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THE THREE GREENS.

Shortly after the Crimean war, an individual whose right arm encased in splints and hung in a sling, entered a magnificent jewelry shop, the proprietor of which was a Mr. James Green. The stranger had that in his appearance which is generally styled dignity; his carriage and garb revealed the military veteran, and his manners the finished gentleman. At the door halted an elegant caribolet, and the good taste of its owner was made apparent by the plain and neat livery of the groom and the choice trappings of the handsome blooded horse.

The stranger stated that he was desirous of procuring a complete silver table service, rich, solid and elegant, with but little ornamentation. Could Mr. Green prepare such a one for him? The goldsmith answered, of course, in the affirmative, and he showed several patterns to his visitor, who then described very minutely the style in which he wished the articles to be made, and asked by what time they could be ready. At the same time he insisted on punctuality, saying that he must use the set at a reception he would soon give at his new residence in Leicester square. Mr. Green promised to have it done in three weeks, and then the two parties discussed the terms.

The jeweler very carefully made all his calculations and demanded £1200. The stranger thought a few moments, then said he had determined upon getting a service at a cost of $1500, and requested Mr. Green to add as many more pieces to the set as would fix the price at that sum. Mr. Green thanked the gentleman for his remark of confidence, and inquired of him to whose recommendation he owed his patronage.

"No one has recommended you to me," replied the stranger.

The jeweler looked up in surprise. The stranger, who had hitherto worn an air of dignity almost amounting to austerity now became more friendly and continued:

"I am a soldier. I have served for years in India, and more recently in the Crimea. At Balaklava, I received a severe wound in my right arm and hand which will, perhaps, disable the member for life. My patronage you owe to your parents, grand parents, and, in fact, to the whole line of your ancestors."

The jeweler was amazed and bewildered. His parents and other ancestors had long been dead, and could not have referred the soldier to him. The latter apparently enjoyed Mr. Green's perplexity, and smiling continued.

"I will make myself clearer. When in consequence of this unfortunate wound"—here a sudden twinge in his arm made him start painfully—"I was compelled to leave the service, I resolved to settle in London. While riding out, the other day, I was attracted by the appearance of your splendidly furnished shop, but more so by the name on your sign, for mine is precisely the same. To this simple reason you own the present visit of Colonel James Green, of the Grenadier Guards."

The jeweler expressed his delight at the honor of being a namesake of so distinguished a warrior, and, after a few more phrases of this sort, conversation reverted to the business in hand.

"May I now inform you, said the jeweler, with some hesitation, "of the conditions which must be generally complied with previous to making a sale?"

"No," said the colonel, sharply. "I have my own way of doing business. You and I do not know each other, and although my order is not an uncommonly large one, yet it amounts to a sum which you cannot credit a stranger. I will therefore pay you £100 cash down for a surety, the remaining £1400 when I call for the service."

Mr. Green accepted the proffer with profuse thanks.

"You need not thank me," the officer interrupted. "As I remarked, I always have a way of my own, from which I never like to deviate. Now do me the favor to take my portmonnaie from my coat pocket; my unfortunate Balaklava wound"—the colonel again winced with pain—"has maimed my right hand and arm completely."

Mr. Green expressed his sympathy in the warmest terms, carefully pulled the portmonnaie from the veteran's coat pocket, opened it at his desire, and from four or five new notes took one, which the colonel requested him to keep. Mr. Green wrote off a receipt and placed it in the old pocket-book, which he carefully restored to its resting place. He then assisted the colonel to enter the carriage, and the groom—Colonel Green could not drive on account of his injured arm—rapidly drove off in the direction of Leicester square. The jeweler, though much overjoyed, was a cautious business man, and notwithstanding the considerable deposit, proceeded to make his safety certain.

In the "War List," he readily found the name and rank of his customer, just as they had been given, and from the estate agent who rented out the splendid mansion in Leicester square, he had ascertained that it had recently been occupied by Colonel James Green, of the Guards, and that the latter had brought most excellent recommendations from his banker and sundry other distinguished personages.

