The Modern Knight.

Whose is no more the stately tread,
The gravely courteous mien,
The linked mail and helmet head,
The blade of Syrian sheen;
Who walks the ways of common men,
In hurrying haunts of trade,
His arms, the ledger and the pen,
The ploughshare and the spade.

Whose splendor is no more the sun
Of courts, the proud array,
In spurs of knighthood wildly won
In some fierce fought affray;
Whose dress, as sober to the glance
As autumn's brown leaf, lies
Unnoticed, on each breeze of chance,
Or wind of enterprise.

Who coolly scans his fellow-men
With philosophic eye;
Converses calmly, knowing when
To smile, or when to sigh.
Nor tilts at wind-mills—saves his breath
To name them with a sneer:
MacGregor, on his native heath,
From him had nought to fear.

Who rides no more through forest dim,
With half-drawn sword, and prayer
Upon his lips, or holy hymn,
To guard from evil there.
Who steps with dainty foot-fall, down
The church's throng-lined aisle,
And views the emblemed cross and crown
With self-sufficient smile.

Whose chivalry to all the weak
Is proofless—who can cheat
The widow and the orphan meek,
And all their woes complete;
Whose highest aim is self, whose laugh
Greets wrong, who mocks at right,
Who bows before the golden calf—
Is this the modern knight?

Ah! no. Who loves not his own age,
With all its faults of kind,
May rank as hermit learn'd or sage,
But leaves all love behind;
For human hearts, since Adam, beat
With pulses still the same,
And change, which time must ever meet,
Is half—a change of name.

And loyal truth, pure knighthood's best,
A bright twinned star, still lies
Reflected from the earnest depths
Of some clear human eyes;
What though the jesting cynic lurk
Upon the tongue; words can
But challenge jest, when noble work
Proclaims the cynic, man.

And honor, chivalry, live yet,
Deny it, ye who may;
Your cheeks with passioned tears still wet,
In memory of a day
When woke the loud, stern trump of wars,
And glowed each latent spark,
Of knighthood, till a field of stars
Blazed o'er his escutcheon dark.

Ay, chivalry is living yet,
Nor all laid 'neath the sod,
With lives, (a country's long regret,)
To country given and God;
Not less showed forth its lofty power,
Not less its pride of will,
That hardest lesson of the hour,
To suffer and be still.

So daring in war's fierce melee,
So patient and so strong,
To bear reverse, what minstrel's lay,
What poet's sweetest song
Can tell of Cœur de Lions more,
Or hymn Crusaders' story?
Pass by the vaunted days of yore,
From glory unto glory!

In life's great tournament, the knights
Wage kindly contest ever,
Not dim in distance, all the lights
Of chivalric endeavor;
Whoever doubts now take good heed,
Or keep his vizor down,
For doubt is doubt's deserved meed,
As trust is honor's crown. [LATIENNE.

THE SCENE-PAINTER'S WIFE.

A TALE.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

"You wouldn't think it, to look at her now, sir," said the old clown, as he shook the ashes out of his blackened clay, "but madam was once as handsome a woman as you'd see for many a long day. It was an accident that spoilt her beauty."

The speaker was attached to a little equestrian company with which I had fallen in during a summer day's pedestrianism in Warwickshire. The troupe had halted at a roadside inn, where I was dawdling over my simple mid-day meal, and by the time I had smoked y cigar in his companionship, the clown and I were upon a footing of perfect friendliness.

I had been not a little struck by the woman f whom he spoke. She was tall and slim, d had something of a foreign look, as I ought. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the painful impression which it gave to a stranger. It was the face of a woman who had undergone some great terror. The sickly pallor f the skin was made conspicuous by the hece brightness of the large black eyes, and on ne cheek there was a scar—the mark of some eadly hurt inflicted long ago.

My new friend and I had strolled a little way om the inn, where the rest of the company ere still occupied with their frugal dinner. stretch of sunny common lay before us, and emed to invite a ramble. The clown filled s pipe, and walked on meditatively. I took t another cigar.

"Was it a fall from horseback that gave her at scar?" I asked.

"A fall from horseback! Madame Delavan-! No, sir, that seam on her cheek was made y the claws of a tiger. It's rather a curious sort of story, and I don't mind telling it, if you'd like to hear it; but for the Lord's sake don't let her know I've been talking of her, if you should happen to scrape acquaintance with her when you go back to the inn."

"Has she such a dislike of being talked about?"

"I rather think she has. You see she's not ite right in the upper story, poor soul; but ides beautifully, and doesn't know what r means. You'd scarcely believe how handme she looks at night when she's dressed for e ring. Her face lights up almost as well as used to do ten years ago, before she had the cident. Ah, she was handsome in those ys, and used to be run after by all the genmen like mad. But she never was a bad , never—wild and self-willed, but never a cked woman, as I'll stake my life. I've been r friend through thick and thin, when she led a friend, and I've understood her betr than others.

"She was only twelve years old when she came to us with her father, a noted lion-tamer. He was a man that drank hard now and then, d was very severe with her at such times; t she always had a brave spirit, and I never knew her to quail before him or before the beasts. She used to take her share in all the old man's performances, and when he died, and the lions were sold off, our proprietor kept a tiger for her to perform with. He was the cleverest of all the animals, but a queer temper, and it needed a spirit like Caroline Dela-ti's to face him. She rode in the circus as ll as performing with the tiger, and she was gether the most valuable member of the pany, and was very well paid for her k. She was eighteen when her father died, within a year of his death she married h Waylie, our scene-painter.

rather surprised at this marriage, for I Caroline might have done better. Joe rty-five if he was a day—a pale, sandy-fellow, not much to look at, and by no a genius. But he was awfully fond of e. He had followed her about like a r since she came among us, and I t she married him more out of pity than told her so one day, but she only , and said,

e's too good for me, Mr. Waters, that's uth. I don't deserve to be loved as he

ly married couple did indeed seem happy together. It was a treat to and at the wing and watch his wife er performances, ready to put a r her pretty white shoulders when done, or to throw himself between her e tiger in case of mischief. She treated in a pretty, patronizing sort of way, as if d been ever so much younger than her d of twelve years her senior. She used d upon tiptoe and kiss him before all mpany, sometimes at rehearsals, much delight. He worked like a slave in the f improving his position as he improved art, and he thought nothing too good beautiful young wife. They had very rtable lodgings about half a mile from nufacturing town where we were stad for the winter months, and lived as well ple folks need live.

our manager was proprietor of a second theatre, at a seaport town, fifty miles away from the place where we were stationed; and when pantomime time was coming on, poor Joseph Waylie was ordered off to paint the scenery for this other theatre, much to his grief, as his work was likely to keep him a month or six weeks away from his wife. It was their first parting, and the husband felt it deeply. He left Caroline to the care of an old woman who took the money, and who professed a very warm attachment for Mrs. Waylie, or Madame Delavanti, as she was called in the bills.

