirley went toward her, standing alone and unassisted (and seeing her movement, Lucie went to her side).

"What is it?" Shirley said. "You look as if you had good news, Alice."

"So I have," she answered, with a vindictive light in her blue eyes. "The verdict is what I have long and prayed for from the beginning. Do you think such wickedness will not be punished? Oh, you may look shocked, Lena, and try to silence me; but there would be no justice on earth if such a wretch should not meet with his deserts!"

"Alice, you are cruel; for pity's sake come away! She is so ill," entreated Mrs. Beaudesert, her bright eyes full of tears. "It will kill her," she whispered.

"Oh, come away—come away! Do not be the first to tell such an awful thing." She had clasped her little hands over Lady Eastwell's arm, and was trying to draw her out of the room; but Alice resisted, the evil vindictive look deepening in her eyes.

"Don't be absurd, Lena! She must know it sooner or later, and she may as well hear it from me," she said, angrily. "Take away your hands; you are hurting me." She pushed up the sleeve of her dress, looking with an angry color in her cheeks at the red marks of the widow's eager hands on the white flesh. "See how rough you are!" she continued. "What absurd nonsense! As if I would not tell it to her more kindly than any one; for she must know it sooner or later."

"Lady Eastwell, let me entreat you," Lucie said imploringly; "say nothing now—she can bear no more! Oh, this is terrible!"

For Shirley was looking from one to the other, making desperate but ineffectual efforts to speak, while the parched white lips refused to obey her.

Lady Eastwell looked at Miss Grey in silent contemptuous disapproval, and made a step or two toward Shirley; but again Lucie interposed.

"My dear, my dear," she entreated, "come away, come with me to your room! I will help you. Do not stay here. Good Heaven, she is dying!" she added, in an agony, as Shirley's head sunk and her eyes closed; and Mrs. Beaudesert flew to the table for some wine, which she forced through the pale lips, in her agitation spilling a great part of it over the white wrapper that Shirley wore, while Lucie trembled so exceedingly that she could hardly support the failing limbs.

"Tell me," the poor girl said, when she could speak—"tell me; I can bear——"

"Another time," Lucie interrupted, tremulously. "It is nothing, dear; but you are fit for no more agitation now. Come with me and rest, and I will tell you." Gently but firmly Shirley put her aside.

"I must hear at once," she said. "Tell me, Alice."

Lady Eastwell hesitated now; she had been extremely startled by the mortal anguish on Shirley's face, and, rejoicing in her triumph as she was, she was afraid to tell her the news.

"Tell me, Alice."

"Well, the fact is, Shirley, that poor dear Hugh did not meet with an accident at all."

"No?"

The voice was calm and steady; it deceived Alice, but it did not deceive Lucie Grey; and she covered her face with her hands.

"No, he was murdered."

"Who—says—" The steady voice failed; but Alice answered the unfinished question:

"The jury. They have given a verdict of wilful murder against Guy Stuart."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Never for many a long year, never even in the memory of its oldest inhabitant, had the little country town of Exminster seen such a concourse of people in its streets as on the fair autumn morning when Guy Stuart was to be tried for his life, charged with the murder of the man who had been his friend and his betrayer, the man whom he had loved and who had injured him so cruelly. It was not merely the pageant of the sheriff's procession which attracted such numbers; intense interest seemed to pervade all ranks of society as to the result of the trial which was to take place, and which must, the initiated said, prove of special and thrilling import to all.

Nor was it the townspeople of Exminster only who showed this interest. From far and near over the whole land came eager interested visitors of high rank and position, friends of Sir Hugh Glynn's who had admired the brilliant, hapless baronet who had been carried home through the storm, cold and stiff, with the red rose over which they had joked a few short hours before still in the button-hole of his gray tweed coat; friends of Guy Stuart, brother-officers who knew him well, and who were furious at the charge brought against one whom they liked, and of whose bravery and honor they had been justly proud during the time he had been one of them; friends of Lord and Lady Eastwell, guests at the house they had taken for a short time in the immediate neighborhood—and these, taking their opinions from Alice, inveighed bitterly against the accused and the baseness of his crime. There were many too at Exminster who had known and envied Shirley in her brilliant career as belle and queen of society; and these were anxious to see how she bore herself now that she was dethroned, that her wealth was lost—for, by a will made a few weeks after his marriage, Sir Hugh's entire possessions had been left away from his wife, save a small annuity. Among the crowds of rich and titled visitors who came by every train on the day before the trial, but few sympathised with Shirley. Women who had flirted with her husband in his bachelor days, men who had admired Shirley and had been repelled by her haughty manner, were equally bitter against her now. If it was Guy who had committed the murder she was the cause of it, she had always hated her husband; she had married him doubtless through ambition, but she had loved Guy Stuart with a great love; and Lady Eastwell was looked upon as an oracle by the heartless votaries of fashion, who had agreed with her in her dislike to the poor girl whose one sin against Alice had been an involuntary one, whose only real cause for hatred lay in that fatal beauty which had won a love she had not craved.

