And less for battefield and Seemed better than it song or story;
If mer, instead of nu sing tride. Would learn to hate it and a shor its If more relied on keys to guide.

The world would to the better the

If men dealt less in stocks and lands, And more in bosse and deeds fraternal; If Love's work has more willing hands, To link this world to the supernal: If men stored up Love so'l and wine,

And on bruised numan hearts would pour it: If 'yours' and 'mine" would once combine-The world would be the better for it.

If m ore wou'd act the play of life, And fewer spoil it is rehear-al; If tigotr: would sheathe its knife lill go d became more universal: If custom, grav with age grown, Had fewer blind men to adore it; I' talent shawn for truth sions-The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things-Affecting less in all their dealings-If heart had fewer rus ed strings To leolate their kindly feeling,; If men, when wrong beats down the right, " ould strike theet' er and restore it: If ight made might in every fight-

AVENGED;

The world would be the better for it.

OR, CALM AFTER STORM

CHAPTER II. - (CONTINUED.)

" Look here, Harriet !" he said, coming close up to the table where I sat at work, and fingering his cable-chain rather nervously. 'We'll have no more of that, if you please; my home is going to be yours for the rest of your life, and, to set your mind at ease, I will tell you the real state of the case. I won't deny to you, 'he went on, growing suddenly red in the face, and turning the contents of my work-basket over in the most reckless fashion-, I won't deny that I was just a little disappointed in Julia when we first met. Of course time had stood still with her in my thoughts, and I wanted the bloom and freshness of twenty years back. In fact, I was unjust enough to think her a little old-maidish and af fected, poor soul; but that was my fault, of course, and has nothing to do with the present matter, 'he added, with a sudden fierce look, as though he defied me to contradict him, which I had not the slightest idea of doing. Seeing this, he finished more mildly, and in a very feeling manner. " What I mean to say is, the marriage will be a good thing for us all-for me and my children, who are all at sixes and sevens, with no mistress at the head of a big house; for you two, you may have some peace and comfort at the end of your days, if you did not get it at the beginning- I could not find it in my heart and conscience to go back to Australia and leave you two girls toiling for your daily bread !"

"What a good, kind man!" Cressida cries, with a little thrill of unselfish enthusiasm. "I am sure you will be glad to go, Miss Smerdon! I am sure you will be happy in Mr. Osborne's home!"

"That's as may be, child," is the doubtful answer. "If I am not, it will be from no lack of kindness on his part. for, if ever a good man lived, he is one. However, the offer is one I cannot afford to refuse, for I am getting an old woman, and the new-fashioned teaching is just a little beyond me; and, when I cease to teach, I may as well cease to live, for there will be little enough for me to live on; but, Cressida, have you thought of how a'l these changes will affect you?"

Cressida does not answer immediately. Slowly but surely she is realizing, with a sickening sort of chill, that the gates of the past—the gates that shut in her innocent untroubled childhood-are closing for ever behind her; that she is standing, breathless and trembling, upon the threshold of a new strange world.

Beech House is to close, the Misses are to pass away to another hemisphere, and be known to her no more. It has been no very pleasant home; but it is the only one she has ever known, They have not been kind or tender guradians; but they have grimly parodied all the sweet and sacred ties of life to the orphan girl, and she clings to them now with a passion that surprises herself.

Whether she stands literally alone in the world or has some claim on some one's love and protection Cressida Leigh does not know, and the Misses Smerdon are as ignorant as she. Thirteen years ago, her young mother had come to Beech House College as a lady-boarder, bringing the little girl of three as a pupil into the school. But her stay was not a long one. The hand of death was on the fair girlish brow of the young widew, whose soft pathetic eyes touched Harriet Smerdon's heart with an unwonted pity; and in less than a year she had quietly passed away from a world that had been too hard for

"You will keep my little Cressida," she had said with her last faint breath. "There are a few hundreds-that will pay you till she can teach in her turnmy poor baby !-it is all that I can do for her!"

