YEARS AND YEARS.

A whirlwind of dust, a rushing sound, and down at my feet lay the heavy box and countless letters and papers streamed far out into the floor. I was standing on the high step ladder, "house-cleaning" the closet, and now stood motionless, stupidly gazing down upon the wreck I had made.

"Well, Miss Ursula, you have done it at last," and old Janet, privileged servant that she was, began to scold me for my carelessness.

"Oh, never mind, nursie! just help me off this stool of penance; I see a long vista of delight opening out before me."

"The child has gone clean daft! You are never going to read all of those musty old lettsrs?" for down I sat on the floor and gathered them up in handfuls.

"Janet, you good old thing, just go right off anywhere you please, and don't let me hear a sight or sound till supper time."

My phraseology was getting a little mixed, I perceived, so I tossed off my sackcloth and ashes, otherwise called destiny cap and apron, and leaning against the despised step-ladder, began to enjoy myself.

"If I could be allowed to speak," sarcastically remarked Janet, "what shall I say if any one calls?"

"Say—say—oh!" and I absently stirred up the contents of the box, "you may say that I am digging up old graves."

This last was too much for old nurse, and with an indignant "Humph!" she departed.

Years and years ago these letters were fresh and new; now, they were nearly all yellow, musty, and defaced. These, tied with what used to be dainty blue ribbon, were from dear, tried friends; loving words of affection and playfulness. This other was rose-pink, as bright as the days were then, and ah! just as faded and old now as myself. I dare not trust myself a sight of those pages, though fifteen, almost twenty years have passed since each arrival used to call up the red flush to my face and make my heart bound with joy. Put them aside gently, it is all over now.

One little envelope remains tied with white; ah! who does not know the shape of wedding-cards? and there are entwined initials, L. and M. I cannot help it, old maid of almost forty that I am, the hot tears are coming just as fast as they used to in the old, sad days.

Not another letter will I look at. Certainly I have found something now that will not call up those old memories. Nothing but a sheet of music, with one little verse on the outside:—

"I love my love, I love my love,
Because I know my love loves me."

Back years and years, and I remember an old, long, low parlor, with bright firelight glancing over and up and down a laughing group of girls at the piano, and a quiet figure by the fireplace.

"Sula will sing it; she's always ready to sing that, and she brought it to-night on purpose."

"Hush, you provoking bell! when will you ever know how to ring?"

A laughing, saucy face was raised to mine, as I stood angry and embarrassed at the unkind speech. It was my sworn friend and ally, Rosamond Rivers, who had thus spoken in my defence, and now the other girls chimed in.

"Do, Sula. Belle Avery would give her precious head, I believe, to be able to sing as you do."

"Of course Sula will sing it, now that she knows Mr. Meredith admires it," and the girl walked scornfully away to the table.

"That's enough, girls," and my usually calm blood rose indignantly, "I certainly shall not sing it now."

"Oh, that hateful little bell-clapper!" whispered Rosamond, "I wish I could tie it up. Jennie Andrews, do play that enchanting waltz of yours, and by that time my sultana's blood will have cooled down," and giving my shoulder a gentle little pat, she joined the girls who had gathered closely about the player.

"Sula, sweetheart," and a soft hand caught my wrist, "what makes those cheeks flame so? I thought I was going to hear my favorite song."

"Oh, auntie, it is nothing. I will sing it if *you* want me to," and I kissed the dear, pale face that all through my life had taken the place of mother, sister, friend, to me. Dear old father half the time couldn't understand me, and auntie, as half the neighborhood called her, had taken me right into her heart and kept me there.

She drew down my face now to hers, and softly kissing me she told me "to be a good child and run to the piano."

"Miss James, who is that very sweet girl?" and the dark-haired, quiet man who had never stirred from auntie's side all that evening, leaned over to hear the reply.

"That is my especial child—Heart Lester, or 'Sula,' as her friends call her; to me she is 'Sweetheart' always. She is very shy and proud, Mr. Meredith; perhaps you would not like her."

"Ah! perhaps not," and he smiled gravely, and leaned back again.

