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YOUNG GIRL'S WOOING.

BY E. P. ROE.

Author of "His Sombre Rivals," "From Jest to Earnest," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. MUIR'S ACCOUNT.

After a light supper Graydon went in search of Stella, but she was nowhere to be found. He had learned that Arnaud was still at the house, and he inferred, from the surpassing beauty of the moonlit evening, that his rival would not let such witching hours pass without an effort to turn them to account. With a frown he retreated from the music, dancing, and gayety of a full house, and went up to Mrs. Muir's room.

That lady was found writing to her husband, but she welcomed Graydon, and began volubly: "I'm very glad you have come; I'm so full and overflowing about Madge that I had to write to Henry."

"It certainly does seem an odd proceeding on her part,—this remaining all night at a farmhouse among strangers," was his discontented reply.

"It would be odd in any one but Madge. I do not think there are many girls in this house who would be guilty of such eccentricities,—certainly not Miss Wildmere," she added, with a rather malicious twinkle in her eyes.

"If I were a man, I wouldn't stand it. I've been on thorns about somewhat to-day, for I don't wish to see you made a fool of. That Mr. Arnault has been at her side the livelong time, and he's out driving with her now."

"I understand all about that," said Graydon, impatiently; "tell me about Madge."

"Perhaps you do, and perhaps you don't. It's certainly beyond my comprehension," continued Mrs. Muir, determined to free her mind. "If she is anything to you, or wishes to be, her performances are as unique as those of Madge, although in a different style. We Alden girls were not brought up in that way. Pardon me; I know it's your affair, but you are my brother, and have been a good one, too. I can't wonder that Henry dislikes her. Well, well, I see you are getting nettled, and I won't say anything more, but tell you about Madge. It has been an awfully hot day, you know, and I did not order a carriage till five. Madge was restless, and had sighed for a gallop more than once, so I proposed to do the best for her I could. As we were starting for our drive Dr. Sommers appeared, and I asked him to go with us.

"'I will,' he said, 'if you will take me to see one of my patients,—one that will make Miss Alden contented till she has some imaginary trouble of her own.'

"My horse is nearly used up from the long drive I've had in the heat.'

"'Oh, do take me to see some one in trouble!' exclaimed Madge.

"'Yes,' replied the doctor, laughing, 'that will be a novelty. To see young ladies dancing and promenading would think you had never heard of trouble.'

"After a lovely drive through a wild [illegible] we came to a little gray farmhouse, innocent of paint since the days of man. The mountain rose behind it with overhanging [illegible] peping out through the forest [illegible] here. An orchard shaded the [illegible] and beyond the narrow roadway front brawled a trout-stream. To eastward were rough, stony [illegible] that sloped up, at what seemed [illegible] angle of forty-five degrees, to other [illegible] mountains. It was the roughest, [illegible]-est-looking place I ever saw. How [illegible] and lonely it must look now in [illegible] moonlight, with not another dwelling in sight!"

"Too lonely for Madge to be there," [illegible] aimed Graydon. "I don't like it, [illegible] I should not have expected such [illegible] prudence from you, Mary."

"Oh, Madge is safe enough! Wait [illegible] you know all. Well, the farmer and [illegible] wife were at their early supper when [illegible] arrived. I went in with Madge and [illegible] the doctor, for I wanted to see how such people lived, and also thought I could do something for them. I hadn't been in the room five minutes, however, before I gave up all thought of offering assistance. The people were plainly [illegible] dressed. The man was [illegible] his shirt-sleeves, but he put on his [illegible] immediately. He had a kind of [illegible] quiet dignity and a subdued [illegible] manner—the result of his trouble, no doubt. We were in their little sitting-room or parlor, but the door into the kitchen, where they had been taking their meal, was open. The room we were in was very plainly furnished, but perfectly neat, and I was at once struck with the number of books that it contained. Would you believe it? one of the reading magazines lay on the table. The mother, a pale, gaunt woman, who looked utterly worn out, went with the doctor to the adjoining sick-room, and her husband's eyes followed them lovingly.

