Mother's Clock.

- A youth sat on a sofa wide within a parlor dim; The maid who lingered by his side Was all the world to him.
- what brought that glad light to his eye That cadence to his tone? Why burns the lump of love so high, Though midnight's hour hath flown?
- The clock above the glowing gate Has stopped at halr past ten; And, long as that young man may wait, It will not strike again.
- The artful maiden knows full well what makes the clock act so, And why no earthly power can tell The time for him to go.

CONCERNING A PRINCE.

A Story in Two Chanters.

CHAPTER 1.

Annie Wilton, at twenty, had a pink and white skin and dark brown hair, which were the despair of young women and the delight of young men. She went about a good deal, and generally took her mother with her. "Mamma is easily managed if I give her plenty of amusement," this young lady observed to her acquaintances; "I took her to Brighton last Autumn, and she enjoyed herself immensely. She was always at the Aquarium; I used to leave her there and go round with the Kennedys, and she was quite happy.

One summer Mrs. Wilton and her daughter gave up gayety and tried a quiet place.
Mrs. Wilton said society was quite cruel
to her; she had done all she could to satisfy it, and now the strain was beginning to tell. Annie told people that mamma was quite worn out with rushing about, and wanted to ruralize. The Miss Kennedys advised to try their brother's parish, down south. Here they met a Prince in disguise. He was only a foreign Prince, and his disguise was very unremarkable; he looked a fat and some what slow young man, in tweed clothes, just as like any other young man as possible, but as every one was always astonished to hear he was a Prince, it is probable that Princes at home carry out the traditions of fairy story, and wear short velvet mantles and plumed caps, to distinguish them from other

One hot afternoon in August, Kennedy and the Prince were sitting under the verandah in exceedingly comfortable attitudes. Their feet were elevated on chairs, and between them was a table covered with books on the English language, and also with cigarettes and a certain cool beverage. In front of them a lawn slanted down to a belt of everthem a lawn stanted down to a belt of ever-greens; beyond were the level tops of the cliffs, then came the sea. It was very hot, and the two men took things easily. The reading-lesson had long been given up; Kennedy was getting drowsy. He liked the young fellow by his side well enough, but he found him heavy. Conversation between them reduced itself as a rule to question and answer, and these are not invigorating to the answer, and these are not invigorating to the mind. So he spread a handkerchief over his face, and went to sleep. The Prince fell to considering Kennedy's long legs. He wondered why some men should be so tough and wiry, and why others should be so short and round, susceptible to heat and all that. This question, "weakly asked" and proving un-answerable, weakly or otherwise, sent him off dozing too.

Some time after, both men heard in their dreams a woman laughing and a woman crying, and a great rustling of dresses on the gravel. Kennedy was conscious that he had something on his head he ought to remove, but for the moment was quite unable to do Then he heard a young voice saying

distinctly:
"Oh, don't trouble yourself, we'll introduce ourselves. Oh, goodness!" the same voice began to laugh, "for once you were right, mamma! We had better have gone right, mamma! We have recent thing."
round and done the correct thing."
round and done the crying voice, " you are so

"Oh!" said the crying voice, "you are so inconsiderate; it is so dangerous to be woke with a shock. Your poor dear papa could not bear it. Only the last week of his life I remember him particularly cautioning Mary Ann to shut the doors gently."

Kennedy, much annoyed, flung off the handkerchief and rose to his feet. Two ladies, very fashionably dressed, were standing outside the verandah looking in at him. He did not know them, and they had been guilty of seeing him in an indignified position; therefore his expression was unamiable. The Prince, who, the moment he had opened his handsome eyes, had taken in the facts of the case, sprang up with foreign self-possession, and was now executing a series of gracious bows that should have put Kennedy's somewhat surly reception to the blush. The younger of the two ladies came forward a little.

This is mamma," she said, introducing the other lady, and smiling a great deal. "Mrs. Wilton, you know; perhaps your sisters told you. I am Annie Wilton. Persisters told you. I am Annie Wilton. Perhaps I ought not to have come round this way course to have come round this way course vant said you were in the carded, so we thought we might as well come. Calling in a room is so formal, isn't

Kennedy gave the lades chairs, and recovered his temper.

"It is very kind of you to come at all," he answered. I re had the pleasure of nearing of you from my term. I should have called on you at once have land way you had arrived."

