

RECONCILIATION.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY HENRY CRESSWELL.

It was with the air of a man profoundly indifferent to his successes that Gerard Strickland, twitching his cuffs and stretching his arms, before letting his hands fall into his lap, sank back into the luxurious armchair by his library fire, after throwing on the table the letter that announced his promotion to an enviable post in the Civil Service. As he thought of the post, his advancement seemed to him no subject for congratulation, but only one of those grim jests with which fortune delights to mock disappointed men.

An old man servant, one of a sort growing rare, entered the room with an evening paper. He laid it at his master's side and stood at a respectful distance waiting, half hesitating, with some anxiety legible in his countenance.

"Well, Thomas?" asked Strickland. "I beg your pardon, sir; but do you remember what day it is to-day?" "No, Thomas." "Your wedding day, sir?" Strickland's face clouded.

"I did not know, sir, whether you would wish for dinner the same wine as—as you used to have." "No, Thomas; I shall probably dine at the club."

"I ordered dinner, as usual, sir, and a bouquet, in case—"

"Quite right, Thomas, quite right." For an instant the heart of the promoted official sank. The fidelity of his old domestic was humiliating. How he would once have resented the suggestion that Thomas would remember this anniversary better than himself. And that it should fall to the old servant to order from the florist the bouquet Gerard himself had been formerly so proud to bring home on this evening to his wife!

But the slight sense of annoyance passed away quickly. It was with absolute indifference that, seeing the man servant still waiting, he asked:

"Anything else, Thomas?" "This morning when you had but just gone a young lady called. Hearing you were not at home she said she would call again this evening about six. She wishes to see you on important business."

"Her name?" "She left none." "Did you see her?" "No, sir." "Did John say what she was like?" "Rather tall, sir; a young lady, dark and fashionably dressed."

"If she calls I will see her. You may go, Thomas." The servant left and Strickland continued to himself: "Tall, young, dark, well-dressed, business with me. Who can she be?"

"The lady is here, sir, in the drawing-room," said Thomas, returning to the library after about ten minutes.

Strickland went to the drawing-room. At the door he paused a moment to steal a look at his visitor. She stood by one of the tables, idly turning the leaves of a photograph album. Her back was toward him, and he could distinguish only the tall and graceful figure of a woman, well-dressed, and wearing expensive lace.

gather; and we must avoid everything that would awaken suspicion." She spoke sadly, as well as earnestly. A deep shadow of concern settled on her brow. He delayed the answer. His visitor became impatient.

"Your promised courtesy costs too much!" she demanded. "No, I am ready. But I see many difficulties. The servants?"

"Give the new man-servant I found here this morning a holiday. I will speak to Thomas." "If a friend should call?" "You will see no one."

"If we meet your father, people will see us to gether." "Your father will stay here several hours. Good and simple-hearted as he is, do you believe it possible he will not recognize a bachelor's house?"

"I will send my work, my music, and so on this evening. The room?" "As as you left it." "Sentimentality?" "No—respect."

"Have you any further objections?" "None. It remains to be seen whether we shall be able to deceive Mr. Gregory." "By playing the affectionate couple. Can you remember your grimaces and fooleries of two years ago?" she asked, sarcastically.

"No; I have forgotten them," replied Strickland, with a frown. "And the two looked into each other's eyes, like two duellists."

"When will you come here?" asked Strickland. "This evening. I will bring my things, and I shall slightly disarrange this and that. I hope I shall not inconvenience you. You are not expecting anyone?"

"No one. I was going out. If you wish, I will stay and assist you. My engagement is unimportant."

"Pray go. We should have to talk and we have nothing to say to each other."

"Nothing. Will you dine here?" "No, thank; I'll go home now and return by and by."

She rose. Strickland bowed in response to her bow, conducted her to the door without another word, and returned with a sense of relief to the library.

When he returned home, shortly after midnight, the house had resumed an aspect long strange to it. Lights were burning in the drawing-room, and a little alteration in the arrangement of the furniture had restored to the room a forgotten grace. Bouquets of flowers filled the vases and a faint sweetness of violets floated about the hall and staircase. The piano was open, and some music stood on the bookstand. On the boudoir table was a work basket. By the hearth his visitor was sitting in a low chair, her little feet half buried in the bear-skin rug, and her head reposed on her hand, whilst she gazed wistfully into the fire.

