Little Violet.

There is mischief in your eye, little Vi! little Vi
There is danger in your bearing, I am sure,
Though your looks be even saintly, yet language can but faintly
Tell the difference twixt your acts and looks demure;
For instance, there's the baby; you kiss him and —it may be
That you never thought to do that youngster any harm,
But oft his yells and flinching tell of surreptitious pinching,
And the impress of your fingers on his tender little arm.

And I think you often try, little Vi! little Vi!
To be a mother in your own peculiar way,
To dirty little Mollie, that fractured one eyed dollie,
Whom dearest Annie sent you on your natal day;
Oh! how you whack and spank her, and then politely thank her,
As the humor takes betimes your little ladyship.
No wonder that, to Mary, the milkman said he'd "nary
Seed the hequal of 'er for a reg'lar little clip."

But I know of actions sly—little Vi! little Vi!
Towards the humble author of thy presence on this earth,
Who, in his peaceful study, oft ponders whether shou d he
Be stern or laughter loving in thy fascinating mirth,
How well does he remember that night in calm September,
When you saw your active parent spring high into the air,
And you knew such worldly rising, and the poet's agonizing,
Was the bent pin you had left within his study chair.

Yet, when thou wert like to die—little Vi! little Vi!
He knows the weight of grief that lay upon each heart,
And turned the coming morrow into utter woe and sorrow
For those who strove to stay the grim destroyer's dart.
And when death's bolt miscarried, and the angel's coming tarried,
What joy within our walls when thy plaintive little cry
Told us the God of gladness had pity on our sadness—
Had touched, in peace, thy garment, little Vi! little Vi!

—*H. K. Cockin, in the Week.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"Some one will like to have you with or without your money," said Estelle, by way of consolation. She thought of the gardener's daughter, and of their own pretty, well-mannered parlor-maid.

"And I should have the same answer to give that you have just given to me," returned Caleb, with a quietness that was in itself a reproach. "A man's heart, Miss Clanricarde, can no more be played battledore and shuttlecock with than a woman's. It stays where it has once been given."

Estelle gave another shiver.

"Don't say that!" she exclaimed.

"Well, no, you are right, Miss Clanricarde; that was out of the way," he returned; "and it's not me, but you, as we have to think of, and I cannot see my way for you. What will your mother, Mrs. Clanricarde, say to it?" he asked. "She knew that I was proud to have her promise, and that I was not wanting in my part. What will she say when nothing comes of it?"

Estelle looked scared.

"She will be very angry," she said, realizing the scene that would have to follow on this consultation.

"With you, Miss Clanricarde?"

"Yes, with me."

"And how will that be for you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I shall be very sorry," answered the girl, still with that shadow of fear over her sweet face. "But what else can I do, Mr Stagg? There is Charlie to think of as well as my father and mother. And then there is my promise. How could I ever look at myself in the glass were I to perjure myself, as I should do if I were to marry any one else? I cannot do other than I have done. It would be too sinful and shameful if I did."

"But it hurts me to think of your being troubled—of your mother, Mrs. Clanricarde, being vexed with you," said Caleb, his honest heart in his eyes.

"I must bear it as patiently as I can," answered Estelle, "unless——"

She stopped short, then looked at Caleb with a strange, suggestive, half-beseeching appeal in her beautiful eyes and quivering lips, which he read, but did not understand. She wanted something of him. What was it? The prayer was patent—the words inaudible. How could he come by their sense?

"Unless what, Miss Clanricarde?" he asked. "Is it aught I can do for you? Oh, but I would, even to die for you!" he added, not with a burst of tenderness so much as a solemn kind of declaration—a proffer of service wherein sacrifice would be for healing.

"It is mean of me to ask it," said Estelle, hesitatingly. "But mother will be so angry with me, and to be angry with you will not matter. But it is so mean and cowardly of me," she repeated. "Only you are so good!"

"If I can serve you I will. I can say no more, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, his lips, too, twitching nervously. She called him good! she whose favor he would have given his life to gain! What, indeed, would he not do to deserve her praise! She could not love him, but he could serve her. He could not rescue her from poverty by the devotion of his whole life, but she said that he could be of use to her. Would he not, then? Ay, gladly, even to the sacrifice of his life, if need be!

"You can, indeed, help me with my mother," said Estelle, a deep blush on her face—a blush of shame for her own cowardice and selfishness. "Tell her that it is you who will not marry me, not I who will not marry you. That I am willing, but that you of your own free-will will not."

