[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE O' GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENRAVEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

THE WRITING IN THE BIBLE.

"'In the sermon to which we had listened parallels had been drawn between the rich and poor, to the advantage of those who lived in humble dwellings and worked for their daily bread. It was upon this point that Harold and his friend conversed with the pastor, and drew from him his belief that not only was there greater happiness among the poor, but also higher virtues. It appeared to me as if Harold and his friend were amusing themselves in a light way at the pastor's expense, but the kind old man showed no irritation or impatience; he listened attentively, and replied with dignity and gentleness. Until the discussion was at an end he did not address me; he allowed Harold to have the last word, and then turned his benevolent eyes upon my face. "Young lady," he said, and there was pity in his voice, "it pleased me to see you enter our simple church; come often; you will find comfort in prayer; and if it should happen that you want a friend, one who will counsel you as a father would an erring child, seek me in my home. Any of the villagers will conduct you to it." As he spoke to me he laid his hand upon my shoulder with fatherly kindness, and while we were in this position a young girl very nearly of my own age approached him and stood by his side, calling him "grandfather." With a hasty motion he drew her from me, and with a bow walked away leaning upon the young girl's arm. We looked after him till he was out of sight; he did not turn to look at us again.

"'There was something in his action with respect to his granddaughter which pained me exceedingly. It was as though he imagined contact with us would do the young girl harm. And why should he have used the words to me, "who will counsel you as a father would an erring child?" I have done no wrong.

"'Harold said he was one of a class of agitators who take pleasure in believing that the rich are systematically corrupt and incapable of goodness. "But give these agitators money," said Harold, "raise their position, and they change their note. Then it is the poor who are vicious, idle, ungrateful. As they are, they serve us and rob us, and we pay them for service and robbery; the balance of virtue is on our side." Harold's friend laughed, and declared that no such balance could exist, because virtue was a myth. "What is right in one man is wrong in another," said this friend; "it really matters very little; it is all one in the end. When fruit lies within reach, where is the hand that will not pluck it?" I neither understood nor liked the conversation, and I was glad when the subject was changed.

"'At times everything seems unreal to me. I had to play the hostess, which both gentlemen declared I did very prettily; I could scarcely believe it was I, Clarice, who occupied such a position! It has come about so strangely. It is as if I were in a boat without oars or rudder, drifting along a beautiful stream. For it *is* beautiful, very beautiful!

"'In the evening we walked in the woods, and Harold's friend disappeared. Harold and I were alone, and he spoke to me in tones so tender that I could scarcely find strength to reply. Ah, Marguerite! why do you not come, and take from my heart the weight that oppresses it? Why are you not here that I might whisper in your ear words I dare not write?

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"'Still no news of Marguerite. Harold has given me money for the pastor to distribute among his poor. "Do not tell him," said Harold, "that it comes from me; he might think it would bring ill-luck with it." "Why?" I asked him. "Why?" repeated Harold; "because, dear child, I believe that in his judgment I am somewhat of a Mephistopheles." The pastor thanked me when I gave him the money, and regarded me with pitying glances. It troubles me to see that look in his eyes; it is always there when we meet. I have tried to make friends with his grand-child, but he has prevented it. He has a kind nature. Why should he be so cruel to me?

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"'How delicious these summer nights are! Life is very sweet. But one thing is needed to render it perfect—the companionship of my dear sister. "One day—one day," says Harold, "it will come in time. Your sister lives, you tell me. I do not ask you how you know that she lives. It is enough that you say it; I believe it, as I believe everything that comes from your lips. So, one day, when you and Marguerite are together again, you will not have to tell her that you have been entirely unhappy." Harold is wise, and tender, and true. He has not taken your place in my heart, dear Margaret; no one could do that. But I should miss him sadly if he were to keep away from me now. I have no one else in the world to depend on—to trust in. I trust in him.

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"'How long is it since I wrote last? Months—years—a lifetime! But time has passed quickly; the summer is gone, and it is now autumn. What has happened in these few months? So much, dear Marguerite, that I could not write it down if I tried. I am wrong; it is told in a few words. I am a happy woman—and Harold's wife!

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"'Marguerite, let me whisper a secret in your ear. Not to another; no, not to another soul in the world. It is yours and mine—and Harold's. I shall soon become a mother.