Was it a dream? Bertha's flowers! Bertha's music. Bertha herself in her home again! Two years' misery cancelled in an evening. In a moment rushed across his memory a golden wooing, a proud wedding, happy months, and the bitter day of separation. He turned away, and passed to his room, saying, "Good night!"

"Good night," replied his wife, without moving. The strange event that had taken place in Gerard Strickland's house prevented none of its inmates enjoying a wholesome night's rest. Bertha, persuaded that to-morrow's comedy could effect no real change in her relation to her husband, went to her room with the feelings of one who spends a night in a hotel. Strickland, similarly, regarding the past as irremediable, read in bed for half an hour, and then fell asleep.

To get married they had both committed a thousand follies. After meeting her at a table d'hote Strickland had pursued her half over Europe, vanquished the difficulties of an approach to her father in his secluded country house and ultimately, assisted by the lady's prayers and tears, gained the old man's reluctant consent to surrender his idolized daughter. The young married people, passionately attached to each other, enjoyed fifteen months of remarkable happiness and then came the end.

Bertha became jealous. Devoted to her husband, proud, hasty, immoderate in all her thoughts and emotions, she resented, with all the intensity of her nature, a meeting between Strickland and a former flame, a dance, a note, half-an-hour's conversation. The husband unfortunately met her passionate expostulations with the disdainful insouciance of an easy temperament. The inevitable consequence ensued, a bitter misunderstanding. An impudent servant, a malicious acquaintance, half-a-dozen venomous tongues, lashed the wife's jealousy into madness. An explanation demanded from her husband was refused with a sneer. He had begun to think her a proud, unloving woman, and under the circumstances, judged self-justification ridiculous. The following morning she entered his library and with marvellous calmness, without quavering over a single word, announced to him their immediate separation—for ever. Taken by surprise Strickland tried to temporize, acknowledged he had been thoughtless, did all in a man's power to avoid the rupture. Bertha only replied so proudly and with so much severity that self-respect forbade him further self-defense. They separated. Strickland externally bore his misfortune with quietness, and, in counsel with his own conscience, concluded his life broken and ruined by his own want of tact. The husband and wife met two or three times as people who barely know each other. He devoted himself to professional duties, resumed some of his bachelor habits and amused himself as he could. She led a quiet, almost solitary life, restricting her pleasures to such simple enjoyments as she could provide herself at home and seldom appearing in public. On one point both agreed—to write regularly to Bertha's father, repeating such stereotyped phrases as "Bertha is well and sends her love. I believed the worst to you a few days ago." Gerard in the note and present very busy. He will not this year be able to accompany me to the seaside."

It will be easily believed that to go to her husband's house and to ask a favor of him had cost Bertha's pride a struggle. "For papa's sake; for papa's sake!" she repeated to herself, to steel her nerves to the humiliation, which, however, Strickland's cold courtesy had considerably lessened. If he would be equally considerate on the morrow, a little spirit, a little self-command, and some clever pretending might enable her safely to conduct her father through the few hours to be spent in town, to get him off from

Victoria, and, with a polite bow, to separate and return to their several residences.

Dinner was ended, Mr. Gregory smiled contentment and happiness, and the two actors at the opposite ends of the table of necessity smiled too.

Their parts had proved difficult. From the moment of the old gentleman's arrival they had had to call each other by their Christian names and to use the little endearments of two people still in love. More than once, a word, an intonation, that sounded like an echo of the dead past, made Strickland pale and Bertha tremble. Their embarrassment momentarily increased. The more perfect their dissimulation, the bitterer was the secret remorse that wrung the hearts of both of them, whilst they exchanged for meaningless things, words, looks and smiles, once the most sacred signs of affection. With the fear of betraying themselves by an indiscretion was intermixed another, a misgiving lest, while they acted affection, they should be guilty of real feelings warmer than the courteous indifference with which they desired to regard each other.

On the stairs, when Mr. Gregory, preceding them, was for an instant out of sight, Bertha turned back and bestowed on her husband a grim look of fatigue that meant, "How are we to continue this?"

