

Temptation.
Upon lily arm she placed her hand,
So soft and white, I longed to seize it.
Would I offend? I took it, and
What could I do but gently squeeze it
Her waist was then within my reach,
And, when so near to me I found it,
I spent no precious time in speech,
But softly put my arm around it.
This brought quite near her ripe, red lips—
Sweet lips! Could mortal man resist 'em!
I trembled in my finger tips,
And drew them nearer and—I kissed 'em!

STRONGER THAN LIFE.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"She scarcely deserves so much consideration at your hands," I say shortly.
"Why not?" he asks, with a laughing look from under his long eyelashes.
"It is scarcely a lady's place to send violets to a gentleman, even if she were acquainted with him."
"You women are very hard upon each other."
"Not so hard as you are perhaps," I say, a little bitterly. "Now you think the woman who sent you those violets—or gave them to you—is scarcely worthy of your respect."
"On the contrary," he answers quickly. "I know she did it out of mere thoughtless kindness—perhaps mixed with a spice of mischief. And she thought I would never know it—I am very sure she intended that I never should!"

There are tears of mortification in my eyes that I should have lowered myself by doing this foolish thing. How I hate those miserable violets, how I wish they had withered among their native ferns and mosses under the elms and chestnuts at Woodhay, before they tempted me to make such a fool of myself!
"You seem to take it to heart," Mr. Baxter says looking down at me. I suppose I look very cross and disagreeable. "I am sorry I told you anything about it. Do you care to try the mazurka again?"
"No, thank you. I do not care to dance any more."
"Miss Scott," he says, standing before me, and speaking gravely enough now, "I must ask you to forgive me. I am ashamed of myself for having spoken of what I should have kept a secret—of what I ought to have taken for just as much as it was worth. The violets were put—where I found them—in jest, and I have worn them in earnest. I had no right to do it; and, if you will return them to the owner, I will expiate my fault by giving them up to you."
He takes the bunch of withered violets from his button-hole tenderly in the tips of his white-gloved fingers, and hands them to me.
"It costs me more than you think to give them up," he says, looking at them wistfully.

"I think she would not refuse to let you keep them, whoever she is," I answer, laughing, with such a sudden change of mood that it even puzzles myself.
"You think that!" he questions eagerly.
"They do not look very valuable, do they?"
"Because they are a little withered. I value them—more than you know."
"Take them then," I say carelessly, feeling that Gus is watching me, and that to keep Mr. Baxter's violets would look more remarkable than merely to inhale their fragrance and hand them back again. "Take them, and pay her the further compliment of forgetting the folly which put them into your possession."
"And will you ask her," he says eagerly, "to pardon my presumption in daring to pretend that I misinterpreted her gracious gift?"
"If she can forgive herself, she may very well extend her forgiveness to you," I answer, gathering up my billowy train in my hand as I stand beside him, looking very tall and slim and dignified outwardly, but with his feeling several degrees smaller than I ever felt in my life before. "For my part, I do not see how she can ever forgive herself."
"She need not blame herself," he says, looking down at me from his superior height with a smile which displeases me by reason of its undisguised amusement. "I do not suppose she blames herself very much," I returned deliberately, with the careless insolence with which I think to recover my own conceit. "It would be different, you know, if you were—"

"Anything but a landscape painter," he interrupts, at no loss to comprehend my insolent pause. "She would never have dared to do it if she had thought him her equal. She would never have ventured to do it if she had dreamed of his thrusting himself into the same society which she frequents."
His dark eyes have bleazed up quite suddenly. I had not thought they could change like that.
"Probably not; though I think she was more to blame for that very reason," I answer, with a slight, almost imperceptible movement of my shoulders.
"I think so. I would rather take a liberty with an equal than with an inferior myself," he says quite quietly, but with an indescribable inflection of voice which enrages me.
"It was a liberty," I acquiesce, with cheeks which have deepened into crimson again. "You are right when you call it a liberty. It was a most unpardonable liberty."
"He is holding the bunch of violets still" in his hand. As I turn away, he lets them fall, and sets his heel upon them, grinding them into the floor. I pity Mrs. Rolleston's Baussels carpet more than I pity the violets, which have done me too much mischief to expect sympathy from me in their ignominious end.
"Oh, here you are, Allie! We've been searching for you everywhere. Mamma is going home."
Olive comes up to me breathless, Gus, at some distance behind her, looking black as thunder.
"I am ready," I answer, without a glance at my late companion.

