

## "A LITTLE GOOSE."

There are many charming sentiments connected with clanship, and it cannot be denied that union in families is delightful to witness; but of even such good things as these one may possibly have too much. So, at least, thought young Hugh LeStrange when his grandfather affectionately intimated to him that the family of which he had the honor to be the eldest bachelor representative, unanimously considered it his plain and obvious duty to marry his cousin Pauline. Hugh's father had been dead some five years, and his great-uncle's grandson, Pauline's father, had fallen in the Franco-Prussian war; for the branch of the LeStrange family to which she belonged was of French nationality, and had but recently migrated across the water. There had been a family quarrel, whereas it had been resolved and carried, nem. con., that the common interests, pecuniary and otherwise, of the house of LeStrange, would be materially advanced by the matrimonial union of the two young people. The result of this important conference being duly communicated to Hugh by his grandfather, and to Pauline by her mother, it was confidently expected that both cousins would regard the alliance in the same light as their seniors, and enact their respective parts with willing concurrence. Indeed, so far as Pauline was concerned, there could be nothing unusual or despotical to her in this parental arrangement of her future; for her French education and surroundings had accustomed her to the idea of family arbitration in matrimonial affairs, and she was not, as are English girls, familiar with the notion of maidenly independence. She received the news of the proposed union with calm acquiescence; her cousin Hughes, as she called him, was not likely to prove an unkind husband, and she was content to let matters drift quietly to the proposed consummation. Not so, however, the bridegroom-elect. Hugh LeStrange felt a distinct and deliberate injury had been done him, and he resolved to resent it. But being a young fellow of amiable nature, hating arguments and dreading open rupture, he confined the expression of his dissatisfaction to a few words of mild remonstrance, secretly determining the while to so conduct his part of the affair as to demonstrate unmistakably to Pauline's mother and to the young girl herself his utter inability to enter into the spirit of the new character allotted to him.

It was arranged that the necessary proposal should be made, and the courtship inaugurated at a certain country house to which, during the hunting season, both parties had been invited. Pauline had but lately quitted her school in Paris. Hugh had not long left Oxford, and some years had elapsed since their last meeting. Under such circumstances this renewal of old ties with a new intent was regarded by the family confederation as an event of critical interest.

On the evening of the day which witnessed the arrival at Shireton Manor of Madame LeStrange and her daughter, Hugh was deputed to conduct Pauline to dinner; and as the two cousins placed themselves side by side at the table many inquiring and speculative glances were turned toward them by those of the guests who had been admitted to the secret. Indeed they were a couple any family might have been proud to escort to the altar. The young man, now in his twenty-fifth year, was tall, bearded, stalwart and fair-faced; Pauline, thoroughly French in feature and complexion, was not mean of stature; and though the national petulant and impulsive temperament showed itself in the curves of her lips, the truthful steadfastness of her brown eyes stood sponsor for a heart that was not empty of English blood. What a pity it was that, being so handsome a couple, and carrying with them the good wishes of all their mutual relatives, and a fine inheritance to boot, they could not find each other charming. But fate will have her way. Throughout the whole of that critical dinner, young LeStrange, meditating on his wrongs, was unobscured, monosyllabic and unpleasant. Pauline, disposed at first to accept with affability such affectionate advances as her cousin might make, when she perceived that none were vouchsafed, assumed a frosty reserve, and stood aloof on her dignity. During two hours—five courses and dessert—the pair sat side by side, prim, morose and mutually unkind; and when the hostess rose a thorough mistaking had been established. The incidents of the remainder of the evening confirmed the opinion each had formed of the other. The ice froze harder and harder over the hearts of both; and before Pauline retired for the night, she disordered her mind to her mother in voluble French, very much after the following fashion:

"Mamma, it is perfectly useless to tell me to marry Hughes; he is altogether odious and insupportable. As for him, he hates me; that you must all have seen plainly enough. He hardly spoke two words to me all dinner time; and directly he saw me go to the piano he went off with Capt. Lovell. He thinks himself too good for me, no doubt; he can see how abominably concealed he is by the contemptuous way in which he looked at everybody, and by his air of ill-bred reserve.

"But, Pauline, dearest," pleaded Madame LeStrange, deeply chagrined, "suppose this all arises from shyness on his part! Remember his position is rather a difficult one; and a young man brought up in English ways, as he has been, may feel more embarrassed than would a Frenchman under similar circumstances."