"This only till to-morrow, Bertha," he replied in an undertone, wishing to help her. But the Christian name which, because he had in the last two hours used it so frequently, unwittingly slipped from his lips, caused her to turn her face away with an angry frown.

By the fire in the back drawing room Mr. Gregory appeared actuated by a desire to ask all the most awkward questions, and to broach all the topics of conversation most difficult for his host and hostess.

Letters are welcome, Bertha," he said, "when people can not meet, but I have enjoyed my little visit more than all the pages you have sent me. There is very little in letters. Don't you think your wife grows handsomer, Strickland?"

"I tell her so every day." "And so he tells me, Bertha. His letters are all about you. You have a model husband, my dear."

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Restless Boy in Church.

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists,
In rattling his heels:
How uneasy he feels.
Our wide-awake boy in church!

Then earnest and still,
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church!

Still, each naughty trick flies,
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church!

Another trick comes
Yes! His fingers he drums,
Or his 'kerchief is spread
All over his head—
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes!
That I'm bound to confess;
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise,
And He surely wants them in church!

Such children you know,
Long, long years ago,
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though his disciples were bored;
So we'll keep them near Him in Church!

THE LITTLE SPARTAN PRINCESS.

The place, a grim, gloomy-looking room in a royal palace, rude weapons of war gleaming upon the walls, the windows draped with hangings of coarse tapestry, the floor a solid pavement. The time, a summer day in the year before Christ 593.

It is afternoon. The two bronzed soldiers who stand on guard at the door, armed with spear and shield, stand alternately on one leg and yawn lazily. A great wolf-hound, gaunt and tawny, lies fast asleep on a coarse woven mat in the center of the room. Out of doors the sun shines brightly and it is still. In the palace there are shade and coolness, but there is stillness there too.

Standing at the further end of the room is a tall, long-haired, dark-bearded man. He has just come in from eating his usual dinner of black porridge and garlic; for though of the highest rank in Sparta he has to sit at the public table and eat the same kind of food the common laborers do. His features are heavy and his dark brow is frowning. He mutters and gesticulates with his hands as he gazes at the suits of armor and the weapons on the walls. What do you suppose he is thinking about? Some enemy, perhaps, that he is going to war against; for fighting was the chief employment of kings in those days. You would hardly judge by his dress, for he wears no better clothes than the two guardsmen at the door, that this man is a king, and yet he is King Cleomenes of Sparta.

While he stands there, talking to himself and stamping his feet, a little girl enters the room. She is a slight wee thing, and she looks just a little frightened as she sees the soldiers and all those fierce, glittering weapons on the wall. Her eyes are very black and dancing, but her hair is like gold and falls all over her face and shoulders. She is pretty, but grave-looking, despite those wide-awake eyes, and she is dressed soberly, with not a particle of color about her; her long Dorian chiton or dress, her short cloak, and even her sandals—straps are all of a solemn black. This girl is our princess, little Gorgo.

By and by, when she is older, she will wear a cap over her golden hair, and will go out to run and leap, and even wrestle and box with the boys. For this was a girl's hard lot in ancient Sparta. They were trained to be strong and brave and enduring, and not to look well and to dress handsomely. A Spartan girl did not go to school; she did not even learn to play on the flute or the harp; but she had to bear burdens to make her strong, and dance and run to make her graceful, and then was whipped severely on occasions so as to toughen her. All this Gorgo will have to endure when she grows a little older. As she is still young, only about eight, she can run about and play all she chooses.

So she has come into that gloomy old hall to see what she can find to do. Perhaps it was to romp with Alto, the hound; but he is cross and sleepy, so she goes straying up and down the room, peering at the savage-looking weapons and the horse hair crests and gleaming breastplates and shining shields. After a time her father sees her and calls her to his side. Though a grim and moody man Cleomenes loves his daughter, for she is his only child. He is talking pleasantly to the little girl, when all at once there is a great commotion outside. In another moment the guards throw open the door and a most gorgeous-looking stranger is ushered in.

line showing the way to get there, telling the king in a flattering way that his Spartans, being such good soldiers, would have no difficulties in overcoming the king with a great deal of interest, but, being a cautious man, he told Aristagoras that he would think the matter over and in three days would let him know his answer.

