Look Up, Not Down.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges,
Though the joy bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these same sorrows
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Drinking from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole hill seems a mountain.
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power.
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbour;
Look up, as you love and labour,
Not for one alone we's visits;
Every one has cares and trials.
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather.
May we live, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

By the Author of "A Strange Friendship," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Rose was standing before the great mirror in our dining-room, fastening a spray of forget-me-nots in the soft thick coils of her beautiful golden hair; and I was seated in my favourite corner of the couch, leaning against a heap of piled-up cushions, and watching her with indolent admiration.

For Rose was the beauty of our family, the handsomest girl to be met with far and wide in our neighbourhood. I used to call her my "white Rose of all the world."

As I look back at those old days the years roll away, and I see my lovely sister, Rose Pelham, as she looked on that fair summer afternoon.

Rose was tall and beautifully formed, with magnificent, long, rippling, golden hair, and eyes as blue as the forget-me-nots, which were her favourite flowers. You did well, Rose, to choose forget-me-nots for your especial favourites, and to have your monogram formed on them on the note-paper you always used. It is years now since I saw you, darling Rose, but I have not forgotten you!

The mists clear away from my memory, and I see myself too—Cathie Pelham—not so tall as my sister, with darker hair, having only a gleam of gold, brown eyes, and a smaller, rounder face than hers, not pink and white and beautifully cut like Rose's statuesque features. She was the loveliest of all our race, and we Pelhams were a family famed for generations for fair women.

My mother had been dead for years past, and we were living with my father on his estate in New Zealand. Our education was supposed to be finished, and Rose had just spent a season in the nearest town, where she had made many conquests, and from which she had returned, engaged to be married, with her fate decided for life.

I was somewhat disappointed that Rose had opposed herself so early, and the thought of her marriage, and of her settling down into a sedate matron at the age of twenty-one, was distasteful to me; but then I did not especially fancy the man whom my sister had chosen. Not that I had any particular fault to find with Herbert Tempest—for that was the name of the lucky man who had won my sister's heart, and to whom in one short month she was to be married—and I could not give a reason for my dislike. It was simply a case of Doctor Fell.

"The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I do know very well,
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

Having settled the flower in her hair to her own satisfaction, Rose turned to me.

"Does it look nice, Cathie?" she asked. "Do you like my new ivory silk dress? I want to look well to-night, for Herbert is coming to dinner."

"It looks first rate," I answered, surveying her critically. "But I don't think that dressmaker has made your train long enough. If Herbert is coming, I suppose I shall have to spend my evening alone as usual," I added, with a somewhat injured air.

"No, you won't," said Rose; and she turned suddenly and put her arms round my neck and kissed me. "I can't do without my dear old Cathie, even though he is here; and of course you know, dear, you must live with us after I'm married."

With her soft cheek against mine, and her beautiful white arms entwined around me, I returned her kiss; and, all unconscious of the dread fate approaching with swift, stealthy steps, Rose and I wished each other "Farewell." The moment came and passed, and the last tender caress which was ever to take place between my sister and myself was over, little as we imagined it at the time.

"Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost,
Hope not sunshine every hour;
Fear not clouds will always lower."

Her lovely blue eyes looked laughingly into mine.

"I am going into the garden, Cathie," she said, "to while away the time till Herbert comes. Will you come with me or not?"

It was a lovely afternoon in the beginning of December, the early part of our New Zealand summer. The sun was declining, and the garden, with the shadows growing long, looked delightfully cool and tempting in the afternoon light.

"I am not dressed yet," I observed, with a glance of vexation at my old gray lustre gown. "But I should like to go out so much! I believe I must make myself respectable, and then I will follow you, Rose dear."

On what trifles do the great events of our lives hang! If I had gone with her then, if I had never left her side that afternoon, this story would never have been written at all, for there would have been none to tell.

She did not urge me any further; she turned away and passed through the open window on to the lawn outside. Her hat was in her hand, and I called to her to put it on.

"You will be burnt to a cinder, Rose," I said, "and then what will Herbert say?"

She laughed, and placed her hat on her head at once; and, laughing still, I saw her pass across the lawn, which was flecked with light and shadow, away into the leafy covert of the trees beyond. And there I lost sight of her.

I ran away hastily, intending to dress for dinner as quickly as possible, so that I might follow Rose into the garden at once.

My hair, though with a ripple in it like my sister's, was not so long or so thick as hers; it was quickly arranged, and then I selected and put on a white muslin dress with geranium-coloured bows. I believe that I was rather a pretty girl in my way, but I could not, of course, be compared for a moment to Rose.

I was just putting a velvet ribbon, with a silver locket attached, round my neck, when some one knocked at the door.

"It's only me, Miss Cathie," said a voice. "I should be so much obliged to you if you would step here and tell me if I should put two rows or three of this killing round the edge of Miss Rose's blue dress."