Joseph had not been gone much more than a week, when I began to take notice of a young officer who was in front every evening, and who watched Caroline's performance with evident admiration. I saw him one night in very close conversation with Mrs. Muggleton, the money-taker, and was not over-pleased to hear Madame Delavanti's name mentioned in the course of their conversation. On the next night I found him loitering about at the stage-door. He was a very handsome man, and I could not avoid taking notice of him. On inquiry, I found that his name was Jocelyn, and that he was a captain in the regiment then stationed in the town. He was the only son of a wealthy manufacturer, I was told, and had plenty of money to throw about.

I had finished my performance earlier than usual one night soon after this, and was waiting for a friend at the stage-door, when Captain Jocelyn came up the dark by-street, smoking his cigar, and evidently waiting for some one. I fell back into the shadow of the door, and waited, feeling pretty sure that he was on the watch for Caroline. I was right. She came out presently and joined him, putting her hand under his arm, as if it were quite a usual thing for him to be her escort. I followed them at a little distance as they walked off, and waited till I saw Joe's wife safe within her own door. The captain detained her on the doorstep talking for a few minutes, and would fain have kept her there longer, but she dismissed him with that pretty imperious way she had with all of us at times.

Now, as a very old friend of Caroline's, I wasn't going to stand this sort of thing; so I taxed her with it plainly next day, and told her no good could come of any acquaintance between her and Captain Jocelyn.

"And no harm need come of it either, you silly old fellow," she said. "I've been used to that sort of attention all my life. There's nothing but the most innocent flirtation between us."

"What would Joe think of such an innocent flirtation, Caroline?" I asked.

"Joe must learn to put up with such things," she answered, "as long as I do my duty to him. I can't live without excitement, and admiration, and that sort of thing. Joe ought to know that as well as I do."

"I should have thought the tiger and the horses would have given you enough excitement, Caroline," I said, "without running into worse dangers than the risk of your life."

"But they don't give me half enough excitement," she answered; and then she took out a little watch in a jewelled case, and looked at it, and then at me, in a half boastful, half-anxious way.

"Why, what a pretty watch, Carry!" said I. "Is that a present from Joe?"

"As if you didn't know better than that!" she said. "Country scene-painters can't afford to buy diamond watches for their wives, Mr. Waters."

I tried to lecture her, but she laughed off my reproaches; and I saw her that night with a bracelet on her arm which I knew must be another gift from the captain. He was in a stage-box, and threw her a bouquet of choice flowers after her scene with the tiger. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see her pick up the flowers and offer them to the grim looking animal to smell, and then snatch them away with a laugh, and retire, curtseying to the audience, and glancing coquettishly towards the box where her admirer sat applauding her.

Three weeks went by like this, the captain in front every night. I kept a close watch upon the pair, for I thought that, however she might carry on her flirtation, Joe's wife was true at heart, and would not do him any deliberate wrong. She was very young and very wilful, but I fancied my influence would go a long way with her in any desperate emergency. So I kept an eye upon her and her admirer, and there was rarely a night I did not see the captain's back turned upon Mrs. Waylie's lodgings before I went home to my supper.

Joe was not expected home for another week, and the regiment was to leave town in a couple of days. Caroline told me this one morning with evident pleasure, and I was overjoyed to find she did not really care for Captain Jocelyn.

"Not a bit, you silly old man," she said; "I like his admiration, and like his presents, but I know there's no one in the world worth Joe. I'm very glad the regiment will be gone when Joe comes back. I shall have had my bit of fun, you know, and I shall tell Joe all about it; and as Captain Jocelyn will have gone to the other end of the world, he can't object to the presents—tributes offered to my genius, as the captain says in his notes."

I felt by no means sure that Joseph Waylie would consent to his wife's retaining those tributes, and I told her as much.

"O, nonsense," she said; "I can do what I like with Joe. He'll be quite satisfied when he sees Captain Jocelyn's respectful letters. I couldn't part with my darling little watch for the world."

When I went to the theatre next night, I found the captain standing talking to Caroline just outside the stage door. He seemed very earnest, and was begging her to do something which she said was impossible. It was his last night in the town, you see, and I have very little doubt that he was asking her to run away with him—for I believe the man was over head and ears in love with her—and that she was putting him off in her laughing coquettish way.

"I won't take your answer now," he said very seriously. "I shall wait for you at the door to-night. You can't mean to break my heart, Caroline; the answer must be yes."

She broke away from him hurriedly. "Hark," she said, "there's the overture; and in half an hour I must be upon the stage."

I passed the captain in the dark passage, and a few paces farther on passed some one else, whose face I could not see, but whose short hurried breathing sounded like that of a person who had been running. We brushed against one another as we passed, but the man took no notice of me.

Half an hour afterwards I was lounging in a corner of the ring while Caroline went through her performances with the tiger. Captain Jocelyn was in his usual place, with a bouquet in his hand. It was New Year's night, and the house was very full. I had been looking all round for some time, when I was startled by the sight of a face in the pit. It was Joseph Waylie's face, ashy pale and fixed as death—a face that meant mischief.

"He has heard something against his wife," I thought. "I'll run round to him directly I can get out of the ring, and make matters square. Some confounded scandal-monger has got hold of him, and has been poisoning his mind about Caroline and the captain." I knew there had been a good deal of talk in the theatre about the two—talk which I had done my best to put down.

Captain Jocelyn threw his bouquet, which was received with a coquettish smile and a bright upward glance that seemed to express profound delight. I knew that this was mere stage-play; but how must it have looked to the jealous man, glaring with fixed eyes from his place at the back of the pit! I turned to look at him as the curtain fell upon the stage, but he was gone. He was going round to speak to his wife, no doubt. I left the ring immediately, and went to prepare her for the interview, and, if needful, to stand between her and her husband's anger.

I found her at the wing, trifling with her bouquet in an absent way.

"Have you seen Joe?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "He hasn't come back, has he? I didn't expect him for a week."

"I know, my dear; but he was in front just now, looking as pale as a ghost. I'm afraid some one has been talking to him about you."

She looked rather frightened when I said this.

