## STRAY SHOTS.

### ACROSTIC.

Mixture malicious,
In no wise nutritious;
Nux vomica's rotary,
Gives elocutory,
Rest meretricious.

Proud parvenu tailor,
In manners defiance,
Ever petticoat!

Don Pedro plays cards—postal cards.

Men whose business drives them to the wall—Bill-posters.

Acids and pickles are usually the contents of the family jar.

Ice is dangerous in any form. The steamer "Greese" blew up the other day.

One of the definitions of "A plum," is £100,000. Hence the word plumber.

When a friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you would rather loose.

Gin Sling is said to be the name of a Chinese student at Harvard who is preparing himself for the Bar.

The apple-tree is very tenacious of life; many are known to bear fruit at the age of two hundred years.

The biggest moustache on record is the one Micheal Angelo cut in his statue of Moses. It weighs a ton and a half.

The greatest compliment you can pay a man is to call him "an advanced thinker." It beats the title of "general" all out of sight.

A man stabbed another with a scissors yesterday in Brooklyn. It is always dangerous to interrupt a person who is writing editorials.

In France it is estimated that about 18,000,000 of the population live by agriculture and 9,000,000 by manufactures.

Queen Margherita's health has been completely restored by the air of Bordighera, where she is wintering with the Crown Princess of Germany.

Sixty days hence, if the price of white paper has gone up, readers all over the country will be asked to help share the increased expense with publishers.

A very brilliant piano player can work up "Home, Sweet Home," to artistically that in the bang and confusion of the playing it can not be distinguished from "Moses in Egypt."

The imitation frog now worn as ornaments by the ladies, were either suggestive of leap year. However, it will not do to jump at this conclusion; it may be a souvenir of croak, leap.

It has been ascertained that rest, for muscle will draw lobsters to the shore and make claws feel dreadfully uneasy in their sandy nest. Take your mouth organ down to the lonely beach.

Mrs. Williams, aged sixteen, has applied for a divorce, at Kansas City, from a man whom she married when twelve. She intends to go into wedlock again as soon as she gets free.

Alabama panthers love to catch a young man about two miles from home on a dark night. They carefully walk behind him, growling and scratching and making up dry leaves, and when he reaches home at last his bowels are take him for their grandfather.

"Papa," said he, as he was shown some pictures in a book Santa Claus had left him, "papa, why does camels have such big humches on their backs?" The information received not being very satisfactory, he at length solved the difficulty himself. "Why, I know, papa," said he, "it's so's they'll be camels." Which must be the reason.

A recent Stanley is engaged in examining with all the terrible adventures which he never encountered a worthy and credulous bourgeois, who, lost in admiration, are sime, "What dangers must you not have dared in those terrible regions, where everything, from the lion and boa constrictor to the deadly jungle, is the enemy of human life!" "You may well say so," put in the hero. "Once in the thorns of Lake Nyanza I was attacked by a whole herd of deadly jungles, and if I hadn't had my elephant rifle with me and dropped the first one dead in his tracks, I would not now be here to tell you about it."

The city of Tokio, Japan, has been introduced down for the thirtieth time in seven years, though considering that it is constructed of the lightest and flimsiest material, it might just as well have been the seventh time in three years. Although 15,000 houses were destroyed the loss is not so severe as these numbers would indicate, for they are cheaply and quickly built up again. In Japan a fire is checked by pulling houses to pieces, and the firemen instead of pumping water on the burning building, keep soaking the men who are demolishing the houses. Evidently, however, when fifty thousand people are made homeless and one hundred parish in the Hamets the blaze has got as much beyond their control as the famous one in Chicago.

### Farm Life.

From "Scribner's Monthly" we get the following: "It is a common complaint that the farm and farm-life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly-seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties—how many reactions he has!—His friendships with his cattle, his team; his dog, his fruiter; the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with Nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co operations with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, and frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming—like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

"Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself in it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savour of you and reflect your virtues after your day's work is done.

### Departure of Clubs.

It is curious how soon any crime will disappear from suspect. A few days ago a stranger walked into a Larned street saloon, up to the bar, and leaning over it said to the man behind it:

"My dear sir, can you tell me the velocity of a rifle ball when it is fired into the air?"

