My Lost Love.

"Ran and shouted Lost! Lost! Lost!"

When I awake from heavy lidded sleep,
And through the sternest labor of the day,
And when I watch the dying sun's last ray,
And while my soul in fancy's dreams I steep—
Forever ringing through my work or play,
Those words like a perpetual moan,
Make my life a constant undertone.

What have I lost,
That such a murmur ever haunteth me?
What sad enchantment hath my life in crost,
And taught me such a minor melody?
I will look back into the past and see
If I can find why I so haunted be.

This do I find:
That I have lost a love—a love that seemed
With such a passion to my own resigned,
That I had deemed
That love for ever mine; but love hath wings,
And soon departs, as do all happy things.

And yet I had not sought
This love; it came unasked, a shivering bird,
Half frighted lest in seeking me it erred;
But I received that love with sorrow fraught,
And my whole heart opened to give it room,
And find for it a warm and friendly home.

It was a frail and weakly thing,
That little Love—and I did strive
Most anxiously to keep the thing alive;
And so it lived all through the early Spring.
I did not know that when its wings were strong,
My bird would fly and leave me.
O Love! my love! whom I have loved so long,
How couldest thou so grieve me?

STAINLESS.

By the Author of "Sweet Dorothy Capel," "Lettice," &c.

TOLD BY DEBORAH CAREY.

We are all in "our boudoir"; mamma, Norah, Letty, Olive, and I. Letty is nursing her baby by the fire; I am in the window-seat; Olive is lying on the sofa. Poor child, she is always on the sofa! Mamma and Norah are reading for, I should think, the fiftieth time a letter from our brother Will. I know the letter word for word; and as I look out at the houses in the Close, wonder what manner of place is the Vicarage whence it has come. Mamma sighs softly, and glances at me. I jump from my favourite lounge and go to her.

"You will let me visit Will?" I say coaxingly. "He asks for Norah or me; and you cannot spare Norah."

"No!"—Norah's voice is decisive—"it would be folly for me to think of going. How would you and Olive get on in France without me? You would be starved or poisoned. It must be Deborah."

We are about to leave Dumshire. Olive's health has for a long time been indifferent. Doctor Arion says she has outgrown her strength, and he has recommended a stay in a warmer climate. We have arranged to journey to the South of France, have written to Will to come and bid us good-bye, and his answer is a request that one of us will come and keep house for him. I am eager to be permitted to go to him Will is my darling brother. What happiness it will be to remain with him continually! I am not afraid that mamma will decide that Norah shall be his housekeeper; Norah is too valuable. She is in reality mistress of home, of mamma, and us. Letty tosses her baby and remarks in her gentle, thoughtful way—

"If Deborah remains in England, you will be at less expense."

"True!"—and mamma folds her hands patiently. I believe she is unwilling to leave two of her flock behind her. Of course Letty has her husband; but I——Will Will be able to take care of impulsive headstrong Deb? I put my arms round the dear shoulders.

"Say 'Yes,'" I implore. "It has been the dream of my life to keep house for Will."

"Deb, Deb, you keep house!" and they all laugh.

"On one point my mind is made up," mamma interupts, ere I can defend myself. "If Deborah goes, Ray goes also."

Ray is our old nurse. I am too fond of her to object. I nod my head vigorously. Mamma kisses me regretfully.

"I suppose it must be as you wish," she says. "It will be unkind to refuse Will. And, Norah"—appealingly—"you think I am wise to leave her behind us?"

"Yes. Deb is nineteen—old enough to be trusted out of sight surely! Now"—going over to her davenport—"I will write to Will to come and fetch her, and say good-bye to us. Letty, you could keep baby quiet——" Stay, I will go into the study. I see Robin coming."

Robin Ord is Letty's husband, and, in more than a conventional sense, our brother. As Norah departs, he enters. We welcome him very heartily. He sits down in the low easy-chair opposite to his wife, and warms his hands by the blaze of the fire, for this early spring day is cold and sharp. Olive leaves the sofa, and settles herself on a hassock at his feet, resting her head against his knee. He rubs her white cheek with his strong fingers, while we tell him the news. He smiles at me. It is impossible to disguise my elation. My eyes will sparkle.

"Yes you will see Napine at last!" he says. "It is a pretty spot—none prettier to be found, to my fancy."

"Tell me about it," I beg. "No, I don't want you to describe the scenery—Will has told me what that is—but what neighbours I shall have—who is who."

He raises a warning hand.

"Deb, if you are anticipating gaiety, fun, frolic, don't go. I have heard you complain of Dumton. Napine is a thousand times more dull, more quiet—just a small village, with doctor and parson, and only few gentry."

"But," I expostulate, "there are the Napines and Ellerslies. I am quite anxious to see Judith Napine. She must be very lovely. Will was positively struck with her; and he is so unobservant. I don't believe he knows I am——"

"Pretty," Robin supplies, as I pause.