'Your place seems rather lonely,' I said to him, 'but you evidently know how to find society in books.'

'Yes,' he answered, 'I s'pose this seems lonesome to you, but not to us. We brought up here. It seems as though what you're used to, they when you're a-growin' up, not much of a reader myself, but my wife's; and he heaved a great sigh. I took to readin' almost as soon as I could read, he continued, and used to read it to us. I s'pose I soon dozed off, but mother took it all in, and durin' the long winter evenin's they kinder read it all over the world together. I reckon Tilly had more books than [illegible] for her, but she was our only child. I couldn't say no to her. She [illegible] herself to be a teacher, and [illegible] high, and we was proud of her, [illegible] enough, but I'm afeared all that [illegible] and readin' wasn't good for her; [illegible] then came another of his deep sighs.

"Madge's great eyes meanwhile were more and more full of trouble, and there was a dead of pathos suggested by the man's simple story. Indeed, I felt my own throat swelling at the poor man's last sigh, it was so deep and natural, and seemed to express a great sorrow, for which there were no words in his humble vernacular."

"What selfish egotists we are over our picnicing excursions!" Graydon muttered.

"Well, the mother and the doctor now appeared. The latter looked grave; and even the looks grave things are [illegible] indeed.

"'Ain't she no better?' the father asked, without [illegible] this time.

"'I wi[illegible] the doctor, in his blunt way, which nevertheless expressed more sympathy than a lot of fine phrases. Then he said to the mother: 'You're all worn out, and yet she'll need close watching to-night. Isn't there some neighbour—'

"'Oh, please let me stay!' began Madge, in a low, eager tone, speaking for the first time. 'I'm strong, and I'll follow your directions in everything. Do, please. I've been ill myself, and think I know how to nurse.'

"The woman hesitated, and looked doubtfully, wonderingly, at the doctor. Madge sprung up, and taking the mother's hand, continued: 'Indeed, madam, you do look worn out; you will be ill yourself. For your daughter's sake, as well as mine, let me stay.'

"'For your sake, miss?'

"'Yes, for my sake! Why should I not bear a little of this heavy burden? It will do me good. Doctor, say I can stay. My strength should not be wasted in amusement only.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'if Mrs. Muir consents, there's no one I'd trust sooner.'

"'Then it's settled, Mary,' she said, in her decisive way. 'It's perfectly proper for me to stay under the protection of these good people.'

"'But you haven't had your supper,' I began.

"A little color came into the woman's face at my foolish speech, and she said, 'If the young lady will take what we can offer—'

"'Of course I will,' interrupted Madge, with a smile that would have propitiated a dragon; "a little bread and milk would suit me best.'

"'She shall have a chicken broiled as nice as she ever tasted in the hotel,' said the man, impulsively. 'Heaven bless your kind heart, and perhaps you can coax Tilly to take a bit!'

"'The young lady's name is Miss Alden,' said the doctor, 'and this is Mrs. Muir.—Mr. and Mrs. Wendall ladies; I should have introduced you before, but my mind was on my patient. Well, well, well, what a world it is! Some very good streaks run through it though.'

"'I'll come for you in the morning,' I said to Madge, who had thrown off her hat, looking so resolute and absorbed in her purpose that I knew there was nothing more to be said. So I shook hands with the poor people, and came away with the doctor."

"'I'm going for Madge in the morning,' said Graydon, decisively.

"'I thought you were going trouting with the doctor.'

"'Not till I've told Madge what I think of her,' he said, gravely.

"'I'm sure her impulse and motives were good.'

"'They were more than good,—they were divine, and just like Madge Alden as she now is. She keeps one's blood tingling with surprises; but I've not become such a cynic that I do not understand her. When you come to think of it, what is more natural than that one girl with her superb health should lend her strength to another who, perhaps, is dying; but you may well ask, who in the house would think of doing this?"

"'Yes; the doctor said she was dying,—that she couldn't last much longer.'

"'Well, I never had a sister, but I'm just as proud of Madge, and just as fond of her, as if she were my own flesh and blood. She shall never lack what a brother can do for her while I live."

