DICKENS.

Like a new work from the hand of the deceased novelist comes the collection of the *Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by his daughter, Miss Mamie Dickens, and his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth. The two volumes which compose this correspondence have been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, simultaneous with their appearance in London. The intention of the editors is to make this collection a supplement to the *Life of Charles Dickens*, by John Forster, which they pronounce "perfect and exhaustive as a biography," and "only incomplete as regards correspondence." There is, generally speaking, no way in the world that one can get nearer to the heart of a man than through his private letters. Dickens wrote very freely to his correspondents, and in his letters shows himself to be a man with warm attachments, and one who, while engaged in the busy life of an editor and author, gave his attention to the smallest details of domestic life, and was as much interested in the papering and painting of Gad's Hill place, as he was in the contents of a number of *Household Words*. The letters cover a period of thirty-four years. It would be impossible, within ordinary reviewing limit, to go through the entire correspondence, selecting everything of point and interest to be found there, for Dickens had a very pithy way of putting common things, and in his letters the desire to be "smart" is as conspicuous as in his books. He was not merely brilliant, but vain of his brilliancy, and was as frequently a posturer in his correspondence as outside it. No doubt he felt what was implied by being regarded as the "funny man" of his period, and had a distinct foreknowledge of posthumous celebrity for things he had written to anybody, and hence he was more or less under a glass case all his life.

One of the first letters is dated "Furnival's Inn, Wednesday evening, 1835," and is written to his wife, then Miss Hogarth. It begins, "My dearest Kate," and tells of an order from Chapman & Hall of "fourteen pounds a month" to "write and edit a new publication they contemplated, entirely by himself, to be published monthly and each number to contain four wood cuts." "The work will be no joke," he writes, "but the emolument is too tempting to resist." He began *Pickwick* and entered upon married life at about this time.

From a letter to Macready we learn that a farce written for Covent Garden Theater, then under that actor's management, was unsuccessful, but the author says that his ardor is only "increased, not dampened, by the result of this experiment." It was not long after this that Macready retired from the management of the theater. In answer to the announcement of that fact Dickens wrote to Macready:

"With the same perverse and unaccountable feeling which causes a heart-broken man at a dear friend's funeral to see something irresistibly comical in a red-nosed or one-eyed undertaker, I received your communication with ghostly facetiousness; though on a moment's reflection I find better cause for consolation in the hope that, relieved from your most trying and painful duties, you will now have leisure to return to pursuits more congenial to your mind, and to move more easily and pleasantly among your friends."

In January of the year 1842, Dickens, accompanied by his wife, made his first visit to America. They had a very unpleasant voyage, from which Mrs. Dickens suffered severely. Dickens' welcome to America is best described in a letter to his friend Milton:

"I can give you no conception of my welcome here. There never was a king or emperor upon the earth so cheered and followed by crowds and entertained in public at splendid balls and dinners, and waited on by public bodies and deputations of all kinds. I have had one from the far west—a journey of 2000 miles. If I go out in a carriage, the crowds surround it and escort me home; if I go to the theatre, the whole house, crowded to the door, rises as one man, and the timbers ring again. You cannot imagine what it is. I have had five great public dinners on hand at this moment, and invitations from every town and village and city in the States.

"There is a great deal afloat here in the way of subjects for description. I keep my eyes open pretty wide, and hope to have done so to some purpose by the time I come back."

In a letter to Macready, who was here at the same time, written under date of Baltimore, March 22, 1848, Dickens speaks his mind freely of America and her people, but he has some good words for us, which are found wanting in other of his writings:

"My Dear Macready: I desire to be so honest and just to those who have so enthusiastically and earnestly welcomed me, that I have burned the last letter I wrote to you, even to you, to whom I would speak as to myself, rather than let it come with anything that might seem like an ill-considered word of disappointment. I preferred that you should think me neglectful (if you could think of anything so wild) rather than I should do anything so wrong in this respect. Still it is of no use. I am disappointed. This is not the Republic I came to see. This is not the Republic of my imagination. I infinitely prefer a monarchy, even with its sickening accompaniments of court circles, to such a government as this. The more I think of its youth and strength the poorer and more trifling in a thousand aspects it appears in my eyes. In everything of which it has made a boast—except its education of the people and its care for poor children—it sinks immeasureably below the level I had placed it upon; and England, even England, bad and faulty as the old land is, and miserable as millions of her people are, rises in the comparison.