I do not contradict him, I am not bad-looking—I do not think there ever was an ugly Carey—I am tall, dark, own brown eyes, and have a pleasant colour. However, I return to our former topic of conversation.

"Robin, are you acquainted with Miss Napine?"

His merry quizzical expression changes to gravity. He straightens one of Olive's curls meditatively.

"I have not seen her since she was a slight thin child of ten years. A wee marvel she was, with great violet eyes, thickly fringed with curling black lashes. She was not exactly beautiful; but there was an unchildish pathetic mournfulness about her that was more touching than the most sunshiny loveliness. It was as though she was conscious she had been cradled in sorrow."

"What do you mean?" Letty says.

I am staring at the red-hot coals, remembering a sentence in a letter of Will's—"I wish it were possible you and Judith Napine could meet. You would do her an infinite amount of good. Your light-hearted youth might be her salvation."

"Have you not heard? Mrs. Carey, you are not ignorant?"

"No, Robin. Will told me the story. Gratify the girl's curiosity. It is a sad story; but sadness and they cannot always be parted."

"The Napines and the Ellerslies," Robin begins, "are the two principal families of Napine. Unhappily for years, until recently, there has been great bitterness between them. Generations ago they quarrelled—what about it would be hard to discover. The cause of the quarrel was forgotten long since, although the quarrel itself was religiously continued. The enmity of the present Squire Ellerslie has, however, a personal flavour. Sir Percival Napine and he both sought one maiden for a wife, and Sir Percival won her. This of course intensified their dislike to each other. They refused to visit—even to sit in one another's company. It was deemed a good thing for the peace of the place when Sir Percival shut up Napine, and went abroad with his wife and infant son. Squire Ellerslie married two years later, and in due course a daughter was born to him, whom they called Cicely. She grew up a good maiden, tender-hearted and impressible as her mother—who died when she was five years of age—had been. Her father doted on her. She passed from childhood to maidenhood without knowing a grief or trouble. When she was between seventeen and eighteen, Sir Percival Napine's son came home, and they met. The grounds of Napine touch Ellerslie. The young people were aware that their intimacy would not be recognised, yet they persisted in it, and learned to love each other devotedly. Not until too late did they fully realize the roughness of the road they were to travel. Martin Napine was bold. He went to Squire Ellerslie, told him he was attached to Cicely, asked for permission to wed her, and for his pains was all but kicked out of Ellerslie.

"The Squire was beside himself. That his daughter should care for a Napine was not to be credited. He summoned the trembling girl, and with wild words and fierce gestures forbade her to hold further intercourse with Martin Napine. Never before had she been spoken to so harshly; now, though amazed, she was undaunted. Dove-like as she was by nature, she showed marvellous courage. She refused to obey her father. Martin was good, was noble, she told the Squire. No one could find just fault with him. She would not give him up. It would have been better had she been less daring; but she did not understand what the Squire in ungovernable fury could be. He went mad in his awful rage, and, as she stood in her fearless beauty, struck her with a cruel blow to the ground. That night Cicely Ellerslie left her father's roof for ever. She and Martin Napine went to London. There they were married, and for a while entirely lost sight of. Sir Percival was as incensed as Squire Ellerslie. He had chosen a bride for his son, and to have his plans thwarted in this fashion was not to be endured. He disowned him, and vowed that he should not inherit one penny of his wealth. Lady Napine grieved deeply, and sought earnestly to appease her husband. He would not listen to her. Henceforth he averred he had no son. Twelve months elapsed, and then the outside world, had only occasionally caught glimpses of this domestic drama, was inexpressibly shocked. Martin Napine had come unexpectedly to Napine and killed his father! Men and women gazed at each other in curious dismay. Little by little the truth was learned and pieced together. It appeared that Martin Napine had come home, but for what reason none knew positively—it was very generally believed to entreat forgiveness and beg help for his wife's sake. Peremptorily refused, in all likelihood he, goaded by want and distress, had struck his father with the but-end of his whip, and so killed him! A large sum of money which Sir Percival had, the previous day, drawn from the bank was missing. Fo one doubted but that Martin had taken it. To the accusation of murder that of theft was added. Sir Percival was not known to be dead until some time after he had been killed. Martin Napine had disappeared when the servant opened the door of his master's study and found him murdered. The police, suspecting who was guilty, telegraphed to London; but though Martin Napine's home was discovered after some delay, he was there no longer. His landlady stated that he had been absent all the Wednesday night, and had returned on the Thursday, looking singularly depressed and harassed—returned only in time to see his wife die.

"Yes, poor Cicely Napine had gone to her last rest, leaving behind her a little babe to fight the battle that had been too hard for her. When she expired, Martin Napine was as one broken-hearted. Turned from his wife's chamber he went out, the landlady thought to grapple with his agony in solitude. When the officers of justice arrived she was momentarily expecting him. Her expectation was vain. She was never to see him again. High and low, far and near, he was sought for; but no was not found. A reward was offered for his apprehension, descriptions of him were posted everywhere; but, as the weeks rolled on, and no clue to his hiding-place was obtained, other crimes engrossed the attention of the public; and he was forgotten."

