

[illegible]

not off anything, mix with water, and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

6. Young lady sits in a draught, and comes home with a bad sore throat.

7. Wrap flannel around the throat, keep out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue, and allow it to dissolve in the mouth.

8. Nurse suffers from a whitlow or her finger.

9. Place the whitlow in water as boiling as can be borne, then poultice with linseed oil, taking care to mix the poultice with the poultice, to prevent it from growing hard.—Bath and poultice every evening.

10. Cold falls backwards against the tub of boiling water, and is much scalded.

11. Carefully dress the child, lay her on a bed, on its breast, as the lungs are scalded, so assure all draughts are excluded, then dust over the parts scalded oil-carbonate of soda, lay mullin over it, then make a tent, by placing tobacco in a board over them in the box, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover warmly.

12. 9. Mower cuts driver's leg as he is thrown from a seat.

13. Put a tight bandage around the limb, above the cut, so a cup can be put in, in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knee to the little outside of the thumb. Draw the plates of the cut together with stick edges.

14. Child has a bad earache.

15. Plug of cotton wool in olive oil, warm it, and place in the ear. Wipe the head and keep out of draughts.

16. 11. Youth goes to skate; through the ice; brought home in a tub.

17. 8. Rip the body, and rub it dry; rub it with a warm blanket; rub it in a warm bed. Cleanse away froth and mucus with warm cloths, &c., to the armpits; press the thighs, and to the sole of the feet. Rub the surface of the body with the hand encased in a warm worsted sock. To restore breathe close the nostrils and breathe steam into the mouth; infuse the lungs with the breast be raised a little, the nostrils free, and press gently on the chest until signs of life appear. Then give a warm drink, and a bed.

18. 10. Child give up hope for at least two hours after the accident.

19. 12. Child gets on his finger, place your finger on the

1. Child two years old has an
of croup at night. Doctor advises
What is to be done?
The child should be immediately
dressed, and put in a warm
Then give an emetic, composed
part of autumnal wine to two
each. The dose is a teaspoon
the stimulant is not at hand
warm water, mustard and
child, and give a simple emetic; d
child, and wrap it carefully in
blanket
2. Hired girl sprains her ankle
lently.
First bathe in cold water, then
the white of an egg in a
syr with a piece of alum, the
walnut, until it is a thick jelly
a portion of it on a piece of
large enough to cover the
changing it as often as it feels
dry; the limb is to be kept in
zontal position by placing
cushion
3. Bee swarm, and the man
hives them gets severely stung
face.
The sting of a bee is hol
barbed, and as it contains the
the first thing to be done is to
it. The parts stung should
bathed in warm water, and
annum be rubbed on them
with oil
4. Some one's nose bleeds,
not be stopped.
Take a plug of lint, moisten
equal parts of powdered
gun arabic and insert in
Bath the forehead in cold
water
5. Cold cat a piece of
which arsenic has been
killing rats.
Give plenty of warm wa
milk in large quantities, gr
tea: ferment the bowels. S

It has been observed that the
facture of bichromate of potas-
singular effect upon the nose
feeling itself in a curious ac-
little hole is formed on the se-
partition of the nose dividing
part, and increases gradually
trition, entirely disappear-
a superficial of its lower part,
exception is observed, and
little outward depression. At
the partition is destroyed
appears to stop there, nei-
gives, air-tubes nor throat
the least degree of injury. S-
men at the chronic factory in
where the disease has been
watched, have been employed
years and remained unaffected
with others the hole in the
to be formed after one month
But that the disease is some-
than an individual proved that
dent from the fact that an in-
of all the lungs produced that
60 per cent of the men had
cancer. The early symptoms
slight tickling of the parts
followed by bleeding, but w-
comfortable feelings, and in
destructive process is painless.

How bravely a man can
earth, hear the heaviest thun-
form these several duties, at
men to-day in the face, if he
a clear conscience.

