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MULHOLLANDS CONTRACT.

The fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea,
An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let the creatures free—
An' the lights went out on the lower deck an' no one there but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet there,
For the lower deck is the dangerousest, requirin' constant care,
An' give to me as the strongest man, though used to drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein' horned or trod,
For the lower deck was packed with steers thinkin' 'n peas in a pod,
An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made a contract with God.

An' by the terms of the contract, as I have read the same,
If He got me to port alive I would exalt His name,
An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders came.

He saved me from the cattle, and He saved me from the sea,
For they found me 'twixt two drownded ones where the roll had landed me—
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy as could be.

But that was done by a stanchion an' not by a bullock at all,
An' I lay still for seven weeks convalescing of the fall,
An' reading the shiny Scripture texts in the Seaman's Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, and He says to my prayer,
"I never put on My ministers no more than they can bear,
So back you go to the cattle-boats an' preach My Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,
But most of all, as well you know, when the steers are mad afraid,
So you go back to the cattle-boats an' preach on what I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they must quit knife-on-a-blow,
They must quit gamblin' their wages, an' you must preach it so,
For now those boats are more like Hell than anything else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get,
An' I wanted to preach Religion handsome an' out of the way,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an' I done what I was set.

I have been 'mutt an' bruised, as warned would be the case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as His Book commands,
But, following that, I knocked him down an' led him up to Grace.

An' we have preachin' on Sundays, whenever the seas is calm,
An' I use no knife nor pistol an' I never take no harm,
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month, and save the money clear,
An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never lose a steer,
An' I believe in Almighty God an' preach His Gospel here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em wrong,
For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that there belongs,
Which they would not give to a lunatic and the competition so strong.

Rudyard Kipling.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CASTLES.

QUEEN VICTORIA came to the throne at the age of eighteen. She is now in her seventy-seventh year, and has reigned for fifty-eight years. With the exception of the King of Denmark, who is one year her elder, she is the oldest living sovereign in Europe, and with the exception of her grandfather, she has reigned longer than any English monarch. She has herself said that she is "rather small for a Queen," for she is but four feet ten inches in heighs. But, despite that, she is, on occasions, a woman of extraordinary dignity.

Her Majesty has a hearty horror of innovation, and for that reason more than any other, she still adheres with unfailing pertinacity to the uncomfortable regulations under which the "drawing room" ceremonials at Buckingham palace have ever been conducted. It is for the drawing-rooms, and for the drawing-rooms only, that she comes up to town nowadays, spending, all told, from three to five days out of the 365 of the year. It is then that the applicants for social honors are presented to Her Majesty, and the occasion is one of great importance in the circles of the "upper ten." But the drawing-rooms are held in May, which is usually one of the most inclement months of the year, and in the afternoon, which is a very inconvenient time when you consider that every one has to appear in court costume, or in evening dress, a circumstance which is very trying for most of the ladies.

But at Osborne in the Isle of Wight, or at Balmoral in the fastnesses of Scotland, the inconvenient rites are omitted. The Queen does not there trouble herself with heavy ceremonials. The fantasies of drawing-room day etiquette are put aside. State visitors are not received at Osborne or Balmoral; there is not room for them. But persons who are high in the Queen's favor, and those who enjoy what is more than favor, that is to say, her friendship, pass many delightful hours at the royal country houses.

The Queen spends a little time at Osborne in the spring, then four or five weeks in the summer, and then the Christmas season. Her frequent journeyings between Osborne and Windsor, Windsor and Balmoral and Osborne, and back again, roll up an aggregate of several thousands of miles in the course of a twelvemonth—a prodigious showing for a lady of seventy-six, more especially when you consider that to all this travel she yearly adds a continental visit.

