A Pastoral.

SHE.

Gentle shepherd, tell me, pray,
Has my Colin come this way?
He chants a rustic ritornello
And bears a crook—on his umbrella.
Say, then, gentle shepherd, say,
Has my Colin passed this way?

White his shirt fronts are new milk;
Soft his whiskers are as silk;
He drives no flock, the darling man,
But wears a vest of astrakhan.
Say, then gentle shepherd, say,
Has my Colin passed this way?

POLICEMAN.

If the party as you mean,
Which his name is Peter Green,
Is a clerk with Cash & Co.,
Then I see him thither go.
But don't henceforth address me thus,
I ain't no shepherd on a 'bus.

His pipe—I do not mean a floot—
Appeared to be of briar root;
Where yonder boy's a-blacking shoes,
He stopped and bought a daily news
Then mounted (I'm no shepherd, you)
Upon the knife board of the 'bus.

Love Makes a Change.

"I am sick of the world," he said;
"I am sick of the world and of life;
Of the double-faced hypocrisy
An the strain of the godless strife.

"I am sick of the fools that succeed
I am sick of the sages that fail;
Of the pitiless laughter of wealth,
And of poverty's pitiful wail.

"I am sick of the devils that leer
At innocence passing by;
I will bar my door to the world;
I will lay me down and die."

But there came a change as he spoke,
And the mists were burned away,
And the midnight darkness of despair
Was turned to jocund day.

And the sun burst forth once more,
Till his glories filled the skies.
And the magical power that wrought the change
Was one look in a woman's eyes.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

"I shall not say 'Octavia' to grandmamma."

Then suddenly she glanced up at him.

"That is sly, isn't it?" she said. "Sometimes I think I am very sly, though I am sure it is not my nature to be so. I would rather be open and candid."

"It would be better," he remarked.

"You think so?" she asked, eagerly.

He could not help smiling.

"Do you ever tell untruths to Lady Theobald?" he inquired. "If you do, I shall begin to be alarmed."

"I act them," she said, blushing more deeply. "I really do—paltry sorts of untruths, you know; pretending to agree with her when I don't, pretending to like things a little when I hate them. I have been trying to improve myself lately, and once or twice it has made her very angry. She says I am disobedient and disrespectful. She asked me, one day, if it was my intentions to emulate Miss Octavia Bassett. That was when I said I could not help feeling that I had wasted time in practicing."

She sighed softly as she ended.

In the meantime, Octavia had Mr. Poppleton and Mr. Francis Barold upon her hands, and was endeavoring to do her duty as hostess by both of them. If it had been her intention to captivate these gentlemen, she could not have complained that Mr. Poppleton was wary or difficult game. His first fears allayed, his downward path was smooth, and rapid in proportion. When he had taken his departure with the little silk purse in his keeping, he had carried under his clerical vest a warmed and thrilled heart, It was a heart which, it must be confessed, was of the most inexperienced and susceptible nature. A little man of affectionate and gentle disposition, he had been given from his earliest youth to indulging in timid dreams of mild future bliss—of bliss represented by some lovely being whose ideals were similar to his own, and who preferred the wealth of a true affection to the glitter of the giddy throng. Upon one or two occasions he had even worshipped from afar; but as on each of these occasions his hopes had been nipped in the bud by the union of their object with some hollow worlding, his dreams had, so far, never attained very serious proportions. Since he had taken up his abode in Slowbridge, he had felt himself a little overpowered by circumstances. It had been a source of painful embarrassment to him to find his innocent presence capable of producing confusion in the breasts of young ladies who were certainly not more guileless than himself. He had been conscious that the Misses Egerton did not continue their conversation with freedom when he chanced to approach the group they graced, and he had observed the same thing in their companions—an additional circumspection of demeanor, so to speak, a touch of new decorum, whose object seemed to be to protect them from any appearance of imprudence.

"It is almost as if they were afraid of me," he had said to himself once or twice. "Dear me! I hope there is nothing in my appearance to lead them to——"

He was so much alarmed by this dreadful thought, that he had ever afterward approached any of these young ladies with a fear and trembling which had not added either to his comfort or their own; consequently, his path had not been a very smooth one.

