

KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORTUNIO'S SONG.

"Wear your white dress to-night, Nina," said Mrs. La Touche.

"My white!" exclaimed Nina, opening wide her lovely eyes. "Who is coming, mamma? I meant to put on my old pink silk, it is quite good enough for a small dinner-party."

"Quite so, dear; but Mrs. Roberts is coming, and you know that Isabel Roberts always dresses so extremely well! rather extravagantly, perhaps, but in perfect taste. And then your dear godpapa is coming to meet Cousin Roland, and I like you to look well when he is here."

Mrs. La Touche generally said "Cousin Roland," she liked to claim kinship with him, and it vexed her a little that Nina persistently gave him the more formal title. Nina was not fond of Sir Roland.

"Very well, mamma," said the girl in a docile way. She knew all the time that her mother wanted her to dress well for Sebastian's eyes, not for those of Mrs. Roberts and General Fane. But that was one of the things which mother and daughter would have died rather than acknowledge. "Esther comes to-night, I hope?"

"She will be here after dinner. Dear Nina, you must learn to call her Miss Denison. I heard Cecily speaking of her as Esther the other day. It is quite too familiar. She ought to begin to call you Miss La Touche. I think I shall speak to her."

"Oh, mamma, don't!" cried Nina, who was genuinely fond of Esther. "Leave it to me. I'll manage it somehow, if you think she ought."

"It is only in public, of course, I mean," Mrs. La Touche went on smoothly. "In private nobody could be nicer than Esther Denison. I am quite fond of her, and so are we all. But, poor thing, of course her position is very different from yours."

"Shall I wear any color with my dress to-night, mamma?" said Nina, who cared not a jot for anybody's position except her own.

"No, Nina. You may have my pearls, darling; and some white flowers—or perhaps the faintest touch of color—blush roses, or—"

"White would be better," said Nina decidedly. She had the instinct of dress, and her mother bowed to her judgment.

"Very well, white. And Marshall shall dress you."

"But, mamma, you will wear Marshall." "No, dear, I shall do very well. Come to my room before you go downstairs and let me look at you."

She dressed in a leisurely manner, and went to her mother's room before going downstairs. Cecily, an inconvenient child of twelve, rushed at her on the landing. "Oh, Nina, how lovely you do look!"

"Get out of my way, child, for goodness's sake!" cried Nina, not in the most amiable tone of voice. She was almost querulous when she entered her mother's room. "Cecily is so rough; not at all nicely behaved, mamma; she has thrown her arms round me and broken my stephanotis. I wish she were in bed."

Mrs. La Touche rearranged the flowers, and looked critically at her daughter. "My Nina must not pout," she said blandly. "I will speak to Cecily. You look quite nice, darling. Ahem! Did I tell you that your Cousin Sebastian was coming?"

"Yes, mamma. It is so long since I have seen him that I quite forget what he is like," said Nina, perpetrating a neat little fib, with coolness worthy of her mother.

Mrs. La Touche gave her an approving look. "He will take Miss Roberts in to dinner," she said. "Let me see—how have I arranged the table? Oh yes; you will be between Mr. Corbett and Sebastian. Mr. Corbett likes to eat his dinner in peace so you must not talk very much to him."

"And Isabel Roberts never has anything to say," remarked Nina, looking at herself in the cheval glass.

"Oh, don't you think so? I gave her to Sebastian because I understood that she was such a clever girl," said Mrs. La Touche innocently. "If she does not talk, you must try and entertain Sebastian a little; not let him think that we are all country mice, you know. Of course, he must have seen a great deal of good society abroad; but you must try to make him feel at home again and amuse him, poor dear boy. Now we will go down to the drawing-room. I believe I hear a carriage in the lane. Dear Roland kindly acts host, as usual, when I have my little dinner parties. I think I hear his ring at the bell. I wish dear papa were here to see you to-night, Nina, darling."

Sebastian followed his uncle rather disconsolately into Mrs. La Touche's pretty drawing-room. When he came home to play at seclusion and learned leisure, he did not count on country dinner-parties. He knew that it would be dreadfully dull. But he should see Esther after dinner.

He saw some one else first. He had admired many beautiful women both in England and Germany and France, but he did not remember that one of them had ever startled him so much by her beauty as did the radiant creature who now gave him her hand, and looked up into his face with beseeching sweetness, and said:

"You don't remember me? But I am Nina."

