

words to Elvira that remorse had seized thee, I could not do it. How could I lose both my nurslings in the same hour?" Aida pressed closer to her. Gradually as she lay sobbing on Juanita's breast, a strange calm came over her. The love of one faithful heart was like redemption. It made life, faith, hope once more possible. If Juanita, who had loved Elvira as her own child, can forgive, she thought perhaps God will forgive also. And she vowed that her life henceforth should be one long expiation.

At last exhausted nature had her way, and Aida sank into a troubled sleep, but it was not until the sun rose high in the heavens that Juanita laid her down out of her arms, and threw herself on the ground beside her.

Three days later Aida dressed in deep mourning, stood alone on the deck of a steamer, leaving Para for Lisbon, her uncle having consigned her to the care of a kinswoman who lived in that city. Juanita had implored to be allowed to accompany her, but for answer Aida had pointed her to Don Pedro, whose grief-stricken face, as he went over his darling's grave, could be seen from the verandah of her room. "You must never leave him," she had said, "I put him in your charge, Juanita."

Fifteen years have rolled away. Aida, after a long probation, entered the society of "Little Sisters of the Poor" in a Portuguese town. Incessant toil amongst the sick, the poor, and the vile has robbed her form of much of its beauty, and in repose her face wears always a look of intense sadness; but by those amongst whom she labours, none are so beloved as "the foreign sister," as they call her from her slightly differing accent—none so gentle with the young and with the erring.

And the consolation of her uncle's sorely longed-for forgiveness has not been denied her. In his last illness he charged Antonio to bear her the message himself, and to bid her be comforted.

### AN IDEALISTIC WIFE.

THERE was a frown upon the classic brow of George Alphonso Mountjoy as he sat in the wilderness of overturned chairs, strewn playthings, and ash-covered hearth striving to read his morning paper. It may have been due to the sight of a half-cleared breakfast-table visible through the open folding doors of the sumptuous flat which he called his home, or to the diabolic working of an ill-cooked breakfast which he had recently devoured, or to the music of George Alphonso, jun., who was playing a selection from the Götterdämmerung with the poker upon an upturned coal-hod for the edification of his infant sister. It may have been due to either or all of these or perhaps to the sight of Elaine Madeline, his wife, lying in a soiled wrapper upon the sofa, bolstered with silken pillows and absorbed in a periodical unconscious of noise or disorder.

"Oh, George, dear!" exclaimed Elaine, as she rolled her large earnest eyes toward her lord and master. "I have just been reading of the heroism of Ida Lewis, and the story of her noble life fills me with a desire to be great and useful. How grandly she has battled with the devouring ocean to save the lives of those who were nothing to her but fellow-mortals! What heroism! What grandeur of purpose! What self-sacrifice. It makes my own life seem so small, so narrow, so pitiful. Ah! why was I not born to great deeds! Why was I not permitted to follow her example! How I should love to trim the great lamps, to warn the noble seamen, to listen to the awful hymn of ocean, to bark the signal guns, to buffet with the waves and rescue life! Oh, it is a glorious life, that of a lighthouse-keeper!"

And George Alphonso, sen., arose, and, clasping Elaine to his heaving breast, exclaimed:—"Noble girl, you possess every qualification for lighthouse-keeping! You are even now, in your energy, your enthusiasm, a light house-keeper."

As he touched her bangs with his lips Elaine murmured "Oh, George!"

After George had gone to the office of Poker, Chip and Co., his employers, Elaine's bosom friend Pansy called, and found Elaine in deep thought, her eyes glistening, her face lighted with love.

"You are so happy with George, Elaine, I envy you."

"Yes, dear Pansy, I am so happy. George so enters into my enthusiasm and so appreciates my soul. Were it possible for me to reach my high ideal there would George be at my side, cheering me on in my lofty endeavours. Yes, Pansy, I am indeed happy with George."

"Ah, there, old boy, still glut?" said Cassius, as he met George on his way to the office that morning. "The same old trouble, I suppose? Why don't you stir the old lady up and get her to sue for a divorce?"

"Why don't I eat rainbows for breakfast? Dash it, man, you can't get her mad any more than you can sweeten the sea. No, no, Cassius, I must commit a crime and then perhaps I can induce her to sue out a bill. Nothing short of that will do it. It's crime or suicide, old man. Good day."

### COMPLIMENTS WORTH HAVING.

WE have heard of the lady of rare beauty who said upon a certain occasion that the only real, disinterested compliment she ever received was from a coal heaver who asked permission to light his pipe in the gleaming of her eyes. Another compliment, true and genuine, according to a good old school story, was paid by a sailor sent by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having delivered the missive, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the face of the lady, for she was very beautiful.

"Well, my good man," said she, "for what do you wait? There is no answer to be returned."

"Lady," the sailor returned, with humble deference, "I would like to know your name."

"Did you not see it on the letter?"

"Pardon, lady—I never learned to read. Mine has been a hard, rough life."

"And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?"

