A NOBLE REVENGE.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.

PART III.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

The entrance to Providence Court, Bucklersbury, is so narrow, being an arched passage, that it can easily be passed unnoticed. This passage running through a house to the rear opens on a small paved yard. Gloomy even in summer, over-shadowed by tall buildings on all sides, it is chiefly occupied by the offices of various agents. At the farther end, in the darkest corner, a small house of two stories was occupied by Mr. Issachar, the usurer and money-lender. He resided there all the year round, never taking a holiday, having given up all recreation years ago, when he buried his Christian wife, for whose sake he had been cast out from his people. His only diversion was money-making, not on account of the luxury it purchases, but as an amusing game of speculation. He had no children to inherit it. His affections had withered up, for he was alone in the world. In leading a meditative life, his intellect had become clearer than ever. His advice was sought in many a pecuniary speculation. Those who took it generally prospered.

One fine morning Mr. Issachar sat at a desk close to the wire-blind at the window of his dark office, upon which the sun never shone. Though a hot day on the outer side of the passage, it was chilly in the court, and Mr. Issachar had a fire. He was engaged in taking extracts from financial papers. A small spare man, with hair and beard white as snow, wearing a velvet cap and gold spectacles. His complexion was of the clearest olive; his forehead high, crossed and recrossed by countless lines, delicate as cobwebs; a fine brow, under which his Oriental, long, and even beautiful brown eyes still retained their lustre.

Presently footsteps broke upon the silence of the court. Mr Issachar raised his head, listening. They advanced towards his house. "The trained walk of a gentleman." Long practice had enabled the Jew to judge of a person's position by the tread. "Military, I think," said he.

The regular tramp, tramp of the footfalls stopped at his door, and there was a rap from the highly polished brass knocker, which had been screwed on when the house was rebuilt immediately after the Fire of London.

The door was opened by a young clerk, a German Jew, for Issachar clung to his ancient race. "A gentleman wishes to see you, sir; he will not send in his name."

"I will receive him." Mystery surrounded so many of his clients, that this was nothing unusual.

The visitor was a tall well-made man, with a sunburnt face, and hair prematurely gray. Removing his hat as he entered the room, he stood for a moment regarding the money-lender without speaking, who on his side looked up at him with a questioning expression on his face.

"We have met before, Mr. Issachar. Am I changed past recognition?"

The Jew fastened his intelligent eyes upon him, scanning every feature; then he said slowly: "You are indeed altered; yet I know you by your figure, your eyes, your voice: they are the same as of old. To change like this in so short a time denotes mental suffering. you have been through a fiery furnace, Captain Gravenor

"So short a time! Why it is eleven long years," cried his visitor with a bitter laugh.

"To me it appears short because my life is monotonous. Many events, change of scene, cause time to seem longer. As you left me, so you find me. I have often thought of you—felt for your blighted life."

"You believed in me—that is why I come to-day."

"I never doubted your innocence. How long have you been back? Tell me your story."

"But a few weeks. As for my story there is not much to tell. I was not badly treated on the whole—out there I tried to become resigned and found comfort by going back to the early lessons of a pious mother. Had she lived, I might have been a less thoughtless man." He sighed. "Well, I got a good name in several respects. When the time came for freedom, I went to Melbourne, and lived for eighteen months by my own exertions. I set up as an accountant and prospered better than I expected. But a desperate yearning for home possessed me. I returned—to learn that I had a son." He buried his face in his hands. There was a silence.

"I, too, once had a son—he died. You are better off than I am. Yours lives."

"He is ignorant that he has a father. They have even discarded my name. I have seen him. A noble boy, with his mother's beauty. Then I felt a wicked thirst for revenge spring up within me against the villain who has debarred me from the happiness of his infancy—of witnessing him budding into boyhood."

"Never doubt but there is a hand that will repay. The treacherous only prosper for a time.—Can you fix upon your enemy?"

"Yes, But I have no proof."

"There are strange mysterious agencies at work around us—hidden influences, which we human beings cannot fathom. How is it you walk into this room when I was just about to advertise for you?"

"For me?"

"Yes; for I knew the time had expired for your release. Lift that marble letter-weight on the table before you; read the strip of paper under it."

Captain Gravenor obeyed. "Captain George Gravenor, formerly of the—Regiment is requested to communicate with Messrs. Everett, Solicitors, Bedford Row.—Colonial papers, please copy."

