SUPPLEMENT TO

The Free Press.

Mrs. Smith's Peddler's Trap.

How a San Francisco Housewife Discriminated Between Those Who Rang Her Door-Bell.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

The domicile of the Smiths is located on Mission street, just between Woodward's gardens and the city front. It may be recognized by the front yard and the very peculiar canvas apparatus which is attached to the fence. This piece of canvas stretches from the top of the fence to a pair of poles firmly fastened to the sidewalk below, and forms an inclined plane, reaching nearly to the ground, which bears a close resemblance to the matting used in gymnasiums and circuses as a safe receptacle for falling acrobats. For several years past Mrs. Smith, in common with her sister housewives throughout the city, has been harassed by the visits of peddlers, sewing-machine agents, book agents, medical canvassers, vegetable venders, travelling dentists, insurance solicitors, and a host of other gentry who annoy and render miserable the female population of the city. Mrs. Smith, less fortunate than many housewives, is without a servant, and has hitherto been compelled to make all the way from three hundred to four hundred trips a day to the front door. In fact, the bell rang, thrilled, buzzed, and rattled almost continually, and as a great war the strain upon the nerves of the long-suffering apparatus that a new wire had to be put in two or three times a month, and even the knob were cut quarterly. This state of affairs was not only expensive and troublesome, but it was gradually reducing Mrs. Smith to a shadow, and she waxed weaker and more attenuated. She calculated, and calculated very correctly, that she travelled from seven to eight miles a day in her transits to the door. At last Mrs. Smith, inspired by desperation, hit upon the plan which has since proved so effective. A skilful mechanic was immediately employed and directed to construct beneath the front doorstep a compact and powerful apparatus connected with a spring on the inside of the threshold, which, when pressed by the light foot of Mrs. Smith, would suddenly bring into play the great forces of the hidden machinery and press the doorstep upward with such terrific velocity that its unfortunate occupant would be hurled into space. The flying peddler was supposed, after being precipitated from the doorstep, to describe a graceful parabola which would have its termination in the centre of the canvas. The receptacle, being an inclined plane, was expected to gently drop the involuntary acrobat to the sidewalk below. After the ingenious apparatus was completed, and the mechanic rewarded, the inventress felt that her idea would make the young people shout, thus unconsciously inventing an old expression. He also expressed his confidence that the aforesaid canvas would invariably be the place of descent. Mrs. Smith placed a chair near the door, and serenely awaited the jingle which would indicate the approach of her first victim. She had not long to wait. Before ten minutes had expired, the bell gave a premonitory tinkle. Opening the door, Mrs. Smith smiled on the outsider with more complaisance than she had manifested for years before. She did not forget, however, to place her left foot in convenient proximity to the little spring before mentioned.

"Madame," ingenuously asked the unconscious intruder, "may I sell you a sewing ——

He was, however, called away so suddenly that he had no time to complete his question, for Mrs. Smith had pressed the spring, the step had flashed upward, and lo! the poor sewing-machine man had disappeared. Alas! for human ingenuity, however, he reappeared at the wrong place, and, instead of falling into the canvas so kindly prepared for his convenience, struck against the fence with great violence, just after completing his third somersault. The neighbors thought that an unfortunate servant had been pitched from a balloon, and flocked to the spot in force. The poor fellow had a leg fractured, and the doctor across the street added another to his list of patients. The machine was immediately perfected, and by the next morning operated with beautiful accuracy. During the morning Mr. Smith advocated the removal of the canvas on the ground that intruders deserved to suffer. In the wee, sma' hours of yesterday morning, however, he reached his house in a condition of semi-inebriety which made his footsteps uncertain, and while entering the door he was incautious enough to place his right foot on the little spring before he removed his left from the doorstep. The result was a rapid aerial flight, a fall into the canvas, a slide on the sidewalk, and a walk back to the door. This little incident removed the objections which Mr. Smith had formerly to the canvas, and yesterday he watched with fiendish glee sixty peddlers and canvassers practice muscular contortion during their flight from the step to the canvas without feeling the slightest regret that they were uninjured. It will be proper in conclusion to inform the public that Mrs. Smith has received the patent right of her wonderful invention.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A large lawbook by George M. Wood, of Lancaster, P., feigned death until he came to tick it up, when it seized one of his fingers with its beak, and destroyed it.