I was greeted with shouts of triumph as I reached the piano. Rosamond gave me her arm to conduct me to the seat, and the others very officiously offered to do me in any way. Belle smiled supremely from the sofa, and vouchsafed not a word. It was only a simple song, the words by Tennyson, and I generally sang it well, for it was auntie's favorite.

"Encore!" shouted my audience, when I had finished; and Rosamond chanted after me

"Because I know my love loves me"

Ending with a comical little sigh, "I wish he did."

"Oh, girls, auntie has actually gone to sleep. I think it is high time we were going home," and Jennie Andrews came dancing back from her tour of investigations she called it, in high glee.

"You little witch!" laughed auntie, "you must not think of going yet;" but the large sleigh was at the door, and Mike good-natured driver though he was, said not wait all the night. So cloaks and shawls, and bewitching little hoods were donned, and the laughing girls crowded out into the porch.

"Oh when shall we have such another good time, dear Auntie James? Your house is a Palace Beautiful."

"Take care, you slippery ones," screamed Rosamond, "this walk is glare ice."

Just then, it was Belle who was behind me something gave me a push, and I fell down the steps on the little terrace, down, down. I could not stop myself; it was only a step or two, but all snow and ice, and the prancing, spirited horses were so close. A blind, frightened clutching for support, then a dull blow, and it grew strangely dark and still.

I don't know how long I lay so, but I opened my eyes on auntie's bright, cheery room, and I heard her give one little sob of thankfulness as she sank down by the side of the bed.

"Have I kept you all waiting, girls? I should think it was time to go home," and my poor, bewildered brain tried to take in the surroundings, and my father's pale, anxious face.

"Sula, you have been very sick, darling," he said; "sick for weeks, but you are better now. Will you try not to talk for a little while?"

Sick? How very strange it seemed; that was the reason I was lying in auntie's bed, and everything was so still.

"Just tell me what was the matter," I murmured, "and I will be very good."

My father stroked the hair from my face, as he said, "You fell under the horses' feet that night that you were at auntie's, and you have been sick ever since."

I tried to bear it all patiently—the dull headaches, and the rustling, bewildering feelings in my head, and finally auntie said that I might go down to the little sitting-room and look interesting on the sofa.

"Now, auntie, I have a thousand questions for your answer," for they had persistently refused to tell me anything about my accident.

"First, darling, you must tell me if you can remember, how you fell from the steps," and she looked at me intently while I tried to gather up my scattered wits.

"Why of course I do," I exclaimed at last. "Belle Avery fell against me or pushed me"—here I stopped, frightened at what that implied.

"Yes, dear, I thought so," said auntie, sadly. "Belle has been here day after day inquiring for you, and a more wretched being, I never saw. She would not tell me anything, but seemed nearly wild with fear, lest you would never get well."

"Oh, she was angry with me that night, auntie, but she didn't, she could not *mean* to do it."

"Hush, hush, dear! Don't cry."

So I lay there quietly, day after day, growing gradually stronger; kind friends sent me fruit and flowers, and Rosamond's bright face and chatter made the sick-room cheerful. Still I did not ask the question that I longed to ask, and that I turned over and over in my mind every minute.

"Who saved me from those dreadful horses? Who saved me from being crushed to death?" I dreaded, and yet hoped what the answer would be, and longed for some one to tell me.

"What a little humbug you are!" burst out Rosamond one day; "you proud heart, you would die before you would ask, and I believe you are dying now to know."

"What do you mean?" I stammered. "You are very silly."

"Doesn't she want to know who sprang the whole length of the steps and snatched her from under the plunging horses, and who carried her into the parlor, and who dashed off through the snow all those five long miles for the doctor, and who has been here day after day to see how she is, and who brings all these flowers and grapes?"

"Why you do, don't you?"

"Oh, you little simpleton!" and Rosa laughed teazingly.

I lay quiet after that, trying to keep back the joyful glad heart-throbs and the crowds of happy thoughts.

I saw him every day after that, and almost sighed when I grew well enough to go home. But that didn't frighten him away, and I grew to love more every glance of his grey eyes, and every one of his sometimes merry, sometimes sad tones and words. At last, it was in the summer, I sat in auntie's parlor again, thinking how very happy the world had grown, when my face was taken between two hands and bent back till I gazed up into the eyes so full of love I could not bear it, and struggled for very shame to free myself."