He let the paper fall from his hand "How wonderful—how extraordinary!" he cried.

"Listen!" said Issachar.

Captain Gravenor sat down quite overcome. Here was a friend—at last, at last—one who believed in him.

"Living here apart from the world," commenced the Jew, "it interests me to follow the career of many persons who pass as in a phantasmagoria across life's stage. A brilliant entrance—an exit to be soon forgotten, Monarchs have lived and died; dynasties have passed away; new countries risen. Statesmen made great names, now forgotten. Genius has flashed like a meteor for a time, and soon died. Three generations of names are contained in those safes," and he indicated the rows of them around the office. "All since I have sat at this table, in the same chair, with the same velvet cover, not yet worn out. There are many persons whose actions I have followed, and still follow, noting their lives. I piece the fragments together as a child does a puzzle. I think I know the hand that worked your ruin, and say, Wait."

"I must and *will* clear my name," cried Captain Gravenor with energy. "Can you help me to do so?"

"You must remain in London.—How do you propose living?"

"The very subject on which I came to speak. Can you—will you, recommend me as an accountant?"

"Yes; I believe I can do that.—How do your finances stand?" asked Issachar confidentially. "Can I lend you money?"

"Thank you for a kind offer, Mr. Issachar. With my frugal habits I have sufficient for the present. Should it fail, I will come to you."

"Agreed," said the Jew. "Wait. When affairs are ripe, you shall act. I was about to advertise for you, that you might be at hand when a certain event will assuredly come to pass, or I am much mistaken. It will clear your name from all blemish."

"Do that, Mr. Issachar, and I will kneel to you," replied the Captain in a subdued voice, much overcome.

"No," said the old man. "I am only a poor human being, a descendant of a despised race. Perhaps in your case I may be an instrument in the hands of Providence."

Very soon after this interview, Captain Gravenor, under an assumed name, set up as an accountant in a room near Broad Street, where he found employment, thanks to the recommendations of Issachar. He remained unknown and unrecognised, walking the London streets like a ghost returned to his former haunts, with a strange feeling that George Gravenor was another person from himself altogether. On Saturdays, his one great but melancholy pleasure was to take a return ticket to the seaside place where Felix was at school and watch the boy at play. Sometimes he had a sight of Lena, but this was seldom, as she was her father's companion during his convalescence, reading and writing for him untiringly. Neither she nor her boy knew whose eyes were upon them. Felix imagined his father to be dead. Young as he was, it seemed strange, he thought, that no one ever spoke of him; from an early age he had been checked when he ventured a question.

"I should like to have a photograph of my Papa," he said one day to his mother. "The other boys at school have them whether they are alive or dead."

A look of positive fright passed over Lena's face, and she burst into tears. "Never ask me that again, Felix," she sobbed.

Once he ventured, also saying to Mr. Desborough: "Did my Papa go to Elton when he was a boy?"

"I do not know."

"I wish he hadn't died."

"You must look upon me as a grandfather and father as well, Felix. Do not speak of him again."

Youth is thoughtless. The boy had a vague impression of mystery—that was all. He never renewed the subject.

It was seven months since Mr. Desborough had visited Nicholas Lane; he could walk pretty well now, and was anxious to resume his old habits. Mr. Thorel had taken his place efficiently in the interim. He reported affairs at the bank to be perfectly satisfactory, and Mr. Desborough's presence to be quite unnecessary.

One morning Mr. Thorel drove across the Park from his house in Kensington Gore to Portland Place. Dressed in the height of fashion, with an exotic in his button-hole, he entered Mr. Desborough's library, where Lena sat reading the *Times* to her father.

"I have come for the key of the strong-room," said he. "Lord Harbury is coming this morning to Nicholas Lane for his jewels, his son is going to be married."

"I will go with you," said the banker. "I shall be glad of an incentive to renew my duties."

"But are you equal to it? Do you think if"——

"Quite, and I shall go," said Mr. Desborough. Rising, he opened his desk, taking out the master-key of the iron room at the bank, where plate, jewels, and securities were deposited—a key never out of his possession until his illness obliged him to intrust it to Mr. Thorel in the course of business; but it was returned to him immediately.

His unexpected arrival at the bank was received with many congratulations from his numerous staff; and the old gentleman resumed his chair in the private room with unalloyed pleasure, awaiting the visit of Lord Harbury, who arrived at twelve o'clock.