The ex-Empress Eugenie will sometime her visit to Ziklard as to be on the spot where her son met his death on the anniversary of that sad event. Sir Evelyn Wood will be her escort.

The Russian Government proposes to increase the grant to the Russian Mission in Japan from 9,000 rubles to 55,000, and to confer certain privileges on priests going out as missionaries.

Russian papers are ordinarily maintained by quarterly or yearly subscription, and when the Censor suspends a paper it is customary to issue a list of papers to be received in lieu of the superintended one, with the offer to return the balance of subscription money in hand in the event of none of them being to the subscriber's taste. The suspension of the *Golos* and the prohibition imposed on the *Moba* not to receive advertisements has thus caused such a run upon the *Novoe Vremya* that one day lately it had six pages of advertisements. The *Moloa*, which has been thus fractionally suppressed, had consistently advocated retrenchment, reduction of the army, and a pacific policy.

A melancholy picture is drawn by the correspondent of a Vienna paper of the condition of the Turkish army in Albania. Begging, he says, is no longer regarded by the Turkish soldier as a disgrace, and the streets of Janina are full of soldiers who stretch out their hands to the passers by for alms in broad day. At night they attack the peasants and rob them of all their valuables. The Turkish soldiers are, indeed, so much in want of money, owing to their not having received any pay for more than three years, that they often sell their arms, and the military commandment has found it necessary to issue a decree strictly forbidding this practice under severe penalties, when discovered.

The imperial family of Russia are a smiler. While the czar, trembling lest he be assassinated is hiding with his lifted mistress, his wife, the mother of his legitimate children, is dying slowly at Cannes, far from home. She is kept alive only by subcutaneous injections and by artificial atmosphere pumped into her lungs. She is anxious to see Russia before the final summons, and has begged permission of the czar to return to St. Peterburg, hoping ere death comes, to reconcile the mortal differences which exist between the father and the heir to the throne. The former suspects the son of conniving at nihilistic plots; the latter accuses the emperor of dragging the Russian imperial family down to ruin. The Duchess of Edinburgh is at her mother's bedside, where also is a large retinue of Greek priests. The grand duke Constantine, brother of the czar, has practically imprisoned himself, fearing violence because he has offended his brother's mistress. Altogether, they are a sad lot, with the Tartar blood still thirsting and civilization half worked in.

SUPPLEMENT TO

The Free Press.

George Augustus Sala on Pie.

(From Cor. Lond. Telegraph.)

"Candy" and "caramele", are institutions in this country. Candy tempers the bitterest of scandal, and in illicit the execration of political controversy. It even counteracts, to some extent, the deleterious influence of pie—pronounced "poy"—which is the transatlantic incubus and clings, with its doughy legs, over the shoulders of Columbia like an Old Man of the Sea. Almost everything that I beheld in this wonderful country bears traces of improvement and reform—everything except pie. The national manners have become softened—the men talk chew less, expectorate less, curse less; the articles is becoming more manifest; and the one absorbing topic of conversation is no longer the almighty dollar—but to the tyranny of pie there is no excuse. It is a Fetish. It is a Baal and Hutchiliputchli, combined, demanding fresh victims. It is a Moloch. Men may come and men may go; the Grant "boom" may be succeeded by the Sherman "boom"; but pie goes on for ever. The tramp and the sausage, in trousers of looped and windowed raggedness, burgle for pie, and impetuously demand admittance wherewith to purchase it; and the president of the United States, amid the chastened splendor of the White House, can enjoy no more festive fare. They gave me pie at the Brevoort, and I am now fresh from the consumption of pie at the Mount Vernon, Baltimore. Two more idiosyncratic hotels are not to be found on this continent. I battled strongly against this dyspepsia-dealing pastry at first, but a mulatto waiter held me with his glittering eye, and I yielded, as though I had been a two years' child. The worst of this dreadful pie—apple, or cranberry, pumpkin, or "squash"—is that it is so very nice. It is made delicately flat and thin, so that you can cut it into convenient-sized triangular wedges, which slip down easily. Pardon this digression; but it really forms as important a factor in American civilization as the *pot-au-feu* does in France. There is no dish at home by which the nationality stands or falls. The "roast beef of Old England" sounds very well to the strains of Mr. Dan Godfrey's band as a dinner at the Freemason's tavern, but sirloin of beef is 1d pence a pound, and there are hundreds of thousands of labouring English people who never taste roast beef from year's end to year's end—save when they happen to get into gaol or into the workhouse at Christmas time.