He addressed his words to the motion but twice his eyes strayed to the daughter's genuous face. She and the Prince were observing each other.

genuous face. She and the rimes were onserving each other.
"Oh" said Mrs. Wilton plaintively,
"Annie is so wilful, and my health is so
shattered 1 to Carth sent mi down here for
rest. He was quite positive about it. He
said to me, 'My dear Mrs. Wilton, yours is
an excitable nature and made for society,
but positively you must take a respite;' and
1 really an worn out."

I really am worn out." "We are very grateful to Dr. Garth," Kennedy replied, bawing. "I hope you will stay some time. Our air here is famous for invalids. My friend," and he nodded to-ward the Prince, "is quite another man since he has been with me. I shall send him home a good walker, and altogether athle-

He laughed kindly as he spoke. Certain ly, the Prince's figure did not suggest any great love of muscular exercise.

"I should think you find the hills very trying" said Miss Wilton to the Prince.
"Yes, they are very bad," he admitted

"I have to go every day to the

post, and there is a very stiff bit coming back."

"That is a dreadful walk," said the young girl demurely. "Cannot you get some one clee to go?"

else to go?"
"It is to my mother that I write every

day, so I prefer to go myself."

Miss Wilton studied his fine head, and his

Miss Wilton studied his fine head, and his tutor's manly figure, and perhaps thought nature capricious in'her gifts.

"I could be so happy in my own home circle," said Mrs. Wilton to Kennedy, "quite content with my children's society. But they are the last people who care to be with one. I am sure I never see Tom, and Amie is always out, or staying away. It is with one. I am sure I never see Tom, and Annie is always out or staying away. It is really quite gratifying the number of people who ask Annie; she could positively be in three different places at the present moment, only she would not leave me.

The Prince said he esteemed himself fortunate that she had refused these invitations, and it struck Kennedy that he was coming out very much on this occasion. He was a silent young man, mostly, with ceremonious manners and a good heart, but hitherto the rustic English beauties he had come across had made but little impression on him. It had made but little impression on him. It was difficult for Kennedy to catch all he said to Miss Wilton. He used a rather monotonous undertone in speaking to ladies, but Kennedy observed that the young girl smiled a good deal and showed little teeth and dimples, not conducive to the peace of mind of a man already touched by the grace of her feetures in repose features in repose.

"It is such a responsibility to have daughters, is it not?" said Mrs. Wilton, confidentially to Kennedy. "I do pity people who have five or six girls. It is so difficult to marry them, is it not?"

Kennedy naturally thought of his own three sisters, the youngest of whom now con-fessed to twenty-five, and who seemed as far

off settling as ever.
"I believe there are so many women in England, so many more than men, I mean. Seven hundred, or seven million, or something like that; but I dare say you know?"
Kennedy frowned, as though he were not

quite sure of the precise number.
"I hope I shall see you again," said the
Prince to Annie; "do you stay here long?"

"We shall stay as long as mamma likes the place. You must come and see us. Mamma is ordered quiet, and so we came down here where we know no one, and now our great endeavour is to make as many friends as we can.'

Kennedy here gave up the statistical prob-lem on which he was engaged, and confessed he knew nothing whatever as to the surplus

of women in England.
"Do you like music?" asked the Prince of Annic.

"Oh, Annic sings immensely," her mother hastened to interpose," and she has had the best lessons. The arts are so beautiful, are they not? I have sung a good deal in my time toq; but now my health is so delicate, Dr. Garth is afraid to let me try."

"Every one likes music," said the young girl; "in the same way that every one likes flowers. My partners sometimes ask me, 'Do you like flowers?' and I often answer, 'No, I can't bear them, and they are so as-

"We have some fine roses here," said Kennedy; "would you care to come and see

He contrived that the Prince should walk on with Mrs. Wilton. He thought that the young man had monopolized her daughter long enough. Kennedy's garden was pretty and well kept. He had some very good roses, and was proud of them. He explained the different kinds, with some trouble, but he felt, in spite of her polite little "als!" and "indeeds," that she did not pay much attention. much attention.

"May I give you some flowers?" he said, breaking off a pretty yellow rose, and then some crimson-black ones hard by. She took them graciously.

"I never refuse anything good," she replied. "I cannot reproach myself with having missed a single enjoyable dance these three years."