In obedience to the call I went into the next room, where Mrs. Holland, who had been Rose's nurse and mine, and who lived with us half as maid and half as housekeeper, was busy sewing at some of the costumes belonging to my sister's wedding outfit. Mrs. Holland was a widow of about fifty years of age, and we valued her very much. She had once seen better days, and was in every way a superior woman for her station in life.

I gave my opinion about the blue dress, and then I lingered some little time, talking to her about various other items of the work on which she was engaged, and especially about the difficulty of getting Rose to attend to the details of her own wardrobe when she was dreaming about her absent sweetheart.

"I asked her, Miss Cathie, a dozen times," Mrs. Holland complained to me, "if she will have her dress cut with a polonaise or a jacket, and she only starts and looks at me with her mind quite astray, and says, 'O, Mrs. Holland, what is it?'"

"Well, it is indeed most provoking of her, I know," I said; and then, half laughing, I added saucily, "I hope, when I am going to be married, I shall not give you so much trouble."

She looked at me for a moment with an odd expression in her eyes.

"When you are going to be married, Miss Cathie," she said, "the sunlight of this house will be going away." And then she added, "I hope you will get a nicer gentleman than Mr. Herbert Tempest."

"Oh, nonsense!" I returned. "You favour me too much."

But in my heart I echoed her wish, for Herbert Tempest was no favourite of mine.

I knew well that Mrs. Holland thought more of me than she did of my sister Rose. Had I not as a baby been committed to her especial charge by my dying mother? And had she not always been unceasingly faithful to her trust?

I turned away from her and ran out of the room, for I remembered that an hour at least must now have passed away since I had promised to join Rose in the garden. The shadows had grown longer, the sun was nearer to the mountains, behind the purple peaks of which he hid himself from our gaze each evening. The day was drawing to a close, when I set forth across the lawn and among the shrubs which dotted it here and there to find my sister Rose.

The lawn was green and soft as velvet, and a faint cool breeze fanned my cheeks.

Opposite to me was the plantation, in the direction of which Rose had sauntered when I saw her last. I paused beneath a tall fir-tree and looked round me.

Not a living creature was in sight, save a few parrots flitting backward and forwards amongst the branches of the gum-trees. Two or three beds of scarlet geraniums and verbenas made bright dashes of colour among the vivid green of the turf, and I could distinguish the fragrant odour of the large magnolia-tree trained against the side of the house.

As I write it all comes back to me as distinctly as if it were yesterday. Shutting my eyes I can see again that fair picture of light and shadow, and in fancy I smell once more the scents of that dead and gone summer day; I dream of the roses which faded that summer, faded with the fairest rose of all, my "Queen Rose of the rosebud garden of girls." Once I could not have spoken of that evening; but it is so long ago, and

"Time brings such wonders easing,"

that I can write of it quite calmly now.

At last, after a few moments' waiting, I saw my sister emerge from the shadow of the trees at the opposite end of the lawn and advance towards me.

I do not think she saw me; she came on slowly, her hat in her hand. From where I stood among the fir-trees I could see her most distinctly without being observed myself. I noted her tall beautiful figure with its queenly grace, her white hand clasping her garden hat. The sunlight caught the golden bracelet on her wrist and changed it into a band of fire. I took heed of the long trailing ivory silk draperies, which became her clear complexion marvellously well; I could almost discern the forget-me-nots in her golden hair.

I thought of Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee."

"A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair
Was never salmon yet, that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

Everything was very quiet; the distant lowing of some cows in the paddock was the only sound that broke the stillness of the summer evening; but over the mountains, resplendent now with the purple and gold of the sunset, hovered a cluster of thick dark clouds, possibly the precursors of a coming gale.

Rose advanced very slowly; her figure emerged into the light and faded again into the shadow of the trees as she walked on gently. Suddenly a sharp report broke the profound quiet.

"Some one is shooting at the parrots," I thought.

But almost as quickly as the idea passed across my mind I saw my sister put her hand to her side, spring forward a step or two, and fall upon her face, her silken draperies making a rich confused heap upon the soft emerald turf of the lawn. Had she fainted? Or what terrible accident had befallen her?

I was by Rose's side in a few moments. She lay just as she had fallen, with her face hidden. She had not moved since. With some difficulty I raised her head, calling piteously to her to tell me what was the matter as I did so.

She did not reply; her face was very white, and, oh, what dreadful mystery was this? In her breast was a little wound, and a tiny red stain upon the ivory silk of her dress. The horrible truth dawned upon me and struck me almost to stone. My sister was lying at my feet shot through the heart!

"Closed, ever closed, those speaking eyes
Where sweetness beamed, where candour shone;
And silent that heart-thrilling voice
Which music loved and called her own."