"'I'm glad you feel so,' said Mrs. Muir. Then she sighed, and thought, "A plague upon him! Why will he keep following up the other white-faced thing, when he might win Madge if he tried hard enough. It's plain that she don't care for him now except as she used to. And she does care for him just as she did before she went away, in spite of all her prudishness about the words brother and sister. I'm not blind. She has grown so pretty, however, that I suppose Graydon would wish to kiss her too often. She is just as fond of him as he is of her, and in just the same way; but if I had his chance I'd soon have it in a different way;" and the good lady was complacency itself over her penetration, as she bade Graydon good-night. No one could see and report the surface of affairs more accurately than she.

As he descended to the hall, Arnault and Miss Wildmere entered. The latter hastened forward and gave him her hand most cordially, saying, "Why, Mr. Muir, I'm ever so glad to see you; you have been away an age."

"A day, Miss Wildmere. Your appearance indicates that you have survived admirably."

"The moon is so bright that we could drive fast, and I'm always happy when in rapid motion."

"You have had the advantage of me then; yet I've been in rapid motion a good part of the day on express trains."

"I feared you were not going to return to-day," she said, as she strolled out with him on the piazza.

"Feared?"

"Yes, why not?"

"It strikes me that I might ask, Why?"

"Surely you would not have me lose such an evening at this, Mr. Muir?" she said, a little reproachfully.

"I would have you follow your own heart."

"I shall follow it as soon as possible," she replied so earnestly that he was disarmed,—especially as the glance which accompanied the words was full of soft allurement and appeal. Of her own accord she put her hand on his arm, and spoke in low contented tones, as if she had at last found rest and refuge. The moon poured around her a flood of radiance, which gave her an ethereal aspect. Her white drapery enhanced and spiritualized her remarkable beauty, making her appear all that lover or poet could ask. His own words grew kinder and gentler; his heart went out to her as never before: she seemed so fair, delicate, and pure in that witching light that he longed to rescue her at once from her surroundings. Why should he not? She had never manifested a more gentle and yielding mood. He directed her steps from the piazza to a somewhat distant summer-house, and her reluctance was a shy half revolt, which only emphasized the natural meaning of her unspoken consent.

Mrs. Muir was still keeping her eyes open, and from her window saw them pass under the shadow of the trees.

At last they were sitting alone in the summer night. Graydon felt that words were scarcely needed,—that his manner had spoken unequivocally, and that hers had granted all; but he took her hand and looked earnestly into her downcast face. "O Stella—" he began.

A twig snapped in the adjacent grove. She sprung up. "Hush, Graydon," she whispered; "not yet. Please trust me. Oh, what am I thinking of to be out so late!—but I could not resist. Come;" and she started for the house.

As they passed in at the door he said, in a low, deep tone, "You cannot put me off much longer, Stella."

"No Graydon," she whispered, hurriedly, and hastened to her room.

In his deep feeling he had not heard the suspicious sound in the grove, and Miss Wildmere's manner was only another expression of the strong constraint which he believed to be imposed upon her by her father's financial peril. He felt bitterly disappointed, however. Although irritated, he was yet rendered more than forgiving by the apparent truth that she had almost yielded to the impulses of her heart, in spite of grave considerations—and promises perhaps—to the contrary.

The thought of again appealing to the father occurred to him, but was speedily dismissed with unconquerable repugnance. The very fact that this man compelled his daughter to take such a course made Graydon wish never to speak to him again. "No," he muttered; "the girl must yield to me, and cut loose from all her father's shifty ways and associations."

The night was so beautiful, and his thoughts kept him so wakeful, that he sat in a shadow and watched the moonlight transfiguring the world into beauty. Before long he heard a step, and a man came from the end of the piazza which was nearest the summer-house. As he passed in, Graydon saw that it was Arnault. The quick suspicion came into his mind, "Could he have been watching?" Then flashed another thought, "Could she have become aware of his presence, and was this the cause of her abrupt flight?"