It was not a charge Miss Smerdon much cared for ; but she was a kindhearted woman in the main, and she could not look into the eyes over which the film of death was glazing and refuse that earnest prayer. Moreover, as Miss Julia suggested, the immediate hundreds would come in useful in the hand-tomouth existence of a small struggling school. And so Rosamond Leigh passed away almost contentedly, leaving her child in the safe shelter of thore grimlyfolded arms; and the little Oresida became a part and parcel of Beech House Academy, and grew up therein, knowing nothing and less than nothing of the

world that lay beyond its walls. It has been a dull gray life, brightene

roll down her pale cheeks and fall drop by | was very, very kind to me. drop on her clasped hands.

in tones of sharp remonstrance; and she a Napoleonic attitude of agitation, her large head bent forward, her arms crossed behind her back. The sight of the woebegone white face stabs her like a knifethrust, and the slender dejected figure introduces a new element of doubt and discord into her well matured plans. "If you cry so-if you take the matter like that, I will not go !"

Her energy at once calms and frightens Cressida. She rouses herself with a vigorous effort, and smiles bravely through

her tears. great coward," she says apologetically. "You have made all your arrangements,

then ?" "All but taose that concern you," is the gloomy answer. "Julia talks of putting your name down as a governess agency or recommending you to a private family; but-"

The color flushes again over Cressida's pale face, and she says rapidly—

"Don't let my future trouble you -"Don't talk preposterous nonsense!" is the tart answer, while Miss Smerdon rubs her hands more vigorously than ever, and flicks a stray teardrop from her stubby gray lashes. "You might as well tell me not to breathe, child! When we are away, and the house shut up --- No, I can't do it !" she adds, rising and stamping her foot with sudden determination.

"The desertion would be too base and cruel! Your mother would come back and haunt me !"

Cressida stares at the excited woman with eyes of wildest wonder. Is it really Miss Smerdon, her hard unsympathetic task-mistress, who is thus oddly moved? Are those tears that glitter in the heavy | life. lustreless eyes Is it a sob that shakes the dictatorial voice? Cressida's breath comes faster, her heart is strangely thrilled and touched; she feels as though she has rendered hitherto a loveless obedience in a wholly different light. If the school-life could but come over again she would only be too glad to please this Miss Smerdon, Cressida thinks; but the school-days are passed and done with now.

"Oh, you may well look puzzled, child?" Miss Smerdon's voice is sharpened by the painful agitation of her thoughts, for nature is unkind in every way to the poor school-mistress in whose aspect even sentiment grows shrewish. "I neve seemed to care for you—I dare say you hated the cross old woman who worked and worried your life out."

"No, no!" Cressida interrupts remorsefully; but Miss Smerdon nods her old head.

"Little blame to you, if you did, child; but I tried to do my duty, and keep my promise to your poor young mother, thrugh I did it in a grudging fashion, I admit."

And now the large hand tightens with sudden energy on the girl's slender shoulder, the rugged face grows almost noble in its look of renunciation and re-

"No-Julia and her husband must go without me; I will not leave you friendless and alone,"

All Cressida's frank and generous nature thrills in quick responsive answer to the generous words; her fear of the woman and her promise of secrecy are alike forgotten as she flings her warm young arms round the withered neck, and sobs out the confession that will set Harriet Smerdon's mind at rest.

"I am not alone, not friendless; I am to marry Monsieur Isadore St. Just !"

CHAPTER III.

The words are far from having the reassuring effect that Cressida Leigh expected. Miss Smerdon repeats them in anything but a delighted tone, and unclasps the clinging arms energetically, so that she may more easily survey the brightlyblushing face. What she reads there seems to startle her still more. If Oressida had been six, instead of sixteen, she could not be more utterly surprised than she is by the idea that she should have taken to herself a lover, and be calmly satisfied look. looking forward to her married life.

wait too long; but you -- Why, child, yet !"

And she glances at the short gray skirt beneath which the pretty feet are all too plainly shown; then, as Cressida flushes a little indignantly, her thoughts fly o at a fresh angle.