Most girls in my situation would, I think, have made the lawn echo with their shrieks. I did not—indeed I cannot cry out loudly when really frightened; I became for the time almost voiceless with terror. I dropped Rose's hand—fast growing cold—from mine, and, when she did not respond to my agonized appeal, I set off at once to fetch some assistance.

As I was leaving, I turned and looked at her once more. In that one startled glance I noticed that one of her long golden curls had fallen down, and lay trailing its loose heavy ringe across her shoulder. It was splendid hair; I have seen none like it since.

Her face was very calm and peaceful, and her blue eyes half closed. I used to think her eyes were the sweetest in the whole world. I often wonder now, when I praised them thus—

"Had I fancies
From their glances
That the grave would quickly screen
Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

I turned and hurried away. Across the lawn I ran, and round the corner of the house; then, seeing no one, I darted round another corner, and found myself in the courtyard, in front of the stables.

Still no one was in sight, and I became half desperate at the profound stillness and apparent solitude of the house and its surroundings.

I knew my father was away from home; we expected him back to dinner that very evening, and Herbert Tempest with him. The room in which Mrs. Holland was sewing looked out on to the front approach to the house.

Suddenly a curious impression of doubt and unreality possessed my startled senses; it seemed to me as if I must be moving in a dream. It was incredible, impossible, I thought, that Rose should still be lying there cold and motionless as I had left her. If I returned to the spot, surely I should find that she had risen and walked away?

That anything so awful as death, and such a sudden death, by some murderous and stealthy hand, should have befallen my brilliant, beautiful sister, so full of life and gaiety as I had seen her only an hour or so ago, appeared to me at that moment an utter impossibility; and, following the impulse of my half-stunned, half-bewildered fancy, I turned and hurried back again to the spot where I had left her.

At the first glance I saw that she was lying just as before. She had not moved in the least; only her features were settling down into the pallor and rigidity of death. The lovely mouth appeared to wear a disdainful smile, as if in scorn of the cruel murderous hand which had lifted her at one blow from life to immortality.

But, looking at her once again, I saw too that something about her had changed during the short interval in which I had been absent from her side. The ivory silk of her dress lay in the same rich disordered folds upon the grass, the forget-me-nots were still twined in her hair; but—yes—that was the difference. The long golden curl which had fallen loose and had lain in careless beauty over her shoulder when I saw her last was gone!

Looking more closely, I saw that it had been severed roughly and hastily from her head.

The jagged edges of the hair upon her neck showed that it had been cut away from her in haste, and with a somewhat blunt instrument.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alaska Seal Skins.

During one week recently 950 casks of Alaska seal skins arrived here by the Pennsylvania railroad. They, with 450 casks more to come were going to London to be dressed for market. The consignment contained about 92,500 skins, and was valued at nearly $1,000,000. The cost of freight to this point was almost $600 for a carload of forty casks. The skins are tied in oblong bundles and pickled in salt. It requires eight skins to make a full sack, and they have to be dressed and dyed by London furriers and then reshipped to this country.

One of the few surviving officers who fought under Napoleon the Great—General Dupleix—died about a fortnight ago at Passy. At the battle of Austerlitz he commanded a battalion of the Old guard and captured a brigade of Austrian artillery. For this exploit Napoleon decorated him on the field.

STAINLESS.

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

TOLD BY DEBORAH CAREY.

Were you dull while we were away?" Letty asks, as I butter some toast for her.

"No; Judith called."

"Judith?"

Letty speaks, but I notice that Will's hand shakes so that he cannot cut very successfully.

"Yes, she did not stay long——. Who is that?"

Some one is coming to the house. I spring from my chair.

"Mr. Thorold!" I exclaim; and the bell rings loudly.

He comes in, looking thin, worn, ill, yet singularly elate; looking—but it seems preposterous to say it—a younger man than when he left us. I scan him with amazement; very heartily does he grip Will's hand and mine. We introduce him to Letty. After a few commonplaces, she disappears to superintend baby's toilet.

"Have you been ill?" Will interrogates.

"Yes, I have had a touch of low fever. I have been to America since I was here."

"America!"

"Ay, it was coming back I was ill. Miss Deborah, I have come to beg you to go with me to Ellerslie. I have a very important communication to make to Miss Napine. Will you assist me with your presence?"

"Yes," I respond diffidently, "but Judith is not Miss Napine; she is Mrs. Thornton."

"What!"

"The Squire is dead. Judith married, at his desire, before he died."

"Married," he groans deeply—"married to Silas Thornton! Judith—my daughter!"

"Your daughter!" Will is on his feet.

"Who are you?"

"I am Martin Napine. Nay, do not look at me as if I were a leper or madman. I am accused of a hideous crime, of being a parricide; but my hands are as clean as yours. Misfortune, mischance, has dogged me for many years, but I have not stained my title of 'gentleman.' My defence will soon be before the public. Do you care to hear it privately?"

"Yes."