"Dear little Heart, sweet little Heart Lester, does she belong to me?"

Oh, it was more than I deserved, more than I could bear, and I stole out of the room by and by to wonder and think. Dear auntie, how she rejoiced, and Rosamond laughed and kissed me, and dear old father was positively unhappy till I told him I should take him wherever I went. So I began the pretty, dainty clothes that brides have, and dreamed all day, and planned our little home with Robert, for so I had learned to call him.

Just two weeks from the day, *my* day, he had to go away, but he was coming back two days before the Thursday, the fifth of June. Rosamond came to stay with me, and take his place, as she said, and the days flew very quickly. The pretty wedding cards were out, and Tuesday arrived. He is coming this morning, and I ran to the window time and again. The day past; he will certainly be here on Wednesday. Evening came, and auntie and Rosa stayed with me all night. Father went up to the city to see if he was sick; and still they didn't come.

Thursday morning dawned so bright and sunny. I hastily threw on my dressing-gown and ran to auntie's room. "Did he come?" but she gently put her arm around me and kissed me—not one word, only that kiss, and my heart sank down like lead. Package after package was brought to the door; lovely flowers, presents, cake, and the last of my pretty clothes came home, but auntie took them all, and hurried them away. Rosa was a kind angel to me then, comforting, hopeful, keeping away intruding friends and servants. Only old Janet came to me, and she could but softly cry and say, "Poor little child!"

Gradually night came on, and at last I heard my father's well-known step sounding weary and slow on the path. I could not wait a minute, but ran quickly to him.

"Father, he is dead: you needn't tell me. You will have to keep your little girl always, now." Then they say I fainted.

There is little more to tell. He was last seen, my Robert, stepping into a European steamer just ready to sail, and nobody knew anything further. The steamer was watched and telegraphed, but no one answering his description could be found—and that was eighteen years ago. Hearts do not always break, and Heart Lester lived on; but no one calls her that now, nothing but "Miss Ursula."

"Miss Ursula, are you asleep?" and dear old Janet stood beside me. "I have been knocking here for five minutes; it is tea-time now, and there is some one down stairs asking for you."

"Who is it?" and I got up wearily. "Gather these all up, Janet, and throw them away, I shall never care for them again," and mechanically I went down stairs, regardless of my dusty, crazy appearance. It was a tall, foreign-looking figure that was standing by my piano, turning over the loose music, and as I entered he came toward me hastily.

"Sula, are you waiting for me still, my little Heart?"

And so I was rested at last, eighteen years of waiting and watching, and his arms were around me once more. I did not ask *how*, then, then it was enough to feel him near me. At last Janet appeared at the door, and I came back to every-day life, and to the realization of tea-time. Dear old Janet, she knew him at once, and when she came to call me, was wondering how she could break the glad news to me.

How he laughed when he took that roll of music from my hand, which I had been grasping frantically all that long afternoon. Then in the evening the long, long story was told. How he went to bid good-by to a sick friend, and in staying to help and comfort him the steamer sailed before they knew it. Then the long, stormy passage, the arrival in England, the fever that attacked him there; the long, anxious waiting for letters that never came; the disappointment, when obliged to stay away month after month, compelled by the doctor's stern decree. Then the news of his darling's death—yes, he thought that I was dead; was it father's name that got so strangely twisted when it reached him? After that the reckless longing for change, change, anything to drown dear, past memories. At last, when years had gone by, came an intense desire to see the old places, and hear all that was possible of his old friends.

Was it not a kind Providence that led him here first, and that Janet should see him before strange voices had sent him away carelessly? It is all strange and happy to me, and once more I have promised to be his wife, and next Thursday is to be my wedding day.

Rosamond is with me now as I write, and she laughs as she points to her gray hairs, and then to my own shining brown braids, and I am glad for Robert's sake that they are the same that he loved years and years ago.

Pompeiin Relics.