Mr. Desborough unlocked the strong-room door, then the iron safe containing Lord Harbury's family jewels, which were in an ebony casket. The nobleman pulled out its tiers of drawers to examine them. He held up a beautiful diamond necklace with a large opal pendant. "This opal is considered the heirloom of my family; it is one of the finest in Europe. My future daughter-in-law will wear it on her bridal day." At this moment one of the small diamonds surrounding it fell from the setting on to the table. "Now, how does that come about?" said he. Adjusting his glasses, he closely inspected the jewel. "The setting is damaged. How strange! Why—no—yes—impossible!" He looked up blankly at the banker.

"What is wrong? What is wrong?" cried Mr. Desborough anxiously.

"Are you a judge of precious stones? If so, tell me if you call this an iridescent opal? There are greens and red in it, but no real fire. Mr. Desborough, my opal has been changed!"

"My lord, that is impossible."

"Take care what you assert, Lord Harbury," said Mr Thorel in a menacing tone, a dark frown upon his face.

"How dare you dictate to me what I should say?" cried the nobleman in sudden anger. "I swear that this is not an opal at all, nor even a first-rate imitation.—Desborough, how do you account for this?"

"The opal is as you brought it," again interrupted Mr. Thorel.

"I am bewildered," exclaimed the banker.

"It is not as I brought it; this is a false one."

"Then it was changed before you deposited it with us. Such things do happen in aristocratic families," remarked Mr. Thorel insolently.

"Not in mine, sir," replied the nobleman haughtily. "Besides, I took the precaution of having the jewels examined by Hancock on my way here—seven years ago, when Lady Harbury died. We will go to him now, if you please."

The result was as Lord Harbury had detected: the opal had been stolen. This was a valueless counterfeit,

Poor Mr. Desborough was much agitated. Once made Public, this affair would damage his credit, and ruin him. "We must go to Scotland Yard," gasped he faintly.

"You are not fit, uncle; I will go," cried Mr. Thorel. "We will sift it to the bottom.

"Let me take you home," said Lord Harbury kindly. "I am very sorry to cause you anxiety, and you only just recovering from an illness."

"I do not value my life, my lord, but I do my honour. Who can have done this?" He was much shaken.

When he sat down in his study to think, after recovering from the first shock of the discovery, his energy returned to him in a remarkable manner; always a clear-headed man, he took a sudden resolution. He wired for a celebrated detective to come at once. The result of their conference was a strong suspicion of one person.

"You must come with me to the bank immediately," said the old gentleman. "I cannot rest until the contents of the strong-room are thoroughly examined."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Decline in the Marriage Rate.

This is the season of the year when the list of marriage announcements increases greatly. The betrothals of the summer are fulfilled in the weddings of the autumn, and in all the circles of society we have abundant and practical proof that the cry about the failure of marriage, which has been raised by a few pessimistic philosophers, both men and women, is not heeded by healthy minds, and does not check the growth of the sentiment which results in matrimony. It may be true that there has been a decline in the marriage rate of highly civilized countries during recent years. That is a matter of statistics, which are indisputable. But because there has been such a decrease we have no good reason for concluding that the desire for marriage has lessened proportionately or that the institution of matrimony has fallen into any disfavor. It means simply that more people are unable to gratify the desire for mating than under the older social conditions. The great and pervasive emigration movement in Europe must have tended to reduce the marriage rate in the countries most affected by it, and, as a matter of fact, they are the countries where the decline is most noticeable. Naturally, emigration makes a heavy draft on the young and enterprising unmarried men, and carries them away to different associations. The enormous draft which the armies of Europe make on the young and vigorous men of the great States also assists to a marked degree in lowering the rate in them all. Modern civilization, moreover, requires the employment of vast numbers of young men in professions and occupations which shut them out from matrimony hardly less than the military service itself. Railways and telegraphs, engineering and mining enterprises, ocean transportation, the new methods of selling merchandise by the means of a multitude of travelling agents, and the slow preparation for strictly professional careers act as obstacles to marriage in youth, and therefore lessen the probability of its occurrence at any period in life. More men, proportionately, are nomads and adventurers than in times past, and the unsettlement of their lives of course tends to keep them from marrying, for marriage goes with the fixedness and permanency of homes. Even in this new country, and even among the farming population, whose inclination to early marriages has always been especially strong, this migratory spirit is exhibited to a striking degree. The loneliness of farm life and the severity of the manual labor of the farm are sending the young men to the towns, whose aggregate population is increasing at a ratio so much greater than that of the country. Of course, these must add to the ranks of the bachelors while they are striving and hustling to make their way under new conditions. The decline in the marriage rate, accordingly, is easily explainable on other grounds than the pessimistic theory of the growth of an actual disinclination to matrimony because of skepticism as to the advantages of the institution. If fewer people marry, proportionately, it is not because the rest do not want to marry, but because the circumstances of their lot prevent them from gratifying their desire to be mated. That is a far more defensible theory, so far as concerns the great mass of the unwedded. It applies to all unmarried women and to most men in the same condition. The bachelors from choice are an insignificant number. The voluntary old maids do not exist, unless in convents. In the circle of society where the greatest wealth exists, and where consequently the material obstacles to matrimony are least, marriages, and early marriages, are most frequent, as the autumn weddings prove, year after year.

