The Old Melodeon.

When mother married father, thirty-five short year ago,
'Twuz the days when dresses sorter sagged, they cut 'em aout so low;
An' hair wuz parted mighty prim an' looped up on each ear,
An' the men folks wore long beauty locks, so thick they couldn't hear;
An' folks wuz mighty keerful then, ez her weddin' fixin's shows—
Every thread wuz spaced an' counted an' the stichin' set in rows,
Wal, amongst their weddin' presents this old melodeon stood,
All gallus with its shinin' keys an' case o' bright rosewood.
Ef ye worked the pedal stiddy an' still contrived ter play,
Sech tunes ez these meandered an' gently riz away:
"Lord Lovel" an' "Long, long ago" an' "Roll on, silver moon,"
An' "Hours there were," an' "old Tom Moore"—his wuz the kind er tune!
Them wuz the days o' sentiment an' "Roses o' Lucerne,"
"Old mistletoe-boughs" an' "Buy a broom" an' "Jamie's return."
But by an' by a sorter march come stealin' daown the keys,
Mixed up with sad, heart-breakin' tunes that sorter went like these:
"Daown wher' the patriot army," wuz the earliest tune that grew,
"Oh, Willie, we shall miss you" an' "The ragged coat o' blue,"
"When this cruel war is over" an' the "Tramp, tramp, tramp"—
The songs o' lonesome women an' the shoutin's o' the camp;
But the sobs an' groans grew fainter and it wuzn't very long
Before the old melodeon sorter hummed a cradle-song;
An' the years wa'n't very many when ye'd hear it go, by chance,
Jest ter play old-fashioned lancers for the little feet ter dance.
By an' by—there's jest one tune it's jest a-achin for ter play,
An' then I guess its music days is sorter passed away;
It'll brace fer one more effort like it knew old memories,
When the weddin'-march 'll echo down its yeller, wheezy keys.

Florence E. Pratt, in Judge.

WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN:

A LOVE STORY.

When he had left the room I read as follows:

"MONSIEUR" (she might have called me Cher monsieur," I thought; but this did not trouble me much, for knowing French ways, I reflected I would have been rather shocked than otherwise had she addressed me differently),—"As I feared, my father saw the Count de Maupert this morning, settled matters with him, and without even asking me any question, simply congratulated me on having found favor with so honorable and worthy a gentleman. I was called to the drawing-room by my mother, where the count, in a very polite manner, informed me of his delight at being permitted by my parents to pay his addresses to me; and taking my consent for granted, never condescended to ask me whether I shared my parents' wishes.

"I owe it to your generosity to inform you of this, although you may blame me a second time for acting unlike a French girl; but I will not have you reproach me again for doing that which is wrong, and I therefore ask you to see my governess, who takes this letter to you, but who is not aware that our friendship—for I cannot call it acquaintance, that being too cold a word to use under the circumstances—dates only from yesterday.

"You may speak to her freely, for I believe her to be devoted to

DIANE DE BRETEUILLE.

P. S.—"Look at the favor, and tell Mademoiselle Garoux whether it is not faded. The azure of my sky is, alas! very cloudy. Pity me."

Here was a blow, and how to parry it without mixing myself up in the intimate affairs of an honorable French family, who probably knew what they were about in the interest of their daughter's happiness, and bringing upon myself a load of responsibility, I neither had the right nor a legitimate excuse to bear, I could not tell. At any rate, I would see the governess and find out how the ground lay.

I told the servant accordingly to show her in, and reflected meanwhile that I would ascertain all I could from her as to Diane's sentiments in my regard, something as to the nature of the girl herself in her own home, and whether I could enlist this governess on my side, if requisite.

At this juncture a prim little woman, with the tiniest specks of eyes imaginable, entered the room. Her eyes were only discernable, because her face being small and her features thin and distinct, anything black would have shown on her pallid complexion; but had she been stout, I was convinced she would have proved a phenomenon of nature, and have presented a face without eyes. This was not encouraging; for when we prepare for an encounter, we rely upon our reading what is in our opponent's eye before we settle on a line of action.