Aristagoras, probably feeling quite sure that Cleomenes would help him, took his leave and departed. Gorgo followed him out and had a chance to look up into his dark, handsome face. Somehow she did not just fancy him, and in spite of his gold trimmings and gorgeous head-dress almost hoped that he would not come again.

But on the third day he did come, looking handsomer than ever in his gay trappings, as the servants ushered him into the room suppose it was just a little bit naughty in Aristagoras to wear such a dress, but he never before had seen any thing but the dull colors of her Spartan home. Besides, might harm her father, for she had quite made up her little mind that he was a wicked man.

Cleomenes very calmly told Aristagoras that before he gave him his answer he would like to ask him a question.

"How far is it," he asked, "from the great king's capital to the sea?" "A three-months' journey," replied the Ionian, without stopping to think.

The king was very angry. He had not supposed it was more than three days' distance. To march a three months' journey into an enemy's country was another thing.

"You are no friend to the Spartans," said Cleomenes. "Quit my capital before sunset." But Aristagoras meant to get Cleomenes's help if he could; so he began to offer him money. Now the Spartans, though they were such excellent soldiers, were very poor, and Cleomenes, though a king, was poor too. The bribes that his visitor held forth were a great temptation to him. Aristagoras offered him first five talents, then ten, then twenty, then forty. Cleomenes began to consider and to look at the money.

"Aid us with six thousand of your bravest Spartans," said the cunning Ionian at last, "and you shall have fifty talents for a three-months' service."

It was a large sum—more than fifty thousand dollars. Cleomenes hesitated no longer; he reached forth his hands to take the fifty talents.

"Father, father!" and a little hand clutched at his arm, "fly, I beseech you, or this stranger will corrupt you." It was Gorgo. She had heard the whole conversation, and felt that her father was being tempted to do wrong. It was very brave in her, but she was terribly frightened when Aristagoras flashed his angry black eyes upon her, and she thought she should sink through the floor. Cleomenes, however, very kindly took her hand, gave Aristagoras back his money, and told him to leave Sparta at once.

As it happened, Gorgo saved her father from a great mistake. Aristagoras was miserably defeated in his great revolt, and those that had helped him fared as badly as he. So her eight innocent little years served quite as good a purpose as many older ones.

Do you want to know what was the after-career of this young girl who began life so bravely and thoughtfully? We called her the Princess Gorgo, but she became a queen at last, marrying her cousin Leonidas—who led the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae, and died with glory in that historic fight.

A Lesson in Grammar.

One night, an owl was prowling round looking for mice, when on the ground he spied a cat, and straightway flew quite close to it. "Tu whitt, tu whoo!" Quoth he, "may I again ne'er stir, if here, dressed in a coat of fur, I do not see a four-legged owl. O what a very funny fowl! It makes me laugh, so droll—Ha! ha! Ha! ha!—it are—ha! ha! ha! ha! It are, it are, it are, it are!" The drollest thing I've seen by far!" "Zou're much mistaken, scornful sir," The cat said, as she ceased to purr; "For though, like one, I often purr, About at night, I am no owl. And if I were, why, still would you Be queerer creature of the two? For you look, there's no doubt of that, Extremely like a two-legged cat. As for your grammar, 'pon my word, (Excuse this giggle), he-he-he-he, It be, it be, it really be. The very worst I ever hear!" —St. Nicholas.

Dog and Cat Story.

People who have much to do with animals are often puzzled to know where sense begins and instinct leaves off, says a writer in an exchange. As an example of what I mean, I must tell a little anecdote of a terrier belonging to a friend of mine. This little animal always fetches the letters from the postman, who arrives at a very early hour. The dog sleeps on very good terms with the large cat. The other morning it was bitter-cold when the postman was due, and he lay cold when the postman was due, but refused though reminded of his duties, Bob refused to turn out. He was observed trying to make the cat do something that he evidently did not or would not understand. At last he jumped up, seized the postman, and dragged him to the door, where he laid his companion, hurrying back into his bed as fast as he could. But he was obliged to get up, for puss walked back without the letters after all.

