

### Coltish Days.

As I said good-bye to the station  
In a little country town,  
And kissed a way the tear drops  
While her hair fell bewitchingly down,  
And she sneaked at me so sweetly,  
And said, "You will not forget—  
I swore to her I'd be true to her,  
And called her a dear little pet.

Then the train here me back to the city  
To busy toil each day;  
There was scarcely time to remember  
My girl so far away.  
But when the day was ended,  
And I sat in silence a-while,  
Then I thought of the little daisy  
I should claim some day as my own.

Three nights I bore up bravely  
As I thought of the time to come;  
Three nights I tried to be cheerful,  
But was only silent and gloom.  
And then upon the fourth night  
I gave my moustache a twist,  
Put on my killing necktie  
And—called on another girl.

WHITELAW REID.

## A GUILTLESS PRODIGAL.

By the Author of "HONOURS DIVIDED,"  
"A CAPTIVE'S CAPTIVE," &c.

### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Ah, Grisel, my dear girl, how are you?" draws Captain Gifford, adjusting his eye-glass and surveying my brave array with apparent approval. "York, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to—By Jove! What a remarkable coincidence, that you should be name-sakes!" he exclaims, looking from one to the other, and forgetting to conclude the introduction.

"Scarcely, considering that by marriage we are cousins," I say with a cold *hateur*, born of desperation.

Wilfrid Yorke laughs merrily, and, advancing, holds out his hand.  
"Oh, how I loathe its contact!"

"I had no idea I should meet you here," he says deprecatingly. "Gifford, I was not aware that you were acquainted with Mrs. Yorke."

"Considering that in two hours' time I shall have the honour of being that lady's brother-in-law, dear boy, I am very much acquainted," laughs Captain Gifford, pulling his heavy blonde moustache, a favourite habit of his.

A look, almost of consternation, crosses Wilfrid Yorke's dark, handsome face.

"What is it, Le—Miss Churchill that you are going to marry?" he stammers in dire bewilderment.

"By Jove! Did I forget to tell you the lady's name? Yes; it is Miss Churchill. Awfully strange, Grisel, that Yorke and I should happen to fall across each other at St. James' yesterday! We hadn't met since we first made acquaintance out in India some five or six years ago; and we had so much to talk over in the few minutes we were together that, 'pon my word, old fellow, I don't believe, beyond the bare facts of the case, I gave you any particulars. Never mind, it's a pleasant surprise!"

"Grisel!" a soft voice calls from above.

"I must ask you to excuse me," I say, still with the same calm dignity. "Captain Gifford, Mab asked me to come down for this"—touching the paper-swathed flowers in his hand.

"Aw, yes; give it to your sister with my love," he draws, throwing a sentimental infection in his pompous tones, which at any other time and in other circumstances would have upset my gravity; but, as it is, I quietly take the bouquet from him and go slowly up-stairs, my heart sinking at every step. What will be the upshot of this *contre-temps*? How am I to break the news to Leo?"

"What an age you've been!" exclaims Mab, taking possession of the flowers. "If you were not such a little pink of propriety, I should think you had been indulging in a flirtation with Cetewayo. What is he like?"

"Leo, I have a message for you; but it must be delivered in the strictest privacy," I say, with what I believe to be a perfectly natural laugh, and disregarding Mab's question. "So I am going to turn you all out, except, perhaps, mamma, and she's a privileged individual. Now, no listening at the key-hole!" and I playfully marshal out the troop of gay laughing girls and close the door upon them.

If my own composure surprised me Leo's does still more. Mamma is the only one whom the intelligence upsets; but Leo scarcely changes colour. I shall never know what it costs her to maintain this unnatural calm; I cannot even guess from that "cold and clear-cut face" gleaming like marble through the mists of her filmy veil; but oh, it must be a cruel struggle. Then the carriages begin to arrive, and all is confusion.

Dear old Joseph, in his simplicity, never dreams of connecting his nephew's friend—the man whom both I and my family treat with perfect courtesy—with the hero of my unhappy adventure; and it would be cruel to enlighten him, he is so happy among us all, and the very life and soul of the party.

So everything passes off smoothly and with brilliant *clat*. All unite in saying that Leo behaves splendidly; and one pompous old dowager, glorious in old gold satin and Honiton lace, informs me that she considers my sister "most perfect form," and that there is no such sure sign of ill-breeding as a vulgar display of sentiment.