"Shut your doors and sit down; it is a long and story, and will need patient hearing. Against my father's will, in express defiance of his commands, I married Cicely Ellerslie. I loved her; that is my only excuse for my disobedience. We loved each other sincerely, but neither her people nor mine regarded this; we were constrained therefore to take matters into our own hands—at least I was. We left our homes and married. I was three-and twenty, she a childish girl. Judith is like and yet unlike her; Cicely had none of Judith's *savoir faire*. She was eminently a woman to be treated caressingly. We were very happy for a while; Cicely fretted about her father's displeasure; but I persuaded her that time would soften his resentment and his obduracy. I believed this myself, hoped it most earnestly, as the weeks went on. I had not much money; my father had vowed to cut me off without the proverbial shilling. We had expensive lodging, and lived more extravagantly than our means warranted. Cicely had never had a wish ungratified, and I had hitherto given the reins to my tastes. Therefore we thought not of poverty till it stood at our threshold! I was forced to see that our halcyon days could not continue; I was nearly penniless. I had written pleading letters to my father and mother, letters which had been returned unopened. I was at my wits' end. I was ashamed to beg, and I was not used to work. I sold a few costly jewels, and bid my anxiety from Cicely. She was in very delicate health, needing much care and attention. I thought, if we could tide over this period, and if a little son should be bestowed on us, Cicely in person should ask that we might be recalled from banishment. I cheered myself with the vision of reinstatement, now dreaming of the avalanche about to destroy the beauty of our home for ever. I remember vividly my last day of lightheartedness. I had sat with Cicely all the morning, touching up some sketches of hers. After dinner I went for a stroll, and, having sauntered round the park, strode homewards, carrying some flowers for my darling. The servant who admitted me told me that Mrs. Napine had a lady with her. A wild idea seized me—my mother! I stole noiselessly up-stairs, halted noiselessly at the drawing-room door. No, it was not her voice. What words did I hear? Surely I was mad!

"You are not Martin Napine's wife. I am, alas!"

"I burst in. Cicely, with a great cry, flung herself into my arms.

"'Martin,' she screamed, 'stop that woman; she says she is your wife!'

"I looked at the intruder; then great drops stood out on my forehead. I shielded my darling's face, afraid that she would see my terror.

"'I am his wife!' Oh, how pitiless and cruel was the ringing tone! 'Martin Napine, you dare not deny that you recognized Marian Tyler as your wife years ago in Scotland.'

"I answered not. A thousand memories were crowding upon me. I was dizzy with fear. Cicely raised herself in righteous wrath.

"'It is a lie,' she said, her gentle face scarlet—'a base, wicked lie!'

"'Is it?' the intruder returned. "'Ask him.'

"Heaven help me! I loosened my loving clasp, and broke down. All her tender affection was astir; she soothed me. At length I put her aside and confronted my foe.

"'It is true that I said you were my wife, but my words were of no value; you were then married to Tom Duncombe.'

"'I was not. Tom never married me. It suited our purpose to befool you; you were very strait-laced in those days. You would not have given your bosom friend a third of your income if you had imagined it was to support one who was not his wife. When old Sir Rufus Grey met us in Scotland I saw a grand chance. Did not I tell you, with sobs, that we should be utterly ruined if he conveyed word of me to Duncombe Hall; and did not you, to save us, declare yourself my husband? Yes; by the laws of Scotland I then became your legal wife.'

"It was indeed so. Cicely looked at me imploringly; but I could only kiss her again and again. If I could but get rid of this vile creature. By dint of threats and remonstrances I managed this. She went, assuring me that she would be back ere long. When once we were quit of her, I told Cicely all—how my comrade, Tom Duncombe, had played me false—Tom, in whom I had trusted all my life. He and I had been schoolmates, friends, college chums. We had helped each other into many and out of many a scrape. When he told me that he had wedded a pretty, poor girl, and that he dare not confess the rash act to his father, I assisted him with money and advice. He and the girl professed gratitude. During vacation, at their earnest solicitation, I consented to go with them to the Highlands. Here unexpectedly an old friend of Duncombe's family discovered us; he smelt mischief, and would have spread disaster, had not I come forward and pretended that Marian was my wife. Thinking as I did that she was Tom's wife, I avowed this without hesitation. I knew the Scotch marriage laws. Tom was wonderfully wary in avoiding pitfalls. He had passed Marian off as his sister until Sir Rufus appeared. When Sir Rufus was gone, the whole affair was treated as a bagatelle. I was soon summoned to London to meet my father, and, from then until the moment I beheld Marian Tyler in Cicely's presence, I had not seen her.

"The woman returned, as she said she would. Cicely, shaken and ill, was in bed. I saw the woman alone. She vowed that she would charge me with perjury unless I acknowledged her or paid her to be silent.

