A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

Florence Revere Pendar in N. Y. Mercury.

It was at one of New England's pretty towns that Nina Walters first joined our show, with her fellow performer, Louis Mason and Joe Fuller; apprenticed like himself to old Pa Dryer, who was wont to boast that the children he took to train were as well cared for in every respect as his own, which statement have never had any reason to doubt; and I may say I have more than once witnessed the strict impartiality with which he administered corporal punishment to his progeny and apprentices if they failed to come up to the mark in their respective duties. Many a time have I seen him in his ring, his full, red face beaming with genial smiles as he put a child through he pad-act with:

'Now, Maudie dear, one, two, three, jump. Oh!-can't? Want a little help?" crack whip's lash around the little girl's slender ankles, and

"Oh! please don't, I will," over the banner the frightened child jumped.

"Lor! bless you," would this veteran child trainer observe; "you've got to frighten some on 'em into it. It's all for their good. Just look at the youngsters I've turned out, a earning their hundred and fifty and two hundred a ek now," after which speech Pa Dryer would beam complacently upon his listeners. But I when he has built his ship—to carry people from Liverpool to New York in

Nina Walters and her fellow-performers Nina Walters and ner feitow-performers were trapeze artists, wonderfully clever in their line, and consequently high in favor with Pa Dryer. They were down in the bills as "The Fays." Pa Dryer had picked Nina up out of the streets, I believe, when she was about seven years of age, but the two boys had been legally apprenticed to him by their respective parents.

about seven years of age, but the two boys had been legally apprenticed to him by their respective parents.

Before many weeks Nima's dusky eyes and pretty ways had captivated us all, and we were her willing slaves, from Ned, our colored tentmaker, up. It was evident from the first, however, that Louis and Joe were deeply in love with Nima, but as far as I could see she showed preference to neither, treating each as frankly as a sister might's brother, which was natural enough, as they had grown up together during some ten years, having become apprentices of Pa Dryer near the same time. Louis, who was of an open frank disposition, with a friendly word for every one, had just turned twenty when they joined us, making him three months the senior of Joe, his very opposite, being quick to take offense, and of a singularly jealous nature. The only thing they possessed in common was their good looks, both being undeniably handsome.

One evening, after they had been with us some six months, as I stood waiting behind the curtain that shut out the ring entrance—by the way I have not yet introduced myself. Not that it is at all necessary, only perhaps, some of my readers might hike to know what manner of person is relating these facts. I am of a rather retiring disposition, although my vocation of clown rather belies this trait of mine. Outside of the ring I am familiar ly known as "Still Done," earning that title, I believe by my fondness for a quiet life the

of mine. Outside of the ring I am familiar ly known as "Still Done," earning that title, I believe, by my fondness for a quiet life the moment I have shaken the saw-dust from off my heels. How I ever came to write off this bit of terrible reality that crossed my path I am not quite clear. Perhaps the desire to see my name in print in a different form from its habitual one influenced me; or perhaps the hope that it might help out some poor souls mad with jealousy to conquer that frightful malady, may be to save them from committing a crime, had a little to do with it.

Well, as I was saying, this evening as I stood waiting, I saw Nina coming slowly, as if in thought, toward me. It was something so unusual to see her pretty face without a smile that

sual to see her pretty face without a smile that

I exclaimed:

"Why, Nina, child! Whatails you? Has Pa
Dryer been acting ugly?" Whatever old Dryer
had done in Nina's younger days, I had
never known him since she had been with
us to treat her otherwise than kind; in
fact, he rather petted her like the rest of us,
I was considerably relieved when she an-

I was considerably swored:

"Oh, no. But don't you laugh at me. I really believe I'm nervous." Here she laughed herself, but it lacked the true ring.