"The people are affectionate, generous, open-hearted, hospitable, enthusiastic, good-humored, polite to women, frank and candid to all strangers, anxious to oblige, far less prejudiced than they have been described to be, frequently polished and refined, very seldom or rude or disagreeable. I have made a great many friends here, even in public conveyances, whom I have been truly sorry to part from. In the town I have formed perfect attachments. I have seen none of the greediness and indecorousness on which travelers have laid so much emphasis. I have returned frankness with frankness; met questions not intended to be rude with answers meant to be satisfactory, and have not spoken to one man, woman or child of any degree who has not grown positively affectionate before we parted. In the respects of not being left alone, and of being horribly digusted by tobacco chewing and tobacco spittle, I have suffered considerably. The sight of slavery in Virginia, the hatred of British feeling upon the subject, and the miserable hints of the impotent indignation of the South, have pained me very much; on the last head, of course, I have felt nothing but a mingled pity and amusement; on the other, sheer distress. But however much I liked the ingredients of this great dish, I cannot but come back to the point at which I started, and say that the dish itself goes against the grain with me, and that I don't like it."

He speaks of a reception at Hartford, where a delegation of carmen "presented themselves in a body in their blue frocks, among a crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and bade me welcome through their spokesman. They had all read my books, and all perfectly understood them. It is not these things I have in my mind when I say that the man who comes to this country a radical and goes home with his opinion unchanged, must be a radical on reason, sympathy and reflection, and one who has so well considered the subject that he has no chance of wavering."

Here is a jolly letter written to Clarkson Stanfield, the famous marine painter. The "Dick Sparkler" alluded to is himself—the "Mark Porpuss," Mark Lemon.

"H. M. S. 'Tavistock,' January 2, 1853. Yoho, old salt! Neptun' ahoy! You don't forget, messmet, as you was so meet Dick Sparkler and Mark Porpuss on the fok'sle of the good ship Owssel Words, Wednesday next, half-past 4? Not you; for when did Stanfell ever pass his word to go anywhere and not come? Well, belay, my heart of oak, belay! Come alongside the Tavistock same day and hour, stead of Owssel Words. Hull your shipmets, and they'll drop over the side and join you, like two new shillings a droppin' into the purser's pocket. Damn all lubberly boys and swabs, and give me the lad with the tarry trousers, which shines to me like di'ming's bright!"

The great value of these letters is that they cover the incidents of Dicken's life so closely as to make an autobiography. The second volume is perhaps the strongest in interest. The American reader will be particularly interested in that part which treats of his last visit to this country. His readings throughout Great Britain were so successful that he was beset to come here, and he finally sent George Dolby over to canvass the prospects. Mr. Dolby's report was so favorable that Dickens agreed to come; his success is well known. He arrived at Boston on the 19th of November, 1867, and writes to his daughter under date of November 21st:

"I dine to-day with Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Agassiz. Longfellow was here yesterday. Perfectly white hair and beard, but a remarkably handsome and noble looking man. The city has increased enormously in five and twenty years. It has grown more mercantile; is like Leeds mixed with Preston and flavored with new Brighton; but for smoke and fog you substitute an exquisite bright light air. I found my rooms beautifully decorated by Mrs. Fields with choice flowers, and set off by a number of good books. I am not much persecuted by people in general, as Dolby has happily made up his mind that the less I am exhibited for nothing the better. So our men sit outside the door and wrestle with mankind. * * They are said to be a very quiet audience here, appreciative but not demonstrative. I shall try to change their character a little.