"They can't say any harm of me, if they speak the truth," she said. "I wonder Joe didn't come straight to me though, instead of going to the front of the house."

We were both wanted in the ring. I helped Caroline through her equestrian performance, and saw that she was a little nervous and anxious about Joe's return. She did not favor the captain with many more smiles that evening, and she told me to be ready for her at the stage door ten minutes before the performance was over.

"I want to give Captain Jocelyn the slip," she said; "but I daresay Joe will come to me before I'm ready."

Joe did not appear, however, and she went home with me. I met the captain on my way back, and he asked me if I had been seeing Mrs. Waylie home. I told him yes, and that her husband had come home. Joe had not arrived at the lodgings, however, when Caroline went in, and I returned to the theatre to look for him. The stage door was shut when I went back; so I supposed that Joe had gone home by another way, or was out drinking. I went to bed that night very uneasy in my mind about Caroline and her husband.

There was an early rehearsal of a new interlude next morning, and Caroline came into the theatre five minutes after I got there. She looked pale and ill. Her husband had not been home.

"I think it must have been a mistake of yours about Joe," she said to me. "I don't think it could have been him you saw in the pit last night."

"I saw him as surely as I see you at this moment, my dear," I answered. "There's no possibility of a mistake. Joe came back last night, and Joe was in the pit while you were on with the tiger."

This time she looked really frightened. She put her hand to her heart suddenly, and began to tremble.

"Why didn't he come home to me?" she cried, "and where did he hide himself last night?"

"I'm afraid he must have gone out upon the drink, my dear."

"Joe never drinks," she answered.

While she stood looking at me with that pale scared face, one of our young men came running towards us.

"You're wanted, Waters," he said shortly.

"Where?"

"Upstairs in the painting room."

"Joe's room!" cried Caroline. "Then he has come back. I'll go with you."

She was following me as I crossed the stage, but the young man tried to stop her.

"You'd better not come just yet, Mrs. Waylie," he said in a hurried way that was strange to him. "It's only Waters that's wanted on a matter of business." And then, as Caroline followed close upon us, he took hold of my arm and whispered, "Don't let her come."

I tried to keep her back, but it was no use.

"I know it's my husband who wants you," she said. "They've been making mischief about me. You shan't keep me away from him."

We were on the narrow stairs leading to the painting room by this time. I couldn't keep Caroline off. She pushed past both of us, and ran into the room before we could stop her.

"Serve her right," muttered my companion. "It's all her doing."

I heard her scream as I came to the door. There was a little crowd in the painting room round a quiet figure lying on a bench, and there was a ghastly pool of blood upon the floor. Joseph Waylie had cut his throat.

"He must have done it last night," said the manager. "There's a letter for his wife on the table yonder. Is that you, Mrs. Waylie? A bad business, isn't it? Poor Joseph!"

Caroline knelt down by the side of the bench and stopped there on her knees, as still as death, till the room was clear of all but me.

"They think I deserve this, Waters," she said, lifting her white face from the dead man's shoulder, where she had hidden it; "but I meant no harm. Give me the letter."

"You'd better wait a bit, my dear," I said.

"No, no; give it me at once, please."

I gave her the letter. It was very short. The scene painter had come back to the theatre in time to hear some portion of that interview between Captain Jocelyn and his wife. He evidently had believed her much more guilty than she was.

"I think you must know how I loved you, Caroline," he wrote; "I can't face life with the knowledge that you've been false to me."

Of course there was an inquest. We worked it so that the jury gave a verdict of temporary insanity, and poor Joe was buried decently in the cemetery outside the town. Caroline sold the watch and the bracelet that Captain Jocelyn had given her, in order to pay for her husband's funeral. She was very quiet, and went on with the performances as usual a week after Joe's death, but I could see a great change in her. The rest of the company were very hard upon her, as I thought, blaming her for her husband's death, and she was under a cloud, as it were; but she looked as handsome as ever, and went through all her performances in her old daring way. I'm sure, though, that she grieved sincerely for Joe's death, and that she had never meant to do him wrong.

We travelled all through the next summer, and late in November went back to Homersleigh. Caroline had seemed happier while we were away, I thought, and when we were going back, she confessed as much to me.

"I've got a kind of dread of seeing that place again, she said; "I'm always dreaming of the painting room as it looked that January morning with the cold light streaming in upon that dreadful figure on the bench. The room's scarcely been out of my dreams one night since I've been away from Homersleigh; and now I dread going back as if—as if he was shut up there."

The room was not a particularly convenient one, and had been used for lumber after Joe's death. The man who came after him didn't care to paint there by himself all day long. On the first morning of our return, Caroline went up and looked in at the dusty heap of disused stage furniture and broken properties. I met her coming away from the room.

"O, Mr. Waters," she said to me with real feeling, "if he had only waited to hear me speak for myself! They all think I deserved what happened, and perhaps I did, as far as it was a punishment for my frivolity; but Joe didn't deserve it. I know it was their malicious talk that did the mischief."

I fancied after this that her looks changed for the worse, and that she had a kind of nervous way in going through her equestrian performances, as if there was a fever upon her. I couldn't judge so well how she went through the tiger act, as I was never on the stage with her, but the brute seemed as submissive as ever. On the last day of the year she asked our manager to let her off for the next night. "It's the anniversary of my husband's death," she said.

"I didn't know you were so precious fond of him," he answered with a sneer. "No, Mrs. Waylie, we can't afford to dispense with your services to-morrow night. The tiger act is one of our strong features with the gallery, and I expect a full house for New Year's night."

She begged him very hard to let her off, but it was no use. There was no rehearsal on New Year's morning, and she went to the little cemetery where Joe was buried, a three miles' walk in the cold and rain. In the evening, when she came to the wing her eyes were brighter than usual, and she shivered a good deal, more than I liked to see.

"I think I must have caught cold in the cemetery to-day," she said to me when I noticed this. "I wish I could have kept this night sacred—this one night—to my husband's memory. He has been in my mind so much to-day."

She went on, and I stood at the wing watching her. The audience applauded vociferously, but she did not make her accustomed curtsey; and she went about her work in a listless way that was very different from her usual spirited manner. The animal seemed to know this, and when she had got about half-way through her tricks with him, he began to respond to her word of command in a sulky unwilling manner that I didn't like. This made her angry and she used her light whip more freely than usual.