"I respect the young ladies of Slowbridge," he remarked to Octavia, that very afternoon. "There are some remarkable young ladies here—very remarkable, indeed. They are interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools, and indeed in everything—which is most unselfish and amiable. Young ladies have usually so much to distract their attentions from such matters,"

"If I stay long enough in Slowbridge," said Octavia, "I shall be interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools.

It seemed to the curate that there had never been anything so delightful in the world as her laugh and her unusual remarks. She seemed to him so beautiful, and so exhilarating, that he forgot all else but his admiration for her. He enjoyed himself so much, this afternoon, that he was almost brillant, and excited the sarcastic comment of Mr. Francis Barold, who was not enjoying himself at all.

"Confound it!" said that gentleman to himself, as he looked on. "What did I come here for? This style of thing is just what I might have expected. She is amusing herself with that poor little cad now, and I am left in the cold. I suppose that is her habit with the young men in Nevada."

He had no intention of entering the lists with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, or of concealing the fact that he felt that this little Nevada flirt was making a blunder. The sooner she knew it the better for herself; so he played his game as badly as possible, and with much dignity.

But Octavia was so deeply interested in Mr. Poppleton's ardent effort to do credit to her teaching, that she was apparant unconscious of all else. She played with great cleverness, and carried her partner to the terminus, with an eager enjoyment of her skill quite pleasant to behold. She made little darts here and there, advised, directed, and controlled his movements, and was quite dramatic in a small way when he made a failure.

Mrs. Burnham, who was superintending the proceeding, seated in her own easy-chair behind her window-curtains, was roused to virtuous indignation by her energy.

"There is no repose whatever in her manner," she said. "No dignity. Is a game of croquet a matter of deep moment? It seems to me that it is almost impious to devote one's mind so wholly to a mere means of recreation."

"She seems to be enjoying it, mamma," said Miss Laura Burnham, with a faint sigh. Miss Laura had been looking on over her parent's shoulder. "They all seem to be enjoying it. See how Lucia Gaston and Mr. Burmistone are laughing. I never saw Lucia look like that before. The only one who seems a little dull is Mr. Barold."

"He is probably disgusted by a freedom of manner to which he is not accustomed," replied Mrs. Burnham. "The only wonder is that he has not been disgusted by it before."

CHAPTER XVII.

ADVANTAGES.

The game was over, Octavia deserted her partner. She walked lightly, and with the air of a victor, to where Barold was standing. She was smiling and slightly flushed, and for a moment or so stood fanning herself with a gay Japanese fan.

"Don't you think I am a good teacher?" she asked, at length.

"I should say so," replied Barold, without enthusiasm. "I am afraid I am not a judge."

She waved her fan airily.

"I have a good pupil," she said. Then she held her fan still for a moment, and turned fully towards him. "I have done something you don't like," she said. "I knew I had."

Mr. Francis Barold retired within himself at once. In his present mood it really appeared that she was assuming that he was very much interested indeed.

"I should scarcely take the liberty upon a limited acquaintance," he began.

She looked at him steadily, fanning herself with slow, regular movements.

"Yes," she remarked. "You're mad. I knew you were."

He was so evidently disgusted by this observation that she caught at the meaning of his look, and laughed a little.

"Ah!" she said," that's an American word, ain't it? It sounds queer to you. You say 'vexed' instead of 'mad.' Well, then, you are vexed."

"If I have been so clumsy as to appear ill-humored," he said," I beg pardon. Certainly I have no right to exhibit such unusual interest in your conduct."

He felt that this was rather decidedly to the point, but she did not seem overpowered at all. She smiled anew.

"Anybody has a right to be mad—I mean vexed," she observed, "I should like to know how people would live if they hadn't. I am mad—I mean vexed—twenty times a day."

"Indeed?" was his sole reply.

"Well," she said, "I think it's real mean in you to be so cool about it when you remember what I told you the other day."

"I regret to say I don't remember, just now. I hope it was nothing very serious."

To his astonishment she looked down at her fan and spoke in a slightly lowered voice.

"I told you that I wanted to be improved."