Something passed through Caleb as if he had been struck about the heart. For a moment thought and life and clear perception of things, and even feeling, seemed to fail him, and he was conscious of only a sharp pain and a choking at his throat, so that he could not speak, and could scarcely breathe. This, then, was to be his crowning martyrdom. Of his own free will he was to renounce her—this exquisite treasure of loveliness, whom a king might well give his crown to gain. Ah, it was hard!

"You will, will you not, Mr. Stagg?" said Estelle's soft voice, pleading, enticing.

Still Caleb could not speak. His heart was too big, his throat too constricted, his anguish too great.

"It will be the greatest kindness you can do me," he heard her say. "Take it on yourself. Tell my mother you will not marry me, though I said I would marry you. I do not know what will become of me if you do not. Perhaps she will turn me out of the house and curse me. She said she would before I came out to you. I dare not tell her. But it will all come right if you give me up of your own accord, because I love Charlie. Do this, Mr. Stagg. I shall be so grateful to you, and so will Charlie," she added, with a girl's unconsciousness of cruelty to the man who loves her and whom she does not love—the woman's fidelity to the man she does love.

On that Caleb found his voice.

"Never mind him," he said, hurriedly. "I will do for you what will be a shame to me as a man; but I'll do it for you," he repeated huskily.

"How good you are!" said Estelle, beginning to realize the full meaning of the moment. "I can never thank you enough, nor repay you."

"If thou'rt happy, my bonny lass, that'll be my meed," said Caleb, with infinite tenderness, lapsing into his old forms of speech and accent, the intensity of his feelings causing him to forget his late manners. "If I can spare thee pain, what matters what such as I suffer? Thou shalt walk over the body of me if thou'st a mind."

He raised his hand—hers still lying on it—till his lips just touched the long white fingers athwart his. With the trembling reverence of a worshipper at a shrine, with the holy tenderness of a mother with her first-born, he just touched, he did not kiss, those precious fingers, white and fragrant as the petals of a lily.

"God bless thee!" he then said, with a sob that was as the sob of death—that was in very truth the sob of death for him—"God bless thee, my queenly lass, and may the Lord abide with thee always, to thy joy and gladness for ever and ever!"

"Don't, Mr. Stagg," said Estelle, beginning to weep.

He was no longer the distasteful omad'haun fit only for the laughter of the well-conditioned—the ungainly Beast whom no maiden born of woman could love. He was the hunchback whose wings had unfolded, the prince whose gross disguise was rent and cast away. She could not love him nor marry him, but she could respect and pity him—and she did.

"Now let us go, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, with the same kind of sad firmness he had shown at the first. "We know what we have to do, both one and t'other, and I think we understand each other. But, oh!" he added, with one last return to the old loving, yearning spirit, "whenever you think of them as loved you best, remember poor Caleb Stagg, the miner lad, who broke his heart to save yours a pang. Ay, my bonny queen, who would have died for you if so be as you would have lived. And greater love hath no man than that he should give his life for a friend. Now let us get this job over. I shall sleep lighter if I know that I have done your bidding and pleasured you, no matter how."

CHAPTER XII.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Mrs. Clanricarde was ill in bed. That was but natural. Breakfast in bed and a bad headache when things go cross are to a woman what a sulky dinner at his club and a bottle of that claret with the yellow seal is to a man. And to weep unavailing tears with one's head buried in a pillow and one's mind possessed by spiteful thoughts is perhaps a better way, on the whole, of overcoming a trouble than to blot it out with wine stains, which obliterate everything save the memory of color, savor and fragrance.

Last night's scene with Caleb Stagg, or rather the disappointment and despair included in it, had temporarily disabled Estelle's mother.

Mrs. Clanricarde thought herself justified in her displeasure that Estelle had not conquered her rebellious heart, and thrown that intruding love once for all into space and the limbo of the past. It was her duty so to do, she argued; and a mother does well to be angry with a daughter who fails in her duty—loves where she ought not, and refuses money when she has the offer.

By all of which it came about that Estelle had a morning of full liberty, with Charlie Osborne waiting on chance in the wood hard by.