"Have you quarrelled with your hand some cavalier, Allie?"
"Quarrelled with him, Olive!"
"You looked as if you were quarrelling like anything just now."
"I wonder Mrs. Rolleston cares to ask such people to her house, Olive. I don't think that man has the smallest pretensions to be called a gentleman."
Olive laughs, looking at me.
"Ah, I see you have quarrelled!" she says, shaking her head. "Allie, I'm afraid you are going to fall in love with Mr. Gerard Baxter."
CHAPTER IV.

For two days, even to myself, I ignore the existence of Mr. Gerard Baxter. I never mention his name to either Mrs. Wauchope or Mary Anne, nor do they mention his name to me. I fancy he is in the house—I fancy I hear his knock at the door sometimes! but I never look out—I never listen for the sound of his voice. I practice a great deal, having promised Madame Cronhelm to sing at her concert, and Olive has lent me "Probation," so that I do not find time hang heavily on my hands. I spend the mornings at Madame Cronhelm's, and very often lunch with the Deanes, only coming back to Carleton Street at about four o'clock in the afternoon. It is cold, disagreeable weather, with an east wind which reddens one's nose and eyelids and makes my fire and hammock-chairs very pleasant in the evenings, which would be getting shorter every day now, if I did not pull down the blinds early, and so shut out the dull March twilight, which is so cheerless and so long.

One afternoon—the third since the Rollestons' dance—I hear a knock at the door, which I feel sure is Olive's knock; and, having my hat and jacket on, and having promised not to keep her waiting if she called for me, I run down-stairs to meet her in the hall. But, instead of Olive in her blue and cardinal dress, I come rather violently against a young man in a drab-colored overcoat, who stands back to let me pass, pulling off his hat as he endeavours to place himself as flatly as possible against the wall.
I recognise him in a moment, as I have no doubt he recognises me. But I brush by him brusquely, without looking up. Before I have passed him, I regret having so far forgotten myself, whatever his offence; but when I glance up he is looking straight before him, ignoring me as utterly as if I were the plaster figure of a boy with a basket on his head which stands before the window with the painted blind on the landing. The whole incident does not occupy half a minute—it is over almost before I am conscious that it has happened. But it leaves an uncomfortable impression on my mind, which I cannot shake off.

I walk along the sunny side of the gloomy brown-brick street, looking out for Olive, whom I hope to meet before I reach the corner; but all the time I am wondering whether Mr. Gerard Baxter "cut" me, or whether I might be supposed to have administered that process to him. I have acted with unpardonable rudeness, no doubt; but, if I had bowed to him, would he have dared to pretend not to see? Long after I meet Olive Deane the question annoys me—it follows me into Madame Cronhelm's house, into the great crowded class-room. For the first time my music-lesson bores me; Herr von König's illustrations of the weird melodious music of *Faust*, as compared with the silver-sweet cadences of Rossini, do not interest me; and Madame Cronhelm accuses me rather sharply once or twice of singing out of tune. It is not till I find myself in the great untidy drawing-room at Dexter Square, looking at Poppy's latest wedding-presents, that the uncomfortable feeling of having acted unbecomingly to myself begins to wear away. I exorcise it chiefly by a resolution not to treat Mr. Baxter, should I ever meet him again, as if I were indeed the "village-maiden" with whose fancy for a landscape-painter Olive is always taunting me.

This evening, while I am at dinner Mrs. Wauchope comes in to ask me how I liked a pudding she made for me, but it used to be a favourite of mine long ago, at Woodhay, when I was a child. From the pudding our conversation wanders away to other matters—the dearth of everything in London, how she manages her way of catering her lodgers.
"I do the best I can for them," she says, "especially for the poor young man up stairs. Another person might not trouble her head as to whether his beef-steak was tough or not; but I take just as much trouble about his meals as I do about your own. I'm not one to neglect a lodger because he cannot afford grand joints. My day I have gone out of my way to get a chop or a cutlet cheaper 'or him though he'd never know it—ay, and a red a bit of my own to it too. In a house like this, where there is so much of it, nobody would miss a couple of slices 'or a butcher's meat."
I am to be thanked for the joint that Mr. Baxter, his proud young man who had taken a liberty in presenting him with a bunch of violets. The thought gives me pleasure—fills me with a little, small, womanly triumph of which a man would never be ashamed.
"I know he's hard up sometimes, poor lad!" Mrs. Wauchope goes on. "He wouldn't say so to save his life; but we landlords know more than people think. And somehow I feel more for the proud distant ones, that wouldn't tell you their troubles if they were starving, than for them that makes a poor mouth about themselves, and is always down on their luck."
Had I dared to insult him, and he so poor as this? My mind misgives me for having brushed by him so cavalierly this morning on the stairs, for having spoken to him so rudely the other night in Berkeley Street. He must have cared for