"Awkwardness is not charming," returned Pauline, "and a shy man is hardly better than a rude one. However, I will give him another chance to-morrow; but if he is not nicer at breakfast and luncheon than he has shown himself at dinner, I will have nothing more to do with him. He is not the only husband to be had in the world, I suppose; and I am but eighteen after all, and just as good looking as other girls. Good-night, dear mamma." And with a parting kiss and a satisfied glance in the mirror, Pauline passed light-hearted to her chamber.

The next day things were no better an aspect, and made mademoiselle's second denunciation of her intended spouse was unequivocal and decisive. Hugh, on his part, saw reason to congratulate himself on the course he had adopted, and when he quitted the smoking room at mid-

night he had accepted a friend's invitation to leave Shireton Manor on the morrow for more congenial joys elsewhere.

"Certainly," said the facetious young man, as he extinguished his candle, "I have acted wisely in getting out of this business. I should have been miserable for life if I had given in. What a monstrous thing it is in this country for a man's relatives to take on themselves the disposal of his liberty in such an outrageous way as this! Pauline is the last girl in the world to suit me, with her prim affection and coyness, and her ridiculous air of petite reine. I believe she has not an idea in her mind—these French-bred young women never have—and she doesn't know how to be natural and sociable and sympathetic. Whenever my time does come to turn benedick, my wife shall be just as unlike mademoiselle ma cousine as possible."

So there was an end to this most excellent match, to the infinite disgust, vexation and dismay of the intriguing parties. Hugh communicated to his grandfather in respectful terms, but with firm expressions, his absolute repugnance to the proposed alliance, and his unalterable resolution to undergo the worst that might happen rather than to submit to it. And Pauline declared with much fervor that, rather than perform her part in the contract, she would be cut to pieces or burned alive. In the face of such obstacles no more could be done, and after sundry futile reproaches and laments the family scheme was abandoned. Hugh was admitted to be a free man and Madame LeStrange began to turn her thoughts to the pursuit of some more eligible parts.

But the cousins, however, widely separated from a matrimonial point of view, were cousins still, and the unavoidable failure of mutually cherished hopes could not be permitted to effect an estrangement between the two branches of the family. Early in the spring Pauline and her mother re-appeared in London, and thither also came her only brother Jacques, but recently emancipated from the bonds of Alma Mater. Now Jacques was the chosen particular friend of his cousin Hugh, and although being the younger man, he had entered the university later, he had during more than a year been fellow-students at the same hall, and inseparable allies in all the pursuits and interests of college life. Therefore, immediately upon his arrival in town, Jacques sought out his cousin, and within half an hour of their meeting the younger LeStrange was in possession of the details of the family machinations and the consequent thereupon.

"I heard something about the affair from home," said Jacques, "but in such a vague way that I could make nothing of it. However, we need not trouble ourselves about the thing now, and I suppose you won't let it make any difference to you. Are you going to Lady Leigh's on Thursday?"

"Upon my word," answered Hugh meditatively, "I don't know. I was going, but I hear Pauline and your mother will be there, and that seems awkward, doesn't it?"

"My good fellow, you don't mean to say you are going to cut us on account of this untoward affair? You will have everybody gossiping about the thing if you behave so ridiculously, and you may injure Pauline's chances in a way that you don't know of. Why should people know there has been anything contemplated between you? All sorts of tales will be told, a hundred times worse, every one of them, than the truth; and no one need guess anything at all if only you conduct yourself rationally and in a natural manner. And, really, I don't see why you should dislike meeting Pauline. There has been no regular quarrel between you, no jilting, or jealousy or anything of that kind; it was a simple mutual dissent from certain views, entertained for you by older people who ought to have been wiser. Besides, it all happened about four months ago and the entire scheme has been dropped. Were you I would not only go to Lady Leigh's ball, but I would dance with Pauline, just to show friendliness and a disposition to put things back on the old footing?"