What is that we love in each other? Who can tell? It is not only beauty. "There is no such thing as that we beauty call, but fancy makes all as it lists," and to many unbeautiful creatures is given the most entire and heart-whole devotion. Nor is it necessarily youth; the old thank God for that when dear eyes shine with the light of love on their faded faces, and those who, had time ruled their ages straight, would have clasped them in their arms as lovers now lie on their hearts as children. Nor is it even intellect, else would those stupid amiabilities, of which we know so many, go wearily through life wanting that of which they have so great abundance now. Nor yet again is it goodness; for many whose souls stand shivering and naked, without so much as a rag of virtue to cover them—many cruel, vain, selfish, false—receive such passionate incense of love-worship so that no temple of the gods is more fragrant than theirs, and no car of Juggernaut drives over more faithful hearts than those which break at the feet of these smiling demons. We love because we love; and our love is no less strong because its genesis is obscured, and we cannot trace the flood to its source. All we know is the fact of that flood, on the margin of which bloom roses and forget-me-nots, or hemlock and the deadly nightshade.

Tried by certain tests, there was no question of comparative merit between Charlie Osborne and Caleb Stagg. Tried by others, the scale gave another measurement. In person, bearing, charm of manner, delightfulness of acquirements, flexibility of intellect, the penniless young artist, the unemployed Eudemon, stood supreme. For the mere human creature that he was, Venus might have taken him to replace Adonis—and she would not have found him so reluctant; and Libussa might have well exchanged her sceptre for his love. Had he and Hylas bathed together, the water-nymphs who drown men for their beauty would have chosen him as the fairest; and no Norseman would have mourned Baldur dead while Charlie Osborne had been alive. Everything was in harmony.

Like a bird running to her nest, Estelle stole quickly up the lane and into the leafy temple, where she knew she should find her shrine already tenanted. And, sure enough, there was Charlie, diligently sketching the forms and leafage of the trees, as a kind of excuse to himself, as well as to others who might see him sitting there in that holy place, waiting on chance and Estelle Clanricarde. When he saw her turn that corner and come swiftly up the narrow path, his heart leaped within him, and he sprang forward to meet her with a young lover's fervor and delight.

"This is a joy!" he said, ecstatically, holding her hands in his, and looking into her face with those insatiable eyes which no amount of looking satisfies. "My dearest! my darling! how dear of you to come! How have you been able to get away so early?"

"Mother has a headache, and is in bed; so I thought I would not be missed, and that we should be safe," said Estelle, laughing for very happiness. She did not realize her mother's headache. She thought only of being with Charlie.

"That is jolly," said Charlie, realizing the occasion no more than Estelle. "But, my stars! what has happened?" he asked, suddenly. "You have something to tell me; I can see you have."

"Yes, indeed, I have something very great to tell you," answered Estelle; "but not just at this moment, Charlie. Let us forget everything but each other for just a minute. Tell me of yourself—how you are; what you have been doing; where you have been; whom you have seen; everything that has happened to you since the day before yesterday—and then I will tell you my news."

But Charlie had no great events to tell. He had seen Lady Elizabeth, and finished the sketch of the water-mill in the lane leading down to Hindfleet; and he had not slept very well last night; and he had not eaten much breakfast to-day; and he had had a pain in his side and in his right temple; and now he was quite well and as jolly as a sand-boy, seeing that she was here. To which catalogue of insignificant ailments, magnified by love into dangerous symptoms, Estelle listened with a face that seemed really sad enough for threatened death, while her eyes grew brighter and larger and more tender than ever with the tears that lay benind them and crept slowly within the lids.

"Poor darling!" she said, "you want some one to take care of you."

"Yes—you," said Charlie. "I shall never be quite well till I have you as my sweet little wife. That is the only thing I am living for, Estelle. I believe I should die if I lost you."

"You shall not do that," she answered. "Do not be afraid, Charlie. I am yours now and forever, in life and to death. No one and nothing could part us!"

"Not even Mr. Caleb Stagg?" asked Charlie, with a fine disdain, that, as things were, looked almost like divination.

"No; that is all at an end," she said, simply. "That is what I have to tell you, darling. We have had such a scene at home! Such a dreadful time! Mother made that poor fellow propose to me! Just fancy! And I had to refuse him. That is why she has a headache to-day. Poor mother!"

"Why do you call him poor fellow, Estelle?" said Charlie, suddenly stiffened and chilled into a very human icicle.