"And the baby?" I say.

"Judith? Lady Napine sent for her. People marvelled that she could bear the sight of the child, but it speedily became clear that all the love she had had for her boy was lavished on his child. Nobody ever heard her speak of him, but Judith was strangely precious to her. When the little girl was a twelvemonth old Squire Ellerslie asked Lady Napine if she would allow him to see his granddaughter, and my lady sent the child to him at once. She is strikingly like her mother. The servant said that the Squire took the child in his arms and wept over her so passionately that she feared the baby would be frightened. At last however his tears ceased. He gave the little girl back to the servant and dismissed her. The following afternoon he called on Lady Napine. What passed between them can only be conjectured, but certainly the feud was buried, and the two agreed for their grandchild's sake to be friends. Judith has lived with her grandmother all her life; but not a day has gone by without part of it being spent with her grandfather. The Squire and my lady share her between them."

"Does the girl know about her father? Have they ever had tidings of him?"

"They have never heard of him, I imagine. Whether Judith Napine is cognisant of her father's sin I am unable to say; that Lady Napine and Squire Ellerslie recollect it is very evident, as their love for the hapless girl is so compassionate."

"Perhaps Martin Napine is dead. They must always be in dread that he will be unearthed and brought to trial."

"By-the-bye, it is said that Lady Napine does not think him guilty."

"But he is guilty?"

"Of course. Lady Napine is his mother, and therefore she may think of him as one more sinned against than sinning. Olive, are you asleep?"

"No. I have been listening to you. Poor Judith Napine! I wonder if she will expiate her father's wrong-doing?"

"Ah, may Heaven in its mercy be very tender with her!"

We are all silent. I wipe my eyes in the dim light; Letty sobs a little, bending over her baby; and Olive clasps her bony fingers round mine.

"You will be very good to her," she whispers. "I have a fancy you will be able to help her. Be a sister to her.

I do not reply; but Olive is urgent.

"Let her fill Margaret's place."

Margaret was my twin sister; she was my darling; it is two years since she died, but I feel sore and hurt still when I remember her. Olive's face brightens.

"Promise me, Deborah."

"But she may not care for me."

"She will. Promise."

I think it very foolish; yet who can resist Olive? I promise.

* * * * *

I am at Napine. When I awake the first morning a sweet spring odour of grass and green leaves greet me. All about is beauty—beauty not of the stiff severe order to which I have been used; but beauty which causes the child to clap its hands, the young man to exult, the maiden to sing. I have said farewell to my dear ones, have got over the miserable depression which at first afflicted me, and am domiciled at the Vicarage with Will. I have not found matters as I anticipated. Will has two good servants and a well-ordered household. I shall have nothing to do but rule over them nominally and look after my brother's parishioners. I think this as I survey the breakfast-table and admire the country delicacies spread for our delectation. I open the windows; the pleasant warm sunshine enters, almost putting out the fire with its brightness. I am satisfied with the provision prepared for bodily and mental enjoyment, and burst into a cherry roundelay. Somebody's arm is slipped round my waist, I laugh; it is only Will. The Reverend William Carey is six feet one in his stockings. His tall figure and noble face, with its grave mouth and its quiet brown eyes, are wonderfully attractive. Thoughtful, reserved, studious, very few who know him dream how capable of strong feeling and passion; but I, who have been his confidant so many years, am not ignorant of the fire hidden under the calm exterior, although even I do not guess with what intensity that fire when kindled can burn.

I betake myself to the breakfast-table. Will opens his letters, while I pour out the coffee and sweeten and milk it plentifully. Will says, when he has perused his correspondence—

"You have come to me at the best time of the year. Spring is the fairest and choicest season to my fancy."

"It is. Will, will you be able to take me for a walk to-day?"

"I am afraid not. Deb, you must stay at home this morning. Mrs. Austey will call on you, I expect."

"Oh dear! I wanted to go for a real country ramble." Mrs. Austey is the doctor's wife. "What is she like?"

"A nice motherly woman, with four handsome boys; she is my right hand in the village."

"Do not the Napines and Ellerslies help you?"

"With money, yes. Mrs. Austey is young and energetic. She manages mothers' meetings, book-clubs, etc. Lady Napine is a dying woman; she has endured much suffering, and she is looking forward gladly to the end."

A sigh. Will's face is sorrowful. To talk of death while all Nature is exultant seems incongruous. I venture a remark—

"What will Miss Napine do if she loses her grandmother?"

He shades his face, and says listlessly—

"What do we all do when trouble we cannot avert be'alls us?"

"But I thought Miss Napine was exceptionally situated. Will she not miss her grandmother more than most girls would?"