"No, sir!" was the prompt reply of the saloon-keeper as he reached under the bar for a head-breaker. "I haf kept dis place vaser seven years now, and I findt it don't pay for me to keep clubs or rifle-balls if some stranger gets a drink and don't pay for it."

"Sold again!" sighed the stranger in a lonesome voice, and he took a drink of water and passed out.

### A Long Dream of Love.

(From the Cattaraugus Union.)

The town of Randolph has been the scene of a romance which, in point of faithfulness on the part of the woman, is equal to that of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Miss Betsey Knight, who passed from this life a few days ago at the advanced age of 85 years, was in her girlhood betrothed to a young man living in Ohio, and shortly before the day set for the nuptials he was taken suddenly ill and died. Miss Knight, on hearing the news, refused to believe it, and it remained faithful to him all these years. To this bride those that he would return and claim her as his own.

SUPPLEMENT TO

# The Free Press.

### George Mueller.

FOR F. LABEE.

How was the channel opened,
How was the secret given,
That you on dime for every want
Upon the bank of Heaven
Six hundred dollars every day,
And thus for forty years?
Like manna in the wilderness
The miracle appears—
The wealth of man is poverty
By the side of this;
That life and needs and exercise,
Forever more shall mate.
As a flock of Elijah,
We watch your abiding face
As you tell the simple story,
So full of heavenly grace.
Tell us the way to enter in
And leave with us the key,
That we may spread the tidings
When you have crossed the sea.

## CARRIED BY STORM.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "A MAD MARRIAGE," "A LITTLE QUEEN," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)
LITTLE LEO.

He takes his hat and tries to clear the cloud from his brow, and to look like his natural self, as he hurries through the sunlit, hot, hot streets to Joanna's cool, green-shaded bower. He is not very successful, perhaps, or he does not exactly succeed, for in one long, grave, stedfast glance, she reads all his trouble in his telltale face, then turns slowly away.

The rooms are littered with trunks, bags, boxes, and all the paraphernalia of a flitting.

"She find me in the midst of my exodus," she says, dropping his hand, and going on with her work. "I always counsel my packing myself. So many things say sure to be left behind. First a sense of regret, although it is hardly worth while to ask you. In ten minutes we starve."

She is putting on her hat, and twisting a veil tierce veil around it, before the glass, as she speaks.

Except the first earnest, searching look, she has not turned to him once, although there is not the slightest change in her pleasant, friendly manner.

"Joanna," he begins, impetuously, a touch of remorse stinging him, "you must still wear the ring I gave you last night. I protest I forgot until this moment all about the other."

He is down on his knees, his words empty. It is early hours for a lover to forget.

She is in nothing—her white, slender hands are outstretched, turning the light. He clasps them, and sees no ring.

"What!" he says, "you have taken it off already?"

"Your ring?" she says, quietly. "Oh, yes, it was too large. Take it back, wear it again—pray do; it is of no use to me. I may lose it carrying it about, and indeed I cannot wear it. It is gruesome to lose it for anything except my thumb."

She laughs, and holds it out to him. He can do nothing but take it.

"Very well; as you say, it must be good-night. I will send for a hackney coach the first thing the week is out. I, too, am off this morning. Joanna, to hunt up my missing mother, and tell her all."

She turns a little pale, but her eyes are fixed on the glove she is buttoning.

"Pray do not," she says, earnestly. "Oh, pray do not—just yet. Give me time, give yourself time. You are not sure of yourself—wait, wait! There is no hurry. Truly, truly, Frank, I would much rather you did not. Promise me you will not speak to your mother."

"Carriage is waiting, Jenny, my dear," says Professor Ericson, popping in his bald head, "and not a second to lose. Good morning, Mr. Livingston. Time and tr-ains, you know, wait for no man."

"Promise," she exclaims, looking at him with those dark, intense, serious eyes.

But he only smiles, and clasps her gloved hands.

"I will write to you," he says, "and send you that ring. You will wear it, will you not? I promise you it shall be pretty, and not too large. And do not let your countenance administer the dissipations of bridesmaids make you forget me. My absence will be a fleeting one, I shall not be away longer than I can help, and I shall have much to say to you of my—of our future plans, when next we meet."