"Because he behaved so well," said Estelle. "He was so generous and kind, and did all I wanted him to do so nicely, and bore mother's anger so bravely for my sake. He did behave well, Charlie!"

"Don't, Estelle!" cried Charlie, rising in wrathful agitation. "I cannot bear this. By heavens! I will go and insult the fellow. That he should presume—that he should have the insolence to lift his eyes to your face! He deserves a horse-whipping, and I have the best mind in the world to give him one."

"Charlie dear—" began Estelle.

"Don't!" he said, again interrupting her; "if you say a word in his favor you will send me mad!"

"Charlie dear!" she remonstrated again.

"Do you think it very pleasant for a man to hear the girl he loves praise and defend another fellow who has had the insolence to make love to her?" cried the angry upholder of love's exclusive privilegs. "I tell you, Estelle, he deserves horsewhipping, and for the turn of a hair I will give him one!"

"Well, I will not say anything if it vexes you," said Estelle, meekly. "You see, I was bound to tell you the truth, dear, else I would not have spoken of it at all."

"And you would have kept secrets from me?" he said, in an aggrieved voice.

"No. It is because I could not do this that I told you," was her patient answer.

"The scoundrel! How dare he!" fumed Charlie.

She did not speak. She only slid her hand within his arm, and gave it a little squeeze with her fingers.

"Now you are sulky," said Charlie, with the injustice of his kind.

"Indeed, darling, I am not," she answered, her sweet eyes full of love and tears.

"What a brute I am?" cried her handsome tyrant, suddenly penitent and submissive. "Now I have made you cry. What a vile temper I must have! I am not worthy of your love, Estelle."

"You are worthy of ten times more, if I could possibly feel it. But I cannot," said Estelle.

On which he kissed her, and the little skirmish ended in the way in which their little skirmishes—which, by-the-way, were all on his side—always did end.

Then, having come to his rational and natural senses again, Charlie condescended to note particulars of the affair; and when Estelle had told him all, even he was constrained to admit that the omad'haun had behaved like a gentleman and a man of honor, and that he was not half a bad fellow after all; and really he, Mr. Osborne, might almost forgive him this involuntary trespass on his own property, so handsomely repented of and atoned for.

Meanwhile a princely patron was in course of moulding for Charlie Osborne's benefit; and Anthony Harford was steaming across the Atlantic in the Greyhound. The gods were creeping on with their feet of wood, and in a short time would be up with those on whom they were minded to lay their hands of iron. Old Herrick's advice was never more timely than now, and to gather rose-buds while they might was the young lover's highest wisdom.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANTICIPATIONS.

In the lane down the hill, where the worn old water-mill was the picturesque point much affected by artists, lived the Asplines, at their pretty place called Hindfleet.

Mrs. Aspline's story was not unique, nor yet was it disgraceful. A buxom cook to a rich old bachelor, she had filled with credit all the offices connected with the tradesmen's books and the kitchen range. Her master married her, as her spotless discretion demanded and deserved, and dying when their little daughter was but 5 years old, left her as buxom a widow as she had been a cook and a wife, and the assured possessor for her life of his handsome fortune. At her death it passed on to Anne, who was thus an heiress worth any man's looking after.

Besides being a woman of means, Mrs. Aspline was also a woman of strong good sense and of more than average ability.

Being rubicund and stout, she dressed in the austere dignity of black, which somewhat concealed the exuberance of her lines and toned down the warmth of her carnations. She never committed the mistake of wearing color, not even in her cap or bonnets, nor in the warmest months of summer allowed herself the betraying "liquefaction" or vapory expansion of flimsiness in material. She had the softest velvets, the richest satins, the thickest silks, to be had for love or money; and she broke up the dead surfaces with lavish powderings of jet, which still further concealed her outlines, and made her inches yet more delusive. As hospitable as an Arab whose gourd hangs on the outside of his tent, no mouth came to her amiss; and from wayside beggars to Lord Eustace himself no meal was withheld from those who cared to take their share. Thus, thanks to her tact, good sense, discernment of social motives, and strict observance of certain unwritten laws touching the implied subserviency of relative inferiority, Mrs. Aspline, of Hindfleet, had conquered a position in Kingshouse which else might have held out against her to the end; and some of the people of the place made it a point of Christian charity to forget the cook they had never known, and to recognize only the widow of a gentleman—the possessor of a handsome fortune, and the mother of a desirable heiress.