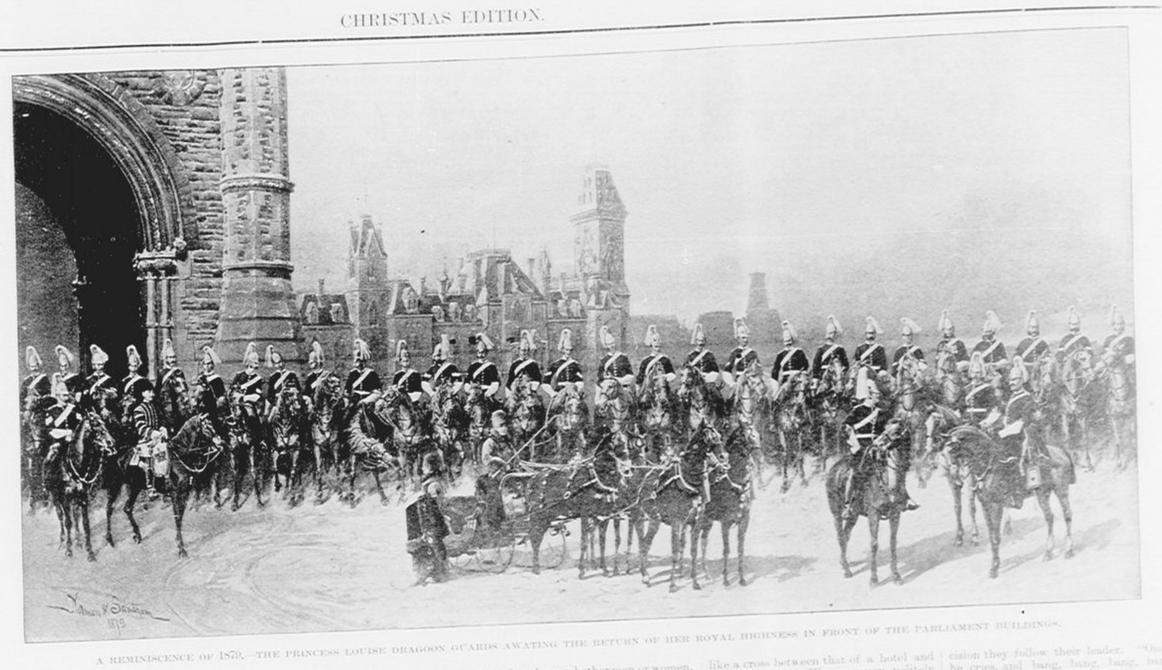
Next to Balmoral, the Queen is fondest of her home at Osborne. Balmoral is in the Scottish mountains; Osborne is in the Isle of Wight on the shore of the Solent, and just outside of Cowes, the greatest yachting center of the Old World. Osborne is a large and beautiful estate, effectually shut in from the rude gaze of the world in general. Under the trees of its sloping lawns the Queen is fond of sitting, watching the ships, and the frequent yacht races. Osborne, although just outside of one of the most fashionable resorts of English society, is quiet enough and secluded enough to be a very restful home for Her Majesty, whose fondness for the place, like her fondness for Balmoral, is due to the fact, not only that it is a charming spot, but also because it was so intimately associated with her husband. Another reason why the Queen prefers the country to the town is that she is freer in one than in the other.

Everybody knows that the Queen is a very considerate old lady, who pays a great deal of attention to the humble folk with whom she is acquainted, but everybody does not know the extent to which she carries her expression of devotion to cottagers who are in sickness or distress. I have the testimony of a clergyman who has been one of her chaplains for forty years, to the effect that when the Queen is at Windsor, Osborne or Balmoral, any tidings of keen affliction among the poor of the neighborhood not only arouse her sympathy, but bring the royal presence itself to the stricken home, and this even in the case of infectious disease. More at Balmoral than at either Osborne or Windsor is this proved to-day, because Osborne and Windsor are now the centers of so considerable a population, and they attract so many sightseers that while in residence there the Queen does not go about as much as she formerly did. Up there at Balmoral she is far removed from the sightseer; the implacable tourista do not go near the pretty castle on the banks of the River Dee, and as the Queen can do very much as she pleases, almost as much as if she were not a Queen but the subject, for in these days, in Britain, the only persons who are not as free as the rest of their countrymen are the royalties and the peers.

