A Pretty Good World.

This world's a pretty good sort of world,
Taking it all together,
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather,
There are friends to love, and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache, for those who make
The best of the situation.

The sun and rain ripen corn and grain,
And everything has its season;
And truth shines white and clear, despite
The blackness of fraud and treason;
There's plenty of work for busy hands,
A love to lighten labor,
And a chance for you and me to do
Some good to a needy neighbor.

There are quiet nooks for lovers of books,
With nature in happy union
There are cool retreats from the noontide heats,
Where souls may have sweet communion;
And if there's a spot where the sun shines not,
There's always a lamp to light it;
And if there's a wrong we know ere long
That the God above will right it.

So it is not for us to make a fuss
Because of life's sad mischances,
Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about
A change in our circumstances;
For this world's a pretty good sort of world,
And He to whom we are debtor
Appoints our place and supplies the grace
To help us to make it better.

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"And altogether you will have told one, two, three fals-nots," interrupts Belinda, checking off Rose's "mystifications" on her tingers tips. "Three leading falsehoods and about a dozen half-ones. Why have a headache? Why deceive either of them? Why not go on straight and let everything take its chance?"

"When you are a few years older, child, when you have seen as much of the jealousies of the human heart as I have, you will know that 'going on straight,' as you call it, does not answer. Gentlemen like being deceived if the deceit saves them from undergoing anything disagreeable, and those women who know how to deceive gracefully—gracefully, mind, are always the most popular."

At the door of the hotel Belinda finds Roger trying, with rather poor success, to look sympathetic while Spencer holds forth to him respecting her mistress's headache. As the comedy proceeds, an Englishman, tall, of military cut, but with the unmistakable air about him of a man at odds with fortune (Colonel Drewe must surely have fallen in the world of late), peeps through the trellice of vine and jessamine that overshadows the salle-a manger window close at hand, and listens. He shifts about a little; he turns red; gets one good stare at the handsome, unconscious face of his rival, then draws back—draws back, but—alas for military honor that I must confess it—listens still!

"And so Rosie cannot go with us," says Roger.

"Rosie! He calls her Rosie!" The unseen takes out his pocket handkerchief and wipes his forehead.

"Belinda, what must we do? Put off the excursion till another day——"

"Mrs. O'Shea begs you would not on any account do that, Captain Temple," says Spencer. "It is one of her little headaches, you know, sir."

"Oh, he knows, does he?" thinks the gentleman behind the vines and jessamine.

"I'm afraid Mrs. O'Shea and you were out too late last night, Captain Temple. Mrs. O'Shea complained of her 'ead before retiring."

Roger again does his best to look contrite, and again fails signally. "If Rosie really wishes us to go, Belinda? Rosie is so unselfish—never likes other people to be disappointed—perhaps we had better be guided by her. We shall be a nice little party of three, you and Miss Burke and myself——"

"And Mr. Jones," adds Belinda. What on earth should make Colonel Drewe start so oddly at the sound of the girl's voice. "Don't forget that Mr. Jones has come back from the mountains."

"Jones—ah, to be sure, Jones," says Roger in an altered tone. "On second thoughts, I don't know that I have courage enough for the expedition. If Miss Burke were to get me alone among the ruins and begin to argue about the suffrage, I might become a convert to the Women of the Future before I knew where I was. It will be safer for me to remain behind."

Belinda turns away abruptly. "Amuse yourself well, Captain Temple," she cries, looking back at him across her shoulder. "Mr. Jones is not going to Spain at all; in another hour Mr. Jones will be on his road to England; but never mind, Burke and I will have an improving day by ourselves. Good-bye. I have not a moment to lose."

Her slip of a figure trips away out of the court-yard, and before she has progressed a dozen steps Roger Temple has joined her—is on his way to Spain; his terror of Miss Burke and of her doctrines, it would appear, suddenly overcome. Spencer watches them curiously. Whatever other personage in a love plot remains blind to the truth, be sure that the lady's maid is never long unenlightened. Spencer watches them, drawing inferences of her own as to the future happiness of Captain Temple and her mistress. The stranger, from behind his cover of vines and jessamine, watches them also.

Belinda feels in a dream, still a dream that is no longer one of pain. Her child's life has been spoiled for her, 'tis true; and all the future's gold is for Rose, not her. But she, not Rose, is with Roger now. Their excursion into Spain will last some six or seven hours—six or seven hours to the good, out of a lifetime of separation! Her hand is upon Roger's arm—he insists that she needs his help to get her through the crowd—and his eyes are telling her that she is fair; and her foolish heart beats with pleasure; and she wants nothing on the whole wide earth but what the moment gives her!