As Nina had remarked, Miss Roberts was incapable of conversation, so practically she had Sebastian all to herself at dinnertime. And in some respects Nina could hold her own. She was exceedingly like her mother, who was by no means a fool. Nina could talk rather cleverly for a girl of her age; she gave the impression of knowing far more than she actually did know. She had been a good deal in Paris, and had already had part of a season in London; she was not the unsophisticated country girl whom Sebastian had expected to meet. The very shock of finding her so different from the child of his remembrance made her doubly attractive. Her gay chatter was *piquante*; and she was assuredly very beautiful. He laid himself out to amuse her, to interest her, perhaps even to dazzle her; and he certainly succeeded.

Esther went upstairs to the school-room, where she found Cecily in high glee. The child triumphantly displayed dishes of jelly and cream, which she had begged from Brigg's hands as they came out of the dining-room.

"May and Dolly are sitting up in bed eating thers, and nurse doesn't know," she said. "Here's a pink-and-white ice for

you, dear Miss Denison; and a glass of horrid, horrid old port wine which Brigg's made me bring you. He said it was very, very old indeed, and seemed to think that being old made it better!"

"My dear child, I don't want anything," said Esther, laughing.

But it was Cecily's custom at dinner-parties to make these raids upon the remnants, and Esther was not allowed to escape without tasting the purloined delicacies. She was in a blithe mood, and laughed to herself at the want of dignity she displayed in accepting Cecily's gifts. And while she was eating her ice, Cecily, having devoured her own, stood beside her, taking care not to crumple the white frock in which she was presently to go down to the drawing-room for half an hour. Cecily was neither so prim nor so pretty as Nina had been at the same age: she had bright round eyes like robin's, rebellious short hair and rosy cheeks, and was a rough, noisy, affectionate, troublesome child.

"Miss Denison, Nina looks lovely to-night, quite lovely. She has on her best frock, the one made out of her presentation frock, and mamma's good pearls, not her second-best ones. She is quite as pretty as an angel, I think, though not so good."

"You must not say Nina is not good, Cecily."

"I only say it to you. I think she has put on her pretty frock because Sebastian has come home. He is here to-night. Why, Miss Denison, how red you are, all of a sudden!"

"It is the wine; I am not used to it," said Esther. "Let us go down stairs, Cecily: only I want to go into Nina's room and look at myself in the big glass first, to see whether I am neat."

"You are quite neat, and you look very nice. I suppose you haven't a big glass at home?" said the child, as she led Esther into Nina's pleasant bedroom, where a maid was trying to restore order to the chaos that Miss La Touche had left.

"No, I have only a tiny one; seventeen inches by twelve," said Esther, with a laugh; yet she was childish enough to feel a momentary irritation. It was not the few inches of looking-glass: it was the contrast between her life and that of girls like Nina La Touche which flashed across her all at once: gayety, brightness, and admiration for the one, and what for the other? But surely there had been admiration in Sebastian's eyes? She looked at herself in the glass, and thought shyly that it had not been altogether undeserved.

She sighed as she turned away from the glass with a little touch of envy. But the picture that she had seen—the graceful head, the fine eyes, the dazzling whiteness of the fine-grained skin—was one that some men would have regarded with greater admiration than Nina La Touche's smaller, though very seductive, loveliness.

When the ladies came in from dinner Esther was standing with her little pupil by the piano. They came in smiling, straightening their skirts a little, rearranging fan and handkerchief, or slowly drawing on their gloves, with waves of delicate perfume and the dainty rustle of gowns. There seemed a great many of them when they made their formal entry into the room, and Esther's heart always shrank with momentary timidity and dislike at the sight: she would have felt differently if she had been one of them, for she was not naturally timid or unsocial. There were really only six ladies,—Mrs. Roberts and her daughter, Mrs. Fane, Mrs. Wright, the curate's wife, Nina and her mother. Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Fane, who came in first, were ponderous women, gorgeously attired. Mrs. Fane put up her eyeglass and stared very hard at Esther; Mrs. Roberts executed a hesitating nod, as if she did not know whether a governess ought to be spoken to or not. Miss Roberts turned aside and whispered to Nina. Only Mrs. Wright, a friendly woman whom Esther knew and liked, came up and shook hands.