"I suppose you go out very much in London?" he asked, and he wondered how she kept the rose-leaf tint of her complexion

through a London season. "We are awfully fond of society, mamma and I," she answered; "we are always out Delicate as we are, we are never tired of amusement. We are very fond of pleasure; it runs in the family."

Kennedy would have felt more disgusted

had she looked less pretty.

"We shall not keep you long in that case. Ve are very quiet people here," he said with We are very quiet people here," he said with some malice. "A little card-playing for the elders, round games or bagatelle for the young people, sherry and sandwiches at half-past ten, that is all we can offer you in the way of dissipation."

She made an expressive little face, and they both laughed.

"No, but really mamma is unwell, and we want to be quiet this time," she said. "I wished you to see what a very worldly person I am."
When Kennedy looked at this very world-

ly person, and saw the most delicious eyes and color in the world, he felt more kindly disposed to her than to poor old Lady Baker, with her eternal gossip and card-parties; or than a clergyman ought to feel to one convicted out of her own mouth of loving the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

In front, the Prince was piloting Mrs. Wilton from red rose to white, and speaking very little. There was, indeed, no occasion for she talked gently and unceasingly. Out v. politeness she chose foreign subjects.

" am very fond of France," she said "so Petical, the vineyards, and all that, you kno. And then so clever, the French are, too-quite the most civilized people

We always have our gowns from Paris."

Annie Witon looked up at Kennedy.
"From Worth," she murmured; "do you

admire mine?

She held her hands a little way from her sides to show the style. He looked, for the first time, at his guest's attre, and was silent. Left to himself, he had an odd way of thinking only about people's faces.
"You don't admire it!" said the young

"You don't admire it!" said the young girl, with tragedy in her low round roice "What is the matter with it?"

"I am no judge of such things," he answered with hesitation. "You might be angry if I said what I thought."

"Oh, I should not care a bit what you said "she replied with sonder."

said," she replied with candor.
"Well, then, I do not like a dress to con-

vey the idea of having cost a great deal of

money."
"What should you think this cost?" she asked, laughing.

Kennedy found himself in a corner, but he

answered boldly:

"Ten or fifteen pounds, I suppose."
The young girl looked up in mock despair.
"A gown from Worth for fifteen pounds!"
she said; "you are as bad as Tom; he is
dreadfully ignorant and unobservant. When I have worn a dress ever so many times, he will say, as a new idea, 'What a jolly dress you have on! When did you get it?' "

you have on! When did you get it?" "
"And you really don't know Trouville?" said Mrs. Wilton to the Prince. "Oh, it is such a dear place; so delightful to stay at, you know. We spent such a happy time there last year. And we met a Marquis there, such a charming person, but I forgethis name. Annie will know, he paid her so much attention. What was the name, Annie, of that Marquis we met at Trouville?"
"Nevermind mamma" said Appleadors

"Never mind, mamma," said Annie, sweetly; "he was a horrid old thing; I hated him. No, Mr. Kennedy, I really won't let you

give me any more roses; you are quite spoiling your garden."

"You must bring your very amiable young friend to see us," said Mrs. Wilton, in an audible aside, as she shook hands with Kennedy. Both men went down to the gates with the ladies. The Prince looked more animated than Kennedy had ever seen him look before. Certainly a pretty woman is a better spur to the intelligence than grammars and lexicons.

I hope I shall see you soon again," he Miss Amie, but the young girl held out her hand with English freedom, and the Prince blessed the nation that allowed him to hold a woman's hand in his own after half an

hour's acquaintanceship.

After the ladies had gone away both men took a silent walk around the lawn. Kennedy stopped now and then to trim with his penknife the rough stalks from which he had broken the roses. Without knowing why, he felt ill-tempered again. Perhaps, now the young girl was gone, he thought more of her worldliness and less of her face; perhaps he had remarked that her last words and smiles were for the Prince. The young man, who had lighted a cigarette, apparently found his own company very enjoyable. At

'She is a charming woman." "Which?" asked Kennedy, unsympatheti-

last he said:

cally.
"Both," said the Prince, and smoked silently for a moment; "but the daughter is more charming than any woman

"Charming fashion-plate," growled Ken-nedy, unamiably.
"What? What?" cried the Prince to whom

fashion-plate was a new word. But Kennedy was not in an instructing

mood. She is just a specimen of the fashionable frivolity of our times," he said; "no head, and no heart either, I should think. Well dressed, perhaps, if well is synonymous with expensively, but utterly wanting in all a true woman's charms."