Nothing more is said. He places her in the carriage beside Madame Ericson, and leans for-ward to talk until it starts.

It has not been a very lover-like meeting or parting, and he notices that Joanna is very pale as the hackney coach with a smile to his friends is off.

Then they are out of sight, and he is slowly, fully walking along to the station to take the train to his residential destination.

It is a long, hot, dusty, disagreeable ride. Livingston's is the smoking compartment, and gets through unlimited cigars and newspapers, and the grimy hours, to bed-time.

Twilight is falling, misty and blue as he reaches his journey's end, and glad to stretch his legs a bit, he starts off briskly to walk to a hotel. The streets are crowded; the lamps are lit, and twinkle through the summery gloaming. Suddenly there is a commotion, a shouting, a scattering and screaming of the crowd. A pair of horses have taken fright at something, and are tearing furious along the street. There is a rushing and shrieking of women—the runaways dash across the pavement, upsetting everything and everybody, and lashing out furiously at all obstacles.

"Stop them! stop them!" shout a score of voices.

They flash past Livingston like a black whirlwind, and he leaps aside barely in time. A young girl beside him is not fortunate. The carriage pole strikes her, and she is flung heavily to the ground directly at his feet. The excited crowd dash by, heedless of the prostrate figure, and Livingston, stooping down, lifts her in his arms, and finds her insensible, and bleeding freely from a cut in the head.

This is a situation!

He glances about in consternation, and sees near, the glowing globes of a chymist's. To hurry hither, to summon assistance, to place her in a chair, and support her there while the man of drugs examines her wounds, is but the work of a moment.

"A very nasty little cut," the druggist says, "and unpleasantly close to the temple. Still the is not killed, and this wound will not amount to much if she has received no other hurt. Knocked down by the carriage-pole, you say? Poor young lady! Hold up her head, sir; if you please. I will stop the bleeding and bind up the cut with a strip of plaster."

Livingston obeys.

He looks for the first time closely at the drooping face before him, and finds his interest and sympathy considerably heightened by the fact that it is an exceedingly pretty face, despite bloodstains and pallor. She is a very young creature, not more than eighteen, look at it with a cloud of golden face, and quantities of wavy dark hair. The long lashes rest on ivory-pale cheeks.

With gentle touch the chymist puts aside the dishevelled braids of hair, to find the cut, and Livingston's face grows hard, somehow, cooler to Frank's memory—

Love, if thy treasure be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be,

"A pretty little soul," he thinks. "I wonder who she is, and what we are to do with her next?"

Even as he thinks it, there is a flutter of the drooping lids, a quiver through all the slight frame, and then slowly two dark, deep eyes, unclose and look up in bewilderment into the strange faces bending over her—the faces of men.

"Oh! what is it?" she says, shrinkingly. "Where am I? What has happened? My head!"

She puts up her hand in a frightened sort of way, and her lips begin to grieve like a child's.

"Oh, what is it?" she says again.

"You were knocked down by a runaway horse—do you not remember?" Livingston says, gently. "Your head is hurt a little, but not much I hope. Do you feel hurt in any other place?"

She looks at him—dark, solemn, childish eyes they are—and her lips quiver still.

"I—I don't know. Oh, let me go home, please! I must go home!" she essays to rise, then falls back, with a little sob of pain. "My foot hurts me," she says, sobbing outright; "but please I want to go home."

She is sobbing—her white, slender hands are outstretched, turning the light. He clasps them, and sees no ring.

"What!" he says, "you have taken it off already?"

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"I—I don't know. Oh, let me go home, please! I must go home!" she essays to rise, then falls back, with a little sob of pain. "My foot hurts me," she says, sobbing outright; "but please I want to go home."

She is sobbing like a child. Livingston takes her hand in both his, and tries to soothe her as he might a child.

"You shall go home. Do not be distressed—do not be afraid. I am sure you are not much hurt. I will take you there the moment I can get a cab. I will be back in a moment."

She looks up at him in blank amaze as he says—

"I know you. You are Frank Livingston."

"Good heavens!" the young man exclaims, stunned by this unexpected speech. "And who are you?"