It must be confessed that he was mollified. There was a softness in her manner which amazed him. He was at once embarrassed and delighted. But, at the same time, it would not do to commit himself to too great a seriousness.

"Oh!" he answered, "that was a rather good joke, I thought."

"No, it wasn't," she said, perhaps even half a tone lower. "I was in earnest."

Then she raised her eyes,

"If you told me when I did anything wrong, I think it might be a good thing," she said.

He felt that this was quite possible, and was also struck with the idea that he might find the task of mentor—so long as he remained entirely non-committed—rather interesting. Still he could not afford to descend at once from the elevated stand he had taken.

"I am afraid you will find it rather tiresome," he remarked.

"I am afraid *you* would," she answered. "You would have to tell me of things so often."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that you would take my advice?" he inquired.

"I mightn't take all of it," was her reply, "but I should take some—perhaps a good deal."

"Thanks," he remarked. "I scarcely think I should give you a good deal.

She simply smiled.

"I have never had any advice at all," she said. "I don't know that I should have taken it, if I had—just as likely as not I shouldn't; but I never had any. Father spoiled me. He gave me all my own way, He said he didn't care, as long as I had a good time, and I must say I have generally had a good time. I don't see how I could help it—with all my own way, and no one to worry. I wasn't sick, and I could buy anything I liked, and all that—so I had a good time. I've read of girls, in books, wishing they had mothers to take care of them. I don't know that I ever wished for one particularly. I can take care of myself. I must say, too, that I don't think some mothers are much of an institution. I know girls who have them, and they are always worrying."

He laughed in spite of himself, and though she had been speaking with the utmost seriousness and *naivete* she joined him.

When they ceased, she returned suddenly to the charge.

"Now tell me what I have done, this afternoon, that isn't right," she said—"that Lucia Gaston wouldn't have done, for instance. I say that because I shouldn't mind being a little like Lucia Gaston—in some things."

"Lucia ought to feel gratified," he commented.

"She does," she answered. "We had a a little talk about it, and she was as pleased as could be. I didn't think of it in that way until I saw her begin to blush. Guess what she said,"

"I am afraid I can't."

"She said she saw so many things to envy in me, that she could scarcely believe I wanted to be at all like her."

"It was a very civil speech," said Barold, ironically. "I scarcely thought Lady Theobald had trained her so well."

"She meant it," said Octavia. You mayn't believe it, but she did. I know when people mean things and when they don't."

"I wish I did," said Barold.

Octavia turned her attention to her fan.

"Well I am waiting," she said.

"Waiting?" he repeated.

"To be told of my faults."

"But I scarcely see of what importance my opinion can be."

"It is of some importance to me—just now."

The last two words rendered him really impatient, and it may be spurred him up.

"If we are to take Lucia Gaston as a model," he said, "Lucia Gaston would possibly not have been so complaisant in her demeanor toward our clerical friend."

"Complaisant!" she exclaimed, opening her lovely eyes. "When I was actually plunging about the garden trying to teach him to play. Well, I shouldn't call that being complaisant."

"Lucia Gaston," he replied, "would not say that she had been 'plunging' about the garden."

She gave herself a moment for reflection.

"That's true," she remarked, when it was over; "she wouldn't. When I compare myself with the Slowbridge girls, I begin to think I must say some pretty awful things."

Barold made no reply, which caused her to laugh a little again.

"You daren't tell me." she said. "Now do I? Well, I don't think I want to know very particulaly. What Lady Theobald thinks will last quite a good while. Complaisant!"

"I am sorry you object to the word," he said.

"Oh, I don't!" she answered. "I like it. It sounds so much more polite than to say I was flirting and being fast."

"Were you flirting?" he inquired, coldly.

He objected to her ready serenity very much.

She looked a little puzzled.

"You are very like Aunt Belinda," she said.

He drew himself up. He did not think there was any resemblance at all between Miss Belinda and himself.

She went on, without observing his movement.

"You think everything means something, or is of some importance. You said that just as Aunt Belinda says 'What will they think?' It never occurs to me that they ll think at all. Gracious! Why should they?"

"You will find they do," he said.

"Well," she said, glancing at the group gathered under the laburnum tree, "just now Aunt Belinda thinks we had better go over to her, so suppose we do it. At any rate, I found out that I was too complaisant to Mr. Poppleton."