The latter supposition was dismissed indignantly and at once. The affair was taking on an aspect, however, so intensely disagreeable that he resolved to write to Miss Wildmere that he would absent himself until Arnault should disappear below the horizon. He would then go trouting or take a trip to some other resort. This course, he believed, would bring her to a decision, and after their recent interview he could scarcely doubt its nature.

Before he was aware of it, his thoughts returned to Madge. "Poor, poor child!" he thought, reverting to the patient. "Well, for once, at least, she has had a good angel watching over her. I would like to see Madge's face framed by the open window in this witching light. Would to Heaven that Stella was more like her! Yet Stella was beautiful as a dream to-night, and it seemed that my vision of happiness was on the very eve of fulfilment."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MADGE'S STORY.

Early in the beautiful morning of the following day Graydon was out securing a light carriage, for he reasoned that after watching all night Madge would be too weary to enjoy horse-back exercise. He first called on the doctor, and obtained careful directions as to the locality of Madge's sojourn. "The best I can do is to go with you as guide to the trout-stream, and then drive back by moonlight," the doctor added.

Within an hour Graydon reached the cottage, and Madge ran out to welcome him. "Now, this is kind and thoughtful of you," she said, and there was unmistakable gladness in her face.

"Dear Madge, you have had a long, dismal night, I fear. I can see it from the lines under your eyes."

"It has been a sad night, Graydon, yet I am very glad I came, and you have now rewarded me. The poor girl is sleeping, and I can slip away."

Mr. and Mrs. Wendall parted from her feelingly and gratefully. Madge promised to come again soon.

For a few moments they drove in silence, and then Madge sighed: "How young, fresh, and full of beautiful life the world seems this morning! The contrast with that poor, suffering, dying girl is too great. Nature often appears strangely indifferent."

"I am not in lifferent, Madge. I kept a sort of watch with you for an hour or two last night in the wee sma' hours, and tried to imagine you sitting in just such an open window as I saw there, with the moonlight on your face; and I thought that the poor girl had one good angel watching over her. You know I am a man of the world, but an act of ministry like this touches me closely."

"No, Graydon; not a good angel, but a very human creature was the watcher."

"Tell me about it,—that is, continue the story from the point where Mary left off;" and he explained about Mrs. Muir's account of the previous evening.

"Well, you know what a wilful creature I am?" she began, with the glimmer of a smile.

"Oh, yes: I've learned to understand that feature of your royal womanhood. You are trying to be a woman, Madge. Well, you are one,—the kind I believe in. See how much faith I have,—I believe, yet don't understand."

"No jesting or compliments this morning, please; I'm too heavy-hearted for them now."

"You ought to be serene and happy after so kind and good a deed."

"No," she said, decisively; "that sympathy must be superficial which can pass almost immediately into self-complacency. O Graydon, it is all so sad, yet not sad; so passing strange, yet as natural and true as life and death! I did sit for hours just as you imagined, looking out on the great, still mountains. Never did they seem so vast and stable, and our life so vapor-like, as when I heard that poor fluttering breath come and go at my side. But I am anticipating. As soon as Mary departed I became as imperious as I dared to be. I saw that the poor mother had reached about the limit of her endurance, and I arranged the lounge in the sitting-room, so that she could lie down at once, saying: "I am a stranger, and young, and it's not natural that you should be willing to give up to me too much, nor do I wish you to be far away; yet I can see just how sorely in need of rest you are. You must finish your supper, give me your directions, and then lie down and get every bit of rest you can. I can easily keep awake, and promise to call you whenever you are needed."

"'Nancy,' her husband added, 'Miss Alden is right. I see by this way that she takes hold that she'll do everything, and you're jest beat out.' So between us we had our way.

"'Bless you, miss,' said the man, trying to smile in a way that almost made me cry, 'I'm as handy as a woman 'bout a kitchen'; and he soon proved that he was handier than I could have been, for in a few minutes he pulled up from the well a pail, took out a dressed chicken, and broiled it to perfection. I made his wife eat some of it, and saved a little of the breast for poor Tilly, as they call her."

"Did you take any yourself?" interrupted Graydon.

"Oh yes, indeed! I'm one of those prosaic creatures whose appetite never fails. If the world were coming to an end to-day I should insist on having my breakfast."