In these days of assassination it is no cause for wonder that when Queen Victoria makes a railway journey the most extreme precautions are taken to provide for her safety. Queen Victoria, they say, has her little superstitions. She believes that articles made by blind persons bring good luck; that spilling salt brings bad luck; and she would probably not give six-pence for her kingdom if by any untoward chance thirteen persons happened to sit at the royal dining table. She has her pet dislikes, too, and among these is a hearty detestation of nicknames; another is an antipathy to the smell of furs, particularly of seal skins. It is said at court that she is sometimes rather shaky in her spelling, and that when in doubt she writes the word so illegibly that the possible mistake is hidden. She wears three rings which she has never removed—her wedding ring, a little enamel ring with a small diamond center, which the prince consort gave her when she was only sixteen years old, and her engagement ring, which is in the form of a serpent of emeralds. She wears only a bracelet from which is suspended I dare not say how many little lockets. How many grand and great-grandchildren has she? Well, the number of lockets. Now she will have to add to the collection a portrait of the York baby.

Queen Victoria has a sturdy dislike to appearing in public, and this dislike increases as she grows older.

It is easy enough to imagine ceremonial, say in a great sovereign's life, but it is difficult for us to imagine the purely human relations which affect the career of so exalted a personage. The character in which the world likes best to think of Queen Victoria is that of the woman who has, from girlhood to old age, passed her life in the most conspicuous position in the English speaking world, and while maintaining the dignity of the queenly office, has known all the joys of womanhood, and most of its poignant sorrows.



A REMINISCENCE OF 1870.—THE PRINCESS LOUISE DRAGOON GUARDS AWAITING THE RETURN OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES.
From the picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A., at Windsor Castle

A SOUL-SEMBLANCE.

She was no longer young, poor Miss Lisle. Her hair was streaked with silver, so that the massive coil was now like to rope whose one strand is gold, the other silver. Her eyes still retained a heavenly blue color, but the observer seemed to feel that many tears had faded them from violet to blue. Her steps were cheerfully taken; but the spring seemed to have lost its elasticity. When her prayers were whispered to her loved God, instead of the "Amen" of former years, she unconsciously muttered, "I am so tired!"

Life with her had passed with duties for mile-posts, and routine for the road which leads on through distance. At every ten of these duties passed, she would come to a pleasure great and glad—a sacrifice permitted her to make. These she would go by with a sigh, for the horrid duties were covered with wreaths of flowers and garlands of fresh green leaves. But whether one mile-post or ten mile-markers were passed, the result was always increasing weariness.

One morning, just as sleep was slipping away from her, and consciousness becoming more and more a reality that she must rise to tread the path, routine, she felt a slight touch on her cheek, and opening her eyes beheld beside her poor bed a radiant youth. His eyes were bright and happy, his smile pure sunshine—a smile of divine love and sympathy. In his hand he held a bunch of heavily fragrant poppies.

"Who are you?" asked the gentle weary soul.

"I am Death," answered the radiant youth.

"Death!" repeated she—"Death! I never heard before that Death was young —was beautiful. Where is your scythe? Where your skeleton body which ever terrifies by rattling its dry bones? Death which makes us glad to close our eyes, to lose consciousness, if only to shut out his horrid grimace?"

The pretty, sinless youth took in his the hands which never on the weary road refused help to any sufferer, and said: "Listen, wearied sister: Death has a different visage for each and every son of man. To the sweet babe, Death is the mother's semblance, which softly takes the infant soul to God. To the brave youth, Death comes like an honored chieftain bearing laurel crowns. To the coward, Death is some hideous monster, who, far from standing before the dying one, needs but to show its form to hurry the soul into Eternity! The maiden, as she is unselfish or selfish, pure or impure, sees a shining-visaged God, or a grinning devil.