When the party separated for the afternoon, Barold took Lucia home, and Mr. Burmistone and the curate walked down the street together.

Mr. Poppleton was indeed most agreeably exhilarated. His expressive little countenance beamed with delight.

"What a charming person Miss Bassett is!" he exclaimed, after they had left the gate. "What a very charming person indeed!"

"Very charming," said Mr. Burmistone, with much seriousness. "A prettier young person I certainly have never seen; and those wonderful gowns of hers——"

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Poppleton, with natural confusion. "I—I referred to Miss Belinda Bassett; though, really, what you say is very true. Miss Octavia Bassett—indeed—I think—in fact, Miss Octavia Bassett is *quite*—one might almost say even *more* charming than her aunt."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Burmistone; "perhaps one might. She is less ripe, it is true; but that is an objection time will remove."

"There is such a delightful gayety in her manner," said Mr. Poppleton; "such an ingenuous frankness; such—a—a such spirit! It—quite carries me away with it—quite."

He walked a few steps, thinking over this delightful gayety and ingenuous frankness, and then burst out afresh.

"And what a remarkable life she has had too! She actually told me that, once in her childhood, she lived for months in a gold-diggers' camp—the only woman there. She says the men were kind to her, and made a pet of her. She has known the most extarordinary people."

In the meantime, Francis Barold returned Lucia to Lady Theobald's safe-keeping. Having done so, he made his adieus, and left the two to themselves, Her ladyship was, it must be confessed, a little at a loss to explain to herself what she saw, or fancied she saw, in the manner and appearance of her young relative. She was persuaded that she had never seen Lucia look as she looked this afternoon. She had a brighter color in her cheeks than usual, her pretty figure seemed more erect, her eyes had a spirit in them which was quite new. She had chatted and laughed gaily with Francis Barold as she approached the house, and after his derparture she moved to and fro with a freedom not habitual to her.

"He has been making himself agreeable to her," said my lady, with grim pleasure. "He can do it if he chooses; and he is just the man to please a girl—good-looking, and with a fine, domineering air."

"How did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Very much." said Lucia. "Never more, thank you."

"Oh!" ejaculated my lady. "And which of her smart New York gowns did Miss Octavia Bassett wear?"

They were at the dinner table, and instead of looking down at her soup, Lucia looked quietly and steadily across the table at her grandmother.

"She wore a very pretty one," she said. "It was pale fawn-color, and fitted her like a glove. She made me feel very old-fashioned, and badly dressed."

Lady Theobald laid down her spoon.

"She made you feel old-fashioned and badly dressed you'"—

"Yes," responded Lucia. "She always does. I wonder what she thinks of the things we wear in Slowbridge." And she even went to the length of smiling a little.

"What *she* thinks of what is worn in Slowbridge!" Lady Theobald ejaculated. "She! May I ask what weight the opinion of a young woman from America—from Nevada—is supposed to have in Slowbridge?"

Lucia took a spoonful of soup in a leisurely manner.

"I don't think it is supposed to have any," she said; "but—but I don't think she minds that. I feel as if I shouldn't if I were in her place. I have always thought her very luckly."

"You have thought her lucky!" cried my lady. "You have envied a Nevada young woman, who dresses like an actress, and loads herself with jewels like a barbarian? A girl whose conduct toward men is of a character to—to chill one's blood!"

"They admire her," said Lucia, simply. "More than they admire Lydia Egerton, and more than they admire me."

"Do *you* admire her?" demanded my lady.

"Yes, grandmamma," replied Lucia, courageously. "I think I do."

Never had my lady been so astounded in her life. For a moment she could scarcely speak. When she recovered herself she pointed to the door.

"Go to your room," she commanded. "This is American freedom of speech, I suppose. Go to your room."

Lucia rose obediently. She could no help wondering what her ladyship's course would be if she had the hardihood to disregard her order. She really looked quite capable of carrying it out forcibly herself. When the girl stood at her bedroom window a few minutes later, her cheeks were burning and her hands trembling.