Wilfrid Yorke's handsome face creates no end of jealousy. It turns the heads of five of the bridesmaids, and Mab whispers to me that he is "simple divine."

After all, Sir Joseph is my escort; for, one of the lady guests failing to put in an appearance, papa takes mamma, and Gerald has to relinquish his bridesmaid to Wilfrid Yorke. Fortunately he is a youth of very phlegmatic temperament, and, on the whole, rather afraid of girls, so resigns his lady with very good grace.

The *dejeuner* is over, and, amid the regulation shower of old shoes, the newly-wedded pair have departed en route for Brighton. It is barely four o'clock, the most depressing of intervals which ensues between the breakfast and the dance. No one seems to know what to do to pass the time. The men lounge about the drawing room all more or less in a state of suppressed boredom, martyrs to the politeness which prevents them from drowning *enmi* in the fumes of a fragrant cigar. Flirtation falls

flat at this most matter-of-fact hour. Even Mab Gifford puts up her little jewelled hand to stifle a yawn.

"I vote we take a turn round the garden. We shall fall asleep if this state of stagnation continues much longer," she says jumping up with her wonted alacrity.

The suggestion meets with general applause, and all the feminine portion of the community—always excepting *materfamilias*—departs *en masse* in quest of wraps and suitable boot-leather.

It is the fairest of autumn afternoons, the sun standing amid roses in the western sky, the air fresh and invigorating. Sir Joseph Gifford's grounds are very extensive, consisting for the greater part of well-timbered park-land. The grand old trees are scattering their faded leaves broadcast to form a carpet for our careless feet as we flit beneath their venerable branches like so many gay-hued butterflies.

I am walking with Rose Gifford, the second sister, and her fiancé, one Lieutenant Moray, and just in the rear are Mab and Wilfrid Yorke. Mab has thrown a soft white shawl about her head and shoulders, from which her gipsy face peeps out with tantalising coquetry. She is bright enough now; her dusky cheeks are flushed with a rare rich colour, and her rippling laugh floats lightly back to us upon the sweet air.

"What a flirt Mab is!" remarks her sister serenely. "She will singe her wings some day. Grisel dear, is your husband anything like his cousin—in appearance, I mean?"

"No—oh, no; not in the least!" I answer confusedly. "Mr. Yorke, my husband, is fair—very fair; and a vision arises before me of that noble steady face, with its grave loving eyes and kindly smile—a vision that fills my heart with weary longing and unutterable remorse."

"How thankful you will be to have him home again! A year must seem a lifetime to be parted from one's husband," she says thoughtfully.

I see Lieutenant Moray covertly press the little white hand lying upon his coat-sleeve, and "look love into eyes that look love again." It is very evident I am not wanted here.

"Rose dear, will you mind if I go in now? It is getting rather chilly, and you know I must take particular care of my troublesome lungs, or I shall be having another attack of inflammation; and Sir Joseph may not care to have his house converted into a hospital again," I say, with a dreary attempt at a laugh, stopping as I speak.

Rose offers some kind protest, and her companion politely, but I fear not very truthfully, expresses his regret at my proposed return to the house; but neither the one nor the other is sufficiently strong to alter my determination; and I am just turning to leave them when Mab suddenly happens to look round.

"Oh, Grisel, you are surely not going in yet?" she exclaims, with genuine vexation. "We must all go in if you do. It is so beautiful out here; ever so much better than that hot drowsy drawing-room. Wait just another ten minutes—to please me; and good-natured Mab coaxingly links her arm in mine, and draws me forward to where Wilfrid Yorke is awaiting her, and, *notens volens*, I am compelled to walk on with them."

"I know why you were in such a hurry to get back," she says when we are out of earshot of the couple behind. "I am just the same myself. I hate playing third person to those two; they're so overpowering sentimental."

