Some Seventeenth Century Matrons

AND THEIR HOUSEKEEPING.

There is a pathetic interest in watching the swift course of a great river just above a fall. The steady flow of the mass of deep, clear water is an image of calm and controlled strength; and yet we know—what the river does not—that this orderly progress is shortly to be changed for a mad plunge over rough rocks, and that the river itself will soon be a mere boiling mass of foam and bubbles and confused eddies, apparently aimless in its passion and strength, till it finds a fresh bed, and flows on again at a different level.

Something of this feeling possesses us when we read the annals of English homes in the early part of the seventeenth century. The great days of Elizabeth still form the background of the picture, and the younger generation, for whom Vandyke painted and Lovelace sang, have an air of dignified ease and leisure which is very attractive. The Puritan, with his sour looks and cropped hair, is still only a butt for ridicule, not to be taken seriously by people of culture, and the political zealot may safely be left to the tender mercies of the Star Chamber. The cataract of the Great Rebellion is still out of sight and hearing.

Such a stately and gracious figure is the Lady of Berkeley, Jane, daughter of Sir Michael Stanhope, and wife of Henry, Baron Berkeley of Berkeley, Mobray, Segrave, and Breuse of Gower, and lord of many fair castles and manors in the West.

The Lords of Berkeley, through all their long line, were said to have been fortunate in their wives; and the mistresses of Berkeley Castle had been distinguished for their "skill in housewifely courses," their careful overlooking of "dairy affairs" and of the "accompts of their husbands' manors and household officers," and for their hunting, hawking, and general out-of-door activities. Indeed, some of them more than justified the old proverb in the county of Gloucester:—

As the goodman says, so it should bee;
But as the goodwife says, so it must bee.

There were household traditions of a Lady of Berkeley in the early fourteenth century who, feeling in "her elder years" that she was growing "weake and sickly," took the most energetic measures to preserve her vigor. Part of her "Physicke for her better health was the sawinge of billets and sticks, for which cause shee had before her death yearly brought certaine fine handsawes, which she used in her chamber, which commonly cost ijd a piece."

Lady Jane's mother-in-law was as masterful as Queen Bess herself, "overpowerful with her husband, and seldom at rest with herself . . . of Complexion of a comely brown, of a middle stature. Betimes in winter and summer mornings she would make her walks to visit her stables, barns, dayhouse, poultry, swine-troughs, and the like." Lord Berkeley's first wife, Lady Katherine Howard, not so notable a housewife, was inclined to "betake herself to the delights of youth and greatness". She was an adept with her crossbow, and was "soe good an Archer at butts with the Longbow, as her side by her was never the weaker." She accompanied her lord on his hunting journeys, and "kept commonly a cast or two of merlins mewed in her own chamber," to the great detriment, as her maidens lamented, of "her gownes and kirtles." Lady Katherine died in 1596, and two years later Lord Berkeley married Jane Stanhope. She did not share in her predecessor's sporting tastes, and at once, in gracious and womanly ways, set to work to put her house and household in order. That this was no slight task may be seen by the size of the household she ruled over. When the Lord of Berkeley moved from one of his castles to another, accompanied by his lady, "he was seldom or never attended with fewer than one hundred and fifty servants in their tawny cloth coats in summer, with the badge of the white Lyon rampant embroidered on the left sleeve, and in coats of white frieze lined with crimson taffety in the winter . . . amongst whom many were Gentlemen and Esquires of remarkable families and descent, and of alliance to the house of Berkeley." For the conduct of these esquires and pages, who are under the control of the "Gentleman Usher in waiting," the Lady of Berkeley draws up full and minute directions. The laws for the whole household she has fully entered in the "Yeoman's book," which she expects her gentlemen to observe "without any breach or contempt of them;" but she thinks good to give them some special rules that, by their "obedience, well-behaviour and tractableness," they may "procure the meaner sort of my servants in calling to amend their faults by their good examples."

When the yeomen of the chambers have done their work, the gentlemen usher is to go round, at eight o'clock in winter and seven o'clock in summer, or "if strangers be there, then at more early hours," and see that all things in the dining and withdrawing chambers are in fair order and "well set up, according to his lady's former directions set down." The rooms are to be always ready for the entertainment of strangers; he is to see that the great fires of oak logs are burning brightly in winter and summer; that "the chimneys are trimmed with green boughs and the windows with herbs and sweet flowers, and the chamber strowed with green rushes." There are minute rules for the attendance of "the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen when I shall walk any way out of the park, as into the fields or any of my outward grounds. Further, when I do walk in the park then I do license the gentlemen either walke bowl, shoote, or any other pastime, where I walk in this order. If I do walk in the high walk, then they may be in the lower walk; if I do walk in the lower walk, then they may be in the upper." When my lady walks in "the greate garden," she gives gracious license to the gentlemen to be in another part of it, whether she has strangers with her or not.