Mademoiselle Garoux's eyes, however, opened out a little more after awhile when the novelty of visiting a young man's rooms had somewhat worn off, and she had warmed to the conversation.

It was a trying undertaking for a woman in her responsible position, and the sense of this responsibility weighed upon her; but in her little prim body the French governess treasured a Frenchwoman's tenderness of heart for the girl she had under her care, and however distastful any task might have been to her, she would have undertaken it for her sake.

Withal, she preserved those stereotyped ways of a Frenchwoman when addressing a man, and constantly looked to what she deemed "les convenances," as if, poor soul, any one filled as I was with thoughts of a lovely girl, or indeed any one not so filled, would have had time and will to notice whether she had sat upright or courtesied low, whether her dress hid her feet, or whether her veil was down.

It so happens that I did notice the veil down, and this only because I was so anxious to hear what she had to say that I thought its removal would have been an improvement; but when I indiscreetly suggested its being lifted, she gave so decided a look of horror that I recoiled from any further attempt.

"Sir," she began, "I have come on a painful errand, which you may readily believe I would never have undertaken had I not seen my poor Diane in tears, and known you to be a friend of the family."

I was rather confused by this speech, for I knew myself to be unacquainted with Diane's father, and acquainted only with her mother since a few hours, while, at the same time, the mention of Diane's tears set me into a fury against these unnatural and cruel parents; but I had to bear Diane's letter and caution in mind, and I merely replied that I well understood her painful position, begging of her to take a chair.

This at first the governess would not do, but she finally accepted a most uncomfortable, high-backed, old-fashioned, oak chair, whereon it was rather amusing, in the midst of our mutual sorrowing reflections, to see her endeavor to preserve her ankles from the profane look of a man, and at the same time sit gracefully on a seat evidently too high for her.

"You have read the letter she has sent you through me, and you know the cause of her grief. She tells me you are her friend, and implores you to see her aunt as soon as possible. She believes Madame la Comtesse de Chantalis to be omnipotent with her brother, and fancies that you have great influence with her aunt."

"I know," she continued, "that Monsieur le Marquis is very much attached to his sister, and I have often heard of you from Madame la Comtesse, but I was not aware until yesterday that you had ever met Mademoiselle Diane."

The sly rogue! I thought. Ah! you want to find out, do you? but you shall not—that I swear. Whereupon I asked, as if she had not spoken, "And who is M. de Maupert?

"He is a college friend of Monsieur le Marquis."

"Has he ever seen Mademoiselle Diane?"

"Not till a couple of days ago."

"How is that?"

"He belongs to 'la noblesse de province,' and seldom comes to Paris."

"What part of France does he come from?"

"Du Dauphine."

"Has the marquis any property in that department?"

"I believe so."

"Then it has been arranged between them."

"So I fancy."

I cared not in the least for these details, but it served my purpose of putting Mademoiselle Garoux off the dangerous topic she wanted to touch on, and to place us on a conversational footing.

"Mademoiselle Diane tells me in this letter that the fears she was good enough to confide to me yesterday have been realized this morning; and without being asked whether she was willing or not by either her parents or M. de Maupert, she is at present as good as engaged to that gentleman."

"So I understand," said the demure governess.

"Under these circumstances, mademoiselle," I said, "it seems to me very difficult for you and me to interfere with the decision of her parents."

"So I told mademoiselle."

"And though difficult for you, it seems almost impossible for me, does it not?"

"I made the same remark to mademoiselle."

"And what did she reply?"

"'No, no—nothing is impossible for M. Verve, for I am sure he takes too real an interest in me to mind obstacles.'"

I looked hard at the governess. "Mademoiselle Garoux," I said, "are these the very words used by Diane?"

She looked up surprised, both at my calling Diane by her Christian name only and at my tone of voice.

"Certainly," she replied, "those were her words; and if monsieur allows me to say so, judging by his last remark, I would guess Mademoiselle Diane to be right in her surmise."

This was artful, and I had half a doubt whether I should expose my real sentiments so soon; but the doubt was soon dismissed, for the poor governess, sobbing aloud, implored of me in accents of desperation to save her dear charge from this miserable situation if, as she felt I did, I loved Diane enough to do her bidding.