"I am afraid it is very badly done," she said to herself. "I am sure it was: but—but it will be a kind of practice. I was in such a hurry to try if I was equal to it, that I didn't seem to balance things quite rightly. I ought to have waited until I had more reason to speak out. Perhaps there wasn't enough reason then, and I was more aggressive than I ought to have been. Octavia is never aggressive. I wonder if I was at all pert. I felt a little as if I meant to be pert. I don't think Octavia ever means to be pert. I must learn to balance myself, and only be cool and frank."

Then she looked out of the window, and reflected a little.

"I was not so very brave, after all," she said, rather reluctantly. "I didn't tell her Mr. Burmistone was there. I daren't have done that. I am afraid I *am* sly—that sounds sly, I am sure.,'

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTRAST.

"Lady Theobald will put a stop to it," was the general remark. "It will certainly not occur again."

This was said upon the evening of the first gathering upon Miss Belinda's grass-plot, and at the same time it was prophesied that Mr. Francis Barold would soon go away.

But neither of the prophecies proved true. Mr. Francis Barold did *not* return to London, and, strange to say, Lucia was seen again and again playing croquet with Octavia Bassett, and was even known to spend evenings with her.

Perhaps it might be that an appeal made by Miss Belinda to her ladyship had caused her to allow these things. Miss Belinda had, in fact, made a private call upon my lady, to lay her case before her.

"I feel so very timid about everything," she said, almost with tears, "and so fearful of trusting myself, that I really find it quite a trial. The dear child has such a kind heart—I assure you she has a kind heart, dear Lady Theobald—and is so innocent of any intention to do wrong—I am sure she is innocent—that it seems cruel to judge her severely. If she had had the benefit of such training as dear Lucia's, I am convinced that her conduct would have been most exemplary. She sees herself that she has faults—I am sure she does. She said to me, only last night, in that odd way of hers—she had been sitting evidently thinking deeply, for some minutes—and she said: 'I wonder if I shouldn't be nicer if I was more like Lucia Gaston.' You see what turn her mind must have taken. She admires Lucia so much."

"Yesterday evening, at dinner," said Lady Theobald, severely, "Lucia informed me that *she* admired your niece. The feeling seems to be mutal."

Miss Belinda colored, and brightened visibly.

"Did she, indeed,?" she exclaimed. "How pleased Octavia will be to hear it. Did she, indeed?" Then, warned by a chilliness and lack of response in her ladyship's manner, she modified her delight, and became apologetic again. "These young people are more—are less critical than we are," she sighed. "Octavia's great prettiness——"

"I think," Lady Theobald interposed, "that Lucia has been taught to feel that the body is corruptible, and subject to decay, and that mere beauty is of small moment."

Miss Belinda sighed again.

"That is very true," she admitted, deprecatingly; "very true, indeed."

"It is to be hoped that Octavia's stay in Slowbridge will prove beneficial to her," said her ladyship, in her most judicial manner. "The atmosphere is wholly unlike that which has surrounded her during her previous life."

"I am sure it will prove beneficial to her," said Miss Belinda eagerly. "The companionship of well-trained and refined young people cannot fail to be of use to her. Such a companion as Lucia would be, if you would kindly permit her to spend an evening with us now and then would certainly improve and modify her greatly. Mr. Francis Barold is—is, I think, of the same opinion—at least, I fancied I gathered as much from a few words he let fall."

"Francis Barold?" repeated Lady Theobald. "And what did Francis Barold say?"

(To be Continued).

Mr. Slowpay's Jest.

They had had toast every morning for six weeks.

"Madam," said Mr. Slowpay, "I am not afraid of pie; I can bravely face home-made biscuit; I have never been known to fly from sponge cake, but," and here he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but, madam, I quail on toast."