Instead of answering she droops back in her chair, as white, for breathing, almost, as the chymist over his specimens of—

"Never mind now," she answers, faintly. "By and by I will tell you. Do not—do not look at me. Only the cab, and get her home. Oh, I am so sorry to—to—I ought to—to—"

She ought to what? Livingston does not quite hear, for his head is swimming.

Livingston obeys. In another he is back with a cab.

"She is better again," the chymist says. "Take her home at once. It is at Claremont Villa, Kensington, she says—a mile out or more. Tell the man so drive very slowly, and as easy as he can. Her ankle is hurt, I think. You will have to carry her to the carriage."

This is neither difficult nor unpleasant. He lifts the light, youthful figure in the chair, and carries her with infinite gentleness and care to the cab, deposits her on the back seat. Then he gets in opposite her, gives the coachman the address, and they are driven slowly through the lamp-lit streets.

He looks at her in intense curiosity as she sits before him, her head drooping against the back, her eyes closed, her face drawn into an expression of silent pain. He can ask her nothing now. She looks almost ready to faint away for a third time.

"Poor little soul!" he thinks, exceedingly sorry for her. "Poor little pretty child! I wonder who she is, and how she comes to know me?"

But conjectures is useless. He cannot place her. Long before they reach Claremont Villa what he has feared comes to pass. She drops forward, and faints dead away from sheer exhaustion and pain.

Livingston will never forget that drive. It is always twilight, lit with yellow stars of light, and the slender figure lying inert and senseless in his arms.

They reach their destination at last—a villa set in a pretty garden. A lady comes hurriedly out of the door as they draw up. There is still light enough to see her face plainly—a pale, handsome face—and Frank utters a cry.

"Good heavens!" he exclaims, for the second time. "Mrs. Abbott, is it really you?"

His cry is echoed, and it is her only reply, for she catches sight of the drooping figure in the carriage.

"My Leo! my Leo!" she cries out. "Oh, what is this? What has happened? Oh, great heaven, is she dead?"

"My dear Mrs. Abbott, be, only, hurt a little, and unconscious just at present from the shock. Do not alarm yourself—indeed there is no need. Let me carry her in, and send for a doctor at once. I am sure she is not seriously hurt. I will tell you all about it in a moment."

He carries her into the parlour and lays her on a sofa. In one moment Mrs. Abbott has recovered her self-possession, and is issuing rapid orders to the affrighted footman and driver.

He is ushered into a pretty parlour, and in the subdued light sees advancing a tall and elegant-looking young lady in navy-blue silk, with a creamy white rose in her hair, a smile of welcome on her lips and one hand extended. She stands without a word before him.

The young man stands for time, and faces, more puzzled perhaps than he has ever been before in his life.

She is the first to speak.

"Well," she says, laughing outright, "will you not shake hands?"

"I don't mind," the young fellow answers, and takes in his great brown paw the slim, cool member she extends. "But I'll be blessed if I know you. And yet it does seem to me that I've seen you before too."

"I should think so—seen me, bored my self nearly to death many a time and oft."

"What!"

"Ah, you would not do it now, I daresay. You are much too gallant, my dear, but truth is the fact. Look very hard, Alf. Surely five years cannot have changed me so very much."

"By Jupiter!" Alfred Sleaford shouts, "it is—it is—our Joanna!"

"Your Joanna—Sleaford's Joanna—Wild Joanna! Yes—Miss Jenny Wild now, though to all the rest of the world. Dear old Alf! How glad I am to see you at last."

He holds her hands and stands gazing at her eyes and mouth wide with wonder.

"Joanna! Our Joanna! Let me like this—a swell—a high-toned young lady—dressed in silk and roses! Well, by George!" Additional bewilderment for the next five minutes, for the first flow of tears have come, and he is sadly disconcerted by them. Up my word, Jo, I can hardly believe my eyes! Is it you? Why, you look to be ugly, and now I swear you are—"

"Only still Alf—these feathers make fine birds, that is all. Sit down. I am dying for a long, long chat with you. Dear old fellow, how ruddy and brown; and well you are looking."

