

# MR. ESHOLT'S YOUNG WIFE

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

## CHAPTER XI.

"I fail to understand you, Mr. Vampy," Wilnot contrived to stammer. It seemed to him that his strange visitor, who was now nibbling a quill pen, had all at once taken leave of his senses.

Diving deep with one hand into an inner breast-pocket of his coat, Mr. Vampy drew therefrom a tiny phial filled with a colourless fluid, which he held for a moment or two in front of the lamp and gazed at with his peculiar enigmatical smile.

"You would not"—gasped Wilnot.

"Nothing is further from my thoughts," returned the other dryly. "We may all live to be hanged, for aught we know, but it would be folly to hasten the day." Then resting his elbows on the table, but retaining the phial in his hand, he said: "What we have to do is simply to retard Mr. Esholt's recovery for a little while, which is exactly what the contents of this phial will do for us.—No doubt, an overdose of it might prove fatal, but the same might be laid to the charge of half the specifics in the pharmacopoeia. It is a vegetable essence, the secret of which was confided to me by an Italian whose life I had saved in a street brawl when I was a student at the Hotel Dieu—for, strange as it may seem to you, I was originally intended for the medical profession. Curious way for a fellow to show his gratitude, wasn't it? Well, sir, such are the properties of my essence that six drops of it, mixed with an ordinary sized bottle of medicine, will induce in the patient who imbibes it a certain languor, a lethargy both of mind and body—a sort of lotus-eater's feeling carried to excess—which, so long as he continues to take it, will render him totally indifferent to all the ordinary duties and responsibilities of life and crave only to be let quietly alone." Mr. Vampy scratched his chin reflectively with his little finger. "Unless I am mistaken," he went on, "I saw a bottle of medicine on the hall table as I came in."

"I daren't do it," exclaimed Wilnot in a hoarse whisper.

"As you please, *mon ami*, as you please," answered the other as he put the phial back into his pocket. "The twenty-fourth will soon be here. Should *Persephone* come in first, though only by a neck, of course you'll be as right as a trivet; otherwise—but no; the reverse of the picture may be left to your own imagination—especially with Mr. Esholt back at business." He rose and pushed away his chair. "I won't ask you to put your name to that little document for the extra hundred just now. I must, in fact, consult my firm before taking any further steps in the matter. It may perhaps become a question with them whether their wisest policy will not be to seek an interview with Mr. Esholt himself in the morning, and at once bring the affair to a climax either in one form or another." He moved toward the side-table on which were his hat and umbrella.

"Stop!" cried Wilnot as he sprang to his feet. "Sit down again, Mr. Vampy, I beg of you."

Mr. Vampy shrugged his shoulder slightly and did as he was asked.

Wilnot crossed to the door and, half opening it, stood for a moment or two listening; then he went quickly out, and after an absence of about a quarter of a minute, came back, carrying Dr. Pyeffitt's last bottle of medicine in its white paper wrapper. Resuming his seat, he said: "Give me the phial. Six drops you said, didn't you?" He broke the seal and drew the bottle out of its wrapper, but making a tear in the latter as he did so. His whole air and manner were those of a man wound up to the utmost degree of tension. Vampy handed him the phial without a word.

Wilnot uncorked the bottle and then the phial; but when he held them up in front of the lamp for the purpose of pouring the requisite number of drops from one into the other, his hands trembled so much that it was an evident impossibility for him to do so. Twice again he essayed, but to no purpose. Looking across at Vampy, he said: "If you were to offer me a thousand pounds down I couldn't do it just now."

"Infirm of purpose! Give me the bottles," cried the other lightly. Wilnot needed no second bidding.

The ex-student's hands lacked nothing in the way of steadiness. In less than two minutes the transfer was effected and the bottle recorked and sealed up again in its wrapper with a stick of Mr. Esholt's wax. Wilnot had looked on with fascinated eyes. When the sixth drop fell from the tip of the phial, a shudder ran through him. He felt at that moment as if he had just bargained away the immortal part of himself to the Evil One—or, which came to the same thing, to one of his agents in the guise of a little podgy man, dressed in shiny black, with two great black studs in his shirt front and an ill-concealed grin, half sarcastic and half contemptuous, contorting his commonplace features. What bliss it would have been to be able to clutch the little animal by the throat and fling him bodily out of the window!