"And to those, whether men or women, who have led single lives of duty, or unrewarded devotion on earth, whose path has always been spiked with thorns, God sends His sweetest angels to bear them on wings of down into a perfect rest. The grave, that to others yawns a gaping pit, is to them a rose-strewn couch.

"Each can be his own jailer, as he leaves this world; each can, in the physiognomy of Death, read his reward or punishment. The knowledge comes late, but it comes to all alike. No child of earth appears before the God of heaven without this moment's space for preparation and explanation. Will you come now? You are so tired! but rest is at hand. Come to rest—come to God!"

And they found the *old child* quietly sleeping, and they mourned her dying all alone; they grieved that no prayer had been said to ease her soul of sin. They heaped her bier with flowers, and with sobs told of deeds lovingly done by her to one and all. They did not know—but she was resting.

Lovingly they laid the tired form in its home. And they said in awed tones, "She is dead!" She is dead!

Ah! if they could have seen her weary spirit supported by the gleaming youth, who whispered ever and anon, "Rest is near! Rest! eternal rest!"

AT PLAY.

Play that you are mother, dear,
And play that papa is your beau;
Play that we sat in the corner here,
Just as we used to long ago.
Play so, we lovers two,
Are just as happy as can be,
And I'll say: "I love you!" to you!
And you say: "I love you!" to me!
"I love you!" we shall say,
All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are the other one
That sometimes came and went away;
And play that the light of years agone
Stole into my heart again to day!
Playing that you are the one I knew
In the days that never again may be,
I'll say: "I love you!" to you!
And you say: "I love you!" to me!
"I love you!" my heart will say
To the ghost of the past come back to-day.

Or, play that you sought this nesting place
For your own sweet self, with that dual grace
Of your pretty mother in your face
And the look of that other in your eyes!
So the dear old love shall live anew,
As I hold my darling on my knee,
And I'll say: "I love you!" to you!
And you'll say: "I love you to me!
Oh, many a strange, true thing we say
And do when we pretend to play.

Chicago Record.

IN A CHAMPAGNE CELLAR.

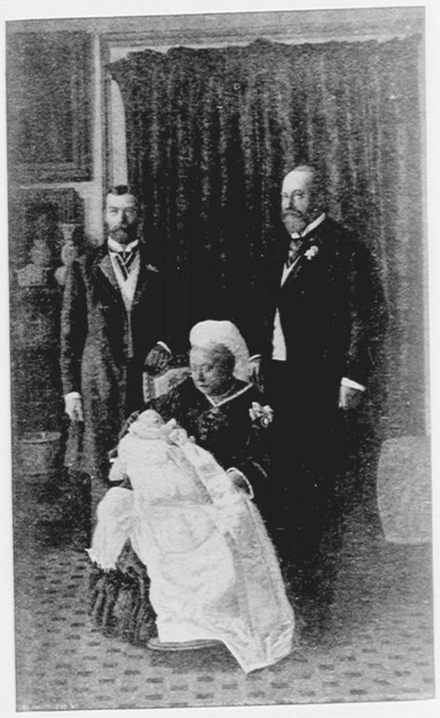
People go to Rheims to see two things—the cathedral and the champagne cellars. Which of these two sights is the more interesting is a matter of individual taste. In either case you go to the cathedral first. If you prefer it, you go for that reason. If not, you go to get it over and be done with it. Rheims is a very dull town, evidently very industrious, evidently very intent on its own business. Champagne is its business, and it is rather strange that its light and sparkling nature should fail to impart any light or sparkle to the city which is its headquarters. Crowning the Kings of France used to be the business of Rheims; perhaps it feels it has its dignity to keep up, and refuses to be made frivolous, even by champagne. Some of the streets are old and some are new; but the old ones have none of the charm of antiquity, and the new ones none of the brightness of youth. The hotel, which bears an old name and an honorable reputation, is dirty and dingy. The only two agreeable points about it are the very engaging black poodle, who resides in it, and the view from its windows of the beautiful facade of the cathedral, with lovely elaboration of stone carvings.