Lady Jane is minutely solicitous about the comfort of guests in their own chambers, and her anxiety that breakfast should be served punctually to the moment they have asked for it is worthy of railroad days. A "gentleman of calling" must be attended from his bed-chamber to the dining-room when meals are served, and there is much ceremonious etiquette of leave-taking when the guests' riding-horses are brought round to the hall door.

Some of Lady Jane's decrees, as regards attendance upon her walks and suchlike, are not, she says, "express commandments," but rather the intimation of her wishes; but the really serious duties of the day culminate in the dining-hall. No trifling or negligence can be allowed during the august ceremonial of dinner and supper—the "commandment" here is absolute: "My pleasure is that the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen shall, with due reverence and great diligence, wholly give their attendance to wait upon us, and none for those times to go to rest themselves in other places . . . and not to go to any bye place to eat meat in corners, nor to take nor give away any meat . . . but to give good attendance till they go all together to take their diversion. And therein all to behave themselves civilly like gentlemen . . . to use no playing fence nor disorderly pastimes in the hall which caused great disorder and gives cause of offence by the great noise that comes by that means."

It is a consolation to feel that the great lady who ruled her family so well passed away before the evil times, and that the "gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen" had full leisure to carry out in detail the stately funeral rites which had been accorded to her predecessors. No longer, as of old, did "priests with their crosses, and friars white and grey," stream up to Berkeley Castle from the neighboring churches and monasteries; but it was still needful to feast all the country-side "with ale and comfets, red wine and claret." The weary steward could thank God at the end of the day that no spoons were lost, though twenty dozen were used; and that his lady had been fitly buried.

While the Lady of Berkeley's ordinances impress us with all the solemnity of an old-world minuet, the letters written after the Civil War are quite modern in spirit—full of the reality born of conflict, poverty, and suffering. The gentleman usher and his train of attendant gentlemen, the waiting gentlewoman and her maidens, have been confounded with their masters and mistresses in a common calamity, much to the eventual gain of both. When Church and King were struggling in the rapids, Etiquette could hardly hope to keep her footing; but periods of transition are painful.

The change of tone strikes us in the letters of Mistress Elizabeth Isham, written about the middle of the century. She was the wife of Thomas, son of Sir Euseby Isham. Her husband's family, the Ishams of Lamport and Pytchley, in Northamptonshire, had suffered bitterly from fines and imprisonment. Her own relations, the Dentons, a wealthy and distinguished county family of Buckinghamshire, had fared even worse. Hillesden House the home of her childhood, had been besieged and burnt to the ground; her brother, Sir Alexander Denton, died in the Tower; her trusted friend and brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Verney, was killed at Edgehill, and her own fortune had melted away. How bravely Elizabeth Isham carried herself in poverty and in bereavement, her letters to her nephew, Sir Ralph Verney, testify.

In the unsettled times when friends wrote to each other in cipher, Elizabeth and Thomas Isham were distinguished in the letters written to their relations in exile as "Jugge and Pann," homely names pertaining rather to the kitchen than the parlor, but which continued in familiar use long after the need for concealment had passed away.

Thomas Isham was an ardent Royalist, as befitted his name; he had compounded, and after the burning down of their home at Radclive, he and his wife settled themselves in a house belonging to Sir J. Tipping, at Wheatfield, in Oxfordshire. He was gradually losing his eyesight, and became more and more depressed as he grew more dependent. Mrs. Isham writes in 1657: "Panny's eies be still worse and worse, now he cannot see to reede, which is a greate grefe to him . . . He hath sente up to by him a coach to travel aboute in; I would not a had him buy one till nexe sommore, but these Husbonds must have thare wills, the old sainge is thay will Live the Longer. If Panny would be ruled by me, we would nevor sture out of this cuntrey, till we come to be Bearyed in your contrey or these People a wary of us."