"There is the bottle, which it may be as well to take back at once," said Mr. Vampy blandly, "and here is the phial. Remember, six drops—no more and no less—tomorrow and every evening. There's enough here to last you a week; but before then I shall doubtless have seen you again."

Wilnot left the room and replaced the bottle where he had found it. When he came back, Mr. Vampy was drawing on his gloves. "I won't say good-bye, but an *revoir*," he remarked. "As I'm so much overdue at another place, I will defer getting you to sign that note for the extra hundred till our next meeting."

At this moment there came a tap at the door, and then a servant appeared. "Mr. Esholt would like to speak to you, sir," she said to Wilnot.

"Good-night," said Mr. Vampy, holding out his hand, which the other took half unwillingly. Then in a whisper: "Let us hope and pray that *Persephone* may win in a canter."

"Mary, the door for this gentleman," was Wilnot's sole reply.

Left alone, he stood for some moments with bowed head, one hand pressed to his heart, the other resting heavily on the table. "And this is what I have brought myself to!" he muttered, with the concentrated bitterness of one in whose heart the fountain of goodness has not yet been wholly choked.

fever kill me? Better so a hundred times than that I should have lived to sink to this!" With a sigh that was half a groan, he gathered up a handful of papers and slowly left the room.

Scarcely was the door shut behind him when the *portiere* was lifted and Agnes emerged from her hiding-place. She was chilled to the bone through standing so long in the fireless room, but she had no consciousness of it. Heart and mind alike were overwhelmed by the terrible revelation to which she had been an unwilling listener.

"O Wilnot, Wilnot!" broke from her in a low agonised cry; and with it were scattered to the winds the dead ashes, never to be rekindled, of her first love.

She passed out of the room like a woman half tranced, with distended eyes, and hands that unwittingly touched the furniture as she passed. But when she reached the entrance-hall and her glance fell on the bottle, which was still where Wilnot had left it, her mind came back with a vivid shock to present actualities and all that it behooved her yet to do. Taking up the bottle, she hid it away in the pocket of her dress, then hurrying up stairs to her room, she rang the bell. To the servant who answered the summons, she said: "Let some one go at once to Dr. Pyeffitt's and obtain a fresh bottle of medicine. The one already sent has met with an accident." The bottle she had brought up-stairs she locked away in her writing-desk.

She bathed her face and hands and fastened up her hair afresh, but it was all done automatically. She felt a strange sense of elation; she knew not whence it came, nor why, neither did she care to know. It was that species of mental elation, not necessarily allied to gladness, which comes to us at times after some great crises in life. She had parted from the past for ever. The time of weakness and doubting fears had gone by. Clear before her shone the path her feet must henceforth tread, not bordered with flowers, indeed, nor gladdened with sunshine as far as it was yet visible, but by no means beautiful to her eyes.

Mr. Esholt's rooms opened out of a corridor on the right of the landing, hers out of one on the left. She waited, listening for nearly half an hour, till she heard the door of her husband's room open and shut; and then, standing in her own darkened doorway, her lamp having been turned down to a mere spark, she watched Wilnot go down-stairs. Now was her opportunity; her courage was high within her.

She had crossed the landing and reached the other corridor, when her husband's door was again opened, and Miss Esholt appeared, in the act of being wheeled out in her chair by Davery. Agnes came to an abrupt stand till Davery had shut the door behind her mistress and herself. Then, pale, resolute, defiant even, but never more beautiful than at that moment, she went a few steps nearer and said: "Is that woman, that nurse, whom you engaged, coming to watch tonight by my husband's side?"

"Expect her herealmost at any moment," replied Miss Esholt with icy composure.

"Then you may request her to go home again. Her services are no longer required. From this time forward I shall nurse my husband myself."

"If you choose to take the responsibility"

"I do choose to take it. From this hour Mr. Esholt will be under my care, and no stranger shall come between us."

"You seem to have arrived at your determination rather late in the day," answered Miss Esholt with an almost imperceptible sneer. "You have doubtless been told that my brother is recovering; and if you chose to come forward now that the danger is over, and take all the credit of nursing him to yourself, you are of course at liberty to do so."

"I did not come here, Miss Esholt, to bandy idle words. I have told you my intentions, and I mean them to be carried out." Without a word more she passed the chair and its occupant and went forward into her husband's room.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Davery with a sniff, as she began to propel the chair again. "It was an ill day for us, mistress, when that peart young thing took it into her head to set her cap at th' master."

"She has done to-day what she ought to have done at first. I admire her for it," was Miss Esholt's reply.