I tried, however, one more prudent question, and asked Mademoiselle Garoux whether she had weighed all that her pleading on behalf of Diane entailed.

"Have you measured," I asked, "the consequences of my interference? Have you foreseen the duties of honor which such interference would impose upon me—duties towards Mademoiselle Diane herself, maybe, God knows, I would fill with alacrity, but which might require from her a response she may not be altogether disposed to give?"

Mademoiselle Garoux dried her tears, and holding out her hand to me, said, "Monsieur, vous etes un gentilhomme. You are quite right, we must think these matters over. I am bound to tell you that Mademoiselle Diane has not spoken to me in the light which corresponds to your evident attachment for her; and though it may be she returns your affection, I have no right to speak on that point, as I am wholly in the dark."

"I will see her this evening," I said, "at dinner at her aunt's; and I will endeavor for myself to make her understand the feelings that animate me."

"No, monsieur, do not do that; our French girls cannot comprehend these matters except through the intervention of a third party."

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," I replied, "it is the love of interference on the part of the third party that prevents French girls appearing to understand what in common nature they comprehend quite as well as anybody else throughout the world."

"Diane is very self-willed," observed Madamoiselle Garoux, "but," she quickly added, "she has an angel's heart."

"So I believe; and as evidently, mademoiselle, you and I admire and love that heart, respect and wish to follow that will, let me tell you that her will will be my law whatever be the consequence, just as my heart belongs to her whatever may be the result."

"I will console the poor girl by those kind words," said the governess.

And I added, "Come sometimes and console me with a message from her, whether of confidence or of hope or of sorrow or of expectation; it will always be a boon to the second being M. Maupert is making miserable, though probably without knowing it."

"I think," observed the governess, with a little mystery, "that he suspects something; for he has asked to be excused from dining with the countess this evening, and requested that Diane should likewise be absent."

"Impossible," I said.

"On this point, however," added Mademoiselle Garoux, "Mademoiselle Diane has been obdurate, and has pleaded that the events that have taken place are so fresh and so sudden that she wants a little diversion to her thoughts. Her parents have naturally not been able to deny this request, and she has told me that I was to let you know."

"Mademoiselle Garoux," I answered, "may I make a friend of you? May I ask you to be my friend and to answer me truly?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Then you will find out for me whether, in the struggle which is imposed upon me, I may hope for the return of that love which impels me to undertake it? I want no absolute promise any more than a conditional one. I know Diane to be a mere girl, on whom, before her time, have fallen some of life's greatest difficulties. I want to help her through these; but with what a different feeling would I undertake the task were hope of winning her at stake, I leave you to guess. I simply adore her very name, let alone the person herself. Think, then, what love would achieve where friendship is ready to do so much!"

The poor governess took to her tears again.

"How well, monsieur, I enter into your feelings, and how justified are you in entertaining them! If you only knew Diane as I do, you would worship her very tread; for I, a woman, have never known anything so adorable. She is loyalty itself. Her sense of duty and justice is beyond her years; and her loving heart, where it yields, is so gentle, so feminine, so pure, so good, that the reward of its bestowal is a prize noble men would have every right to pride in."

I rose a hundred per cent. in my estimation after this; for had I not been selected as the chosen confidant of this lovely paragon of beauty and virtue?

"As I told you before," the governess went on, "I was not aware that you had laid any claim to Mademoiselle Diane's affections, and as she told me nothing on the subject, I can give you no encouragement whatever; but it is fair that you should know how you stand, and I will let you know, if I can, how matters are."

"I thank you with all my heart,"; I said; though believe me, friend or lover, Diane has an ally in me."

She was just going to leave the room, when, remembering the postscript in Diane's letter, I said to Mademoiselle Garoux, "Will you kinkly give Diane a direct message from me, which though perhaps enigmatical to you, will, I think, be understood by her, as it refers to a little conversation we had last night, and say that the sky is always blue for me while I deserve her favor?"

"I will," said the governess, and left the room, out of which I accompanied her.

On my return I had scarcely time to reflect upon the extraordinary position which in twenty-four hours I had created for myself, when the servant again came in, and in an airy way said, "Monsieur has many visitors this morning."

