$100,000 For $20.

Boston (Mass.,) Record, June 9:

Golden Tailings has Fifteen Years from the Leading State Lottery company plumb into the pocket of a well known citizen of Boston. Mr. A. S. Alfred A. Boston, Mass., and the plum struck him $100,000 worth. Alfred throws us in a familiar figure on our streets, having had extensive dealings in real estate; and he is generally conceded a very shrewd business man. In religious circles he figures as one of the strictly orthodox Jews. He modestly has built two spacious, left in one of them on Church street he is the rabbi, and there is seen every Sunday conducting the service and reading the sermon. One day last week he paid out the big money on one of his churches, which it has leaked out, was due to his good fortune in securing the plum from the Louisiana State Lottery Co. It seems that a few days previous to the drawing of the big lottery, he bought a whole ticket, for $20,000. He paid $20 for the ticket, and on the May 13 drawing found his was the lucky number (3,825), and had drawn the entire second capital prize of $100,000. The next morning coming to C. H. Allen of the Central National bank, the money was sent for and received on Friday, May 25.

Only one university in Switzerland—the University of Basle—refuses to admit women to its medical course.

The largest perfect diamond in the world is the Imperial, owned by a syndicate in Paris. It is valued at $1,000,000.

The fashionable dog of the fashionable people of New York are now provided with bouquets when they appear in public.

A new mineral oil lubricant having the consistency of butter and with arsenic blue color is being extensively used in France.

Louise Albana, the French artist, wears male attire and is very masterful. Lady She has ability, but is exceedingly singular in all her ways.

A trout fourteen inches long fell from a cloud into the yard of Mr. B. Lund, at Tampa, Fla., a day or two ago. It was still alive when picked up.

A penniless Scotch immigrant accidentally stumbled upon a rich mine in New York the other day when he had not seen for thirty-seven years.

A young lady nineteen years of age named Ida May Boyd died at Sacramento, Cal., of blood-poisoning caused by having her ears pierced.

The diversion recently published made a very bad showing for the district of Columbia, the ratio of divorce to marriage being one to twenty.

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant died in Virginia last week, and been a member of one church for over eighty years. She lacked but one year of being a centenarian.

A German has invented an apparatus for forcing sidewise the swill in front of fast-going sidewalks by means of steam jets from a nozzle under the sidewalk at the base.

A new magnesium has been placed on the market in England, by which the human voice can be so amplified that it may be heard at a distance of several miles.

The new German military rifle has a range of 3,200 yards, and will shoot through the bodies of six men standing one behind the other at a distance of seven paces.

Dr. Helen L. Webster of Lynn, Mass., who fills a chair at Vassar, is one of three Americans who have received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Leipzig.

The railroads get a pretty good fee out of Uncle Sam for carrying the mails. The aggregate sum paid for this service by the government is 49 million dollars a year.

A wise man plays the fool when he enters into an argument on the street corner, for it is said that the jester to get a corner in the merriment when logic is slain with a smile.

Dr. L. L. Gorstner, Toledo, O. says: "I have prescribed medicine for others, have never seen a preparation that gave prescribing with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by druggists, 75c.

The general executive board of the Knights of Labor have decided to hold the grand assembly of the order in Denver, Col., beginning Nov. 11.

Six novels from Frank R. Stockton, Cranch & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for one dollar in U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins Electric Soap wrappers. Send list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

Crop reports from Ontario are very encouraging. Quebec is reported very backward, but Manitoba expects an immense wheat crop.

A Michigan Central Railroad Employe Wins His Case, After Seven Years' Contest.

While employed as agent of the Michigan Central railroad company, at Augusta, Michigan, my kidneys became diseased, and from an improved healthy and injured state of the blood, my general health was entirely undermined. I consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. In October last I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am today a well man. It affords me pleasure to recommend suffering humanity any good that I can, and I wish to say that it contained the greatest blood, kidney and liver medicine in the world.

E. Lansiere,
Agent M. C. R. R. Albion, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared for kidney diseases. The Charles Wright Medicine Co., Detroit, Michigan.

A man may be honest and not virtuous: when he is so he leans upon his honesty as an alonement for his imperfections.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Eating, and Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Sick Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured Headache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those once tried find these pills invaluable from other causes. They are strictly vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Baby's Name.

What shall we call her, our sweet maiden fair,
With her soft, dreamy eyes and her bonny brown hair?
She came with the beautiful roses of June,
Her voice sweet and low as the murmur of bees,
And her laughing song, as she danced in glee,
Is soft as the rippling waves of the sea.