Davry shook her head. Her mistress's speeches often puzzled her; this was merely one more added to the number. "I've something to tell you about her when we are in our room and the door shut," was all she replied.

Agnes passed through the dressing-room and pushing the bedroom door softly open, looked in. Mr. Esholt, gaunt and wan, his back propped up by high pillows, lay staring at the opposite wall, but seeing nothing save the mind's inward eye. His wife stood for a moment or two before advancing, and tears came into her eyes as she gazed. He started when she moved, and turning his head, welcomed her with a faint smile. She took his hand and pressed it to her lips, and then bending forward, kissed him tenderly. Looking at her with a little surprise, he read in her eyes something he had yearned to see there ever since he had made her his wife, but had never beheld till now.

"Are you come to stay with me a little while?" he asked.

"I am come to stay with you a long, long, time, dear Robert, if you will let me," she whispered softly, with her cheek laid close to his. "I have neglected you too long. Can you forgive me? I will never neglect you again."

It was not the words merely, though they sounded like sweetest music in his ears, but the tone of heartfelt tenderness with which they were spoken that moved him to the depths of his being. A faint flush stole into his white, hollow cheeks: he lay for a little while, her hand tightly pressed in his. "But we must think of your health, dear," he said at last. "The nurse is used to sitting up, and—"

"You must let me have my own way in this. I do not intend that woman to come near you again; I do not intend to lose sight of you again till you are quite well; but I do intend to be obeyed. So not another word, if you love me." She beamed down upon him with such a beautiful smile that all the gloomy thoughts and forebodings which had held possession of his soul but a little while before it, as the weird

shapes which haunt the darkness flee before the coming dawn.

A little later Mr. Esholt fell asleep, still holding his wife's hand. It was one of those refreshing childlike sleeps which sometimes come after the turn of an illness, and do the patient more good in a few hours than long days of nursing. Looking round after a time to note the arrangements for the night, Agnes all at once bethought herself of the bottle of medicine she had ordered to be fetched from Dr. Pyeffitt's. It ought to have been up-stairs before now, but this was Bridget's evening out, which perhaps accounted for the delay. She would go and fetch it herself while her husband was asleep; to ring the bell and summon a servant might disturb him.

When Wilnot Burrell was summoned for the second time to Mr. Esholt's room, just as Mr. Vampy was taking his leave, it was to receive his employer's instructions with regard to a certain statement, overlooked by him before, which he wished to have ready for Mr. Kimber for the morning, all the data for which were contained in certain papers Wilnot already had by him. When Wilnot came down-stairs again on his way to the study he was too much preoccupied to notice that the bottle of medicine was no longer on the hall table. The statement asked for by Mr. Esholt involved a number of intricate calculations; but when he sat down to work them out, he found his mind so thoroughly unbinged by the scene he had gone through with Mr. Vampy that the figures became a wild jumble in his brain; nor, despite all his efforts, could he reduce them to any sequence sufficiently coherent to enable him to work out the required result. At length he flung the papers aside. "I'll turn out at six in the morning," he muttered. "My head will be as clear as a bell by that time. Meanwhile, a three or four mile stretch and a cigar will do me no harm. Confound it all! *Persephone* must win."

He turned out the lamp, and taking the papers with him, he quitted the room. On crossing the hall this time his eye was attracted by the bottle on the table. It was singular, he thought, that it had not yet been taken up-stairs. Then something seemed to whisper to him: "It is not too late. There is a chance still left you. Take the bottle—hide it—break it, as if by accident—do anything rather than leave it to work out its fell purpose on the man to whom you owe so much!" For a few moments there was a struggle within him; his fingers even closed round the bottle; but then came a thought which strangled his half-born purpose and hardened him again to the point of desperation. "Dare you face the chances of the twenty-fourth, unless you do this thing?" and he acknowledged to himself that he dare not. He was on the point of putting down the bottle, when a sudden flash across his mind nearly blinded him.