"Who wants to see me now?"

"A gentleman this time," he said, with a smile.

"Give me his card."

"Here it is."

"Le Comte de Maupert, Senateur," was what I read. Good heavens! has he met the governess? That was my first thought. I do not care, was the second.

"Ask him to come up," I said.

I was too astonished to think of anything, or determine on any action, before the door opened, and there entered a handsome, gentleman-like person, with the red rosette of a Commander of the Legion of Honor at his button-hole, and a very long ebony stick in his hand.

He was plainly dressed in a tightly fitting frock-coat buttoned up to the collar, and wore a black necktie in the shape of a bow, with the ends showing on each side of the coat.

His hair had a touch of gray, and a small imperial gave his face a longer cut than perhaps his square chin would otherwise have allowed; and altogether his expression was, if not positively amiable, that rather of a good-natured than of a bad-tempered man.

I felt rather as if I were in the presence of some kind male relative about to rebuke me than in that of a rival, and the person I at that moment hated more cordially than any other in the world.

Standing at the door, hat in hand, he said, "It is very good of you to receive me, monsieur, though I was sure you would not refuse me an interview, seeing that your intimacy with several members of the family of Mademoiselle de Breteuille has probaby suggested to you already the motives of my visit to you this morning."

I made up my mind on hearing this to listen rather to the end than to make any premature remarks, and begged the count to take a chair.

When he had seated himself, and finding I preserved a discreet silence, he went on:

"I have the honor of being engaged to marry Mademoiselle de Breteuille. Happening to hear that a family dinner to which I was bidden, but cannot unfortunately attend this evening at that young lady's aunt's, is to have the addition of your presence, I have come perfectly frankly, and, as you see, with absolute confidence in an English gentleman's honor and high breeding to request a favor from you."

"But, sir," I quickly remarked, "this dinner was arranged before your engagement, which you now announce to me, was even thought of; I beg that you bear that in mind."

"I am aware of it," he replied; "but the young lady whom I hope to marry——"

At this word I gave a frown; the count looked at me, squared his chin, and repeated, "——whom I hope to marry does not find it in her power to forego the pleasure she anticipates of dining there; and as your acquaintance with our country may have told you, it is not usual for young persons who are affianced to go out where their betrothed is not one of the company."

I remained stolidly silent.

"As, of course, I could not say as much to Mademoiselle de Breteuille, I have come, very simply, as you see, to ask you to make the sacrifice which it would be wrong to urge on my *fiancee*, seeing how much she had set her heart on this outing."

"Monsieur le Comte," I observed, "your visit does me great honor, and I assure you I appreciate the candor of your request as much as I do your generosity, in not depriving a young girl of so modest a recreation as a family dinner at her aunt's."

I could not help this somewhat sarcastic thrust; for indeed I felt disgusted with the cunning selfishness of this old sinner, as I considered him, wishing to deprive Diane of her evening's amusement, and maybe her last chance of seeing me.

"You mistake me," said the count, "nothing is farther from my thoughts. I have told you exactly what I mean, and I mean every word I have said, neither more nor less."

"And have you considered how rude my behavior would appear to Madame de Chantalis, who has purposely asked me to meet Mademoiselle Diane?"

"Do you know Mademoiselle de Breteuille so well," asked the count, "as to call her by her christian name? Her father tells me he has never met you. Her mother made your acquaintance last night, and, if I remember well, Mademoiselle de Breteuille made her *entree dans le monde* yesterday for the first time."

This piqued me, for I certainly was not in the humor to stand lecturing, but I said nothing.

"I thought, monsieur," he continued, "that I had come here to ask a favor of a gentleman and a friend of my *fiancee's* relatives—no more. If you have another title, I must make my bow and retire."

(To be Continued)

She Was Crazy.

New York *Weekly*: Housekeeper (to pleasant-faced girl at employmemt agency)—Have you any objections to the country?

Girl (politely)—None at all, madam.

Housekeeper—I have quite a large family.

Girl—The more the merrier.

Housekeeper—Seven children, two of them quite young.

Girl—I love little children.