Wilfrid Yorke is not at all like himself to-day. He walks by Mab's side with downcast eyes and knit brow and scarcely offers a remark. Words fall to express the utter contentment and disgust in which I hold this man; yet I can scarcely help pitying him, he looks so haggard and unhappy. The past ten months have made sad havoc upon his handsome face. It is thinner and sharper, and the mouth has grown set and almost hard in its cynicism. Not once since our first encounter have our eyes met. I cannot look at him, and he dare not look at me. Mab must think us strange relations. But then she always stigmatises me as a "little prude;" an "what interest would it be to Wilfrid Yorke to pay particular court to a married woman? She fits between us, laughing and chattering in her gay way, a girl who has no shadow of sorrow to mar the beauty of this gorgeous autumn afternoon. I am younger, three years younger than she is; but, oh, how old I feel beside her—I who have felt the heart-thrust of

"The first sharp sorrow—ay, the breaking-up of that deep fountain, never to be sealed 'till we with Time close up the great account—"

a sorrow none the less poignant because it has been of my own seeking. Ah, could I but call back "the days that are not," how differently would I act! But they are gone for ever, gone beyond recall; and this is but my requital.

"Grisel, how about flowers for this evening? Suppose we go and hunt up Jenkinson and see if he has anything very choice. You must know that I am an especial favourite with uncle's crusty old gardener," Mab laughingly informs the man by her side. "He won't cut his orchids for any one but me. We have been fast friends ever since I was in pinaforedom. I used to call him my sweetheart. You will see how nicely I can manage him. I am the only one who can, even including uncle."

But Jenkinson is nowhere to be found; and Mab, not to be balked of her flowers, leads the way to the greenhouse and prepares to help herself. But she is hard to please; and presently she pauses in disgust.

"It is so annoying that the orchid-house is locked. I always choose them—not for their beauty, for some of them are very ugly, but because they are out of the common, and I like to be eccentric. I do wonder where that tiresome old man has gone! Very likely, now I come to think of it, he has gone home to his tea. I have half a mind to run over to the cottage to see. I know he will give me the keys. It won't take me five minutes. Grisel dear, you can be making Mr. Yorke a button-hole while I am gone. I promise not to tell your husband." And, with a mischievous laugh, she darts away, leaving me *tele-a-tele* with the man from whom I would fain fly as from a plague.

"Grisel, is it possible for you to forgive and forget?"

"Twixt the gloamin' and the mirk," I raise two proud cold eyes to the handsome

face that once I might have learned to love not wisely but too well. Had I but been free when we first met, perhaps I should have been his wife by now. Oh, thank Heaven I am not! I answer with callous decision—

"The latter is impossible; the former improbable."

In the dying light I see him grow a shade paler, and he half turns from me, muttering something, I do not hear what. Then he starts round and addresses me with fierce concentrated passion.

"Have you no mercy? I won't say pity, because pity is akin to love; and that I know you have not for any man. You would have loved me once—I would have made you; but we met too late. You had sold yourself body and soul to a man old enough to be your father, for what reason is best known to yourself. Perhaps, foolish little moth"—his voice softening and his dark eyes growing dangerously tender—"you were 'caught by glare.' No matter; I came, I saw, and was conquered—I, who never believed it was in me to love any woman. I had had passing fancies; but I knew not the meaning of the word 'love' until I looked into your childish eyes with their 'great possibilities' and their slumbering passion, and wondered at the strange sweet sensation which set all my pulses quivering as though they had hitherto lain dead and were suddenly quickened into life. I loved you, Grisel; and it was too late—you were another man's wife, a man whose passion, matched with mine, was 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.' It is not in him to love as I love."

"Thank Heaven, it is not! He would not be worthy of the name of man if it were!" I cry with ringing scorn, my self-control all at once giving way. "It is not in him to love as you love! Scarcely. 'Tis love combined with guilt alone that melts the softened soul to cowardice." Do you think that he would have brought shame upon the woman he loved and left her to an unknown fate, exposed to far worse than death—the reproach of dishonour? Do you think that, Wilfrid Yorke, I say?" My voice trembles with fierce indignation. "I say do you think that?"

He stands before me with bent head and folded arms, for the moment confounded.