Nina came over to Miss Denison, and whispered to her caressingly:

"Darling, you look so nice to-night. How am I looking?—Oh, do you really think so? Sebastian says—but I must not tell you now, somebody might hear. He has brought his violin; and he can sing, too; did you know?"

"Perhaps Miss Denison will give us a little music," said Mrs. La Touche, whose eyes was on her daughter.

So Esther played, and in spite of a strange tumultuousness of feeling, she played very well. Before she had ended the gentlemen came flocking in. Where did Sebastian go? Straight to Nina's side; and she made room for him on the sofa, and gave him her sweetest smile. He began to play with her fan, and to talk to her in earnest undertones. He did not even glance toward the piano. It was of no consequence to him that Esther was sitting there.

She withdrew into the background on rising from the music-stool. She was disappointed, but not dismayed. Sebastian was "her friend": he would surely come and speak to her, and make the evening brighter than even a June moonday. But he did not come.

Miss Roberts sang in a deep baritone, and the curate in a thin treble. Then Sebastian was asked to produce his violin, and he played a little solo of fairy-like dance-music. He was in a frivolous mood, he said, and would not attempt classical compositions. Some one begged him to sing; and with a laugh and an utter absence of the *mauvaise honte* of a young Englishman he sat down and played the rippling plaintive triplets of Offenbach's accompaniment to *De Musset's Chanson de Fortunio*. He sang admirably, and not a word was lost on Esther's ear.

It was eleven o'clock when he rose from the piano. Mrs. Roberts's carriage was at the door. Mrs. Fane's carriage was at the door. Mr. and Mrs. Wright were waiting for the great people's departure to convey themselves snugly and affectionately, arm in arm, to their pleasant little dwelling on the Woodbury Road. Somebody asked for Miss Denison. She had slipped away.

"I can excuse her, poor girl," said Mrs. La Touche urbanely. "She did not want to go through the formality of leave-taking." Sebastian started like one that awakes from sleep. "Was she here?" he said. "I did not see her." And a little color rose in his face.

Esther was already half-way down Kennet's Lane, with Miss Meredith's maid swinging a lantern beside her. She hurried on so quickly in the warm summer night,

that the maid got out of breath and begged her to stop. After this she walked more slowly; but fast or slow it seemed to her that her heart and footsteps kept time to the haunting melody of Fortunio's song—

"Que je l'aïdore, et qu'elle est blonde Comme les bies."

They were the last words on her lips before she fell asleep in the rosy dawn.

CHAPTER XV.

LOVE'S MARTYRDOM.

I feel that I can not sufficiently apologize for my heroine, even in these democratic days, not only for having fallen in love with out being asked to do so, but for having fallen in love with a man belonging to her employer's family; a thing not at all according to the conveniences, and therefore quite the unpardonable sin. If she had fallen in love with anybody in her own station, why, of course we could simply have said that the girl was a fool, like other girls, and would get over it; but that she should give her heart, unasked, to a man like Sebastian Malet, proves a height of arrogance and a sublimity of folly, from the shock of which no right-minded person can recover until they see her with their own eyes, reigning in honor and glory at Kersham Manor, as Sebastian's wife. A very unlikely thing, truly.

At eighteen and fifteen years of age a boy and girl are, in our country at least, completely children at heart. If either of them is otherwise it will be the girl, the younger of the two, and not the boy. She may be to all intents and purposes a woman, while her companion is merely an overgrown child. Esther's early life had developed her emotional faculties very quickly: while in Sebastian they had been carefully repressed. It was not till lately that his fancy had turned to thoughts of love. But when once, after a few dainty hoverings here and there, it settled upon Nina La Touche's fair loveliness it clung closely, and was not to be dislodged. He fell passionately in love with her on that first evening at the Dover House, and had henceforward neither look nor word for any other woman. Esther was completely forgotten.

When Esther went home after the dinner-party, she did not at first know what ailed her. She felt her heart filled with grief and humiliation, and yet she could not say why. It was yesterday's walk and talk with Sebastian that had done the mischief. She could not forget that lingering look into her eyes before they parted. Had it meant anything? Had his words about friendship meant nothing? He had been in a room with her for nearly two hours that evening, and he had not taken the slightest notice of her at all.