"'I am filled with wonder, and fear, and sweet delight. This cottage, in which I have passed so many happy months, is forever sacred to me. My child will be born here.

"'Now—now is the time that you should come to me, Marguerite! To share my joy, to take Harold's hand in yours, and to say to him, "Thank you, brother, for your loving care of my dear Clarice!" To press my child in your arms'—— how I tremble when I write the words, "My child!" My soul is shaken with a tempest of happiness. My child! My baby! What will she be like? I write "she," for I know it will be a girl. What will she be like? I see her lying in your lap, Marguerite, with laughing eyes looking into yours. All your troubles are over, as mine have been, except as regards you, dear. Such pretty little hands—the little fingers are on my heart-strings now!——

"'Dear Lord of this sweet earth, make me grateful for the blessings you have showered on my life, and let my little baby be like Marguerite! Grant that I may be spared to show my love to both these dear ones, and to Harold, who has behaved so nobly to me!

"'Ah, Marguerite, that he should love me, a poor girl—he so high, so faithful, and wise, and I so low, so ignorant, and inexperienced—is it not wonderful?

"'He will not be here to-night; he is absent on some great business. So presently, Marguerite, I shall turn down the lights and bring you before me. I have often done so, and yearned to clasp you to my heart. I shall see you standing at a little distance from me, and I shall creep to your side, and place my shadow-baby in your arms. Shadows to-night, but soon to be real, thank God—soon to be real! Ah, Clarice! there lives not on earth a happier woman than you.

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"'My baby is born. She is a week old, and I am strong enough to sit on the sofa and write a few words slowly, to place with other confessions of mine in my old Bible. What is there written is a heart record, and is for Marguerite when she and I are together again.

"'Being alone for a little while I have read over what I have written, and I am glad I had the resolution to continue my confessions—for so I will call them—from time to time. I should have forgotten so many things that Marguerite will like to read.

"'My baby is asleep, her winsome face turned to mine. She is now my life—dearer to me than my own, more precious to me than all else in the world. You will not be jealous, Marguerite. When you have a child of your own—which I pray you may have one day, dear sister—you will feel as I do, that life contains no joy so sacred, so beautiful.

"'From this moment summer is in my heart. I look at my baby in silent wonder and worship. How sweet is the air—how beautiful the world!

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"'Harold is not with me so constantly as he used to be. Affairs of importance keep him from me. When I chide him for his absence he says, "The world, child, the world! There are other duties besides love." He loves me. Is that not enough?

"'And yet I torture myself. Baby is now six months old, and Harold should notice her more. "I prefer to notice you," he says to me; and then he kisses me and talks to me of the world. Is that a reason why men do not love children as women do? I asked Harold that question, and he answered carelessly, "It may be so. Clarice, be satisfied with things as they are. Do not make troubles; they come without invitation." "Trouble will never come to me," I said, looking fondly into his face, "while you are with me." He said nothing to this for quite a minute; he seemed to be thinking of the words. "While I am with you, child," he then said; "is that to be for ever!" "Of course," I said, "for ever." He smiled and said, "Well, well, child, enjoy the sun while it shines."

"'My heart is not entirely at rest. But I must not make troubles, as Harold says. Perhaps it is because I expect too much. Marguerite has spoiled me. There never lived a human being so faithful and devoted as my dear sister.

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"'A cloud hangs over me, and I cannot shake it off. Have I brought it on myself? What sin, what crime have I committed that my life should be thus darkened?

"'Last Sunday I went to the village church accompanied by baby and my maid. On the way my maid told me that the pastor's granddaughter was to be married during the week, and a desire to be present at the wedding took possession of me. For a long time the pastor and I have not spoken. It is painful to intrude when one feels one is not welcome, and as the pastor always appeared to receive me with constraint, I ceased to speak to him, contenting myself with bowing when I met him on my way to or from the church. He invariably returned my salutation with gentleness, and I sometimes looked attentively at him to see if he was angry with me; but there was no anger in his eyes—only pity. But why should he pity me? And why should he be so careful that his grandchild and I should not be friends?