Oh call her not Rose, though she's queen of the flowers
That revel in beauty 'mid garden towers,
For the bloom of her freshness is gone at the dawn
Or the mist of the morning that sweeps over the lawn.

When her leaves strew the pathway, her sheen
When buds and sweet roses once clustered
Shall think you of Heart's-Ease, so dear to us all?
That all sweetest and freshest when evening's dews fall;
It loves the bright sunshine, yet blooms in the shade
And spreads its fresh beauty in wildwood or glade;
When Autumn's pale sunshine on roses unfold,
The blooms of the Heart's-Ease is purple and gold.

O then, dearest maiden, thy flower name shall be
An emblem of life in its sweetness for thee;
If the silent smile above thee, thy life be the smile
The sunshine of Patience, earth's cares to redeem
If thou gather o'er thee, behind their dark fold
See the lining of silver with fringes of gold.

The weary and way-worn, the and hearts to cheer
Be thy mission of love when the pathway is drear
When evening shades gather around thy dear home,
Let the calm of Contentment dispel all the gloom:
And at last, as the stars crown the glory of night,
So thy peace be reflected in Heaven's own light.

—Good Housekeeping.

THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

When the evening beat, quite crowded with passengers, was gently gliding up to the pier at Highbeach, one of the first to cross the gangway was Mr. Willis Tracey, young-est partner, of the well-known banking firm of Tracey, Stokes & Tracey.

He was a sub-tantial-looking man of 35, with a fresh, healthy complexion, clear, blue-gray eyes, and light auburn mustache. His whole appearance was suggestive of good nature, prosperity, and comfort, but a close observer would detect in his manner a little nervousness, as his eyes ran rapidly along the long piazzas of the hotel, where people were promenading and enjoying the sea breeze and the sight of the bathers on the beach.

Evidently his search was unsuccessful until his attention was attracted by a voice, which called out in shrill and juvenile tones:

"Lor', Lucy! if there ain't old Tracey! What's he doin' here, I wonder?"

Looking up, the gentleman thus prominently presented to public notice lifted his hat to the speaker, who were smiling down upon him from the piazza, while a small boy, in a Lord Fauntleroy cap and jacket, grinned a patronizing recognition.

As he passed on, a faint and conscious blush suffused his face. That lovely creature with the golden hair and rose-and-lily complexion, who had so radiantly greeted him, was Miss Juliette Bessant, to whom he disigned that very evening to offer his hand and heart.

The blush had not quite faded from Mr. Tracey's face, when he found himself accosted by two ladies, who were just descending the hotel steps to the beach. He stopped and shook hands with them in a cordial, unembarrassed manner.

In fact, the elder of the ladies was the prettiest, most well-dressed made, and had, since his mother's death, been living with him and taking care of his house.

He had sent her to Highbeach about a week previous, partly to meet Alice, her daughter by a first marriage, who was there in companion to an invalid lady, for Mr. Tracey's mother had died insolvent and left her poor.

It was Alice who now stood by her mother's side, smiling and smiling, as she gave him her hand.

"Why, Willie, this is a surprise!" Mrs. Tracey said. "I received your note to-day, and did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Yes, I know that I said something about being detained by business, but I managed to get rid of it, and came on the evening boat. I am glad to see you looking so well. How are you enjoying yourselves here?" he inquired, as he held a hand each.

"It is delightful, now that mamma has come," Alice answered. "And it was so good of you to send her—indeed, the very kindest thing you could have done for either of us."

Though she spoke smilingly, her soft, dark eyes were suffused with tears, and Mr. Tracey's heart was touched.

He felt that he had not done half enough to deserve this grateful feeling.

He looked into the moist-eneiyes, and wondered as they seemed to sink before him, and wondered why she drew away her hand so shyly.

Even when he had passed on, promising to join them presently on the beach, he found himself speculating on this new expression on Alice's face.

It was a sweet, fair face, which he had liked and admired ever since he had first known her as a little schoolgirl.

He had been accustomed to treat her affairs as a cousin, dividing upon her books and flowers and birthday and Christmas presents; but today, after a long absence, he had discovered something new and strange about her, and now it dawned upon him that she was no longer a mere school-girl, but a woman grown—almost 20 years of age, in fact. It was something of a surprise to Mr. Tracey.