WORRY—The Nineteenth Century says: The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is worry. The loss and strength of mind are seriously impaired by the wearing influence, and, if continued long enough, they will be destroyed. The whole machinery is thrown out of order and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, becomes painful and even destructive. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe; if he escapes, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect as much as his good fortune. Worry is disorder, however slight, and disorder red work is marred by the laws of nature, will leave it wholly without effect. The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is exhausted. The reserve comes into play early in the task, and the faculty of recuperation is speedily annulled. Sometimes loss of appetite announces the cessation of nutrition; otherwise the sense of hunger, present in the system, is for a time preternaturally acute, and marks the fact that the demand, occasioned by loss of power, is inappropriate, instead of a determination of supply. The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, the memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion or spirit—past persuasion—the place of judgment; physical nerve and bodily disturbance may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by the sufferer himself. This is the history of "worry," or disorder produced by mental ditiquitude and distraction, occasionally by physical disease.

TREATMENT OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.—Dr. G. W. Balfour, in a clinical lecture on delirium tremens, printed in the *Lancet*, calls attention to an opinion very widespread, not only among the public but even among the profession, that delirium tremens does not arise from the alcohol, but from ceasing to drink. This idea he pronounces to be "fallacious in the extreme." We are often told that so long as the patient is kept drinking, so long will he keep from an attack of delirium, while the very reverse is the case. So long as he keeps drinking he usually keeps from a bad attack, but when a serious attack, as a rule, is accompanied with a loss of drink; but he always keeps coming nearer to it, and the sooner he keeps drinking bout can be arrested, the less risk he runs of having an attack at all. So long as the patient is permitted to obtain drink, just so long will his case prove intractable to treatment; while when the treatment is continued, minus the drink, the cure is rapidly obtained. He concludes that the administration of a trace of alcohol in any form during the course of delirium tremens is necessary only in very rare cases, and even in these cases it delays the cure. Under the treatment recommended by him (which, for the benefit of professional readers, we may state is chloral), so rapid is the action, he believes it possible that alcohol in any form would be required in the ordinary cases, but may supply its place.

There frequently appear in the papers what purport to be simple and effective methods for cutting glass, such as applying a hot iron, or lighting a string saturated with some burning fluid, placed upon the line of desired separation, etc., none of which methods are certain or satisfactory in their results.

The following directions, however, if carefully observed, will require but little practice for any one to become most skilful in working glass with simple and inexpensive tools.

It would not be a hard matter to trace out on a flat piece of glass a line of separation that would be extremely difficult, and even impossible, to do with a diamond, but the method about to be described will make it an easy thing to do.

The necessary tools are, for glass up to about one-eighth of an inch thick, a three-cornered file and a piece of glass rod heated iron from with a suitable handle on one end, the other end squared off, which is to be heated in a lamp flame or by any other convenient means.

After marking out on the glass the line of separation desired, file a notch at the beginning, which we will sup-

ply applying the heated iron around in the desired direction. The fractures may also be prevented further extension by boring a hole at their extremity. The to bore holes in glass of any size with certainty, is readily acquired is certainly often desirable.

This best tool for this purpose is a round file, the size of which depends upon the size of hole to be bored. It should be somewhat smaller than the hole to be bored and have a blunt end. It should be well supplied at the flaring point with a solution of gum turpentine, which is prepared by putting as much turpentine in a given quantity of water as it will dissolve.

By taking the file near the between the thumb and fore-finger giving it a twirling motion, an considerable pressure at the point (the hole is to be bored, it will penetrate the glass and cut a hole, without danger of flaking the edge. Care should be taken to prevent too much pressure by the hole is through, otherwise the flake off on the other side, so to start on both sides before penetration.