There, in the museum, I sought the exhumed proofs of the existence that was choked so long ago as scarcely to have a lineal connection with our world. I found eight human bodies perfectly petrified in their ashen sheaths; in these I read the encouraging lesson that Cicero, Pompey or Marcus Antoninus, Glaucus or Clodius, were not men of great physical stature than our present poets, statesmen and orators. The skeleton of a dog, a bird, a bone of roast beef, a loaf of bread, a dish of barley, a napkin (the warp still preserved) bronze lamps, household luxuries, earrings, bracelets and necklaces, teach us that the work of creation, the human appetite, the preparation of food, the the habits and carvings of women for gewgaws, were the same in the classic ages as they are to-day. It is a cold, stern fact that the life we found in the streets of Naples is very much the life that was stilled in the streets of Tombs eighteen centuries ago, where the front and lower story of the palaces were let to merchants, while the ædile supped in the atrium with his lordly guests, upon lampreys, pistachio, figs and Vesuvio wine. We faw that the baths, the theater, the temple and the forum were the loadstairs of men and women then as now. Luxurious as these Sabarites lived in their houses, sparkling with all the glory of fresco, mosaic, statuary, rich in their retinues of slaves, lulled by the fall of fountains, charmed by the beauty of Greek female loveliness, still the most opulent homes were comparatively small, while vast spaces were devoted to public buildings, where the populace met to discuss statecraft in the forum, social scandal at the baths, to worship the false gods, and be duped by the charlatanry of such false priests as Arbaces in the temples, and enjoy the bestial sports of the amphitheater. Here the masterpieces of Greek and Roman princes of the chisel and the brush were exhibited; here the song of the poet and voice of the declaimer rang through column and archway, from foundation to capital; here the patricians felicitated in transport of oil and aromatic ointment; here the contrite matron and maid repaired to solicit pardon for the old sin, and sign a contract with her absolver for a new one.

The streets are narrow, the carriageway scarcely broad enough to admit of one or two-wheeled vehicles of to-day, sinking more than a foot below the sidewalk, in the center of which are stepping-stones, retaining the prints of horses' hoofs. The ruts of wheels and the worn and rounded curbs are evidences of the superannuation of the city before its destruction, or, as I have heard it termed, its preservation. Would we have Pompeii in so perfect a state of converation to-day had not the ashes from Vesuvius embalmed it, and protected it from decay and corruption of ages? The fountain-basins at the street corners are worn into hollows by the press of human hands upon the brim, while the water filled the pail, or by lazy indolent hands that lolled here while their owners chatted the hours away. The stone steps are worn into grooves by the tramp of many feet, but the word of welcome, *salve* or *cave canem* (beware of the dog) are still in perfect black and white mosaic in the pavements. Shafts are gone, columns broken, and altars defiled, but the colors and forms of the frescoes are marvelously unmarred. Walking the streets, we exclaimed at the limited dimensions of the town. How much still sleeps under yonder hills of pumice-stone?—*J. W. Forney.*

The conversation appeared to be dying out, when a bilious man suddenly observed to a young lady on his right: "I don't think they make pills as large as they used to." After this the conversation went on.

How Far Bells May be Heard.

In a hilly locality, says the *Scientific American*, a bell may not be heard half as far as if the land were level, or nearly so. A bell will be heard a great deal further lengthways of a valley than over the hill sides. It is frequently the case that bell rooms are lower than the surrounding buildings and trees, and these obstructions break the sound and prevent its passage to a distance. It is frequently the case, too, that towers have small windows or openings, with the lower boards so close together as to almost box up the sound. In cities the noise of steam and horse cars, manufacturing establishments, carriages and carts rattling over the pavements, etc., is so great that bells are not expected to be heard at any considerable distance, and this is the reason why, in all cities, several bells are used for fire-alarm purposes, it being impossible for one bell, no matter how large it may be, to be heard above the thousand and one noises incident to every large place. The largest bell ever made in this country weighed 22,000 pounds, and, before it was fractured, hung in the city hall of New York. On one or two occasions this bell was heard up the Hudson river thirteen miles, in the night, when the city was comparatively quiet. Water is a good conductor of sound, and aided materially in making the bell heard as above mentioned. It is a great mistake to suppose that bells can be heard in proportion to their weight; that is, to suppose that a bell of two thousand pounds can be heard twice as far as a bell of one thousand pounds. This is not so, for the reason that the larger bell does not possess twice the resonant of the smaller one. What is gained and admired in the larger bell, is the deep, majestic, dignified tone, which it is impossible to secure in the smaller one, the weight of a bell invariably governing its force. A bell of one hundred or two hundred pounds, in an open belfry, on a schoolhouse or factory in the country, is frequently heard at a long distance out of all proportion apparently, to one of a thousand pounds in a church tower near by, and instances of this kind frequently cause no little comment in the way of comparison. The reason for this is, that the small bell has a sharp, shrill, penetrating sound, that must, of necessity, be heard a great deal farther, in proportion to its weight, than the low, mellow, "church-going" sound of the church-bell. The same principle applies to the whistle of a locomotive, and it is heard a long distance simply because its tone is shrill and penetrating. When hung stationary and struck, or tolled, bells will not be heard, as a rule, half as far as when hung. The swinging motion throws the mouth of the bell up, and not only carries the sound off, but imparts to it a richness that is absent when the bell is at rest and struck. A great deal is to be gained by ringing a bell properly, throwing the mouth well up, and not lazily jingling it. It is not physical strength that is required in ringing a bell, so much as "getting the knack" of catching the rope just right, particularly on the second "down pull." The windows in the tower should be as open as possible, and the tower should be ceiled just above the windows.