The former I would not do, the latter I could not. After stormy recriminations, we parted. I resolved to go to my father, tell him what evil had befallen me, and implore his aid. I could not believe that he would forsake me in the hour of darkness. The landlady expressed some alarm about Cicely, so I stayed with her all night. She was rather delirious; but, when morning came, was better. I succeeded in allaying her distress somewhat. I told her—Heaven forgive me the lie—that such a marriage as that into which I had been inveigled could be no marriage; that she and she only was my wife; but that, as it was in Marian Tyler's power to trouble me, I must go to my father for counsel. She did not object. I went to Napine. Shall I ever forget my reception? I did not see my mother. I disclosed all to Sir Percival. He was terribly hard with me. He said that I had not only blighted my own life, but an innocent girl's, and probably my child's. I had wrecked my hopes. One thing he would do for me. He would take charge of Cicely, and, if the babe should live, of that also; but on one condition alone—that I went abroad. I consented. Cicely must have a home, and my mother would cherish her; it was better she should be at Napine than Ellerslie. I left one line for my mother, beseeching her to be good to my darling, and then, not waiting for her—she was paying visits—I left, to hurry to the side of her whom I loved so well.

"I missed my train; I caught one that went to Petre, only to find when there that I could not go any farther till the early morning. It was Thursday consequently ere I got home. Ah me! When I entered our apartments I knew the worst that could come to me had come. Cicely was dying; and she died clinging to me. But why need I pain you with my grief? They told me that I had a little daughter. What cared I? My darling had flown to Paradise. The white rigid figure they took from me was not Cicely. I went into the streets, wild, desperate. As I walked along, notices on the walls referring to emigration, shipping, etc., attracted my attention, and I resolved what I would do. I sold my watch and chain, and that night sailed from the London docks for New York. Do you consider that I was heartless to leave Cicely unburied? I accounted myself her murderer, and fled from the land of my crime. When we reached New York I was ill for several weeks—so ill that I rose from my bed of sickness an old man. I heard nothing of my father's murder. I stayed some time in America; afterwards I wandered north, south, east, west."

"But Lady Napine believed you to be dead?"

"Yes, and the story of my death was singular. Australia was a likely place. I went there. On my road I fell in with a young fellow named John Martin. I, you may be aware, called myself Martin. Circumstances threw us much together. We fraternised. We had both a few pounds, and we agreed to be partners. Exceedingly well we did—made money fast. He thought and talked of going home. I had to go a few days' journey into the country, and was away a fortnight. When I returned he was dead and buried. Word had been sent to my mother that I was dead and buried. My desk had been prised. My mother's letters and likenesses had been forwarded to England. I was astonished. Very zealous had the meddlers been. However, I let the mistake be. I had no intention of revisiting the old country. Later I felt a strange desire to see my daughter. I could not overcome it. I gave into it, and embarked for my native land. I adopted another name—called myself Thorold. My daughter must not know the injury I had done her. I had altered beyond recognition fortunately, I thought, when I found that I was suspected of being guilty of my father's death."

"Were you not anxious to proclaim your innocence?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT SEDAN.

BISMARCK AND MOLTKE AT THE SCENE OF FRENCH DISASTER.

(From a New French Pamphlet.)

The following conversation (somewhat abbreviated in the translation), which took place between Count Bismarck, Gen. Moltke, and Gen. de Wimpffen prior to the surrender of Sedan, is taken from a forthcoming pamphlet by M. Georges Bastard, entitled "Bazeilles."

Gen. Wimpffen—I am anxious to know upon what terms his majesty the king of Prussia demands our capitulation.

Gen. Moltke—They are very simple. He desires your whole army to be surrendered, with arms and baggage. As a mark of appreciation of their valor, the officers will be allowed to retain their swords, but they will remain prisoners of war, like the rank and file.

Gen. W.—There terms are hard, indeed, general. It seems to me that after the courage it has displayed, the French army deserves better treatment than that. Would not the following terms be acceptable to you: The surrender of the town of Sedan with all its artillery; the French army, including the emperor and his generals, to be allowed to retire with its arms, its baggage, and its colours, upon the condition of not serving against Prussia during the present war; that army to be transferred to a certain part of France—at the option of Prussia—or to Algeria, until the conclusion of the treaty of peace?

Gen. Moltke declared these terms could not possibly be accepted.

Gen. Wimpffen—I have just arrived from the deserts of Africa. Till the present moment my record has been above reproach, but now, in the midst of an engagement, I am suddenly intrusted with the command of an army and find myself involved in a disastrous capitulation, of which I am forced to bear the whole responsibility. I have not even had the satisfaction of directing the battle which preceded this capitulation. You who have been a great commander, will readily understand the bitterness of my lot. It lies in your power to lessen the gall by granting more honorable terms. For my part I cannot accept the terms you demand. By appealing to my army I shall either succeed in forcing my way through your lines or in defending myself in Sedan.