those unfortunate violets, or he would never have worn them, half withered as they were; and yet I had vexed him so much that he had ground them with his heel into the floor. I am ashamed and angry, with a vague uncomfortable feeling of having made a fool of myself besides. The next time I meet him I shall act differently, though it is a fact that I am beginning to hate him for having put me out of conceit with myself.
But the next time I meet him he turns the tables upon me—supposing me to have been the aggressor in the first instance. I am coming into the house as he passes out, and he never so much as looks at me to see whether I mean to take any notice of him or not. So that he has himself virtually put an end to our acquaintance.

Of course I feel mortified, though he may possibly think it was my wish that we should ignore that introduction at the Rollestons'. But I know that it was not my wish, and that I would have bowed to him this time if I had got the chance, and his looking in that determined way over my head makes me feel very angry. However I do not encounter him again in Carleton Street or anywhere else for more than a week, and, though Mrs. Wauchope tells me that he is more at home than he used to be, and working hard at his picture, I gradually forget his rudeness and my own folly in busy preparations for Madame Cronhelm's concert, which is to take place on the evening of twenty-first. I am to sing twice, first the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*, then Blumenthal's "Bend of the River." The selection is Madame Cronhelm's; but both songs are old friends of mine and old favourites. Herr von König tells me I had better have an *encore* ready, unless I care to repeat those two; but I tell him laughingly that that would be a very unlucky thing to do, to prepare an *encore* beforehand.

On the day before the concert, Ellinor and Olive Deane call for me to go with them to the Rollestons'—not to an "at home" there, but merely to pay a visit to the girls. They are to give a fancy ball early in April, and we amuse ourselves with portfolios of sketches of national and fancy-dresses, sitting in the great handsome smothered drawing-room, with its balconies darkened by flowering plants—five or six girls altogether, with two kindred spirits in the shape of Fred Deane and Crauford Rolleston, who are quite as good on the subject of ladies' dress as ourselves.
Katie and Crauford Rolleston and I are studying a colored print of an Alsatian together, and I am saying how pretty the black velvet cap would look on a blonde head like Olive's, when two people come into the room whom I, scarcely looking up, and even then scarcely seeing them in the dusk—suppose to be Jack Rolleston and his brother-in-law, Captain Kingsley—one of them I know to be Jack. They stroll over to a group at one of the windows—Olive and Poppy and Saisie Rolleston, and I think no more about them, till Crauford says suddenly—

"That artist over there ought to make a sketch for you, Katie—something original, you know. Anything original would be so much more interesting than these old hackneyed national costumes—everybody is tired to death of them! I say, Gerard, couldn't you invent something newer than a Swiss peasant or a *vivandière*?"
The moment he says "Gerard" I look up. Mr. Baxter is crossing the room slowly; in another moment he has shaken hands with Katie, and is looking half inquiringly, half deprecatingly, at me. Here is the opportunity I have been longing for, and yet some strange perversity makes me look steadfastly in another direction, as though I saw him not.

"I am not much of a hand at figures," Mr. Baxter says, without any pause of surprise, or anger, or embarrassment. "I never put them into my pictures if I can help it, and, when I do, I leave them as much as possible to the imagination. But I dare say I might suggest some characters, and then you could find out the dress they must wear—or invent it."
"Oh do," Katie exclaims, making room for him on the ottoman beside her, and not observing that he and I, whom she had seen dancing together, had taken no notice of each other. "That will be delightful; won't it, Allie?"
"Very," I say shortly, and turn to Crauford Rolleston, who, however, is listening to Mr. Baxter and not to me.
"We must take a lesson from the notable Hannah Woolly," he says, laughing, as he stinks into the place Katie has made for him. "Don't you remember what she says in her book, printed in 1681, and quoted by Charles Lamb—'Let all ingenious women have regard, when they work any image, to work it aright. First let it be drawn well, and then observe the directions which are given by knowing men. I do assure you I never worked any story, or a single person, without informing myself both of the visage and habit, as followeth. If you work Jupiter, he must have long curled black hair, a purple garment trimmed with gold, an sitting upon a golden throne, with yellow clouds about him.'"
"I've did she 'inform herself'!" Katie laughs.
"That's what always puzzled me!" Gerard Baxter says gravely. "It is that which makes it all so delicious! Why don't you go to the poets for character—'Maud Muller' for instance—"

