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And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, Buns, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c., &c.

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This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
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Which will be sold
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Elm and Oak Staves,
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Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders Solicited.
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Should call at
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Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A good assortment of
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On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
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The Maid and the Leaf.

A JAPANESE IDEA.

A dead leaf drifted along the snow—
A poor brown leaf with edges torn;
Now here, now there, blown high and low,
An outcast and a thing of scorn.
Alas! Alas!
So life drifts on to hearts forlorn.

Once in a bower, fresh and bright,
Kissed by the sun-rays and the dew,
A maiden, to flee the hot sun's might,
Prone on the ground her fair limbs threw,
To sleep, to sleep,
And dream of some one that she knew.

She slept and dreamed a horrid thing—
That he she loved from her would stray;
And startling up, deep sorrowing,
Resolved to seek him out that day.
Alas! Alas!
'Twas all too true—he'd fled away.

Her last love token—just a leaf
Of sycamore—love's emblem bright,
She threw away, then prayed that fate
Might bear her off from mortal sight.
Alas! Alas!
While the dead leaf drifted through the night.

THE STORY OF A STATUE.

BY C. TREVELYAN MACAULAY. (CONCLUDED.)

"The fact is," burst out my young friend, "I have had a quarrel with one of those fiery Italians, and he insists upon a duel. I could thrash the fellow easily enough, but I must fight him in a different way. He is waiting for me in the field behind here. Now I want you to be my second, and to come with me and get the affair over before Alice comes back. Poor girl, she would be frightened to death if she thought I was going to fight a duel. But there is no danger."

I tried to remonstrate with him, but he had already taken off his coat, and, as he did so, the ring which he had bought for Alice dropped out of the pocket and rolled along the floor to the foot of the statue. He picked it up hastily. "What shall I do with this? Oh, bother! Here, my lady," said he, addressing the statue; "you shall keep it for me," and he put it on one of her fingers.

"Heavens! what are you about?" exclaimed I, horrified.

"What! are you superstitious? But come along, there is no time to lose."

I was determined to try and stop this absurd fight if possible, but my friend's adversary was making such a fuss about his "revenge," as he called it, that all my efforts were in vain.

Two rapiers were produced, and the combatants put themselves in position. In a few minutes, to my great relief, Frank succeeded in jerking the Italian's weapon from out of his hand.

"There," said he, "I am the victor. Now, one thing alone I ask of you; that is, that you take yourself off as quickly as you can, and say nothing to anybody about this affair."

The Italian somewhat sulkily obeyed, while I rushed up to congratulate my friend. "Oh, I knew I could beat him; besides, I was cool, and he was not. But will you be so good as to go to the house, and if you meet Alice and the Doctor, keep them occupied, while I go to fetch my coat, which I left in the arbour. I want them to know nothing of this silly business."

I did so, and on passing through the house found Alice just coming in from her walk. She was leaning on the Doctor's arm, who kissed her most affectionately as I came up to them. We went into the back room, and she took off her hat and cloak.

"Where is Frank?" said the Doctor. "Do you know? We were just going to look for him."

"Oh, he will be back directly. I have only left him a minute since. I hope you have had a pleasant walk. The weather looks threatening, but I think it will clear off by to-morrow."

"Oh, I hope so," said the Doctor, "but it certainly is getting very gloomy. We saw some heavy clouds coming up in the distance. I am afraid a storm is brewing; and when it does rain here, we get it in earnest."

I wondered why Frank was so long, but we had waited for more than an hour for him, and now thick drops of rain were descending. Dr. Mortimer began to grow impatient, and Alice seemed so anxious that I put on an overcoat and went out to look for him.

I called out, but he was not in the arbour, nor could I find him anywhere about the premises. I was seriously alarmed for his safety, and began to suspect some foul play on the part of the Italian with whom he had fought. How everything went wrong in this house! I wished that Frank and Alice were safely married and were on their honeymoon together, and that I was home again, far from these mysterious influences. I was so depressed that I could not conceal my distress of mind when I came back to tell the Doctor and Alice of the failure of my search. Poor Alice was dreadfully nervous and excited, but after two hours of painful waiting we were all relieved to see Frank's figure stepping across the garden. Alice sprang to the door to meet him, and embraced him passionately as he entered. "Oh, Frank dear!" she exclaimed, "where have you been? We were all so anxious about you."

