

A Quiet Bit of Scandal.

When cannibal savages at a fight make a feast of the bodies of those they have slain.

The grisly report yields a keener delight from the knowledge that every unfortunato who is killed.

Would have deemed it the deepest disgrace to be eaten.

Thought the custom is fast dying out in Pootah, as the influence of Western example increases.

In civilized countries you often may see a circle of friends, in the highest of place, all busily picking some neighbor to please.

And the best of it is that the neighbor is not, as in islands barbaric, a person deceased.

The flesh has been baked in no caldron or pot; they don't even know to sear him up hot.

For the victim will live in the midst of the feast.

Some good natured friend, p'aps, may make him aware

Of the nature of these hungry monster's employment;

And though in reply he may stoutly declare That such "victim" work has not a babe

Yet he will live at the thought of their fiendish employment.

Still one comfort remains. In the tale of the feast.

No possible vengeance is left for the victim; He's cooked and defunct. But to Europe's free

To seek satisfaction; and sometimes we see That he would in exchange for the wounds which have picked him.

Then beware, Mrs. Smith; beware, lovely Miss Brown.

Young Jones, whisper nothing that isn't quite true;

Be a little more careful of others' renown. For Thompson in yonder recess has set down

With Miss Green, and is quietly cutting up you!

THE CONDUCTOR.

When I was a schoolboy and used to go to London for the holidays, among my most pleasing recollections on my return to Mr. Tawney's academy were the cries of the omnibus conductor.

With two forms piled one on the other, a sympathizing schoolfellow perched at one end as driver, it was my duty to hang on to the exterior and act the "cad," with greater decency than accuracy, and ignoring strict topographical unities, I would relate to a long list of destinations.

I would "run in" imaginary old ladies, and defraud equally unsubstantial stout gentlemen out of their change. I would exchange gay chaff and witticisms, and lend satirical remarks at visionary policemen.

It was not, however, my early indications that led me into the path of life I am at present following, but rather a necessity—the inability to exert my strength in any other way. I am an unfortunate person, I am sober and industrious, and possessed of some little ability; but everything has gone wrong with me. I can't help thinking that I have been the victim of some little persecution.

I made an enemy in early life, and I can trace the effects of his sinister influence at every step of my career.

My boyhood's home was comfortable and genteel. My mother was a widow with a sufficient income. I was an only son, with but one sister, who was five or six years older than myself. I was the spoiled child of the establishment. At fourteen I was a merry mischief loving boy, somewhat of a nuisance, I dare say, to my elders, but thoroughly happy and self-satisfied. Then an evil influence appeared upon the scene—a stout ponderous man, dressed in black, with flabby pendulous cheeks, and eyes sunken and bright like a pig's. I hated him from the first, and he returned my aversion with interest. He concealed his sentiments, however, till he had fairly established his footing in our family. When I heard that he was to marry my sister Caroline, my rage and indignation knew no bounds. I abused him frightfully. I degraded myself, I dare say, but still, although my mother might be objectionable, the matter was true enough. He was a beast, and his name was Barker.

He was in the drug trade, I believe, and a struggling man at that time. He had a family, too, a widow, my sister Caroline's portion set him up in business for himself, in which he afterward amassed a considerable fortune. His eldest boy came to see us one day. I thrashed him one day soundly. He was a spiteful sneak, and I got into nice trouble through him, whilst he never gave me a look that showed he was not his father.

Everybody, however, grieved shame upon me for my conduct in respect to my sister's portion. My mother said that I had found him out as I had, when he was nearly broken his neck over a cord I had slyly strangled across the garden path, and I vowed and gloried in the deed, it was generally said that I might have been sent to prison. Instead of that, however, my mother consented that he should give me a good home-schooling. He took me up with cords and thrashed me awfully, but I had the satisfaction of thinking that I managed to get hold of his leg with my teeth, and left a mark upon him for his life.

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ments was to send me to a warehouse in the city of London, where I had to sweep out the floors and make myself generally useful.

But he was not so much at this, and after putting up with it as long as I could I ran away and went back to mother's house. There, as luck would have it, my sister Caroline was a hospital—being laid up with an infant. She went into hysterics about me, and I was hauled off and taken back to London like a criminal.

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My voice died away in my throat, and I shut the door gently and went off into the kitchen. There was Patty, mother's old servant, putting away the silver. She was in black, too, and crying, and she gave me a scream when she saw me. I was a rough looking chap, hear in mind, and she didn't know me at the moment.

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But he was not so much at this, and after putting up with it as long as I could I ran away and went back to mother's house. There, as luck would have it, my sister Caroline was a hospital—being laid up with an infant. She went into hysterics about me, and I was hauled off and taken back to London like a criminal.

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So placed was I with myself that I wrote home to my mother with a packet of gold dust and a lot of stories about the diggings. I was so much mollified that I sent my love to my mother and kind regards to Barker.

Well, it so happened that my letter reached home just after my mother and father had fallen out, and mother had mustered up spirit to write me a kind letter, and she wrote to me, such a kind letter. I was her own dear, darling boy, and she saw how that wretched Barker had set her against me. But I'd come home now and close her eyes all that had made me mine, and I should take my proper place in the world.

Added to that she sent me a bank post of £100 to pay my expenses.

After that I felt I was bound to go, and yet things kept turning up that hindered me from starting. I had to finish out a piece of work my master had sent me to do, and when I'd done a "bus to Melbourne, who was going home, too; so that it was a year or more before I found myself anchored in the Downs, with the white cliffs of Dover shining in the distance.

I landed there and made my way without troubling myself about my baggage, just as I was—half-sailor, half-digger, across the country to Biddlesden, where mother lived.

I fancy I see the place now—red brick house, with bow windows kept wonderfully bright, warts, blinds, and green venians, and the trees growing here and there. It looked so quiet and cheerful, with the sun shining brightly on everything, that I said to myself, quite to the magic note: "If there's a man here, I'll be bound in the world the heart that is humble may hope for it here."

There were beautiful white steps up to mother's door, and I walked up them, and then I saw a man in a half top hat and half frock coat. It was just four o'clock. Mother would be sitting by the fire.

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1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a Shimadzu 1601 UV-Visible Spectrophotometer. The concentration of chlorophylls was expressed in mg/L.

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