"'I waited at the church door till he came out; he would have passed me had I not moved toward him, almost entreatingly. At some distance from us stood his grandchild and her lover, who, seeing the pastor stop to speak to me, would have come to us had he not, by a motion of his hand, restrained them. Slight as the action was, I understood it, and the tears rose in my eyes. "Sir," I said, very humbly, "I have a great favor to ask of you, but you give me no encouragement. If you knew what pain you cause me, you would be kinder to me." He answered: "I have no harsh thoughts for you, young lady. Ask what you wish; if it is in my power I will grant it." "Your grandchild is to be married this week," I said. "Yes," he replied, "on Wednesday of this week.", "I hope," I said, "that she will be very very happy! The favor I ask is that you will let me be present at the wedding feast." He shook his head sadly, and said: "It cannot be; it cannot, cannot be. We cannot receive you." He did not move away; seeing that I was deeply agitated by his refusal, he remained at my side till I spoke again. "It seems so hard to me," I said, scarcely able to speak for my tears, "that you refuse my friendship. I have done you no wrong; I am without father or brother or sister. We were like yourselves, poor people, working for a livelihood, and were not despised—indeed, we were not! By all but one person we were treated kindly, and were everywhere welcomed. My father is dead; my sister has been torn from me by treachery. I am young, sir, but I have been visited by great misfortune and suffering. This is not a crime; I should not be blamed for it. I have much to be grateful for, but there is something wanting in my life which should not be withheld from me when I beg for it." "There is something wanting in every person's life," replied the pastor, who appeared to be moved by my words; "no life is perfect. It would have been better for you had you remained always poor. I grieve for your misfortunes; you are young to have seen so much, to have suffered so much; but there is a path in which we must steadfastly walk if the esteem of mankind is to be deservedly gained. That path is virtue. Better battle day and night with poverty, better endure the pangs of hunger, better die, than wander out of that path which leads direct to Heaven and happiness hereafter!" I could not at the time grasp the meaning of his speech, it so dazed and bewildered me. "At least, sir," I said, "let me wish your grandchild joy, and press her hand once—but once—in friendship." Again he shook his head. "Even this small thing," he said, "I, whose heart is overflowing with compassion for you, cannot permit to be done. It is my duty to protect those who have no knowledge of the world's sinful ways." With that he moved away, and I walked sorrowfully home.

"'In what way have I sinned? "It would have been better for me had I remained always poor!" Does my sin lie at Harold's door, because he is rich? I remember what Harold said of this pastor, and of the animosity of his class to those who were higher in worldly station than themselves. Can it be that? No, there is a hidden meaning in the pastor's behavior to me—a hidden, terrible meaning, which no one can explain but Harold. I dare not think—I must wait till Harold comes.

"'Oh, baby, baby! A little while ago we were so happy! And now——

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"'After three weeks' absence Harold came to-day. He remained with me but a few hours. I am in despair. Let me endeavor to write what passed between us.

"'I related to him what passed between me and the pastor. He listened in silence, never once interrupting me, nor assisting me when I hesitated. His manner was cold and ungracious; I was frightened; I saw that he was angry. When I had finished I asked him if I had done wrong. "Very wrong," he replied; "why do you seek the friendship of such a man or of people in his station?" "There is no other church near," I said timidly; "in God's house all are equal." "Is that one of the pastor's platitudes?" asked Harold. "I have heard my father say so," I answered, "and it came into my mind." "There is no such thing as equality," said Harold, "inside or outside church or any other walls. Some are born to rule, some to obey, and all must fill their stations becomingly. Let the worthy pastor keep to his; I keep to mine. For you, Clarice, you must choose between us, it seems. Well, that is your affair."