"My husband is very weike," she writes the following spring; "sometimes I thinke he will live, but he is more lickely to die. 3 Drs. I had for him laste friday, and he not beinge sicke they can not tell what to say to him: they put me in hopes of him, and this day they give him Phisicke so gentell as a child may take itt, so I hope itt may doe him good; they be the beste Drs. in Oxford, so I wishe they may have good Locke with him . . . he is not sicke att all, but noe Blode in his Lipes and very shorte winded; the Lorde be his comforter." "Panny" is so far better a few days later that "he is come to socke a Bone of a sucking Rabett."

Mrs. Isham suffered from an eruption on the skin, for which Sir Ralph Verney sends her a home-made lotion, with the following directions. (March 22, 1658): "Apply this to your face every night after you are in bed . . . let it lie on all night, and wipe it gently off in the morning with a piece of store new Black Cloth, but wash not your face. If you see noe company for a day or two, or three, it is better, for then you may lay it on fresh in the morning, and let it continue on all day and wipe it gently off at night againe with the Black cloath . . . I had almost forgot to tell you, you must not lay it on cleare, but shake it very well togeather, till tis as thick as caudle, then power out a little quickly into this china box, and, lying on your back, take a piece of spunge, pat it uppon your Face thick and thin togeather . . . if you like it you may have as much of it as you please at a Weekes Warning."

When it arrives she is too busy with her husband's ailments to attend to her own . . . "If my dear Panny is well I shall soon make use of itt. I doe but thinke with my Blake fase and the Blake cloth what a Blakemor I shall be." Blindness had perchance its compensation for her husband.

The question of servants consequently comes up. Sir Ralph asks whether they have a man to recommend. "I thinke in time Woods may make a good sarvisable sarvant," Mrs. Isham replies, "becase he hath larned to barbe allredy, that must all our mene dooe, or ells it will coste Panny more in Barbing then we give for wages in a yeare; and if he had nevor come hither you mite sooner a had him, for Pann uses to groe so fonde of all his mene as much adooe I have to make him to change, all though thay be nevore such fooles as Dimocke was. I inquired after my cosan Will: Dormor's Butler for you, but he was gone into france. Such a one as he was would a sarved anyone's torne, so nete a man; and with one cope of beare, as thay say, would a doone his master more credete then many a one with Bottles of wine,"

"Panny can goe without leading," "Jugge" writes a little later. "Now I am very charfull, hopinge he is on the mending hande, and the more because the Nabores heare aboutes thinke a good parte of his sickness is malancholey, and so hee thinke himselfe; and some neare nabores come moste days to mac him mery, and yett the Lose of his eies goes so to his harte as he cannot be mery, and beside a paine of his heade trobles him tow bade."

He can hardly have been a very pleasant companion; he looks "very yalleo," and is so drowsy that his wife fears that "this may bringe him to the slepey desese, for he slepes much, and thinkes as he doth not slepe att all." His naps gradually extended to twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. Perhaps Wood's monotonous voice acted as a sedative for Mrs. Isham is obliged to confess that the man who was so good a barber "is the worse Reader as ever you harde, as I am faine to hear him reed Psalmes and Chapters, and when Mr. Pan is well we shall get a Play Booke for him as he may Larne to reed that."

The servant finds it as painful an exertion to read the Psalms as she does to listen; "when we had him a weecke or thare aboute, he sayd he had not Reed so much in seven yeares before as in that weecke, and that was not much; not past the day of the month, and 3 chapter in a day: he is a very willing man in a House and sivell, and that pleases me."

Their neighbor Lady Wenman invites them to Thame Park, and Mrs. Isham would like to accept, if she can stir up her invalid to go out; but he is grown so melancholy he cannot be left alone . . . "and Luckes so slovenly as none of my cosan's mene will Lie with him, and to have him abroade with me I am ashamed."

The precedence due to guests, which the gentleman usher at Berkeley Castle was expected to have at his fingers' ends, had become very complicated under the Commonwealth. There were peers, created by the king over the water, not recognized at home; there were the members, not peers, of Cromwell's Upper House, and titles of his granting which the Royalists sniffed at. Mrs. Isham writes feelingly of the trials of hostesses when etiquette was reviving a little; neighbors are "so discontented aboute you for Plase as thay be nevor to be reconciled againe; this is a thinge I doe much hate. Any one shall goe before me as will, and iff Sir Harry Blunte axed Harroles (Heralds) before he came downe, my Thinkes heare is so many buriells aboute, as none shoulge thinke of Plase." She is very proud of a new page. "You be to see the fust of my small oficer. I thinke itt may be a prety site to see him a Horse-backe and in Boots, for since he nevor had Boots on before; he is to call at Lee for a leter, so he is not to stay longe with you. . . . This Boy as we have is good for nothing but his Boots, and that pleases Pannye, and so because he is pleased I am pleased . . . you will be a weary with reading these scribled Lines, so I reste your ever Lovinge Ante, E. Isham."