Conduct.

Never exaggerate.
Never betray a confidence.
Never leave home with unkind words.
Never neglect to call upon your friends.
Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
Never give a promise that you do not fulfil.
Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
Never question a servant or child about family matters.
Never refer to a gift you have made, or favour you have rendered.
Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none.
Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present.
Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.
Never lend an article you have borrowed unless you have permission to do so.
Never exhibit anger, or impatience, or excitement when an accident happens.
Never pass between two persons who are talking together without an apology.
Never enter a room noisy; never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

How Doctors Thrive.

Excited and anxious patient—"Doctor, I do wish you'd tell me what's the matter with me; I'm clear out of sorts this morning and I'm afraid I'm going to be down sick. What is the matter with me?"

Doctor (gravely)—"Let me see your tongue."

Patient thrusts it out.

"What have you been eating?"

Patient (reflectively)—"Well, I was out late last night, had a bite of supper at midnight, oysters, raw and stewed, lobster salad, cold tongue, pressed chicken, cards and cream, coffee, some fruit cake, a little cheese and a handful of hickory nuts."

Doctor (doubtfully)—"Let me see your tongue again."

Looks at it thoughtfully, then in authoritative tones: "Ah, yes, I see; you've been eating something that doesn't agree with you."

Grateful patient gives him $1.

Years that end in Nine.

Beware of the years that end in nine! We give the following facts for what they are worth: In 859 the Adriatic was frozen; 1179, eight feet of snow in the temperate zone until the month of April; 1269, sleighs could pass on the Cattegat between Jutland and Norway; 1339, hard winter, the peasants of Scotland eat grass like a certain king of Israel; 1409, the Danube was frozen; 1609, frozen bread was eaten at the court of France; 1639, the port of Marseilles froze; 1659, the rivers in Italy were frozen over; 1699, terrible winter; 1709, the famous winter that saddened the last years of Louis XIV., the earth was frozen for two metres down; 1729, 1749, 1769, the river froze; 1789, the year of the revolution; 1809, the Seine was frozen; 1829, snow lay on the ground for fifty-four days in France; that of 1839 was a rigorous winter, and the winter of 1879 has been unusually severe, but in the United States the winter, thus far, has been exceptionally pleasant.

Triumph of Nevada Surgery.

(From Gold Hill (Nev.) News.)

A stranger in Eadie one day last week in eating a plate of hash at a restaurant, being very hungry, unguardedly neglected to chew it properly and swallowed a large coat button. They doctored him for pneumonia three days before he was able to explain. Then they fed him a big button-hole tied to a string and fished it out in no time. He now screens all his hash through a one-bottomed chair very carefully before eating.

Turkey's territorial loss is estimated by a German authority as a territory almost as large as Prussia proper, with a population of eleven millions.

Cardinal Manning, speaking at a temperance meeting at Liverpool the other day, said that in Manchester, Liverpool and London the Teetotal League of the Cross numbered fifty thousand of the soberest men in England. Drunkenness was affecting England's factory hands to such an extent, he said, that Americans who had visited England to study the labor question declared that the factory labor of England in consequence of intemperance among the English factory operatives is injuring his constitution by its close application, but Marie is not quite satisfied with the tone of his reply. There is nothing to find fault with in it, but somehow or other it seems to her that there is not the right ring about it. She has begun to look upon Geoff as her own property.