She went to her mother's room to say good-night and to tell her about the party. Generally she was full of talk on these occasions: the little oddities of the guests, the dresses they wore, the things they said, Mrs. La Touche's latest unvarieties, were all reproduced by Esther for the mother's benefit. Mrs. Denison's lurking love of satire, repressed in her husband's time, came to the surface in Esther's temperament. But on this evening Esther said only that she was very tired.

"Did you not have a pleasant evening, dear?"

"Oh yes, mother. But the usual heartiness was not in her tone. "I'll tell you about it to-morrow if you don't mind."

"Yes, dear. Go to bed now and rest. Was Mrs. La Touche pleasant?"

"She is always quite charming, mother. She was so sorry that she never had any opportunity of seeing you; it would be so delightful if you could have come with me to-night, or if you could dine with her sometimes en famille—quite en famille, you know."

Mrs. Denison laughed delightedly. "I wonder she does not fix a day," she said. It was well known that she was not strong enough to go out.

"I shall take her at her word some day, and you shall go in a Bath chair," said Esther. "Good-night, mother, darling."

Mrs. Denison lay awake half the night, wondering why the girl's eyes were so languid and her cheek so pale.

And Esther lay awake too, scourging herself relentlessly.

"What a fool I am! what a silly, conceited, idiotic creature! As if I had not always known that he meant—as they all mean—only to be kind to me! Oh, how I hate their kindness! I don't want kindness; I want love!"—Then she checked herself at the word. "I have love; I have my mother's love. I am ungrateful and selfish to forget it for a moment. But what is it that makes one want something more? They say that only a mother's love endures forever. Other loves—other friendships—easily die. Don't I know that?"

cried Esther to herself, thinking, as girls will think, that they have penetrated the secret of all experience. "Sebastian said that he would always be my friend; but because I was a nobody in that drawing-room to-night, he would not notice me. Oh, it was very unkind." And she watered her pillow with tears. But better thoughts came to her aid after a time. "I don't believe he could have such conventional petty thoughts about social distinctions. He is above these things. It was some accident that kept him away from me—perhaps Mrs. La Touche's; she is quite capable of it—or Nina—Nina—ah yes, that was it; nobody could think of me when Nina was there. It was quite right. I am vain and egotistical to complain, I have no claim upon him. Friendship means very little, but it shall be enough for me. I am willing to be in the shade always, if he and Nina have the sunshine; but it is hard—hard," she said to herself, with her face hidden between her hands, "it is hard to be always in the shade. It is desolation."

She had not yet learned to call her desolation by its right name. A person may suffer all the pangs of despised love and be slow to acknowledge the cause of pain. She had not the slightest suspicion that her misery was anything but a transient inconvenience.

It takes most of us some time to discover whether our love is only an ephemeral growth, like a lady-fern or a wallflower, or whether it is to develop into a mighty forest-king, which sets its roots deeply, and throws out its branches far and wide. It depends a good deal upon the soil; for there is generally plenty of every kind of seed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The European Wars care.

Some years ago a careful student of the European situation made what seemed the paradoxical assertion that a general war was as likely to start in Morocco as on the Danube or the Rhine. It begins to look as though there might be some ground for the statement, now that the contest between the Spanish defenders of Melilla and their Rifian assailants is assuming, daily, larger proportions, and imposing burdens which must severely tax the resources of the Madrid Government. What seemed at first a local disturbance, which, seemingly, might have been quelled by prompt and vigorous measures, will now require an army corps and a fleet of war ships for its suppression. The expenditure of tens of millions of dollars which such a display of force will call for, could not be met by Spain, already on the verge of bankruptcy, unless she had the assurance that her disbursements would be made good, either by a pecuniary indemnity or by territorial compensation. There is no doubt that, when the Rifians are beaten, and the outworks of Melilla made secure, Prime Minister Sagasta will demand that adequate amends be made to Spain by the Sherief of Morocco for the loss of life and outlay of money to which she has been subjected by his inability to control his nominal subjects. A pecuniary indemnity the Sherief can pay, for he is known to have a large amount of treasure stored in the vaults of his palace at Morocco, but it is improbable that this will satisfy the Madrid Government, coerced, as it will be by the unusually excited state of public opinion. The traditional and well-earned hatred with which, for almost twelve centuries, the Spaniard has regarded the Moor, has not been so fiercely inflamed since the capture of Tetuan as it now is; and no Ministry would be forgiven, if it failed to seize the present opportunity of gaining a considerable concession of territory. It is believed that the claims of the Madrid Government would be backed by the French, who desire a westward extension of their Algerian frontier, and who look forward to the eventual partition of Morocco between the Spaniards and themselves.