"But how silly of you, dear," said he. "I have only just been down to the town upon some business, and got caught in a shower." And he affectionately returned her embraces.

I was surprised and moved, when I observed how pale and strange he looked. His manner was excited, and he seemed to to be oppressed by some trying thoughts; and as I looked up, I was startled to catch the face of the statue looking down upon them with its scornful mockery.

When we were all in the drawing-room again, Alice, like a true woman, began to scold her young lover; but when she noticed his altered appearance she fondly caressed him, and begged him to tell her what it was that distressed him so much.

"Oh, indeed," said he, smiling upon her, "I am all right, and very happy. I was, perhaps a little depressed when I came in. I dare say because I was wet through."

"Oh, I am so glad there is nothing really. But go up-stairs and change your things at once, or you will catch your death of cold."

The Doctor of course seconded this wise appeal, and as it was now time to dress for dinner we all went up-stairs.

Dinner passed off very heavily. Dr. Mortimer talked a great deal, but poor Frank was evidently suffering. He ate nothing, his manner was restless, and every now and then he looked sadly upon Alice. She tried her best to brighten the conversation and to amuse him, but it was of no use. I could see that two or three times the poor girl was on the point of bursting into tears.

The Doctor did not perceive that anything was amiss, and after dinner he drew me off into a separate room where he had just put up a new picture.

"The young people, I am sure, would like to be together," said he; "and we old ones can smoke and have our coffee here."

"Did you not notice how odd in his manner Frank was this evening?" said I, lighting a cigar. "There is something the matter with him, I am certain."

"Perhaps he is tired; and then, you know, he is on the eve of taking a most important step in life," said the Doctor sententiously, and he looked very grave behind his cigar. "However, if there really is anything the matter with him, leave her to ferret it out."

We smoked on and talked till bed-time. It was raining very hard outside, and the wind was high, but the night was so dark that we could see nothing but a black mass through the windows. We found Frank and Alice in the drawing-room together. Alice was playing some pretty little melodies on the piano, and her lover was kneeling beside her with one arm round her waist. His face was intensely sad, and he was apparently buried in thought.

Alice immediately got up, and after a slight conversation she wished the Doctor and Frank good-night. When she came to me, she pressed my hand and whispered, "I am sure poor Frank is unhappy about something; do try and find out what it is. Good-night."

I promised to do all in my power, and the Doctor then going to bed, Frank and I were left alone together.

"Oh, I am so glad we are alone," said he. "I have wanted to speak to you all the evening. Do not laugh at what I am going to tell you, but it has affected me in a most mysterious manner." After a few minutes' pause, he continued:—"Well, when you left me this morning, I went into the arbour for my coat; I picked it up, and put it on, when suddenly I remembered that I had left Alice's ring on one of the statue's fingers. I turned round to take it off, but to my horror the finger had closed upon it. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. I tugged, and pulled again, but it was of no use. I could not break the finger off, and get it so, for fear of spoiling Dr. Mortimer's favourite work of art."

"How strange!" cried I. "Let us go down together at once, and get the ring off somehow or other. I will tell the Doctor, in fact."

"No, no, not on any account; it would alarm Alice, who would be sure to hear of it. But I must tell you all. I was thinking of what to do, when I became aware that the statue was looking down upon me with a dreadful expression of malignant triumph."

I felt excessively interested when I heard this, and begged him to proceed.

"Well, I remained for some time perfectly horrified; it seemed like some fearful nightmare. At last I could not bear to stop any longer by this strange statue, and I rushed away. The rain was coming down in torrents. I did not dare to enter the arbour again, and so I ran wildly into the town and bought another ring. You may think it very foolish to be put out so much—indeed, I think so myself—but the scene has made a deep impression upon me."

I consoled him as much as I was able, but I did not think it wise at such a time to make him acquainted with all my experiences of the statue. I bade him try and sleep it off. "You have a trying day to-morrow," said I. "And your wife will never forgive you if you look depressed upon your wedding day."