How Girls go to Sleep:

We had wandered out in the moonlit larches, and we talked and laughed at nothing, in that silly, happy way young people have. We told riddles and sung the old college songs till finally sleep, with his bright-colored mantle of dreams, called us, and we finally retired to what we fondly supposed would be repose. But if you have ever occupied a room with six girls you will know that sleep is not always to be obtained at once. One young lady was an hour and a half by the clock in brushing and braiding her hair, in putting up her crimps, and in polishing her finger nails, in running a piece of silk floss between each pair of her thirty-two teeth, in polishing each one with a little stick and some powder, in giving them a vigorous brushing with some soap and water, in washing her hands and in applying glycerine to them, in putting on a wash good for the complexion, in reading her Bible, in kissing everybody good-night, and in getting into her hammock, which everybody who has ever tried it knows is a work of time. Just as we thought we were almost asleep she recollected that she had not taken her nux vomica, and she argued a long time with another young lady to try to get her to take nux vomica, quoting at great length from Dr. Pulte and other eminent homœpathic physicians to prove that she and everybody need nux vomica occasionally. When, to get peace, the poor girl swallowed the globules, we thought we had earned repose, but when another young woman remarked in a cheerful tone that she was cold, and one of the windows must come down. This occasioned what seemed to the ones an endless controversy, as somebody else was "burning up with heat" and wanted another opened. This was finally settled. Everything was quiet for at least five minutes, and we were all at length given to "tired nature's sweet restorer" when suddenly an awful sound was heare. A great weight fell violently upon the bare floor, the shriek of a woman leaped upon the midnight air, quick questions and exclamations were heard. A light was struck and it was discovered, not that murderers and robbers were upon us, but that somebody's hammock had broken down. This was reconstructed, and again we addressed ourselves to persuading Morpheus to knit up our sleeve of care, which by this time was very much raveled indeed. Ten minutes of utter quiet passed away; nothing was heard out the gentle breathing of the sleepers, when one affectionate girl, turning over, called out: "Well, I'm going to sleep, good-night everybody." — *Lippincott's Magazine.*

Father Hyacinthe is quoted as saying the other day, in referring to his church, which has now been opened twelve months, that the collections at the services had amounted to 6000 francs, and the remainder of the income had been derived from voluntary contributions, chiefly from his English and American friends. "Our foreign friends," he remarked, "have their various national and religious undertakings to attend to, and, however grateful we may be, our self respect cannot allow the present state of things to continue."

The Russian Czar.

The threats made by the Nihilists to burn St. Petersburg may simply be bravado, but the fact that heretofore they have made the most desperate efforts to carry out their promises, induces many people to believe that the effort at least will be made to carry out the last one. Anything relating to the Emperor just now is interesting, and the following from the London *Truth*, by one who evidently knows his subject, will be found worth reading.