"Nervous! What about?" I asked. You see, she sort of looked upon me as an old fogy, and didn't mind expressing therself freely, as it

I don't know," she answered, "only I feel as if something was going to happen, don't you know? It is silly of me. Why, when I was a little mite, and Pa Dryer made me hang was a little mite, and Pa Dryer made me hang from my chin from the trapeze, I never felt so—" Just then, my act being on, I had to hurry away. When next I saw Nina she was flying gracefully through the air from trapeze flying gracefully through the air from trapeze to trapeze. After my act I had hastily resumed my every-day clothes and returned to the ring entrance, which was not my custom, for I generally left the building as soon as I was atrough. This night something stronger than myself bade me watch "The Fays." I have seen a good deal of trapeze business in my day, but never any thing so graceful and neat as "The Fays" performance. Nina's little form seemed to glide through the air without any apparent effort. The applause, as usual, was loud and frequent. Their finish, as a rule, was done in this wise: Nina taking a flying leap from a small platform near the roof, would be caught by Louis, who hang suspended head downward from one of the trapeze. This night the order of things roof, would be caught by Louis, who hung suspended head downward from one of the trapeze. This night the order of things appeared to be reversed for it was Louis who mounted to the platform to take the leap, instead of going through a series of evolutions on the middle trapeze, while Nina prepared herself for her daring drop. I had hardly time to wonder at the change before I saw Joe, who had been executing a Catherine wheel on a trapeze still higher up, give a violent start. He too, I think, was surprised.

Shall I ever forget the cry that rang through the building that night, causing women to faint and strong men to turn white like unto death. I can hear it now, and the words:

"Nins! for God's sake keep clear of the middle trapeze; the ropes are cut."

Too late came Joe's warning. Nina's little hands were already clinging to the doomed has and Louis head taken he leave for this.

Too late came Joe's warning. Nina's little hands were already clinging to the doomed bar, and Louis had taken his leap for life.

A whir as of something whizzing through the air as I closed my eyes to shut the horror of it out, when a murmur like the hoarse roar of the distant sea fell upon my ears, swelling until it burst into a wild huzza. I looked and saw Joe hanging head downwards from a trapeze, while with both hands he upheld Louis, Nina clasped safe by the latter's arm, the trapeze to which she had clung but a moment before lying in the ring some ferty feet below. Joe's daring intrepidity had saved his companions' lives. He had drooped from his perchabove to a lower trapeze and swung himself to the rescue of Louis, thereby enabling the latter to snatch Nina from a horrible death.

Cheer upon cheer greeted the two as they

ter to snatch Nina from a horrible death.

Cheer upon cheer greeted the two as they were lowered safely to the ground, while one old fellow, in his excitement, exclaimed, as he caught Joe by the hand.

"A brave act ye've done this night lad. It ought to wipe out a heap of sins fur ye."

That night Joe disappeared, and "The Faya." as far as the public was concerned, were known no more.

no more.

For many weeks Nina lay hovering between life and death, but at last youth conquered. She is now the happy wife of Louis, for that terrible moment in which her fellow performer and the state of the state moment in which her fellow performer and herself had hung as it were between heaven and earth had revealed to her who had won her and earth had revealed to her who had won her heart. Louis and his wife have long since left the profession and are prospering well in their new line of life. Two children have been vouchsafed them. Joe and Nina they are named. And what about the other Joe, you think perhapa. Well, it was eight years before I again met Joe. Of course I spoke about Louis and Nina, telling him how happy they were and how they had named their first born for him.

"She did that, Nina?" he murmured, adding, "and she must have guessed all; I saw it in

"She did that, Nina?" he murmured, adding,
"and she must have guessed all; I saw it in
her reproachful eyes that night. I was mad
with jealousy. I knew that she loved Louis,
but I thought if he were out of her way she
would forget him, and then I could win her,
and so, madman as I was, I cut the ropes attached to the middle trapeze—the one on
which Louis always did his finish." An exclamation of horrified surprise escaped me as
he finished with:

"You know how my fiendish attempt was

he finished with:

"You know how my fiendish attempt was frustrated. How the girl I loved took the place of the man I would have murdered. I learned afterward that, feeling nervous, she

had persuaded Louis to take the leap instead of herself. Only for that I should have been branded as a murderer."