One of the tiger's concluding tricks was a leap through a garland of flowers which Caroline held for him. She was kneeling in the centre of the stage with this garland in her hands, ready for the animal's spring, when her eyes wandered to the front of the house, and she rose suddenly with a shrill scream, and her arms outstretched wildly. Whether the sulky brute thought that she was going to strike him or not, I don't know; but he sprang savagely at her as she rose, and in the next moment she was lying on the ground helpless, and the audience screaming with terror. I rushed upon the stage with half-a-dozen others, and we had the brute muzzled and roped in a few breathless moments, but not before he had torn Caroline's cheek and shoulder with his claws. She was insensible when we carried her off the stage, and she was confined to her bed three months after the accident with brain fever. When she came among us again, she had lost every vestige of color, and her face had that set look which you must have observed just now.

"The fright of her encounter with the tiger gave her that look," I said; "I don't much wonder at it."

"Not a bit of it," answered the clown. "That's the curious part of the story. She didn't think anything of her skirmish with the tiger, though it quite spoilt her beauty. What frightened her was the sight of her husband sitting in the pit, as he had sat there a year before, on the night of his death. Of course you'll say it was a delusion, and so say I. But she declares she saw him sitting amongst the crowd—amongst them, and yet not one of them, somehow, with a sort of ghastly light upon his face that marked him out from the rest. It was the sight of him that made her drop her garland and give that scream and rush that frightened the tiger. You see she had been brooding upon his death for a long time, and no doubt she conjured up his image out of her own brain, as it were. She's never been quite the same since that fever; but she has plenty of pluck, and there's scarcely anything she can't do now with Baber the tiger, and I think she's fonder of him than of any human creature, in spite of the scar on her cheek."

* * *

—Indiana, with delicate gallantry, does not provide for the imprisonment of a lady who may be fined for any offence, and gives no other means of recovering the mulct if the person upon whom it is imposed does not see fit to pay it.

—A Cincinnati paper tells a story of a female who absconded, and concludes the account with this statement, which is uncomplimentary to the detectives: "When it was trusted to the detectives, it came also to our reporter's ears."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

What a perfect model of a young man that one must be who can say with truth, "I have never done a foolish thing!" I feel no fear of having my word doubted when I say that in my time I have done a good many, one of which nearly resulted in my being prevented from ever relating the following story:

Paris, as Albert Smith used to say, is a "rather jolly place—rather funny," but it has its serious side. There are grand Rues and majestic Boulevards; but there are also the wretched alleys and *culs-de-sac;* the noble palaces and the ruinous crowded houses, each a perfect warren; the acts in the sunshine of broad day, and the deeds of darkness.

"Take care of yourself," was the last laughing address of my friends, as I took my ticket at London Bridge Station—an address as laughingly replied to; and that same evening, with a companion, I was strolling down the Boulevard des Italiens, smoking a cigar and enjoying the novel sights around; the newsvender's kiosk; the tall, white stone houses, with their bright Venetian shutters; the handsome shops, with their costly contents; the gay throng of promenaders; the numberless little marble top tables, and the cool way in which people sat out of doors to sip their *café noire, eau sucrée,* or *vin de Bordeaux.* Here was a couple playing dominoes; there a quartette, evidently tradesfolk, with a moderator-lamp, seated at a table outside their shop door, happily engaged in a French version of short whist. Now the pointed-moustached, tight-coated, cocked-hatted *sergeant de ville,* with his long thin sword, would take one's attention; now one of the many shabby-uniformed, but active, cat-like, sun-browned soldiers, one and all carrying their arms. Then the white cap of a sister of mercy, or the starched plaits of a *bonne,* would diversify the throng. Everywhere there was something new to take the attention, while not the least evident was the love of our neighbors for display, as shown in gilded railings, bright hues, and above all in flowers clustering round so many windows. No gas-flaming, heavy-looking public houses here, but elegant marble and velvet furnished *cafés* resplendent with mirrors, white and gold, and overlooked by a presiding deity in the shape of a *dame de comptoir,* throned amidst fruit, flowers and wine, coffee urns and confectionery, herself a very model of the latest Paris fashions.

I slept that night in a confusion of ideas, strangest of which was a belief that Paris was a sort of a fairy-land, where all was perfect; and I woke the next morning to a capital hotel breakfast of long bread, *café-au-lait, œufs frais,* and a string band, recalling home, outside the window with the strains of the "Lancer's Quadrilles." Then came a round of sight-seeing—cathedral, church, picture gallery, bridge, fountain, palace, opera, theatre, and review. We lunched and dined *a la Francaise,* and pretended to like the French potage and their wines. We played billiards at the *cafés,* smoked bad cigars, made ourselves ill, tired ourselves out, and all the while avowed that we were in the very height of enjoyment.

At the end of a fortnight, Paris did not seem half so bright a place; and certainly, no better than London. One day I spent upon a sofa reading the Times and Galignani; and that same evening my companion actually hinted at its being almost time to think of going back home. But at the *table d'hôte* we encountered a young fellow-countryman who put us through a sort of catechism, upon our saying that we were about tired of the place, ending by telling us that we had seen nothing yet, and promising to initiate us into a little more of Parisian life and manners.

We assented to his acting as guide; and he certainly did initiate us—or rather, gave us a lesson—in Parisian life and manners—one of which proved quite sufficient to satisfy me; and two days after I was congratulating myself upon being safely at home.

It was about 10 o'clock at night that, after spending an hour or two amid the *café chantants* in the Champs Elysees, our new friend led us up and down several streets, till he paused at what seemed to be a private house.

"You ought not to go back," he said, "without seeing a gambling house."

"Oh! I don't know," I said, hesitating; "I don't much care for that."

"You need not either of you play," was the reply. "We'll just go in for half an hour, and then have a look at something else."

And then we entered a well lit passage, a door closed behind us, shutting us in like flies in a trap, and a well-dressed waiter ushered us into a brilliantly lighted *salon,* wherein were collected some twenty well-dressed men, seated and standing round a centre table covered with a green cloth, while another waiter handed round coffee, ices and champagne.

"Don't refuse the refreshments," whispered our guide; "they are all free—found by the proprietor, who recoups himself out of his visitors' losses."

I nodded, and partook of some champagne, as did my companions; when, eager to see all that was going on, we walked up to the rouge-et-noir table, and looked on.

The stakes were not very high, because it was so early in the evening, so our guide said; men winning and losing various small sums with utmost nonchalance. In effect, the game seemed then tame and uninteresting, and thoroughly wanting in that excitement of which I had so often read. There were the cries of *croupier* and *tailleur,* and the faint click and chink of franc and five-franc pieces as they were raked together; but there was no fierce aspect, no knit brows, or sweat-bedewed forehead; all was calm and gentlemanly; and I was wondering how long it would be ere my companions were ready to go, when our new friend took a five-franc piece out of his pocket, staked it, and saw it melt away. Another shared its fate, and another, and another.