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Those who think a divorce can be obtained in Chicago for any kind of a reason, or for no reason at all, are quite mistaken. Only the other day a woman was refused a divorce by a Chicago judge. It seems that one Louis Burnstein, who has a position in a wholesale store, where he earns enough to provide himself with clothes and cigarettes, had been paying court to Lena Friedman, who, of course, was pretty, and wealthy to the extent of possessing $25 in her own right. Young Burnstein, a minor, and with the gorgeous imagination of youth, never tired of telling Lena how much money he had, what an elegant home she would have, what servants and carriages at her command, if she would but marry him. This catalogue of attractions would have turned older feminine heads than Lena's, and she hesitated only so much as to make sure of her captive. A license obtained, the two were united by a justice. Then Louis borrowed Lena's cash. That was on the 25th of May, and from that day Lena saw no more of her lord. She told her pa, who said he would "look into it," and when he found who his son-in-law really was he advised and the girl consented to seek a divorce. But Judge Shepard helped the young man, the defendant, out by keeping him in. He followed the ancient ruling that "all is fair in love," and that "the law does not prescribe deceit as to a man's means as a cause for divorce." It seems from this that if "the woman in the case" is marrying for money she had better make sure that the money is there before the minister comes in.

Afraid to Lie Down.

Who knows why birds sleep standing on one leg? The position seems most unnatural. Reasoning in advance, we should pronounce it a tiresome, if not an impossible attitude. Yet the canary tucks its head under its wing, draws up one foot, and goes to sleep, apparently with quite as much comfort as we experience on the best of mattresses. A writer in *Horse and Stable* notes a similar, though less abnormal, habit on the part of horses, who, it appears, are in many cases very averse to lying down. The writer once rode a mare seventy miles in a single day. The stable in which she was put for the night was as comfortable as it could well be made, but she stood up all night long. She ate her oats and hay and then went to sleep, leaning forward with her breast against the manger. There are horses that have never been seen to lie down, nor have any marks of their having done so ever been found upon their bodies. I recall one that for fifteen years occupied a particular stall in my grandfather's stable. Up to the hour he died no one ever saw him lying down, although special watch was sometimes kept after he had been driven for eight or ten hours. Unless a horse lies down regularly his rest cannot be complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen. It is true that some horses that always sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, but it is equally true that they would live longer and work better if they rested naturally. Young horses from the country are liable to refuse to lie down when first put into a stable in town, and the injurious habit may become confirmed unless special pains are taken to induce a change. The indisposition to lie down is often very pronounced in sick horses. They seem to have an instinctive fear that if they lie down they may never be able to rise, and continue on their feet till their limbs refuse to bear them up.

Victoria's Crown.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, and worn only on state occasions, is one of the most costly insignias now in existence. To begin with, there are twenty diamonds around the circlet or head-band, each worth $7,500 or $150,000 for the set. Besides these twenty there are two extra large centre diamonds, each valued at $10,000, making $20,000 more; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angles of the others, each valued at $500; four crosses, each worth $60,000, and composed of twenty-five diamonds; four large diamonds on top of crosses, each having a money value of $5,000; twelve diamends in the fleur-de-lis, $50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, $10,000; pearls, diamonds, and rubies, upon arches and circlets not metioned before, $50,000; also 141 small diamonds formed in roses and monograms $25,000; twenty-six diamonds in upper cross, $15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim of the head-piece, $15-000 each. The total money value of this relic in any jeweler's market in the world would be at least $600,000, metal and all included.—*St. Louis Republic.*

He Did.

Miss Beacon (of Boston—"Do you never feel an insatiate craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite?'

Omaha man—"Ye-es. Kinder."

—To be successful in life one should play his cards in a winsome way.

GOOD ADVICE.

If you worry when there's trouble,
You but make the trouble double—
Do not fret.
Bear up bravely, don't cry, baby,
And remember that you may be
Happy yet.

Sing the blithest songs you know of,
And await a better throw of
Fortune's dice.
Hard it may be to be merry,
But you'll own that this is very
Good advice!

—"O, you scaly thing," said the crab to the fish, "you think that you are very fine just because you're in the swim."

LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION.

Don't be vulgar
And say Boulanger;
To be *au fait*
You must end with *a*.

—*World.*

—Mrs. Copley Square—Yes, I am very fond of my doggie. He is a Scotch terrier of the purest breed. What kind of a dog do you like best, Mrs. Parvenue? "Oh, I just dote on an ocean greyhound."

An old maid said she wished she was an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper to say, "Make me an offer.'

Poor woman; if her husband blows his nose he wakens the baby, and if the baby cries it wakens him.