The Queen Abhors War.

No one takes a keener interest in the proceedings of peace conventions than does Queen Victoria. With all the tenderness of a mother and a true woman she abhors war. She has known well what it is. The experience of the Crimea was to her most painful, as she felt intensely the widowhood of her people at that time. Quickly after the Crimea came the Sepoy revolt, and again her heart was made to bleed for the woes of her subjects. No wonder she shrinks from the contemplation of war. As a Queen she not only presides over the British, but also over all other people. And if she is strong in her goodness, it is because what is behind her. When she invited her wilful grandchild to look on fifteen miles of ironclads, and they only one of many fleets under her orders, she gave an object lesson to the world which the world can never forget. Queen Elizabeth did great things at Tillbury, but nothing that great Queen ever did more powerfully impressed the nations than Queen Victoria's review of the fleet over the waters commanded by Fort Moncton. Let Russia pursue her policy. Let France disturb Europe, as she has always. But Britain sits still on her throne of peace and says, No! There shall be no war if she can prevent it, because war is bad policy to begin with, and, anyway, she says, whichever of you, kings, emperors, or republics, dares to break the peace of the nations has to reckon with The Policeman of the Seas—England. After a while the swash-buckling nations will begin to understand the truth and govern themselves accordingly.

THE UNITED STATES AND HAWAII.

Why the Treaty Proposed by Mr. Blaine Was Rejected.

A writer in the *Review of Reviews* gives some new information as to why the Hawaiians rejected the treaty recently proposed by Mr. Blaine. It seems the miscarriage of that project was owing to the influence of the Dominion Government astutely brought to bear in the right quarters by the late Sir John A. Macdonald. It will be recalled that the supplementary provisions to the reciprocity treaty of 1876, which were added in 1887 under the Cleveland Administration, gave the United States the exclusive right to establish and fortify a naval station in the Hawaiian Islands—Pearl Harbor being designated for the purpose. But the continuance of this exclusive right was to be limited by the duration of the treaty. Mr. Blaine desired to make the cession of Pearl Harbor permanent; and such a privilege, together with an agreement that Hawaii should enter into no treaty engagements with other powers without the previous knowledge of the United States, were embodied in the new convention recommended to the Hawaiian Government by Mr. Carter, its Minister at Washington. What was known as the Reform party was then in power at Honolulu, and its Cabinet earnestly endeavored to secure the signa ture of Kalakaua to the amended treaty.

According to the writer in the *Review of Reviews* these efforts would undoubtedly have been successful but for the interposition of Canadian influences through the agency of the Hawaiian Attorney-General. The New York *Sun* is sorely vexed over the matter an d proceeds to give some reasons why Canada has had the temerity to interfere with the negotiations inaugurated by the United States. It says that Yankee ascendancy in Hawaii is obnoxious to the Canadians as shutting them out from the Australian trade, and being in general detrimental to the commercial interests of British Columbia, and especially of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It happened that while the negotiation of the new treaty was pending the Hawaiian Attorney-General, Mr. Ashford, who is a Canadian, got leave of absence to visit home. While in Canada he was in close conference with Sir John Macdonald and became a guest of President Stephen of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Upon his return to Honolulu he astonished his colleagues by throwing his utmost influence against them, with the result that the King ultimately refused to sign the proposed treaty. The reason subsequently given in the Legislature by Mr. Ashford for his course was that to surrender the right to make treaties with other powers without supervision by the United States was a surrender of independence. It was also, he added, peculiarly inexpedient as precluding some advantageous commercial arrangements with Canada, which he would presently communicate.