"Maud Muller all the summer day Raked the meadow sweet with hay!"
So they chatter and laugh, while I turn over the sketches on my lap in sulky silence. Suddenly Katie goes to one end of the room for a book and Crauford to a table for another; and for a moment we two are left alone on the great ottoman, with nothing but the space of one empty velvet triangle between us.
"Speak to me," he says suddenly, in half-whisper, bending his head to look in

to my face. "Why won't you speak to me."
But I look at my pictures stubbornly, feeling that now it is my turn to make myself unpleasant—if I can.
"What have I done that you should send me to Coventry like this?"
Even if I had been inclined, I have no time to answer him. Katie has come back with a volume of Tennyson in her hand, Crauford with Dore's splendid "Daote," and in another moment they are all poring over the illustrations together, Katie's brown head very near Gerard Baxter's dark one, while Crauford takes up his old position close to me. I am thus in a manner forced into their consultation, and, though I am playing a role which suits me very ill, I cannot help being amused by it and laughing and suggesting with the rest.
"So your handsome friend is coming to Madame Cronhelm's concert?" Olive says, on our way back to Carleton Street.
"How do you know?" I asked carelessly.
"He said so just now. He is coming with the Rollestons. Do you know I think he is an admirer of Katie's—I saw their heads very close together over those prints of Dore's."
I do not like the suggestion; it vexes me all the evening, while I practise my concert-music, while I sit in my pet chair over the fire, reading the latest despatches from Woodhay and Yattendon, while I muse with my feet on the fender, and "Probation" half-open on my knee. Mr. Baxter has been in his studio all the evening; he must have left the door open for I can hear him whistling a bar of a song now and then, sometimes singing it in a desultory kind of a way. Once when I pause to listen, my door being also ajar, I can distinguish the words of a song I know,
"Why turn away when I draw near?
Why cold to day? Once I was dear.
Then thy heart stirred and flushed thy brow!
Never a word welcomes me now.
Speak to me—speak! Be my heart's heard,
Or will it break for one kind word;
No vow to bind, no pledge I seek,
Only be kind. Speak to me—speak!"

I listen till the song is ended, and then I close the door softly and go back to the fire, laughing. I know at least of whom he is thinking; those were the very words he said to me this afternoon—"Speak to me. Why won't you speak to me?" The old spirit of mischief prompts me to sit down to the piano and sing something that might seem like an answer; but the disastrous consequences of my former folly are too recent to encourage me to transgress a second time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Turkey for or Against?

In considering the attitude likely to be assumed by Turkey in the event of a war between England and Russia two things must be borne prominently in mind—the prejudices of the Turkish army and the necessities of the Turkish exchequer. It is something more than a superstition with the European Turks that Russia is their most relentless foe. Constantinople is the first dream of the Muscovite heart. Herat and the road to the Indian ocean is merely a diversion. The Turk is perfectly conscious of the covetous eye that is never taken off the Bosphorus and the waterway into the Mediterranean. He knows that it is only by the sufferance of the European powers he is allowed to block Russia in the Black sea, and he knows that England has been chief among the powers in maintaining him where he is. The common soldiery and officers of the Turkish army have been trained in the school of conflict and defeat to hate the Muscovite and Cossack. Plevna is yet fresh in their memories. They know that single handed they are no match for the armies of the czar. But with Russia engaged protecting herself at every point from English attack, and confronted in central Asia by Afghan, Indian, and English troops, they may dream of retrieving the losses of their last war. It is therefore not surprising to learn that the Turkish army favors an English alliance.

But a more potential factor in deciding the question of Turkey's attitude is Turkey's treasury. This is in its usual condition—"broke." Russian finances were on the verge of bankruptcy before she determined to seize on Afghan territory. They are strained to the utmost in the gigantic preparations she is making for war. Her guaranty of a new Turkish loan would not help the porte a dollar. England, on the other hand, is solvent and a great money-lender. If she guarantees a new Turkish loan it will be discounted in the money centers of Europe. It is, therefore, easy to credit the cable report that says: "It is believed that Turkey has already given her option in favor of England on the promise of the latter's assistance in floating a new Turkish loan." Money is the great power in securing allies among second-class nations, especially where they are under the government of impecunious and irresponsible despots. Germany and Austria declare that it would be a breach of neutrality for them to bring any pressure on the porte to close the Dardanelles, and so we may expect: English gold to control the gates to the Black sea, whatever may happen at the gate to Herat.

Bub—"Are you going to be my new papa?" Accepted Suitor—"Yes, my dear child."
"Have you got your wig yet?"
"Wig?" Why, no; I need no wig.
Why do you ask?" "My other papa always said he was so thankful his hair wasn't fast to him."