"She is not looking well," he thought, "not as bright and rosy as she used to be. I fear she is too much overtasked. I wish I could persuade her to make her home with her mother in my house, but she prefers to be independent, as she calls it. I suppose she will marry soon. If I had ever thought of her as a woman and had not met Juliette—

And his thoughts went back to his golden-haired love.

He was one of the newly arrived to enter the clerk's office, and here was met with the information that there was not a room to spare on the hotel, or indeed in the whole place.

It was an unpleasant situation, and at first seemed hopeless; but at length one of the female employes came to the rescue.

In the east wing, which was exclusively devoted to the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen of position, "a man of a short passage-way opening upon a rear piazza. This passage, he said, had little use had been shut in by a door and converted into a linen closet.

If the gentleman would be satisfied for one night with that limited apartment he should be properly attended to on the morrow, when some of the guests would be leaving.

Mr. Tracey was only too glad to secure a sleeping-place of any kind, so the arrangement was made, and with a kind relieved, he repaired to the beach and the society of his cousins.

That was a blissful evening to Mr. Willis Tracey. When he had paid some proper attention to his mother and her daughter, and attended them to the supper table, he was at liberty to seek the society of his charmer, the fair Juliette.

With her plumb, white arm resting on his and her blue, languishing eyes greet and amon glancing up into his own, while her soft, low voice mingled with the murmur of the ripples at their feet, they wandered away up the moonlit beach, where other couples were also strolling, and intent upon the same delightful task.

Mr. Tracey, shy and inexperienced in the lover's role, had carefully thought over and fitted to his mind all that he had to say. He had got as far as "So man's life is satisfied without the blessing of some pure woman's love," when he was interrupted by the unexpected, startling cry of a little boy, who came flying after them along the beach.

"Why, Rudolph! Where is mamma? Why have you left her?" his sister inquired.

"Oh, I guess she's lookin' for me! She wanted me to go to bed, just like a baby, and I wouldn't. I'm going to stay with you all.

"But, Rolphy, darling," said Juliette sweetly and persuasively, "you should not have run away from mamma. She will be very uneasy, and perhaps think you are drowned."

"I don't care!"

"But they will have the trouble of getting the boats out to look for you, if the alarm should be given."

"Oh, my! what fun!"

"Won't you go back, for my sake, like a dear, good boy? I could let mamma know that you are safe?"

"No, I won't. I'll stay here."

Mr. Tracey, though by no means a cruelly disposed man, could have seized the little wretch, and flung him into the sea. As it was, there was no help for it. He must wait for another opportunity for concluding his love story. And he wondered at Juliette's patience and sweetness, and felt more than ever grateful to the kind and companion one whose amiable disposition seemed a pledge of future happiness.

After bidding his fair companion good-night, he sauntered about a little until the obliging linen mistress could show him to the room which she did with many warnings to keep quiet and not let his presence in this part of the house become known.

He found it quite convenient than he had expected, but he had scarcely disposed himself for a night's rest when he were removed and knocked on the other side of the door against which his cot was placed.

He tried not to hear, but the speakers were too intent on their deeds, the mention of his own name attracted his attention.

"I was too provoking for anything! Mr. Tracey was very fine-looking, and proposing—the words were actually almost upon his lipes—when that aggravating boy came in and spoiled it all. Really, mamma, I could have boxed his ears soundly."

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WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

Copyrighted, 1886.

CHAPTER X.—A SACRED TRUST.

One morning as the colonel and I were leaving the breakfast room a message was handed me. I opened it and read that my mother was very ill. I found the duke and explained my message to him. During our conversation he asked me to visit America with him in the spring. I promised to do so if it was practicable.

"I have had a most delightful visit," I said as we shook hands at parting.

"I shall look for you in May or near that time. I am so glad you met the duke, as I was leaving for the train. The colonel went with me to the city and saw me started on my homeward journey.

I reached home without accident and found Myrtle on the watch for me.

"How is mother?" I asked, as I took her in my arms and started up stairs.

"She is very ill and has been asking for you all day."

As I opened the door the physician who was standing by my mother's bed placed his fingers to his lips to indicate silence, but her ear caught the signal. She also turned her head and saw me standing in the door. A glad smile lit up her pale face as I went to her bedside. I kissed her lips saying:

"Are you better, my dear mother?"

"About the same," she said in a whisper, "but I am so glad you have come, my son, my darling boy."

"Now, you will get well again, and I will take you with me to see new scenes that will cheer your life."

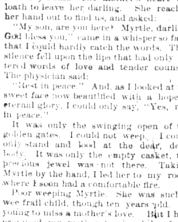
"My son," said my mother, "I shall never get well again, and it is best so. I want you, my son, to forgive me the pain I caused you when stella left us."