This discussion ended as Jacques wished. Hugh promised not to absent himself from the ball in question, and he kept his word. It was one of the first balls of the season, and was well attended. Pauline seemed to be a great success and danced unweariedly. But shortly after supper, as Hugh, having handed his last partner to her seat, stood idle a moment by a doorway, his surprise was great by being tapped lightly on the arm by Pauline's fan, and hearing her say, as though echoing her brother's advice:

"When are you going to ask me to dance, Cousin Hughes? I have just this waltz free, if you like." Then in lower tones: "Do not seem to avoid me; there is no need for us to be strangers to each other on account of what has occurred. People will notice it, mamma says."

What could Hugh do? Impossible to refuse, and beside, whether he danced with her or not mattered nothing; their engagement had been formally annulled and no attention he paid her could be misinterpreted. After all, she was a handsome girl, and supportable enough for a mere cousin. A cousin may be tolerated and even danced with very agreeably, provided one is not expected to make her one's companion for life. So Hugh resolved to be pleasant. Perhaps, indeed, poor girl, he owed her some amends for his part in the recent failure of the family plot; at any rate, they stood now in no false light together, and there was, therefore, no reason for observing constraint or restraint in his manner toward her. And so the next minute the young man's arm was around Pauline's waist, and the pair were whirling together amicably down the room.

They paused at length by a conservatory, and Hugh found his partner a seat beneath a tall tree fern.

"What a splendid waltzer you are!" he said graciously. "Did they teach you that in Paris?"

She answered pleasantly, with a manner so unaffected, and a smile so bright, that Hugh recalled with wonderment the stiff primness and word when last they met every gesture and word when last they met. How, he asked himself, could four short months have brought about so striking a difference?

Their talk flowed gaily on, for Hugh

melting and warmed under the influence of his companion's gracious manner; until Pauline, being in request for another dance, dismissed her cousin with a parting intimation that she hoped to meet him the following evening at the house of a mutual friend.

"We shall be there early," said she with an ingenious air. "If you like to come by 10 o'clock I can give you the first quadrille."

Hugh went home bewildered; and, entering his room in the gray morning twilight, threw himself into an easy chair and meditated there till sunrise.

What! This girl, so mindless, so wordless, so prudish, so unsympathetic, whom a mistaken devotion to the interest of kinship would have forced upon him as a wife, had suddenly transformed her entire nature, and become genial, frank, intelligent, charming! Hugh could make nothing of the mystery. It did not occur to him that he too must have appeared to Pauline under a new and very different aspect from that presented by the gruff and unamiable young man who had been offered her for a husband. Let that have been as it may, however, it is not on record that Mademoiselle LeStrange made any observation of this kind to her mother.

Lady Leigh's ball was but the first of a goodly number of dances and "at homes" at which the cousins were destined to meet. Hugh told himself that to attempt avoiding such meetings would be childish and affected; and that, moreover, as Pauline showed no evidence of embarrassment or annoyance in his presence, but, on the contrary, a most natural and perfect gaiety of speech and manner, he ought not to consider himself an obstacle to her enjoyment.

One circumstance only began, little by little, to disturb the peaceful equanimity of Hugh's existence. There was a certain Colonel Spiers Gordon, a tall, handsome officer of the hussars, with whom Pauline danced much, who rode often beside her in the park, and whose presence at Madame LeStrange's afternoon tea was not infrequent. It was, Hugh admitted to himself, supremely ridiculous to feel annoyed by such paltry incidents as these; for the colonel was a man of the best reputation personally, and his pedigree and fortune were all that Mayfair could desire. Hugh examined his mind deeply on the subject, and found there nothing to account for the incipient mistrust and discomfort which this acquaintance caused him. Pauline was his cousin, certainly, but in the third degree only, and his interest in her welfare was comparatively remote and of a merely friendly character. Doubtless his uneasiness arose from the incongruity presented to his mind by the idea of a marriage possibly taking place between so young a girl and the colonel; for the latter must certainly have attained his fortieth year, while she was not yet nineteen. Hugh had sufficient regard for his cousin to feel some solicitude for her happiness as a wife, and to wish for her a husband at least more suitable in age than this gallant hussar. Young LeStrange was not a little comforted at having thus satisfactorily solved the secret of his disquietude. It had looked at the outset so suspiciously like a latent flame of jealousy, that to feel assured of the harmlessness of its true nature was most gratifying. To have been jealous, even in the smallest degree, would have implied the existence of a feeling in regard to Pauline which it was absolutely and eternally impossible he should ever entertain; and he was well acquainted with the fact that she, on her part, held similar immutable views in respect of himself.