It is here, of course, that the Morocco question becomes one of European interest and threatens to cause widespread complications. England has repeatedly declared that if the Mediterranean and the Atlantic coasts of Morocco are to be divided between European powers, she must have a part; and sooner than miss a share she would defend the Sherief against aggression. She would be content, perhaps, with Tangier, which she possessed in the time of Charles II.; for this, in conjunction with Gibraltar, would give her the absolute control of the entrance to the Mediterranean. But it is precisely Tangier and the contiguous territory which, in the eyes of France and Spain, constitute the most precious morsel of the Sherief's possessions; and this would never be suffered to fall into English hands without a fight. We see, therefore, that the moment a demand for territorial compensation is pressed, a demand that seems reasonable enough in view of the Sherief's inability to control the Rifian tribesmen, it will be scarcely possible to avert a collision between England on the one hand, and Spain, backed by France, on the other. In such an entanglement, England could easily secure the assistance of the Triple Alliance, by making certain reciprocal engagements, and France could as certainly count upon the support of Russia. That England would be forced to contract intimate relations with the Triple Alliance seems evident from the admission of English naval authorities that the combined force of France and Russia in the Mediterranean at present considerably exceeds that of England in the same sea. It will be observed that there is something like logical concatenation in the process by which a petty outbreak in the mountains near Melilla is made to appear as leading to a general war. If the first step be taken, that is to say, if a demand for a territorial indemnity be pressed by Spain, it seems probable that every other step in the process would follow as we have indicated. As to the first step, it seems evident from the present temper of the Spanish people that Senor Sagasta will be succeeded by his old Conservative rival, Senor Canovas del Castillo, unless he forces the Sherief of Morocco to atone for the Melilla affair, not only by a pecuniary indemnity, but by a considerable territory.

A Grave Situation.

Mr. Walter Besant has lately been bold enough to express the opinion that there are some fields of enterprise that women are not absolutely incompetent to enter, which, nevertheless, it is best that they should leave to men. "For women," he says, "to take men's work from them is the most disastrous thing that can possibly happen, especially in a small country, for it halves the wages and lowers the position of the workers, and it drives the men out of the country or forces them to compete with women at lower pay. It deprives men of their wives and women of their husbands." This is a familiar objection, and one not without gravity. If there are to be families in the land it is better that a man should get two dollars for a day's work, and share it with his wife, than that a man and a woman should each work and each get a dollar. It is a matter of common observation that the woman who can earn a dollar a day shrinks from marriage. She can live more comfortably and neatly on her own earnings than as the wife of a man who earns ten or twelve dollars a week, and the mother of his children. One would not venture to take away any work she has at present in order to cure her aversion to marrying. That would be too desperate a remedy. But without suggesting any narrowing of her boundaries, it is permissible of labor by womankind is not a clear gain even to the invading host. A part of the immediate gain of the women is the loss of the men, and it is not putting the case too strongly to say that a man is one of the most convenient and valuable possessions an American woman can obtain, and it is doubtful whether she can afford to cheapen him by her competition to such a degree that he will cease to seem a desirable acquisition. It is not hard to spoil a good servant by persistently doing his work. The raw material for husbands is liable to the same sort of damage, and far-seeing women will try to shape their conduct so as not to contribute to its degeneration. There are women, no doubt, who would make good locomotive engineers or efficient stokers on steamships, but we should be sorry to see them attempt to share the wages of those callings with the men.

THE GORGE OF TELUALABA.

An Interesting Stretch of River, Unlike Anything Seen Elsewhere in Africa.

The western head sources of the Congo River were visited for the first time by white men last year, and the story they have told of the great gorge they saw and of the stream that plunges through it, almost as swift as an arrow for many a mile, was entirely out of the common in Congo explorations. The explorers were Lieut. Franconi and Dr. Cornet, in the service of the Congo Free State. They traced the Luabala River from its fountain head, and made a discovery that, as far as is known, is duplicated nowhere in Africa.