"I have been going on very well. A horrible custom obtains in the parts of asking you to dinner somewhere at half-past 2 and to supper somewhere else about 8. I have run this gauntlet more than once, and its effect is that there is no day for any useful purpose, and the length of the evening is multiplied by 100. Yesterday I dined with a Club here at half-past 2 and came back at half-past 8 with a general impression that it was at least 2 o'clock in the morning. Two days before I dined with Longfellow at half-past 2 and came back at 8, supposing it to be midnight. To-day we have a state dinner party in our rooms at 6—Mr. and Mrs. Fields and Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow. (He is a friend of Foster's, and was American Minister in Paris.) There are no negro waiters here; all the servants are Irish—willing, but not able. The dinners and wines are very good.

"I keep our own rooms well ventilated by opening the windows or passages, and they are so overheated by a great furnace that they make me faint and sick. The air is like that of a pre-Adamite ironing day in full blast. Your respected parent is immensely popular in Boston society, and its cordiality and unaffected heartiness are charming. I wish I could carry it with me.

"The leading papers in New York have sent men over for to-morrow night, with instruments to telegraph columns of description. Great excitement and expectations everywhere. Fields says that he has looked forward to it so long that he knows he will die at four minutes to eight.

"At the New York barriers, where tickets are on sale and the people ranged as at the Paris theaters, speculators went up and down offering "$20 for anybody's place." The money was in no case accepted. One man sold two tickets for the second, third and fourth night for 'one ticket of the first, $50 and a brandy cocktail,' which is an iced bitter drink."

To his son Charles he writes:

"The people in New York are exceedingly kind and considerate, and desire to be more hospitable besides. But I can not accept hospitality, and never go out, except at Boston, or I should not be fit for the labor. If Dolby holds out well to the last it will be a triumph, for he has to see everybody, drink with everybody, sell all the tickets, take all the blame, and go beforehand to all the places on the list. I shall not see him after to-night for a fortnight, and he will be perpetually on the road during the interval. When he leaves me, Osgood, a partner in Tichnor & Field's publishing firm mounts guard over me, and he has to go into the hall from the platform-door every night and see how the public are seating themselves. It is very odd to see how hard he finds it to look a couple of thousand people in the face, on which head, by-the-by, I notice the papers to take "Mr. Dicken's extraordinary composure" (their great phrase) rather ill, and on the whole to imply that it would be taken as a suitable complaint if I would stagger on the platform and instantly drop, overpowered by the spectacle before me.

"Dinner is announced (by Scott, with a stiff neck and a sore throat) and I must break off with love to Bessie and the incipient Venerableses. You will be glad to hear of your distinguished parent that Philadelphia has discovered that 'he is not like the descriptions we have heard of him at the little red desk. He is not at all foppish in appearance. He wears a heavy mustache and a Vandyke beard, and looks like a well-to-do Philadelphia gentleman."

Referring to a certain famous walking match, he says:

"Dolby and Osgood, who do the most ridiculous things to keep me in spirits (I am often very heavy and rarely sleep much) have often decided to have a walking match at Boston on Saturday, February 29th. Beginning this design in joke, they have become tremendously in earnest, and Dolby has actually sent home (much to his opponent's terror) for a pair of seamless socks to walk in. Our men are hugely excited on the subject, and continually make bets on the men. Field and I are to walk out six miles, and the men are to turn and walk around us. Neither of them has the least idea of what twelve miles at a pace is. Being requested by both to give them a "breather" yesterday, I gave them a stiff one of five miles over a bad road in the snow, half the distance up the hill. I took them at a pace of four miles and a half an hour, and you never beheld such objects as they were when we got back, both smoking like factories, and both obliged to change everything before they could come to dinner. They have the absurdest ideas of what are test of walking power, and continually get up in the maddest manner and see how high they can kick the wall. The wainscot, here, is scored all over with their pencil marks. To see him doing this—Dolby, a big man, and Osgood, a very little one—is ridiculous beyond description."

To Miss Hogarth from Boston, December 22d, he writes:

"By the by, when we left New York for this place, Dolby called my amazed attention to the circumstances that Scott was leaning his head against the side of the carrirge and weeping bitterly. I asked him what was the matter and he replied: 'The owdacious treatment of the luggage, which was more outrageous than man could bear.' I told him not to make a fool of himself; but they do knock it about cruelly. I think every trunk we have is broken."