She writes to Sir Ralph the next autumn for "some Spanishe Broome seeds or any thinge of that as will growe, to sett under my windore to keepe the stinkes away . . . and to send worde when the seeds shoulge be soed, as I may doe itt caccordinly."

Aunt Isham still suffered from a "Rosy Face" and indigestion. Sir Ralph, a man of austere tastes, was living upon a diet of hard biscuites; but when he imposed this self-denying ordinance upon the old lady, it was more effective in extracting her teeth than in curing her ailments. (Nov. 16, 1661): "Sir Ralph," she writes, "Now I leve all the Drs. to take your Phisik, which is the Shepe Bisket, 2 teeth I Lefte at Hilsdon, and almost all my Bones was to be left thare, for every time I wente to Church I was sicke and some time swoned quite away, but now I am well att Lee, only a nother tooth Loose and all my Gomes so tender as nothinge I can eate but what is minced, so I intreate you to send me noe more of the bisket then must be taken in one weeke, for I shall be a weary to take itt longer, and now you must be att one Charge more with me, that is a penny grater to grate itt . . . tis an ill time with me . . . I have much adoe to keepe the biskit from the mise, thare teeth be better then mine." She has a far more agreeable prescription for Sir Ralph. "I could wish you heare," she writes from Wheatfield (June 22, 1662). "as you might drink some of the Sider as is heare aboute us, itt tis so good: and your Sider was made to soone to be good, for any sortes of Aples will be good togeather so thay Lie awhile before you make itt in too Sider, for the best Sider is made but just before Crismas after the Apples hath had a Sweet." She has tried asses' milk, and sends her ass on to Lord Wenman, who is sick. Mixed up with her household lore are dark allusions to the fair ladies that Sir Ralph might woo, and will not.

"Our widdore is safe come downe againe, but to heare the good and finde Language the Earle gave her, as gave you the Hownde as you broate in your coach, would a made one in Love with him."

Spite of much good counsel. Sir Ralph Verney, continued a widower, and Aunt Isham and his other female relations gave him valuable advice about his household matters. One lady sends him directions for the washing of his pewter plates, which will bring out the stain of any sauce, "except it bee pickled rabbits, which stands up on the plait a pretty while, and soe they will stoaine them filthyly." The ladies' good offices were called into requisition when a domestic crisis occurred at Claydon, greatly affecting his comfort. His housekeeper, Mrs. Westerholt, was leaving him. A year before her allegiance had been shaken by a person of quality. "Mrs. W. has bin with me and acquainted me," writes Lady Hobart, "with my Lady Stanings' hy ofers which sems strange she shold mack to another bodys sarvant, but she says she will not deu any thing to disples you. . . . i am loth you shold part with hur becaus she is aquanted with your ways; the lones of the plas is all she can find falt with; you want a wif, you se what inconvenances that want brings you for your company is not considerabell, a mistres wold kepe hur thare for ever. . . . She is much alon and she has good parts, and loufs conversacion, as all we wemen dew, i find the wagis do ras hur frinds, but i told hur I beleve your plas would be no ill plas nor has bin. Now the woman specks with a hy valew of you and cannot tell wen to leve you, but thay answer all she can say with the hyist ofers can be, how ever if she be fur youn turn kep hur." She remained on another year, but left Claydon in the spring of 1662. "In my openyone," his sister, Lady Elmes, writes (who was not inclined to be lavish in rewarding service done to herself), "you ware much moare bowntiful to Mrs. Westerholt then you needed to a benn; my uncell Dr. and I say one quorter of it had been very well, consedoring up one what a count she left you." All Sir Ralph's lady friends are hunting for housekeepers: Aunt Isham says, "'tis harde to mete with them." "If your Sarvants walk according to thare Knite, thay will not go aside. Thare was a grave mayde as was with Mrs. Goode, as could doe any thinge as for fine Parsarves, rase yeast, in the Dairy, in the Kiching, and more than you have to put her to, and very saving beside and carfull. She was not to be had last year, and should a come to my Nese Dormer, but she would give her but £6 and she would have £10, . . . she sites in the Halle." Sir Ralph is in correspondence with Stephen Windress, at Sutton, about Mrs. Smithby, another applicant. "Sir, I have known hir this 4 years and upwards. . . . hir carriag was very modest and sober, both at home and abroad, of which I have often been an eye-witnesse, and as to hir houswifry it was enough for such a hous as Mr. Godfreys, a farmer, and non of the ablest nether, but Sir I very much question whether her houswifry, Carraig, or any other parts be such as may make hir capabl of your service. Sir give me leave to tell your worshipp in playn tearmes that in my Judgment she is not." Mrs. Isham recommends a certain "Marget Chile," whose character she sends to Sir Ralph in her own delightful style: "She hath bine used too order my Lady Tippinge's Hous these 10 yeares, goeing and cominge, and att presente she is in the House and hath bine heare now ever since. Whitsuntide, and stayed upon the accounte of her selfe and her childrens being sicke, which she is good att to tende, and is against her will to goe to be maried as her Father will have her, but if she can perswade her father as she had leather goe to sarvis, the Lady Tippinge thinkes her fit for such a plase; she is a very sivill mayd and hath a greate dele of wite, and does most thinges aboute a House, and Passible she is in case her Gloves be on, but her hansomenes is not whate itt was, for once she was very pretty."