"Because," answered the old tar, looking honestly up, "in a storm at sea, with danger of death before me, I would like to call the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in life. There'd be sunshine in it, even in the thickest darkness."

### A PUFF OF WIND

THAT COST THE BANK OF ENGLAND £20,000.

A very singular circumstance is narrated in the history of the Bank of England, or rather of the various important events which have occurred in connection with that store-house of the nation's wealth.

A gentleman many years ago obtained a bank-note for £20,000 from the bank, and on his return to his residence he took the note out of his pocket-book to deposit it in a place of safety until it was required. At this moment a servant said that someone at the door wished to ask him a question, and would not detain him an instant. The gentleman rose to give the answer, and placing the note on the mantel-piece went to the door, answered the question and returned.

Scarcely one minute had intervened; no one had entered the room, and the gentleman had only moved a few paces from the room—but the bank-note was gone. Diligent search was made, but all proved fruitless.

At length it was presumed that the opening of the door had caused a puff of wind, and that this puff had carried the note from the mantel-piece into the fire and there it had been consumed. The owner of the note was one of the bank directors. He therefore applied to the bank, stated his loss and requested, as the note was destroyed, that another might be given. The directors allowed a period to intervene, and then upon the owner giving security, they consented to replace the lost note, deeming themselves safe from the possibility of loss by the guarantee obtained.

Many years afterwards the gentleman died, and his property was divided among his children and relatives, and shortly afterwards the residence was to be sold, that it might be taken down to make room for sundry improvements. The materials were disposed of by auction, and purchased by a building contractor, and, on taking down the mantel-piece in the dining-room, the lost note for £20,000 was found.

The contractor presented it without loss of time at the bank, and demanded smaller notes in exchange. The cashier explained the circumstances, and refused to pay. The contractor insisted, and urged, as a plea, that as the note was good, and had not been stolen by him, they had not the power to refuse. As to the circumstances, he knew nothing about them; and then, giving his address, he added, if the money was not sent to him within one week he would affix a notice on the Exchange, stating that the Bank of England had stopped payment.

The governors were alarmed, knowing that, if he carried out his threat, there would be a run upon the bank, which would entail a much greater loss, and might lead to direful results. They, therefore, arrived at the conclusion that it would be the wiser policy to pay the amount, and "claim it from the security." The angry man was sent for and the money was paid. The governors applied to the security, and received the answer that the person was dead, that his property had been transferred to the various claimants, and that there existed no one who could be made amenable. Thus, by an unfortunate puff of wind, the bank lost the goodly sum of £20,000.

### HER POINT OF VIEW.

ON the piazza of a fashionable watering-place hotel there was seated one evening, during the season just passed, three ladies, who were listening to the music of an orchestra when it played, using their tongues when it didn't and their eyes at all times. Suddenly one of them gave a start of suppressed excitement.

"Look," she said almost breathlessly, leaning over to her companions, "there is that Mrs. B., you know?"

"What," exclaimed No. 2, "the divorcee?"

"Yes," was the answer, while No. 3 echoed with a sigh of satisfaction, "Now we will have a chance to see what she is like."

Three pairs of eyes focussed their gaze upon a common object—a young woman, blonde and comely, seated in front and a little to the left of this optic battery. The music began again while the ladies stared intently. When the orchestra stopped the tongues were ready.

"She's not hopelessly pretty," began No. 1 with a little laugh.

"Too pink and white," said No. 2, who was sallow and black-haired.

"They say he is very handsome," went on the first speaker, and "Oh, he is, but dissipated, awfully so," asserted the second.

"Don't you think," continued No. 1, "that she shows her suffering? Her eyes have a sort of wistful look of pain to me."

"Yes, and the lines of her face are sharp," replied No. 2. "She certainly shows that she is a woman with a history. The most casual observer can see that."

"So the chorus went on till No. 3 came to the front. "I have been watching the way the corners of her mouth are drawn down," she said with the air of one about to make a mark, "and I tell you there are two sides to that story, although all the sympathy seems to be with her. No woman has a mouth like that for nothing," and she snapped her lorgnette, shut and thrust it with some decision in her corsage.

"Why do you think so?" commented No. 1. "I've been fancying that droop rather pathetic."

"Nonsense!" said No. 3, "that's not pathetic; that's temper and lots of it. His family say that he could not live with her, and now that I have seen her face I believe it."

At this moment a gentleman approached the person who all unconsciously was the object of such serious scrutiny and comment, and in some haste exclaimed, bowing and offering his arm:

"Miss L., your mother is in the parlour just home late from a drive. She has sent me for you."

Miss L. arose at once, and with a laughing remark of compliance, walked away with her escort.

Among the trio in the back seats the silence could be felt for a moment, then No. 1 recovered herself.

"Well," she laughed, "it wasn't Mrs. B. after all, was it?"

"Nobody answered. In particular the student of character from the curve of the lips maintained a stolid quiet. By way of aftermath it may be added that this is a sketch from real life.

We all have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of others.

### WAIFS AND STRAYS.

EVE didn't know the serpent was loaded.

Money by any other name would go as fast.