This was not the same bottle as that into which Vampy had poured the six drops of his essence! The wrapper of that one was torn—he himself had torn it in breaking open the seal—while the wrapper of this was intact. Dr. Pyeffitt would hardly have sent two bottles in the course of an hour—that seemed absurd on the face of it—yet this was certainly not the bottle that had been tampered with. Why was this one here, and what had become of the other? He put back the bottle and went to his room, feeling more disturbed in his mind than he cared to own. A few minutes later he left his room, dressed for going out. As he reached the head of the stairs, Agnes was coming up with the bottle in her hand. He stood for a moment to allow her to pass. As she reached the topmost stair, her eyes met his. Never had he seen such an expression in them before—and it was on him, Wilnot Burrell, that the look was bent. He read in it repulsion, loathing, and contempt unutterable. "Agnes!" he exclaimed, and then he stopped in utter amazement. But she swept past him without a word. A spasm, the like of which he had never felt before, constricted his heart as he gazed after her. What was the meaning of that look? Was anything suspected—anything known? and yet, how could there be? His interview with Vampy was enough to reassure him on that score. Still, Agnes's inexplicable look, following so close on his discovery in connection with the bottles, was enough to render him seriously uneasy. He lighted his cigar and went forth into the cool night air with many disquieting thoughts gnawing his heart-strings like so many birds of prey.

Agnes, finding her husband still asleep, sat down to think. The sight of Wilnot brought to her mind the necessity for at once asking herself a certain question which had already been floating vaguely in her mind. Ought she, or ought she not, to warn him?—that was the question. Ought she to tell him that all was known—that his nefarious scheme had come to naught—and that if he did not dare to face the consequences, he had better fly while there was yet time to do so? In a few hours at most, everything must be told to Mr. Esholt, and it was impossible for her even to guess what action he might choose to take in the affair. She knew which course approved itself both to her heart and her conscience; but there was the duty she owed her husband to remember as well. Then there came over her the recollection of those old happy days at the vicarage when Wilnot and she were boy and girl together, before any whisper of love had been breathed between them, and she hesitated no longer. "Surely it is impossible that he can be altogether vile," she said to herself. "There must be some 'soul of goodness' in him yet." Taking a scrap of paper, she wrote on it, "All is known." Only those three words they would suffice to warn him. Whatever action, consequent thereon, he might choose to take was a matter for himself to decide. Having sealed the paper, she rang the bell, and then went as far as the head of the stairs to meet the servant who answered it, to whom she gave the packet with directions to place it in Mr. Burrell's room where he would be sure to see it. Then she went back to her vigil, feeling as if a weight had been lifted off her heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A housekeeper, the mother of eight children, was suddenly seized with insanity and confined in an asylum. The husband, when asked as to the cause of her insanity, said he could conceive of no possible reason. "She was a devoted mother, was always doing something for us, was always at home, never went out of the house even on Sundays, or gadding about to the neighbors, gossiping and talking; she was the best of wives; had no ideas outside of her home." "The husband," says the superintendent of the asylum, "has furnished a graphic list of the causes of his wife's insanity."

## NOW FRIGHTENED BY JAPANESE.

### San Francisco Alarmed at the Arrival of Yankees of the Orient.

There are over 5,000 Japanese in San Francisco at the present time, and probably there are 5,000 more scattered through the State. In five years, at the rate at which the Japanese are arriving, there will be about 20,000 Japanese in California.

"The Japanese question is going to be the great problem of the future," said Lyman I. Mowry the other day. "It will be a far harder problem to solve than the Chinese question. To regulate the latter there are special laws, but in the case of the former the immigration is unrestricted. Some people say that the Japanese is the more desirable of the two classes of people; that the Japanese assimilates and adopts our habits and customs. While that may be the case, the Chinese has more intelligence and makes a far superior servant. If we must have cheap labor, to the exclusion of Americans, the Chinese laborer is more desirable than the Japanese."

"The Chinese are going home all the time and very few are returning. There are, therefore, none for hire in the vineyards and orchards of the State. The big vineyardists and orchardists must have cheap labor, and the Japanese are coming in to fill the bill. It is these 4,000 and 5,000-acre fruit farms that bring the cheap labor to the exclusion of the American. If these large ranches were cut up into small holdings and farmed by American citizens, then the labor question would be solved, because each settler would be able to farm his own plot. It is these holders of large tracts of land that have overrun the country with cheap labor."

"It is not, however, in the matter of farm work alone that the Japanese will enter into competition with the American. They are expert carpenters, boatmakers, tailors, and cabinetmakers. In Japan they earn about fifty cents a day, and as they will eat almost anything, it does not cost much for them to live, consequently they will be glad to work in San Francisco for a slight advance on what they receive in Yokohama. Japan has hordes of poor people whose ambition is to raise enough money to reach America."