Lady Eastwell's denunciation of Guy Stuart and Shirley Glynn was bitter and vindictive to a degree which was terrible to contemplate; even Major Stuart's guilt could not have justified it. She never spoke of the matter without a calm, cold bitterness which startled her husband and caused her friends to say among themselves that her ladyship would make a bitter enemy. It was solely by her means that the reports of Guy's reason for hating Sir Hugh Glynn got abroad and were circulated far and wide, the threats he had uttered long before being repeated to one and all; and it was in vain that Oswald Fairholme, terribly distressed, not only on poor Shirley's account, but because of the effect these rumors had in influencing public and private opinion against Guy, remonstrated earnestly and seriously with his sister and entreated her to desist and let her calamity rest in this time of terrible distress. Alice listened to the remonstrances in sullen silence, and answered the entreaties by an hysterical attack which entirely routed her brother, who was glad to escape and leave her to the ministrations of her long-suffering maid.

Oswald had come down immediately on hearing of Guy's arrest, leaving Ruby at Fairholme Court, where her little daughter had been born; and, although he had made every effort in Guy's behalf, he had found it quite impossible to get bail accepted. Already Lady Eastwell's innuendoes had had so much weight, and Guy had spent all the long summer days in prison, shut out from the warmth and beauty and sunshine.

That he had borne his captivity bravely and patiently Oswald knew; and he had won the esteem and regard of the officials, from the Governor himself down to the humblest warder. He was sanguine and cheerful as to the results of the trial; but the close imprisonment was telling on his health, and he was looking worn and haggard and ill.

It was well known that the ablest lawyers had been retained for the defence, that the great Q.C., Edwards Montagu, had arrived by the night-mail; and Major Stuart's friend and solicitor, Mr. Harcourt, of the firm of Harcourt & Clarendon, of Lincoln's Inn, had little doubt as to the result of the trial. Still, confidently as he spoke, there was a great anxiety in his eyes which belied the calm professional smile upon his lips as he entered the crowded court-house and glanced over the sea of living faces.

The court-house had been full many a time before, but never had it contained such a number of distinguished visitors. The entire gallery was thronged with ladies in rich somber mourning attire, silk and velvet and jet. Lord and Lady Eastwell and a few distinguished guests occupied seats near the bench, while Oswald, from his seat near Mr. Harcourt, glanced up once or twice anxiously to a slight dark-robed figure which sat in as retired a part as was consistent with a good view of the Judge and prisoner; and beside the sable-clad figure were Lucie Grey and her father, Shirley's slim deathly cold hand being held in Lucie's tender clasp.

Lucie and Mr. Grey had come to Exminster on the previous day with Shirley, who had spent the intervening weeks at the Vicarage, and they were staying at the cottage of one of the Vicarage servants who had married and settled at Exminster. Her house would be quieter and more private for Shirley than an hotel, Mr. Grey had decided; and Ada had accompanied her sister. Shirley was stronger now, but she was still very delicate, and it was doubtful whether she would ever regain her former health. For three weeks she had lain between life and death in the spare room at the Vicarage, and it was only her youth and naturally good constitution and the tender devoted nursing which had won her back to life and suffering; for, although she struggled bravely against her sorrow and forced a smile to her lips, she suffered a life-time of agony during those weeks which intervened between Guy's arrest and the trial. It seemed to her cruel beyond all words that Guy, who had forgiven so nobly and pleaded with her so earnestly in behalf of the husband she had despised and hated, should be accused of so base and terrible a crime; and the thought that she would have to bear witness against the man she loved, accused of the murder of her husband, seemed to stupify her and numb every thought and feeling into one ceaseless pain.

They had entered the court early—for Mr. Grey had been anxious to save Shirley as much as possible from the curious glances and observations of the crowd—and few guessed that the closely veiled woman sitting so quietly was the widow of the dead man about whom so much had been said and thought and hinted during the long summer days.