Eventually a Mistress Frances Buckley succeeds to Mrs. Westerholt's responsibilities, and at once sets to work to replenish Sir Ralph's shirts, which were reduced to three. He sends her down the materials from London.

"The needles are well, and the thread very good if it were a litell finer." She wishes to employ a town cousin of her own to choose the stores, who has been used to buy much for the queen. Mrs. Buckley is great at household physic, and makes friends with the rector's wife, Mrs. Butterfield, by comparing their symptoms. She is busy with her preserves, her elder-flower "vinigar," and rock candy; and hopes to get "some Rose Water, if it be but a glass or two," when the weather is dry.

"Jugge's" service to her relations are not confined to choosing servants for them; she feels within herself a genius for match-making, and whether there is an heiress to be secured for an eldest son, or a living to be got for a younger one, she proclaims herself "a well wisher to all the yonge sparkes."

It is with something of a shock that we learn that the frail and sickly husband, who "in his deep melancholy" could scarcely be kept from suicide, survived by several years his cheerful and capable helpmeet.

She lived long enough to see her highest hopes fulfilled in the Restoration, and not long enough to see how futile those hopes had been.

She is buried with her own relations in the beautiful church at Hillesden. A long and affectionate epitaph marks her resting-place. "Pia Mater! certa Amica! optima Conjux!"

CLOTHES OF A PRINCE.

Prices Wales Pays for His and What Becomes of Them.

The Prince of Wales always orders eight suits at a time, and they are paid for at the uniform price of $40, says the Argonaut. His trousers, too, always cost a uniform price—$12 a pair. This rule, however, does not apply to uniforms and his dress suits, of which latter he uses twelve in a year, at a cost of $80 each. The Prince never wears a pair of trousers more than four times, and, as his discarded clothes are not among the perquisites of his valet, there is a stock of thousands of them at Marlborough House. At his death he will doubtless have as large a collection as did King George the Fourth, the auction of whose clothes extended through three weeks.

All the Prince's clothes, old and new, except his hats, which for some reason are kept at Sandringham, are stored at Marlborough House, in what are known as the "brushing rooms," where several men are kept busy looking after them. The uniforms and state robes alone at Marlborough House are insured for $20,000, so that his entire wardrobe must represent a very comfortable fortune.

MEET IT ON THE WAY.

No use waitin' fer the wagon,
Loafin' life away;
Corn needs hoein';
Keep a-goin'—
Meet it on the way!

No use waitin' fer the wagon,
Life is but a day;
Time is lackin';
Hay needs stackin'—
Meet it on the way!

No use waitin' fer the wagon,
Hair is growin' gray;
Storm winds hummin';
Night is comin'—
Meet it on the way!

CRIME IN DAYS OF MOSES

LIST OF CURIOUS TEXTS WORTHY OF PRESERVATION.

Capital Executions Rare, and Circumstantial Evidence Never Admitted Against Prisoners.