One brilliant May noontide, Mademoiselle LeStrange, entering the breakfast-room on her return from her morning ride, found her mother apparently absorbed in meditation over a letter which lay open on a table at her elbow beside a cup of untasted chocolate. When she saw Pauline she started slightly, and re-folded her letter, but, observing her daughter's eye upon it as she did so, said lightly:

"From Colonel Gordon, dearest."

"No bad news, I hope?" asked Pauline in the same tone, gathering up the folds of her habit, and contemplating the splashes upon it.

With a smile, Madame LeStrange put the letter into her daughter's hand.

Pauline read it hastily, the rosy color gathering brightly over her face and throat; then, turning again to her mother, she said in a low, tremulous tone:

"So he wants me to be Madame Spiers Gordon."

"They call it 'Mrs.' in this country," replied her mother correctively, and with an expression of playfulness.

"Well, mamma, will you please say 'No'?"

"No!" echoed Madame LeStrange, astonished. "Surely, my dearest, you don't mean to refuse such an offer as this."

"Why should I accept it?" returned Pauline. "I do not care for him as I ought to care for a husband, and it would not be right for me to say 'Yes.'"

"You plunge me in despair, Pauline; this is the second most excellent chance you have had within four months, and you decline them both unconditionally. Tell me, my child, is there any motive for this behavior on your part? Do you—can you be thinking of anybody else?"

As she spoke, Madame LeStrange rose and took her daughter's hand caressingly in her own. But there was no emotion in Pauline's gay rejoinder.

"Dear mamma, of course not. I don't want to marry Colonel Gordon, that's all. Is it so very inexplicable?"

"And you would not marry Hugh, either; such a charming, intelligent young man, too, and exactly suited to you in every way. Estelle difficile, cette chère, Pauline?"

Pauline turned abruptly away and seated herself by the window.

"I wish Hughes had always been what he is now," she exclaimed almost fiercely.

"Que dis-tu là?" cried her mother, doubting her ears.

"Why, that was his own fault! I said I hated him," continued the girl still looking away from her mother; "he chose to make himself rude and disagreeable, and of course I thought him odious then! But ever since we have been here he has been quite, quite different, and nobody would suppose he was the same man. There! I have said too much but I couldn't help it. You must keep my secret, mamma, and tell Col. Gordon that Pauline is a spoiled child and won't marry."

Madame LeStrange caught her daughter impulsively in her arms.

"My poor darling child, never did I dream of such a romance as this! Tell me, tell my good mother, then, wouldst not say 'No' to Hughes would he but ask thee of us now."

Pauline burst into a shower of passionate tears.

"Malheureuse enfant!" cried Madame LeStrange, "what can we do for thee? It is too late!"

Precisely at this critical moment the door of the room was opened and brother Jacques walked in.

"Why," cried he standing aghast, "Mother—Pauline? Qu'y a-t-il donc?"

"Pauline is a little goose," answered Madame, with a tearful effort at playfulness. "Col. Gordon has written the most charming letter, asking my permission to make her an offer of marriage and she will have nothing to say to him."

"Well, that's unlucky for him, certainly," rejoined Jacques, "but what has my little sister got to cry about? Has she, perchance, been scolded for wanting to say unkind things to the colonel?"

"Of course not," replied his mother uneasily. "I told you she was a little goose, that's all. Now run up stairs, Pauline, and change your dress, dear; and you, Jacques, ring for the luncheon tray."

"Girls are certainly odd creatures," said Jacques to himself, as he lighted a cigar on the doorstep that afternoon. "Fancy crying like Niobe because somebody whom one doesn't care about wants to marry one! What an excess of heart!"

He strolled into the park, and presently at an accustomed rendezvous met his friend Hugh, and forthwith related the episode.

"So you think she has refused him definitively?" asked the elder cousin when the story was finished.

"I understand so, certainly. And it is easy to see that by doing so she has greatly vexed my mother. It was an excellent proposal, you see."

"I see nothing of the kind," replied Hugh with some heat. "Confound Col. Gordon! I never liked the fellow from the beginning."

"Sapristi!" ejaculated Jacques; "what can he have done to you? He's a capital fellow, and never had a bad word for any man."