His love him dearly, and with a girl's first and passionate love. This world holds out to her no brighter vision than the hope of becoming his wife, and she tries to bring herself to believe that he returns her affection, but somehow that instinctive perception which all women have, she feels deep in the recesses of her own heart that she is not all in all to him. Still, like Mrs. Lamar, she cherishes the hope that he will learn to love her especially as she knows of no rival, and she has set herself the task of winning him for herself. If she is to be won. By wooden, therefore, that his rather cool and formal words grate a little on her ear, but she makes a suitable reply, and then the conversation drifts into general topics, and finally Geoff, who is very fond of music, leads her to the piano.

She is an accomplished musician, even in these days when nearly everyone can play and sing a little, and interprets the music she performs with sympathy and intelligence.

Leo has a sweet, fresh voice, and helps with some old-fashioned ballads, and joins Geoff in one or two duets, and as the rosy hours are rapidly fleeting when they are brought to a sense of the ordinary realities of life by the appearance of the neat little servant girl—the Abbott household only boasts one—at the open door. She has knocked once or twice, but, rapt in song, or music, has opened the door.

She brings a card, and tells Dr. Lamar that the gentleman who gave it is waiting in the hall.

Geoffrey glances at the slip of pasteboard, and his face flush mounts to his face, and his eye sparkles in rather an unusual manner.

"Show the gentleman—no, the surgery," she says, briefly. "I will be with him in two minutes. Only a small matter of business," he explains.

He loses no time in making his adieus to Maria Dove, deeming it time troublesome patient, and Geoffrey, closing the door very carefully behind him, leads the fair visitor two or three times up and down the long room, and then opens a door leading into a little room fitted up with a book-case, a large table, a few chairs, and a few mysterious-looking bottles. Here Geoffrey's writing-desk stood since a recent change in the walls, and filled with a heap of papers, apparently in the wildest confusion.

Standing before the fire, with his hands behind him, is the figure of a man, whose face is partly shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, though his good stalwart frame is revealed by the gas which streams upon it from beneath it, and you can see that the angles of the features are all sharp; that the nose and chin are pointed, the beard is close shaven; and that mouth is wrinkled and long, the lips thin and firmly set together—the mouth of a man who is not to be trifled with, and one especially to whom the nationality stands or fall. The "roast beef of Old England" sounds very well to the strains of Mr. Dan Godfrey's band as a dinner at the Freemason's tavern, but sirloin of beef is 1d pence a pound, and there are hundreds of thousands of labouring English people who never taste roast beef from year's end to year's end—save when they happen to get into gaol or into the workhouse at Christmas time.

MODERN CHURCHGOING.

He lightly climbs the pulpit stair;
We're privileged to scan the man;
Externally he wears the air
Of one who gives uncommon care
To shine the foremost in the van.

Arrayed in faultlessness he seems;
Superbly clad it may be said;
Befitting one whose rugged themes
Arouse the sinner from his dreams—
Arouse, indeed, the very dead.

So Peter must have stood arrayed,
So Paul in diplomatic gear;
So stood they all in dress parade
For eyes to scan in cadence;
See Boanerges there appear.

The organ swells; from whispers small
It thrills and peals and thunderings rolls;
And thrill as 'twere a clarion call,
Or grand as 'twere a waterfall,
Or soft as ripples on the shoals.

A man of God is at the keys;
'Twere wrong to think it otherwise;
Seraphic things man hears and sees;
When bended the lowly suppliant knees—
His caught his rapture from the skies.

A voice; it is the sound of song,
And quavers vibrate in the air;
And plaudits quiver above the throng;
Must not such tearing sounds belong
To worlds than this by far more fair?

