

side-whiskers and citizens' dress gave him a much older appearance than when I last met him.

"Ushering me into a large, handsomely-furnished room, I beheld, with surprise, lying upon the bed, a young man the very counterpart of what Oscar De Luce had been when I first met him.

But I had no time for surprised conjecture, for from a bow-window Nanita came forward to greet me—the same beautiful creature I had met in the wilds of India.

"And this is my twin brother Leon, of whom you have never heard me speak," said Oscar; and Nanita excusing herself and retiring, I approached the bed and grasped the hand of the wounded man, who was so strikingly like his brother that I should readily have addressed him as such.

Leon weakly clasped my hand, and Oscar said, angrily,

"This is the work of that hound, De Villers, for only last night he ran poor Leon through with his sword; but I will explain.

"Years ago Leon ran off from home on some romantic notion, and went to sea. The ship he sailed in was lost with all on board, we believed; but he managed to miraculously escape, became a prisoner to the Arabs, and, after long years, eluded their watchful eyes, fled from them, and returned home a few months since.

"De Villers recovered from the wound I gave him, and after longer service, in which his brother officers say he was loved, he obtained leave, and sailed for France.

"There he passed a long time in sword and pistol practice, and, coming to England, sought me out at my club, and the madman determined to take my life.

"Unfortunately he met Leon at the door, believed him to be myself, and dared him to follow him into one of the private withdrawing-rooms, at the same time heaping upon him constant abuse.

"Nothing loth, Leon followed him, and, drawing from beneath his cloak two swords, the madman challenged him to meet him.

"Believing him to be a maniac, and that he would kill him, Leon accepted, and De Villers ran him through the body.

"He would have again driven his sword into his prostrate and bleeding antagonist had not I entered in search of Leon, whom a servant had told me had gone that way.

"With horror I beheld my mad rival, and as I then believed, my dead brother, and I struck De Villers to the floor.

"Leon I at once removed home; and, thank God, the surgeons say that his wound is not fatal.

"Just before you came, my friend, a gentleman, a Frenchman, called with a challenge from De Villers, and I referred him to Captain Fontaine, of the Guards, whom I since recall is not in England; so I beg that you will act for me—ha! yonder returns the Frenchman now; please go down and meet him, and explain my mistake about Fontaine."

I did as requested, and in a short while all preliminaries were arranged for the meeting.

The next morning Oscar De Luce left England for an appointed rendezvous in Spain, and the same train carried De Villers and his second.

After a pleasant sail across the Channel, and run through France, we reached our destination, near an inn in the mountains.

When we met upon the field of honor the sun was setting in brilliant beauty, and somewhat sadly Oscar De Luce gazed upon it, while his mad rival, De Villers, with face pale and burning eyes, his manner indicative of a determination to die, the man who had been more successful in Love's lottery than himself.

It was the last sunset that I had ever seen in this world; for De Villers, in the fierce combat, Oscar De Luce struck through the breast.

Saddened by the circumstances, Oscar and myself went to find—alas! that we found the bed of his wound on the De Villers had met his death in that circumstance lightened our hearts at having slain in that rival.

"Why do you wait to bid a beautiful young girl a stranger, at a party of two since." "I bid her," replied the man, "do when I see your splendor."

"My son," said the man, "rare of prejudice, and men's prejudices get in the way of their judgment if they

## MONKEYS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

There are people who like monkeys. They it is who must be the true link between us and monkeys, just as monkeys make the link between them and the lower animals. In my opinion, one must be, as it were, a semi-Siamese to endure the society or even the sight of monkeys.

I have, as I have said, no sympathy whatever with them—my dignity will not admit of it. I feel as a staid Castilian might feel in company with a low comedian of the Palais Royal. Their grimaces make me uncomfortable; their half-humanity shocks me; their hideous community of feature with some of my dearest friends is horrible to me. A party of my fellow-creatures staring, with faces expressive of various stages of idiotic delight, at the antics of caged monkeys in a menagerie is to me a pitiful and a painful spectacle—it is enough to persuade a man of the truth of Darwinism. Mr. Gladstone, who not long ago deplored the fact that his special duties gave him no leisure to read Darwin and Wallace, and to make up his mind upon the doctrine of evolution, might perhaps now find time to spend an hour in front of the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens. He would, I am sure, come away a strong believer in this fashionable doctrine. Yet monkeys have many pleasing qualities. Some of the species are very gentle, and capable of considerable affection toward human beings. There is, however, that about monkeys—in this country, at least—which should effectually stand in the way of their becoming pets. They have almost always, every one of them, the seeds of a fatal consumption; their lives are nearly always to be measured by a few months, and their antics are none the fewer that they are racked every now and then by a dry hectic cough. Their ill health depresses them, but nothing can deprive them of their love of mischief, and this contrast of buffoonery and depression is one reason why a tame monkey makes one of the most melancholy of pets. They are glacially humorists; they are droll in season and out; their gaiety is like that ascribed to the Chinese, who laugh to see the executioner flog or behead a criminal. A monkey's humor is of a kind that I could never enter into. It is founded on the doing of mischief. Let the man who does not believe me watch a monkey playing with puppies or kittens, and compare their innocent playfulness with the cruel tricks the monkey will put upon them. My own monkey pined away, and in two months after he came to me was in the last stage of consumption. It was cold, shivery, winter weather. He crouched near the fire, feeble and exhausted, looking at me, as sick animals will do, with reproachful eyes, as if I was responsible for his sufferings; but almost to the last he would do mischief, pulling a burning coal on to the hearth-rug, or upsetting a cup of tea if it stood within reach of him. Notwithstanding his wickedness, he was affectionate. And I was getting reconciled to him when he died.