"Isodore St. Just, too!" she repeats, as though there lay some cause of offence in the syllables of the pretty un-English name. "I've no great opinion --What did he mean by filling your little fool's head with his ridiculous romance ?"

Cressida Leigh is loyal above all things and Miss Smerdon is wounding her loyalty now. Mere persoral abuse she has borne and will bear patiently enough; but there must be no mult found with her lover.

" You must not say that, Miss Smerdon," she says bravely; and her look is so composed and womanly that all in a moment the thought of love and marriage in connection with little Cressida grows face as completely as though a mask had tion that so siarms Miss Smerdon that less and less absurd in Harrie. Smerdon's suddenly dropped, and revealing someeyes—becomes indeed a possible, though thing that augurs ill for the future of any ber out of danger's reach behind her. startling solution of her difficulty. And, one who might chance to lie at Monsieur while she turns it over and ponders it, St. Just's mercy.

stands before her with linked proudly-lifted head, Just be done nothing trong; he four lonely, very friendless, as re It Just and his lately thought—and as I thought till to night passion—forgets all but the she adds with a shy side-look that bring her pretty lip quivi a commental gang to Harriet Smerdous makes the slow heavy tears. He pitted my loneliness; he

"Idere say; men usually are kind to "Don't, child!" Miss Smerdon cries, faces like yours," Miss Smerdon comments in a judiciously-insudible grunt. rises and paces the dimly-lighted room in | Aloud she says, with sudden determination +

> "Well, never mind the preliminaries, child? The long and the short of the matter is-you and my French master have fallen in love with one another. Isn't that it?"

> She takes the little nod and rosy glow for a sufficient answer, and goes on cross

"Of course! I wish old Dupont had had the decency to keep his rheumatism at bay. Nobody ever fell in love with him, and, to do him justice, I never heard "It was only for a minute. I was a of his trying to turn a schoolgirl's head."

"Miss Smerdon!" Cressida interrupts, such burning indignation in her look and tone that, cross and troubled as she is the schoolmistress cannot keep back a faint mile.

"Oh, yes, I know!" she continues grimly. " Poor old Dupont took snuff, wore a scratch wig, and had not a half dozen teeth in his old jaws; but he was the soul of honor. And his handsom e fascinating deputy--- Well, never mind; I am not going to say any more now. Monsieur St. Just wants to marry you soon ? "

A very faint, hesitating "Yes" drops timidly from Cressida's red lips. "What means has he—what position

to offer you?" Cressida rounds her bronze-brown eyes in simple wonder. If Miss Smerdon knows nothing of her French master's ways and means, her own ignorance up on the point is by many degrees blanker still. He is kind and handsome, and he lo es her. These salient facts are all she knows or cares to know of the man in whose charge she is about to commit her

"I do not know," she says, in a childishly-apologetic tone-for she reads in the other's face that she has in some way acted foolishly. " He did not say any thing about-about that sort of thing, and of course I did not ask him."

"But 1 will," Miss Smerdon says, drawing her desk before her as she speaks; but Cressida, with a flash of remembrance that pales her lately-blushing face, lays one slim hand upon the thin arm clad in the merino sleeve.

"Pray do not do that," she cries quickly; " he will be so vexed! He told

"To keep this affair a secret-not to trust me?" Harriet Smerdon finishes, with a flush of righteous indignation,

"Then the more reason that I should call him to account. No, child "-raising her hand with an old imperative gesture that Cresaida Leigh has all her life unquestioningly obeyed-"you are only wasting breath-I am your guardian, your mother's representative, and I shall act for you here, whether you like it or not. If Isidore St. Just is an honorable man and a gentlem in, he can marry you when John marries Julia, in my presence and in the face of the world; if he is notwell, the sooner you are quit of him the better."

"But, Miss Smerdon," Cressida interrupts tremblingly.

"But—you go to bed, child," is the prompt answer-"go to bed, and leave me to manage my own business in my

own way."