To his friend, the late Chas. Fechter, he writes:

"I have an American cold (the worst in the world) since Christmas Day. I read four times a week with the most tremendous energy I can bring to bear upon it. I am very resolute about calling on people, or receiving people, or dining out, and so save myself a great deal. I read in all sorts of places—churches, theatres, concert rooms, lecture halls. Every night I read I am described (mostly by people who have not the faintest notion of observing) from the sole of my foot to where the topmost hair of my head ought to be, but is not. Sometimes I am described as being 'evdently nervous;" sometimes it is taken ill that "Mr. Dickens is so extraordinarily composed." My eyes are blue, red, gray, white, green, brown, black, hazel, violet and rainbow colored. I am like a "well-to-do American gentleman," and the Emperor of the French, with an occasional touch of the Emperor of China, and a deterioration from the attributes of our famous townsman, Rufus W. B. D. Dodge Grumsher Pickville. I say all sorts of things that I never said, go to all sorts of places that I never saw or heard of, and have done all manner of things—in some private state of existence, I suppose—that have quite escaped my memory. You ask your friend to describe what he is about. This is what he is about every day and hour of his American life. On Wednesday I came back here for my four church readings in Brooklyn. Each evening an enormous ferry-boat will convey me and my state carriage, not to mention half a dozen wagons and a number of people and a few score of horses, across the river, and will bring me back again. The sale of tickets there was an amusing scene."

The Dream and the Problem.

A well known and esteemed Edinburg advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following: While at school, one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last sessions of his school life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honor. On regular recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labor and pains could he succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem till late in the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamed that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamed about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercise without the slightest difficulty. The sequel to the story was, I think, that the two boys were bracketed equal, and that each, therefore, received a prize.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A Lady, After All.

Lennox Ray sprang from the train, and hastened up the green lane to the wide, old-fashioned farm house, carrying his valise in his hand.

"I wonder if Nannie got my note, and is looking for me? Hallo!"

This last exclamation was drawn from Ray's lips by a cherry, which, coming from above, somewhere, came into sudden contact with his nose.

He looked up, and there perched like a great bird upon the limb of a huge old cherry tree, and looking down on him with dancing eyes and brilliant cheeks, was a young girl.

"How do, Lennox? Come up and have some cherries!" was the mischievous greeting.

"Nannie! is it possible?" exclaimed Lennox, severely.

And while Ray looked on in stern disapproval, the young witch swung herself lightly down.

"Now, don't look so glum, Lennox, dear," she said, slipping her little hands into his, with a coaxing motion. "I know it's tomboyish to climb the cherry trees; but then it's such fun."

"Nannie, you should have been a boy," said Lennox.

"I wish I had! No, I don't either; for then you wouldn't haven fallen in love with me. What made you, dear?" with a fond glance and a caressing movement.

"Because you are so sweet, darling," answered Ray, melted in spite of himself: "But I do wish, Nannie, you would leave off those hoydenish ways and be more dignified."

"Like Miss Isham?" asked Nannie.

"Miss Isham is a very superior woman, and it would not hurt you to copy her in some respects."

The tears sprang into Nannie's eyes at his tone.

They went into the parlor, and Ray took a seat in a great arm chair.

Nannie give her curls a toss backward, went and sat down.

"I wish you would put up these flyaway curls and dress your hair as other young ladies do," said Ray, "and see here, Nannie, I want to have a talk with you. You know I love you; but in truth, my dear, my wife must have something of the elegance of refined society. Your manners need polish, my dear."

"I come down to tell you that my sister Laura is making up a party to visit the noted watering places, and she wishes you to be one of the number."

Are you going?" asked Nannie.

"No; my business will not allow it; but I shall see you several times. Will you go?"

"I don't wan't to go. I'd rather stay here in the country and climb the cherry trees every day."

"Nannie! I must insist upon more self-control," said he, coldly.

"But don't send me away," she pleaded. "It is for your good, Nannie, and you must be content to go. Will you?"

The supper bell rang at that instant, and Nannie hastily answered:

"Yes, let me go, Lennox," and ran out of the room, and up-stairs to her own chamber.