The champagne cellar we are to visit is Pommery and Greno's, and to get there we have a good half hour's drive along a wide boulevard, flanked with big houses and villas and gardens, all supported by champagne. At last we arrive. It is an immense building—gray, curiously striped with red—set on a hill, quite on the outskirts of the town. The entrance looks like a cross between that of a hotel and a penitentiary. We are very politely received and handed over to a man in a blue blouse and a black moustache, who is to guide us over the place, and begins by conducting us to the top of a long, straight flight of stairs which go down and down, apparently into the very centre of the earth. However, we don't quite get there, though we descend 218 steps, which seem a thousand, towards it.

The cellars are hollowed out of the chalk rock, and are so deep that they have a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of about eleven degrees centigrade (about 53 degrees Fahrenheit). Heat or cold above makes no difference down here; in winter it strikes warm and in summer cold. The cellars consist of innumerable long tunnels, crossing and recrossing, and leading in and out of each other in the most puzzling fashion. They are all lit up with electric light. It is very nice, but seems somewhat incongruous, down there in the bowels of the earth. Torches, or candles stuck in your hat, for instance, would not be so agreeable, but more harmonious and more in artistic keeping with the long, mysterious passages in the rock. The extent of the cellars is 13 kilometres (just over eight miles), and the guide informs us with pride, that it takes five hours to walk all over them.

The tunnels are flanked on each side with high stacks of bottles—hundreds and thousands of them—all full of the precious liquid. When our guide thinks we are sufficiently impressed, he turns us back, through more tunnels lined with huge casks. These casks are the cradle of the champagne. It is in the beginning simply white wine which is poured into the casks and allowed to remain there for a year. Nothing is added to it. But, on the other hand, nothing is taken away from it, as is the case with still wines. Still wine is poured off, three or four times, into other casks, to free it from the sediment which always forms in wine. It is just this sediment which develops sugar and carbonic acid gas, that, remaining in the wine, makes it champagne. The champagne, then, lies in its cask for a year, or sometimes two years. Sometimes it is mixed with some of the next year's wine of the same character, sometimes not. Finally, sediment and all, it is bottled, and the bottles are turned a little way round every few days. It can be easily seen by the white mark, when a complete revolution has been made. This is done so that the sediment may not all collect in one place. There is also another, and a more drastic, process for shaking the sediment about. We hear a loud, hollow, rhythmical, reverberating noise. Our guide takes us round a corner, and there we see a row of six men, their faces covered with black, wire masks, a bottle held by the neck in each of their hands. With military precision they follow their leader. "One," he cries, and bang, bang, bang, bang, they all hammer their bottles on the board in front of them. "Two," and all the bottles are raised in the air, and waved backwards and forwards. "Three," and the men change their hold from the neck to the body of the bottle, and bang, bang, bang, bang, go the other ends on the board. It looks and sounds as if the bottle must be smashed to pieces. As a matter of fact, few break. The wire masks prevent these from flying in the men's faces.

When the wine has been brisé long enough, and all the thick sediment has collected against the cork (for the bottles are tipped a little to allow of this), the cork is taken out and the wine in the neck of the bottle containing the sediment, flies out. The bottles are then handed to a man, who, with a very ingenious machine, by which several bottles can be worked at once, adds to the wine a little sweet liqueur, to replace the sugar which has also 'out in the sediment. For the dear champagne only 1 per cent. of liqueur is added; for the sweetest, 12 per cent. The bottles then go to the corker, who, with another ingenious little machine, drives in tremendous corks as large round as a child's fist. He then passes them to the wirer, who, with a third machine, wires down the corks at the rate of one hundred an hour. The bottles are then given a neck-lace of gold or silver foil, and the champagne is finished.



THE FOUR GENERATIONS.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LITERARY WORSHIP.

Features of the Relic-Craze.