Housekeeper—It will be necessary for you to bake bread, wash and get the meals. I attend to the pastry and chamber work myself.

Girl—I will also make the pastry and do the rest, if you will allow me.

Housekeeper—I cannot give you more than three afternoons off.

Girl—Two will be sufficient, perhaps more than I will want, as my plan is to give strict attention to my household duties and thus get the work done up promptly every day so as to have plenty of opportunities to rest between times.

Housekeeper—I am delighted——

Stranger (suddenly entering)—Sorry to interrupt you, madam, but you are conversing with one of my patients who has just escaped from the Hopelessly Incurable Lunatic Asylum.

An Everlasting Chimney.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square; use good brick and clay, instead of lime, up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams and rafters there is where the cracks in your chimneys come, and where most of the fires originate, as the chimney sometimes gets red hot. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous than one hung on the wall. Do not get your stovepipe hole too close to the ceiling, but about eighteen inches from it.—*New York Journal.*

Dr. Wild and the Red-whiskered Man.

In his sermon last evening Rev. Dr. Wild dwelt at length on the Oka Indians question, and criticized the letter of Hon. Mr. Dewdney very harshly. Part of the audience applauded. A comical incident occurred. While the doctor was in the midst of his exordium the door next to the pulpit opened, a face surrounded with red hair and red whiskers appeared, a man's voice shouted, "How about the Jes-u-ites?" the face disappeared and the door shut. The audience was electrified.—*Empire.*

The Proper Notice.

Dr. Thirdly (of Chicago)—Brother Laker, I have just married two couples who have been divorced and then fell in love with each other again.

Laker—Why don't you hang out a sign, "Repairing Done"?

Recently very trustworthy calculations of the population of the Chinese Empire by Russian authorities reckon it at 382,000,000, and the annual increase at 4,000,000. Not one in 10,000 ever heard of the religion of Jesus Christ.

DR. BARNARDO's description of the horrors of London slums is doubtless not overdrawn. His work is beneficial to the thousands of children whom he picks up from the streets and sends to Canada, whether it is good for Canada or not. But is the remedy adequate to the disease, or is his scheme like trying to empty Lake Ontario with a tin dipper? England is not regarded as a poor country. Wealth is produced there in abundance, and a great deal more might be produced if labor could get at the land now reserved by the nobility for parks, pastures and shooting grounds. The statisticians say that, of the 1,200 million pounds worth annually produced, the landlords and capitalists take 800 millions and the other people scramble for the remaining 400 millions. Under the circumstances, it seems that there is missionary work to be done in England. A change of laws is required that would turn all the ground rent in for public revenue, would permit the repeal of the heavy taxes now paid on houses and goods, would set the nobles and princes at some productive labor, and would increase the supply of general employment. Lack of opportunity to work causes poverty and poverty causes crime and drunkenness. A change that would cause a better distribution of the products of labor—giving to toilers all they earn and leaving to idlers no more than they earn—would soon make Dr. Barnardo's philanthropic efforts unnecessary. The masses can take care of themselves if the classes will get off their backs.

Charles Dickens, son of the great novelist, is now on his way across the United States, coming from Australia to his home in London. He is travelling with his wife and child.

In connection with the rumored division of the diocese of Montreal, it is said to be intended to have only the Island of Montreal in the diocese of Montreal, and to place the remainder under the charge of Mgr. Labelle as Bishop of St. Jerome.

LOVE TURNED HIS HEAD.

A Young Farmer, Struck by a Pretty Face Goes Crazy.

Frank Evans, a young farmer from the township of Osgoode, while in the city of Ottawa about a month ago, saw a girl drive by in a vehicle who at once took his fancy. He declared to his brother, who was with him, that she was the handsomest woman he had ever seen. The brother said he knew the girl's face and that she lived in the township of Osgoode. When Evans returned home he evinced no desire to work, and took to wandering about the township in the hope of again seeing the lady who had so completely taken possession of his young heart. About a week ago he showed unmistakable symptoms of insanity. He grew rapidly worse, and was at length put under restraint. He was taken to Manotick to be arraigned before a Justice of the Peace, but managed to escape from the constables. Being pursued he swam the river and escaped into the bush. He is still at large, and much trepidation is felt by the people in the neighborhood, as his aberrations have taken a violent form.