Others, however, did not; notably Mrs. Clanricarde, who had a daughter to marry, and no son for whom to find a wife. Had the sex of her child been reversed, her action would have been reversed too. As things were, Anne Aspline was in her way, not on her side; and the spit was held up as an unconquerable barrier between their houses. The miner's pick did not count.

For herself, Anne was pretty enough to have floated safely on the social wave had there been no such shining sails of gold to carry her forward. She was a fair-haired, gentle-mannered girl, who bore no salient marks of her maternal ancestry, save that she had square topped fingers, with broad, flat, opaque white nails, and that her ears stood out from her head like jug-handles. They were not large, nor fleshy, nor badly shaped, but they were distressingly prominent, and seen from behind made her pretty small head more animal than human. Save these two sign manuals, stamped by nature on the living parchment, she had a clear pedigree enough, and her inheritance contained more than the mere money which had to come to her on her mother's death. In temperament she was languid, in constitution anæmic. She had an unappeasable appetite for day-dreaming, and she was great in the art of doing nothing. Indolent and unpractical, she never did a hand's turn for herself that she could get any one else to do for her, and she quite understood the Eastern's contempt for unnecessary physical exertion. She never worked and rarely played, though she had been taught embroidery by a mistress and the piano by a master. By which it may be seen that, nice dear girl as she was, our Anne was decidedly a goose, and entirely wanting in that kind of commonsense grip of which her mother had so much, and of which she made such good use.

Mr. Aspline had had full belief in his wife's integrity and prudence. All the same she was only a woman, and whether you say, with the gallant Francis, "*Souvent femme varie, bien fol qui s'y fie*," or, in the dalesman's vernacular, "Women are kittle cattle to shoe shint," it comes to much the same thing. Hence, although he had left the interest of all he possessed to his widow for her life, he had strictly entailed it on his daughter and her children; so that the one should not be able to enrich a second husband beyond her own natural term, and if the other grew up plain or weak-minded it would not be to the advantage of any scoundrel to marry her for her money one week and poison her for full possession the next. If she did not marry and bear children the money was disposed of in other ways; and to neither women was left the power of making a will—not even of her savings. For trustees he had left two old friends of his—one a Major Campbell, and the other Jack Harford, of Thrift. Major Campbell had renounced the trust from the beginning, and just now Jack Harford had died; but his son Anthony, who had been travelling in America—who had, indeed, been living in America for some years—was on his way home to take up his father's affairs, and among other things to see about the trusteeship to the Asplines, whom he had known when a lad, and remembered with pleasure now as a man. "Cookey," as the irreverent young scamp used to call Mrs. Aspline, had always been kind and generous and good to him and his; and little Anne had been the prettiest and softest and whitest sort of plaything possible—as much like a powder-puff or a poodle puppy as a little girl in white frocks and multitudinous frills—good to toss up into the air and catch as she came down, or to carry on his shoulder, while she clutched his short curled hair and screamed with delight when he kicked like a donkey or pranced like a horse. Perhaps she had been too much of a cry-baby for a vigorous young scamp thirteen years her senior to be always quite patient with; but, on the whole, he had managed pretty well, and had been able to curb his natural ferocity to a quite commendable extent when the wee waterspout cried for a mere nothing and squeaked for less than nothing. So that, mingled with regrets for the father whom he had not seen for so many years, and regrets for the friends and intimates he was leaving behind, were pleasanter speculations as to how he should find his old friends "Cookey" and pretty wee Anne—now, of course, grown up and come to the stateliness of Miss Asplinehood.

They on their side speculated on the change time must have worked on him, and came to the conclusion that, having been so long in America, he must needs be a perfect barbarian by now—and what a pity it was that an English gentleman should so spoil and lower himself!

"I hope he will not think it necessary to come here," said Mrs. Aspline, looking round her pretty drawing-room with its ship-load of furniture and ornaments. "I would so much rather transact all my business with him by letter or at the lawyer's; for of course he will have that horrid habit of chewing tobacco and spitting all over the place, and that will be too disgusting, you know."

"Detestable!" said Anne.

"I wonder if he has been living much with the Indians?" then said Mrs. Aspline. "Perhaps he is married to a squaw in beads and a blanket. One never knows what these wild young men are up to when they are once out of one's sight."

"No," said Anne, visions of Lara and the Corsair making a hotch-potch of ideas with Prince Florizel and the Reverend John Creedy. "It is dreadful to think of," she added, with a little shudder.