"Ay"—he cuts his ham absently—"I suppose she will live with her grandfather; but that will not be comfortable for her."

"Why?"

"Deborah," he says, not answering my query, perhaps not hearing it, "I hope you will be Judith Napine's friend!"

I am startled, and show I am. He goes on hurriedly—

"You have heard the wretched tale concerning her father."

I nod.

"She is a sensitive delicate girl, and she plagues herself unwarrantably on her father's account. You are healthy and sensible; teach her that there is such a thing as unnecessary self sacrifice, and that it is a duty to be happy."

I steal a glance at him; he is perfectly composed and self-possessed. Of course it is right for a clergyman to interest himself in the well-being of all his people, be they rich or poor. I speculate vaguely whether Will will ever marry. I think not; he would require a creature cast in such an exquisite mould, and most beings are fashioned of common clay.

I take a genuine liking to Mrs. Austey. She is a pretty little woman with blooming cheeks, for all her maternal worries. She is neither reticent nor unwisely loquacious. From her I learn more of Napine politics in half an hour than I could from Will in a month. Men blunder so in imparting knowledge; that which you particularly desire to know they always hold back obtusely. As is natural, we talk much of Miss Napine. I am growing exceedingly curious to see her. Mrs. Austey speaks of her with reverential love; so it is very clear that Miss Napine has the gift of winning affection. I accompany my visitor to the gate, and as we are shaking hands a gig and galloping horse pass us.

"My husband," Mrs. Austey says; "he must be wanted badly to go at that rate; he is going towards Napine. I hope Lady Napine is not worse."

I echo the hope; then I run in; it is not warm enough to stand out of doors with her head uncovered. Luncheon is ordered for two o'clock, as Will cannot be home before. I drink a glass of milk and attire myself for a stroll. As I cross the hall, Ray meets me.

"If you should see Miss Napine," she says, "will you tell her to hasten to the Hall? A servant has just been to inquire if she is here; her ladyship is suddenly taken worse, and no one knows where the young lady is."

I promise, marvelling whether Miss Napine and I are the only young ladies in the place; it is so evidently taken for granted I cannot mistake her. But once in the fresh air I entirely forget the young lady. I abandon myself to the delicious novelty of fields and lanes, instead of houses and streets. The earth, strewn with primroses, anemones, cowslips, violets, enchants me; the trees budding, the hedges besprinkled with palest green, the smiling brooks, the song of the throstle, the sounds of stirring life, set my pulses beating. The old World is decking herself again for conquest. I feel glad that I am alive. I climb a neighbouring hillock. This is not a level county; it is full of uprisings. I glance round; to my right stands an old-fashioned brick mansion. I conclude it is Ellerslie. Ah me, it is woeful to recall the scenes that have been enacted within the walls! I spring down and walk on steadily, now and then stopping to smell woodland scents; my hands are full of wild-flowers. I must beautify my parlour with my treasures. At last I pause at the top of a lane; two roads are before me. Which shall I choose? I take the narrowest; it winds and curves picturesquely. Many trees are on its banks. What a paradise it must be in summer, when Nature has reached her height of splendour! From end to end it must ring with sweet bird-music; from daybreak to sunset liquid notes must be poured forth unceasingly.

I saunter on, and presently hear a murmur of voices in the distance. Am I to have a glimpse of the natives? Hesitatingly I advance, and a moment later have come upon the invaders of this sylvan solitude. A man and girl are conversing. I get but a glimpse of them; yet I cannot but observe their utter contrast. The girl is slender and as fair as the lily. The man is swarthy to ugliness; his eyes—they are turned rudely on me—are a cold steely blue. I hurry by them; but I have not gone twenty yards, in fact have only begun to descend the decline, when the thought flashes across my mind, "Is that Miss Napine?"

A moment's self-communion, and I retrace my steps. It may not be very agreeable to interrupt the *tete-a-tete*, to introduce myself to one absolutely a stranger to me; but I cannot avoid doing so. My heart beats ridiculously fast as I make my way back. I smile when I find that my errand is deprived of its greatest element of unpleasantness, for the gentleman has disappeared, and the lady is alone. I got up to her diffidently. Her head is bent; she is studying some violets intently. At my first syllable she looks up, and I no longer wonder that universal affection, esteem, and goodwill are hers. I see an oval face, almost colourless, and pure as a dainty snow flake, with black-lashed eyelids hiding misty violet eyes.

"You are Miss Napine?" I say interogatively.

"Yes," she replies; and her musical voice thrills me. Her flowers fall; she does not crush them. Judith Napine would relinquish anything rather than destroy it.

"I am Deborah Carey."

"Are you?" Her face changes, and her gentle fingers clasp mine. "Mr Carey's sister?"

I respond affirmatively, and then we gaze at one another silently, instinctively tightening her grasp. How shall I tell her what must be told? I shrink from wounding her.