"'Marguerite, at that moment I was animated by your spirit; a strange courage possessed me. "Harold," I said, "do you no longer love me?" "What a question!" he cried; "of course I love you. But I will not be crossed. Clarice, nothing vexes me more than unnecessary annoyance—unless it is being asked for explanations. Life is too short for explanations. When a lady in whom I am interested sets me up against another person, or sets up another person against me, I must confess to feeling wearied. Life was made for enjoyment." "You would not wish," I said, "that I should be despised." "Why put yourself in the way of being despised?" he said. My courage did not desert me. "Harold," I said, "you must yield to me in this. The pastor's words to me implied that I was not worthy of the friendship of his grandchild, for a reason which I should blush to explain." "I shall not know the reason unless you do explain it, Clarice," he said, biting his lip. "He thinks me unworthy," I said, in a tone of shame, "of the friendship of a pure and innocent girl. It is a humiliation, Harold. The pastor is a good man; give me the means of setting myself right in his eyes." "How can I do that?" asked Harold. "I have no record of our marriage," I said, and was about to proceed when I was stopped by an expression in Harold's face I had never seen there before. "You are aware, Clarice," he said, without any display of anger, although I felt he was exercising control over his feelings, "that there were obstacles in the way of our being married in church." "Yes, Harold," I said, "you told me so." "It was sufficient for you then," he continued; "it should be sufficient for you now. Ours was a civil marriage, privately contracted. Were it in my power—which it is not—to place in your hands what you require, I should decline to do so. I will not have my private affairs exposed to the gaze of strangers. You should be satisfied that I have behaved towards you like a gentleman! If from some cause outside myself or my actions you choose to doubt me, I cannot help it; nor shall I take any steps to disabuse your mind of suspicion. Your course is before you, Clarice; be wise, and choose the right one. You are young and beautiful; you have both sense and discretion; continue to trust me and all will be well. Nothing is to be gained, dear child, I assure you, if you act in opposition to my wishes. You can see how you have annoyed me; I am ashamed to present myself to you in any but an entirely agreeable guise. Pardon me, I beg. Never renew this subject; it will be unkind and injudicious; I will see you again soon, when this little cloud has passed away."

"'He left me, and the cloud remains. It will never pass away! It will hang over my life until I draw my last breath!

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"'Confirmation of my fears has come too soon—too soon! I am not fit to touch the hand of a pure and innocent girl.

"'In a lane near to the cottage in which I live I saw a beggar-woman. She held out her hand; I had no money to give; my purse was empty. She raised her face to mine. It was the face of the woman who was given to me as a companion on the day I lost Marguerite, and whom Harold discharged because I disliked her. The moment she recognized me she placed herself before me defiantly. "Oh, my lady," said the woman, "this is where you live! A pretty hiding-place! It has lasted longer than I expected. You must have managed the great man cunningly. How did you manage it? Tell me. Though I'm too old and ugly to profit by the lesson. And are you together still, or have you replaced him by another?" I attempted to pass her, but she would not allow me. "You were the cause of my losing a good service," she cried; "I don't love you for that. You have been the cause of my wanting food; I don't love you for that. Had it not been for you, I should never have hungered for bread." "I am sorry," I said, and knew not what more to say. The woman's grudge against me was justified, if what she said was true; and it seemed to be so, for want was in her face. "It is convenient to be sorry when it is too late," she said. "But it is too late for you as well as for me. Your master——" I interrupted her, and demanded to know of whom she was speaking. "Of your master," she repeated. "He would have paid me well but for you; he would have rewarded me finely, for he is rich and generous, when he has his way. To please you he sent me packing with the barest pittance, and since then not a morsel of good luck has fallen to my share. All your fault, my lady. Take credit for it; I set it down to your account. Have you found him out yet, as others have done before you?" "If you are speaking of my husband," I said, "he will punish you for your wicked words." She laughed loudly. "Husband!" she cried; "only one lady has ever had the right to call him by that name, and the lady is not you, my pretty one! You had better have kept me with you; I could have shown you of what sort of stuff such gentlemen's hearts are made of!——" I stopped to hear no more. Strong as she was, she could not prevent me from escaping, and I flew back to my room, with the horrible words she had uttered burning before me in the air.

"'They are true, I feel they are true. Harold's manner towards me in our last interview proves their truth. And this very morning I received a letter from him—in the fewest words—telling me he was afraid he would not be able to come and see me for many weeks. That means he will not come again.

"'The pastor was right. It was his duty, he said, to protect those who have no knowledge of the world's sinful ways. I had such knowledge. O, yes! I, the guilty Clarice, had such knowledge, and to associate with me was to be defiled!

"'O, Thou all-powerful Lord before whom I shall appear on the Judgment Day, teach me and direct my faltering steps! Whither shall I fly? To whom shall I turn? Marguerite! Marguerite! come to me, and let me hide my shame upon your faithful bosom!