"True! true! But is she not charming? Dear girl! would we were married, and well off on our journey. Good-night! Thanks for listening to me so kindly. You will find me a different man to-morrow, depend upon it."

Though I had made light of the matter to Frank, his tale filled me with grave apprehensions. I tried to persuade myself into the belief that, after all, what he had told me was only a coincidence. Ah! poor man, I certainly agreed with him in wishing his marriage happily over, for I experienced a strange foreboding of evil, and passed a troubled night.

It was now the wedding morning of my two young friends. Not a cheerful day, to be sure, though the rain had partially cleared off, but there were signs of an approaching storm in the heavens. A faint gleam of sun shone upon us, but all the horizon was as black as night. Alice came down blushing, dressed in a simple white dress. She rushed into her uncle's arms, who kissed her affectionately, with tears in his eyes. She then came to me and held out her hand, and allowed me to kiss her forehead. Frank, of course, embraced her with great tenderness. It was a touching sight.

I still, however, felt uneasy in my mind. Frank, I could see, was suffering, but he bore up bravely, and no one, I think, noticed the state of his feelings but myself. We went down to the church, which was only a short distance from the house; the Doctor supporting Alice on his arm, going first, and Frank and I following behind. I pressed his hand. He walked along in silence, his eyes fixed upon the ground. During the ceremony he was calm, and I think that, though Alice looked sad, she did not perceive anything unusual in him. In half an hour they were married, and then we all hurried home as fast as we could, for the rain was coming down heavily.

As we sat down to the wedding meal, a terrific storm broke out with frequent flashes of lightning, followed by peals of thunder. Poor Alice was quite frightened.

"How unfortunate this is!" exclaimed Frank.

"Of course, travelling now is out of the question," said the Doctor. "I can put you both up. You must make yourselves happy here, and postpone your journey at least till to-morrow."

"You are very kind," said Frank with great excitement. "But we must go to-day, indeed we must."

"Oh, Frank, but in such dreadful weather," said Alice.

"Yes, darling, I know. It is very unkind of me, but I have a reason for what I say. I cannot explain now, but we must not delay any longer."

"Very well, darling," said she, kissing him. "I am ready to go with you."

"No, I won't have it," said the Doctor. "Frank, what are you thinking of? She would catch a cold that would kill her. Why, the thing is absurd; and, besides I should like to know where you are to get a carriage and horses such a fearful afternoon as this; and still more, any one fool enough to take you. No! I don't be obstinate. Have a quiet dinner here. You and your wife shall have the best room in the house; and to-morrow, or if necessary the next day, you can go. But to-day you shall not, so say no more about it."

The weather was so wild that at last Frank was persuaded to stay, and the Doctor made himself so agreeable that after dinner, as we all sat together in the drawing-room, even Frank seemed to have lost all his gloom. When it grew late, Alice left us.

The Doctor went to bed soon after her departure, and Frank took up his candle.

"Good night," I said, shaking him warmly by the hand. He was very pale, and his hand trembled.

"Good night," he replied. "I ought now to be in the best of spirits; but all that strange feeling of dread has come over me. Oh, what can it mean! But how silly! Good night."

I went up into my room feeling gloomy enough, lighted a cigar, and looked out upon the night. My room was at the back of the house, and I saw that the storm had somewhat abated, though the rain was still descending in torrents. Some of the black clouds were beginning to open a little, and to reveal as they separated a small space of pale light. Occasionally I could catch a few glimpses of the moon. Every now and then a flash of lightning burst out, followed after some interval by a long rolling peal of thunder, which gradually died out in echoes. I looked out upon this dismal scene and thought of poor Frank, wondering what could be the meaning of the deep anxiety which I felt for him. While I was thus occupied, I became conscious of a cold, weird sensation creeping over me. I wished to call out, but I dared not speak or look round. It seemed to me as if the front door of the house was being opened. A terrific flash of lightning now lit up the country for miles. It was very horrible. I waited for the thunder. It began low, then it became louder, then it faded away in rolling noises. And yet there was a sound which was not the thunder; it was inside the house; it was a steady series of clamping noises, as of something heavy ascending the stairs. I tried to persuade myself that it was the thunder, but I knew it was not. A dead silence followed, during which I remained paralyzed with fear. I thought I heard a groan, then there was the clamping noise again, now going down the stairs. But a loud clap of thunder drowned the sound, and I could distinguish nothing. There was again a momentary silence, followed by a shrill piercing scream which filled the whole house. I could not mistake this—it was the voice of a woman. I rushed out of my room, and met Alice in her night-dress and with her hair loose coming along the passage. "He is dead; good God! he is dead," she cried, and flung herself into Dr. Mortimer's arms, who had at that moment come out from his room to see what was the matter. I went into her bedroom, and found, to my horror, the body of Frank Grove lying on the bed, perfectly dead, with the marks of rust all over his person.