Hugh threw away a cigar he was smoking.

"I don't mean to say he ever offended or injured me personally," said he; but I mean that I never liked his being so much with your sister. She ought to marry a younger man, Jacques."

"Well, I dare say she will," returned Jacques carelessly. "Pauline is a great favorite. But then, you know, the colonel's position is really first-rate."

Hugh turned on his cousin almost wrathfully.

"Can't you leave the colonel alone?" he cried. "She's said 'No,' and I suppose there's an end of the thing."

"My good Hughes, don't be in such a deuce of a rage about it. Upon my word if I didn't know how matters stood between you and Pauline, I would swear you were jealous."

"I—jealous! what—of Pauline! Confound it all. I've dropped my cigar somewhere! Give me a light, old man."

"Yes," repeated Jacques steadily, looking his friend full in the face, as they paused a moment, while Hugh kindled a fresh cigar, "to tell you the truth, I could certainly have thought you were jealous. Come; is it so? Have you betrayed yourself?"

"Look here, Jacques," old fellow, said Hugh, after a pause of brief duration, occupied by several violent puffs at the cigar. "I don't know what it is to feel on this subject; and, upon my honor, if I am jealous, you have found it out first. The fact is, Jacques, can you keep a secret?"

"I can when it's necessary," returned his cousin, laconically.

"Well, when they all wanted me to marry Pauline, you know, she took considerable pains to make it evident to me that I didn't please her, and, as you know also, she expressed that opinion to her mother. In fact, she was so extremely distant and cold and—unaffectionate, and put on such an air of 'noli me tangere' toward me, that I thought her a very unpleasant young person, and was much relieved to find my antipathy reciprocated. But the first time I met her in town—at Lady Leigh's, you remember, she was totally changed—charming, vivacious, full of smiles, and so she has been ever since. I have seen her during the last six weeks under a perfectly new aspect, and perhaps, old man, if she hadn't been Pauline I might have been jealous of the colonel."

"What a drama in two acts!" cried Jacques. "But is the fact of this delightful young woman's identity really an insuperable obstacle? Why not speak to her, or to my mother, now?"

"Speak about what?" returned Hugh. "Why should I go and make a fool of myself? Don't you know that Pauline made up her mind long ago to look on me as a second cousin only?"

"I know she did—long ago," cried Jacques, as a sudden light broke in on him; "but why may not she also have come to look on you in a new light? Do you know it seems possible to me that just such a change on her part may be the explanation of those otherwise enigmatical tears, and of a certain tragic utterance of my mother's, which caught my ear as I opened the door so opportunely. 'Get trod! said she. What could be too late if not a tardy repentance on Pauline's part, and a futile willingness to accept something she had once rejected! Hugh, old man, are you really in earnest this time? Do you really think you would be happy with my sister?"

"Upon my word, Jacques," answered Hugh, somewhat agitated, "I begin to believe that I cannot be happy without her; but if it hadn't been for this confounded colonel, I declare I don't think I should ever have found out the true state of the case!"

"Then follow my advice, man, and let me take you up to dinner this evening. Now is your time; for, judging from my own observations of Miss Pauline and the present general aspect of affairs, I would not mind venturing a considerable sum on the successful issue of an appeal suit. Only be sure you know your own mind this time, for Pauline may not be inclined to let you off again, and you might find y'ur last state worse than your first if another repentance were to set in on your part."

"Don't congratulate me too soon, old fellow. Of myself I am sure enough, but of Pauline—Ah, Jacques, perhaps if

your people and mine had not been at so much trouble to bring us together, we might have found one another and fallen in love naturally! As it is, you see—"

"My good Hugh, I see nothing but a very logical and comprehensible state of things. Four months ago when you were strangers, you chose to exhibit yourself—forgive me—in a very unpleasant light; now Pauline knows you better, and she has seen through the fraud you put on her. Our people made a mess of the thing, as people always do when they try to manage the matrimonial concerns of others. Love should be led, not driven; and when my turn comes let's hope they will show that they've learnt wisdom, and not get manoeuvring on my behalf with any desirable young person. Well, it's 6:30, and if we are to be at home in time for dinner we ought to be making tracks."