Two weeks ago a clergyman in a near-by city preached an eloquent sermon favoring capital punishment, "because," he said, "it is according to the law of Moses, and should be favored by every Christian." What is the law of Moses in relation to this question? We doubt if it is generally approved, for it contemplates nearly 30 distinct offenses as capital crimes, but few of which are capitally punished in any country to-day. Ten are mentioned in Exodus as follows:

Murder, xxi., 12; kidnapping, xxi., 16; eating leavened bread during the Passover, xii., 15; suffering an unruly ox to be at liberty if he kill a person, xxi., 29; witchcraft, xxii., 18; idolatry, xxii., 20; oppression of widow and fatherless, xxii., 20; compounding holy ointment or putting it upon any stranger, xxx., 33; violation of the Sabbath, xxxi., 14; smiting father or mother, xxi., 15.

Nine are set forth in Levitcus, in the texts indicated: Eating the flesh of the sacrifice of peace offerings with uncleanness, vii., 20; eating the fat of offered beasts, vii., 25; eating any manner of blood, vii., 27; offering children to Moloch, xx., 2; eating a sacrifice of peace offering, xix., 8; screening the idolator, xx., 4; going after familiar spirits and wizards, xx., 6; adultery, xx., 10; blasphemy, xxiv., 16.

Six are found in texts from Numbers: Strangers coming near the tabernacle, i., 51; coming near the priest's office, iii., 10; usurping sacerdotal functions, iv., 20; forbearing to keep Passover, ix., 13; presumption, or despising the word of the Lord, xv., 30; defiling the sanctuary of the Lord, xix., 13.

And in Deuteronomy there are three denunciations: False pretenses to the character of a divine messenger, xii., 5; opposition to the decrees of the highest judicial authority, xviii., 12; unchastity, xxii., 13.

Still other offenses were pronounced capital in the Mosaic code, but they do not remain such, and some are not even criminal under modern legislation.

HOW TRIALS WERE ORDERED.

Above texts were submitted to a reverend doctor and his opinion requested. His reply is simply an explanation of the method of procedure under those ancient laws, and is to the following effect:

For the trial of all capital offenses not less than 23 Judges were necessary, which number might be augmented to 71.

Evidence by means of interpreters not being allowed, a knowledge of all living languages was a necessary qualification in the Judges in order that they themselves might examine and cross-question witnesses and thereby be the better enabled to elicit and judge of the truth.

Circumstantial evidence, however, strongly corroborated, was in no wise received.

At least two witnesses of irreproachable character, and who must have warned the accused of the consequences attendant upon the crime, were in all cases necessary for conviction.

RULES OF PROCEDURE.

It was the imperative duty of the senior Judge to point out to the witnesses in the strongest terms the great value of the life of a human being created in the image of God, and to dwell strongly upon the awful punishment that awaited them should they by false testimony be instrumental in shedding innocent blood.

A majority of one witness sufficed for acquittal, whereas it required a majority of two for conviction.

So rare was the execution of a criminal, when Israel was governed by her own laws, that if one only took place during 70 years the Judges were said to have been murderers.

Each Judge on the delivery of his opinion had to show his reasons for the same.

On an adjournment of trial it was permitted a Judge to reverse his opinion from guilty to not guilty, but the contrary, from not guilty to guilty, was not permitted him.

These points indicate that the extreme severity of the laws was most beneficiently tempered by mercy in the trials.

EXCITING HIDE AND SEEK.

The Way a Post-Rider in Cape Colony Fooled a Lion.

An unpleasant experience with a lion in Cape Colony is narrated by Alice B. Balfour, who travelled many miles there and gathered native stories as she had opportunity.

The horse of a certain post-rider had fallen sick and died by the way, and so, leaving it, he walked on. After some time he became aware that he was followed by a lion, which stopped when he did, and went on when he started again, always keeping about the same distance behind him. Evidently it meant to wait until night, to spring upon him.

A few miles ahead, as he knew, there was a deep drift in the river, and on the opposite bank, higher up a farm. He went down to the drift put a large ant-heap between himself and the lion, hastily stuck his stick in the ground, and hung his hat on it, so that it should just show above the top of the ant-heap, and then—still keeping the mound between himself and the lion—rushed down into the water, where the bank concealed him. Then he hurried up-stream till he got to the farm.

Next day, the ground round the ant-hill was torn up in all directions, and the hat had been reduced to a pulp.

PURE FICTION.

Maud—Why did you call me Alice when you proposed to me, Alfred? Did you ever know a girl by that name?

Alfred—Only in a novel, dear.