To the young maid marriage is a lottery, but to the old maid it is a grab bag.

Unless a man is agreeable to all the women he meets they go around pitying his wife.

"Oh, I wish I'd been a man," cried Mrs. Bjson. "I wish to goodness you had!" retorted Mr. Bjson.

"Who is making all this talk?" asked the vinegar bottle severely at a social repast. "I am," said the champagne bottle proudly from the head of the table.

A woman's affection for man makes him conceited. This would be unparadise in him did we not know that his affection for her makes her vain.

The reason things go wrong so often in this world is because men won't take women's advice. If you don't believe this at first, just go and ask the women—that's all.

Our courtship are such sweet affairs,  
Life might seem much more clever,  
(Since we'd lived years bring many cares),  
Were we to court forever.

Hyman has many hearts made glad  
And scores of others saddened,  
So many singles wish they had,  
And doubles wish they hadn't.

When are we out of harm's way? Authentic news is to hand of a young woman in Florida, having just died in untold agony from the results of a bite of an insect which was concealed in a bunch of flowers she wore at her neck.

Human society may be compared to a heap of embers, which, when placed asunder, can retain neither their light nor heat amidst the surrounding elements; but when brought together they mutually give heat and light to each other; the flame breaks forth, and not only defends itself, but subdues everything around it.

A woman of fifty-four, in the U.S.A., is said to have been a bride no less than ten times. She first married when sixteen years old. Her last husband was an Indiana judge, whom she married in 1839, and from whom she has since been divorced. Four of her husbands died and from four others she was divorced. Of the remaining two "little is known."

100 TO 150 MILES AN HOUR.—Professor Elihu Thomson considers that a speed of from 100 to 150 miles per hour should be quite possible with electric locomotives. It simply depends, says he, upon finding the necessary method of applying sufficient power, and building the locomotives to suit, arrangements being adopted to keep the carriages on the track.

WHY THE TILES WERE LARGE.—The houses of ancient Rome, previous to the war of Pyrrhus, were covered with boards, but afterwards with tiles of a large size, not less than two feet broad. Seneca speaks of a garret covered with one single tile. In the war against Marc Antony, the senators were taxed at the rate of ten asses (about one shilling) for every tile on their roof; hence it was, of course, desirable to have tiles of as large dimensions as possible, thus reducing the amount of the taxes.

BEFORE MARRYING.—There are some common place things you ought to make sure of. Good sound health is the first thing. Next to this we should put perfect truthfulness; the man who will lie to other people will lie to his wife; the girl who will lie to other people will lie to her husband. Next to truthfulness, temperance, industry, and courage. Then fortitude—that is, the power to bear pain and trouble without whining. Then unselfishness; for the selfish man, the selfish girl, though drawn out of selfishness in the early weeks of courtship, will settle back into it again when the wear and worry of life come on.

FRESH FACTS ABOUT THE MOSQUITO.—The largest and fiercest kind of mosquito are found in the most sparsely populated regions. The traveller who proceeds due north finds these insects increasing in size, numbers, and ferocity as he journeys poleward, and on the swampy levels of the Alaskan littoral he will encounter herds which for activity, magnitude, and venom are to the New Jersey species what a hawk is to a sparrow. On the portages of the Cascade Mountains in British Columbia even the Indians are put to flight by what is known in that region as the "lion" mosquito. In the Alaskan swamps even the thick-furred bear is mobbed to death by these agile and merciless tormentors.

LIFE AT SARATOGA.—Saratoga, the famous American summer resort, has become very "honey"—races and driving being the absorbing amusement of the present season. The belle who can drive extinguishes all rivals; so that every dandelion with any pretensions to popularity invests in a dog-cart, and takes out her admirers, reversing the former traditions. One girl in Saratoga handles the ribbons in most scientific style. Her dog-cart is cream-colour picked out with red, the horse is also cream-colour, and the harness of dark red leather with gold mountings. The fair driver is a blonde, with creamy complexion, and dresses in red and white to match—red skirt trimmed with cream bald, cream sailor blouse under a red silk jacket, with white sleeves, red gauntlet gloves, white sailor hat, with red band, and red veil. Her masculine companion wears white flannels and a red tie.

AARON LEVY'S DANCING TURKEYS.—There died at Manchester, England, recently, an old man who fur more than a generation had been known as "Turkey Levy." His name was Aaron Levy, and he used to keep a saloon on Clitham-street. The great attraction of Levy's place was a big cage on a raised platform, in which were confined three solemn turkeys. An old chap with a cracked violin would begin to play a tune, and the turkeys would dance, first with slow and stately measure, gradually becoming more animated as the fiddler fiddled faster, and eventually ending with a ludicrously wild and frenzied motion, which created intense surprise and amusement. Old Levy kept his secret until one night a party of inquisitive roughs upset the cage and found underneath a charcoal furnace. The bottom of the cage was of metal, and when the old man fiddled he kept time with his foot. This put a bellows in operation, the fire burned bright, the metal began to get hot, and the turkeys began to dance.