"Always my luck!" he said, coolly, as he turned to me. "Lost a louis; that's as far as I shall go. Ah! the disease has proved infectious; I see your friend has taken it."

I turned, with surprise, at his words; for I had not missed my old schoolfellow, Rivers—a quiet, steady, thoughtful man, whom I should have thought the last to have staked a shilling at a game of chance; but, sure enough, there he was, placing his money first on one color, then on the other; and, as I drew near to his elbow, it seemed always changing at the right time; for he invariably won.

If I had before found the proceedings tame, they were now most exciting; the game seemed entirely different since my friend had commenced playing, and I watched each stake, and listened to each cry of "Rouge," or "Noir," with an eagerness that I could only have pitied in another.

It almost seemed as though my friend's success had been the signal for an increasing thirst for the game, for the stakes gradually grew higher; gold began to make its appearance, bright and yellow, among the silver; men who had been smoking, drinking and chatting about the room door, as I had done, drew nearer to the table, to watch the proceedings; the murmur of conversation ceased, and play seemed now fully the order of the night.

We had been in the gambling house now quite an hour and a half, when, after impatiently hinting several times that it was quite time to be gone, our friend, who had brought us there, drew Rivers from the table, saying, "You have won enough now—take my advice and come away;" but Rivers only shook him off, with a half laugh, and returned to the table after hastily swallowing a glass of champagne.

Meanwhile, our guide to the mysteries of Paris turned to me.

"You had better bring him away now," he said; "perhaps you have more influence over him. I don't consider this the safest of places."

Feeling uneasy, I turned to Rivers, and whispered to him that it was time to go, but only to get for an answer an impatient shrug.

Our friend stayed some little time longer, and then, unperceived by me, he left the room, for the feeling of interest in my friend Rivers' play had now grown most intense, since he was still winning, and it was as much as I could do to keep from placing a small stake upon the table myself; for several times over I had seen him place money in his pocket, and he had, besides, a goodly heap on the table before him.

At last I grew as deeply intent upon the game as was Rivers himself, and watched each venture and its result with an excitement only to be explained by the engrossing nature of the play.

For quite an hour my friend went on winning, men ceasing their own ventures to watch those of their more fortunate competitors; and now it was that I could see greed, avarice, cunning, a host of evil passions, flashing from the eyes around, as Rivers' heap of money grew larger and larger.

The tide of Rivers' success turned at last, and as I watched him I saw his brow knit tighter and tighter, as with inconceivable rapidity his pile of money melted away, almost without a single renovating *coup.* Then first one pocket was applied to and then another, till, with a laugh full of disappointment and annoyance, he turned from the table, walked up to the buffet, and tossed down a tumbler of wine.

It required almost an effort to tear myself away from the table, where there was an excited buzz as of hungry flies for a few minutes, and then the gaming recommenced; but I followed Rivers to the buffet, where he was thoughtfully standing.

"Ought to have left off sooner, eh?" he said; "or else not to have begun," he muttered. "But where are you going?"

"Only back to the table for a little while," I said.

"No, no; let's be off now. I'm sick of this!"

"I stayed all this while for your pleasure," I replied; "I think you might stay a little while for mine."

"I can't stand it," said Rivers; "and I am cleaned out."

"What?" I exclaimed. "You have not lost any of your own money?"

"Every franc," he said, bitterly; "and so will you, if you go near that cursed table."

I hesitated for a few moments, but the temptation was too strong; and, probably seeing that hesitation, a waiter approached and offered me some wine. I could keep back no longer; the low talking at the table seemed like whispers calling me to go and sweep up a glittering pile of money. Mammon himself summoned me to his worship, and feeling certain that I saw failings in my companion's method of play, I walked up to the table, threw down a five-franc piece and saw it raked away.

I threw another upon the cloth, and that also was swept away.

In a sort of intoxication, brought on by the excitement, I staked two pieces this time, and they also disappeared. Half a napoleon shared their fate; then a napoleon; when Rivers caught me by the arm, it being his turn now to play the part of mentor and to whisper to come away.

"Monsieur can play for himself, sir. Why do you interfere?" said a swarthy individual with a short, black beard and very close cut hair.

"I'll come soon," I said, angrily. "I can do no worse than you have done."

Rivers shrugged his shoulders and turned away to take another glass of champagne from the waiter, when the fierce-looking Frenchman whispered to me. "Play high, monsieur; you are likely to have *la bonheur.* The fickle goddess likes not humble offerings."

Turning impatiently from my would-be counsellor, whom I set down as belonging to the proprietary, I again threw down a napoleon, and lost. Another—another—another. In five minutes I had come down to my last coin, and I stood for a few moments thoughtful and pondering. Should I let that go with the others or not? Why should I refrain? I asked myself bitterly; my folly could be no greater; and, almost passionately, I threw it down, half turning, at the same time, to leave the table, and hurry from the house.

"Won, by Jove!" a voice whispered at my ear; and I was once more in funds to carry on the warfare, or to leave, whichever I liked. I was about to pursue the latter course, when a half-contemptuous glance from the Frenchman's eye turned me back, and I staked again and again; doubled my stake, and won again; again doubled and won; so that, in the course of a few minutes, I had piled up a goodly heap of five franc pieces before me.

"Give this gentleman some wine," the Frenchman said, in a low tone to a waiter, and a glass was handed to me, but, impatiently motioning the man aside, I plunged, as it were, into the overpowering excitement of the play, winning constantly, and with a feeling as of some wild fever thrilling through my veins.

Twice over I believe that Rivers eagerly begged of me to leave, but I refused, and played on, although at the time there was a strange desire upon me to leave off and to carry away my ill-gotten gains. Every stake I laid down was successful, and in a short time I found that the greater part of the occupants of the room were now watching my success with as much eagerness as they had previously gazed upon my companion.

Once I stopped as if to take breath, and in the brief moments which ensued I seemed to look upon the probable result—the glittering heap gradually melting away, and taking with it my last shilling; and yet I could not restrain myself, but played on again, still winning, with an insensate thirst for more of the wild excitement ever growing upon me.

Still I won; till, trembling for my gains, I began to thrust the coins into different pockets, lessening the heap as much as I could, before staking the largest sum that had yet been upon the table that evening.