Gen. Moltke—I hold you in great esteem, and I fully appreciate your position; but yet I cannot acquiesce to your request. Your chances of making a successful sortie are very slim. True, your troops are excellent; your crack infantry regiments are excellent; your cavalry is bold and hardy, and your artillery is well served and has done much damage. But, on the other hand, a great portion of your infantry is demoralized, and we have taken 30,000 unwounded prisoners! You have only 80,000 men remaining, and with them you will not be able to cut through our lines. I have surrounded you with an army of 140,000 men, and 500 cannons, of which 300 are already pointed against the city. The rest will be in their respective positions to-morrow morning. If you want to convince yourself as to the truth of my assertions, I will allow one of your officers to inspect the positions occupied by my troops. As far as a defense of Sedan is concerned, that is impossible; you have provisions for only forty-eight hours, and your munitions have run out.

Gen. W.—Even from a political point of view, I think it would be more in your interest to accede to the honourable capitulation which the army I command has a right to expect. You undoubtedly wish to conclude an early peace. France being the most generous and chivalrous of nations, is consequently the most grateful for any consideration shown it. If you grant such terms as will flatter the vanity of the army, the whole nation will thereby feel flattered. The bitterness of defeat will be diminished in the eyes of the people, and peace once concluded under such favourable circumstances will offer every guaranty of durability. By pursuing your rigorous measures, however, you will surely excite anger and hatred in the breasts of our soldiers . . . and you risk kindling the flame of an interminable war between France and Prussia.

Count Bismarck—Your arguments seem forcible at first sight, general, but they will not endure close examination. Little confidence should be placed in gratitude, and especially that of a nation. Besides, may believe in the gratitude of a monarch, or the thankfulness of his family. There are even occasions when the latter may be implicitly trusted in this respect. But, I repeat nothing is to be expected from a nation's gratitude. If the French people were like other people; if they had durable institutions, and, like us Germans, respected them; if they had a sovereign well seated on his throne, then we could, perhaps place faith in the gratitude of its emperor and in that of his son. But for the last eighty years the changes of government have been so frequent that for a neighbouring power to build hopes upon the friendship of a French monarch would be sheer madness; it would be building upon air." Besides, it is folly to imagine that France could ever forgive us our victories; you are an irritable, and envious, a jealous, and a proud people. You have always made war upon us out of jealousy, and this time you attacked us because you were envious of our victory at Sadowa, although that victory cost you nothing. And you would forgive us for the disaster of Sedan? Never!

Gen. W.—Your excellency is mistaken in your opinion of the French people. France is ready to proclaim fraternity among nations. What has become for instance, of that inveterate hatred which divided France and England? Are not the English our best friends at present? Thus it will be with Germany if you act generously, and if dormant passions are not aroused by unrelenting severity on your part.

To this reasoning Count Bismark opposed his usual strong arguments, and concluded by flatly refusing to grant other terms than those he had at first proposed.

Gen. Wimpffen—Well, I am totally unable to sign such a capitulation as you demand; we will therefore reopen hostilities.

Gen. Castelnau—The time has come I think, for me to deliver the emperor's message. He instructed me to inform his majesty the King of Prussia that he only surrendered his sword and his person in the hope that the king would be touched by so complete a submission, and that he could accordingly grant the French army such terms of capitulation it had a right to expect for its courage.

Count Bismarck—Which award did the emperor surrender? His own or that of his country?

Gen. C.—His own, only.

Count B.—In that case we cannot change our terms.

Gen. W. to Gen. Moltke—I will take advantage of your first offer, general, and will send an officer to view those formidable positions of yours. When he returns I will decide whether to accept or reject your terms.

Gen. M.—It is useless to do that. You have but little time left for reflection, it being now midnight. The armistice is over at 4 o'clock.

Gen. W.—You must, however, understand that I cannot take so important a step upon my own responsibility. I must first consult with my colleagues.

Upon Count Bismarck's advice, Gen. Moltke consented to wait for Gen. Wimpffen's answer until 9 o'clock the next morning.

The result is known.

The French Crown Jewels.

SOME MAGNIFICENT GEMS—RIVALLING THE KOH-I NOOR—MINOR VALUABLE STONES—THERE ARE MILLIONS IN IT.