She draws forward a ruby chair of satin and springs, and Alf Sleaford sits down on it. But his black eyes are still riveted on Joanna's face; he cannot believe them.

He is trying to recall the barefooted, red-haired, cheeky-according child he remembers so well, and place her side by side with this soulful, charming, high-toned lady, so good to look at, and it takes one of the two, I do not know which, to make out. Every trace of that Joanna is gone.

"I can't believe it," he cries out. "It is all a fraud. It isn't Joanna at all. You can't be. Why, the last red Hair, and you—"

"I have red hair still—so very, though, as in other days. Don't stare so, Alf. You will drop on the carpet. It is I, myself—I, Joanna—no other. I wish it were."

"Why?—Stanty—" why should you wish it? I think you are one of the luckiest girls that ever was born."

"Do you?" she says, a tinge of bitterness in her tone. "Because I wear silk dresses and live in a drawing room? Well, it is better than a stable, and I would, by Jupiter! Fortune like that don't go begging every day, and you're the right heiress of every stick and stone, and penny she can pushed back off his sunburned gipsy face, a red handkerchief knotted loosely about his throat."

"He might stand as a model for a Bedouin chief, at this moment," Joanna thinks, with a smile, as the dark and dashing brigand of romance. There, the professor has accosted him, and now—see the profound astonishment depicted on his face.

He begins softly, as she watches the puzzled grimace of the young man, and that laugh clears away the last of the vapours.

After all, Frank Livingstone has not hurt her very badly, judging by their present laugh.

"His same up to this station, by our train by chance. I gave him the card, and he will come," says the professor, now returning and wiping his warm face. "But he is already deserved young man. He denies knowing any Miss Jenny Wild. Think she must be mistaken in supposing once. She has had a severe shock, you know, but will be at her service, if she is not in an hour. I told him that would do. Will it, my dear?"

"Admirably," Joanna says, smiling as she sees his incredulity in his face. He is watching us disgustedly at this moment. As he turns short round, as the door closes, the young partner, surprise, the same gesture as on the platform, is almost on the corner each another for—

CHAPTER X.

JOAN BENNET.

Joanna sits in almost total silence during the short drive to the station. She look in Livingston's eyes, hangs her, the forced gayety of his tone has struck on her heart like a blow.

She has known it will be three hours time, but not so soon, not the very morning after his impulsive declaration.

"Carried by storm."

Ah, but not half long. More than he has yet felt himself she has read in Miss Jenny's calm, regretful, resolution to make the best at all point of the most fatal words of his life.

Professor Ericson chatters like a German magpie; luckily, like the magpie, he waits for no answer.

They reach the station barely in time to get tickets and seats, and then are off through the radiant sunshine of the brilliant summer morning.

Madame Ericson composes herself by a shady window with a German novel; the professor goes off to the smoking carriage; and Joanna is left undisturbed to gaze at the flying landscape, and muse over lovers who torpedo in haste and repent at leisure.

"As it chances—if things even change—her seat is near the door. As it opens to admit the ticket-collector on his rounds at the station before the terminus, her glance alights for a second on the figure of a porter standing on the platform.

"She leans forward, with a sudden eager interest that drives even her lover from her mind—to look again. Surely that strong tall figure, with the black curly hair, is familiar. He turns for a moment, sending a careless glance backward to where she sits, and Joanna sinks back in her seat with a gasp.

For years she has been seeking him vainly, and he stands for her now, when no one could be farther from her thoughts.

They are near London before Hare Ericson returns. Joanna seizes upon him at once.

"Who is a porter at the last station that I know," she says, eagerly. "I want to see him—I must see him, and you will please hunt him up for me and tell him so. Perhaps you noticed him—a tall, dark good-looking young man."

The professor stares a moment, then laughs.

"Good heavens! She wants to see the handsome young porter. Shall I tell him to call on Miss Jenny Wild, the celebrated vocalist, on—"

"Look, look! There he is," Miss Wild exclaims, unheeding, "standing on the platform. No—do not speak to him until madame and I are in the carriage. Then give him my card and tell him to appoint an hour, and I will be at home to receive him. Say no more than that. He will not refuse. I am sure. He will be too curious. It is the most fortunate thing in the world. He is a person I have been wishing to see for years and years."