I placed it upon the red, and it seemed as if the result would never be known. In effect, there was quite a pause, and then came the announcement, "*Rouge gagne!*" in calm, impressive tones; and again I swept up the money, before a score of covetous lookers-on.

"But this once!" I muttered to myself, preparing to stake the whole of my last gains; when, in a quiet manner, as if there was nothing at all in the announcement, the proprietor informed the company that the play was at an end for that evening.

"Monsieur has broken the bank," said a soft voice at my ear, and, turning, there stood the swarthy Frenchman.

II.

I started from this man as if I had been stung; and, hastily gathering up my treasure—so much that my pockets could hardly hold it—I turned my attention towards leaving the place, already half emptied of its occupants.—But my eyes first sought for Rivers, who, to my great surprise, I saw lolling back upon a *fauteuil,* evidently half asleep.

"Monsieur, your friend is tired," said the Frenchman, who seemed determined to force upon me his society. "The *sallé* has been hot, and disappointment wearied his brain. Monsieur would do well to rest too."

"In my country, sir," I said, turning upon him sharply, and not, I am afraid, speaking in very pure French, "we only take advice from our friends."

"*Precisément,*" he said, with a smile, and a shrug of his shoulders; "it is as a friend I offer you my advice."

He pushed his face close to mine, as he spoke now in a whisper.

"The hour is late; the streets are unsafe.—Twenty men, desperate with their losses, have seen you win—win *ma foi,* as I never saw player win before. It would be a temptation—throwing temptation in their way—putting bad ideas in men's minds, when they would otherwise go quietly home. Is this just, Monsieur? Are mine the words of friend or enemy? Take my advice, if it seem a friend's, and stay here; if it seem an enemy's, rouse your comrade, and go in peace.

He tapped my breast with his fingers, which came in contact with the napoleons in my pocket, and smiled meaningly, but with a leer in his eyes which troubled me, and made me turn uneasily to look at Rivers.

Crossing to him, I shook his arm, but only obtained a few unintelligible mutterings, though I earnestly besought him to wake up. His arm dropped nerveless to his side, his head sank lower upon his bosom, and breathing stentoriously the while, he seemed to be plunged in a deep, heavy sleep, from which there was no awakening him.

What could I do? What did it mean—Rivers being so fast asleep? Had he been plied with wine? or was it possible that he could have been drugged?

I half laughed at what seemed to be the absurdity of the thought, full of romance as it appeared; but the next moment a cold chill ran through me as I recalled the words of our friend who had brought us there,—"I don't consider this the safest of places!"

What should I do—run all risks and go, or run all risks and stay? The danger seemed equal on either hand; while how could I go and leave my companion in the hands of these people? I cursed the folly that made me stay—that had brought me to such a place; for what, after all, were my winnings compared with life? How could I tell what would be my fate before morning, unarmed, in a strange house, in a strange city, and surrounded by people who knew me to be in possession of a heavy sum of money? It was impossible to help a shudder coursing through my veins as I recalled the Frenchman's sinister words regarding temptation. What if it tempted him!—the man of whom I felt an instinctive dread, and one evidently connected in some way with the establishment, for while the others had gone he still lingered behind.

"Would Monsieur like a bed here?" said the croupier, smiling as he advanced, bowing and rubbing his hands.

"Yes," said the swarthy Frenchman, smiling in reply; "Monsieur thinks it unsafe to pass through the streets by night with so large a sum; and of course Monsieur would not like to leave it till morning in our care. Ah! no; Monsieur will stay all night, as will his friend. Is it not so?"

I hesitated for a moment, and then my decision was taken. I would stay; for I should be as safe, I thought, in a room to myself, as being dogged through the dark streets, of whose course I was almost ignorant. And besides, I was young and strong, and could remain on my guard for the rest of the night. It would not be so very long now until morning.

"Yes," I said, with an effort, for my mouth felt hot and dry, and a lump seemed to rise in my throat; "get me a room ready, and help my friend to it."

"But we have no double rooms, Monsieur," said the swarthy Frenchman; "your friend shall have a room to himself, and he will be well by morning; he would take rather too much champagne. But it is light, and will soon pass off. Here, Jean, Francois, assist this gentleman to the blue room; give Monsieur, here, the yellow chamber. But Monsieur will not retire yet? He would like a slight refreshment; is it not so?"

I made no opposition to our being separated for I could not, after all, think that anything wrong would befall Rivers, penniless and without jewelry as he was; but I steadily refused to partake of any repast, dreading that I might be inveigled into taking something more potent than wine—such a draught, in fact, as I felt sure must have been given to my friend; and asking for a chamber candlestick, I myself superintended the removal of Rivers to a bedchamber before seeking my own; one far up, upon the fourth floor.

The swarthy Frenchman, who now made no scruple about letting it be seen that he was about to pass the night there himself, bade me farewell in the most impressive manner, applauding, in a whisper, my resolve, which he declared to be "*bien sage;*" and then I closed my door, and stood, candle in hand and with beating heart, alone.

I could hear the heavy throb, throb of my heart as it seemed to force the blood through my veins with a power that made them thrill; and it was in vain that I told myself that it was from the ascent. Such flattering unction could not be received, and I was fain to confess that, trembling, anxious—nay, in deadly fear—I was wondering whether I should see the morning light.

How I cursed my weakness again and again for coming, and then for stooping to the indulgence of a weak and insatiate passion. Why, after all, had I stayed? Rivers would have been quite as safe without me.

But this was no time for childish murmuring against my folly. I was in a sore straight, if my fancy had not been magnifying the danger; and rousing myself to the emergency, I proceeded to examine the room before securing the door.

The task was soon performed. I had but to look under the bed, and my examination was nearly at an end. No cupboards—no place where an enemy could be concealed—no second means of egress.

I went to the window and threw it open to look down upon a long, dark, deserted street at an immense distance below me, and I shuddered as I thought of the consequence of a fall. There was the usual Venetian shutters, on either side, fastened back, and a light appeared here and there in some of the houses opposite, while above my head the stars peered down from the soft summer night's sky.

Leaving the window partly open to admit the cool, gentle breeze, I now turned my attention to the door, to find that there was a lock but no key. There was, however, a large bolt at the top of the door, which I slipped easily into its staple; and then, as quickly as I could, moving it only a few inches at a time, I contrived to place the head of the bed against the door, and then sat down, panting, to think.

I wanted to take out the money and to tie it all up together—silver, gold and *billets de banque*—in my handkerchief, so that if the worst came to the worst I might throw it from the window; for I was determined that it should not go to those who I felt sure intended to attack me. No; they should not have it, I thought, for I would throw it through the open window. But, no; I dared not take it from my pockets; the clinking would, perhaps, be heard, and, if my fears were baseless, would, after all, excite the cupidity of some one in the house.