"You are needed at home," I begin. I have no occasion to finish my sentence; either my face betrays me or she is unusually quick to apprehend evil. She understands what I would fain say.

"Grandmamma is worse?"

I do not deny it, and her grip is convulsive. Who would believe those little fingers had such strength?

"I must go!" she cries sharply; and I, who am wont to meet trouble with tears and wailing, am puzzled at her dry eyes and hushed serenity. My road and hers lie for a short way together. When we separate I watch mourfully her straight lissom figure as she speeds away to where grim tribulation awaits her.

* * * * *

I am on my knees, carefully poking sticks of wood into the half-dead fire. Reading, I have not felt the increasing cold of the room until the fire has all but expired. My book thrown aside, I set to work to save what is almost lost. I poke and push warily, and my wood breaks into a tiny flame. I add more wood—a few lumps of coal. Ah, I have succeeded in making a glorious blaze! I am expecting Will. Immediately after luncheon he went to Napine to inquire if he could do anything for her ladyship. He has not yet returned. Ray has tried to persuade me to go to bed; but, as I am very desirous to see my brother ere I sleep, I turn a deaf ear to her remonstrances, and wilfully linger for him. He comes in so noiselessly that I do not know he is near till I see his shadow on the wall. I bound forward, with half a dozen questions on the tip of my tongue; then I stop, dumb. He looks dazed.

"It is all over with Lady Napine," he says quietly.

I express my regret. I am grieved, though I have never seen, and never shall see, the dead woman. Did Will care for her? His pallid face scares me, and I try to induce him to eat. He smiles wanly.

"Deb, I have had all I require," he says.

He leans back in his arm-chair. I do not think he knows how late it is, and I do not like to inform him. Very rigid and stern are the lines round his mouth. I wish they would relax.

"Were you in time?" I asked nervously.

I am afraid to interrupt the stillness; yet it seems better to do so than let it continue.

"Yes"—dreamily.

Encouraged, I proceed.

"Did Miss Napine——"

My words are arrested. At the mention of her name he rises hastily and walks up and down agitatedly; his lips twitch, and he mutters unconsciously—

"I have witnessed a terrible deed, a terrible deed!"

I stare at him mutely. He drops into his seat and glances at me.

"Deb, sister, Lady Napine as she lay, dying, wrung a promise from her granddaughter that she would marry Silas Thornton."

"Who is he?"

"A distant relative of Squire Ellerslie's. When the Squire's anger against his daughter was hottest, he sent for young Silas Thornton and installed him at Ellerslie as his heir. Afterwards, when his wrath had abated, and he acknowledged his daughter's daughter, he did not change his announced intentions respecting the lad, though he certainly spoke less of them. He kept him with him, and educated him expensively, everybody thinking he was to be provided for liberally. But it seems, from Lady Napine's request, that Judith's grandparents long since arranged a plan for Silas Thornton's benefit altogether different from what we supposed. Judith and Mr. Thornton are to marry. Ellerslie will not be impoverished on his account."

"And Judith? Does she love him?"

"Love him? No, no."

He stamps on the rug violently. I am solving a difficult riddle.

"Is Mr. Thornton a good man?"

"He is as good as the multitude; I know nothing for or against him. But her husband! Oh, Judith, Judith!"

Compassionately I kiss Will on the forehead and glide from the room. In his despair he has disclosed his secret to me. But, were I to remain to listen to his reckless words, should I not have cause to be ashamed of Deborah Carey?

* * * * *

It is June—leafy, bright, musical June. Instead of firelight we have sunbeams; instead of alternate heat and cold, a warm even temperature. I have a catlike love of warmth; I am never so content as when I sun myself under the trees at the bottom of the garden. Judith Napine and I are friends. She has left Napine to dwell with her grandfather; and very bravely she has tried to stem her grief for her grandmother. But, though she may deceive herself she can deceive no one else; the dark lines under her eyes, the weariness stamped on her brow, declare plainly that the tears she restrains during the day are let fall at night.

Lady Napine's will surprises every one. Napine is not entailed; it was hers to do with as she pleased. She left it to her son Martin Napine, Judith's father; failing him, to Squire Ellerslie. A letter was found with the will, in which she stated that she had long ago received information of her boy's death; consequently Squire Ellerslie has inherited that to which he has not the faintest shadow of claim. Of course he will only hold it for Judith; but I have cudgelled my brains vainly to discover why it was not left directly to her. Judith does not vex herself about the matter; she is satisfied that her grandmother acted for the best. Mrs. Austey grumbles to me; she is not pleased, for Judith is now entirely dependent on her grandfather. She would have liked it to be otherwise; but, as we cannot alter Lady Napine's last will and testament, we are obliged to reconcile ourselves to it. Judith has not yet mentioned her engagement to me. I do not think she realises it; sorrow has numbed her faculties.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUNG FOLKS.