They rise and leave the train, find a cab, and take their seats, always with an eye on the tall, dark young porter.

He is a handsome fellow, as he leans in an attitude of careless strength against the train, his cap pushed back off his sunburned gipsy face, a red handkerchief knotted loosely about his throat."

"He might stand as a model for a Bedouin chief, at this moment," Joanna thinks, with a smile, as the dark and dashing brigand of romance. There, the professor has accosted him, and now—see the profound astonishment depicted on his face.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY.

"Do you, it was the night dad died," says Alf Sleaford. "You know about that, don't you? It all began about you. You had run away with Blake while dad was away, attending a prize fight. When he came home, and heard of it—it was the very darkest day dad ever remember in the way of wildness and rage he had ever known. He swore he would and take you back dead or alive, and rode straight on a jib for Abbott Wood. I suppose he thought he should find you there, or—or—I don't know what he thought. He was some-what wild that day. What he found there you know as well as I do. Abbott was dying, and Mrs. Abbott and her children were left penniless. Then dad's wife went out of her mind, and—and everything do you mean to say you have never heard all that?"

"I work for and earn all that. I have never had a penny I did not work for and earn. I do not know what you are talking about. I wish you would cease staring and explain," brief Joanna, almost losing patience.

Alfred Sleaford puts his red handkerchief and wipes his heated face. His amusement at finding Wild Joanna in this stately young lady, walking in silk attire, is not for a moment to be equalled by the amazement he feels at hearing her ignorance of the life. Mingled with the amaze is delight that it has been reserved for him to tell her.

"Then, by heaven, this is the luckiest day's work, Joanna, you have done in a long time. Let me see—let my watch—I will run, and don't hurry me. I'll tell you everything directly, everything you've been wanting to know all your life. First of all, let me ask you some questions. You know Mrs. John Abbott died himself?"

"Yes, I know that. Poor Mrs. Abbott."

"Ah, poor Mr. Abbott, I should say. You don't happen to know why he did it?"

"Certainly not. I only saw it in the papers, and the reason assigned was temporary aberration of intellect."

"Yes, just so. Temporary fiddlestick! Here's what he was about—he was going to be found out, and was afraid of the law and his right and mighty missis. So he put a bullet through his brain, and cut out of it that way. There—do you see what Mrs. Abbott and young Lamar did then?"

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"Shut up Abbott Wood and left the place. Yes, but even that I only discovered a few week ago. One would hardly wonder—so sensitive as Mrs. Abbott was, and after so shocking a tragedy. I am not surprised she has never returned. I bet where are they, Alfred?"

"You would like to see them?" he asks, looking at her curiously. "You are as fond of them as ever?"

"Can you ask? They were my friends when I had not a friend in the world. They did all they could to lift me out of the mystery and degradation they found me in. As fond of them as ever! I tell you, Alfred Sleaford, I would lay down my life for Mrs. Abbott."

"Ah," Alf says, in a peculiar tone, "and for Geoffrey Lamar?"

"And for Geoffrey Lamar. What I am to-day I owe to them. All I have, or ever can have, I owe to them. Why do you look like that, and speak like that? What do you know of them? Tell me where they are, if you know that."

"I don't know that. And you need not be in a rush to find them, as far as they are concerned. Be easy, if the truth was known, you're about the last person in this world they want to see. Why, I heard Geoffrey Lamar as good as swear to dad you, if you were above ground, and rescue you to your rights, and this is the way he keeps his word!"

"Heard him swear! Swear to whom?"

"To dad—poor old chap—the night he died."

"And restore me to my rights? What are you talking of, Alf?" she asks, in a state of wonder.

"I'm talking of what I heard with my own ears, though nobody knows to this day I heard it. I'm talking of what I heard dad tell young Lamar on his death-bed, and young Lamar swore to tell you. He hasn't done it, he seems. Dad sent for him to do justice to you at last, and tell him what hold he had over his step-father, who you were, and let him right you, seeing he was your friend."

"Who you were?" She hears those words and starts to her feet. She stands before him, her hands clasped, her eyes wild and wide, her lips breathless and apart.

"Who I am?" Alfred—at last?"