The Prince listened with mild denseness in his face. He did not attempt to understand Kennedy in his cynical or moralizing mood, but he caught at the word dress.

"Yes, they were both very well dressed," he said, with an air of conviction. "Like Parisians.

Kennedy burst out laughing, and his illhumor vanished.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I am very glad for your sake they have come. I think

The Prince thought a great deal in a slow and gentle way about Annie Wilton. There was something in her face that delighted him. In his own family, every one had intermarried for generations, and at the present time the exact degrees of relationship were no longer discoverable, so that there was, as a consequence, but one type of face; of course, eminently aristocratic, often handsome, as in his own case, but too generally vacuous. There was a Serene Highness, supposed to be a fourth cousin once removed, waiting to be married to the Prince himself when the proper time should have arrived, and her profile exactly re-sembled his own. Now, though a man may be on the whole very well satisfied with his own and his family's physiognomy, he generally prefers to find a little variety in that of the woman he marries. Men of the Prince's rank were kept, in his country, long in leading-strings, and marriage was the last thing in which they had their way. Knowing all this quite well, the Prince, with human perversity, let himself think of the young English girl with a growing satisfaction. Of ish-girl with a growing satisfaction. Of course he said nothing about her in his letter to his mother next day; he only made it shorter than usual, and walked down to post it, less occupied with the bore of coming up again in the heat than with the chance of meeting Miss Wilton. Near the post-office some worn steps lead down from the High-street to "The Walk." As the Prince As the Prince reached the top, Annie Wilton was coming

up.
"Good-morning," she cried gayly. "Are
you going to the sea? I'll come back with
you. I left manma there. We're so tired you. I left maining there. We re so are of being together we were on the point of quarelling.

The Prince listened to the young girl in admiring silence. There was never any need to make conversation with these ladies. Both talked a good deal; both had pleasant voices and pretty ways, that most men liked

exceedingly.

As the Prince and Annie turned into The Walk they saw Mrs. Wilton moving gracefully away in the far distance. There were but few people about; an old gentleman dozing on a bench in the sun, an elderly lady walking sharply up and down for a constitutional, and a stout old young maid tripping along by her aged mother, and talking very loudly in a plaintive childish so-

prano.
"Do you like England?" Miss Wilton ask ed the Prince; "Do you admire this part of

the country?"

"Any country must be beautiful inhabited by Englishwomen," he answered. They were at that moment passing the old young maid and her mother. Poor Lady Baker's yellow cadaverous face and the daughter's flabby one gave laughable irony to the Prince's compliment. They naturally stood still to speak with him, for neither they nor any of the natives would let slip an opportunity of improving their acquaintance with the

good-looking foreigner, about whose rank and riches such wild rumors were in circulation. He saw and accepted his fate with the urbanity that distinguished him. Wilton stood apart, smiling, and drawing patterns on the gravel with the handle of her parasol. When the Prince rejoined Annie Wilton, she said:

"I am sure you find Englishwomen very kind to you. We are all so fond of rank and birth, you know. We Wiltons are a very good family, of course, only somehow the Queen doesn't take much notice of us. Once we knew the son of a real Duke. He was a delightful person, as mamma and granny would say. We spent a whole six months in his service, toiling from morning till night to please him, and then one evening we met him and his mother at a dance, and he never came near us. In return for all our dinners he might at least have introduced us to the Duchess.

"I hope you will give me the honor of introducing you to my people one day," said the Prince and he showed his growing ad-miration very clearly in his eyes. The miration very clearly in his eyes. The young girl raised her own calmly to his tace.

"I think it is too far," she answered; "I do not care for travelling. But if you will introduce grandmamma to any one she will be delighted. Although she is seventy-four, she adores travelling. She is now in Switzerlard, and last week she went up the Bigi, and to-morrow she rides from Luzern to In-

Mrs. Wilton had now turned back, and was coming to meet them.

"I will do anything you wish me to do," said the Prince; "but I cannot give up the hope that you will one day visit my coun-

try."
"What a sweet place this is!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilton as she came up; "so quiet and rural, quite Arcadia. But where are all the inhabitants? I like a little life, I must confess. My poor dear mother would not be able to endure a week of this. She is quite a wonderful person, never tired, and al ready for amusement. However I do think at her age she should take a little rest. Think of what she would save if she gave

up travelling!"
Miss Annie began to laugh, as she often laughed, without obvious reason. The Prince admired all she did, and thought the most brilliant of his countrywomen could not be compared with her.