It was a terrible scene. We tried to soothe the poor girl, but she seemed to be in a state of abject terror, and looked like one who had experienced a great shock. At last we succeeded in getting a room ready for her, and the Doctor administered a draught which sent her to sleep for a while. On revisiting the fatal room with the Doctor we were both surprised to see no blood on the figure, nor marks of violence. He appeared to have met death by suffocation.

Dr. Mortimer was much moved when he discovered that Frank was in reality dead. After an interval he asked me if I had any clue which might give an idea of the cause of his death. "We must lose no time," said he, "in putting the matter into the hands of the proper authorities." I told him the story of the duel, and was about to tell him all my thoughts, when a servant informed us that poor Alice wished to speak with us. We went together, consequently, into the room where she had been conveyed.

She had heard that the Doctor was on the point of putting the whole affair into the hands of the police, in order to discover how it was that poor Frank had met with his end. She begged him not to do so, at least until she had made an important disclosure. She was still very weak and pale. We propped her up with pillows, and implored her to say nothing now unless she felt quite equal to it. She smiled, and said that she had courage to do so, and asked us to listen attentively to her story. She spoke as follows:—

"When I reached my room last night, I sat up for a long time, thinking of Frank, and wondering why he was so unhappy. I knew he loved me, he was so kind and gentle, but there was something on his mind which he was keeping from me. It was very wrong of him. But he would soon be here, I thought, to fold me in his arms as his own wife, and then he would tell me all. At last I summoned up courage to blow out my candle, and as I was stepping into bed was startled by a tremendous peal of thunder. After a few minutes I became aware of a strange feeling which made me tremble from head to foot. I wished to scream, but I could not; I was dumb with fright. I shrank into a corner of the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. Some one had opened the door, and I knew it was not my husband." Here she paused a minute, quite overcome by her recollections. We begged her to renew her story another time, but she wished to finish it now. She continued, "I shrank farther towards the edge of the bed, when the door opened, and I heard my husband's voice. 'My own darling!' he said, and I turned round. There was a great black figure in the bed.' I heard a sort of mocking laugh, and saw two immense arms closing round something; then came a moaning, and then silence. I covered my face with my hands, and tried to collect my thoughts. The thunder was pealing, when by an effort I shook off my fear, and moved to clasp my husband to me. He was dead in my arms. Then it was that you heard my screams." And the poor girl, as she murmured these words, fell back quite exhausted.

The Doctor attended to her, and I left the room as gently as possible. The moment I was outside, a strange impulse took possession of me. I seized a lantern, rushed out of doors, crossed the garden, and entered the arbour. It was now nearly morning: the storm was almost over. The statue was certainly there in its usual place, and there was no appearance of its having been moved in any way. But the expression of the face was diabolical; it was a look of malicious pleasure mingled with bitter scorn. I raised my lantern. There were marks of blood upon her, and the finger was now unbent, and pointed to the ring which lay on the floor beneath.

I sank upon a seat completely cowed. I wiped my forehead, and fell into a profound reverie. On awaking I was attracted by something at the lower part of the figure which I had not noticed before. I approached the statue, and found that it was an inscription written in faded Greek characters.

With difficulty I made out its meaning as follows:—

Here stands the cruel woman, false as fair,
Who ruined my life and filled me with care.
Her spirit still breathes, thus raised by my art,
So pass not upon her, nor yield her thy heart.
Dare not to stroke her, or do her some harm,
For she can avenge thee: so works the charm.
Evil awaits him who dares to deride,
Damned is the lover who makes her his bride.