"I don't say that," I said, while tears rolled down my cheeks, for with the words I had come the thought of the utter loneliness that must follow. "What can we do to forgive you?"

"But say you forgive me, my son," again pleaded the whispering voice.

"Yes, darling mother, I forgive you freely, and I beg you to forgive my cruel neglect in seeking my own pleasure and forgetting you." I said, bending low beside her bed to hear her regret in pain.

"If you ever find her tell her how I missed her, and remember you have a mother's blessing in seeking her lost. I was in the wrong. Rank and position are of little value when seen from a bed of death. You will be kind to Myrtle? Poor



You will be kind to Myrtle!

little one, she has been my greatest comfort," said my mother, placing her hand upon the head of the weeping child.

The physician administered to my mother in the interval, and she soon fell into a sleep from which she never awoke. Myrtle and I were alone when the last breath left the dear one who had filled my life with a halo of light from the heavenly world, and we soon be together. Myrtle's grief was sorrow. How frail she looked as she lay with closed eyes, breathing so quietly her life away.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," moaned Myrtle.

My mother opened her eyes in answer to her baby's call. The mother's heart was loath to leave her darling. She reached her hand out to find us, and asked:

"Where are you, my Myrtle darling. God bless you!" came in a whisper so faint that I could hardly catch the words. Then the sweet lips on the lips that had only uttered words of love and tender counsel. The physician said:

"Rest in peace." And as I looked at the sweet face now beautified with a hope of eternal glory, I could only say, "Yes, rest in peace."

It was only the swinging open of the golden gates. I could hear the angels. I could only stand and look at the dear, dead face. It was only the empty casket, the precious jewel was not there. Taking Myrtle by the hand, I led her to my room where I soon had a comfortable fire.

Poor weeping Myrtle. She was such a wee frail child, though ten years old. So young to miss a mother's love. But I had promised my mother to guard her from harm.

What a sad home coming this had been to me. I had anticipate much pleasure, but I had always found my mother ready to welcome me home with loving words and tender care. Now life was desolate indeed. Home, home, home, I thought. The night of the words, "No one is ever quite miserable who has the love of one dear child," came to me, and I felt that I must go to one with a tender, trusting love. How my heart yearned for the intelligent sympathy Stella would have given! She could have been a sweet sister to Myrtle and comforter to me! Where was she now? Had she forgotten us, or was her heart aching with the same pain that I felt for remembrance of us all? Even my mother had longed for her in the solitude of sickness. I was sorry I had written to her, wish, for my heart I was resolved to win. Is this love? we should ever meet again, and I had strong hopes that sometime we should meet.

How dull were the days that followed. We were lonely and full of sorrow, my little sister and I. Thoughts of other days would come to mock me with vanished joys. Days when my mother was my friend, and days when my sunshine was shed throughout the dull old house at Waverland by our sweet friend. Would happiness ever again take up its abode at Waverland?

Days pass; the beautiful dead was laid to rest, and Myrtle and I took up the burden of life again. She was a quiet child and accustomed to amusing herself, and soon learned to love, her very dearly, her only helpmeet was a call for love and tender care for me. Soon after my mother's death Angie Wreg urged Myrtle to go home with her, but she chose to stay with me and was always by my side. I look back to those days I feel very thankful for the little sister who kept me from despair.

When the joyous springtime came with birds and flowers, renewed life sprang up within me. I felt that the time had come for me to start for London if I wished to visit America with the duke of Melvorne. "Had Stella left us, I could not take Myrtle with me, and to leave her alone among strangers seemed a cruel thing to do. I was still undecided, when one morning we had sat out dinner, I thought the Sir Wrena. Annie met us at the door and persuaded Myrtle to spend a few days with her. When the child left, Stella's visit to end came. I went to bring her home. Still what to do with her during my absence was an anxious puzzle. When she saw me she came. And putting her arms about my neck, said:

"Brother, would you be very lonely if I should stay a little longer with Annie? We have such nice times riding out together, feeding the chickens and watching the little ones."

"No, Myrtle," I said, "I am glad to know you are happy here. If you and Annie can agree, I would like for you to stay a few days longer. I am going to America with the Duke of Melvorne. Annie, are you willing to accept such a care as that?" I asked, turning toward her as I spoke.

"I would be delighted to have her with me! My companions are few, and she is such good company and so little trouble! Please let her stay. Loyal," said Annie with animating.