The feeling which comes uppermost in the mind of any one who sees the Czar for the first time is that of sincere pity. He is a large, ox-eyed man, evidently of good intentions, but with a look of sadness and perplexity in him. His voice is as harsh as the grinding of a coffee-mill out of order, for an affection of the throat, under which he has long suffered, renders speech painful to him. He would have made a very amiable private gentleman, and could have got far more ease and amusement out of life if he had handed all the botheration of government over to his brother Constantine, who has a taste for that sort of nonsense. He himself could hardly have wanted to reign. It was the Shouvaloffs, the Lamberts, the Bariatinskys, the Alderbergs, the Dologourouks, and some others who desired he should be a firm ruler of men. They were forever goading and coaxing him by turns, as beet is driven to market for those who wish to roast it. They must often have had a difficult task, for his ponderous Majesty (good, easy man) is slothful and heavy witted by nature. He must have been frequently unable to understand even what was wanted by him. He is subject to melancholy periods of hypochondriasis, during which, existence seems but a dreary blank to him. He is haunted by fears of sudden death, and by the dread of assassination. At these times he moves about on apparently solitary walks with a large dog, but there is always a policeman handy to keep the sacrilegious from approaching him. When well, he devotes much of his time to tailoring, changing his costume with much stolid perseverance, and he likes to be attended by a humpbacked Privy Councillor, who acts as a foil to his fine figure, and sets it off, for he is a well-built man, tall and straight, though rather too German in the rotundity of certain of his curves.

His father Nicholas, who was in many respects a notable sovereign, had him very carefully brought up, and foreseeing that he would want support, perhaps devotion, in after life, to counteract his apathy, surrounded him with some select young men, who could be relied upon. This little band of cronies have hung together ever since; they have lived with and on the Emperor without interruption from the time of his accession until now he provides for their wants; they dip their fingers into his pockets whenever they are so minded.

He is a loosely hung Emperor, more like the good fellow of a free-and-easy than the despotic master of millions, when in the midst of these his familiars. He has been known to sit in his shirt sleeves, astraddle on a chair, hobnobbing with them.

The late Count Strogonoff, who was a *preux chevalier*,, and a very high pacing person generally, once broke in upon the party thus employed. The Emperor looked at him with those unutterably mournful eyes of his, and held out a champagne glass to be refilled from a bottle which stood by. The old soldier drew himself up and answered sternly: "Let those who love you less than I do perform that service." The Czar showed no sign of displeasure, but within a few months Strogonoff was deprived of his offices, though he was nearly connected with the Imperial family, his son having married the Grand Duchess Marie.

Odd Dinner Customs in Sweden.

The Swedes have a queer way of locomotion at their meals. They often flit about like flies, from one table to another, and sometimes seem to turn the menu topsy turvy when they order a repast. It is no rare thing to see them begin with cheese and biscuit, next proceed to ham and salad, with a slice of meat to follow, and then suddenly start up in the middle of their dinner to swallow, while they walk about, a plateful of pea soup. A habit which they have of beginning each repast with what they call a "smorgos," not merely leads to much untidiness at meal-time, but makes them seem contented to live on bits and scraps. The Smorgos consists of little dishes, such as slices of smoked reindeer, and caviar, and sardines, with pickles, cheese, and other whets provocative of thirst. These are fished out with a fork of general utility, and laid on thumb pieces of rye cake, thickly smeared with butter, which serve by way of plate. Then they are bitten into, regardless of the fragments which may fall on other dainties (for your true smorgos eater seldom sits to his repast) and they are finally washed down with a glass or two of spirits which stand handy by their side. Such a prelude to a meal is not merely uncleanly, but must vitiate the palate, and injure the digestion. Indeed, I feel convinced that, were the smorgosbord abolished, not merely would the cookery in Sweden soon improve, but very many of the people would be gradually weaned from their weakness for strong drink.—*All the Year Round.*

No matter how honest an auctioneer may try to be, he cannot make a living without knocking down.

A Financier and His Dogs.