"And if he brings his wife home with him, and she carries her babies in a basket at her back, how very painful it will all be!" continued Mrs. Aspline, who was fond of reading books of travel.

"I wonder Mr. Harford let him stay away so long," said Anne, who was the freest if the most indolent she alive. "If the first Mrs. Harford had lived, it would have been different. She would have brought him home long ago," she added.

"Yes," said Mrs. Aspline; "a mother has more power in a family than any father can have. Better lose a dozen fathers than one mother; for even the best men are but poor creatures in a house compared to women."

"She spoke with that curious conviction of superiority by the grace of sex characteristic of the women of to-day. She had been made by her husband, but she believed that she had been the sole architect of her fortunes, while her master and his thousands had been but the hodman with his bricks.

(To be Continued).

A Woman's Warm Heart.

In a cabin on a sunny hillside overlooking the Bay of Dublin was a helpless cripple, entirely dependent upon his sister's exertions, and on her death a car was sent from the poorhouse to bring him thither for shelter. The poor wretch clung to the only home he had ever known, and utterly refused to leave it, crying that he would die if deprived of his "say air and shut up in prison wall." His loud lamentations had brought the priest and some of the neighbors by his side, and one of the latter, Maggie O'Flynn, felt a deep impulse of pity toward the unfortunate man. She was a single woman of about 55, of weather beaten and certainly not attractive appearance. She acted as head on the estate of a gentleman close by, to whom her services were invaluable. "Hould hard," she said to the workhouse officials; "it's not Maggie O'Flynn that 'uil see a poor craythur taken to the poorhouse when she can give him a shelter. It's a corner and a welcome in me own cabin Mick Castillo shall have." But here his reverence interposed and vowed he would allow no such scandal in the parish as an unmarried man and woman sharing the same dwelling, cripples or no cripples. "Shure, Maggie, you won't go back on your word?" implored poor Mick. Maggie hesitated a moment, then turning to the priest said: "If there's no other way to save him from 'the house,' your reverence, I'll marry him, an' sorra a haporth will any one be able to say agin it thin." It was in vain his reverence pointed out the terrible burden Maggie was taking upon herself. "It's for the love of God I'm marryin' him an' not to plase meself," was the answer she returned; "an' sure the blessed Virgin will niver let me want for the bite an' the sup when she sees me sharin' it with the craythur that has naythur." The marriage took place, and until his death, several years later, the kind-hearted Maggie O'Flynn carefully tended and supported the poor helpless cripple in her own cabin.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Odd Transatlantic Notes.

A Milan newspaper, the *Secolo*, is publishing the Bible in 210 half-penny parts of eight pages each and 900 wood cuts.

In Rome there are 30 cardinals, 35 bishops, 1,469 priests, 2,215 nuns and 3,000 monks, friars, candidates, etc.

The Bank of England is the most extensive banking institution in the world. It employs over 1,000 clerks, and its buildings cover more than eight acres.

The French Minister of Education has offered a gold medal for the best French scholar to be found in English schools. His offer is intended to encourage the study of French.

A banker in Lille, France had the misfortune to wet eighteen bills of the Bank of France, and in order to dry them he placed them on a board at an open window where the sun shone upon them. They dried more rapidly than was anticipated. A gust of wind carried them into the street, where, unfortunately, a goat picking up odds and ends at once captured the bank bills and swallowed them. The goat was purchased and the bills secured in a very dilapidated condition, but the Bank of France recognized its obligations and redeemed them.

Living on a Penny a Day.

The Englishman, Dr. T. R. Allinson, has been trying the experiment of living on meal and water for a month. His daily allowance is one pound of whole meal made into a cake, with distilled water, and one quart of water. His account of his condition after a week is cheering. In the first days he felt hungry, but about the fourth day this disappeared, and he had no longer any craving for other food. His brain was clear, his lung capacity had increased five inches, and both his sight and his hearing had improved. He had lost seven pounds weight, but seemed to regard this as rather an advantage. Altogether he feels thoroughly satisfied with his experiment. It is a very economical one, the wheat for seven days having cost only eight pence. "This," he says, "is living on almost one penny a day and enjoying it."

He Chewed.

"I never smoke," said a theological student to his best girl, 'but atchoo!"

It was only a sneeze, but the maiden said she would never marry a man who chewed.