"But you nobly redeemed yourself in saving both their lives," I here spoke.

"My God! can I ever shut out the horror of it all?" he cried bitterly. Rising, I said:

"Yes, I think you can," then he bent his haggard eyes questioningly upon me, I added:
"Wait here a few moments."

"A little dark-eved fellow stood shyly eving

A little dark-eyed fellow stood shyly eying the man I had left but a few moments before, then laying his hand upon the man's arm he

asked:
"Are you my big, brave Uncle Joe? 'Cause
if you are mamma sent me to fetch you."
"Child! what is your name?" exclaimed the

man eagerly.
"Joe Mason," answered the little one, add-"Joe Mason," answered the little one, adding: "but mamma calls me "Little Joe;" then glancing up he continued naively: "Uncle Joe, mamma said you'd be glad to see me; are you?" "Glad!" and as Joe Fuller uttered that one word, like unto a sob, he clasped the little fellow in his arms, while I, closing the door, crept softly away, convinced the child had won the day.

Crossing the Atlantic.

Mr. Pearce, the builder of the Alaska, the Oregon and other fast steamers, has proclaimed his belief that the voyage across the Atlantic will ere long be accomplished in six days. But this is as nothing compared with the hope which a Leeds gentleman announces to an astonished world. He promises three days. This wonderful achieve-ment is to be brought about by his new aqua-aerial or wave ship. The aqua-aerial ship is intended for express, mail and passenger service, also for unarmored war-ships for which great speed is desirable. The wave ship is of shallow draught when at rest, and when set in motion its draught is to decrease with the increase of speed. Instead of plowing its way through the water it is to skim along or over the surface, there-by avoiding the chief cause of resistance to the progress of ordinary ships, viz: Wave making. The resistance offered by the water to its onward course is thus to be reduced to a minimum, and the power uselessly expended in wave making and displacement of water by vessels of the ordinary type is to be wholly utilized in the increase of speed. This is to be accomplished by making the bottom of the vessel a series of inclined planes placed one after the other. Why not arrange to have the vessel lift herself out of the water with the exception of the heel of her rudder post and let her skim along on that? The voyage might then, perhaps, be ac-complished in a few hours.

Dismantling the Guns.

Springfield Republican: About 120 old-style muzzle-loading 58 caliber Springfield rifles are now dismantled at the armory daily, and such parts as fit the new breech-loading model are re-used. The guns thus taken to pieces are part of the 500,000 old-style rifles made at the armory during the war and stored there unused after 1865. The dismantling began in 1868, when it was found that the whole gun could be seld in the market for only \$1.50, while the parts which could be used in the new model, together with the sale of the remainder as scrap iron or to shotgun makers, would not the Government about \$4. The parts sold are mainly the stock and barrel and scrap material, and most of these parts go to manufacturers of cheap shotguns. The Whitney Company, of New Haven, and the Remington Company, of Illien, N. Y., are large buyers. The 50-caliber rifles, were first made in 1866, of which only 50,000 were manufactured, were never stored, but went at once into active service, and have been mainly worn out in it. There are now stored caliber model, and 158,000 dismantled barrels and 128,000 stocks. About 50,-000 "cleaned and repared" 58-model rifles are also stored, but will not be dismantled, as they are mainly contract guns and have seen such rough service in the field as to make it inadvisable to use their parts in new rifles.

Lord and Lady Exmouth.