The guardian of the source of England's greatness is not only an enthusiast in the cause of his human friends, but in that of those delightful animals specially described as the friends of man. After descanting on the pleasures of his enforced periodical visit to Paris to assist at a meeting of the Disectors of the Suez Canal, he regrets that the mobile existence which deprives him of any fixed habitation has reduced his establishment of dogs. According to his view, there is no comparison between a bulldog and other dogs, not only in courage, but sagacity and tenderness. A bulldog is not generally known as a water dog, yet few dogs known for their aquatic instincts can swim with anything approaching his speed and power. Long celebrated for his peculiar choice strain of bulldogs, Mr. Rivers-Wilson was originally one of their most violent opponents, and from his list of canine friends excluded John Bull's cherished companion. Perhaps an intimate acquaintance with the French language and manners may have been responsible for the abhorrence of the *bouledogue*, but, be this as it may, the aversion existed. It chanced, however, that an intimate friend was a great breeder of bulldogs, and begged to present one of his favorite strain to Mr. Rivers-Wilson. The gift was refused, but the bulldog fancier, filled with the true proselyting spirit, would not be denied, and brought one day a small pinkish-hued puppy out of his coat-pocket. In that condition it could hardly be described as a thing of terror. Its orthodox patches of brindle had not yet developed; its under lip hardly appeared to project; it had not yet acquired the almost hairless look peculiar to every high breed. Finally, it was "a very little one." The animal was introduced into the family, and gradually grew upon its members as they declare only a bulldog can grow. It increased in weight some forty-five or fifty pounds; but this rate of increase was slow compared with that of the favor it found in the eyes of beholders. It is true the head grew large, and the upper lip fell back, not exactly like an *arc de Cupidon*, and that the fore legs assumed a Chippendale contour; but these points seemed marks of beauty to the puppy's new owners. The animal became the darling of the house, and the ancestress of a race which shed lustre on her owners. At dog show after dog show, the scions of this celebrated creature took prizes until her strain waxed famous in the land, and secured the suffrages of all true connoisseurs of the genuine bulldog. Thinned out at last by repeated gifts, the kennel was reduced to one member, and the owner determined that his affection for this perfect dog should remain untouched by rivalry; and when the animal went down, full of years and honor, to the grave, gave up bulldogs forever as a "fancy." Now he has a few fox-terriers, good dogs, and true as far as they go, but not bulldogs. Speaking of his present kennel, he confesses somewhat sorrowfully that he has "come down to fox-terriers," much as "old Bill George" some years ago, before the breed was in fashion, declined to procure a collie, on the ground that he had not "come down to sheep dogs yet."—*London World, Nov. 19th.*

Princely Peunriousness.

Some of those who were honored by an invitation to meet the Prince of Wales at Hughenden have not scrupled to affirm that their host is failing as much mentally as he is known to be physically. Lord Beaconsfield is said to be far from the man he was even a year ago, and life at his country seat is described as "portentously slow and pompously dull." The witty mot and sparkling repartee were conspicuous by their absence. Lord Beaconsfield, it is said, spoke but seldom, and when he did venture to a remark it partook more of the nature of a thinly disguised platitude than of those brilliant epigrams which used to drop spontaneously from his lips whenever he opened his mouth.

Taken all round Hughenden visit was rather a failure. H. R. H. is fond of high play, and Lord Beaconsfield's face is said to have grown indecrously long when his royal guest proposed sovereign points at whist. A fondness for cards prevails among the royal family, I am told, but they do not all lose their money so gracefully as does their heir apparent. The Duke of Edinburgh's meanness has passed into a proverb, and has done far more to make him unpopular than the fact of his marrying a Russian wife. He gets so savage at losing that he is the source of immense fun to those with whom he plays.

I heard a good, well-authenticated story apropos of this weak side of the Duke's character a year or two ago. His Royal Highness had accompanied some ladies to the theater or opera. If I remember rightly, it was the Criterion. After the performance the party adjourned to supper. The waiters of course recognized H. R. H., and expected a handsome gratuity. After the refreshments had been partaken of the Duke called for his bill. The half dozen lackeys flew around more expectantly than ever. The wished-for document was produced, handed to the Duke on a silver slaver in the orthodox fashion and found to amount to £9, 17s. 6d. His Royal Highness threw down a £10 "flimsy," saying at the same time, with the royal air of a man who is giving away a small fortune, "Waitahs, keep keep the change, ah," and the disgusted waiters, who had looked for a half sovereign piece, had to content themselves with the munificent sum of about fifty cents among six of them—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*