A season of unusual character is sure to call forth, even from persons of much experience, the observation that they remember nothing like it before. In truth, the power of accurately recalling past weather is excessively rare; and, in the absence of precise records, the memories of even the oldest inhabitants must be relieved with doubt. The weather which is fine we accept as a matter of course, and forget it as soon as it is over; while that which is stormy, and of the season produces a more permanent impression. It is said by those who have studied such subjects that no effort of memory can recall a vivid impression of past pain, and there is probably much truth in the statement. The power of appealing correctly to experience, which superficial people regard as an elevated gift of nature, is, in fact, the product of the highest intellectual cultivation, and is equally applicable to the ill-treatment of the stomach. There may be no intention to deceive, but there is an incapacity to observe or record with accuracy. Astronomers tell us that of the regions of the earth which now enjoy a temperate climate will at some remote future pass once more through a glacial epoch; but it is a hazardous assertion with the aged that the climate of these islands is safely diminishing in severity. There are no such winters as we hear, as those of the "good old times," when scarcely a member passed in which the quire's horses were not requisitioned in order to assist in dragging the mail coach out of the snow-drifts, or the abbodded men of the parish to cut a passage for it with their pikes and spades. Two years ago the snow lay above street might have prevailed, even if it did not surprise the best achievements of S. diogenes. Plain in the days of our grandfathers, and the truth probably is that the seasons move much more in cycles, the cause of which we may hope that meteorology will some day unravel.—*London Times.*

The spirit of Pope's lines about
"And more true by Mars's line extolled
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels,"
was illustrated by the joyfulness with
which a country gentleman received
the news of his son's loss of a clerk-
ship:
The gentleman had placed the son
with a merchant, and for a season all
went on well. But, at length, the
young man sold a dress to a lady, and
as he was folding it up, he observed a
flaw in the silk, and remarked,
"Madame, I deem it my duty to tell
you there is a fracture in the silk."
This spoiled the bargain.
The merchant overheard the remark:
Had he reflected a moment, he might
have reasoned thus with himself:
"Now I see the wife, while my affairs are
committed to the hands of an honest
clerk!" But he was not pleased, and
so he wrote to the father to come and
take the boy home; for, said he, "*he
will never make a merchant.*"
The father, who had brought up his
son with the strictest care, was not a
little surprised and grieved. And hast-
ening to the city, said, "And why
will he not make a merchant?"
The answer he has no tact. Only a

day or two since, he voluntarily told a lady who was buying silk, that the goods were damaged, and so I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it will be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence." "And is this all the fault?" "Yes; he is very well in their respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would have him in your store another day for the world."

Daniel Webster to His Son.

—

Daniel Webster wrote to his son Fletcher, who was about to be graduated at Harvard, in 1838: "I have seldom felt so much concern about anything of the kind as I do upon your success upon that occasion. I pray you spare no pains—do your best and you will do well enough. I earnestly remind you of the necessity of acting with great caution in regard to festivities. You remember what I said to you on that head, and I pray you to forget no part of it."

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The incontinent lives of professing Christians do more to retard the victories of the cross than all the works of unbelievers.

Daniel Webster wrote to his son Fletcher, who was about to be graduated at Harvard, in 1838: "I have seldom felt so much concern about anything of the kind as I do upon your success upon that occasion. I pray you spare no pains. - Do your best and you will do well enough. I earnestly remind you of the necessity of acting with great caution in regard to religious feelings. You remember what I said to you on that head, and I pray you to forget no part of it."

The inconsistent lives of professing Christians do more to retard the victories of the cross than all the works of unbelievers.

The wind blows north, the wind blows south,
The wind blows east and west;
No matter how the free wind will blow,
Some ship will find it best;
Some ship will follow the white sea
Shouts with a happy air;
"Ho! shipmates, ho! the wind will sail the
The wind is blowing fair!"

One ship sails out into the east,
Another to the west;
The strong and the strange
By wind and waves oppressed,
Under bare masts, tossed to and fro,
To some pleasant bay
The others lie before the gale
With all their white sails set.

"O Wind, O Wind, why dost thou blow,
And to ocean roam,
When I would steer my little bark
To some pleasant shore?
What honor will it be to thee
If down beneath the wave
My craft and I shall find
A cold forgotten grave."

"O foolish one, why wilt thou steer
Against the mighty
There are ten thousand ships afloat
Besides thy little bark,
If thou wouldst floss the pleasant seas,
O wind, thou wilt sail me;
When I blow shoreward, then do thou
Sail also to the shore."

"Yet if thy will with mine must strive,
Do then the next time can
Against my will set sail the ship,
And fight me like a man,
Behind the wheel, after steadily,
Keep watch above, below;
If thou wilt sail the ports they seek,
No matter what wind's blow."