The *Sun* also undertakes to tell the Hawaiians what they have lost by coquetting with Canada, and says that, "It is manifest, that both the United States and the Hawaiian Islands have been damaged by Canadian interposition. The United States are left without any guarantee of permanent influence, for the cession of Pearl Harbor is terminable with the treaty making it. The Hawaiians, on the other hand, through the tremendous drop in the price of sugar in the American markets, find themselves thrust down from the immense special advantages which, since 1876, had constituted their main source of wealth. Had the treaty been concluded, the Hawaiians would have lost nothing by the free inflow of sugar from Cuba and Brazil into the United States. They would have occupied precisely the same position as that held by the sugar growers of Louisiana. For it will be remembered that, in return for the desired concessions, the United States promised to give Hawaii full participation in the bounties granted to American producers of sugar. Those bounties the Hawaiians have lost, and they have gained absolutely nothing in exchange for them from Canada." But from later intelligence from the Islands it is evident the people are not grieving very greatly over the failure of the United States to secure a monopoly of the Hawaiian markets.

Australian Morals.

There is no country in which so high a condition of general comfort, so lofty a standard of proved intelligence, and such large and varied means of intellectual excellence exist side by side with so much turbulence, so lax a commercial morality, and such overcharged statistics of drunkenness and crimes of violence as in Australia. Why should a people which is among the best educated in the world be also among the least commercially sound, the rowdiest, and the most drunken? Let there be no mistake about the question or about the charges which are involved in it. Australian insolvencies are to British as four to one. Convictions in Australia are to convictions in the United Kingdom as two to one. The figures given by Mr. H. H. Hayter, C. M. G., Government Statist of Victoria, though apparently clouded with a purpose, prove the last charge beyond the chance of refutation. The highest percentage of deaths from the abuse of alcohol is recorded in Australia. It is 113 as against 80 even in Switzerland, and as against 46 in England and Wales. In the figures given the issue is confused by the introduction of the statistics of "towns" and "principal towns" of some few countries, though even there Paris reaches no higher than 95 and London falls to 74. In Ireland the deaths from alcoholism are only a little over a quarter of those registered for the Australias. The towns of Denmark rise to the awful average of 274, but it is evident that a full statement of the facts would reduce it greatly.

Mr. Stanley suggested several years ago that when Europe began to take a livelier interest in Africa a telegraph line could be put up clear to the big lakes, and native chiefs would for a consideration see that their people did not meddle with it. This idea, wild as it appears, is likely to be realized. One of the most noteworthy of recent enterprises is the telegraph line which is now strung along through Mashonaland. A vast territory, unknown to the world ten years ago, is now within five hours' reach of London, and it cost $300,000 to bring it about. Matters are not moving so smoothly, however, in Morocco, where the Angora tribe is stubbornly opposing the erection of telegraph poles. Its chiefs have evidently not been subsidized.

HOW THE MONSOON COMES.

The Face of Nature Changed by the Threatening Advance of the Storm.

Let me try to give a pen picture of the end of an India summer and the beginning of the period when the monsoon rains descend. Day after day the sun pours down withering heat, the air is sick with it, the ground is hard as iron, and gapes in great cracks, as though open-mouthed, pleading to the pitiless sky for a drop of water; the wide expanse of country that a few months past was green and flower-besprinkled is brown, the grass crisped with a fierce heat and falling to powder if rubbed: the trees mostly evergreens, are parched and dusty; no breath of air rustles through, no leaf stirs. They resemble great toy trees, with leaves of painted wood. There is no sound of life anywhere; the noisy, green parrots are silent, and hide from the sun in the heart of the densest and leafiest top.

You may, perhaps, see a crow or mynah sit solitarily on a bough, with drooping wing and gaping beak, helpless in this great purgatory of fire. "The moonsoon, the monsoon—will it never come?" you ask as you toss half naked on your bed, worried by prickly heat and insects which shall be nameless, not the worst of which is the persistent, blood-sucking mosquito. Heat apoplexy has, perhaps, prostrated one or two of your friends, and a second in the open air unhelmeted would be sudden death.