Long Branch Letter. One of the most plainly dressed women in the room was Lady Exmouth. She wore a black lace dress over a canary-colored silk, cut very decollete, and exposing a beautiful neck and sloping shoulders. Loops of canary-colored ribbon, diamond ornaments, including a necklace, and a huge bouquet of yellow roses finished her costume. Lady Exmouth is twenty-three years old, but has not the freshness and bloom of English childhood, nor the buxom expansiveness of a British matron. She is rather thin and pale, and if it was not for her way of wearing her hair, cropped at the top and in a Langtry knot at the back, would look more American than English. Lord Exmouth is a dapper little man, about the size of Sunset Cox. with a bright eye. During the evening the noble pair never moved from their chairs; he sat on one foot, swinging the other, with an eyeglass in his ocular, watching the dancers, and she alternately partook of a powerful smelling bottle and the fragrance of her reses. These emblems of the English aristocracy left last night for Saratoga, with openly expressed disgust for Americans, though they have only met two during their stay in the hotel.

Eloquent.

There are those who are blind to the eloquence of a gesture or to the pathos of a look. They see the armless sleeve, but unless the poor soldier appeals to them with words, they do not feel the charity that beareth another's burden. Such resemble the gentleman who required, before he would be pitiful, that the expressive pantomine of the Irish beggar should be enforced by pathetic

A gentleman passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor and wretchedness. The man said nothing, and the gentleman, turning back, accosted him thus: "If you are in want,

why don't you beg?" "Sure, it's begging I am, yer Honor."

"You didn't say a word."

"Of coorse not, yer Honor, but see how the skin is spakin' through the holes of me trousers, and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eyes. Man alive! isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to free and sigh,
And when grief sleeps . wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men. Or be believers in it; A light there is in every soul That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it:
Our hands contain the magic wand— Our hands contain the magic w This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts Then here's to those whose loving hear Shed light and joy about them! Thanks be to them for countless gems We ne'er had know without them. Oh! this should be a happy world To all who may partake it; The fault's our own if it is not—This life is what we make it.

A QUEER STORY.

From the London Truth.

Mr. Adderley Benyon Byng was near ly if not quite, the richest commoner in England. He was about 35 years of age, tall and slight, with a pale interesting face and a faded yellow mustache. His vices were comparatively few and of a gentlemanly description, His near relations consisted of a couple of married sisters. He had no entanglements and was not a gambler. Needless to say, therefore, that he was acknowledged by common consent to be the most eligible parti in London. But, though by no means impervious to the charms of the fair sex, Byng was terribly difficult to please. The loveliest young debufor years angled unseccessfully for the glittering prize. But each recurring season brought with it some fresher beauty or some more confident mamma, and hence the hunting of Byng went merrily on.

He liked to talk to women about pictares, about poetry, love, transcendental philosophy and matters generally mystical and etheral. He found them so much more tolerant than men, and so much less apt to detect his utter and ghastly ignorance of nearly every subject upon which he conversed. Men, in fact, considered Byng an affected nincompoop, and only endured him for the sake of his wealth.

"Why the deuce don't you marry, Adderley?" remarked Captain Tom Carbury one day.

Tom Carbury was Byng's man-of-all work and devouted adherent. He had lived upon him for some years, and it was only when his eccentricity and vanity became utterly wearisome to the practical henchman that he hinted at matrimony. Carbury, moreover, did not see why he should not make a pretty good thing out of his patron's marriage by a judicious arrangement with the bride's family.

"My dear Tom," answered the transcendentalist, "where can I find a woman with a kindred spirit; with a soul above the common things of earth; one who can really sympathize with my own idiosyncrasy

Captain, terribly puzzled by his patron's might be. words; "but, if I were in your shoes, I Ascot or should get rather sick of being hunted about by all the old dowagers of London and ogled by every girl who comes out. I should marry one of them just to spite the rest."