"You drove me to it," he says at length, speaking with low intensity. "I was mad; and who made me so but you? Heaven knows I sought for you the whole night through; and when I found my search was vain, fool, madman that I was, I shrank from further investigations. I dreaded lest my worst fears should be realized, and that you had been found dead. Uncertainly was preferable to that; and, oh, Heaven, that was bad enough! Soon afterwards I was ordered off to Africa. And what had I to keep me here? Even if living you were dead to me—you who took all and gave nothing. Perhaps this is why I love you so, because you are my debtor and not I yours. I have nothing to thank you for, and you have spoilt my life. I ought to hate you, but I can't; I—"

"Did you think I was lost?" breaks in Mab's gay voice. "That old nuisance has gone up to London and taken the keys with him; so I can't have my orchids after all. It's too bad," she says, pouting like a spoiled child. "Don't you pity me, Mr. Yorke?"—looking up into his face with arch coquetry.

"Life is full of disappointments," he answers, with a mirthless laugh; and he stretches out his hand and plucks a leaf of scented geranium standing near.

"Why, Grisel, you naughty girl, you haven't done as I told you after all! Never mind, Mr. Yorke; I'll make you a button-hole if she won't. She's afraid of my telling tales. Do you know I have the greatest curiosity to see your cousin? I am quite looking forward to his coming home, so that I may see Grisel's ideal man. She is so difficult to please, that he must be something quite out of the common. Let's see—when is it you expect him, dear?"

"Expect him?" repeats Wilfrid Yorke mechanically.

"Yes; he has been away ten months," I say, looking him steadfastly in the face as I speak. "You can guess when he went and why; and it is quite uncertain when he will return. Mab, this place is too warm for me; I must get out into the air. My head aches to distraction. No, don't you come; stay and get your flowers, and mind make me a pretty bouquet with plenty of maiden-hair fern and not too much colour. Now, don't forget!"

If she does, it is of no consequence, for I spend the rest of the evening in bed, my head throbbing with pain so violent that I cannot raise it from the pillows.

When the festivity is at its height, there is a tap at my door, and Hawkins appears bearing a little folded slip of paper from Wilfrid Yorke.

"Here it not that the woman is waiting for an answer I would not deign to open it; but, as it is, I am compelled to scan the few pencilled words."

"For Heaven's sake, Grisel, if you cannot forget, at least forgive! Come down and say just one kind word to me; for, after to-night, I promise never to look upon your face again. Surely you can't refuse the only crumb of happiness I shall have to live upon for the rest of my three-score years and ten! Such as I never die broken-hearted. Fate is not so kind. We have to live on as best we may."

"You may tell Mr. Yorke I am not coming down again to-night, Hawkins, and say that, as he will be gone to-morrow morning before I am up, I trust he will have a pleasant journey; and then I crush the paper in my hand and consign it to the flames."

### CHAPTER VIII., AND LAST.

Once more it is Christmas Eve, and in spite of the sad memories it recalls, I cannot repress a childish delight in the gay brilliantly-lighted shop windows and the general state of excitement which prevades our busy crowded metropolis.

I have come up to town to buy Christmas presents; and, as I wish to keep my expedition a profound secret, I have set out alone from a friend's house where I have been taking tea—a proceeding the propriety of which I begu to doubt. Although I may feel quite a staid matron and have not sufficient beauty to render me by any means conspicuous, I find I am young enough and pretty enough to attract far more notice than is agreeable.

I hurry along Cheapside until I reach St.

Paul's Churchyard, where I purpose making my purchases, and then begins the serious business of shopping.

It is a very serious business, for I have so many tastes to consult; but at length it is satisfactorily concluded, and I turn my steps homeward. I have so many parcels to carry that I am compelled to put up with the unpleasantness of being stared at and to walk at a more rational pace. There is a dainty cap for mamma—the latest *nouveauté de Paris*—a Russia leather pocket-book for papa—his presents always take me double as long to decide upon as any of the others—a pair of fur-lined gloves for Gerald, a penknife with innumerable blades for Jack, a picture-book for Algy, a Noah's Ark for Charlie, a huge baby-doll for Trixie, and wool lamb for baby.

My thoughts are so pleasantly occupied in picturing the delight of each recipient that I am quite surprised to find how short the distance appears to Liverpool Street Station. Fortunately I am just in time to save my train—another minute, and I should have been too late.

"Here you are, miss! Be quick! First class? Right?"

A bang, a shrill ear-piercing whistle, and the long train slowly moves off.