She is so much the imperative awe-inspiring schoolmistress of the old days that Cressida, who, despite her avowed love and projected marriage, is at heart a timid schoolgirl still, dares not even venture a remonstrance. She creeps away, feeling very small and snubbed, despite the novel grandeur of her engagement, to the little white couch that stands lonely now in one corner of the big deserted dormitory; and, making up her mind to a night of wakeful agony, quietly cries herself to sleep almost as soon as her golden head touches the pil-

And, in the meantime, with infinite pains and labor, Miss Smerdon composes the letter that is to bring Monsieur St. Just to the point. When it is written, she reads and re-reads it with a very dis-

"I have been plain enough at least-"Julia is too old decidedly," she says | that is one comfort;" and she folds the | don't like him; and, if Harriet's of my irritably. "I do not counsel any one to paper with an impatient sigh. "I ought mind, she will put him through him to be glad-I shall be glad if all turns you are not out of your short frocks out well. Her mother could ask no more than that I should leave her in her husband's charge; but—I wish it had been an Englishman—some one I knew and could trust. But there—there "-pushing her chair back with victous energy, as though it were a disagreeable thought-" it's no good wishing; I wonder what he will say to my letter ?"

What Monsieur St. Just does say, when over his matutinal coffse he peruses the carefully concected epistle, would assuredly shock and startle the modest spinster's ears that are wholly unaccustomed to the more jarring and dissonant chords of masculine speech.

black with pession, certain delicately- the opportunity for which he longed, marked veins on his brow and temple with an eagerness unexampled and indeswell ominously, fine lines round the scribable. And he bows, and makes a curved lips and cruel-looking eyes develop themselves with curious distinct- thin shrivelled hand that plays nervousness, changing the whole character of the ly with a gilt paper-knife—a demonstra

Rool-little lover, packag his enug backelor de world rether have bit from his path the pretty black ind parte letter; but he thought the Litten that, a minute or so back, was pure the scene required the slate now to show its gratitude by rubbies Its leak head examst his ankle. This but hely love Crestle idio ! Could be not obey me even for wish to marry her?" Miss Small an hour? My faith, she shall pay me for | sharply. this some day !"

There is a savage menace in the words that are ground out through the short gleaming white teeth; but Monsieur St. Just's fury seems to exhaust itself in the rapid walk and in the running fire of maledictory French and English that accompanies it. When he comes again to the table, throws himself back in his lounging-chair, and rolls a cigarette with delicate untrembling fingers, his face, though a shade paler, is composed and tranquil; there is even an old triumphant smile flickering in his dark eyes and curving the corners of the full mobile lips, whose eloquent play the small pointed moustache does not serve to hide.

"Oh, but she is subtle and skilful, this gaunt schoolmistress!" he says sipping his cold coffee with disproportionate relish, and coaxing back the offended kitten to her perch "She guards her lamb well; she will bind the wolf down under pains and penalties; she will chain him with a lock and key-a tamed animal on the domestic hearthrug! How clever she is and how prudent! What wolf can hope to baffle her—the astute demoiselle Smerdon?"

Then he calmly surveys the dark beauty of his face in the little mirror that hangs

between the windows.

"The poor wolf!" he says, pursuing some loop-line of his previous train of thought, as he turns from the glass with unabated complacency. "Al' the world opposes itself to him—all the world upsets his little predatory plans. Who can complain, then, if the poor ill-used and speed became greater, till they dis suspected animal assume for the nonce the lion's hide, and make his enemies the dupes of their own ignoble cunning The lamb has so many defenders, the poor wolf finds no champion save him-

It is not a reassuring so iloquy; but Monsieur St Just's appearance is anything but wolf-like when, a little later, he enters the dingily-furnished drawingroom wherein the two Misses Smerdon and Mr. Osborne are assembled to receive him. It is a formidable phalanx, but it abashes him not one whit; he has made up his mind what part he will play, and is perfectly indifferent as to the audience he plays to; they are certain not to appreclate the fine finish of his art, he thinks, with a contemptuous shouldershrug, as he surveys the too-anxious faces before him.

a smile, the frank graciousness of which | since. They were lying together in is all-embracing, and a bow so graceful about two and a half feet below the and unembarrassed that John Osborne, face, and so cemented by the surrou who is constitutionally awkward and clay that they had to be separated Philistine to the backbone, half-admires half-resents it as something that goes beyoud the probabilities of nature.