"When I was in Japan the so-called cholera was raging. It was not cholera; it was starvation. The poor people were living on raw fish and rotten cabbage. Several of them I saw cut open, and there was not an ounce of matter in their stomachs. In proof that it was starvation, not a white or rich man died of the disease. In proof that the Chinese are superior to the Japanese I will tell you what I saw in Yokohama. In all the go-downs and warehouses the Japanese are employed, but the overseer is always a Chinese. Nine times out of ten a Chinese is the cashier in the stores. I only tell you this to show you that while the Chinese question was bad enough, the Japanese one will be far worse."

"There are over 5,000 Japanese in San Francisco, and, judging from the manner in which they are flocking to Hawaii, there will be at least 20,000 here in five years. There are 17,000 Chinese in Hawaii, and it took twenty years for them to grow to that number. In five years 18,000 Japanese have landed in Honolulu. Once they get well started toward San Francisco they will come in droves."

"I consider the Japanese question a serious problem," said Collector Phelps. The Japanese are coming in ever-increasing numbers, and just how to stop them I don't know. In the course of another twelve months I think the question will have grown to as grave proportions as was ever the Chinese. We are doing the best we can, but even that best does not amount to much. The whole matter is giving me a great deal of worry. I thought I had the Chinese well under control, and that I was going to have a rest, but here crops up the Japanese question, and I suppose it will take me a year to straighten it out."—[San Francisco Report.]

## Souvenirs of the Red Men.

The red man has gone, but he has left many remembrances behind him, notably among these being the names of numerous rivers and places. Most of those given in the list below are in New England, and the accompanying translation will be found of much interest:

Memphremagog—Lake of abundance.  
Chicopee—Birch bark place.  
Skowhegan—Spearing.  
Chautauqua—Foggy place.  
Atrondeck—Iroquois name of the Algonquins, signifying "He eats bark."  
Damariscotta—Alewife place.  
Cocheo—Very rapid or violent; applied to falls or rapids on various streams.  
Ammonoosuc—Fish story river.  
Menan—Island.  
Aroostook—Good river.  
Nashua—Between (the rivers).  
Winooski—Beautiful stone river.  
Housatonic—Stream beyond the mountains.

Massachusetts—About the great hills.  
Pawtucket—At the little falls.  
Saranac—River that flows under a rock.  
Pomewasset—Crooked place of pines.  
Merrimac—Swift water.  
Winnipisogee—Land of the beautiful lake.

Shetucket—The land between the rivers.  
Quinnabaug—Long pond.  
Cochituate—Land on or near falls or rapid streams.  
Katahdin—The highest place.  
Nahant—At the point.  
Ossipee—Strong river.  
Wiscasset—Place of yellow pine.  
Monadnock—The spirits' place.  
Piscataqua—Great deer river.  
Cohasset—Place of pines.  
Kearsarge—Pine mountain.  
Quinsigamond—Fishing place for pickerel.

Passamaquoddy—Great place for pollock.  
Contoocook—Crow river.  
Norwalk—The middle land (a tract between two rivers).  
Kennebunk—Long water place.  
Wachusett—The mountain.  
Umbagog—Clear lake.  
Coos—Place of pines.  
Kennebec—Long lake.  
Pawtucket—At the falls.  
Norridgewock—Place of deer.  
Casco—Crane.  
Passumpsic—Much clear river.  
Sagadahoc—Ending place—i. e. mouth of the Kennebec.

The white miners displaced by colored men in Washington state are said to be drilling daily, and trouble is feared, as the whites are said to be armed with rifles.

## THE BRITISH IN AMERICAN WATERS.

### How John Bull is Entrenching Himself in View of an Emergency.

The New York *Sun* gives the following account of the British station in existence in what it calls "American waters":

Not very long ago a Royal Commission, intrusted with the duty of deciding on a military policy for the West Indies, recommended the fortification and maintenance of imperial coaling stations at Jamaica and St. Lucia, "these points being selected on account of their strategic importance in relation to the operations of her Majesty's navy in these waters;" and it was further recommended that all the imperial troops in the West Indies should be concentrated there. A subsequent report of the Colonial Defence Committee to the imperial authorities shows that this policy of concentration has been carried out, and that it is based upon the principle that "the protection of the West Indies as a whole must depend upon the navy operating in sufficient force."