"'Fly! I dare not. I must live and face the world. Harold shall do me justice. For the sake of my child, my pretty, innocent child, he shall do me justice. I will go to him with my child in my arms ——

"'Come, my dear one. We will start to-night—this very night. You smile at me, now; one day you will be ashamed to look into my face. When you know the truth you will shrink from the unhappy girl who presses her lips to yours, who kisses your pretty fingers, whose tears stain your sweet face!——

"'If at this moment we both could die! O, Marguerite, Marguerite, pity and forgive me!'

(*To be continued.*)

THE LEGAL STATUS OF BED BUGS.

Campbell O. Bishop appeared before Judge Thayer recently, and urged his motion for a new trial in the case of Peckham vs. Garvey. It will be remembered that the defendant, Dick Garvey, the railroad ticket agent, was sued by the landlord of a fashionable hash-house for a month's board, and pleaded bed-bugs in bar. The room had been engaged for a month, but the lodger decamped the second day, because he went there to eat, and not to be eaten. He testified that the bed-bugs preyed upon him worse than a guilty conscience, and he could not sleep. The jury gave the landlord a verdict for half the amount claimed. Mr. Bishop argued that the instructions were erroneous and the verdict ought to be set aside. He cited a number of English authorities in support of his motion, and one or two of them seemed exactly in point. The law, as laid down on the other side of the water, is that when a man rents a furnished room the landlord guarantees that it is habitable and wholesome. If his slumbers are disturbed by bed-bugs, he has the right to abandon the premises without notice, and is not bound to pay any rent for the time he has tarried. A case was cited in which the witness gave full details of the manners and habits of English bed-bugs, which are supposed to belong to the same breed as the American insect. It seems that the bed-bug has eyes, but shuns the light. He frequents cracks and crevices in the bedstead, the floor, the ceiling, the walls, and ensconces himself in the seams of sheets and pillow-slips, where he patiently waits from dewy morn till eve, and when the lodger retires for the night he sallies forth, armed with the weapons supplied by nature, and drinks the blood of his unconscious victim. An English expert stated that it was very difficult to exterminate a colony of these insects. Scalding them only causes them to increase and multiply, and crushing them facilitates the hatching of the eggs. The only effectual remedy is poison; by the use of a mixture sold by the druggists, a settlement of bed-bugs may be strangled in a couple of days; but they will come again, as they migrate in families, going from boarding-house to boarding-house, and generally selecting the best. These and other facts were urged upon the attention of the Court by Mr. Bishop, who also claimed that his client had never agreed to take the room for a month, but merely on trial. Judge Thayer did not seem to admit the applicability of the English cases cited, but took the matter under advisement.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

MIGNONETTE.

I took from the shelf this volume old,
Covered for years by the gray, grim dust,
A ghost from the land of my long-gone youth,
When my heart beat high with love and trust.

I found 'mid its leaves a flowret pale,
Placed there by a hand long cold and dead,
And it brought to my mind the twilight hour
When we two bent o'er the page and read.

"To remember me," she softly breathed,
As she pressed its petals with snowy palm,
And her sunny hair just brushed my cheek;
How I strove my heart's quick throbs to calm.

And this dry, dead blossom awakes again
Love strong and true as it was vain.
—[Alice Gray Cowan.

An eminent Vienna physician protests against sending consumptive patients to warm climates, without regard to the stage of their disease or their cirumstances. Of fifty cases of such patients who have been sent to spend a winter in Italy or Egypt, he found only three who were benefited by the change.

THE PARIS SALON.

MORE ABOUT ART AND SOME NOTABLE PICTURES.

About Mothers-in-Law—Story of Murder and Tragedies—A New Feat—Wonderful Female Swimmer.

PARIS, May 15, 1880.