Then came a name which I could not decipher, and which was, I suppose, the name of the artist.

I dropped my lantern. The early sun shone upon her scornful face.

"So, then," I cried, "you are the cause of all these miseries. It is as I expected. It is you who have killed a noble man, and destroyed the happiness of his sweet bride. The malignant spirit of some fiendish woman lurks within you. You bear a charm, then. I will destroy it!" and I struck at the statue with all my force, and fell down exhausted at her feet.

I suffered excruciating pain from the force of the blow, but the statue was not destroyed, and stood exulting over me with a mocking sneer. I got up, and tried to raise my arm. I could not do so. I was paralysed. I walked back to the house. When I had gained the door-step I met Dr. Mortimer. He was weeping bitterly. "Poor child, poor child!" he said; "the shock has killed her—she is dead."

It was a fortnight after the night of these events, when the Doctor and I were sitting in the drawing-room together. We had been talking for some time, when he said, "It is certainly a marvellous story. But one thing I have determined to do, and that is to destroy this fearful statue. I intend, in fact, to have it removed to-day by some workmen, and taken to a smelting furnace, where it shall be melted down." I fully agreed to this proposal, and the statue was accordingly removed, and the bronze of which it was composed was afterwards cast into a bell. Dr. Mortimer then sold his house, and went to reside in the south of France. He has grown very grave, and dislikes being reminded of his Italian days; and though he still venerates Art, he never will be persuaded to purchase a statue upon any consideration whatever.

I made some inquiries about the bell, many years afterwards, when I revisited Roma. It had been apparently very little used, for it had never been tolled except to usher in some great calamity. At last the feeling became so strong against it that it was cut down, sent to the sea-shore, and cast into the sea by some fishermen. A disastrous wreck was reported to have occurred soon afterwards on the very spot where the bell had been thrown. I heard no no more of it after this. I am now living in my own little cottage near London. My right arm is still completely paralysed; and a friend has kindly written out these papers from my dictation. My spirits are completely gone; and it seems as if I shall never forget the fatal beauty of that mystic statue, nor the terrible events of that mystic night.

[THE END.]

Tiger Story.

A Lively Hunt in an Indian Jungle

(From the Indian Mirror.)

The following sensational story of an encounter with a tiger is supplied by Babu Doman Chunder Chowdry, Zemindar of Maldah: "On the morning, 6th Bhaddra, Kishen Lal and myself went with five elephants to the Kaduband jungle, four miles to the north of Rohanpore. My howdah was on Makhna—Kishen Lal had his on Dantal. At 9 A.M. we encountered a tiger, and bang went two bullets from my rifle, hitting stripes, I suppose, on the loin and on the belly, and Kishen Lal hit him on the thigh. Most probably the bullets did not break the bones, and the 'spotted foe' took shelter at some distance in the water of a hollow overhung with long grassy jungle and was, of course, not visible. I at once followed the game with a couple of elephants, one being only a beater. Poor Makhna, on which I was mounted, unfortunately fell into the hollow, and, quick as lightning, the tiger was on his back biting him. I lost no time in giving stripes one bullet in his right foreleg and a second in his belly, and yet the fight between the elephant and tiger continued. The moment was critical. The feat of remaining in the howdah was extremely difficult. With his trunk Makhna dragged stripes down four or five times. During this struggle the mahut fell on the ground from the elephant's neck but had the dexterity to mount his back again and then to lodge himself on the back of the howdah, which shook so fearfully at times it would come swinging to the ground. Of course, now, the combat was 'hand-to-hand,' and lasted for nearly an hour. The four remaining elephants followed me at first, but what with the struggle between their comrade and stripes, and the roaring of one and the cries of the other, they become uncontrolable, beat a hasty retreat and took their stand more than sixty yards off. Dear Kishen Lal tried his best to come up to me, but the Dantal was too much frightened to obey the mahut. Chand Tara, poor creature, did afterwards come towards me, but she was only a beater and took her stand some fifteen feet behind. Poor Makhna was much the worse for this singular combat and fell prostrate on his right side, and stripes, too, fell on the ground. The tiger lay some four or five feet from me. Not seeing me my followers were alarmed. They kicked up a row, Kishen Lal crying out 'uncle killed by tiger.' To see me was impossible. Lying on the ground I thought of God, pressed against the howdah, handled the rifle and gave stripes a bullet. It told upon his neck, but yet he did not let go his hold of the elephant, which was still lying on his side. The contents of the other barrel I emptied into the tiger's back. He then left Makhna and all was over with stripes in an instant. The elephant was now upon his legs. The Mahut got upon his neck and I mounted the howdah. Makhna, poor creature, has been hurt in his trunk in ten or twelve places. The tiger measured thirteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