The lawyers were in their places, the judge and sheriffs in theirs, and there was a momentary pause ere the prisoner was brought in. Mr. Montagu, his clever, ugly face impassive as usual under his wig, glanced round the court with his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, let his eyes linger for the sixtieth part of a minute on Lady Eastwell's handsome eager face, looked away across the court again, said something with a little smile to the Junior beside him, and then sat down calmly as the accused was brought into the court, tall and stately and grave, with the proud, earnest look in the deep gray eyes which Shirley had known and loved so well.

He was looking somewhat worn and pale, but there was no other trace of emotion about him as he bowed courteously and took his place; and the noble face, so true and earnest, made public opinion veer around in his favor. Surely such a man could not be a murderer! If he had caused Sir Hugh's death, it had been done in fair fight. He was no coward, no traitor.

Watching him intently and curiously, with eyes that saw his every movement, the eager audience noticed that, after one swift searching glance around, he sat, with downcast eyes and folded arms, grave, attentive and proud, with no bravado or indifference, but equally without fear or nervousness, waiting.

The indictment was read. Ah, how every word pierced Shirley's heart! She had lifted her veil now, and sat with her eyes fixed upon Guy, whose profile she could partly distinguish; but, when Guy, a grave, deep, musical voice answered steadily "Not guilty," she dropped her veil and sunk back, shrinking as if all eyes were upon her.

Then the lawyer for the prosecution commenced his speech, and Shirley heard, with a faint sickening feeling of horror and anguish, the whole story of her marriage laid before the public in polished eloquent words. They were told how Miss Ross had been betrothed to the prisoner at the bar; how the deceased had loved her with an overwhelming passion which had let no obstacle hinder its course; how he had either induced her to consent to a secret marriage or had forced her into a Scotch irregular marriage, he was from various circumstances concealed until the very day when she was to become the wife of the prisoner. The lawyer drew a vivid and impressive picture of the trembling bride, the irate bridegroom, the husband claiming his rights and insisting on the possession of the wife which the Scotch marriage-laws had given him. He described the furious resentment—natural even just resentment—of the man who had been betrayed—how he had sworn vengeance against the man who had stolen from him the woman he loved, a woman whose wondrous beauty had dazzled an honorable man to a degree which prevented his distinguishing right from wrong. The act of the deceased with regard to his marriage with Miss Ross was not one that would bear palliation or excuse; it was one which he had sorely repented when in possession of his saner judgment, one which perhaps he would have undone had it been possible.

"A married life begun in such circumstances was not likely to be a happy one," pursued the prosecuting counsel. "Sir Hugh and Lady Glynn lived in outward concord, but their private life was by no means so amicable. That she resented, and bitterly, the deception he had practiced upon her is certain; but her conduct was exemplary until, after nearly four years' absence, the prisoner returned from Africa and they met once more—the woman who loved, and the man who loved her, with only one life between them and happiness. You will see, gentlemen of the jury, by the evidence laid before you, that scenes full of passionate grief and sorrow occurred between them; that on one occasion a lady, calling upon Lady Glynn and about to enter her drawing-room unannounced, heard wild words expressive of hatred uttered by her, and not expressive of hatred only, but of a wish that her husband was dead. Terrible words for a man to hear who was already half maddened by the remembrance of his own wrongs, and who would inevitably suffer agony on seeing the anguish of the woman he loved! Shortly after this Lady Glynn's health failed, and the deceased, always a most tender and devoted husband, took her to Easton for the benefit of the sea-breezes, and they were accompanied by a select party of friends. One day the prisoner appeared in the neighborhood and spent the night with his friends and acquaintances, leaving the next morning for Lynmouth in company with the deceased. It was on the eleventh of July, gentlemen of the jury, a day to be remembered as one on which a terrible and almost unparalleled storm raged on our southern coasts and did serious damage on sea and land. When Sir Hugh, who was expected to return early in the afternoon, did not appear, it was supposed that he had taken shelter somewhere on his way. But, when the storm was at its height, the Vicar of Easton was summoned to two of his parishioners, sturdy fishermen, who, returning home under the shadow of the cliffs, had found the body of a man, quite dead, and so disfigured that it was impossible at first to recognize it. Past midnight though it was, the clergyman at once accompanied them to the inn where Sir Hugh Glynn and his party had taken up their quarters and there the hapless man was recognized by his clothes, by the ring on his finger, and by the rose on his breast which he had received from his wife's fingers, the same morning. At first it was supposed that he had met his death by an accident; but medical science proved beyond doubt that he had been killed instantaneously by a blow on the back of the head inflicted by some blunt instrument."