"Ah! don't be in a hurry, Joanna. I don't know whether you will like it or not when you know—so fond as you are of Mrs. Abbott, too. I tell you it choked Lamar over like a bullet. If ever you saw a corpse take a walk—I don't suppose you did—he looked like that when he left the house. But he believed what he was told, and dad gave him the paper that proved your father and mother's marriage, and your baptism, safe in San Francisco. He needn't deny it, for I saw it all, if you ever have to go to law about it—and I would, by Jupiter! Fortune like that don't go begging every day, and you're the right heiress of every stick and stone, and penny she can push back off his sunburned gipsy face, a red handkerchief knotted loosely about his throat."

"He might stand as a model for a Bedouin chief, at this moment," Joanna thinks, with a smile, as the dark and dashing brigand of romance. There, the professor has accosted him, and now—see the profound astonishment depicted on his face.

He begins softly, as she watches the puzzled grimace of the young man, and that laugh clears away the last of the vapours.

After all, Frank Livingstone has not hurt her very badly, judging by their present laugh.

"His same up to this station, by our train by chance. I gave him the card, and he will come," says the professor, now returning and wiping his warm face. "But he is already deserved young man. He denies knowing any Miss Jenny Wild. Think she must be mistaken in supposing once. She has had a severe shock, you know, but will be at her service, if she is not in an hour. I told him that would do. Will it, my dear?"

"Admirably," Joanna says, smiling as she sees his incredulity in his face. He is watching us disgustedly at this moment. As he turns short round, as the door closes, the young partner, surprise, the same gesture as on the platform, is almost on the corner each another for—

## Woman in Russia in the Seventeenth Century.

The Muscovite ideal of woman, founded on the teachings and traditions of Byzantine theology, was purely a monastic one. The virtues of the cloister, faith, prayer, charity, obedience, and industry, were the highest virtues of woman. The life of the cloister was best suited to preserve her purity. Socially, woman was not an independent being; she was an inferior creation, dependant on her husband, for except as a wife her existence was scarcely recognized. Of this theoretical position of woman, abundant proof is given in all the early didactic literature of Russia, and especially in the *Domostroi*, that curious manual of household economy written in the time of Ivan the Terrible. The wife should be blindly obedient in all things, and for her faults should be severely whipped—though not in anger. Her duty is to keep the house; to look after the food and clothing, and to see to the comfort of her husband; to bear children, but not to educate them. Severity was declaimed and to play with one's children was reckoned a sin,—a snare of the devil. The wife was bound to stay chiefly at home, and to be acquainted with nothing but her household work. To all questions on outside matters she must answer that she did not know. It was believed an element of evil lurked in the female sex, and even the most innocent sport between little boys and girls, or social intercourse between young men and women, was severely reprehended. The *Domostroi*, and even Possokhof, as late as the 18th century, recommended a father to take his daughter and break the ribs of his son, who made love to her. Her very face must be hidden from him, and he found jesting with a girl. Traces of this feeling with regard to women are still found in current proverbs. "A woman's hair is long, her understanding short," runs one proverb; "The wife of a man are like the whiskers of beasts," says another; while a long breath. Joanna hardly seems to breathe or stir.

"Oh, go on!" she says, in a whisper, and young Sleaford resumes.

"I'll tell it in my own way—not in dad's. He cursed a good deal, you know, and abused you, and Mrs. Abbott, for that matter. It seems that long before, when Abbott was quite a young man, and just beginning to get on in California, dad came there, a widower, with all of us, from Liverpool, and a sister of his, who took care of us. This sister, it appears, was a good-looking young woman, and John Bennett—that was Abbott's name then, and his right name—took a fancy to her, and her to him, and he made her his wife. His wife, mind you, all right and tight, and legal. All went well for a few years, and then Abbott had been enough to her and dead, and gave dad a helping hand as well, and then all at a sudden, he started off somewhere up country to the mines, on a prospecting tour, and never came back. He went square when his business was settled, and not speaking a word to anybody of anything like that.

"But that's what it proved to be—he did not come back—dad never set eyes on him again till he met Abbott in the street in the city of Brightbrook, and his wife never saw him in this world more. What the they have met in the next is more than I know. She was alive and well on the night dad told the story.