The Princess Royal's Future.

(From the London Truth.)

A cynical old French proverb asserts that kingly government means government by a queen. When one remembers that a certain venerable monarch has passed even the period of "labour and sorrow" which the inspired writer fixes as the ultimate term of human existence, one can scarcely help musing on some possible effects the of reign of Frederick William and Victoria, Emperor and Empress of Germany. For one thing, it must not be supposed that the advent of the next sovereign of the Fatherland will be at all synchronous with the adoption of Liberal principles by the government of Berlin, at least as Liberal principles are understood by Englishmen. The Crown Princess entertains the deepest admiration for the (political) character of Catherine II., of Russia, and has in her the germs of a far more virtuous but equally high-handed Catherine. *Vi et armis*, she would educate her subjects into an appreciation of *Geist* and culture; compel Catholic bishops to marry, and Benedictine monks to preach the advantages of a comfortable income and a sober enjoyment of this world's goods. She is, in fact a Princess among Liberals, and a Liberal among Princesses. The ideas a "progress" and the "rights of nationalities" are in her tempered and toned down by such thoughts, both politic and warlike, as must naturally be inbred in a descendant of William the Conqueror and Edward III., of Henry VIII. and James I. Wedded, too, at the age of seventeen, to the heir of a line of princes, who, for something like a century and a half, may be said to have reigned at once despotically and well, Victoria of Great Britain did possibly imbibe too early, for it ever to be unlearned, the dangerous lesson that a nation may and must be benefited, whether it will or whether it will not.

"ANGELINAW," said Augustus, eagerly, "I've made aw conundwum. It's weal nice, too. What did Jonah find to wide on when he was thrown oyawboard?" Angelina—"Oh, Gussy! Why, he—tell me, darling." Augustus—"He went by the wallway. Ain't that awfully jawly, Angelinaw? Took me two hours to do it; pon honaw."

Modern Old Masters.

A Queer Branch of Art in Italy.

(From the Boston Advertiser.)

A few days since some remarks were made touching the matter of the forgery by imitation of modern masters, and a few more words relative to the forgery of the old masters may be not without interest.

There are forgeries of this latter sort so well executed that even experts have failed to detect them. There are probably in many famous galleries pictures claiming to be by the best hands, about which, if even a breath suspicion be whispered, no exposure and condemnation have followed. A most striking illustration of this skillful deception drew general attention some thirty years ago at Florence. The case was a little peculiar, as confrontation was difficult.

There is now in the Pitti gallery the famous Madonna and child by Raphael of the grand duke, so-called because it was secluded in his private apartment. Bartolini, the court sculptor, and a man so celebrated that Napoleon had put the sculpture he stole from Italy under his charge in the Louvre, publicly invited all Florence to examine and admire in his rooms the real original of the grand duke. It was visited and admired, and few cared to dispute its genuineness under Bartolini's overshadowing authority. People admired adored it even, but could not easily compare it with the original. But at last the clever fellow who had done it came forward to acknowledge his trick, and Bartolini "sought the seclusion that a studio grants" to hide his confusion.