"Oh, John, isn't he handsome?" Miss Julia whispers, clapping her little hands and rolling her pale blue eyes in a girlish ecstasy.

"Nothing to make yourself a fool about,

Ju!" is the gruff answer. "Good looking enough, but too much like a play actor for my taste. He walked in as though the curtain had just rolled up; and, for my part, I feel as though I ought to applaud him before he begins." Miss Julia colours and tosses her yellow

head, indignant alike at the depreciatory criticism of the man she sincerely admires and the uncivil remark to herself. Fortunately however there flashes across her mind a suggestion so flattering to her vanity that her good temper and complacency are restored as by magic. "John is jealous," she thinks, with a

thrill of triumph-" jealous of that handsome Isidore! Poor fellow! Well, I can't be cross, and I can't snub him. though he does show his feelings in such a terribly brusque fashion!" And she sighs to think John never will

be what she considers a lover, a being all smiles and sighs and dantiest compliments-but smiles over the comforting reflection that, unromantic as he is, he has at least come from the other end of world to endow her with something more substantial—a husband and a home! "No; I don't like his face," John

grumbles on sotto voce, innocently unconclous of the suspicion that flits through. his companion's head. "For all his straight features, curls, and black eyes, J facings pretty sharply. However, he's here to speak for himself, and it is only fair to listen to what he has to say."

Miss Ju'is nods her head, and John prepares himself with outward stolidity but attentive interest to listen.

What Monsieur St. Just has to say is so gracefully worded, so frank and straightforward, that both the women are won over at once, and even the male listener is forced to grunt a reluctant and audible approbation that brings a quick gleam of what cannot be amusement, but oddly suggests that opportune sentiment, to Isadore's brilliant eyes.

He is indebted to madame for ever, he says, his soft rich voice thrilling with the The Frenchman's handsome face grows | fervor of his words. She has given him movement as though he would kiss the she instantly places the menaced mem-

> Isidore draws back with undiminished grace, and proceeds fluently with his every year.

to mecrific a himself

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wild Game in Afghania In the valley of the Kushk Rol deer of various kinds, wild boat. goorkal, or wild ass. A large them passed our line of march on ing, but we saw little of them en great cloud of dust they turned up hurried off to higher ground stand that there is little different tween the goorkal and the kyang. horse of Tibet. Marmots are an plentiful, they have burr wed the into the ground everywhere, w dangerous to horses, as their feet to the honeycombed earth. The mots may be said to be now the sessors of the land, for there is yard of it which is not occupied by Partridges are also in com-

numbers, and in the Kushk Valle of our party found pheasants pla and wild pigs are still more no there than on higher ground. The large spaces on the side of the stree ered with tall reeds, and the plas for er in them. One morning on the I saw a drove of about thirty pig. a large boar, walking up the side hill. They had been disturbed baggage animals passing. They the hillside, and about half a mile north they descended again into bed of reeds. They came down in file, forming a long straight line, le by the boar, and as they descended ed in the reeds. While watching drove as it came down hill, it was i sible not to recall an event descri the Gospel of St. Mark.

The boars are ferocious, as some party found who had attacked the were attacked in return, and not the right kind of pigsticking spean was deemed necessary. Not being deal with the boars has in some in interfered with the pheasant shoot it would be awkward to be caught of these huge tuskers in a jungle reeds with only a fowling piece in hand. - London Telegraph.