"Well, what luck?"

"Splendid! I carried the day last night and an awfully tough struggle it was. We've both got to clear forthright,—though I shall have to come down to the office once a week to look after things a little."

"And I suppose I shall be as free to the same conditions."

"Not at all. I did far better by you than by myself. The fact is, in order to gain my point I was obliged to invent a small fiction, in consequence of which at the present moment my venerable uncle labors under the delusion that you are going to be married."

"But what the dickens—" laughing.

"Now don't get filled, old fellow. It was the only way left. We exhausted

"But such a desperate measure!"

And you really got him to believe—"

"That you persuaded some one to have you? Yes, I even worked on his imagination enough for that."

"But what special part have you reserved for yourself?"

"I? Oh, I'm best man. Uncle Eric goes to-night and we can start the day after to-morrow. That'll be time enough; every one will have arrived by then."

"You can't have me, wait," Cliff Forrester had explained, laughingly, when Mr. Russell asked him down to Broadchurch, "unless you have King. He's the best fellow going; tip-top on charades and that sort of thing; far more good than I am to keep people amused."

Accordingly, that night, Cliff was the one to play the highly-punished, daintily-dressed miscreant, repeating the pleasures of Mr. King's company at the merry-makings at Broadchurch.

King and Forrester had been close friends since boyhood. At school, at

college, and even now in business, they occupied desks side by side. Their friendship was a subject of remark among those who knew them; people said it could last until one of them fell in love, and then it would die a sudden death. In the meantime, however, it flourished with its accustomed vigor.

King lived with an uncle, a gentleman thirty-eight, rich, handsome, fascinating and single. They occupied chambers in regular bachelor style, situated in the heart of the city. It was said no feminine foot had ever crossed their threshold; that all within was dedicated to strictly masculine pursuits.

Broadbrach was a large villa Mrs. Russell had bought to spend his summers in, accompanied by his family and as many friends as could be stowed away under its hospitable roof. An invitation to Broadbrach was looked upon as one of the things which makes life worth living, for the Russells desired nothing which could in any way add to its many attractions.

It was not surprising then that when King received his invitation he resolved, either by fair means or foul, to go; and as he and Cliff had had more leave of absence than they could rightfully claim he was obliged to

draw on his powers of invention, with what success is already known.

The young men arrived in the nick of time! Everybody had been on the scene of action a day or two, but no great grief had arrived who was capable of filling the part of master of ceremonies. Such a post was just to Ernest King's liking and not a week had passed before he was pronounced of on all sides a dextrous acquisition.

Among the guests was a young lady, Bessie Norton, by name, who had known Ernest King. Between the two there still existed a careless brother and sister affection, though nothing more. Bessie was very pretty, people said that she was the belle of the Broadbeach party that year—so when one morning she announced her intention of going into town to make sundry purchases, several devoted creatures were immediately at her service to pilot her.

"But really," said Miss Bessie, smiling on the group with discomfited regularity, "I don't think you will be much good. None of you know the place any better than I do myself, so I may as well go alone."

But here an uproar arose. Miss Norton must not be allowed to do anything so rash. She must either choose a guide or commission some one to get what she wanted for her. "I could bring you any little things you need, Bessie," said Ernest, coming up. "I am obliged to go into town any way, to look up my accounts."

But Bessie could trust her purchases to the judgment of no masculine mind.

"Then choose Cliff," advised King in that familiar, elder brotherly style of his, which always made the other fellows feel frantically for their mustaches. "Surely he's competent to show you around as he was born and brought up in the place."

So it was arranged, and Cliff was freed to the seventh heaven.

"Are you going by rail?" he asked with elaborate carelessness of his chum, fearing a third of the tete-a-tete he'd promised himself.

"No, I'm taking the bus," said Bessie, "but Peter in the dog-cart and back probably before you start." Was the answer, greatly to his relief.

Half past-four o'clock that afternoon found Miss Norton and Cliff approaching the depot at N—to take the return train to Broadbeach.

Judging from the number of bundles with which the latter was laden, the shopping excursion had been a grand success.