There is only one other person in the carriage besides myself—a man, but what manner of man I have not yet had time to notice. I am too busy depositing my parcels in the wicker-work above. I only catch a glimpse of a rough fawn-colour ulster and a round felt hat. His face is hidden behind a newspaper; and he does not trouble to look up at me, the invader of his solitude. It is only when I happen to cough that he gives a quick start and lowers his paper, and, to my dismay, I recognise Wilfrid Yorke.

"My—Grisel, is it really you?" he exclaims, with an expression of glad astonishment, which meets with no response save a haughty stare of surprise and displeasure.

"Who else should it be?" I say coldly, not attempting to offer him my hand; and the last of my parcels being disposed of, I take my seat in the compartment next the door, at the extreme end from where he has been sitting.

But to my annoyance, instead of returning to his former place, he takes the seat opposite to mine and abandons all idea of resuming his paper, folding it up and putting it into his pocket.

"Have you quite recovered from your headache yet?" he asks, with a cynical smile, and his eyes fastened upon my angry face with a passion that terrifies me.

"Long ago."

"Do you know you were very cruel to me that night?"—his voice low and seductively sweet.

I do not deign to reply. Averting my head, I peer out into the darkness, longing—oh, so fervently—for the journey to come to an end.

"Haven't you ever repented of your hard-heartedness, Grisel?"

I do not even turn my head.

"Would it give you any satisfaction to know that you robbed me of my night's rest?"

Still I do not answer.

"Grisel!"—and he bends forward until I feel his warm breath upon my cheek—"won't you be satisfied until you have either broken my heart or sent me headlong to ruin?"

"Bishops-git! Bis-hops-git!"

"Confound it! What does the fellow want poking his nose in here? Good—"

I turn from the window with a low agonized cry, and fall back against the cushions, seized with a deadly faintness. "The fellow" has passed on, and that fellow is my husband.

"Let me get out. Let me get out. I must—I will!" I cry wildly, in an instant recovering myself, and not heeding that the train is already in motion.

"You may if you want to be killed," says Wilfrid Yorke sneeringly; and it is only by main force that he prevents me from throwing open the carriage-door and jumping out upon the line.

"How dare you keep me from my husband—you, who have wrought our misery," I gasp, my voice hoarse with passion—"you, the man I most despise on earth—you, whose very presence I loathe, whose touch is pollution—you that I hate—yes, hate, Wilfrid Yorke, base coward that you are?" And I wrench myself free from his detaining grasp, flinging off his hands with a shudder of aversion.

Wilfrid Yorke merely elevates his brows and smiles with a sort of cool indulgence.

"So you hate me, do you, little one? Well, it is but natural, since upon excellent authority we have it that it is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured, and, if you haven't exactly injured me, you have injured my heart and honour. If I am, as you say, a base coward, what made me so but my love for you?—It was your brown eyes and gipsy face that made me jilt the 'mistress all mankind pursue.' Honour *versus* Love and Grisel! The contest was unfair, and—"

"Bethnal Green! Beth-nal Gre-en!"

This time I am too quick for him. Ere he can interpose, I have flung open the carriage-door and am on the platform. I never give so much as a thought to my parcels; my only fear is that he will follow me. And, in that fear, forgetful of all else, I push my way through the crowd of labouring men who are pouring in and out of the train, and am soon lost in the motley throng. When the train steams out of the station, I take courage and look round. Thank Heaven, he is not to be seen! With a gasping sigh of relief, I sink down upon one of the now-empty benches and try to collect my dazed senses.

It is of no use, I cannot think; my brain is in a perfect whirl. I must be going mad. I press my trembling hands across my dry burning eyes, and try so hard, so very hard to think—only think.

"Child!"

One word—a word of five letters; but oh, what does it not express? Anger, reproach, pity, contempt, and yearning unutterable love. Yes; that one word is compounded of as many sentiments as letters.

And I, "guiltless prodigal" that I am, dare not so much as raise my eyes to the face of my husband, the man whom I have learned to love with the love that only comes once in a lifetime—a love perfected through much tribulation.

"Grisel, here comes the train. I am going

to take you home—to your father's home, I mean," he adds sternly. "Come, follow me!"

There is no disobeying that firm command, and, staggering dizzily to my feet, I follow him to an empty compartment.

"Have you nothing to say to me, my wife?"