I certainly cannot marry them all," mused Byng, languidly. bury, I'll think about it." "Well, Car-

The Captain also determined to think is over, for, as stated, he was getting a little tired of his position. He was a thick-set, bull-necked man two or three and forty, very fond of good liv-itg, and devoted to London and Paris. Byng, on the other hand, professed to despise frivolous amusemenos, live like an anchorite for months together, and was in the habit of occasionally rushing off to wild and uncivilized parts of the globe, where the unfortunate Captain was forced to submit to very unwelcome privations. A journey through Tartary had brought the Captain to the verge of rebellion, and though he did not like the idea of quarreling with his bread and butter, he felt that he could not endure many more such terrible experiences, so he began to look about him for a helpmate suitable to the errant

philosopher. His difficulty naturally lay in the abundance of material from which he had to make the selection. After mature consideration, however, he decided in favor of a certain Miss Constance Laxington. She was exceedingly pretty, it was her first season, and her only near relative was her father, a gentleman whose pedigree was much long-er than his rent-role. Beside, Mr. Laxington, as the Captain knew, was by no means overburdened with eash, and was not likely to have any hesitation in arranging some little scheme by which Carbury might share in the ad vantages Miss Laxington would derive

from a brilliant marriage.

"What a deuced pretty girl your daughter is!" said the Captain one evening to that young lady's father, as they sat in the smoking-room of the Lawn

"Think so?" inquired the other, who knew that Carbury was not likely to make such a remark out of pure good nature.

"Might marry any one," continued the Captain thoughtfully.

Laxington began to prick up his ears, and said, "Yes, I think she ought to

do well." After a little more preliminary fenc ing, Carbury began to approach the

"She doesn't know Byng does she?"
"No, and I shouldn't think it much use if she did. He's not a marrying "Well, I don't quite understand what

constitutes a marrying man," rejoined the cautious Captain; "but these things

very glad myself to see Byng married to a nice girl," he added, significantly; "it would do him a lot of good."

Laxington drew his chair closer to Carbury, and the two became engaged in a conversation apparently of the most obsorbing nature. After half an hour or so, Carbury arose to go. "I suppose I must agree," remarked

Laxington; "but you are a terrible fel-low to deal with." "All right," answered the other; "half when she's engaged and the other on the, wedding-day. Man alive it will be the making of you!"

A couple of days later Captain Carbury contrived that Miss Laxington, chaperoned by her aunt, Lady Carra-way, should be introduced to the philosophical Byng at a house in Gros-

venor Square.
"You might do worse than marry that Laxington girl," remarked the Captain to his patron the next morn-ing; "young and lovely, and all that; got no inconvenient brothers; and you wouldn't be plagued with a mother-inlaw. Not much money, but that

doesn't matter to you." "She seems a nice girl," said Byng, in his usual languid manner; "But how about the father?

'Oh. Laxington's all right; gambles and races a bit, but he always settles, and has never been caught cheating. What more can you expect nowadays

Byng was obviously impressed by the probity of his father-in-law in posse. "I'll call on Lady Carraway," he answered; and the subject dropped.

Byng duly vitited Her Ladyship, who

vas naturally delighted to see him, and he made himself exceedingly agreeable to the fair Constance. That young lady heightened the favorable impression she had already made on him, for, altantes and the most astute mothers had | though inexperienced, she was a clever girl, and very soon discovered the pet weakness of her admirer. In fact, by the time he left the house he began to think that Carbury was a man of unusual discrimination, and that he might really take into consideration the prospect of his matrimonial advice. Miss Laxington was charmingly unsopoisticated, and at the Same time he thought he could discover in her indications of a soul-that is to say, of a disposition to appreciate his genius, and to share his philosophical yearnings without any symptoms of boredom. So for a few weeks everything went well. Byng was obviously facinated, and, without being too conspicious in his attentions, he followed Miss Laxington's movements with considerable persistence, and monopolized her society, whenever they met. Suitors of the detrimental type accordingly drpped off in despair, and the engagement was looked upon by the quidnuncs of society as a practically accomplished fact.

Ascot drew near, and Byng invited Lady Carraway and her fair charge to share his box and drag for the meeting. This was for him a very unusual step, for he generally left the selection and the entertainment of his guests to the indefatigable man-of-all work.