Definitively Mr. Bouguereau is growing out of date, and not a single critic has been able to say a good word about his "Flagellation de N. S. Jesus Christ," a large painting which is to be found in the first square *salle*. The Christ, which is ready to faint under the blows of his persecutors, looks as though he would faint away without any assistance from the want of blood in his veins. It is nothing more nor less than a wax figure tied by the hands, with its eyes rolled up. The men employed in scourging him are intended to be sort of Hercules; but although all their muscles are in the right place, swollen to the proper dimensions, and they are well armed with thongs, with which they are persecuting the wax figure, they do not seem to be in earnest—are not real men; and they are so slick and smooth, that they might have been rubbed up and down with oil. One can not help wishing that the artist were less devoted to science and more to nature. His other picture, "Jeune Fille se Defendant contre l'Amour," is more pleasing. Particularly charming is the little Amour with his light curly hair, blue laughing eyes, and rosy feet. Amour has a right to be fair and have a complexion of his own; but the young girl, who, after all, seems more to be encouraging the little elf than repulsing him, is intended as a brunette. Yet even through her dusky skin there seems not to be the slightest circulation of blood, or all absence of it. If, as they say, it is the rapid circulation of the blood in youth which makes his heart beat at the voice of love, the young girl of Mr. Bouguereau has nothing to fear from the attacks of the wary cupid.

JULES LEFEVRE

Exposes only two portraits. After all an artist requires a little over a year's repose after the completion of a picture such as he exposed at the salon last year. "Dianne Surprise au Bain" was really magnificent—the first large painting composed of many figures this artist had ever undertaken, for his specialty is the nude; however, in this subject he had ample opportunity of exercising his remarkable talent, for Dianne bathing in a mountain stream, with a whole host of nymphs partaking of the same exercise, was not supposed to be embarrassed with surplus clothing. However, the fair huntress, on perceiving the presence of intruders, had partially covered herself, while her nymphs were rolling themselves up in towels, hunting arrows and grape leaves. What a gorgeous array of beauty! It is now a year since I have seen the picture but it is still vividly before me, and never can I forget the marvelous head of the goddess, expressive of immortal indignation. It was at first proposed to award M. Lefevre the medal of honor for this picture, but a law prohibiting the voting of prizes to any of the members of the jury placed M. Lefevre outside of the question, and the medal of honor was given to Carolus Duran. After all every one came to the conclusion that Carolus Duran deserved it more than any one else, members of the jury included. Carolus Duran has two portraits at the salon, one his own child—in fact, all of his numerous children appear at the salon successively. It must be said that they are

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN,

And it must give their papa great pleasure to paint them. This little boy is dressed in red, from the ribbon of his hat to his shoes; he stands by a red-covered table against a red background. Such is the favorite *tour de force* of this artist—the combination of the different shades of the same color. His other portrait is that of a lady, beautiful and delicate in appearance, a model such as I have never seen painted by Carolus Duran, for his bold strokes and often unfinished style are better adapted to large, fleshy and sometimes coarse-looking women. He has on this occasion perfectly succeeded in producing the refined and delicate features of an aristocratic-looking person. The lady is dressed in a dark-blue satin dress, the very rich quality of which is easily discerned; the front of the skirt and waist is of light-blue satin, and a high, stiff lace collar stands up around her neck, opening down the front, which gives the picture the resemblance of an antique portrait. One gloveless hand rests upon the red velvet cover of a table, while her other hand falls by her side. The background is a rich dark-red velvet curtain. Surely no one equals Carolus Duran as a portrait painter, unless it is Bonnat, who as seldom exposes the portrait of ladies as Carolus Duran those of gentlemen. Bonnat has two portraits—that of Jules Grevy, the President of the Republic, and that of Job, which I suppose ought not to be called a portrait, as the poor old man, such as he is there pictured, could never have had an idea, of appearing in public. Job is a picture of desolation, victim of all the evils of which human flesh is heir to. His long white beard falls upon his emaciated breast; his thin hands are clasped and his eyes rolled up in supplication. One can count the bones in his legs and the wrinkles on his stomach. It is said that a modest English lady, just arrived from a quiet province in her own country, approached this picture, and reading under the name of Bonnat in the catalogue, "Portrait of Mr. Grevy," President of the Republic, looked at it a long time, then turned away with a look of supreme disgust on her face as she grumbled, "Shocking! to expose the portrait of the head of a government in such a costume!" The portrait of Mr. Grevy is as good as it possibly can be, and it is not the artist's fault if the original has a face which says nothing, the same as its owner, who is opposed to doing anything for the progress of France.