The most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well-known English man, who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley. Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of the late Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, at Vianden, in the garden attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816, a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic monger of London and was purchased by an English nobleman for a sum equal to $3,650 in United States currency. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favorite ring and the tooth set in its place. The wig that Sterne wore while writing Tristram Shandy was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of $2,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought £1,000 at a sale in 1822.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1869.—H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR (DUKE OF CONNAUGHT) AT REDEAU HALL.

A WHIFF O' THE CELLER AIR.

Oh, for a breath of the underworld,
A whiff of the cellar air,
For this morn is the first December
That winds have blown in my hair!
Oh, for the wonderful dusk,
That mingles the day and the night,
For a sight of the dear, dim cellars
On the Rheimsian river's bright!

Oh, for the feel of the cobwebs
In the corners that cluster and cling,
That seem like the ghosts of the spiders
A-hanging on everything!
Oh, for the dear, dim cellars,
Where all shadows are cool,
For the wind-gusts are hot and angry
For the month of December's rule!

I'm sick of the blazing sunshine,
That burns through the window pane,
Of gowns of summer-weight muslin
Of sweltering days of rain,
Of sun-hot streets and pavements,
Of a heated, dusty town,
For a taste of the purple grapes
Where the cellar's cobwebs drown.

Oh, a whiff of the cellar's coolness,
And a breath of the underworld!

And Santiago may be forgotten,
Her memories cease to be told,
But, oh, for a breath of the cellars,
A whiff of the underworld!

MY FELLOW TRAVELLER.

I HAD been nearly [illegible] entered the wood. I was two hours at trees, closing in a narrow path. Stars into the blackness as much as might, I could see nothing else. I moved my horse to a quicker pace and plunged into the uncertainty of the forbidding avenue. The long line of gloomy sentinels seemed to stretch away interminably, crowding the road. Good evening, friend.

"Good evening, friend," said I, boldly; "is it friend?"

"Did you fear a foe?" asked the voice.

"Nay," I replied, trying in vain to subdue the quivering of my horse—"but I have heard some ugly stories about this part of the country."

"They say, in truth, this is a haunted road."

"Well, I certainly do not fear for of that description," I returned scornfully. "I would not enjoy being murdered by a ruffianly highwayman, but I am not afraid of meeting his ghost," and I now laughed, reassured and quite at my ease.

"Ah!" said my companion, with a peculiar inflection.

"You are doubtless bound for the 'Blue Boar,' as I am?" I asked.

"I go where you go—for this night."

I shivered, involuntary. The strangeness of what might have been, entered my mind, and impressed me vividly and unpleasantly. Then I instantly remembered that this man was evidently a foreigner, and as the words floated lightly upon us, I dismissed my fantures, but he had never once left his face in my direction. He continued his horse in my direction. He continued to ride in an easy line with the wide and drooping brim of a gray hat, threw an impenetrable shadow on the face beneath, while the folds of a long, gray cloak concealed his figure.

The sound of the horses' feet brought the landlord hurrying to the door, a cordial greeting and a commercial night, which, I instantly observed, he seemed to direct entirely to me. Even after entering the house he addressed himself more to me, asking the supper and questions concerning the and remarks utterly foreign to the subject. But as the latter stood with his back to the fireplace, and drawn his quaint carved chair from the seated himself quite close to me, so that he was in all probability the only one whose words were addressed to his host, or a person perhaps of similar

Some gentleman's servant. But I, glancing in his direction, that supposition perished as an airy was born, for the stranger's face still shadowed by the slouching had not removed, and chin of great a mouth and chin of great deficiency, and showed the lines of the nose with its sensitive nostrils, and the whole mirrored the stamp of breeding. Now as ed his eyes to mine, my horse sank deep in my heart met them that turned upon such dark, awful melancholy looking out from such a pallid I positively darted back to my gaze, and with a long-drawn turned to the landlord, now in with but forced gaiety—

"Lord, sir!" cried the host, "what is it?"