"Dad's version was, that Abbott, while over you little—had struck a vein of luck up there in the hill country, among the mines, and wasn't coming back. It was a wild region, no women there, and he didn't want to fetch his wife. So he wrote. All honest and square you were at first, and sent money. Then the wife had a baby—yes—and got a fever or some such thing afterwards, and went straight stark out of her mind.

"At first her husband was anxious about her, got nurses, and so on, but after a time, as they seemed no good, he sent word to dad to put her in an insane asylum, and he would pay the charges. The young one—you again—was to be put out to nurse, and he took over care of it. You—again—were christened Joan, after his mother, Joan Bennett. Bennett, didn't come himself, you understand—was too busy making money, but he sent the needful, and did all so far as to put his sister in the asylum, and pocket the money sent for you.

"Things went on like that for a couple of years, then all at once Bennett disappears, and from that day's date no trace of him was to be found. After that dad went to the bad. While Bennett sent money it was well enough, but dad always hated work, and thirsted for poverty came, and he dodged about with his front paint to post, and at last, as best as I can make out, he came over here and settled us in a wild part of Yorkshire to shift for ourselves, and started on himself on the tramp.

"There's a fate in these things, maybe. He tramped along until he came to Brightbrook, and there, of course, one of the first people pointed out to him was the rich man of the place, Mr. John Abbott. Of course, dad knew his man at a look. There he was, as large as life, as fat as Rothschild, with a new wife, a new daughter, a new name, and a stepson. The other wife, the lawful wife, was alive and well, out in San Francisco, he did know, and here he was, a blooming bigamist, with his proudest, meanest lady in the land for number two.

"Well, dad was stalked, you may believe. All this time he had kept you, not because he was sot you, or cared about you, but because he didn't know what to do with you. You were a trump card in his hand now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Rules for Relieving Distress with Discrimination.

1. Never give away a penny indiscriminately. If a beggar tells you he is starving, order him to come to you the next day. If his make-his appearance, it is a proof of the falsehood of his statement. If it had been true, he would have died during the night.

2. If a beggar asks you for money to pay for a lodging, give him or her into custody. The police-cells are always available for such cases.

3. If you are implored to give a letter of introduction to a hospital, refuse the request, unless the applicant can produce two medical certificates.

4. If a woman, with a child or children asks you for bread, give her in charge. You may be sure that the children are hired, and that the woman has a hot dinner waiting for her at home.

5. If a flower girl asks you to buy her violets at a penny a bunch, have nothing to say to her. Her stock in all probability has been dishonestly come by.

6. If a workman whom you have known in better times hints that a few shillings would save his family and himself from the poor-house, decline, of course, but do not miss the opportunity of pointing out the connection of his present poverty with past excesses in eating and drinking.

7. Lastly, never forget two golden rules. The first, "that Heaven helps them that help themselves"—not that help others. The second, "that charity begins at home," and ought, as a rule, to end there. If there is any exception to this rule, it is ten thousand to one that it is not the case in which appeal has been made to you.

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," said his wife; "he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."

Edmund Yates says that jealousy is a mental disease which can be successfully resisted. He never saw his girl going off to a pic-nic with another fellow or he wouldn't write that way.

A story is told of five children living in Colorado who gives promise of making sweet-heats in spite of intoxication; this, however, did not prevent his continuing to be employed in high positions in the Russian army. He knew that his wife intended to make arsenic and invited her to dine. When a physician was called to administer an antidote, Tchitchevsky observed to him with a laugh, "Don't trouble yourself; she has not enough."

The whole of the unfortunate woman's body was covered with bruises and sores, and while the physicians were examining the corpse Tchitchevsky was drinking champagne with his friends to his wife's health.

The district tribunal acquitted Tchitchevsky on all counts, and he returned home. This time he had not to bribe the judges, as the case was plainly black for establishing their integrity and the rules of equity.

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

Among all the cities of Italy suffering from famine and misery this winter Rome bears the heaviest burden. The trade of the city has declined since the overthrow of the Pope's Government, and the taxes are a hundred fold what they were; they were almost nominal under the Popes, so the whole world contributed to enrich the