A lady of rural aspect entered a store the other day, and asked to see some "monkeys." The clerk, thinking her ignorant, inquired, "What kind of monkeys?" "Oh, I don't know," she replied; "I only saw some in a picture."

## GOOD NIGHT.

Magic words, suggestive at once of downy couches and soft repose. Sweet words, when breathed by affectionate lips full of living tenderness, soothing the weary one like the melting strain of a distant harp, borne to the ear on the soft breath of evening after a day of fatigue and toil—welcome precursors of soft slumbers and golden dreams.

Good night! 'Tis the sweet adieu to loved and dear ones who, with the good night kiss yet warm upon their lips, are about entering the fairy regions of dreamland. Good night! and we leave the giddy whirl of life's busy stage, and withdraw for awhile behind the scenes until summoned by the usher of dawning day to reappear as busy actors in the grand drama of life. Good night! and, resigning ourselves to the protection of the Great Invisible, we sink slowly, softly, deliciously into the arms of Morpheus, whose soothing caresses soon spirit us away into the fairy Elysium where, oblivious of real joys and sorrows, we revel for awhile in the new-found but short-lived happiness of dreamland's blissful Eden. Good night! and the weary, way-worn traveler flies on wings of enchantment to his distant home and enjoys the caresses of his friends and family. Good night! and the pining lover clasps the long-absent fair one to his breast. Good night! and the tired form presses the yielding couch, the weary head reposes upon the downy pillow, and instantly we are busy rehearsing the joyous days of blissful past, and find ourselves treading the soil of some distant clime we have long wished to behold, or suddenly arrive at the attainment of some long-coveted object. Good night! Kind reader, 'tis growing late; soft slumbers and sweet visions to all, and to all—Good night!

## MAID AND WIFE.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life: it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counseled; and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate;—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke. Every former tie is loosened, the spring of every action is changed, she flies with joy in the untrod paths before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and graceful adieu to a life that is past, and turns her eyes to the happiness to come. She is the man that can blight a heart—who can tear from its enjoyments and watchful care of home—who can, by breaking the illusions which sustain her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Woe has too early withdrawn the plant from the props and moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet she efforts to supply their place. On him who first by his example, to grow in duty, and then expose her weakened spirit and untried heart, to the wild storms and temptations of a sinful

## ORIENTAL STORY-TELLERS.

Travelers in Persia, China and Japan tell us of professional story-tellers and tradition-reciters who, standing in the streets and market-places, tell marvelous tales to all who may choose to listen. The following is one of their Chinese parables:

"Fohi, in the course of his wanderings, coming to a village, knocked at the door of a rich woman, and begged permission to enter. 'What!' said she, 'do you think I receive into my house every roving vagabond? No, indeed; it would be unbefitting a respectable woman. Go your way!' Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once begged him to enter. She set before him the only food she had—a little goat's milk—broke a piece of bread into it, and said: 'May Fohi bless it, that we may both have enough!' She then prepared him a couch of straw, and when he fell asleep, perceiving that he had no shirt, she sat up all night and made him one out of some linen she had earned by her own hard labor. In the morning she brought it to him, begging he would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast she accompanied him a little way; and, at parting, Fohi said: 'May the first work you undertake last till evening!' When she got home she began to measure her linen to see how much was left; and she went on measuring, and did not come to an end till evening, when her house and yard were full of linen; in short, she did not know what to do with her wealth. Her rich neighbor seeing this, was sorely vexed, and resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again. After some months the traveler came once more to the village. She went to meet him, pressed him to go to her house, treated him to the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a fine shirt of linen, which she had made some time before; but all night she kept a candle burning in her room, that the stranger, if he awoke, might suppose she was making his shirt. After breakfast she accompanied him out of the village; and when they parted he said: 'May the first work you undertake last till evening!' She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen and anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. 'Before I measure my linen,' said she, 'I will quickly fetch the cows some water.' But when she poured the water into the trough, her pail never emptied; she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard were under water. The neighbors complained that everything was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her life, for water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun."

DOG'S TAILS.—An observer furnishes the following: "Every spotted dog has the end of his tail white, and every spotted cat the end of the tail black. Of the fact there can be no doubt. I have examined dogs and cats without number in France, in England, and in America, and always noticed the same result. The dog affair is not original with me, but the cat is. Our former minister to Japan, Mr. Harris, first mentioned the fact concerning the dog in a letter to the *New York Times*, published some years since. I have looked at many paintings of dogs in the galleries of Paris and elsewhere in regard to this, and found even there the dogs spotted always 'in order,' proving to me that the artists had invariably copied after nature."

"George, dear, don't you think it is rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?"

"No love; economical. Same piece of bread does for both!"

A French proverb says, "A kiss and a moustache is an egg with-