Did seraph, sing that anthem sweet?
'Twas earth-born minstrelsy you say?
Than heavenly paths the command her feet.
No drone with rich-robed priests is meet;
She walks, the muse, the narrow way.

Upriseth now the man of men
And instant wields mesmeric sway.
Intensely keen is every ken,
And ready-made a loud amen
To greet whatever he may say.

He prays; if rhetoric be prayer
His phrases empyreal heights.
Is genuine contrition there
Confession of a heart laid bare?
If so, God bless him in his flights!

The preacher speaks. In rhythmic flow,
Devoid of wordy ostentation,
In balanced events, nor fast nor slow.
Nor colorless, nor hasted to a glow,
Nor platitude nor epigram.

—Do men on fire for God so preach!
Is Lazarus whispering from the tomb?
Is penitence preaching? Then impeach
The final pulpit, swift to reach
The dead awaiting dead doom.

Has Love no lightnings? Caspian cloud
No'er held such welded, electric freight!
Our God is Love! The heavens be bowed
The earth might richly be endowed
To neutralize its deadly hate.

But hate must die; rebellion dire
Must yield to Love in Christ revealed;
Else Love is a loose consuming fire,
The lightning of eternal ire,
Now only for a space concealed.

The sermon to its ends draws
In climax of rhetoric power.
Loud rustling marks the final pause,
Suppression of more loud applause—
Like falling of a summer shower.

Again the organ; once again
The soloist returns to view;
Here sounds as from a lion's den,
Or softly dulcetor as when
Some syren charms a fated crew.

Forth come the throng as from a trust,
A savory banquet, rare and rich;
From courses of esthetics sweet;
Perhaps from anæsthetics not—
Perhaps from anæsthetics, which?

WILLIAM N. MESSERVE.

CARRIED BY STORM.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "A MAD MARRIAGE," "A LITTLE QUEEN," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED)

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"That is no answer to my question—but there, you need not pout and spoil your pretty face. I'll not press you to answer, but will explain my own solution, which concerns your welfare more than yourself. Will you, Mrs. Abbott, allow Leo to come to a garden party which we have got up for the twenty-second? Of course, if Mr. Lamar and yourself will honour us too, we shall only be too pleased. I thought I would run round myself, and so save myself the trouble of writing, and you of answering a formal invitation. You know how I hate formality of all kinds. You are especially formal people, and so you'll forgive me, won't you, dear Mrs. Abbott, and let Leo come? I know she will enjoy it."

"Oh, do, mamma, there's a darling! and I'll promise never to worry you again as long as I live."

"Make no rash promises, my child," the old lady says, "or you will be the first to rue it if you do. So much *discipline* is not at all good for a girl of your age. You are not strong, and I cannot think of allowing you to go so soon after that concert without consulting Geoff."

"Oh, mamma, I am sure Geoff will only be too pleased to say yes, and to come himself, if no numerous *patients*, or his hundred and one other engagements, will allow of it. But he will be here directly. He said he would not be later than eight. It is nearly that now, and you know Geoff always keeps his word. You won't mind waiting, Marie, dear, will you?"

Marie makes a faint show of resistance, but it is easy to see that she requires very little persuasion, and follows Leo into her little room, whence she returns dressed in her hat and jacket, and she is soon absorbed in matters "most delightful," but certainly not "most melancholy," while Mr. Abbott takes up a book.

Though neither makes any sign of impatience, it would have been quite plain to any outside observer that neither the book nor the music had any real charm.

The one subject of the thoughts of all three is Geoffrey Lamar, and fortunately he does not keep them very long on the tenter hooks of sharp, decisive knock is given at the front door, and in a few minutes Dr. Lamar appears on the scene.

It is the same Geoffrey we have known at Brightbrook, but grown older, and, if possible, stamer than the man who deserted Giles Sleaford, and who has resigned what everyone else deemed his birthright, if not for a mess of pottage, for what his friends, one and all, look upon as a wild hallucination.