"I should so like to go to Chigdon Castle," said Mrs. Wilton; "I wonder if you and Mr. Kennedy would join us? One must not idle away all one's time, and although I own to the delights of the dolce far niente in this dear little bay, it is my duty to show Annie the historical monuments of her country. And then we could go and hear the band on Chigdon Pier."

The Prince was warm in his approval of this project. As they went up the High-street again they met Kennedy strolling down. Mrs. Wilton begged him to come in and have tea. Miss Annie sat behind a lovely Chelsea tea-set, and handedround cups and little gold spoons.

"We always bring these things with us," she explained to Kennedy; "we are not like other people, we cannot drink out of ordinary china cups."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilton, sighing, "we

are, as a family, over-sensitive to elegance. My dear mother would never suffer an ugly servant in her house; and after Annie's nurse had small-pox, I could never bring myself to have her back again, although she was quite the most faithful person I ever had."

"Well," said Annie. "I am afraid I don't properly keep up the traditions of the family on that point. I often go to see nurse, and like her face as much as ever." "When shall we go to Chigdon?" asked the Prince. He sat near Miss Wilton, and

drank a great many cups of tea for the pleasure of receiving something from hands. "Could we not say to-morrow?" said e elder lady; "The sooner these de-

the elder lady; "The sooner these de-lightful little plans are carried out the bet-She appealed to Kennedy; he saw no ob-

"How my dear mother would like to be with us!" said Mrs. Wilton. "She is so fond of anything of that sort, and so clever at organizing. But I dare say she is enjoying borself where she is "

"She must have a very good constitution," remarked Kennedy, "for, I suppose, she is

"Seventy-four," said Annie, and "inexhaustible. I do dread her visits to us. Last year we stood three hours in the park to see the Queen pass to open Parliament; and another day, when we were all half dead with a long morning at the Academy, granny tripped down stairs like a girl, and insisted on going on to the Grosvenor."

Kennedy shuddered in his soul. What an

awful phantom of a worldly old lady rose in the background, behind Miss Wilton and the tea-things! He looked attentively from mother to daughter. Pale and pretty, with a high, small nose and thin, restless mouth, Mrs. Wilton lay back in her chair, fanning herself. She was gently fading under the hand of time; but from thought, or grief, or pain, she had gained and lost nothing. Kennedy turned his dissatisfied eyes upon the daughter. At 18 the mother herself may have looked as ingenuous and candid. "How pretty her eyes are," thought he; and then he fell to admiring the rounded fullness of her throat and chin, and quite forgot his intention of discerning on her face the shallowness of her soul. He was conscious of a change in her appearance since yesterday, but was some time in finding out that it was due to her having replaced Worth's costume by a single white washing-dress covered with lace. He overlooked the fact that, however cheap the material, a dress, covered with such a quantity of lace, must be very expensive. Only Miss Annie and her dress-maker knew how many yards had gone to the trimming of that gown. She had put it on that morning with a woman's intuition, and Kennedy was conciliated by its deceptive simplicity. And when he noticed a little red rose, worn close up to her throat, he felt sure she was a nice girl, for that rose was one from his own garden. She was talking to the Prince, and Kennedy was provoked by the young man's animation. He had lived with him some months, and found him very heavy; he had even conceived an idea that a court composed of units like this Prince must be a very objectionable place indeed; and now here was the very fellow who generally went to sleep in the afternoon, no matter how interesting and instructive was Kennedy's con-

versation, waking up into something like liveliness to listen to the worldly chatter of

a young girl! a young gn!

"I am so very fortunate to have made
your acquaintance just now," said the Prince.
"Well, yes, thank you, just half a cup
more"—this was the fifth—"I return home in less than a month. I only came over to

brush up my English a little."

Kennedy could but give but half an ear. Mrs. Wilton, beginning to compliment him on his church music, had rushed headlong into a dissertation on Gregorian, grotesque Gothic architecture, and the intricacies of syncopated music, till he was quite bewilder-

ed by her confident ignorance.

"I shall probably be Ambassador some day," said the Prince, "so I must get up modern languages well."