Imagine a narrow stream flowing placidly between fits rather low banks. It has gradually been gathering volume from little contributions that a dozen or fifteen tributaries have supplied. The channel is quite deep, though not wide. Nearer and nearer the water approaches a mountain pass to the north, which at a distance appears to have no passage through. Suddenly the water rushes into a rift in those hills, and for many a mile it tumbles along, zig-zagging between two gigantic, perpendicular walls of solid rock. Sometimes it falls headlong as a cataract, and then again it is merely a rapid, with a speed five times as great as that with which it enters the hills.

This great gorge has a tortuous course bending first to the east and then to the west. It is nowhere over 120 to 150 feet wide, and it rises 1,000 to 1,200 feet above the level of the stream. The walls rise nearly perpendicular in every part, and are formed of bare crystalline rock: Here and there in some crevice a little soil has formed, just enough for a tuft of grass or a puny tree to take root.

At the level of the stream one can see only a little ribbon of the sky above, for at that great height the top of the walls seem almost to touch one another, and the trees at the top overhang the edge and shut out nearly every glimpse of daylight. At the bottom of the narrow gorge the little river glides swiftly, sometimes almost with an unbroken surface, and then again lashed into foam by thousands of rocks, whose tops rise above the surface; and then again the water pours tumultuously over the edge of a declivity, and then plunges on in a series of rapids.

In a distance of forty-three miles the river drops 1,500 feet, and then it emerges upon the plain, and, forgetting its mad career, it flows placidly along to join the Luapula River, and at the junction of the two rivers the true Congo begins. No other tributary of the Congo or even the great river itself, where it tumbles along in rapids for 235 miles, between Leopoldville and Matadi, presents a spectacle so savage and so violent.

POSTAL CHANGES.

Advance sheets of the quarterly supplement to the Canadian Official Postal Guide have been received by the authorities. The principal change is that in future typewritten circulars in numbers of fifty or over will be allowed to pass at the rate of one cent for two ounces. The instructions to Postmasters read as follows:

1. Provincial Government Bulletins.—Periodical bulletins issued by Provincial Government Departments, relating to the crops, farm stock, insect pests, contagious diseases, etc., may be allowed to pass free.

2. Undelivered Newspapers.—Postmasters are reminded that undelivered copies of newspapers cannot be returned free to the offices of publication, but should be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

3. Circulars produced in imitation of type-writing.—Circulars printed or otherwise produced in imitation of type-writing may be allowed to pass at the 1c per 2 ozs. rate, when at least 50 copies in exactly identical terms are handed in to the Post Office at one time. When such circulars are posted in the receiver they should be tied together.

4. Newspapers and books bearing requests for direct return.—Attention is called to the fact that requests on the covers of newspapers and book packets, for direct return if not delivered, cannot be complied with, but that only letters can be thus treated.

5. Alleged Sample Packets.—Care should be taken to see that packets containing articles for sale are not allowed to pass at the sample rate. When packets of tea, etc., posted as samples are observed to contain a larger quantity than would reasonably be required for sample purposes, they should be treated as insufficiently paid 5th class matter.

6.—Covers used by Debt-collecting Agencies.—Care should be taken to exclude from the mails all correspondence posted by Collecting Agencies on which the "dunning" character of their business is prominently indicated.

A French woman has discovered a new and eminently ladylike employment. She goes from house to house among her clientele and tastes dishes that are being prepared for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner. If the dainties prepared for the table are not sufficiently delicate or well flavoured, she hints to the cook that they may be improved, and suggests a new way of preparation for dishes that have perhaps grown unwelcomely monotonous. This clever woman finds her occupation sufficiently lucrative to be able to drive about to the houses of her patrons in a smart little brougham with a neat "buttons" in attendance.

Among the Hindoos gambling is regarded on a certain day of the year as a religious duty. This day, appropriately called *Devali*, is celebrated like other great religious festivals. The chief female winner, says Mr. Hakim Aminuddin, an Indian student at Cambridge, spends the whole money in buying sweetmeats or fruits, which are distributed among all members of the family as a token of good luck for the whole year.

Amongst the curious, but not less acceptable, wedding presents the Duchess of York received is an Irish spinning-wheel sent to her by the Hibernian colony in Chicago. The whole machine is made of bog oak, and the spindle is part of a rebel Irish pike, the head of which drew blood at Vinegar Hill in 1798.

A female drunkard at the Wellington Police court, New Zealand, was recently discharged on account of her exemplary conduct when sober. The prisoner was seventy years of age, and the evidence showed that she was the sole support of her father and mother, aged respectively ninety-eight and ninety-six years.