"Yes, I'll go, and I'll teach you one lesson, Mr. Lennox Ray; see if I don't," she murmured.

It was in the middle of September before Mr. Ray, heated, dusty and weary, entered the hotel where his sister's party were stopping.

"Lennox! you here?" said she.

"Yes, where's Nannie?"

"She was was on the piazza, talking with a French count, a moment ago. Ah! there she is, by the door."

"Ah!" said Lennox, dropping Laura's hand, and making his way toward the door.

But it was difficult, even when he drew near, to see the stylish, stately lady, whose hair was put up over a monstrous chignon, and whose lustrous robes swept the floor for a yard, his own little Nan of three months ago.

Lennox strode up with scarce a glance at the bewildered dandy to whom she was chatting, and held out his hand with an eager exclamation:

"Nannie!"

She made a sweeping courtesy, and languidly extended the tips of her fingers; but not a muscle moved beyond what accorded with well-bred indifference.

"Ah, good evening Mr. Ray."

"Oh, Nannie; are you glad to see me?" said Lennox, feeling that his heart was chilled within him.

"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Ray, quite glad. Allow me to present my friend, the Count de Beaurepaire. Mr. Ray Monsieur."

Lennox hardly deigned a bow to the Frenchman, and offered his arm to Nannie.

"You will walk with me a little while?"

"Thanks—but the music is beginning, and I promised to dance with Mr. Blair."

"But afterward," said Lennox, the chill growing colder.

"But I am engaged to Mr. Thornton."

"When, then?" demanded Lennox, with a jealous pang.

"Really, my card is so full, I hardly know. I will, however, try and spare you a waltz somewhere."

"Good heavens! Nannie, what affection is this?"

She favored him with a well bred stare.

"Pardon. I do not understand you."

And taking the arm of her escort, she walked away with the air of an empress.

Lennox sought his sister.

"Laura, how have you changed Nannie so?" he demanded.

"Yes, she is changed. Isn't she perfect?"

"Perfect? Rather too perfect to suit me," growled Lennox.

"To-morrow I shall see more of Nannie," he thought.

But to-morrow, and to-morrow and to-morrow, it was all the same, and "that elegant Miss Irving," as they styled her was always in demand, and poor Lennox, from the distance at which she kept him, looked on almost heart-broken, varying between wrath, jealousy, pride and despair.

"Nannie," said he, one morning, when he found her for a moment alone, "how long is this to last?"

"I believe you wished me to come here to improve my manners, Mr. Ray; to acquire the elegance of society," she said, coldly.

"But, Nannie——"

"Well, if you are not pleased with the result of your own advice, I am not to blame. You must excuse me now, Mr. Ray, I am going to ride with the Count de Beaurepaire."

And with a graceful gesture of adieu, she left him sick at heart.

That afternoon, Lennox walked unannounced into Laura's room.

"I thought I'd drop in and say good-bye before you went down stairs," said he, "I leave to-night."

"Indeed? Where are you going?" asked Laura.

"Oh, I don't know!" was his savage reply.

"You can take a note to George for me?"

"Yes, if you get it ready," said he.

"Very well—I will write it now."

Laura left the room, and Lennox stood moodily at a window.

Presently Nannie came in and stood near him.

"Are you really going away?" she asked

"Yes I am," was the short answer.

"And won't you tell us where?"

"I don't know myself—neither know nor care!" he growled.

She slipped her hand in his arm, with the old caressing movement he remembered so well, and spoke gently, using his name for the first time since he came.

"But Lennox, dear, if you go away off somewhere, what shall I do?"

He turned suddenly and caught her to his heart.

"Oh, Nannie, Nannie!" he cried, passionately, "if you would only come back to me and love me—if I could recover my lost treasure, I would not go anywhere. Oh, my lost love, is it too late?"

She laid her face down against his shoulder, and asked:

"Lennox, dear, tell me which you love best, the Nannie you used to know, or the fashionable young lady you found here?"

"Oh, Nannie, darling!" he cried, clasping her closer. "I wouldn't give one toss of your old brown curls for all the fashionable young ladies in the world."