Wonder-Land.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

I wonder what makes the sky so blue;
I wonder what makes the moon so bright,
And whether the lovely stars are born,
Like brand-new babies, each summer night.
And why do they hide when daylight comes?
I wonder where in the world they go!
Perhaps, when the great hot sun gets up,
They dry like dew, or they melt like snow.

I wonder what makes the flowers so sweet;
And where do they get their splendid dyes?
And why should some be as red as blood,
And others blue as the summer skies?

I wonder, too,—but so much there is
To puzzle my little head!—and oh,
I doubt if ever I'll find out half
The wonderful things that I want to know!

Chased by a Hoop-snake.

In the Yelgree forest, near our trading-post, there was a big snake that had adopted rapid transit. I saw him when he first learned it. He was chasing a small hoop-snake, when the little one put his tail in his mouth, after the manner of his kind, and rolled clean out of sight. Well, what did his big snakeship do but put his own tail into his mouth, and begin practicing! After a few turns he grew accustomed to the thing, and in half an hour could beat the best bicycle time on record.

A few days after this I shot a deer, and was carrying its horns home. As I was passing a few hundred yards from the Yelgree forest, I saw what seemed to be a loose wheel coming out of the wood. It was the biggest wheel I ever saw. I felt almost as if the polar circle had got loose from its fixings and was making for me.

"Hoop la!" I cried, and then I shut up, for I saw it was the big revolving python.

'Twas no use shooting at his head, for he was revolving at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and no use trying to escape; unless I could hire an express engine on the spot. So I just lay down to make it harder for the reptile to swallow me.

When the snake came up and noticed the deer's horns, he shivered, just as a Christian would if he saw a horned man! As I lay, they must have seemed to be growing out of my head, and the python may have mistaken me for the Old Serpent himself. Whatever his idea may have been, he had not ceased shivering before he made tracks for the forest and let me go in peace.

On my way home I reflected that horned animals are bad for the health of serpents, which swallow their prey whole, and that, time and again, imprudent pythons and boas have been found dead with deer all swallowed but the antlers.

"A snake," I said to myself, "that is smart enough to take a hint in the way of locomotion is smart enough to take a hint in the way of feeding."

Anyhow, his prudence or his fears lost him a good meal, for I was fat then. A little learning is a dangerous thing for snakes.

Bread Making in Spain

The bread in the south of Spain is delicous; it is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light; the flour is most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follows: From large, long pannniers filled with wheat they take out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones, as it was ground in Egypt two thousand years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blindfolded mule, which paces round and round with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on; and when it stops he is urged to his duty by the shout of "*arra mula*" from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; this is of a pale apricot colour. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with sufficient water, with a little salt in it, to make into dough; a very small quantity of leaven or yeast in one batch of household bread, as in Spain, would last a week for the six or eight donkey loads of bread they send every day from their ovens. The dough made, it is put into sacks and carried on the donkeys' backs to the oven in the centre of the village, to bake it immediately after kneading. On arriving there the dough is divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long, narrow wooden tables on trestles are then placed down in the room, and a curious sight may be seen. About twenty men bakers, come in and range themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest, which he begins kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes; and then passes it on to his neighbour, who does the same, and so on successively until all have kneaded it, when it becomes as soft as new putty and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker has handed the first lump to his neighbour, another lump is given to him, and so on until the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The bakers' wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some of them are very small. They are baked immediately.

DR. LEGGE, the Professor of Chinese at Oxford, England, says if the present rate of conversion of the Chinese to Christianity continues, by the year 1913 there will be 26,000,000 of church members, and 100,000,000 of professing Christians in the Chinese empire.

YOUNG women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grumwig; "love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

Love and Hate Under Palace Roofs

ROYAL MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE—A PRINCELY HOUSEHOLD BROKEN UP—SOME NOTABLE LOVE MATCHES IN VERY HIGH LIFE.

Even the loftiest social regions are not free from matrimonial storms. Only the other week a princess's household went to pieces as suddenly as any broker's could have done. The affair has been kept very quiet, but nevertheless I am able to tell the story to the readers of the *Sun*. The husband, the son of the dethroned king of Hanover, who died in Paris, sent his wife, the daughter and sister of reigning kings, back to her family, and this, too, at a time when she had but recently presented him with a child. The illustrious couple were married less than two years ago. The wife, Marie Sophie, princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is according to Mme. de Metternich, "*la princesse la mieux et la plus sleeve de l' Europe.*" Indeed, her extraordinary height threatened to make an old maid of her, when one day a prince came along who was taller by several inches, and, moreover, had a very pretty fortune of his own, and was not disposed to be exacting in the matter of the *dot*. So these two Royal Highnesses was wedded.