"I am glad to find it so agreeable to you. It has been a troublesome question what to do with Myrtle I have been so long a time I feel relieved to leave her in your care. Here is something to meet expenses with," I said, handing her a bank note.

"I am to use this as I please?" she said, taking the note.

"Yes," I said, taking her hand at parting, "and I thank you more than words can tell."

As I took her hand it trembled and her face grew pale. When I left Annie I returned toward the floor. What could it mean? I kept asking myself all the way home. Stella had won this fair girl's love. I did not know. We had been friends from childhood, and I loved her with a boyish love, yet no words of aught but friendship had ever passed between us. Now she is me like a sister nearly my own age. Did she know of my mother's wish? A thousand strange fancies came into my mind. I could not banish the white face from the colonel went with me to the city and saw me started on my homeward journey.

A few days after, when my preparations were all completed, I rode over to Sir Wren's to say good-bye. Annie was not at home, but Sir Wren gave me a hearty God speed, and I rode home rising to my neck, sobbing most piteously.

She was comforted by my telling her I was going in search of Stella. That was a magic word. She ceased weeping and began to plan how nice it would be to have Stella at Waverland once more.

"Would Stella be well?" she asked, returning thought as I rode away from the gate at Sir Wren's.

CHAPTER XI.—AMERICA.

I was at last ready to start for America. The land of heroes! Land of God's planting! Land of freedom! Land of hope! Land of free churches, of free schools, and free men! Would my grand ideal be realized? Would I find there all the noble aspirations of a nation fulfilled?

When I reached my lodgings in London, I sent word to the Duke of Melvorne that I was at his service and to come to me when he wished to start on our western tour. The answer came in person of the Duke himself.

"You were in earnest," he said, giving me a cordial hand shake as he spoke.

"Yes," I replied. "I want to see the land where a man can make a million in a month or two."

Our preparations for the voyage were soon completed. Our passports was secured on the "Fulda," and soon we were plowing the waters of the deep, leaving the shores of old Europe behind, soon lost in the distance. I thought how like our life is this path, very real and full of life it seems at first, and then it is lost and forgotten.

The docks were crowded with a gay company. Some were going home, after years of absence, to gladden the dear ones waiting to welcome them. Others, like myself were going for a first look at the new world. Among the crowd was Grover the president of the United States had issued orders for the great cattle companies to take their herds from some of the Indian reservations. I recognized the man was making himself very disagreeable over the news which had just reached him.

"What are you so vexed with the president's order.

"If it is carried out it will cost nearly all my cattle are worth. They are not in a marketable condition," he said, grumblingly.

"How did you obtain permission to put your herds on the reservation?"

"We got leases from the Indian chiefs," he said.

"Why, I thought the Indians were wards of the nation, and had no right to sell or lease their lands.

"So they are thought to be. But through the secretary of the department we obtained the lease for a large tract of the best stock raising country in the west. Plenty of good water, grass in abundance, and a mild climate," he said, warming up with his subject.

"There is a man with his toes pinched," said to the duke a few moments after, as we heard the old man still grumbling when any one would listen to him.

"Yes," said the duke, "that order of the president's will pinch a good many toes if it is carried out." But it will not be enforced. There is too much money in it. The order amounts to nothing. It is only a blank cartridge fired for effect."

"Then you think dollars will be winked at, and at last nothing will be done to enforce the order."

"I find, as a rule, my young friend, that money wins every time," said the duke, looking me full in the face, with an amused expression on his handsome face.

"What a fine looking lady that is sitting yonder watching the sunset, with the young lady at her side," remarked the duke, changing the subject abruptly.

"I wonder if they are Americans?" I asked, as we strolled along the deck. "Have you met them?"

"Yes, to both your questions. I have met them and they are Americans. The elderly lady is the mother, the young lady is one of the finest violinists of the age in the world. They are now returning from Europe. The daughter has just completed her course of study and they now begin to reap her reward as an artist."

"I hope she will favor us occasionally with some of her skill," I said, as we passed in to supper.

Evening on shipboard is usually a delightful time. Every one is willing to be agreeable. There are several good musicians on board who kindly favored us with music. And glee clubs were formed from the gentlemen. The weather had set in a quiet game of whist, the only game allowed on board by order of the captain.