He seems worried and nervous, and there is a restlessness in his eyes and a quick, anxious manner in his movement that speaks a mind ill at ease. But for all that he advances with a smile to where Miss de Lorme is sitting.

"This, indeed, is an unexpected pleasure," he says, looking into her eyes as he clasps her hand with a touch that thrills her to the soul.

She tries to answer him steadily and nonchalantly, though her pulses quicken, and she feels the tell-tale blood rushing to her cheek.

"We are arranging a little garden party for the twenty-second, Mr. Lamar," she says, "and we want you to let Leo come, and to come yourself with Mrs. Abbott, if your business engagements will permit."

"As far as Leo and my mother are concerned, they must be guided entirely by their own inclinations, and I know what they are. As for myself," he says, with something of a shade of regret in his voice, "I am afraid there must be no garden parties for some time to come. Science is a hard task-mistress, and not lightly to be won. In all human probability, therefore, I shall have to deny myself the pleasure, much as I should enjoy it."

"Surely you can snatch one afternoon from your toil. Even Apollo, you know, did not always keep his bow strung."

"Oh, yes, Geoff, you must come. It will be so nice!" cries Leo, clapping her hands. "We haven't been out altogether for ages. It will be like old times, you know. Put away your dusty books, and microscopes, and things, for once, and enjoy yourself. I am sure Marie wants you to, only she won't say it."

"Doctor Lamar is not likely to be persuaded by any words of mine," Marie says, colouring, and with just a shade of vexation; "but if my poor wish had any power over his stubborn nature, I would join yours and Mrs. Abbott's." We all would join yours and Mrs. Abbott's." We all wish Dr. Lamar were a little less of the hermit."

Geoff waved his hand a little deprecatingly.

"Nothing would give me greater delight to come, and no one knows it better than Miss de Lorme, and if I were to be tempted, I could not ask a sweeter or more seductive temptress: but I'm afraid I must deny myself. Life is short, and truth is vain, and man must work in order that women may not always weep, in spite of the excitements of such a glimpse of Paradise as you offer me. But I will plead so far that I will leave no stone unturned to be able to get the Baliday."

Leo is delighted, even at this half-promise she knows Geoff, and that he means to keep his word, and is thankful for small favours accordingly. Mrs. Abbott, too, is pleased, as the faint shade of regret

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED)

CONQUERING FATE.

Geoffrey Lamar makes a gallant effort to overtake the carriage in which he believes he has seen Joanna. But the horses are swift, and the coachman evidently in a hurry.

Geoff looks about him vainly for a passing cab, and after the first few minutes' futile chase, he sees the object of his pursuit turn the corner of a wide thoroughfare, and he knows the opportunity is lost to him, perhaps for ever.

He has made no mistake in the face. Of that, at least, he is quite sure. He dwells on it as he slowly retraces his steps to his quiet home. It is very different from the one he has just quitted, the face of Joanna, changed indeed, improved by cultivation and refinement, but still Joanna.

He passes the building again in which the entertainment was given, but the lights are dead, the garlands dead, there are no means of making any inquiry, and he thinks it would probably not be of the least avail, as the ladies were most likely simply auditors.

He makes up his mind to say nothing to his mother or Leo about his adventure, but let them suppose that the delay on his return has arisen through the hospitality of Mr. de Lorme at the Limes.

When he reaches the villa he finds it silent, and dark, except for a little gleam of light from his own surgery, and he is not sorry that he is alone, for the events of the day have given him much to think over, and he is longing for a quiet cigar and a long communion with himself.

He is destined, however, to be disappointed once more, for on his table he finds a memorandum in Leo's delicate handwriting, that his presence is immediately required at the house of a wealthy patient as no very great distance.

He takes his little case of instruments with him, and starts on once, more into the night, leaving a few lines to say whither he is gone.

The patient is the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the City, senior partner in a firm which was founded in the time of the second Charles, and which has continued to increase and prosper in wealth ever since.