For the first month all went well. The Princess is witty and charming. She paints with talent, and is a fine musician. If she does not enthral your eyes, she knows how to capture your ears. In short, she is a delightful companion. The Prince is a man who can appreciate these accomplishments. It was thought that the "Almanach de Gotha" had chronicled another happy royal marriage. Presently it was announced that the Princess was about to become a mother. Unhappily, the baby proved to be a girl. This was a bitter disappointment for the Prince, and the first link in the conjugal chain was broken. The Prince was not gentleman enough to conceal his chagrin. He went so far as to address bitter speeches to his wife, who, having a sharp tongue of her own, answered them as they deserved to be answered. In a little while this princely household resembled that whose interior is so comically displayed in the first act of "La Boule" at the Palais Royal. The tempest was in the air; it needed only an anonymous letter to precipitate it.

From this letter the Prince learned that, in fancying himself his wife's first love, he had been cherishing an illusion. While still a young girl, at the court of her father, she had cast favouring eyes on a brilliant gentleman, the Count de R——, and things had gone so far that, to cure her of this fancy, her mother took her to Switzerland, where they spent a whole season in travel. The writer of this mischievous letter invited the Prince to satisfy himself as to its truthfulness, and indicated the means of doing so.

What man or woman was cowardly enough to commit this scoundrelly action I don't know; what I do know is that the Prince did not disdain to act upon the anonymous letter. He made inquiries, and their result infuriated him. He went on in such a way that the Princess one fine night slipped out to the railroad station and took the first express train for her father's capital. The Prince set out soon after for Italy, with the intention of afterward spending some time in the Orient. The affair is so recent, that I suppress the names.

These early love affairs among our young princesses are a good deal more common than is generally supposed. The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, now Queen of Wurtemberg, became so much interested in M. Bressant, the elegant *amoureux* of the Comedie Francaise, then playing in St. Petersburg, that the Emperor Nicholas, her papa, had to send the too fascinating actor across the frontier. It is no secret for any one in English society that Princess Louise, to-day Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Mary of Cambridge, at present the Duchess of Teck, had idyllic flirtations when they were young girls with two gentlemen of distinction at the court of Queen Victoria. Every one remembers the romantic passion of Princess Frederica of Hanover for a simple soldier of fortune. Still more recently we have seen the Princess of Wurtemberg marry an obscure physician. Princess Marie of Hanover is about to follow the example of her elder sister by marrying a subaltern of the Hanoverian army. Thus we see that if sometimes it is hard to be a princess, there are rare cases in which love proves stronger than the prejudice of caste.

The old house of Bourbon at this moment has its case of true love, and it is this idyl the hero of which is a very popular gentleman on the outskirts of the literary world of Paris, that explains why the most blonde of all the blonde Princesses of de Bourbon is in danger of becoming an old maid, or, as we say in Paris, of braiding St. Catharine's tresses, in spite of her charming face and her two millions of *dot*. She has in her own family a touching and romantic precedent. I refer to the love of Princess Louise Adelaide de Bourbon for the Marquis de la Gervaisais of the old house of Labourdonnaye-Monthue. It was at Bourbonne les Bains, where the sick Princess and his daughter were drinking the waters, that the Marquis made the acquaintance of the beautiful Louise Adelaide. The Princess was 15 years old; she was full, slender, and had a most lovable face. Bereaved of her mother, brought up in the seclusion of the convent of Beaumont, she came into the world as innocent as a nun, but predisposed to romance. The Marquis de la Gervaisais, true sub-lieutenant that he was, could not resist such charms; he fell head and heels in love. He was understood, and then began between him and Mlle. de Bourbon a liaison, spiritual, heavenly, paradisaical, of which we have the reflection in the Princess's letters, printed some years ago. The dream with golden wings lasted fifteen months. Then one day, yielding to the necessities of her rank, her eyes wet with tears, the royal Juliet bade her Romeo an eternal adieu: "We shall not see one another any more. Don't hate me; but don't love me any more."

The Marquis was faithful to his love; he proved it when Mlle. de Bourbon, who had taken the veil under the name of Marie Josephe de la Misericorde, died a Grand Prioress. Then he printed a little book, "Une Ame de Bourbon," which has all the tender perfume of the romantic passion of which it was the funeral dirge.

More happy than her cousin, Princess Marie Amelie de Deux Siciles, carried off from the court of her father, Ferdinand I, by the Duke de Chartres, than an exile and without fortune, sees her girlish dream crowned by the most beautiful and the happiest union which any royal house of our epoch has known. Forty years of unclouded happiness followed the romantic prologue necessitated by the extreme youth of the lovers.

Wholly of our own time is the romantic incident which brought about the marriage of the Archduchess of Austria, Marie Louise, with the Prince d'Isenbourg-Brstein. The Archduchess, daughter of Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, was out hunting. Her horse ran away. The Prince bravely sprang at the head of the animal, and was lucky enough to stop him. The hand of the royal horsewoman was his reward.