Just at sunset on the third night out, a cloud gathered in the west, and we saw old Neptune lashed into fury by a most terrific thunder storm. The great ship was dashed from side to side like a toy. I found that sea sickness is one of the usual penalties for crossing the ocean. Bracing myself with my umbrella, I was ready to surrender all, even to my boots. All night I heard something on my cabin floor rolling to and fro as the great ship rolled from side to side on the mountainous waves, but I was too sick to care to examine what it was. When morning came and the storm without and the tempest within had subsided, I saw my beautiful new silk hat and what Englishman is ever without one? with its rim now one and minus a crown. It had fallen to the floor and was ruined. A storm at sea makes one feel very helpless. A terrible storm on land is a trial to people's nerves, but there you are only threatened with danger from above. At sea you are like an atom tossed about, as helpless as a leaf in the wind. I thought of the philosophy of Sambo when he said, "If de cabs run off de track, dat jes is, if de boat goes to pieces, what is yer?"

It was a grand sight that met our view as the sun rose over the black cloud that had just passed over us. The waters were rolling mountains high and every wave was transformed to engulf the ship. That was the only storm we had during our voyage. After it was over I was glad of having had the experience of seeing the mighty ocean when maddened into fury.

The day after the storm I met the young violinist. While she is not gushingly beautiful, she has a bright look that is very attractive. She has a clear complexion tinged with the rosy glow of health, dark eyes, an expressive mouth, and slightly Roman nose. As she took my proffered hand she greeted with hearty cheer. Raising a slight bow of thanks, she held her hand out, white, tapering fingers and long nails, while her eyes and the quick movements of the bow she sent forth the most delicate melodies selected from her favorite operas, and some grand music from the old masters she rendered with an ease and skill that Ole Bull himself might have taken a lesson from. I thought of Stella, how she would have enjoyed the treat. But where was my lost friend? Why had she left her home, and why did her in the new world scattering sunshine and gladness?

There is no place where one is so tempted to peep into his neighbor's life as on ship board. One day as I was standing on deck thinking of my lost friend, the duke came up to me and, placing his hand upon my shoulder, said:

"A penny for your thoughts! You look grave!"

For a moment I was startled. I had been thinking so intently that I had forgotten everything. At first I made no reply; then I said:

"May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, a dozen if you like," he said, laughing.

"Have you never seen any one that you loved well enough to make her your wife, that you are still a bachelor?"

To my surprise he looked annoyed, but in a moment said:

"Yes, a young girl won all the love of my heart once. But she was not free to bestow it on me. She had a lover whom promised her hand in marriage to a friend of his. She never knew how dear she was to me. She married the man of her father's choice. Now she is a widow, beautiful, they say, and immensely rich. I have never seen her since her marriage. Her home is in Philadelphia. I often hear of her, but I never care to meet her now. The pure, sweet girl that I have loved for years must now be changed into a woman of fashion, without love or sympathy."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Isabella, the Vagabond Queen.

It is difficult to understand why the Spaniards, proud, sensitive people, should have submitted so long to a ruler whom they could not respect. Her good-natured, happy-go-lucky nature seemed to cast a charm over them; they could not see the depravity in the workings of her mind, whether, with childish petulancy, she was threatening her ministers with betraying her, or confessing with tears that she had wronged them. If her sins were open, so was her repentance. Year by year she grew fat. Week came round, this woman, who for the other fifty-one weeks had been out raging every law human and divine, kneeled in church with her husband together, and, with sobs and groans, proclaimed her sorrow for the past, her resolution to make a better moitement in the future. Her subjects, seeing her sorrow so genuine, and so sincere, and Easter-Day arrived were as convinced as she was that a new era of her life had begun. But the following Thursday ceremony never failed to win for her hearty adherents. She washed the feet of the beggars with such manifest humility, and kissed them with such loving words; served the food as if she thought it a privilege to do so, and, at the end of the feast, cleared the table with a dexterity that showed the heart was in her work. Her splendid riches—she always wore full court dress upon these occasions—contrasted strikingly and touching humility of her attitude, and, although the free-thinking part of the community scoffed at what they called her mummery, there was not a doubt but that was not the feeling with which the bulk of the population regarded it. The year, while she was serving at the table, alternately from her head dress on to the plate of the poor beggars. A dozen hands were stretched out to restore the jewel, but the Queen motioned to the man to keep it, remarking simply: "It has fallen to him by lot." Her generosity was unbounded; it was not in her nature to say "no" to a beggar, while the one point upon which she made a firm stand against her ministers was in insisting upon her right to exercise her prerogative. Her ministers were in the habit of thinking that they could do as they pleased, and at last, by sheer force of character, she made them feel that the Queen was a person of a good deal more importance than they had imagined. Her ministers were