Later on the same eventful day, in a remote corner of Madame LeStrange's drawing room over two cups of post-prandial coffee, Hugh and Mademoiselle Pauline privately arranged their own love affairs very much to their individual satisfaction and to the subsequent joy and gratulation of the parties secondarily concerned.

And only hope that the gallant and rejected colonel found balm for his disappointment in the reflection that but for his timely intervention two young persons whom nature had designed for each other would probably have never told their love, and might have gone on until the end of this dispensation mistaking the ardor of Cupid's flame for the mild effluence of consensually affection.

## A Lover's Unsuccessful Rise.

A story about which there is a fascination which it is impossible to resist when you hear men tell it is that of the "Home of Gold." Somewhere in southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said there is a wonderful valley. Small, enclosed in high rocky walls and accessible only by a secret passage, which is known to but few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream, which waters it thoroughly and makes it a perfect paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge, and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yellow metal as other streams do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold and to run down into the center of the earth. The legend is of Indian origin and around it cluster a number of Indian stories, in which the name of the ill-fated Montezuma occurs frequently. The descendants of the Aztecs believe firmly that the day will come when Montezuma will return and free them from the dominion of the conquistadores. They believe that the money necessary for this work will be taken from the Madre d'Oro. The secret of the entrance into the valley is carefully guarded by a tribe of Indians living near it, and among them it is only communicated to the oldest men, amid the solemn ceremonies of the medicine lodge. Having such a story to work upon there is little wonder that the vivid imagination of the Mexicans should have built upon it tales of men who have found this wonderful place. One is that a certain Jose Alvarez, while wandering through the mountains in search of game, saw the valley from the top of the wall. Finding that he could not hope to enter by climbing down, he took his abode with the Indians who guard the canyon leading into it. The daughter of the chief fell in love with him and betrayed the secret to him. Exactly how she found it out they do not tell. Having been shown the entrance, Jose went in and would possibly have gotten away with some of the gold had he not weighed himself down to such an extent that he could not get up the delicacy at the end of the passage. He was discovered and the Indians sacrificed him on the golden ledge with all the terrible ceremonies of the old Aztec religion. She, in despair at losing him, threw herself from the high walls into the valley below. Hundreds of prospectors have spent months of toil to find the Madre d'Oro, but it is scarcely necessary to say, without success.—[Las Cruces Republican.]

## Only the Manager.

At a station on one of the railroads leading out of Detroit, the train had arrived and departed the other day, when the station agent, who had been in the place about three weeks, and was looking for a call every hour to come to Detroit and take charge of the line, was approached by a quick, well-dressed man, smoking a cigar, who asked:

"Keep you pretty busy here?"

"Yum," was the jerky reply.

"Business on the increase?"

"Yum," again.

"Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after taking a turn on the platform.

"Nobody else runs it!" growled the agent. "Have you got a patent car-coupler?"

"Oh, no."

"Want special freight rates, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"I don't give you passes."

"I don't want any."

"Waiting for the next train?"

"Not particularly."

"Want to charter a car?"

"No."

The agent left him on the platform and entered his office and busied himself for half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked:

"What's the salary of a position like this?"

"That's my business," was the prompt reply.

"What's the income from this station?"

"Ask the baggage man."

"Your name is —, isn't it?"

"Suppose it is?"

"Ob, nothing much—only I'm the general manager of the line, and I'd like to exchange cards with you!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

Free Press. We have come across an expression which ought to be perpetuated. An old stage driver, when speaking of those bank defaulters and other rogues who were once members in good standing of some church, called them "ex-praying men."

## Mustapha, The Hunchback.

The following story is a favorite one among the Egyptians: Mustapha, an orphan boy who had the misfortune to have an ill-shaped back, was called Hunchback. His parents were poor, and after they died he was left without any home or friends; but a poor widow pitied him, and took him to be her son. When he grew up she sent him to Alexandria to sell some chickens. But the ignorant lad fell into the hands of bad men, who stole his poultry and even took away a part of his clothes. Poor Mustapha, finding himself robbed stood in the streets, crying. A witty wag saw him weeping, and having learned his story, took him home, fed him and clothed him again. He then gave him a case of something he called a cosmetic. A cosmetic is something to make the hair grow. "Take this," said the wag, "and go home to your village and sell it. Tell the people it will make both their beards and their wigs to increase. The money you get for it may keep for yourself and for your poor mother."