A New York clegyman says that a man can't visit a skating rink and retain his uprightness. That depends. If he puts on the skates the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he will lose his uprightness; but if he merely takes a seat among the spectators, his uprightness will not suffer.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Rugle Blasts from the Front.

Capt. Clark, of Winnipeg, who was wounded in the head in the Fish Creek skirmish, is recovering rapidly.
The Hudson's Bay Company contributed two thousand five hundred dollars to the volunteer relief fund.
Rev. C. E. Whitecombe has left for General Middleton's command, where he will be attached as Chaplain to the Royal Grenadiers, but his services will be available for the whole of the forces.

A correspondent who is well acquainted with the country around Fish Creek, the scene of the recent battle, says:—"The advance from the bottom of the coulee up against the rifle-pits would be a thousand-fold more daring than Wolfe's ascent of the heights of Quebec."
Mrs. Toureau's house at Fish Creek, around which the fight was the hottest, is where George A. Keer, lately Riel prisoner, had shelter. Kerr has a price set on his head. Nevertheless he bravely accompanies the troops, and swears he will identify every rebel captured.

The schoolhouse at Saskatoon has been turned into a temporary hospital for the wounded who have been transported thither from Clark's Crossing.
The numerous Indians left dead on the field after the fight at Fish Creek, were buried by the troops.
Telegraphic communication has now been established between Clark's Crossing and Fish Creek camp.

Private Matthews, of the 90th, who was wounded in the skirmish at Fish Creek, and whose arm has since been amputated, was a jeweller in Winnipeg, and closed his store to go to the front.
The process of crossing the river in vogue here adopted by the General is a very ingenious one. A strong steel wire cable is stretched straight across the river and the scow used as a ferry is made fast to this by lines and pulleys, which last run on the cable as travellers. The main motive power is the current of the river, which at this point runs at four miles an hour, but sweeps are used as auxiliaries. The traveller attachments are made fast to the scow fore and aft, and when the ferry is started, the aft attachment is loosened until the current strikes the upper side of the scow obliquely. The force down stream thus imparted with the counter force of the cable maintaining the scow from drifting down sideway, drives the scow forward and it literally works its way across the river backwards and forwards in a very steady manner.

The two Creeks who were brought into camp by the rear guard one morning were bundled off very unceremoniously by the Major-General. They were two disreputable looking creatures apparently half-starved and unmistakably filthy. One who was about thirty years old was armed with a double-barrelled musket, while his companion, a lad of about sixteen, carried a dirty bow and arrow. They both wore blankets which had once been white, with plain deep black borders, which it seems is the popular description of blanket with the Indians in this part of the country, as all of the redskins we have yet seen have worn these hideous-looking coverings, which give one the idea of poverty in mourning. These two individuals approached the rear guard about sunrise, and having shaken hands with the officer commanding, asked by signs for something to eat. At *renelle*, when the guard returned to camp, they brought the reds with them and gave them some hard tack. This appeared to them the very essence of bliss and squatting down they set to work to demolish the hard biscuit with an ease and apparent gusto which made them the envy of every one in camp. When confronted by General Middleton a short time afterwards they told a pitiful tale of being in search of a missing daughter and sister, but the General, apparently, did not pay much credence to the story, and in plain English expressed the opinion that it was "all a confounded lie." He immediately ordered them to leave the camp, and refused to provision them, as he said this would in a few days bring all the Indians in the country into the camp to be fed.

The offer of the Princess Louise to send ambulance appliances and men to the scene of the rebellion has been accepted. This is the second offer from Her Royal Highness, who, a short time ago, sent as a present for the volunteers, five hundred pounds of tobacco and four hundred pipes.

Running for Trains.

We have just missed the train, and we missed it because we would not run.
This experience suggests to us to offer a few words of advice, through our readers, to the busy men of America who are in a chronic state of "running for trains." Even to one whose heart is sound, running when not accustomed to such hurried movement, is certainly not beneficial to the delicate cords and valves of the heart; and should this organ be diseased it must prove very injurious.
We all know that violent and tumultuous action is to be avoided when the heart is weak and we also know that running is not the way to avoid it.

In our own experience we know several instances where men who had previously opposed themselves to be sound have run for trains, and getting aboard have fallen exhausted into seats from which they have been removed as corpses and knowing such cases we never run for trains.
Better miss a train than run one risk of running into the jaws of death; for as the nerve on the heart cannot prove beneficial to one that is sound, while it most positively will prove more or less disastrous to one that is weak. In this world of unsuspected physical pitfalls, it behooves us "to make haste slowly."