Beautiful Epitaphs.

Kingston *Whig*: A number of men were sitting in a shop the other night and the conversation turned to epitaphs. "I shall never forget one," said a citizen. "It is grand and was recited to me by the late William Martin, ship carpenter. He copied it from the tombstone over the grave of a British admiral at Aberdeen, Scotland:

"Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Hath tossed me to and fro,
Yet spite of all, by God's decree,
I'm anchored here below.

Here, at an anchor I do lie,
With many of my fleet,
And hope once more for to set sail
Our admiral, Christ, to meet."

Another man, in a quiet way, said his sympathies were never so stirred as when he read upon a little stone, in a quiet spot in a graveyard, these words:

"Mother. She made home happy."

There used to be this verse over the resting place of a soldier in the old English burying ground:

"Billeted here by death,
And here I must remain,
Until the last trumpet sounds
When I'll rise and march again."

The Chinese in Australia.

Some interesting figures relating to the number of Chinese in Australia have been published by the Government statist of Victoria. In 1881 there were 43,706 Chinese in the different colonies; the number now is 47,423, or an increase of 3,727. The Chinese population in Victoria during that period decreased from 12,218 to 11,290, in Queensland from 11,220 to 7,691, and in New Zealand from 5,004 to 4,515. On the other hand the number of Chinese in New South Wales has increased from 10,025 to 10,521, in South Australia from 4,151 to 6,660, in Western Australia from 145 to 625, and in Tasmania from 844 to 1,000.

Had to be Eating All the Time.

American Grocer: "Hallo, Jim, how are you coming on with your new diet scheme?

"Oh, I've quit. I was doing first rate until I came to that part of the book which says 'never eat on an empty stomach,' and (sorrowfully) I had to give up."

A Big Difference.

"There is very little difference between you and the old hen, Scribbler. You both scratch for a living."

"Yes, but the old hen scratches for one and gets it."—*New York World.*

THE United States crop of young men appears to be deteriorating. During the last ten days of August sixty-eight young men applied to enlist in the Marines at the New York recruiting depot, of whom only eight were accepted, and out of forty-five who presented themselves during the first ten days of this month only three passed. Those refused did not come up to the physical standard.

ERASTUS WIMAN has had a Bill introduced into the United States Congress and Senate to authorise the construction of a tunnel under New York Bay, between Staten Island and Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. According to Mr. Wiman, the cost of the tunnel proper—which will be two and a half miles long—will be about $1,250,000 a mile, according to an estimate made by Heman Clark, or about $6,000,000 in all; and the capital will be forthcoming when necessary, and in three years after beginning operations the tunnel will be ready for use. He figures the interest on the investment to be $300,000 a year, and says that, as 2,000,000 tons of coal are delivered in Brooklyn each year, and all of it hoisted in buckets, at least 50 cents a ton on half of the coal will be saved.

IF there were many Mayors in Canada like the Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, perhaps the Methodist Conference would not have to grieve over the popularity of progressive euchre in Toronto and Montreal. He has announced that he will arrest all persons in that city who attend progressive euchre parties and play for prizes.

Henry George got around immediately on his return to the office of his journal, the *Standard*. He took a good look at the circulation figures and seemed a great deal surprised at what he saw there. The figures had climbed up 3,000 while he was at the other end of the world. He says he has readers in every country on the globe. He has several readers in Africa and half a dozen in India, his publisher says.

It was Sir Robert Peel who instituted the British Police system—hence the popular terms, "bobby" and "peeler."

—"Can you decline love?" he asked the pretty little school mistress. "N-no," she whispered, hiding her head upon his shoulder.

The editor of the Paris *Cocarde*, the Boulangist organ, has been imprisoned for infringing on the press law.

Gambetta's heart is missing. When he died it was taken out and preserved by Paul Bert. Now Paul Bert is dead and the heart cannot be found.

Miss Barrundia who tried to kill Minister Mizner has been exiled and an exchange invites her to come to this country and lecture.