Geoffrey sees his introduction to a slight scrutiny which happened to the old gentleman himself, and which he dreads to treat so cleverly that he shall escape the recognition family doctors ever since, has been the recognised family doctors ever since, much to the chagrin of several of his other brethern of the faculty in the neighbourhood, who have looked upon the rich Mr. De Vere as their especial property.

All at once it is not a commission so to lightly lost, and Geoff, as he goes along, remembers his interview with the old gentleman, and how he seemed to imagine he was in danger of his life and he was willing to pay handsomely for his services.

The name is quite unfamiliar, and he turns back to the steps, when he is startled by a way to a approaching carriage and pair which is driving past at a rapid pace. He springs lightly on one side, and as the carriage passes the lamps from the building shine full on the faces of the occupants—two ladies. Geoffrey starves, and utters a loud exclamation. One of the faces is that of "Sleaford's Joanna."

He recognises it in a moment, and starts after the carriage like a man bereft of his senses.

It is thus she forces herself on his imagination—no longer as Fanny Wild, the singer, vile, and stagey, but wild, ragged, dark-eyed—as she rises persistently before him. He does all he can to banish the memory. In vain.

The image of the little harmless child-companion, the drudge of Sleaford's, in the old days, and her rebellious recollection will bring up, at last, that night he told her he loved her.

It is with a very gloomy face, a very hungered appetite, Mr. Livingstone sits down to his breakfast. He is not much of a hero, this darkly-dyed man—less of a hero than usual, even at this point of his life. But unhappily—in this respect—the world is not made up of heroes, and Frank Livingstone goes with the majority.

What will his mother say, his fashionable, ambitious, factitious mother? What will the Ventnors say? What will Olga say?—Olga who has always especially disliked and distrusted Joanna—Olga who has pride of birth enough for a royal princess. He can see the scorn, the incredulity, the scorn of the blue, chill eyes.

But it is too late for all such thoughts; what is done cannot be undone; he has chosen, and must abide by his choice. He must keep faith with her, and she deserves a much better mate. She shall never suspect that he regrets. He will inform his mother—the mother she hates. He will accept her wrath and her reproaches; he will marry Joanna out of hand, and bravely give battle with to fate. That will look like fight, and fight will look like chivalrous, but he has not much trust in his own moral courage.

In Italy they can live as artists live—he obtainly has nothing very brilliant to offer his bride—he will wear off the rilleness of a life-time, and go to work with a will. Of course, Joanna must go on the stage no more. Poor he may be, but not so poor as to compel her to work for her living.

"In Rome I can keep her as black-haired and melon-cheeked," he says, with a rather grim laugh, "until fame and fortune find me out. She is the sort of woman, I think, to whom love will appear on even black bread and melons. Though why she should care for me heaven knows. She is worth a million weak-minded, vacillating fools as I am."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wines One Hundred Years Ago.

Just 100 years ago the chemical works of Caspar Neumann, the distinguished professor of chemistry at Berlin, were the standard of their day, and the English translation of them by Dr. William Lewis, F. R. S., had long a prominent and deservedly prominent place in the libraries of the learned. Neumann describes wine at great length, and explains what were the kinds in use in his day, with sundry remarks on their qualities, which are worth knowing as matters of history. He places the wines of the Madeira Islands and of Palma, one of the Canaries, first. These yield two kinds, Madeira Sec and Canary or Palm Sec. The latter being the richest and best of the two. The name Sec, corruptly written Sack, signifies dry, these wines being made from half-dried grapes. There is, we say, another sort of Sec prepared about Xeres, in Spain, and hence called, according to proper orthography, Sherris or Sherry. This wine is considered inferior to both the foregoing, Madeira Sec and Palm Sec. The wines of Candia and of Greece, particularly of the latter are of common use, he tells us, in Italy. Malmsey was formerly the produce of those parts only, but was now brought chiefly from Spain. It was a sweet wine of golden or brownish color. The Italians call it "*vernaccia alla botta, botticella*, or *vernaccia*." Malvasia to the mouth, and balsam to the brain. In Portugal, he says, there was plenty of red port, a cheap, but not a very excellent wine, and this wine, he explains, was drunk very largely in England, not, I should suppose, because of its cheapness, but because for some reason or other it suited the English palate, being sweet and having what is called "body." To the present day, I believe, notwithstanding all that lovers of wine choose to say against port wine, and all that we, its opponents, say against it, and notwithstanding all the acknowledged and easily-proved evils originating in the use of port wine, there is no wine that the Englishman clings to like port.