"Madge," said Graydon, ruefully, "I might as well tell you, for I'm sure to be found out: I once called you 'lackadaisical.'"

"Oh, I know that over two years ago! What's more, you were right."

"No; I was not right," he answered, positively. "I should have recognized the possibilities of your nature then. I did in regard to your beauty, but not those higher qualities which bid fair to make you my patron saint."

"Oh hush, Graydon. Such words only pain me. I don't want your compliments, and if any man made a patron saint of me I should be so exasperated that I should probably box his ears. Let us stick to what is simple, natural, and true, in all our talk."

"You may say what you please, Madge, I see it more clearly every day, and reproach myself that I did not understand you. I was content to amuse and pet you, and you naturally did not think me capable of doing anything more. You went away alone to make as brave a fight as was ever battled out in this world, and I had no part in helping you. Mr. and Mrs. Wayland were worth a wilderness of superficial society-fellows like me. I now know why you did not care to correspond with me while making your noble effort."

"Truly, Graydon, your memory and penetration are phenomenal."

"You may disclaim out of kindness now, but I know I am right. You make my life appear shallow and trivial. What have I done in the last two years but attend carefully, from habit, to the details of business, and then amuse myself? And when I wrote I merely sought to amuse you. What were my flippant letters worth to one who was in earnest?"

"Graydon," said Madge, looking into his eyes with gentle dignity, "you may do yourself injustice if you will, but you shall not misjudge me. I have acquired a little of the art of taking care of myself, and you are doing me a wrong which I cannot permit. I remember everything, from the time that your kind eyes rested on the pallid, shrinking child that crept down to the dining-room when we first met, and from that day to this you have been kind and helpful to me. I said that I regarded you as one of the best friends I had in the world. Don you think I forget how kind you were when society would not have tolerated the ghost I was? I am not one who forgets and ignores the past,—who can go on to new friends with a frigid shoulder for old ones. Let us end these misunderstandings. Before the year is out you will probably be engaged, perhaps married. Our lives will be widely separated. That is inevitable from the nature of things. But distance and absence can cause no such separation as results from misunderstanding. If we should not meet again in twenty years I should be the same loyal friend. Now I've said it, and don't vex me again by speaking as if I had not said and meant it."

"I can scarcely tell whether your words make me glad or sad. Each feeling is deeper than you will ever believe. You certainly give me the impression that if I marry Stella Wildmere our lives will be separated."

"You don't take nature, especially woman-nature, into consideration at all. I am not congenial to Miss Wildmere; she does not like me. It is nothing against her, but some people are antagonistic. This is especially true among women, and in this case it is not strange. Our experiences have been very different. There is never any use in trying to ignore the old law of 'like unto like.' I say this in explanation of what you know is true all the world over. Even the close ties of kindred often count for little where tastes, occupations, and habits of thought are diverse. All this is nothing against your perfect right to please yourself. In this land, thank Heaven! families and friends cannot yoke people together to pull forward general and miscellaneous interests.'

"You speak as if it were a slight thing when the woman whom a man marries is merely accepted, tolerated, by his kindred."

"I have not said that, Graydon; I have only said again what I said before,—that a man has a right to please himself. The truth is trite enough; why recur to it?"

"Gravitation is trite enough, but it often has an acute bearing on one's experience. You do not like Stella—"

"And she does not like me."

"Very well; but you try to be just to her, and when she has lived awhile in different associations you will find her greatly changed. I think you can be her close friend in the future. But Henry detests her, and he is so quietly and obstinately tenacious in his views that the fact annoys me exceedingly."

"Very well; you can't help that. You will live in different houses, and your domestic life will be quite removed from business interests."

"Oh, confound Henry! He married to suit himself, so shall I. But, Madge, dear Madge, you will try to love her,—to help her to be more like you, for my sake?"