At that time there were still originals more or less genuine to be purchased in Italy. The post-chaise, and not the railroad, made fewer the amateurs with well-filled pockets. Now the most distant villages are examined and cleaned out by speculators; but then there were large, showy establishments in each Italian city with *robe antica* stacked ten deep against the walls. England carried off the greater part, Germany and France but little, and America less, for her day had not come to covet such things. Many of these pictures were beautiful, some genuine, but the greater part had been treated by some skillful restorer. I had great pleasure, at that time, in making the acquaintance of a restorer at Rome, by the name of Colombo, in whom great confidence was placed, and who did the most difficult work for the great banker, Torlonia, who secretly recovered much of the money he had lent to his English friends through the Titians and Giorgiones of restorers where he was a silent partner. He entrusted many pictures to Colombo. Believing then, as I still do, that there was something in the method of the Venetian masters, the secret of which we have lost, I delighted to confer with Colombo, who, as such went, was reckoned a very honest man, concerning this mystery and secret. He would produce a Venetian picture which would suit nicely some one of our theories, and then, with an air of despair, suddenly place there another which wholly contradicted it. Over all was that marvellous golden glow, as if sunshine were saturating the canvas, but how it got there we never fairly made out. There was a look, ripy and rich, in the Venetian picture, which suggested eastern gums, syrups of Sarmacand, or varnishes from Japan or elsewhere. It seemed as if they were painted with honey, and Coleridge, happening to come in, admired it and said: "That is the picture I will take as the present you promised."

"Wait ten days" said Alston, and by that time it was but a mass of blackness.

These talks with Colombo about Venice and its methods led him to teach me some of the subtleties of his craft. He said to me: "We have three schools of restorers; the Venetian, which is the best; the Roman, which is second; and the Bolognese, which is the last and poorest. They have no proper school at Naples, having so small a store of old masters."

The custom is to take a picture of one of those schools, pallid with age, withered to a shadow, often torn and mutilated, and reconstruct it. The subject, if it can be made out, is considered; the part the least injured is made a starting-point of tone for the rest, and the manner of its epoch and the character of its school are carefully observed. Little by little this reconstruction advances; so skillful does the restorer become that his own work almost deceives him. Colombo assured me that, being called away from Rome with a picture half finished, he with difficulty on his return distinguished his restoration from the older part.

He once gave me a picture restored by him, where a fifth of the canvas had been wanting, and yet I could not find out which that fifth was. He was always laughing at and quizzing me for the little advance I made in this science. "Come," said he, one day, "here is a little picture. Take it close to the window and try your hand." I thought it not very good for the school of Carracci, but its antiquity genuine, for in the shine of the light I could see it wrinkled all over, and the surface like little scales. On giving my opinion, he exclaimed, "This is dreadful! You don't get on at all! This is the lowest work of the modern school of Bologna; and when it is as bad as this they give these old cracks thus," and he took up a piece of steel and continued the markings which I had thought the wrinkles of Father Time.

There was in Rome an agent of Torlonia, Count Cabral; in his sumptuous rooms he only showed you, in rich frames, stately altar-pieces, noble portraits, picturesque landscapes. But perhaps upstairs or in some hidden corner, there was always at work the magician who made these dry bones live. It was he who could have whispered a secret touching many a Palma, many a Salvator, many a Gaspar Poussin, which would have made blush the walls of stately galleries. Nor did the awful names of Raphael or Titian terrify him. He would modestly hide himself behind these grand figures and let a glory he dared not acknowledge pass for theirs.

And thus the Count lived in a world of phantoms. He must almost have doubted whether the old masters had ever really existed except as ghosts, upon which his coffers should build a living superstructure. It was great fun to saunter with a Roman friend down this gigantic trap baited by every taste, and according to agreement between us, overwhelm him in Italian with compliments which we made up for in English whispers of startling contradiction.

After purchasing some excellent pictures of him, which still seem excellent, on a late visit I reminded him that I had bought several of his noble works. He turned livid and said if I had any cause of complaint he would exchange them for others. I rebuked him, and told him they were priceless; but his conscience prompted him to suppose that from among his many dupes I had returned like an accusing Nemesis to bring him to judgment.

From the little that I had picked up in Rome I have often wondered that some detectives of the arts have not, like Cesler, written out in a book the stratagems, the tricks, the villanies of this great Alsatia of falsehood, this limbo which the dying past and the treacherous present unite to fill.

T. G. A.

Laughter as a Medicine.

There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body which does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Be not too prodigal; the kettle when too full puts out the fire.