Propriety, in the shape of Miss Burke, overtakes them at the railway station. They get their tickets for Hendaye, the last town this side the frontier, and in another quarter of an hour are walking as well as the scorching, breathless heat will allow them, along the banks of the Bidassoa. Here, advised of Murray, their plan is to take the boat for Fontarabia—Fontarabia, that looks but a stone's throw distant, across the quivering expanse of harbor mud. But man and Murray may propose, fate finishes. They get into one of the unwieldy flat bottomed boats that ply between France and Spain, assured by the scarlet-skirted boatman, in patois, only understood of Belinda, that there will be water enough to carry them to Fontarabia this tide, and rather more than half way across run aground. The boatmen shove, swear, smile. When a Spaniard smiles you may know that your hour has come. "What is to be done? Ah, God knows. This, then, is to be done, as their excellencies insist upon an answer. Either they will remain where they are some small three-quarters of an hour and walk ashore on their own legs, or be carried thither in the boatmen's arms, now; or they can wait, a matter of several hours, for the return of the tide. Their excellencies will have the condescension to decide." Meanwhile the boatmen take out each a little roll of paper, and prepare with the most dignified good breeding imaginable, to fold their midday *cigarritos*.

"I vote for being carried ashore at once," cries Belinda. "Propriety, ma'am! What does that matter? I woul drather be improper than have sunstroke any day."

"And I," says Miss Burke, "would sooner perish than be encircled by the arms of those men, of any men. I will never quit this boat living, save on my own feet."

And not by one hair's breadth can she be made to swerve from her principles. She will wait till the tide is so far ebbed that she may walk ashore across the mud; will wait, if need be, till nightfall; will risk the danger of sunstroke, to the profanation of a man's, although but a red-skinned boatman's arms; the Woman of the Future will never bring herself to submit.

"Well, if this indeed be the case then," says Roger perfidiously, "if we cannot induce" (induce her "to change your mind, Miss Burke, perhaps the best plan would be for Belinda and me to go ashore as we can, look out for a hotel, order dinner and so on. This will give you more time for seeing Fontarabia afterward, and——"

"Leave me, I beg, sir," says Miss Burke, putting up her umbrella sternly, "but without compliments. Miss O'Shea, I must ask you to dispose of your day entirely without reference to me. Settle with the boatmen? No, I thank you." Roger, enslaved by old world superstitions as to woman's helplessness, having at this point weakly taken out his purse. "I will settle with them when they have fulfilled their engagement, when I find myself safe on land, not before."

So the matter is settled. One of the men lifts Belinda from the boat, about as easily as a child lifts a kitten, then wades, bearing her in his arms, through the shallow water. Captain Temple is conveyed on the stout shoulders of the other. A couple of minutes later they are ashore on Spanish soil and alone.

"And now, Senora Lagrimas," says Roger, "what just cause or impediment should hinder you and I from going on to the Alhambra?"

The question is a jest, of course. Unfortunately, just as Roger puts it, Belinda's eyes meet his in one long, wistful, sorrowful look—then droop abashed. And the story is told.

As it is told in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, reader, the unbidden eloquence of look, or tone or touch, making itself felt before the lips have ventured on the colder expedient of speech. Well—the intervening space of time that follows, be it of months or minutes, is, I take it, about the most ambrosial of all love's calendar, especially of love that shall never know its earthly end, to which the present is all in all.

They explore the sights of Fontarabia as conscientiously as though they were some prosaic couple whose romance had begun with money considerations, was now yawning itself into extinction throughout a wedding tour. They visit the ramparts, still lying in blackened ruins, as British gunpowder left them. They look down on the classic Three Fords, the scene of that wild night struggle when the Duke won the passage of the Bidassoa, inch by inch, from old Soult. By and by they saunter up to the church through the high street of the town. But they forgot two things, to search for a hotel or to order dinner. They also forgot the existence of Miss Burke.