At last Madge's laugh rung out merrily. "For mercy's sake, Graydon, don't ask me to be a missionary to your wife," she cried. "If I escaped with my eyes I should be lucky. You must think your wife perfection, and make her think you do. Woe be unto you if you introduce a female friend and suggest that she should be imitated, even to the arch of an eyebrow. Oh no, I thank you! That's a sphere in which I shouldn't shine at all, and I wouldn't dare attempt it with any feminine saint in the calendar. O Graydon, what a dear old goose you are!" and she laughed till the tears came into her eyes. He joined her in a half vexed way, protesting that she was still as uncanny as a ghost, although she had lost the aspect of one.

TO BE CONTINUED

How Maine's Scott Act Works.

—New York Sun.

"Half of the boys in the Dexter, Me., high school use tobacco, and whiskey bottles are passed around among them. A Dexter school girl smokes and swears in public. These cases were up for consideration at a recent local teachers' institute.

The Place of Safety.

A boy out in Ohio, while standing and looking at two boys fighting, was struck on the head by a big stone hurled by one of the combatants, and has remained unconscious nearly three days. From this, my son, learn this wisdom: Whenever you get close to a fight sail into it and take a hand yourself. It is the innocent spectator who always gets knocked out, while the fellow who wades in and slashes around comes out with all the glory and no scratches.—Burdette.

A Georgia Railroad.

Some of the railways down this way are still a little shaky. The old Jerkwater line is especially loose in the joints. A commercial traveller who came in yesterday relates a little experience while bounding over the road. "We were whooping along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the old train was wavering terrible. I expected every minute to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the car to the other. I held on like grim death to the arms of my seat. Presently we settled down to quiet running—at least I could keep my hat on, and my teeth didn't chatter. The conductor was in hailing distance. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to look cheerful, and said: 'We are going a little smoother, I see.' 'Yes,' said the conductor, 'we're off the track now.'"—Oglethorpe Castanet.

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 7,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are concerned. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—*Montreal Star Nov. 17, 1882*

Nov. 29.

SANCTIFIED FISH. The Salvation Army in France appears to have acquired a notable recruit in the person of a certain Major Fakir. This individual's claims to sanctity rest chiefly upon the fact that on one occasion he wrote the name of God upon 20,000 slips of paper, which he threw into the river to sanctify the fish and the souls of those who might eat them; and on another he remained three days and three nights up to his neck in water without moving or eating. Profane people might be disposed to suggest that temporary detention in a lunatic asylum would be the best cure for the "major's" enthusiasm.—London Truth.

The Montreal Witness says that last winter the Canadian Pacific railway exhibition car distributed some 65,000 small packages of wheat, each weighing exactly two and a quarter ounces, well filled, to different farmers in the eastern and lower provinces, requesting them to sow the grains and watch the result. The average result has been, one peck of wheat harvested from the seed contained in each of these packages, or from 15 lbs. to 16 lbs., from 2½ ozs. of seed, thus proving that the change of the seed from the climate, of the far west to the east has been productive of the best results. It is considered probable that in the future the wheat seed from the Canadian Northwest will be the favorite seed for European countries. The fact of Canada carrying away the highest distinctions and medals for grains at the Antwerp exhibition has created a large demand for samples of Canadian gain to be experimented upon in different European countries. Among others application has been made by Il Commendatore Neuragha on behalf of the Italian government, by Dr. Willmock, professor of botany at the royal agricultural college, Berlin, as well as by a society on behalf of King Oscar of Norway. Throughout there is a generrl desire to give Canadian wheat a trial, if not a preference, and it is fair to predict that the Canadian Northwest will shortly become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, wheat supplying centre for the world.

Following the custom of recent years, Harper's Magazine for December is especially a Christmas Number. It may fairly be said to be the most brilliant number ever issued. Among it contributors are George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Charles Egbert Craddock, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edwin Arnold, William Black, R. D. Blackmore, George H. Boughton, Blander Matthews, C. P. Cranch, and W. H. Gibson, and the illustrations are from such artists as Abbey, Rienhart, Boughton, Gibson, Calderon, Fyle, Fredericks, Dielman, and Smedley. The Number contains nineteen full-page engravings.