Of course I did not undress, but sat for a long while debating as to whether I should put out my candle—a point decided by the short piece burning out, so that soon I sat upon the edge of the bed, in utter darkness, listening attentively to every sound, and seeing, in imagination, the swarthy Frenchman, stiletto armed, slowly ascending the stairs.

I had no difficulty in keeping awake, for my nerves were strained to their greatest tension with the excitement, and a cold damp collected upon my forehead and in the palms of my hands, as at last, after several false alarms, I heard a faint breathing noise apparently just outside the door.

Rising softly and with my heart beating almost to suffocation, I stole to the window, and stood once more listening, as there came a faint, gliding, grating noise; and though I could see nothing, I felt that one of the panels of the door was so contrived that it would slide back, and I seemed to be gazing the next moment upon a hand thrust through, to be laid upon the bolt.

The darkness was intense, but I was, I felt, right; for there came the grating of the iron, and the bolt was softly shot back from the staple, and the door pressed inward against the bedstead.

What could I do? That I should be murdered if I stayed there unarmed, I felt assured; and even if I could elude my assailants in the dark, it would only be for a few minutes; for I must be hunted down at last. There was no escape, I told myself; and as the bedstead creaked with the pressure against it, I knew that it must in a few minutes at most give way sufficiently for a man to pass in, and then would come the struggle for life.

A suffocating groan forced itself from my chest, and a great trembling seized upon me; but even then I did not think to offer the money as a ransom for my liberty; but hurried from one end of the room to the other, in search of a way of escape. Then I stopped short; for there was a whispering outside, and a thought had occurred to me. Could I escape by the window?

Four stories high, and the cruel stones beneath!

But the bed-clothes—could I knot them together, and slide down?

A moment's reflection told me that the idea was madness; and I leaned out to listen if there was any one below to whom I might appeal for help; but all was still and my tongue seemed to refuse its office. Almost mad with fear, I climbed out on the window sill and looked upward.

I was on the top floor, but the parapet was above my reach, unless—yes—the Venetian shutters—each a very ladder—every thin bar a step to climb to safety, if—

Yes—if they would bear my weight.

I shuddered as at that moment I seemed to see the shutter torn from its hinges, and with me clinging to it, falling—falling with a fearful crash to the pavement beneath, and men gathering round to gaze upon the sickening spectacle.

But it was my only chance for safety; and upon the roof I might travel on and on, and elude my pursuers, if they could reach my refuge by any other way; for I felt assured that they would not attempt it by my route. But would the shutter bear this weight?

I tried one with my left hand, and it shook ominously. I stepped quickly to the other and tried it. Firmer, certainly; but what a frail road to safety? Would it not be better to stop and encounter my enemies, who were now in the room?

It seemed the lesser evil to trust to my activity to reach the roof; and softly placing one foot upon the wood work I reached the top of the shutter and drew myself up from the window sill, just as a man leaned out and uttered an exclamation of horror. But I could not look down at him, nor heed his warning cry to descend, for all my weight was now upon the shutter, supported by its hinges and the holder which kept it back against the stone wall. I felt it giving way beneath me; but taking another step I threw up one hand, as with a spasmodic effort I drew up my body in what I knew to be my last struggle for life; and that hand rested upon the parapet; the next instant my other hand was by its side; my feet aided me again for an instant, and then, with a sharp crack, the shutter gave way, hung to my feet for a few moments, when, as I kicked them free and clung there, I heard it fall, after what seemed a lifetime of horror, upon the pavement below.

The effect of that crash below was almost sufficient to make me relax my hold, so strangely did it jar upon my nerves; but my fingers seemed to grow, as it were, into the stone, and I hung at the full stretch of my muscles, motionless, for a few moments, when, forcing myself by pure mental effort to think of my duty to fight to the last, I began to draw myself up, rising slowly till my chin was upon the parapet edge, but with the weight of the money seeming to drag me down; then one hand was reached forward to get a better hold, the other followed, and I hardly knew how, but in a battle of mind, muscle and weight, I struggled up, my feet just lending a slight aid as they found a crevice between the stone courses, and then I was lying panting in the gutter, feeling that I had used every atom of vital power in the efforts of those few minutes.

Fortunately for me, there could have been no means of exit by trap or door on the roof; and after lying where I was for a few minutes, I crawled along for some distance, going foot by foot cautiously, for fear of falling; and then, once more completely exhausted, I lay, so that I should have been at the mercy of a child.

Daylight found me by an unfastened trap, through which I dared not descend; but I sat by it till the noise from the street told that Paris was awakening into life once more, when, to my great relief, I was able to attract the notice of a woman servant, who, terribly frightened at first, was pacified by a napoleon, and consented to lead me down stairs to the front door; but not without fear and trembling, in spite of my assurances that I was no burglar.

A fiacre bore me to my hotel; and upon reaching my room, to my great surprise, I was followed there by Rivers, pale and ill, and confused of intellect. He had found himself, he told me, on the Pont Neuf, and had been wandering about for hours till the hotel had been opened. As to how he came there, all was blank; his last recollection was seeing me at the table in the gambling house, and then him going and drinking at the buffet from a glass handed to him by the obsequious Frenchman.

I was too ill to relate my own adventure, and the next morning, when somewhat better, I was seated with my friend at breakfast, he told me that his head was confused, as if from some opiate; while in the course of conversation it came out that our guide to Paris had left by the early train that morning.

And now what were we to do? To place our case in the hands of the police, or to make our way hence to London the richer by nearly two thousand pounds? For my part I felt nervous and unsafe; and finding my friend willing, after packing my spoil in a little valise, fearing to place it in the hands of a banker, though almost afraid of the money itself, we started for the railway station, glad to be on the way homeward.

There was a little crowding during the getting of tickets, and for a moment I, my friend, and our luggage were separated. When we met again the valise was gone.

Once more there arose the question, should we refer our case to the police, or hurry home?

Perhaps we were wise, perhaps foolish. Judge you who read. We felt strange, unnerved, and that even our lives were unsafe, and we gladly drew breath once more at home, both feeling that with such unscrupulous and watchful enemies on the *qui vive* our best plan was to be content and thankful for a narrow escape.

HOUSEKEEPING IN ROME.

How Americans Live at a Cheap Rate.