The church takes them more than an hour to walk round. Nothing remarkable in the way of art has Fontarabia's parish church to show; the gilded saints and virgins, the windows, the relics, are precisely like all others of their kind. They linger, side by side, silent, not meeting each other's eyes, Heaven knows what thoughts filling the hearts of each. At length the organ begins to play a dreamy set of waltzes, followed by an air from one of Verdi's operas. A sleepy-looking priest saunters down the aisle, putting on his gown as he goes; a sleepy looking chorister boy with incense burner and book saunters behind. And then in lounges a christening party, everybody gossiping and laughing, with that frank familiarity toward mother Church that characterizes the whole most Catholic nation. Belinda and Roger make their escape through a side door, left open by the drowsy-eyed priest, and which leads down five or six breakneck stairs, into the sacristy.

The sacristy is old, older by centuries than the main body of the church, and is filled with vests, stoles, canopies, dilapidated Beatas and other ecclesiastical property of that nature. The air is redolent of stale incense, mustiness, and garlic—what place in Spain is not redolent of garlic? How if they were to open a window, afford other pagan lungs a little more of Heaven's pure air and a little less of the manufactured odor of sanctity? They open one and discover a balcony, or mural terrace, about twelve feet in length, exquisitely cool, sunless, and siesta inviting, and with the whole panorama of town, river-mouth, and harbor outstretched beneath.

"Perhaps from this height we shall be able to see Miss Burke about somewhere," cries Belinda, tardily conscience-stricken.

Remark the cruelty of fate, the pertinacity of that unspiritual god, Circumstance. In the streets, upon the ramparts, guarded at every step they took by an attendant mob of beggar children, they were safe, comparatively. And then the christening drives them into the sacristy, and garlic and stale incense drive them out upon the balcony, where they are as much alone as they were on that first evening when "Lagrimas" sang her student song under the stars; and then, and then——

"Belinda," says Roger Temple, somewhat irrelevantly, "don't speak of Miss Burke, child, until the subject is forced upon us. There is something you have omitted to explain to me, and this is a good moment to have it out. Mr. Jones has gone—my profound gratitude go with him—but why? What sent Mr. Jones away?"

"I'm sure I don't know; that is, of course, I know," answered Belinda, lucidly. "Mr. Jones went—well, because he found there was no good in his remaining any longer."

"I see. You have behaved badly to him, Belinda, confess it! Four days ago your dearest hope in life was to possess the Jones' diamonds. Don't you remember what you said that first evening of our acquaintance, the evening when Senora Lagrimas promised to show me the Alhambra?"

She turns away quickly, yet not so quickly but that Roger can mark the conscious reddening of her cheek. "I behaved badly to him, I know, and to myself too: badly from beginning to end. It makes me ashamed when I think of it. But now—oh, I have grown old and wise suddenly. It seems quite a year since you and Rose first came to St. Jean de Luz."

"I am sorry we have made your time hang so heavily."

No answer. Though they are only talking of Augustus Jones and his diamonds talking as they might do if Rose or Miss Burke stood by, instinct tells Belinda what supreme moment hurries on apace. And her heart is beating so that she can hear its beats. If her life depended on it she could not lift her eyes to Roger's!

"However, you will be rid of us soon. Spencer is not amusing herself, it seems, and Rose says she dare not stay more than two days longer. Don't quite forget us when—Belinda, oh, my darling!"

And with this all is over. The tears are raining down her cheeks, and Roger Temple has taken her hands in his and spoken words such as he never, no, not even in that unlawful whisper beside the lappopotamus, spoke to Rose.

"I have been so miserable," she stammers out her poor little confession presently, "miserable, hopeless, happy all at once. Don't think badly, don't think altogether badly of me, sir, and never, never, never tell Rose!"

"Think badly of you, Belinda, child! That is the cruelest stab. What, in God's name, do you suppose I think of myself?"

"And you will never tell Rose?—I mean when you are far away, and all this is like a dream? You will never tell Rose, and you will not blame me more than you can help, when you think of me?"

"Blame you, my dearest!" And Roger draws her, shrinking, trembling, with a rapture that is half joy, half fear, to his breast.

The organ plays on and on within the church, and the priest's voice drones out the christening service, and down beneath, on the shore, the fisher children are calling to each other, and far off ebbs and falls the Atlantic. Belinda knows not whether the sounds last a minute or an hour. To human hearts in intense pain, the arbitrary divisions of time exist not. Roger loves her, Roger loves her, and she is with him—her hand clasped in his, his breath upon her cheek, his whispers——

"Montrez moi les robes de pretre," cries a voice in rasping tourist French. "Quand j'ai vu je paie, vas t'en."