Vincent Palmaroli exposes for the first time in France since the Exposition of 1867, when he received the second-class medal. He presents to the public

BLANCHE DE NAVARRE,

Who was imprisoned by Gaston de Foix in the Chateau d'Orthez, where she died poisoned by her sister Leonore, in 1468. The picture is very large and the one figure is of life size. The fair victim sits in a chair on whose arms her own are resting, her hands clasped above an open prayer-book on her lap, and her face turned in rapturous devotion towards an image of the Virgin on the table beside her. Her light brown dress, after passing over the large embroidered cushion on which rests her feet, falls in folds on the light grey floor; the waist of her dress is surmounted by a chemisette which modestly covers her shoulders and renders softer the whiteness of her throat; her very large sleeves fall gracefully around her as though a scarf; her hair is a deep auburn, and falls down her back like a rich veil, producing a harmonious blending with the brown of her dress. Beside her on the table are scattered flowers, and farther back is a jewel-casket; the table-cover is a light green—in fact, none of the colors are deep or decided, but seem to float one into the other. The face is exquisite in color, yet is expressive of so much sweetness, sadness and devotion, that the picture is one which, the longer one looks at it, becomes more and more interesting. One of the most remarkable pictures this year by an American artist is that of W. L. Picknell, of Boston, called "La Route de Concarneau." It merely represents a broad white road, extending straight before you, until lost amidst an avenue of trees in the far distance; nothing is to be seen on this road but a two-horse wagon filled with leaves and flowers of plants, such as serve for the making of oil or other purposes; a man walks beside the wagon, with a whip in hand, and seems as little disposed to hasten his steps under the warm sun as the horses themselves. The landscape is one of the most ordinary to be seen in France; there are clumps of trees on the right, bushes and small trees on the left. After all the subject is of little importance in comparison to the manner of treating it, for notwithstanding the monotony of the landscape, every one involuntarily stops before this picture, so great is the audacity displayed, so numerous the qualities to be observed. The strokes seem given with marvelous power—not one too many, and each in the right place.

A very pretty picture which attracted my attention on the opening day, but which I did not suppose to be that of an American, is by John Ames Mitchel of New York, titled "Un Marriage Politique." Two small children of about 6 and 7 years of age are undergoing the martyrdom of all the ceremonies pertaining to a royal marriage; the little boy, a head taller than his companion, seems at his ease in his tight-fitting, purple-velvet breeches and jacket, but the little girl—such is not her case—for she seems to move with difficulty beneath the weight of her royal finery. Her dress is of white satin over an immense crinoline; around her waist is a girdle of precious stones, which extends and trims the front of the skirt down to the feet; a great standing-ruffle almost as large as herself encircles her head; she has a heavy pearl neck-lace around her neck, each pearl of which is as large, not as her teeth, but her eyes, and then on the top of that poor little head rests a crown whose weight seems to threaten the overthrow of

THE FRAIL BODY

Beneath. The very long train of the dress of the little bride, whose efforts are exercised in maintaining her equilibrium, is carried by a tall and very stately-looking lady, whose serious expression of countenance suggests the importance of the occasion. Behind this lady follow a number of others as well as gentlemen, all as stately and serious, and all treading upon the red velvet carpet spread for royal feet. On a slightly raised platform stands the master of ceremonies, as straight and as stiff as the spear in his hand. Further on are the numerous priests, in gorgeous gowns, with very long lighted candles in one hand and hymn-books in the other, all singing at the top of their voices. The picture is charming, most excellent in color and drawing, and is certainly one of the most pleasing to be seen. The Americans, I think, are falling into

A VERY BAD HABIT

Which they must have contracted from the French, and that is the exercising of wit on their mothers-in-law. All women should resent such an outrage, for many who have not been mothers-in-law are liable to become such some day. The French daily fill books on this subject, which, to my mind, is very poor taste. No one in France will live with a mother-in-law, and so universal is this prejudice that even the mother of an only child, and she a widow at that, is invariably turned out of the house when the son or a daughter gets married. That state of things has led to the establishment of institutions intended for old women and for old men, where for so much a year they are cared for, enjoy gardens and parks, and so on. Their children, who place them there, state that they find there a society suited to their years and can not be unhappy, as though old age did not approach in character to infancy and enjoyed mostly the society of children. As horrible as such a state of affairs appears to be, the condition of old people living alone is even worse. The country resounds with the