"I'm in a hurry, Mr. Forrester," threatened Miss Bessie, "I shall certainly carry these things myself. I never want to have believed, to look at you, that you were such a wretched walker."

"Now I call that cruel, Miss Norton, I assure you I've been going like a steam engine,—on such a hotter afternoon, too. Besides, we've plenty of time—bars-sh of it."

"But I know we haven't," persisted the young lady. "I'm almost sure that's the bell now," and in the end she proved right. They reached the depot just as the train disappeared.

"There's another one in two hours," explained the unsympathetic official, "you'll have to wait for that, I guess."

"I *know* how it would be when you would later on!" exclaimed Bessie, angrily.

"It must be my watch," said Cliff in feeble self defense. "I'd noticed it was so slow."—"Why, by-the-by, was a pious flub—"for he'd put it back on purpose.

But Bessie was not to be put off so easily. She began to wish she'd chosen Cliff to go with her to Broadbeach. There was Jim Evans, for instance. He would in all probability have flirted outrageously and made her flirt too, but then they would have laughed and there it would have ended. Or there was Hal Simms, who was of a melancholy turn of mind. He might have quoted sentimental poetry and looked expressive—he did to all the girls—but then he was engaged and considered harmless. Then there was little Sam Brown, but dreadfully young and dreadfully serious. Still, with a little judicious snubbing he might have been kept within bounds.

—But Cliff belonged to neither variety. He was not engaged, nor was he a toy to be called to order, he was not even amusing, being much too far gone for that. Bessie had seen men in earnest before and knew the symptoms well.

Resolutely did she refuse every suggestion of his to while away the two hours pleasantly. There was the museum or picture gallery, or he would get a "rig" and drive to some of the

suburban points of interest. But no, Bessie would do nothing but march swiftly on through the most crowded thoroughfares, in momentary terror lest he should go down on his knees and declare himself on the paving stones.

"But surely, Miss Norton, you don't intend to keep on at this rate for two mortal hours," remonstrated Cliff, those two hours in which he intended to do so much.

"Oh, yes, I do," she returned brightly. "I mean to give you a walking lesson; you need one badly."

"Anything you like," he pleaded, "but not here, let's get out into the street."

But to that she would not agree and on they went again. Another ten minutes and Bessie was rapidly losing her breath and Cliff his temper, when in passing down a certain street, a well known face looked out of the window.

"Why, there's Ernest," she exclaimed, looking so delighted as to bring the young gentleman down stairs with wonderful velocity.

"I thought you two had gone long ago," he exclaimed laughing. "I've just got through; had an awful hard day."

"We missed the train," explained Cliff, not best pleased with the turn things had taken.

"Yes, and consequently are fixtures in this dreadful place until after six," pouted Bessie.

"And what have you been doing to kill time," asked Ernest, glancing from the flushed face to the other.

"Walking," said Cliff, dolefully; "Miss Norton has been giving me a lesson."

"You see I was obliged to avoid a second catastrophe like the one to-day," explained the young lady, sweetly.

"And you're both fagged out, of course. Come up stairs, you know you promised to visit our chambers before you went home, Bessie, and to-day would do as well as any time."

The offer was a tempting one, but still she hesitated.

"There is nobody there," said Ernest, reading her look. "My uncle is not expected until next week, and the offices are empty, and the clerks gone home."

So without more ado they went up.

"You're the first lady that ever crossed our threshold, Miss Bessie," said King, doing the honors with a flourish. "Welcome to bachelordom."

"Am I really?" she asked, looking around her with keen interest.

"You don't seem impressed," he said, laughing. "But to tell you the truth it wasn't our fault all that talk was started about these rooms, but as it has got round, Uncle Eric likes to keep up the joke. Indeed, if he'd been at home, I never would have ventured to ask you up."

"Is he so fierce?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Fierce! I think that he was," said Cliff, grimly. "If it hadn't been for his wife's piousness we shouldn't have been at Broadbeach this summer."

"You tell her about it while I go and look up my books," suggested King, happily for his friend "And brought those photographs Uncle Eric brought from Europe; perhaps Bessie would like those." And with an assurance that he'd return directly he discreetly retired.