Carbury therefore saw that matters were reaching a critical juncture, so he thought it advisable to make a few inquiries about the pecuniary position of Mr. Laxington. He did not succeed in hearing much. Laxington had been osing somewhat heavily on the turf, but he had paid up; and in the matter of cards he did not seem to have been doing either any good or harm. So Carbury felt for the present no particular anxiety about his little commission, and was satisfied to let the course of his

lovely, and fully aware of the envy, hatred and malice which her good self more thoroughly or excited more admiration. With the Capmore admiration. tain however, things went somewhat badly. He betted rather more heavily than usual, and lost his money and his temper. Byng bored him terribly, and he grew irritated by Miss Laxington's exceeding sweetness. He sought consolation in creature comforts, and ate and drank to an extent which would infallibly have aroused his patron's disgust, if that gentleman had not been too much occupied to notice it.

Monday night found Captain Car-bury at the Lawn Club. He had paid up his losses with some difficulty, and elt irritable and dyspeptic. He saw Laxington there, and it occured to him gentleman's luck had been any better than his own.

Laxington seemed anything pleased to meet him, and responded to his friendly greetings with the curtest of nods. "By the way, old man," began Car-

oury, as a plan of action occured to him, 'I want to ask you a favor." Laxington was evidently in a vile

temper. You've come to the wrong shop for that, my boy!" he sneered.
"Had a bad week, I suppose,"

the Captain quite unmoved. was going to ask you to lend me £500. only for a week; fact is, I have been rather hard hit. Beside, you'll owe me more than that in a fortnight, I fancy. That little affair of ours may be settled

any day."
"I can't lend you £500," growled Laxington, "or 500 pence either; and as to what you call our little affair, I have no idea of what you are driving at."

"What the deuce do you mean? Didn't you promise me a thousand on the day your daughter got engaged to Byng? "No," answered Laxington, "I never did anything of the sort!"

"Why, I've got your I O U."
"Very likely; there are a good many
of them flying about. Wish you may get your money

Carbury stared at his friend in disgust and amazament. He could not, however, express his opinion of him in the sacred precincts of a club, so he merely got up with a curt "good-night," and left the room.

"That's your game, is it?" he muttered to himself. I'll be even with you yet. It's not quite such a certainty as

you think." The next morning Laxington evident-

do happen all the same. I should be | ly came to the conclusion that he had made a fool of himself over night, for he called on the Captain and explained to him that he did not mean what he said. He had a devil of a temper, he added, and things had been annoying him. Of course it was all right about the I O U. The astute Captain accepted the apology, but he nevertheless made inquiries, which resulted in the unpleasant discovery that Laxington had

ost over £5,000 over the Ascot week, and had been entirely unable to settle. "A nice prospect for my £1,000!" mused the Captain; "but what a fool he was to show his hand."

That day Mr. Byng and his factctum lunched together, alone, and the latter turned his conversation upon Miss Con-

"Have you settled matters in that quarter yet?" he inquired.
"Not yet," said his patron, dreamily;

but I am thinking of taking the "What are you waiting for? Charming girl—no nonsense about her; likes good feed, too—saw her eat three plate-

fuls of lobster salad on the Cup day." "Three platefuls of lobster salad?"

"Certainly," said the Captain, eyeing his friend maliciously. "Why shouldn't she? Must have a wonderful digestion. couldn't do it myself." "How horribly material!" groaned

Byng.
"Oh nonsense! You don't expect a well-grown young woman of five feet seven incees to live upon air, do you! "This is not a subject for joking," said

Byng severely, and the Captain ven-tured no further, But the philosopher was obviously ill at ease; he played with his lunch and maintained a gloomy si-