All love matches do not turn out happily, however, even for princes. One of the most famous marriages of this century is at this very moment having the saddest of epilogues. A constitution of distinguished alienists was held only a few days ago at Vienna to determine what should be done with Prince Guillaume de Montenuovo. The Prince, who went mad suddenly, is the son of the Empress Marie Louise and of the Comte de Neipperg. This gentleman became, under the title of *chevalier d'honneur*, the inconstant companion of the Empress after the fall of Napoleon I. He ended by becoming her husband, thus succeeding the great man who had been only the political husband of a woman fitted to be a happy wife in a happy home. This unfortunate Prince de Montenuovo owes his title to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who simply translated into Italian the German name of Neipperg.

The Prince had a sister, the Countess de San Vitale, who was one of the heroines of the Italian revolution. It is she who was the godmother of the Italian tricolor, and who led the funeral cortege of the patriots killed by the Austrian troops. Strange company for the daughter of an empress and the granddaughter of an emperor and of a king! Prince Montenuovo married the Countess Bathyani, who bore him three children. She died in 1874.

A tragic fate seems to pursue the paternity of this Comte de Neipperg, this illustrious man with one name, whom Mme. de Stael called the German Bayard. He had four sons by his first marriage with the Countess Pola. The eldest, having lost a first wife, was fortunate enough to please the Princess Royal of Wurtemberg, Marie, daughter of William I., and married her. While out hunting he fell from his horse, struck on his head, and was a lunatic to the day of his death. The second was a Commander of Malta and distinguished in Greece, died of cholera. The third son, an officer in the Austrian hussars, one day forbade a soldier to go into a wine shop. The soldier seized a pistol and shot him dead. The fourth son, Ervin, is the only one living; he is a Knight of the Golden Fleece, an Austrian General, and has children. So the Neipperg line has escaped extinction.

The mischievous god has brought about many other unexpected marriages in the princely houses of Europe, and has blocked the combinations of the most eminent diplomats. It is he who made of the Princess Louise of Hesse, aunt of the Queen of Denmark, sister of the Duchess of Cambridge, a plain Countess von der Decken. Then, too, there is the Princess Henriette of Schleswig-Holstein Sonderburg, sister in-law of Princess Helena of England. For the past eight years she has been the wife of Prof. Esmarch, a distinguished doctor, who succeeded so well in interesting the Princess Helena and Princess Augustine of Wurtemberg with Baron du Bourget and Count de Thun-Hohenstein. I might cite many more, but these are enough to show how wisely Scribe wrote when he pencilled on the pedestal of a statute of Cupid these pretty verses:

Qui que tu sois voici ton maitre
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit etre.

Circumstantial Evidence.

A REMARKABLE STORY FROM THE LIPS OF UNITED STATES SENATOR DAN VOORHEES.

I remember once defending, at Crawfordsville, Ind., a man named Owen, indicted for the murder of his wife by poison. It was twenty-odd years ago. Owen was a respectable farmer, in good circumstances, and a consistant church member. He had been twice married. He had several children by his first wife; his second was childless, a circumstance which peculiarly affected her mind and temper. She would not permit his children to reside with her, and compelled him to find a home for them elsewhere. She had a fancy, too, that he was criminally intimate with the wife of one of his tenants. She had frequently threatened suicide in consequence of these troubles.

One night Owen was awakened from sleep to find her dying. He called in assistance and sent for a physician, but she was dead before any one arrived. Her sudden demise excited suspicion, and three days after her burial this was communicated to him by a friend, who further informed him that arrangements had been made to disinter the body and investigate it.

Owen was greatly agitated at this intelligence, and, after a short pause, replied: "If this is done, and poison is found in Kezia's stomach (his deceased wife's Christian name), I will be accused of her murder, convicted and hanged. But I am as innocent of it as that tree," pointing to one near by.

That night he transferred all his property to a son, disguised himself, and fled the country. The body of his wife was exhumed and an autopsy had. Enough strychnine was found in her stomach to kill a mule. There was a universal expression of horror at the discovery, and a large reward was offered for the arrest of the fugitive. After much trouble he was found in Canada, where he was living under an assumed name. He was brought to Crawfordsville in irons, and it was with difficulty that his execution by a mob could be prevented.

Joe McDonald (now my colleague in the Senate), Jim Wilson, once a Representative in Congress and subsequently Minister to Venezuela, and myself defended him. There was a formidable prosecution, Lew Wallace, Judge Gregory, and others appearing against him.

It was proven that a short time before Mrs. Owen's death her husband had purchased strychnine at a drug store in the neighbourhood, telling the druggist that he wanted it for poisoning rats. But he asked that it should be charged to him, a fact upon which we laid great stress in the argument, insisting that had he entertained a criminal design in buying the drug he would not have put the damnable evidence of the fact upon record. A daughter who was visiting her father's house when the poison was brought home, testified that he handed it to her stepmother in her presence, cautioning her to be careful with it. A brother of his wife, who was greatly embittered against him, and