"Then you will have to take your old Nannie back again, Lennox, dear."

And Lennox, passionately clasping her to him, begged to be forgiven, and vowed he would not exchange his precious little wild rose for all hot-house flowers in Christendom.

Hints on Soups.

Clara Francis gives the *Prairie Farmer* an essay on soups, from which we extract the following:

Rules for Stock.—Five pounds lean meat and some cracked bones. Five quarts cold water. It should be at least half an hour in coming to boil. Skim; add a gill of cold water and skim again. Season with salt and vegetables, but be careful to use both sparingly. Cover close and simmer four or five hours. Strain cool, and remove fat. This will make a clear light broth.

Caramel for Coloring Broth.—For the sake of appearance broth is sometimes colored. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a nice bright saucepan, and when melted, add about half a pound of sugar. Stir constantly, over the fire, until it is a very rich dark brown. By no means let it burn. Add a half pint of water and an even teaspoonful of salt. Let the syrup boil until it is very rich and thick, which it will be in a few minutes. Strain and put it in small, close corked bottles; it should be so thick that it will just run from the bottle. A few drops will give the necessary color, and will not impair the flavor unless the sugar has been burnt. Tapioca, sago, macaroni, vermicelli, pearl-barley and rice are nice additions to this amber-colored broth. They should be cooked in water before being added to the soup. Grated cheese is sometimes served with macaroni and vermicelli soups—to be used at discretion.

Noodle Soup.—To one egg add a little salt and as much sifted flour as it will absorb, knead well and roll down very thin. Let it dry for half an hour, then dredge with flour and roll over and over. Shave thin slices from the end of the roll, shake them out and drop them into salted boiling water. Stir with a skimmer and boil for two minutes, then turn into a colander and dash cold water over them. Drain, and put into boiling broth; add a little chopped parsley and serve at once.

White Soup.—If eggs are plenty use the yolks of four, if scarce, take two whole ones instead. Beat them light and add a cup of cream, or use milk, and a teaspoon of melted butter. When these are mixed add to them, gradually, a pint of hot broth stirring all the time. Return to the kettle, let it come to a boil and serve immediately. Too long cooking will curdle the eggs. Instead of beating the eggs they can be poached and served in the broth, one egg to each person, adding the cream to the broth.

Potato Soup.—Peel and slice ten medium sized potatoes; add one onion, a slice of salt pork, a stalk of celery, a teaspoon of salt, and water enough to cover. Boil until the potatoes are very soft. Press through a colander; add a quart of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful chopped parsely; boil up once. It should be like thick cream. Serve with *croutons* (dry bread cut into small diamonds, fried in boiling lard and drained). Place in the tureen and pour the soup over them.

Angel Puddings: Two ounces of flour, two ounces of powdered sugar, two ounces of butter melted in half a pint of new mill, two eggs; mix well. Bake the above in small patty-pans until nicely browned, and send to table on a dish covered with a serviette. A little powdered sugar should be shifted over each pudding, and slices of lemon served with them. The eggs must be well beaten before they are added to the other ingredients.

Romance of a Poor Young Man.