All this and much more the able counsel brought forward against the prisoner whom the Crown had charged him to prosecute; and Shirley listened with a sickening horror creeping over her like an icy chill.

Several times Lucie looked at her anxiously, fearing she hardly knew what from the strained anguish depicted on the lovely face, lovely even now in its pallor and misery; but, whenever she met the tender anxious eyes, Shirley gave a little reassuring pressure to the fingers which were clasping hers and made a pitiful attempt to smile.

The counsel for the prosecution ended amid a general silence. His speech had been able and eloquent, but toward the end he failed a little; it had seemed so impossible, looking at the prisoner's grave noble face, to believe him guilty of such a crime. As the lawyer sat down there was a perceptible expression of relief on his face, while a significant murmur ran through the court; and Lady Eastwell's eyes brightened as she saw how the eloquence and the proof he had brought forward were telling against Guy with the spectators.

Then the witnesses were called—the fishermen who had found the body, and one or two of the servants, whose evidence was unimportant but necessary; and those were followed by the doctors who had made the *post-mortem* examination. Their examination was lengthy and searching by counsel on both sides, but their testimony was the same—death had been caused instantaneously by the blow upon the back of the head; the injuries to the face had had nothing to do with it—they had been received after death.

"Could the blow have been struck by the stick produced?" asked the prosecuting counsel pointing to the bamboo silver-topped cane which lay on the table, and which was the property of the prisoner.

"Yes."

Are you convinced that the blow was so dealt?"

"Yes."

"You have examined the clay which was found upon the top?"

"Yes."

"And you found it to contain what?"

"A few fair hairs from the head of deceased."

"That will do; you may stand down, Doctor Thorpe."

The next witness called was Lady Eastwell; and, as she left her place, proud and stately in her rich black satin robes, the spectators looked at her eagerly, the fair handsome woman with the vindictive light in her blue eyes.

The barristers glanced at her, and then at each other, as she stood quietly in the witness-box; and when the counsel spoke to her there was a slight shade of deference in his manner, due not so much to her position as to her beauty.

"You have known the deceased for some years, I believe?"

"Yes."

"You knew him well—intimately?"

"Yes, at one time."

"When was that?"

"When he was staying at my father's, long before his marriage."

"Glynn is your cousin?"

"Yes—no—not cousin; she lived with us after her mother's death."

"She was engaged to the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"But the engagement was broken off?"

"Not at all," Lady Eastwell answered; "she continued the engagement for some time after her marriage to Sir Hugh."

"But she did not know of the marriage?"

"She said not."

The tone was significant; a faint smile stole over the lawyers' faces, and Mr. Montagu coolly put up his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and looked at the witness steadily until the end of her examination.

(To be continued.)

A Chinese "She."

From an advertisement in the *North China Herald*, describing how the receipt for the "Fairy Life Pills" was obtained, it would appear that Rider Haggard's "She" once lived in China. "Ch'en-ta jen was journeying on the Ch'ing-ch'eng hill when he saw a woman passing southward over the mountain tops as though flying. Her age was about 30, and in her hand was a stick, and she was pursuing an old man of about 100 years. Ch'en-ta-jen asked the woman, 'Why do you beat that old man?' She answered, 'He is my grandson, for I am 500 years old and he 111. He will not purify himself or take his medicine, so I am beating him.' The traveller alighted from his horse, knelt down and did obeisance to her, saying, 'Give me, I pray, this drug that I may hand it down to posterity for the salvation to mankind.' Hence its name."

Ornamental Plumbing.

The latest fad in plumbing is to leave all the pipes in a house open to the view. The pipes are, as a rule, the same as they used to be when they were inclosed, except that they are made of polished brass, or are nickel plated. For some reason, known only to fashion, it is presumed to be very reassuring as well as healthful for cranks, and others interested in sewer gas, to be able to see the pipes they are so much in awe of.—*New York Sun.*

Gilbert's protege, Julia, shortly gives a matinee of "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Savoy, the lady appearing as the statue. For Mrs. Saker's benefit at Liverpool recently Neilson essayed the role to the great regret of the audience. She may fare better in London. Gilbert seems determined to push her before the public, who so far have not taken kindly to her.