The vorus viril public with a series of the prince of the princ

The young girl, who, with an air of wrapt attention, was not listening at all, caught at the word "Ambassador," and with inherited intrepidity made haste to re-

ply. "Oh! shall you be Ambassador? I do love diplomatic people and that sort of thing! and then she began to laugh at the Prince's gratified air.

"Do you really?" he said. "I was afraid you did not care for travelling. But you really think you would like it?" "Come," thought Kennedy; "after this,

it's time to go."

So he rose, and the final arrangements were made for an expedition to Chigdon Castle on the following day.
"We might dine at Mordaunt's Hotel, and

come back in the cool," said Mrs. Wilton; "I remember hearing my mother say how good the cuisine is there." The Prince took leave with many bows, and he held Miss Annie's hand a little longer than even British generosity allows.

As the two men turned the corner of the street, Kennedy turned back and saw Miss Wilton standing on the balcony. She had taken the rose from her dress, and was twiriing it around her fingers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Drunken Hangman.

London Telegraph.

In accordance with a gross superstition still prevalent among the upper classes of Russian society, Froloff, the brutal and clumsy hangman whose abominable conduct at the minilistic execution on Good Friday last was insufficiently punished by a sound flogging, appears to have realized a handsome sum of money by selling to members of the hereditary and bureaucratic aristocracy sections of the ropes used upon the occasion. These fragments, in great demand at from ten to twenty valles arises are at from ten to twenty rubles apiece, are stated to have brought him in several hundred pounds. His fee for hanging the wretched conspirators—four pounds per whether conspirators—four pounds per head—is a mere trifle compared to the amount of his profits from the sale of the "hempen collars" with which they were strangled, and of the coarse stuff hoods drawn over their faces and shoulders a few seconds before the completion of their death sentence. Strips of these hoods have been eagerly bought up by members of the secret associations as sacred relics; so that Froloff has derived emoluments from the hideous tragedy of the loth inst, which doubtless, in his estimation, constitutes a satisfactory set off against the lashes laid on his back in punishment for his ghastly blundering under the gallows-tree. An essentially Russian feature in that terrible scene was the fact that Froloff was so drunk when he set about his dark task that he could hardly keep his his dark task that he could hardly keep his feet. As he was fundling with the cord around Kyssakoff's neck, vainly endeavoring to adjust the noose, the surgeon in attendance remonstrated with him upon his awkardness, whereupon Froloff exclaimed: "What matter? It will do well enough. When your time comes to be banged. I will arrange your time comes to be hanged, I will arrange the noose otherwise!" That this sottish ruffian—himself thrice a murderer—should be a Russian state functionary is a deplorable but by no means surprising illustration of the moral degradation into which despotism and corruption has plunged the Muscov-

SCISSORS

Russian soldiers are taught a trade, and allowed, when off duty, to earn money by

If we would make good use of our money we should patronize ably conducted and responsible newspapers.—Rothschild. A naturalist has discovered that monkeys may be taught to dance. This brings the natural animal only one step nearer the

society man. Dr. Tanner, the fasting man, still liveth, and is showing the Chicago people a new anasthetic of his own invention, for painless teeth pulling.

New York epidemics seem to spare the fools. At least, a healthy pair of them went over to Long Island and fought a duel the other day, and both get back home.

What is a summer resort? That is, whas isn't a summer resort? Every town in thit country with a frog pond, and on old bridge and a bank of willows, puts in a claim as a resort. Let's us hear from some place where they have ague, mosquitoes and fleas.

Meeting of the Emperors.

A Vienna dispatch says: In the middle of the approaching summer the Austrian Imperial family will receive a number of visitors at the charming resort of Ischl. During the stay of the Emperor and Empress there the Crown Prince and his bride will visit the town. The greatest interest centres in the fact that the three Emperors, Francis Joseph, the German Emperor and the Czar, will assemble at that spot about the same time, and there is much talk about the intentions of the three monarchs in thus meeting together. It is certain that the three courts are more cordial at this moment than they have been for a long time past. There is naturally great rejoicing at Ischl. The watering place will, of course, be crowded with visitors, and it is certain that the season will be one of the most brilliant for many years past.

W. H. Vanderbilt has recently bought Millet's painting of the "Water-Carrier" for \$15,600. Millet was the artist who could never get anything for his pictures while he was alive.