The season wore on, but Miss Laxington's engagement was not announced. People began to think that it would not come off after all. Lady Carraway grew anxious, and other fond matrons took heart once again and cherished fond hopes that the prize of the matrimonial market might yet fall to an outsider. Miss Laxington herself however, was in no way disquieted. Her admirer was perhaps less attentive, but his was not a nature capable of enthusiastic devotion. She met him constantly, and could not fairly accuse him of any definite neglect; she and Lady Carraway were often seen upon his drag, and Byng invited them both to accompany him to Eton and Harrow match. This special mark of favor did much to reassure her Ladyship for Byng had often told her that, though he was particularly fond of cricket, he had never taken a drag to Lord's, not caring to add to the number of people who looked upon the match as an occasion for gormandizing, flirtation and the display of elaborate

The day came. Lady Carraway and her charge had been instructed to be on the ground in good time for lunch, so they made their appearance shortly after I o'clock. The drag was tenanted only by Carbury and a few male friends. Byng, as the Captain explained was watching the game from the roof of the pavilion, and had left word that he was to be sent for as soon as his fair friends had arrived.

A footman was accordingly dispatched for him, and in a few minutes he clambered up to a seat next to Miss Constance. He was somewhat preocoupied and silent, but this was easily accounted for by the absorbing interest which he evinced in the fortunes of the game. Carbury watched him with some anxiety. Since their conversation on the "Blessed if I know," answered the patron's love affair run as smooth as lobster-salad question the lady's name Ascot came and nent; Byng was lan-had been seldom mentioned between them, and he began to fear that Byng's quidly assiduous in his devotion to Miss | marriage would really take place with-Laxington, while the young lady, per- out any pecuniary advantage to himfectly dressed, conscious of looking self. Presently, as the bell rang for the luncheon interval, Byng left the drag, and talked a minute or two to his butfortune stirmed up in the bosoms of ler Mr. Corker. This circumstance her fair rivals, never enjoyed her somewhat aroused Carbury's wonder; he could not imagine what Byng could have to say so his retainer, for all ar-angements of the household were left in the Captains own hands. He failed, however, to gather any information from the butlers stolid visage. Byng always did things well, and in a very short time a table was spread on which displayed every luxury which money could buy or the mind of a man con-

"Please forgive me if I leave you, said her host to Miss Laxington: shall be back after the interval, and, in the meantime, Captain Carbury will, I am sure, look after your wants."

Miss Laxington graciously assented, and the air was soon filled with the that he might as well find out if that clatter of plates and the popping of champagne corks. Throughout the progress of the orgie Carbury kept his eye upon the proceedings of the but-ler. He was anxious to find out the meaning of the mysterious communication made by that worthy Byng. Moreover, Corker's movements were decidedly singular. He seemed perpetually at Miss Laxington's elbow; now pressing on her attention some triumph of Byng's chef, now filling her glass with champagne, or piling up her plate with strawberries. After these little attentions he would retire behind the drag and write something

down on a piece of paper.

The captain's curiosity at length exhausted his patience. He watched his opportunity, therefore, and came upon Corker suddenly just as that individual made an entry on the mysterious sheet.
"What are you up to?" he asked. Corker was momentarily confused, but

he answered with dignity: "I'm making a hinwentory, sir." "What the deuce do you mean?" "A hinwentory, sir by Mr. Byng's orders," responded the butler, somewhat

The Captain paused a moment, thought. It might be important, this piece of paper. "Come Corker," he said, "let me see that paper and I'll

"Couldn't do it, sir," answered the incorruptible Corker.

"Oh, well, hang it. I'll make it Mr. Corker was not proof against the

extra inducement, and so he handed over the mysterious slip. "What on earth—do you mean to say

your master told you to make this list? The butler nodded. "Well, I'm blessed! Oh, this is al-

together too lovely! Here, I'll keep it for a bit. Won't he open his eyes when

he sees it!" Byng did not reappear until very shortly before stumps were drawn for the day, and he made a lame excuse for his long absence. Carbury, as it happened, did not see him again till late in the evening, when he found him in a state of great mental perturbation, poring over a small sheet of paper, on which certain hieroglyphics were scrawlad in