Now was Cliff's time. Ernest had behaved like a brick. He knew that he would remain as long as possible so that he (Cliff) need not murry matters and perhaps spoil them.

He told her the story in his best possible manner and acted as rationally over the photos as to make Bessie hope his fell purpose had evaporated.

They were getting along swimmingly, when Ernest burst into the room and upset everything.

"There's a go," he said, excitedly. "Who'd you think has just driven up?"

"Not you're uncle?" asked Cliff.

"My uncle, as sure as fate," laughing uneasily. "I tell you we're both in for it."

"And what will he think of me?" asked Bessie, ready to cry with distress as the peculiarities of her position dawned upon her.

"He'll think," said Ernest, laughing, a light suddenly breaking on him, "why, of course, he'll think you're Cliff's wife! And, by Jove, that's a way out of it for us all. What more natural than Cliff spending the honeymoon at Broadbeach with his wife, and being in town for a day's shopping, should call in here on his way to the depot to pick me up to go back with them! It's the very thing."

"But I'm sure I don't look like a bride," objected Bessie.

"Oh, you'll do," King assured her; "you proved you could not the other night. If I were only as sure of Cliff—"

"Don't you worry," stutted in that young gentleman. "I've an idea that part will suit me."

"But can't we dodge down a staircase or something," suggested Bessie, feeling nervous.

"Impossible—but you needn't be frightened. We shall have to start very soon, and I'll be great fun for a while."

The introduction part went off well enough. If Bessie looked rather confused, it was only to be expected of a bride of ten days, though her embarrassment was not relieved by finding in Mr. Eric Harcourt, a man only a few years Ernest's senior.

"What a pretty girl," he thought.

"And what a shame to throw herself away on an idiot like Forrester."

Ernest was in his element. With Bessie to take up his cues, he managed to keep the conversation up to the mark and let his in-laws suspect nothing. At length they rose to go.

"I hope you will allow me to call," Mr. Harcourt had said.

"I shall be delighted when we're settled," she had returned, demurely.

"I do believe Uncle Eric is half smitten himself," Ernest remarked aside to his friend. "Blessed good job for me. I don't he thinks she's married."

"One moment," said Mr. Harcourt, when the dual rise was made. "I must make my peace with Mrs. Forrester before I can allow any of you to go."

"With me?" said Bessie, surprised.

For answer he took a ring box from a cabinet near.

"You must know, Mrs. Forrester, when Ernest told me about Cliff's approaching marriage I simply made up my mind it was an unusually clever ruse to obtain an extra vacation, and that I should be thinking about it. I justify my suspicion that I have from time to time been the victim of similar stories." There he paused to glance severely at the boys, who looked like injured innocents. "Now, however, I find I did them for once a great injustice and have in consequence deferred for myself a great pleasure. This little ring has been in our family for generations and has always been used for betrothal purposes. I have now resolved never to marry, I hope you will accept it as a slight token of regard from the uncle of your oldest friend and Cliff's best man."

There was a complication! Bessie was thoroughly nonplussed and glanced appealingly at Cliff for help.

"O, you needn't look at him," laughed Mr. Harcourt, misinterpreting the expression of her eyes. "This bridal gift is your own affair and nothing to do with the 'love, honor and obey' business."

All three gentlemen laughed, giving Bessie time to recover herself and accept the costly present (as there was no help for it) with a good grace.

"Let's see it fit us," suggested Eric, and to cut short her thanks he began unbuckoning 'r left glove.

"Not that one," said Bessie, coloring hotly and snatching it hastily away, "—only have one ring on that hand."

With a final good-bye they then went down stairs.

"One thing you must promise me, Ernest," said Miss Norton, as they went along, "and that is that you return this ring to Mr. Harcourt to-morrow with a full explanation of the circumstances."

"I can't do that," said Bessie, "on one condition—and that is that you let me wait until after our leave has expired. Uncle Eric isn't always on his good behavior as he was to-day—and he might cut it short if he found he'd been taken in."