The cable brings news that at the next meeting of the French chambers a bill will be introduced, providing for the sale of the French crown jewels. Not all of the precious stones will be disposed of, but only such as are merely valuable from their intrinsic worth. The stones about which there is a history, or which are of interest to students of such subjects, will be placed in one of the national museums, but those brought to the hammer will doubtless realize some $2,000,000, a sum which will be a godsend to the department of fine arts. There will be a favourable opportunity offered to American purchasers—who, indeed, of late years have been formidable competitors in the jewel markets of Europe,—to secure splendid diamonds at reasonable prices, for the sales of Queen Isabella's jewels and those of Madame Musard indicated that the buyers had it all their own way. From 1476 till 1774 the number of diamonds formally inventoried as belonging to the crown was 7,482, and they were valued at $4,000,000. Louis XV. sold 1,471 of them, but bought even more, since brilliants were all the rage for buttons, buckles, and sword-hilts, so that when Louis XVI. came to the throne he had 9,547 diamonds of all sizes. August 16, 1792, just as the convention had concluded the work of taking a new inventory, a band of forty thieves broke into the house, Place Louis XIV., where the jewels were stored, and carried most of them off. Two of the thieves were caught, but the others escaped, and could not be found. How the jewels were restored no one seems to know precisely. According to one story, Lamieville, a barber, who had been sentenced to death for coining, but had escaped from the Conciergerie, purchased his pardon, and a commission in a regiment of the line, by revealing to an official who had treated him kindly, the fact that which he had accidentally overheard—that the thieves had hidden their plunder in the hollow of a beam in a lonely house till the ardour of pursuit had abated. According to another story, however, the fact that the diamonds were hidden in a hole dug in an alleyway of the Champs Elysees was revealed to the government by an anonymous letter. At any rate, most of the stones were recovered. After the XVIII. Brumaire Napoleon pledged the famous "Regent" diamond to the Dutch, for funds to aid him in consolidating his power; when he redeemed it, it went into the pommel of his sword, and is still in the collection. In 1810 his inventory showed that the crown was possessed of 37,393 brilliants and precious stones, and a value of 18,922,477 frs., or about three and three-quarter millions of dollars. Louis XVIII. took another inventory after his restoration, when there were enumerated 64,000 stones and objects, weighing 18,751 carats and valued at $4,180,052. The crown, which contains the Regent diamond and 5,360 other stones, is valued at $2,940,400; there is a sword worth $48,140; an order of the Holy Ghost in brilliants appraised at $77,200; a cross of the Legion of Honour worth $90,000; a set of pearls valued at $233,000; another of brilliants and sapphires worth $56,000, etc., etc. The famous Regent, or "Pitt," diamond ranked fifth in the list of the world's precious stones, though there is a strong suspicion that the Braganza which stands unapproachably alone in size at the head of the list is really a white topaz, colour being lent to the suspicion by the fact that the Portuguese government refuses to allow it to be inspected. In the rough this jewel weighed 410 carats. A slave found it near Wazuliptanan in 1702, and, in order to hide it, gash cut his leg, imprisoning it in a gash cut in his flesh. If an English sailor if he would aid him to escape. The sailor got the stone and threw the the Hindoo overboard, drowning him; then sold it to a merchant named Jamchund for £1,000, wasted the money in a gigantic spree and hanged himself. Jamchund sold it to Thomas Pitt, governor of the Fort of St. Georges for £12,500, and Pitt had it cut into a fine brilliant, the operation taking two years' time and costing £5,000, but the fragments split if were worth £3,000 or £4,000. The stone was reduced in size to 136½ carats—the Koh-i-Noor is 102½—but became and continues to this day, the most perfect brilliant in existence, being without a rival as to shape and water. The diamond came near killing its new owner with anxiety. So fearful was he of robbery that he never made known beforehand his intention of travelling, or the route he would take, and never slept consecutively two nights in the same house, while so many stories were invented as to the way in which he had obtained the stone that he had to write and publish a pamphlet giving its history. In 1717 he disposed of the diamond to the duke of Orleans for $675,000. Curiously enough, however, Saint Simon tells us quite another story—that he induced the regent to buy it, and that it was bought from a man who had stolen it in India, and who bought it the rough. Whatever the truth, the Regent was thereafter literally "the brightest ornament of the French crown." It was stolen with the other crown diamonds in 1792, but recovered. Napoleon wore it in the pommel of his sword, but lost it at Waterloo, whereof the Prussians looted his carriage; after the peace it was restored to France. The Sancy diamond had a more singular and interesting history attached to it. It was a brilliant of 54 carats, and is said to have been worn by Charles the Bold as a talisman. When he was killed by a Swiss halberdier in the battle of Nancy, January, 1477, a soldier who stripped the corpse sold the diamond to a priest for 2½ francs, the priest disposing of it at a profit of 12 cents. It passed over to the King of Portugal, who pawned it to Harlay de Sancy for 40,000 livres, Sancy afterward buying it outright for $100,000. One of his descendants sent it by a faithful servant to raise funds upon its pledge for the assistance of Henry IV., but the servant was attacked by robbers aware of his mission, and killed. The king felt sure that the servant would never have parted with the treasure, even in death, and had his body opened, when the stone was recovered. James II., of England, into whose hands it passed, afterward sold it to Louis XIV. for £25,000. It was stolen in 1792, with the Regent, and, after its recovery, sold by the duchess of Berry to the Demidoffs. Count Paul Demidoff lost it, while at a fancy ball given by Count Walewski, but it was found again, and, we believe, finally disposed of, in 1855, to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy for £20,000. The famous "Blue Diamond," stolen in 1792, never was heard of again, though some dealers believe that it found its way into the collection of a very rich English nobleman, who still owns it. The fate of stolen precious stones is often curious. Twelve diamonds of the French crown jewels, known as "the Mazarines," from the fact that they were cut at the cardinal's order, vanished mysteriously during the revolution 1830, but turned up as mysteriously at Madrid, three years ago, when King Alfonso was purchasing jewels for his first wife, Queen Mercedes, and it was only the other day that some black pearls, stolen from the Austrian crown in the last century, were found at a small shop in Hungary.