Ancient Rings Recently F

A considerable quantity of brown were found in the side of a railways at Bergen, in the neighborhood of I So he salutes the assembled court with stein, in Upper Bavaria, a short pickaxe. They were grouped in by of five eac's, each bunch being quite ed, so to say, in the clay, apart from the the place when others. Each ring was about one metre thick, open; the ends being the and somewhat flattened, and the rspectively as hook and eye; thou where about seven centimetres (21 apart. The outer surface of their rough, destitute of any ornament, as do not seem as if intended for apa use. Indeed their size and appear weighing about seven ounces and a diameter of from four and threeinches to five and a half inches, help toward forming any opinion their use. Similar rings have been in other parts of Germany, chiefly southwest, but never in graves, excluding the supposition that could have been designed for p adornment. It has been suggested they were simply "raw material." into this shape for convenience of per transport to market by retail dealer the flat metal buckles which have found in abundance. Some owner them for safety probably thous years ago, and either failed to rethe spet or never returned to dig property. At all events here is opportunity for learned research.

The Trouble Caused by Iris

It is not generally known, that

Bosphore-Egyptien, which nearly serious trouble between England France, two Irishmen were at the of the row. The paper was suppress Clifford Lloyd, who believed he in Limerick while a special resident istrate under the crimes act until ed by Mr. Gladstone. James M. P., was one of the suspects Lion arrested, and his next meeting crimes act official was in Egypt, who Hibernian was acting as special pondent of the London Daily O'Kelly wanted to be even with er jailer, and on his return made series of exposures of Lloyd in the of Commons that that official dismissed and an apology offer Egypt to France for his suppres the Bosphore Egyptien. Mr 107 says he will never again arrest paper man and member of parlish the same time.

There is a brilliant future for and similar compositions. The of the world, it is said, will be out in less than a score of years, and liance must then fall upon the supply of dead ivory from the fields and the available substitut duced by chemical science. Cell the best substitute that has ! found and its field of usefulnes

MECHANICA United State a month to B chines capable o ty men are being andle (Penn.) m largest shaving working mac wide, seventee rm thickness. ras will soon a

says a San Ant chronicles the er raide, at a cost of ock walnut sawdu gum, is molded i furniture, and is durable than carv pound of very fine springs of is wo make 17,000 sprin all articles may th dip the pleces sulphate of copp ide of tin dissolve has been dis

le may be saturat so that it is possib head upon a block n as many slabs be e sees fit to have th The process is call mill waste is ca not in heaps, at B charcoal thus pro mixed with som natural wood, for so well adapted for mpared with open dvantages of lower yield, the charco reer from dust, an acted carbon zation, good fire-proof cemn filings 140 parts,

quartz sand 25 pa and enough of A similar cemer 180 parts, lime 43 alt 5 parts, conve strong vinegar, as i In either case the lied should be dried rfectly firm before

improved lead hea tting on corrugated its appearance in the of the nail is round at the point to ente nd may be driven h The head flattens hammer, or a pun will give it a con f the head comes in iron in such a way

of leaking. re are no hod carri are passed from ha up the bricklayer re required to toss th a story is about th more to lead from d. One may some n the ground, eig building, and five of teen men, through

brick passed befor of destination. ittsburgh writer m at in fifty years, cr me, coal will not b ines to its place of out only its actual h asported, and that by he says, can be a ting the coal into he ion, and the motion ge battery at Cincinn fast as generated m this battery it nverted back into m eged into light.

neans of electricity t ather surfaces are d. The leather wh tate is first well clea graphite, as in ele r article. It is then bath, the tank of to easily receive a a mo-electric machine ul current furnishes oper is deposited up of the hide to a thi th to one-eighth of hus formed reprodu ery mark and minut so that a print take

opy of the original in et of Ancient and Times.

ancient Greeks and nolic liquor, t being n r coffee, nor tea, ar, nor even butter, he had never seen b fe. They were ign number of our trop nutmeg, mace, gir curry, pimento. buckwheat, nor F ze, nor tomatoes, ploce, arrow-root, n potato, or its varie mon, but a sort of ect many of our f tamarind. On the c tances which we no

low, the herb, ox wild asses, dogs, the school Teacher_ Bright Boy --- P