"Why will the words not come? Why do I cover and tremble under those searching eyes, my very silence condemn me?"

"Behold her guilty looks, for guilt will speak 'Though tongues were out of use!"

"Grisel, Heaven only knows what my love for you has been; but, believe me, I would far sooner—oh, far sooner!—have closed your eyes in death than you should have come to this—you, my wife, whose honour is dearer to me even than my own (Great Heaven, it is more than I can bear!) he cries in tones of cruellest anguish; and burying his face in his hands, his strong frame is shaken with emotion.

"Robert!"

Ah, the lesson I once found so difficult is easily enough learned now!—and I stretch out a timid trembling hand and lay it upon his knee. He recoils from my little touch; and, rebuked, I crouch back amongst the cushions and wonder why I cannot shed one single tear.

Presently he raises his face, all marred with heart-wrung agony, and looks at me with hungry passionate eyes.

"My little Grisel!" he murmurs softly. "My beloved child-wife!"

Those gentle love-fraught epithets are too much for me. In an instant my arms are round his neck, and I am sobbing upon my husband's breast as though my heart would break. For a moment he strains me to him in a fierce close embrace, forgetting all but his great love for me, his supposed faithless wife. But it is only for a moment. The next he has cast me off with a bitter moan, and his face is terrible to look upon in its fierce pain.

"Child, why do you tempt me? Between you and me is there not a great guilt which even a love strong and boundless as mine cannot—nay, dare not—bridge over? Oh, my wife, once so pure, once—"

His voice suddenly fails him, and then only then, my own comes back to me.

"Robert, my husband, hear, and then, if you will, condemn!" I cry, throwing myself once more upon his breast. And, five minutes later, my judge is at my feet. I do not pass a very severe sentence upon him, for can I not afford to be generous?

"To have the power to forgive is empire and prerogative; And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem To grant a pardon than condemn."

### WE AIM TO PLEASE.

The lady who uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive tacks with is no gentleman.

The French are gaining ground rapidly in Tunis. One regiment has buried three hundred men.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried."

From the prices that some physicians charge one can readily imagine that high heels are fashionable.

"Indeed, sir, I would box your ears"—(pausing, reflectively)—"but where could I find a box large enough?"

Patrick on the zebra: "What kind of a baste is that—the mule with his ribs on the outside of his skin entirely!"

"Why don't you have stile about you?" said the man who had looked along a mile of barbed fence for an entrance.

Dr. Johnson once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

If you judge of Brown's character by the umbrella he carries, you will form a very poor opinion of Smith, for it is Smith's umbrella.

When a man tells a story he thinks is funny and the crowd does not catch on, his face falls, naturally. It is affected by the force of gravity.

First Player—I dreamt last night I was playing Hamlet. Second player—I am thankful to say that I did not dream I was one of your audience.

Insects are becoming fashionable for jewellery, but then it is not pleasant to find this kind of fashionable jewelry ornamenting the mattress of the summer hotel.

Brakeman—"The train is now about to enter the state of Missouri. Gentlemen who have not provided themselves with carbines will pass forward to the locomotive and crawl into the tender."

The train-robbers have opened the fall season in Arkansas by robbing a train near Hope. As the robbers wore masks, and could not be identified, several prominent members of the legislature have come out in cards declaring their ability to prove satisfactory alibis.

At a banquet the late John Brougham was seated next to Coroner Croker. A toast was proposed, and Brougham asked the coroner what he should drink it in. "Claret," said the coroner. "Claret," was the reply; "that's no drink for the coroner. There's no body in it."

In a primary school not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and pointed to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause the young son of the Emerald isle piped out: "Plaze, ma'am, for the bird to roost on!"

A Deadwood man saw another reach for his hip pocket, thought the fellow meant to draw a revolver on him, and so shot him dead. Then he found that the man was about to draw a flask to treat him, and he much regretted his hasty act. But he remarked that the last wishes of the deceased should be carried out, and he took a drink from the flask.

A Hamilton editor last week started to accomplish the oft-attempted feat of eating thirty quail in as many consecutive days. The experiment failed in consequence of the singular behavior of a restaurant-keeper, who refused the quail for nothing. Thus it is that the progress of scientific inquiry is defeated and retarded by the narrow prejudices of the ignorant and debased.