Anne Brewster writes from Rome to the Philadelphia Bulletin:

The luxurious Americans with their heavy, cumbersome machinery of housekeeping, have no idea of the true philosophy of that sort of business as it is understood by the Southern European. It is all useless for our dear country people to come to Rome and sigh after the seventeen kinds of hot bread, the delicious oysters and terrapins, the whiskey that "never hurt anybody," and declare that there is no place like an American home; then return, the men to their down-town luncheon, the women to endless spiritual scuffles with Bridget or Gretchen, Patrick or Fritz—to enormous bills for food they never eat, to all the endless perquisites of the old machine, which, like the old time family coach, ought to be broken in bits—and expect us, "who have been there" and gone through with the whole heart-breaking business, to agree with them.

Let me give you a short sketch of life in Rome, and you will not wonder that those of our dear countrywomen who have seen and enjoyed it to perfection, pine for the "flesh-pots of Egypt." In the first place, we rent an apartment. They are of various sizes and prices, to suit all tastes and purposes. The rooms are, with few exceptions, on one floor. An apartment for an ordinary family consists of a *salon* or drawing-room, parlor, dining-room, three or more bed-rooms, a kitchen and one or two servant's rooms, and sometimes a billiard-room and ball-room. There are few rented apartments in Rome where large dances are allowed, for the buildings are old and insecure. A dancing-hall is only safe on the *piano nabile,* which, in most palaces, is reserved for the use of the proprietor. Only carpet dances can be enjoyed, and even those are risky. I was at a matinee last spring in the Palazzo Odescalchi, when the ball-room was thrown open, and a dance for the young people started. There were but two or three quadrilles on the floor, and yet I saw the door-hangings and curtains of the adjoining *salon* sway to and fro quite alarmingly.

There are similar apartments to accommodate one, two or three persons. These are usually suites of rooms which are rented unfurnished of proprietors, by persons with small capital; sometimes working people, wives of petty tradesmen. They invest their little gains in furniture, divide their apartments off, and underlet them. Service is supplied, and sometimes meals. Many who rent these small apartments of these persons have their meals sent in from a *trattoria,* or eating-house. If you have a comfortable purse, and can order your meals from Nazzari's or Spillmann's—those delightful Roman restaurants—you may find *trattoria* fare palatable. But my advice is to secure an apartment where the *pradona*—as your landlady is called—will serve you with your three meals; that is, if you are only one or two, have moderate means, and come to Rome to study and see everything. Your landlady will render you a daily account, and you will be amused with the precision of the items.

"*Filetto,* eight *soldi* a slice"—that is, breast of turkey, which is sold in that way uncooked, and you can have as many slices as your appetite requires. "*Segetini,* ten *soldi*"—a delicious dish, made of the livers and hearts of chickens, with rice and curry sauce. *Oso,* ten cents, which is the bone and meat for the daily soup. *Pane*—bread—five cents a loaf. Butter, from three to ten cents a pat, just enough to last the day. Cream, from two to ten cents—as much as you want; and so on—every vegetable, meat, fruit, &c., mentioned with its price. Thus you can daily order your next day's meals according to your taste and purse. If a visitor comes in suddenly to whom you wish to be hospitable, you can send to Mmes. Nazzari's or Spillmann's, for one or two fine dishes, and your table will be sumptuous. Then there are plenty of delicious little potted delicacies, *pâté de foie,* anchovy paste, &c., which are extremely nice to have on hand for emergencies, or for your own occasional daintiness, when the natural depravity of your stomach makes you quarrel with your padrona's paradisaical providings. By managing in this way, four or five francs a day, (equal to eighty cents or one dollar in gold,) will give you an excellent table—three meals for one person; while one good *trattoria* dinner alone, from Nazzari's or Spillmann's, costs six francs for one person; then comes in added the expense of breakfast and luncheon.

The great charm of this Roman mode of life, when managed in the Roman fashion, is that you can regulate daily, to a penny, your expenses; and when you dine out, or when your duties out-doors make it more convenient for you to dine at a restaurant, your expenses are not going on at home. Even if you have a kitchen and servants, their table is not yours. You pay them certain wages, and then allow them daily so much money for their own food, which they spend as they please. You have no responsibility. It is no meanness to have a fine roast, or any nice dish set aside for your own future use. The servants here are so experienced in their science of culinary economy, also, that they seem to know to a slice how many potatoes to cook for one person, and so on with every article of food.

True, wealthy Americans come to Rome and bring with them home habits. The surveillance of house accounts has hanging around it wretched memories of home wrestlings and griefs, so the mistresses omit this very necessary duty. They order more food than is needed, or can be used at their own table, and think, according to the law and gospel, their own kitchen gods and goddesses taught them with bitter suffering, that it is a contemptible parsimony to have the cold meats kept for further use at their own meals, and send them all into the kitchen. The Italian servants, unaccustomed to this "barbaric generosity," become speedily demoralized, and a system of thieving begins which is endless.

But those of us who have small means and little leisure, live differently; we copy the natives, adding the while a few liberalities of American life, and the comfort and peace of mind that results is delightful. Everything about housekeeping in Rome can be under your own eye, and is arranged to give you the smallest amount of trouble. Wood, for example, you purchase by the *charette,* or load, which is a little over half a cord, and order it, strange to say, at your grocer's! To be sure, the Romans of comfortable means get their fuel in another way, from their own lands or from farmers, but the stranger will do better to go to Madame Fichelli's, on the Piazza di Spagna, or some well known shop of the kind. The wood is sent, nicely dried, cut small, up to your apartment door, and stored away, sometimes in clothes presses or in the recesses of an ante-chamber, and hidden very often by a beautiful curtain or piece of rich old tapestry; for economy of space is also another branch of this "great virtue for women and vice for men," as old John Adams used to define economy. Poor man! What would the good old '76 square-toes say if he could come to life in these days of women's rights to all men's vices and "more too." Verily, "*Nous avons changé tout cela!*"

* * *

—They have carried the art of extortion at "fairs" to a degree of perfection in Great Britain. Mr. Toole, the comedian, strolled into a fair one afternoon at Dundee, where he happened to be playing, and the managers of the entertainment determined that he should add to their revenues. They asked him to give an exhibition then and there, and pressed him so strongly that he consented. The room was then emptied and a new admission fee was charged to all who entered. When Mr. Toole himself went to the door the keeper protested that he did not at all resemble Mr. Toole, and that if he wished to see the comedian he must pay. To even such a demand the good-natured man made no refusal, but paid for the privilege of entering the hall to give an entertainment for which he received nothing.