And into the sacristy, note book in hand, stalks Miss Burke, her sharp little point of a nose crimsoned by the sun, her boots thick with unsavory harbor mud. A dirty small boy in a dirtier surplice, one of the functionaries of the church, attends her.

Belinda and Captain Temple come is at once from the balcony. Belinda, to whom as we know, the small change falsehoods of conventionality are not familiar, hangs her head and is silent. Roger has the extraordinary assurance to express his satisfaction at the meeting, and to add Miss Burke watching his face. I blush for him as I write it—that they were "looking for her."

"So I perceive," says the lady curtly. "Looking for me among the idolatries of a Popish church! May I inquire whether you have also looked for a hotel and ordered dinner? I believe, I believe, Captain Temple, it was for that purpose that you left me alone in the boat."

"Well, I—I—the fact is, I don't know that we came across any hotel," says Roger, with an air of penitence. "But if you and Belinda will remain here, I——"

"I have found a hotel, and have ordered dinner," says Miss Burke. "When a gentleman," with a northern emphasis on the word, "when a gentleman happens to belong to my party, I invariably take care to see to all practical matters myself. Lucky I am accustomed to independence."

She turns tartly away, and with the help of her small cicerone proceeds to overhaul the "idolatries" of the place; the vestments, embroidered by loving, foolish fingers in many a distant convent cell, our Lady of Delight, our Lady of Pain—all are viewed in the same cold, business spirit by the Woman of the Future, and catalogued in the irrepressible note book for literary use.

Belinda keeps studiously by her side, and far away from Roger. The sound of Miss Burke's voice, the expression of Miss Burke's eye, have brought the poor child back roughly from Elysium to the world in fact. Five minutes ago she was in her lover's arms, happy to the verge of pain, uncalculating of the future, unconscious of either innocence or guilt. He is Captain Temple, Rosie's affianced husband, now, and she is divided from him—oh, forever, and evermore. That caress was their first and last. The delight that, beat out thin, is made to extend over thirty or forty years of some women's lives, has lasted for her—as long as a kiss lasts—no more.

They eat their dinner of strange herbs, garlic predominant, at the one modest poside the town possesses; drink their coffee, or what the innkeeper writes in his bill as coffee, in the street, the whole population, lay and clerical, of Fontarabia looking on; then the quick Southern night falls suddenly on the plain and mountains, and they must prepare to return. Belinda's promised six hours of happiness are all but spent. All but—how many a fateful turning in one's life is encompassed by those two short words!

Miss Burke insists that she, and she alone, shall make the bargain for the carriage. "Captain Temple undertook to arrange for us about the boat," she remarks. "If we wish to get back to France to-night, the business part of the matter had better now be left to me. It requires moral courage to hold one's own with these shilly-shally, false tongued Spaniards, and gentlemen as a rule are not possessed of moral courage. I am"

As the sequel proves. After half an hour's hot contest, Miss Burke has succeeded in beating the cochero down to the very lowest fraction for which mortal souls may be conveyed across the frontier to St. Jean de Luz; the fruits of her moral courage being the oldest, craziest carriage that Fontarabia can produce, with a horse gaunt and shadowy as ever came from Dore's pencil in his illustration of Don Quixote.

And here again, mark one of these results of hidden causes which we are pleased to call fate. Had Miss Burke ordered any decent, Christian pattern of conveyance, with cattle to match, they had all remained decorously in each other's society throughout the journey; no further whisper, or ghost of a whisper, between Roger and Belinda possible. But this cranky vehicle is so heavy, the horse so weak, that long before they reach the frontier bridge at Irun, they are going at snail's pace; by the time they commence the ascent of Behobia they have come to a dead lock. The driver descends from his box; swears fearfully in Spanish, French, Basque; cracks his whip, applies his shoulder, or goes through the pantomime of applying it to the wheel. In vain. Not a step further can poor Rosinante stir. Their highnesses, these ladies and the gentleman, must make the ascent on foot if they would reach St. Jean to-night. No help for it. The horse was one of the best horses in Spain in his day, but what will you have? to every pig comes Martinmas—his day is past. If their highnesses had only consented to hire a pair.

Roger and Belinda jump out at once; Miss Burke refuses to move, again on principle. The man undertook to drive her from Fontarabia to St. Jean de Luz, and he shall hold to his bargain, if he take the whole night about it.