HISTORIES OF MURDERS

Principally perpetrated on old women. Two days ago an old lady, whom I had often seen, was murdered, which circumstance has very much impressed me. Grey is a little village in the Department of Seine and Marne, which means that the land lies between these two rivers. The majority of the houses possess gardens which extend down to the banks of the Marne, generally a wide, turbulent and treacherous river, but here a clear, beautiful stream, bordered by lovely trees which bend over as though to kiss the ripples. As we daily rowed to the mill, some distance down the river, we passed a beautiful white house situated on a knoll, all covered with shrubs and flowers, and which joined a large park extending along the stream. Herein we often noticed an old lady wheeled round in an invalid's chair by a woman almost as old as herself. The lady's son lived but a short distance away, and came each day to see her. The park and grounds were well guarded on the river's banks by a number of hunting dogs. The front of the house was peculiar, in that the gate possessed a small opening near the top, closed by a slide which was withdrawn before the gate was opened each time one rang the bell. This precaution seemed to us strange, and carried us back to the middle ages, when one's neighbor was one's foe. It seems the old servant stepped out of the gate an instant, but long enough for three men, who had been waiting their chance to step in and hide themselves in some outhouse in the garden. In the evening, when the old servant was wheeling her mistress through the corridor to her bed-chamber, these three men jumped upon them and cut their throats. The murderers carried away with them $8,000 in money, which they must have known was in the house. What a spectacle for the son the next day when he called to see his mother?

THE BODY OF A NEGRO

Has lately been taken out of the Seine, which was some days in the water. In one of his pockets there was found a tin box, the lid of which was fastened with putty, to prevent the water from penetrating it, for it contained very curious letters. This negro was the son a chief who had revolted against the negum of Abyssinia. His father had been killed, and his brother and he were taken prisoners. A woman aided the escape of the two brothers. During the day they hid themselves in trees or in caves; in the night time they walked, living on wild fruit, and were constantly in danger of becoming the prey of wild beasts. The younger brother died a tragical death. They had lost their way; the elder climbed a tree to try and discover where they were, when all at once he heard most fearful cries. He quickly descended, and saw an enormous serpent rolling itself around the body of his brother. Without arms, heart-broken, in despair, he could not defend him. It was only after a march of several weeks across impracticable countries that he arrived, attenuated and worn out, at the outposts of the Egyptians. The soldiers procured for him clothing and food; he remained there several days to rest and then continued on to Cairo, where the Khedive sent him money, with which he came to Paris. The memoir finishes in the following manner: "I believed that I would be able to live at Paris; but, as everywhere else, one must needs be useful, and I did not know how to do anything. To the torments of hunger I have preferred a violent death."

A NEW FEAT

Has just been accomplished by the indefatigable swimmer, Miss Agnes Beckwith, at London. Last year she made over eight miles in six hours in swimming down the Thames. Friday last, in presence of her mother, of her father, a well-known swimming professor at London, and of a crowd of people, she swam during thirty consecutive hours in the large whale basin at the Westminster aquarium. Before the signal of departure several persons arrived to assure themselves that Miss Beckwith was not provided with any floating machine. Dressed as a sailor, she plunged into the basin; then, on reaching the bottom, rapidly unfastening her clothes, she reappeared on the surface with a simple page's waist of the Watteau style and drawers of black silk bordered with red. During the first hours Miss Beckwith went through the water with vigor in performing all sorts of movements with remarkable ability, even waltzing around the basin. Near 11 o'clock in the evening she commenced to float on her back. Although, according to the conditions of the bet, she was permitted to come out of the water once and rest for half an hour, she refused to profit by this favor. At meal times her parents gave her tea, meat and fish. When the two judges, representatives of *Bell's Life* and of the *Sporting Life*, informed the spectators that Miss Beckwith had finished her journey and that she could leave the basin, applause broke out in all directions, and the young swimmer was covered with flowers.

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Teachers' Examination.

THE COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION WILL hold a regular session for the Examination of Teachers, in the office of the County Superintendent, commencing on

Wednesday, June 16, 1880,

At 9 o'clock A. M. Applicants will be required to pay, according to law, a fee of $1.

CHAS. E. BISHOP, Superintendent.

Ju7-td&sawtd [B. C.]