Mustapha thanked his friend, and, departing with the case, returned to his village, where he announced what he had for sale before the whole assembled population. To his surprise, they all burst out laughing, and made fun of him. He returned desponding to his adopted mother's house, and the world was black before him; but presently the sheikh sent privately to buy a small packet; and then the barber; and then the tobacco seller; and then the coffee-house keeper—all in private. In fact, before the evening, the whole of his merchandise was sold; and every man in the village went to bed with his chin steeped in the cosmetic, each believing that both his beard and his wisdom would have doubled in length next morning.

I wish I could reproduce the pantomime by which the morning scene was described; the snorings, the grunts, the yawns, the impatience for the dawn; for it appears all the patients had been ordered to keep their jaws carefully wrapped up until daylight. At length the wished-for moment arrived.

Then they all rose up, and hastily taking off the cloths, which had nearly stifled them, found that their beards came off likewise! They clapped their hands to their chins, and felt them to be as smooth as their knees; they jogged their wives, and were greeted by screams of laughter; they ran out into the streets, and learned the truth, that the whole population had been rendered beardless by ointment which the wag had given to Mustapha. As all were equally unfortunate, all laughed; but they resolved to punish the unlucky hunchback. He was called before the sheikh, where the elders of the village had assembled; and when he saw the circle of smooth faces, he could not help giggling.

"He laugheth, because he hath defiled our beards," exclaimed the conclave. "It is necessary to put him to death. We are all friends here; let us thrust him into a bag, carry him to the river and throw him in, so that no more may be heard of him."

This idea was unanimously accepted; and Mustapha was carried away in a sack, across an ass's back, toward the river. About noon, his guards stopped to rest, and, lying down, fell asleep, leaving the hunchback still in his sack. Now it happened that an old man, bent nearly two-double, came driving by an immense flock of sheep; and seeing these people asleep, and a sack standing up in the middle, was moved by curiosity to draw near it.

Mustapha had managed to open it a little, and to look out with one eye; which observing, the old shepherd marveled, saying: "A bag with an eye did I never see before."

He demanded, in a low voice, what was the meaning of this. The eye became a mouth, and replied: "I am the unfortunate Mustapha, whom these people are taking by force to marry the Sultan's daughter."

"What!" said the old man, who had married thirty-three wives in the course of his life; "and dost thou repine at such good fortune?"

"So much, that I would give all I possess to find a substitute."

"Would not I do perfectly well?" quoth the shepherd. "I am not very old; I have two teeth left, and one of my eyes is good enough; but they would not take me in exchange."

"Oh, yes, wallah, they would, if you called yourself Mustapha; it appereth that the name is fortunate, and I have been chosen only on this account. Unto the bag and let me out."

The shepherd, whose hands trembled from age and excitement, liberated Mustapha, made him a present of his flock, and bade him tie the bag very tightly, lest the change should be discovered. The hunchback did as he was desired, and hastened to retire with his sheep. Meanwhile, the villagers, waking up, threw their prisoner again upon the ass, and proceeding on their journey, plunged the poor old man into the river, just as he was dreaming with delight of his first interview with the Sultan's daughter; how he would smile and look pleasant, and how she would bid him be of good cheer.

## Slave Trade Fostered by Egyptians.

Swedish missionaries in Nubia report that they have lately experienced much opposition from the Egyptian agents and officers in the Upper Nile Valley, who exceedingly dislike Europeans on account of their hatred of the slave trade. A very extensive trade is carried on by Egyptian and Turkish merchants in the region south and west of the Blue Nile. Troops of negroes are brought northward in chains. Those who prove too weak for the journey are either abandoned, without mercy, to perish from hunger or wild beasts, or their drivers at once kill them.

The girls are sold to the harems of the wealthy Egyptians and Turks, while the men and women are disposed of as servants. There is also a steady demand for male negroes of a certain class for attendants and guardians of the Mahomedan harems; but a great proportion of these men die from the injuries sustained in the preliminary training for the duties of this office. The Swedish missionaries have been compelled to return to Khartoum, instead of penetrating southward, as they had intended. The Egyptians regard the missionaries and all the whites as spies upon and opponents of the barbarities connected with the extensive slave traffic with the interior.—[St. James Gazette.]