"Will the mon soon never come?"

Every evening the sun drops down in the west like a great ball of fire, but leaves the heat behind him. One evening you notice with great joy two or three black clouds climb up the east to take a peep at his descending majesty. They are the advance guard, you think, of the monsoon and it will surely rain before morning. Morning dawns, and the sun sets to blowing his heat furnace strong as ever; the sky is once more a great dome of burnished brass. The monsoon at last blows the warning trumpet, and the soughing of his wind to the far-away horizon calls you out from your bed to the veranda. Nature holds her breath; a great calm, a strange hush—the hush of expectancy—fills earth and air.

Hal here comes the monsoon. Away on the western horizon a great black cloud wave surges up toward the zenith, blotting out the burnished sky in its progress, just as though you poured ink slowly into a brass bowl. Behind this black wave, and moving with it, is a dense ebon mass, cut every instant by forked lightning and bellowing, deafening thunder. The quick darting adder tongues of flame flash everywhere, search the bellowing heavens throughout from top to bottom, throughout the whole cloud-packed dome.

Now for a second, only for a second, the quick-flashing lightning ceases, and an inky blackness, the blackness of Erebus, succeeds, and the thunder bellows as an Englishman in his sea-girt little isle never heard it bellow. It is no distant rumble, gradually rolling nearer and culminating in a resounding crack overhead. No; around, about and just overhead the infernal din never ceases.

The bellied clouds are pregnant with thunder, and the flame forks flashing hither and thither pierce their wombs and loose the thunder from its prison. It reminds one of Michael and his celestial host warring with Lucifer and his legions. It is terrible.

Inside your bungalow the first advancing wind that heralded the monsoon carried with it clouds of blinding dust, which is now piled up an inch high on table and chair and shelf. And still the war of the elements goes on. You cannot hear your neighbor's voice, though he shouts his utmost; the birds, affrighted, shriek in the thickets, and the native servants huddle themselves together in dark corners for safety. The sky opens its floodgates, and rain in torrents pours down without intermission for eighty or ninety hours on the parched earth. Splash! splash! on the roof—not in showers, but in sheets. This is the monsoon.

And when it has passed what a transformation it has effected. The arid plain is one great lake, through which rise innumerable trees of glossy green, and crowding their leafy cathedrals flocks of parrots and mynahs chatter their thanks to God for the welcome rain. The great lake soon disappears, absorbed by the thirsty earth, and reveals a far and fair expanse of verdure beautiful beyond words in its dazzling greenery, and sprinkled with flowers that have shot up in a night, earth's embodied hymn of praise to the Creator for the blessing of the monsoon.

HUNT THIS BRUTE DOWN

He Held a Boy's Head in a Vat of Vitrio Until His Eyes were Burned Out.

A brutal crime was perpetrated by Engineer James A. Bradshaw of the Earle Lock Company at Terryville, Conn., recently. As he was going through the shop he approached W. A. Hough, aged 17 years, who was at work cleaning locks at his bench, and ordered him to go to another part of the shop on an errand. Bradshaw has no authority over the men in the factory, and the boy, acting on the advice of the men in the room, refused to obey. Bradshaw repeated the command, and on a second refusal, picked the boy up in his arms, and carrying him to a vat of vitrol in the room, dipped him in, head downward, several times before the other employees of the room, too horrified to stir at first, could interfere.

The boy's screams were agonizing. His hair was all burned off, his scalp was raw, his face and neck was horribly burned, and both eyes were burned out. His recovery is doubtful.

Bradshaw returned to the engine room and was at once discharged. He walked out of the shop unmolested and disappeared. He has not yet been arrested. The employees of the shop, among whom Hough was a general favorite, threaten to lyach the brute if they find him. Bradshaw is married and is 35 years old.

Melba In the Organ Loft.

Mme. Melba has been distinguishing herself in Paris. The great Australian prima donna, the "Echo de Paris" says, was engaged a few days since to sing at a grand wedding, but the Archbishop of Paris, like Cardinal Manning, refused to allow a lady to sing in a Roman Catholic church. This was a sad blow, but the great lady whom it annoyed was equal to the emergency. She prevailed upon Mme. Melba to hide herself behind the organ, and then put a lad, with a missal in his hand to stand up in the choir and pretend to sing while the prima donna poured forth her enchanting notes. The ruse was an immense success.