A correspondent of the London *Standard*, writing from Paris, says: The sensation caused by the trial of Mlle. Biere for attempting to shoot her lover has barely begun to subside before another case, equally extraordinary, but far more painful, is on the point of coming before the Paris Assizes. The origin of the story dates as far back as the summer of 1869. In that year a young man named Alfred Gilbert fell in love with a young girl of the name of Gabrielle Coran. They both belonged to poor families, and both lived in the neighborhood of the Palais Royal. After courting in secret for some months, the young man demanded the hand of his sweetheart, but her father, who was an ardent Bonapartist, and occupied a stall in one of the public offices, refused his consent, on the ground of the Republican opinions held by Gilbert. The young couple then resolved to run away together, and one night the girl disappeared from home. After a week's search the father found them living together in a suburban retreat. On the promise of forgiveness and consent to their marriage the girl returned home to her parents, but the father declined to keep his word, and began to look out for another son-in-law. Driven to despair, Gabrielle Coran again eloped with her lover and the two determined to commit suicide. For this purpose they hired a room in a small inn at Plessis Piquet. The young man bought a revolver, and the young woman a packet of lucifer matches. Gabrielle Coran first of all tried to poison herself with a decoction of the matches. This failing, she told her lover to fire a bullet into her heart. Alfred Gilbert fired, and without waiting to see the effect of the shot discharged a second bullet into his own head. Neither wound was, however, fatal. Both were taken to the hospital, where they remained two months. The bullet in the girl's body was extracted, but the other bullet still remained in the skull of the young man, where it has ever since been. Gilbert was about to be tried for attempting to shoot his mistress, when the war broke out and put a stop to the sittings of the Assizes. As the Germans marched into Paris and the siege became imminent, the authorities, wanting all the able-bodied men possible to defend the city, consented to let him out of prison for the moment, on the condition of his enrolling himself in some active corps, and promising not to seek after Gabrielle Coran. He joined the sharpshooters of the Ternes Quartier, and distinguished himself so much in the Buzenval sortie that he was mentioned on the military order of the day. The war over and peace proclaimed, he returned to the hands of justice to undergo his trial, but once more fate stepped in and postponed it. The Commune arose, and all the public powers having withdrawn to Versailles, the city was left in the hands of the insurrectionists, who opened the prison doors and enrolled the inmates, among them Alfred Gilbert. The young man does not appear to have taken a conspicuous part in the insurrection. However, he was tried by court-martial in 1871, and sentenced to transportation to New Caledonia, where he remained till a few months ago, when he was amnestied. He has just arrived in Paris and given himself up to the legal authorities to go through his trial for the deed he had committed at Plessis Piquet ten years ago. But the painful part of the story remains to be told. Gabrielle Coran is now the wife of a well-to-do merchant, with children, highly respected, and of irreproachable character. Forgetting the folly of her tender years, and believing Gilbert dead and buried, she married, but kept the tragic love-drama of 1870 a secret from her husband. The consequences of the unexpected resurrection of the young man can be more readily conceived than described.

Using Up the Elephants.—Considerable interest attaches to a question which has just been put by a Sheffild worker in ivory. He desires to know whether elephants shed their tusks, as, if not 1280 of these magnificent beasts must have been killed to supply his manufactory alone with the ivory used last year. The answer to his query is, unfortunately, that before the tusks can be obtained an elephant must be slaughtered, and herein is found a subject for very serious reflection. Numerous still in Ceylon, though by no means so plentiful as they were a few years ago, and without doubt existing in large numbers in certain parts of Africa, the elephant is, however, rapidly disappearing. As a beast of burden he is unrivaled for strength, endurance and intelligence; and the services he rendered in times of war, as well as peace, would alone more than reward a great effort on his behalf. Quite a part from the fact when he goes, the supply of ivory ceases, too, these is also the grave consideration for his loss as a means of locomotion and transport. It is well known that he does not breed in captivity, and is, therefore, only in a wild state that the species can be preserved. The destruction of more than 1200 of his kind for one knife-making firm implies a huge and serious waste.

The Census of Greece.—The census of Greece has recently been taken, and as rapid increase in population is almost always, in civilized countries, an indication of the material well-being of the inhabitants, it is satisfactory to know that this little kingdom has grown in numbers at quite a remarkable rate, for its population is now 1,679,775, or just about twice what it was in 1838, when the first national census was taken. The increase at and around the capital, Athens, is even more remarkable than in the country at large. Athens, forty years ago, was little better than a village, the effect of the Turkish rule being to keep down the size of the provincial towns. At that time there was no people who could be said to properly represent the Pireus. Ten years ago, however, Athens had 48,000 inhabitants, and the port of Pireus had 11,000. Now the capital city has a population of 74,000, and its maritime adjunct claims 22,000. In the census returns of the country taken during the early days under the present government, little attempt was made to determine the national wealth; but it seems to be beyond dispute that property has increased in amount and value at a much faster rate than the growth of the population.

Of all the ruins of the world, the ruin of a man is the saddest to contemplate.