The opening article on "The Nativity in Art" is a thoughtful and suggestive study by the Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, Jun., D. D., illustrated by engravings from masterpiece by Raphael, Giotto, Flippo Lippi, Luca Della Robbia, Ghirlandajo, Bernardio Luini, Correggio, Roger Valder Weyden, Albert Durer, Murillo, Defregger, and Bouguereau, the latter being represented by an original sketch not hitherto published.

The French artist, Leon Bonvin, a poor innkeeper, whose story is as romantic as his aquarelles were unique and exquisite, is the subject of a paper by Philippe Burty, illustrated by engravings of Bonvin's finest pictures.

A notable feature of this issue is the number of strong short stories. These are "Way down in Lonesome Cove," by Charles Egbert Craddock, with a full-page illustrations by Dielman; "The Madonna of the Tubs," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with three illustrations by W. T. Smedley, "Esther Feverel," a Hawthornesque tale, by Blander Matthews, with two illustrations by, Howard Pyle; and "Wyvern Moat," a ghost story, by George H. Boughton, illustrated by the author. Besides these are instalments of the serial novels —"East Angels," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, and Indian Summer," by W. D. Howells, who also contributes a farce, entitled, "The Garroters," illustrated by Reinhart.

Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia," contributes a translation from Kalidasa's celebrated poem, "Ritu Sanhara" or "Round of the Seasons" illustrated by Fredericks. The other poems of the Number are: "At the grave of Keats" (dedicated to George William Curtis) by C. P. Cranch; "The Well of St. John," by R. D. Blackmore, illustrated by Phillip H. Calderon; and "At Nonnenwerth," by William Black, illustrated by E. A. Abbey.

William Hamilton Gibson contributes "A Winter Walk," with ten illustrations in his best style.

George William Curtis, in the Editor's Easy Chair, treats of Christmas past and present, and Charles Dudley Warner, in the Editor's Drawer, takes up the subject on a distinctively American line, and is a vein of delightful humor. The Number closes with "A Christmas Legend," by Miss Fanny Albert Doughty, illustrated by W. L. Sheppard.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Hamilton Times says that the three smallpox patients in the hospital there are convalescent, and that there no new cases.

A coloured man, living near Gainsville, Florica, is the happy father of fifty-four children thirty-three of whom now live under the parental roof.

A movement is on foot in Ireland to prevent the importation of British goods, with the exception of such goods as are not produced in the country.

An enormous crane, capable of raising 150 tons, has been erected on the Antwerp quays to hoist the immense cannon from Krupp's manufactory weighing 125 tons. The crane of the port of Antwerp can lift 120 tons.

We have received "Two Months in the Camp of Big Bear," by Theresa Gowanlock and Theresa Delaney. This is neatly printed little volume of 160 pages, giving an account of the settlement of Frog Lake, the massacre and the two months' captivity in the camp of Big Bear. The story of Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney will be read with interest by a great many of the people of Canada who sympathize with their misfortunes, and who rejoice at their escape from the hands of the murderous savages.—Published at the Times office, Parkdale.

High license is coming into favour as a means of checking intoxication in the United States. Henry Ward Beecher supports it as against prohibition, and many temperance reformers accept it as a step in the right direction. The experience of Illinois, Wisconsin, and other states proves that the system is an effectual aid to sobriety and good morals, and has a wholesome effect in decreasing crime. The Church temperance society of New York, has prepared a bill on the subjebt, which will be introduced in the next Legislature. Under the proposed measure the license for the sale of distilled liquor would be $1,000, and for fermented liquors $100.—Mail.

Having discovered that a large per centage of the cologne water imported into Russia is used as a beverage and not as a scent, the government proposes to make it bear the same duty as brandy. The alcoholic basis of cologne has often led to its consumption as a stimulant by tibulists in distress, and also by a class of amateur tipplers who would shink from a square jorum of undisguised grog. The New York World says that cologne water is drank to a great extent in the United States, chiefly by women. It would hardly suit the vigorous palates of the Northwest pioneers, who find in the fiery pain killer a flavor of the strong waters of civilization, and a reminder of the good old days when they pleaded at the bars of their former homes.

1886.
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