FUNNY LITTLE STORIES.

What They Were Called.

Well, Devie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" Yes, mamma. "Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "Oh, yes, I remember lots of them." "And can you tell me what they were called?" "Yes; most of them were called 'Do not touch.'"

Could Cut the Meat.

Little Rudolph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the morning. At the table his hostess anxiously inquired, "Rudolph, can you cut your own meat?" "Rudolph," said Rudolph, who was sawing away. "Can't I? I've cut up a great deal tougher meat than that at home!"

GOOSEBONE PREDICTIONS.

The Next of Weather We Are to Expect in the Winter.

The forerunning of the winter, as it is read from the dooms on the Goose Bone, is not a cheerful promise given forth of sleety cold is a gloomy picture for the year upon, and the many whose shorts not permit them to lay in a bonnet of fuel will shiver at the thought of weather that the little bone of the next four months. There will be cold and wet weather than the this latitude have experienced winter, and the cold spells will be more severe than usual.

is dark at both ends, which is a long winter. Winter weather have in November, and the snow will be familiar sights far and near.

The goose from whose bone was taken, was hatched in September after the idea of September bone is

WONDERFULLY MARKED the dots and breves and lines along the keel, thus indicating a variable weather, but the breves and down and are heavy, showing the real character of the winter will be cold weather. The danger period November than any other month from the 10th to the end, with severe weather falling between the 26th and at any time within blustering snows and unseasonable weather may be looked for.

The first danger period in December tends from the 1st to the 5th, there will probably be a few days weather. The heaviest storm period centres in the Christmas beginning on the 18th and past 27th. At the opening of the month will have very foul and probably the coldest weather of the season cold lines run along the bone the middle of January. Watch but above all prepare for it. It is probable that the earth will be covered with snow when Christmas dawns, cold north wind will be blowing Christmas fires will have to be big for comfort. The 24th December will be the darkest

STORM DAYS OF THE MONTH. On the bone all the indications cold, and stormy weather meet time. It is a curious clustering such as is seldom seen on the mixture of weather may be looked and cold predominating. long spell of bad weather some on the bone are very dark, very cold, and we need not look mercury far away from zero during day week.

The new year will come in cold with the first danger period on the 14th. There are three storm the 14th and the last one about the month. The dots that appear on the bone up to the middle of the heavy, from about the 10th especially so, and during this cold weather may be looked at December and January the frequently be below zero, probably there for days.

For February short periods of the bone, and the general character month will be stormy and blust some very cold days at the month and again at the close. spells and continued cold weather the ice and snow and the month will be as hoary as the bone ends very dark, it is probable that March will be a November. In that case the find it very difficult to break all kinds of vegetation will be getting a start. It will not be things in the ground too soon winter will be likely to be following frosts far into April. The numbers to have seen only one to compare with the one this year season there were frosts as late! Every indication, from the real bone, points to a backward spring gardeners who have their richest early vegetation will find their and difficult.

An Aid to Science.

Curiously enough, the first Mr. Leary, and which resulted by to its projectors as a financial proved an invaluable aid to science be remembered that it broke tucket during the severe storm cember, and since then almost sent time these logs have been and their exact position noted ed to the hydrographic office at All these reports have been careful and compiled, and the result central office can now furnish a chart showing the courses of currents that could have been no other way. Indeed, each Leary's raft became a special the office, doing the same work scale on which the Government other countries have been floating bottles.

The Bigger Half.

"Bob!" "Did you give half of your little sister?" "Oh, yes, her more than that," replied a generous air. "Did you, in Why, that was very nice of you, I sucked the juice out and the rest."

One of the semi-annual revolutions in Hayti. President Teles terminated last September. Gen. seized the reins of power and compelled the Assembly to elect Prince in order to get through electing him. Two-thirds of the men refuse to come. Opposite is developing under Gen. Hipp collecting a large force. Legitimacy has possession of the navy—and is blockading the ports. A petition has been presented to the American vessel, the Hayti, asking for his intervention in a state of anarchy half the lives and property of the foreigners are constant there will be no lack of pretences when the wish to interfere