So "fate" has her way. On goes the cranky carriage; on go the swearing driver and the high-souled Burke; Belinda and Roger are left alone once more. Alone, but how far more cruelly divided, how infinitely nearer than when they loitered beside the altars of the old church at Fontarabia. Now has come the moment of temptation in earnest. They have but to turn their faces and the road to the Alhambra lies straight as road can lie before them. And in the heart of each is the memory of a kiss!

CHAPTER XI.

"BOHEMIAN HONOR."

"Take my arm, Belinda. The way is steep."

The way is steep, the loneliness profound. Upon one side stretches forth the Atlantic, silent at this hour, and motionless as any little mountain tarn; upon the other are wild sierras and rocky defiles of the Pass. Behind them—the lights from a score of scattered villages gleaming through the dusk—lies Spain, the land of dreams, the land which even prosaic middle age cannot quit without a sigh.

"And we have not seen the Alhambra after all," says Roger, some minutes later. She took his arm, as he bade her; her hand has become clasped, who knows how? in his, and she does not seek to draw it away. "Correctness," the outwork of weakness, so prudently born of knowledge, is to Belinda's Arab soul unknown. She is only honest as yet.

"No, we have not seen the Alhambra," in rather a shaky voice comes her answer, "and we are not likely to see it—together, at all events."

"Six short hours in Spain, and four of those spent with Miss Burke! Now what can be the use of people like Miss Burke?" speculates Roger philosophically. "I suppose one ought to accept them without questioning, like heat or electricity, or any other irreducible phenomena. They exist, and that is as much as will ever be known about them."

"I dare say I shall know enough about Burke before I have done with her," remarks Belinda.

"You—you are not going to live with Miss Burke any longer?" says Roger, hurriedly, and by no means calculating into what imprudence he will be betrayed next.

"I don't see what I should gain by leaving her, sir. We are accustomed, at least, to hating each other! I might be worse off among strangers."

"Belinda," stopping short and looking down into her face, "what is the use of talking or pretending to talk like this? As if either of us could forget! You to spend the best years of your youth with Miss Burke, and I—great heavens! the thing is a mockery! But it is not too late, my darling, it is not too late. We may draw back yet."

There are few men who make love really well, as regards eloquence of speech; ardent emotion and rounded periods seldom going hand in hand, save in very highest regions of melodrama. But language that in black and white reads trite enough may easily be alchemized into poetry of a glorious summer night, in a mountain sierra, with the stars shining overhead, and an uncritical heart of seventeen beating time to all you say.

"I don't want to draw back," says Belinda, misunderstanding him. "All this has come upon me I scarce know how—come upon me whether I wished it or not. But if I could, I would not draw back now, for I shall have been happy."

Roger folds her to him in a quick embrace. "And we shall be separated no more, my child," he whispers. "Why it would be monstrous for the happiness of our lives—of all our lives—to be sacrificed for mere want of courage to speak. We shall be separated no more."

"Never separated," repeats Belinda, half impatiently. "We shall be separated forever, sir, and you know it! Separated a thousand times more than if you were going to marry a stranger."

"Marry! Don't talk of my marrying. I can never marry any one but——"

The words are spoken under Roger Temple's breath, but they fall, with clearness such as human speech never possessed for her before, on Belinda's ear. She turns deadly white; even with this mask of night upon her face, Roger can see her change color. She breaks from his embrace.

"Tell me what you mean outright, Captain Temple. Say what you have to say plainly. You do not consider yourself bound, then, to marry Rose?"

And thus Roger is forced upon the very horns of the dilemma. Easy to suggest a possible dereliction from duty, by sign or whisper; horribly hard to put into language with the honestest pair of child's eyes in the world looking straight into one's weak, troubled soul. "He had made an egregious error." Something to this effect does he at length contrive to answer her. "During the past dozen years or more he had mistaken a sentiment for passion, and Rosie, poor Rosie, it may be, had mistaken too. But Rose must be appealed to—the happiness of all their lives left in her hands."

"Captain Temple, let us understand each other," she cries, lifting her eyes, with piercing earnestness, to his face. "After a dozen years' fidelity, you love Rose no longer, it seems—are ready to throw her and your fidelity to the winds, and for my sake! Well, now, if this indeed is truth, not flattery, carry it into effect without delay. If we mean to commit a dishonest action, let us get it over at once, and without the treachery of soft words—appealing to poor Rose's generosity, leaving the happiness of all our lives in poor Rosie's hands—bah! I, at least, am not made of such mawkish stuff!"