"What's the matter?" cried the Captain; "you look awfully bad."
My hopes are shattered," said Byng,

in a dismal voice; "my fondest illusions have been rudely dissipated; the dream

"What are you talking about?"
"Look at this," answered the philosoher in his most tragic tones, Carbury took the paper and read:

Two platefuls mayonnaise, 2 ditto Perigord pie, 1 ditto lobster salad, 2 quails in aspic, 3 meringues glasees, 6 glasses champagne, 3 helpings strawberries and cream, 2 ices, 1 glass of liquor

brandy.
"Well, what is it? It reads like a

menu.' "It is the disgusting record of the guzzling propensities of Miss Laxington. 1 ordered Corker to keep count, for after what you saw at Ascot I suspected her of materialism-even of sensuality—and my worst fears are con-

firmed! "And you mean to say you won't marry her because she likes a good lunch?"

"Never would I link my fate to one so wedded to the grossest pleasures! I shall start for Palastine to-morrow morning. You must come, so get ready. Good night!"

The Names of Nations.

These are derived principally from some peculiar cause or object. For instance, Ireland-which Julius Cæsar first called Hibernia-is a kind of modiffication of Erin, or the country of the

Scotland, from Scotia, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was anciently called Calenonia, which means a mountainous country-forest and

Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, was so named from a town on the River Douro called Cale, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called Porto or Oporto. And when the country was recovered from the Moors the inhabitants combined the words and called it the Kingdom of Portucale-hence Por-

tugal! Spain, the ancient Iberia, from the River Iberius or Hispania, from the Phœnician Spaniga, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country-

hence Spain. France, from the Franks, v people of Germany, who conquered that country. Its ancient name was Celta, Gaul or Gallia-Barcchata, the latter signifying striped breeches, which were worn by

the natives. Switzerland, the ancient Helvetia; was so named by the Austrians, who called the inhabitants of these mountainous

countries Sweitzers. Italy received its present name from a renowned Prince called Italus. It was called Hesperia, from its western lo-

Holland, the ancient Batavi, a warlike people, who was so named from the German word hohl, the Eng-lish of which is hollow, implying a very low country. The inhabitant are called Dutch, from the German deutsch or tentsch.

Sweden and Norway were anciently called Scandinavia, which the modern antiquarians think means a country the woods of which have been burned or destroyed. The appellation Sweden is derived from Sictuna or Suitheod. The native term Norway or the northern way explains itself.

Prussia, from Peuzzi, a Sclavonic race: but some writers suppose it took its name from Russio, and the Sclavonic syllable po, which means adjacent or

Denmark means the marches, territories or boundaries of the Danes. Russia is the ancient Sarmatia, which has been subsequently named Muscovy. It derived its present name from Russi a Sclavonic tribe who tounded the Russian monarchy. The original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies in order to appear more terrible in battle. They generally lived in the mountains, and their chariots were their only habitations.

Turkey took its name from the Turks or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman Empire, from Othoman one of their principal leaders.

There is much complaint of corrup-

tion in American politics, and not without reason, and also of the fact that our senate is filling up with millionaires, and that too many men of money rather than of brains are getting into the house of representatives. Now while no one takes the ground that rich men should be excluded from public life, the welfare of the body politic demands that rich men should not be promoted exclusively on their money, and that money shall not be used to corrupt electors. But after all that is admitted in regard to the use of money in America, the case is vastly worse in England where it costs a small fortune to get into parliament. The usual reckoning is about £1 or \$5 a vote. According to parliamentary returns in the last election in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Mr. Dawnay spent £9,447 in obtaining 8,135 votes, and his opponent. Mr. Rolandson, £5,599 in obtaining 7,449, so that between them over £15,000 was so that between them over £15,000 was expended in getting 15,500 votes. In North Durham Sir G. Eliot and J. Laing spent nearly £14,000 and polled together not quite 10,500 votes, so that each vote in this instance cost considerably over £1. In Westminster Lord Algernon Percy, who was not opposed, had to spend £2,000.