WAGNER'S gout is the music of the present.

THE body is the shell of the soul and the dress is the husk of the body, but the husk often indicates what the kernel is. No man or woman of sense would devote more care or attention to the husk than to the kernel.

THE true wealth of a community lies in the integrity of its citizens, and its chief honor arises not from the possession of great riches, but from the possession of great and true men.

THE only way to cure a man of eating with his knife is to give him raw oysters. When that item was shown to a man of that persuasion he said:—Suppose you give him a fork and some clear soup."

Druggists and Their Charges.

There is every variety of opinion about the nature, uses, and emoluments of druggists. To some they appear a kind of scarcely half-human creature, more exterminable by far than any falsely named Christian, or proverbial Jew. To others, and above all to themselves, they are a wholly excellent, though much abused race. Periodical persecutions of the fraternity occur about as regularly as persecutions of the early Christians, or Jews of the Middle Ages; and though not so sanguinary, are in their own way quite terrible. It is with no surprise, therefore, that we hear of a very virulent persecution taking place in New York. A reporter has been making certain domiciliary visits, leading to rather remarkable discoveries. He took with him the following prescription, and set out on a voyage of discovery:

Soda Biborate, 1 drachm.
Sq. as ordered.

This means that he was to get one drachm of ordinary borax, powdered in all probability, and use as he had been told. He was charged as follows, and from the price at which borax can be bought in New York, he calculated the percentage of profit the several druggists probably made. At one place they charged him 10 cents, making a profit of nearly 9,600 per cent.; at another 15 cents, with 14,300 per cent. profit; at another, 20 cents, with a profit of 19,060 per cent., while at a fourth establishment the profit reached the comfortable amount of 23,000 per cent., the druggist feeling himself justified in charging 25 cents. "No wonder" thought the reporter, "that so many go into the business." The lowest charge, as it happened, was made by the best shop, at least the most fashionable, one under Fifth Avenue Hotel. This would hardly have been expected. If a similar experiment were tried in Toronto, we trust that our own druggists would come through the ordeal in a manner very much more creditable to themselves, and satisfactory to others. Making all possible allowances for the druggist being a professional man, and, therefore, justified in charging for his services as well as for his mere drugs, there is no excuse for prices being extortionate. Of course no one in his senses believes that such profits as those this reporter scented out are anything but a wonderful exception, but there is a very general suspicion that the charges are often much higher than they need be. Whether the custom of paying heavy percentages to doctors be a common one or not we cannot say. It is at any rate a wholly bad one, and should be given up. The doctors surely make enough by their professional fees without trying to secure more in a second-hand sort of a way. If they think they have a right to more than the usual charges, let them openly insist on more, but not seek to make druggists their collecting agents, or instruments of extortion.

Principal Cavern on Dogmatic Preaching.

Had our space permitted we should gladly have given a very full report of the lecture delivered by Principal Cavern at the opening of Knox College on Wednesday last. It was an exceedingly clear able and timely discussion of a very important and interesting question, and showed very distinctly, that the outcry against dogma, and in favour of the practical, in preaching, is simply absurd irrational and without excuse. That in short there can be no ground for practical preaching, or anything like practical well doing, unless it is versed on dogma, or in other words, on fact, or what is supposed to be such. Indeed, it is not only in religion, but in every other department of life and work, that there must be dogma, understood and believed, before there can be anything like reasonably correct or intelligent conduct. One man says, not, "obey God," but "Obey the law," and unless he be an absolute fool, he bases this advice or command which he gives, upon some consideration, which he thinks ought to have weight. "Obey, or I shall put you in prison:" or "I shall cut your head off!" You will find yourself very miserable" &c. &c. Why, all that is dogma. Fifty other reasons may be given for the obedience required, and every one of them would be of the same character. The same thing is true of every practical advice or command which could be thought of. And why not of religion, the most important of all as well? "Be good," "be kind, "be sweet," "be generous" many are crying. Why? They may give any reason they like, but whatever they may happen to urge, that will be dogma just as much as all those considerations and facts, urged in the Bible, and by doctrinal preachers are their dogmata. The true order both in theory and practice, with everything, whether politics, merchandizing, or social life—is first, correct *thinking*, or the reception of dogma, doctrine or fact, real or supposed, whatever one like to call it. Then secondly, correct feeling