A Scotch Tip.

A trifle often has a large purchasing power. It is not necessary to learn this from the tall official in gorgeous uniform at the entrance of some Italian palace, where a few soldi make the man all your own. It is satisfied in Scotland, no doubt, by the adage that many littles make a mickle. This reminds me of a visit made to Holyrood, where we were shocked by what are foolishly supposed to be a curse of the city. At the entrance we were solemnly assured by a sensational if magnificent-looking man with gold embroidery, that, owing to the presence of the governor-general, the palace would be closed to visitors for several days; adding, however, "But you are Americans, travelling, I see: I must speak to the lord-chamberlain." Thereupon his magnificence moved away, knee-breeches, staff, and all, and during his absence we will suppose that he was closeted with the chamberlain, instead of chaffing in a corridor with his cronies. In due time he returned with the air of a Roman general fresh from the field of conquest, and with the manner of one graciously conferring high favour, he announced that, in consideration of the circumstances, we should be admitted to view the palace without delay. Understanding that the circumstances included a tip, we handed over the money, and supposed the financial part of the business ended. But we were amused over to find ourselves suddenly dignified individually, or middle-aged, resplendently attired in an elegant tweed coat—a person who, as for appearance sake, might have been the governor-general himself. His forehead of substantive and edge, and his bald head had the elegant polish of a billiard ball. It was roomy enough for a fair-sized handbill, while it must nearly resemble the cranium of Archimedes, upon which the eagle dropped the tortoise, thinking it a rock. With solemn and impressive dignity this personage led us through the most interesting positions of the antique and romantic pile, indulging in high rhetorical retrospect, and waxing eloquent in earnest conversation with those sparkments associated with the memory of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, not omitting to point out the place where her favorite, Rizzio, was murdered. Indeed, the spot on the floor appeared so, though it had been rubbed up afresh, for the benefit of Americans, with a bit of grey beef. Finally we bade our impressive cicerone adieu, with many thanks, and were about to depart when a deep flush of the old Scotch blood, the seat of so much high philosophic thought. Then the dignity returned: "Ahem! you Americans forgot the—the fee." It was rendered manifest we commenced fumbling in our pockets, not knowing what to proffer, thinking, too, that enough had already been paid for rubbishing up the spot in question. To end the embarrassment, I dropped into the functionary's jewelled hand the first coins I could come at, the value of which he computed in a thrice, saying: "Threepence more, if you please." With from blushes the deficit was made up, and we departed from Holyrood, cogitating whether or not the noble genius after whose head our great Scot had patterned his own would have designed to think of the tip.

You can't fool a Quincy girl. When her "fellow" rises from his seat in the theatre between the acts and says: "I'll be back in a moment," she detains him with one of her most reliable smiles, and pulling him back with the remark, "I brought some with me," coyly slips to his hand a plush of cloves or roasted coffee.

In the life of the late Charles Matthews, the comedian, an anecdote is told illustrative of Lord Blessington's character. A party had gone to explore some ruins rising out of the sea. Matthews describes how, as he was leaping from stone to stone, "Lord Blessington called out more than once, to my great surprise, 'Take care, take care! For heaven's sake mind what you are about! You'll be in, to a certainty!' After one or two repetitions of his alarm Lady Blessington, loosing patience, exclaimed: 'Do let the boy alone, Blessington. If he does fall into the water, what can it signify? You know he swims like a fish.' 'Ay, ay,' said his lordship, 'that will very well; but I shall catch my death—bring him with him in the carriage.'"