The periodical relief of the British fleet in American waters by a new assignment of vessels is now at hand, and it is believed that occasion will be taken gradually to strengthen the squadron in accordance with the importance thus assigned to naval defence. The present flagship is the *Bellerophon*, of 7,550 tons displacement, 6,520 horse power, 14½ knots speed, six inches thickness of armor, and carrying a battery of 12-ton guns. The new flagship is to be the *Hercules*, of 8,680 tons, 8,530 horse power 14½ knots speed, 9 inches of armor, and 18-ton guns. We also find the *Comus* and *Emerald* relieved by the *Sirius* and *Spartan*. The *Comus* is a cruiser of 2,380 tons displacement and 2,450 horse power, while the two new cruisers are of 3,600 tons each, among the racers of the British navy. In short, without exciting any special notice, the present British fleet in North American waters will probably be replaced by vessels rather more efficient, ship for ship. There is nothing necessarily aggressive in this policy, since it is a natural result of the building of a new American navy, vastly superior both in battery power and speed to the wooden craft, with their old-fashioned smooth bores, that formerly constituted our North Atlantic squadron.

Four fortified stations now constitute the British line facing our coast. These are St. Lucia, Port Royal, Bermuda, and Halifax. Ultimately they will be connected with each other by telegraphic cables and strengthened beyond probability of capture. The concentration of troops at these points implies the stripping of other stations, and one notable sufferer by the change is the Bahamas. Troops formerly at Nassau have been transferred to Jamaica, and New Providence will depend on the navy for its defence. The importance of these posts is enhanced by the fact that they furnish the secondary bases from which aggressive operations could be carried on against the United States. The great British armories would use up nearly all their fuel in hurrying across the Atlantic at high speed, so that unless they could obtain another supply on this side their operations might be much less effective, especially should they be unexpectedly delayed or checked. But with the four great stations just mentioned, England could recall all her vessels there, or, in fact, make them or any one of them the rendezvous and base for an expeditionary fleet.

The great advantage enjoyed by England in this respect was illustrated in the cruise from which the *Philadelphia* recently returned. She had to put up with a very poor quality of coal, obtained at St. Thomas and Kingston. Near by, at the latter port, was a supply of excellent coal belonging to the Government, and reserved for the British cruisers. If our own Government had a coaling station at Mole St. Nicolas or Samana Bay or St. Thomas, it would keep good coal there instead of that which was shovelled into the furnaces of the *Philadelphia* without producing much steam.

St. Lucia, the southernmost in this British chain of fortresses, has a good strategic position in relation to the Antilles in general. It can be defended easily by the heavy guns now mounted, and the troops from Barbadoes will be concentrated there, in barracks on the high land. Its harbor will give anchorage for a large fleet, and it will be one of England's great naval stations. Port Royal, in Jamaica, holds a commanding position in reference to the approaches to the Isthmus Canal, and much labor has lately been laid out on the batteries which command the narrow entrance to its capacious harbor. It is believed that 10-inch guns are mounted there, and if so, a combination of a beach battery of such ordnance on disappearing carriages, with a plunging fire from the high bluffs on the other side of the channel, will defend the port adequately. As for the Bermudas, three new forts protecting the town of Hamilton, the harbor, the main arsenal, dock and coaling station are supplied with modern guns. Halifax, with its strong works on McNab's Islands, at York Redoubt and around Ives Point commanding both its entrances, is already secure, and when the fortifications at the other three points in her chain are completed, and her navy strengthened, Great Britain may well be satisfied with her military preparations in American waters.

## An African Pigmy in London.

Every body has heard of the strange race of dwarfs which Stanley discovered on the Aruwimi in Equatoria, and it was very interesting this week to see the first specimen of the tribe in London. The first specimen is a woman exactly three feet high and black as coal. She is said to be 24 years old, but looks 40, and is about the most imish, monkeyish, and unpleasant thing in feminine form that could be devised. She has no nose to speak of, that organ of character being pressed flat against her face, while her retreating forehead and close-set eyes give her an idiotic look. Compared with her the big gorilla at the Stanley exhibit had a rather paternal and trustworthy look. She spoke English, however, having learned it on shipboard and at the Jamaica exhibition, whether she has been, and among other evidences of her human estate evinced a ruling passion for strong cigars. She is intelligent in a way and good-natured, but she strongly revives the old irritation against Darwin, and as an evolutionary first cousin would be crossed out of humanity's family without any body objecting in the least.

## The Reason.

Mr. G.—Why is it that ten hours on Sunday seem as long as other six days of the week?

Mr. W.—Because it is the "rest" of the week you know.