"Belinda, child. Great heaven! if you knew——"

"Over away there, sir, not a couple of miles off, is Spain. I know every turn, every short cut through the mountains. What hinders you and me from going to the Alhambra as we planned? Miss Burke will say she left us, and Rosie, poor Rosie, must guess the rest. Are you ready?"

(To be Continued).

Latest from Scotland.

The old woman Boyd, who is in Ayr prison under sentence of death for murdering her grandchild, has been reprieved.

A child of Gregan, Culnaigtrie, Kirkcudbrightshire, recently fell into a pot of boiling porridge and was scalded to death.

All the money required to place a monumental brass over the grave of Bruce in Dunfermline Abbey has now been subscribed.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Robert Porterfield, writer, Dumbarton, fell into the river Leven and was drowned. He leaves a widow and family.

The congregation of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, has decided to call the Rev. John McNeill, of Edinburgh, to be their minister.

Mr. W. Valentine, farmer, Stonehaven, was killed the other day. While oiling the machinery of the threshing mill the wheel started and broke his neck.

A movement is on foot at Aberdeen to place a memorial stone over the grave of William R. Broomfield, the recently deceased composer of hymn tunes.

The first meeting of the new Town Council of Edinburgh was held on the 9th inst. Treasurer Boyd was elected Lord Provost; Councillor Clapperton, Treasurer; and the vacant Bailie's chair was awarded to Mr. Steel.

Immense shoals of salmon have been lying in the sea off Berwick, and the salmon, many of them fish of very large size, jumped solidly and incessantly, and made the surface of the water, otherwise smooth, quite turbulent.

Rev. Mr. Donaldson, of Strathaven, recently said that Christianity is judged now more by what we are doing for Christ in the world around and how we are meeting its various demands, than by the stereotyped orthodoxy of our religious opinions.

The Cumnock people have received a rude shock on hearing the report that the local Covenanters' flag, at present in the Bishop's Castle at the Glasgow Exhibition, has been sold by its possessor, Mr. Dugald McGeachin, shoemaker, Cumnock, for £50. It seems to be the prevalent notion that the flag really belongs to the town, and not to the keeper of it. "This," writes Mr. A. B. Todd, "certainly was the light in which Mr. McGeachin's father looked upon himself—the 'keeper' only of the banner;" and this seems to be confirmed by a poem on the flag written by the late Rev. James Murray, parish minister of Cumnock, nearly thirty years ago.—*Christian Leader*

Fresh Foreign Waifs.

"High play" is the initial news of the season from beautiful, but wicked, Monte Carlo.

The average number of dog-bitten patients at Pasteur's establishment in Paris is 100.

Scattered all over Europe are sorrowful American girls who have found titled marriages a failure.

No less than eight steamships for the trans-Atlantic trade are now in progress of building on the Clyde.

Among the permanent residents of Paris, it is said, the exiles of Russian nobility are the most noted for extravagance and prodigality of life.

Duchess Decazes, formerly Miss Singer of New York, has astonished even the Parisians by the magnificence of her equipages on the Bois.

With the beginning of the new year, it said, many English railway companies will abandon the use of second-class carriages.

English newspapers are full of advertisements of "castles," "halls" and celebrated estates for sale or to let. This is to be regarded as one of the significant signs of the times.

Helmets Superseding Travelling Skll Caps.

The old-fashioned silk travelling or skull cap, says the New York *Sun*, is fast being superseded by the English plaid double-peaked helmet. By actual count on an evening train for Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Road this week there were nine travellers wearing plaid helmets and only two with black silk head gear. The helmet covers the eyes and excludes the light if one wants to doze, while it feels and looks more like the orthodox head covering if one steps off the train at a station. On the other hand the skull cap always conveyed the idea that its wearer had pulled the lining out of his hat for temporary use.

Cannibals Live the Same Way.

Paterfamilias (at the supper-table to Mr Thomas Catch, Susie's beau)—It is said that a Spaniard can live upon an onion and a few olives a day. It seems surprising to us, does it not?

Susie's Little Brother—Mr. Catch, know what you live on.

Mr. Catch—What, Tommy

Little Brother—On your aunt said so.

The sale of Grattan's library has just taken place in Dublin, Ireland. There were upwards of 5,000 volumes, and Grattan, like Coleridge, was in the habit of enriching his books with marginal notes, of rare value for the generation amongst whom the intellectual riches of the great orator are being distributed.