And Bessie consented, for in another week she would have left Broadbeach and she felt—of course it was ridiculous; but still she felt she had rather be at home when the explanation was made.

The broadbeach festivities wound up with a grand ball, at which Cliff managed to declare himself in the most romantic manner in a flower-embowered nook especially designed for the reception of lovers. But Bessie said "no," and when he pressed her, roundly told him she liked someone else better.

One day saw the big house emptied of all its recent guests, and getting ready for another edition.

"A gentleman for me, Sarah?"

"Yes, miss, he asked for you, I'm sure—Miss Bessie Norton," he said."

"And you are sure you never saw him before?"

"Never, miss. He was a stranger, I think, for I watched him as he rode along, looking up at the houses as though he wasn't sure."

Bessie felt a little nervous and a little shy as she went down stairs to the reception room. Nevertheless she managed to look very pretty, in her daily morning dress, when she went in.

"Why, Mr. Harcourt?" she exclaimed, with perhaps more wonder in her voice than she really felt.

"You're surprised to see me?" said Eric, smiling as he shook hands.

"I am indeed, and very glad too, though after our last meeting, I think if I'd known it was you I shouldn't have had the courage to come in."

"I guessed as much," he said, laughing, "and therefore withheld my name. Now can you conjecture what brought me here?"

"No, unless it is to give me the answer to my richly deserved and which I dare say you have already administered to those unfortunate boys."

"No, not this, but to ask you to take back my ring."

"No, indeed I could not, Mr. Harcourt. You know I obtained it on altogether false pretences."

"But I'll take my chance about your having it on false pretences this time. You see, Bessie," (dropping his voice) "I want it to be the one ring on that left hand of yours."

"I don't think I no longer appear to misunderstand him and looked with an indignant little flush on her face. "Really, Mr. Harcourt," she began.

"Of course not yet," he pleaded very earnestly, "but when you get to know me better. Do you, Bessie—do you think you could learn to love an old fellow like me, if I am very, very patient?"

"But I thought," she argued with pretty defence, "you'd made up your mind so irrevocably never to marry."

"I did," he admitted, "but that resolves only one point from my introduction to Mrs. Forrester."

"Look there," said Cliff, savagely, six months later, flinging the paper with the announcement of the engagement across to his friend. "That precious uncle of yours has cut me out."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it either," said Ernest, up in arms on Cliff's account. "But never mind—you shall be avenged, for I'll call her 'Aunt Bessie' from this time forth."

And he kept his word, but Bessie was too supremely happy to care, and instead, often called him over the coals in the most crushingly aunt-like fashion.

Ernest and Cliff still remain chums, though the latter left Mr. Harcourt's employ out before his marriage. He lived to enjoy many vacations at Broadbeach and in course of time married—though for years it seemed doubtful whether he would ever quite recover the effects of "That Fib and What Came of It."

Peasant Life in Fayal.

Peasant life in Fayal recalls the life of Homer. The methods and the tools are those described in the *Olysees*. There is not a wheelbarrow, spade or shovel in all the Azores; and the bare roles of the laborers are so stained that they often scratch matches on them in lighting their cigarettes. The grain is taken from the ear on a threshing flail like those of the ancient Hebrews, and it is ground in a mill such as the Romans knew. The peasant's hut has no chimney. The fireplace is merely a bare stone shelf built out from the wall and in this is a fire of furze and fagots. The blinding smoke escapes as best it may through roof and open door. For cooking utensils there are no iron pots and pans and one or two red pottery jugs and saucers. Meats is a rare article of food with the peasant. Coarse corn-cake, baked on a trivet over the coals, hard, sour, heavy and smoky—is, with a bit of cheese, fish or a pepper and a cup of cold water, his principal food. Most of the clothing and household stuffs are spun and woven by the women, who also perform much field labor, weave baskets, braid hats, kilt and embroidery beautifully and make exquisite lace from the split fibre of the cane. Both sexes are poorly paid for their labor. Men's wages in Horta range from twenty-four to forty-eight cents a day. The best dress-makers get twelve. The piecemen go up to the clouds on the mountain, and milk for eight cents. Those of Horta carry water from the public wells for two cents a bucket.