In the course of the three weeks, at the end of which the set was to be done the colonel often came into the shop to see how the work was going on, and always discoursed so affably with the goldsmith that the latter could not find sufficient words of praise for his genial customer when speaking to others about him. At last the service was completed. It was placed upon a large table in the counting room, and covered with a cloth of blue velvet. Punctual at the stipulated time in the afternoon, Colonel Green entered the shop, his elegant cabriolet with the blocded horses remaining before the door in care of the groom.

The officer stepped into the counting room, and Mr. Green, swelling with pride, removed the velvet cloth from the service. The colonel, though usually a quiet man, declared that it surpassed his most sanguine expectation, and greatly insisted upon paying the entire £1500, and also upon the jeweler retaining the deposit of £100 as a douceur for the satisfaction he had given.

"You owe me no thanks, my dear Mr. Green," warmly said the colonel to the delighted goldsmith. "Give me your hand and again receive my heartfelt acknowledgement for this superb masterpiece."

The jeweler's beaming countenance, on grasping the hand of his namesake, can be better imagined than described."

"Now, to business," said the colonel. "Be so kind as to take out my pocketbook and count off your £1500, for I do not wish to tarry a moment before showing your "chef d'œuvre" to my wife."

The jeweler hastened to comply. He took from the officer's breast coat pocket a card case, a set of ivory tablets and a silk purse, through whose meshes glittered some five or six sovereigns—but no pocketbook. Upon the colonel's request, he then examined all his pockets. The search was futile.

"Strange! Incomprehensible! Could I have lost it or been robbed?" muttered the colonel, audibly; perplexed and provoked. "What o'clock is it?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty-five minutes to five,' was the reply.

"Good, it is time enough. You must make yourself of service to me once more, my dear Mr. Green, and act as my right hand. Will you have the goodness to write a few lines for me to my wife?"

With these words the colonel stepped to the jeweler's desk, on which lay some writing paper, printed with the name of the firm. Taking a sheet he placed it before the jeweler, saying, "This will do; my wife knows that I am here. He then dictated and the jeweler wrote:

"MY DEAR WIFE.—Have the goodness to send me at once £1500, through the bearer. You know where the money is kept. I am in immdiate need of it; therefore do not detain the messenger, who is a trustworthy person. Your affectionate husband. JOHN GREEN.

"Thank you," said the colonel, after perusing the epistle. "Michael" he cried, stepping to the door and calling the groom, "take this letter, ride home as fast as you can, and return at once to this place with that which my wife will give you."

The groom took the letter, bowed and quickly drove off.

Fifteen minutes, half an hour, nearly an hour passed away and Michael did not return. The colonel waxed impatient and wished that he had gone in person for the money. The jeweler essayed to tranquilize him, but without effect.

"I have always regarded the fellow as honest and trustworthy," said the colonel "and have on several occasions intrusted him with large sums of money, though, it is true, never with as much as at this time. Fifteen hundred pounds have proved too strong a temptation for him." Pulling out his magnificent gold watch, he continued, "I will wait just seven and one-half minutes longer—that is exactly the time it takes to drive here from Leicester square."

The seven and a half minutes were gone and the groom did not come. The colonel could not contain himself any longer.

"Do me the favor, Mr. Green, to call a cab," he said, in the greatest impatience.

"I shall go home myself and return within half an hour."

The cab was soon at the door.

"Quick to Leicester square," cried the colonel to the coachman. "A half crown extra if you drive well."

The cab drove on as rapidly as the horses could go. The goldsmith meantime had the service packed up, and then waited for his patron's return. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The colonel did not come. Something unusual must have detained him; but the jeweler felt no anxiety, for had he not still the service and a deposit of one hundred pounds.

Tired of waiting at last he closed his shop, at half after nine, and went home. His wife who had long been expecting him, had grown sleepy and was slumbering on a sofa. An open letter lay in her lap. Mr. Green stepped lightly to her, intending to awaken her with a kiss, when his eyes fell upon the letter.

"What is this?" he cried dumbfounded, as he recognized his own handwriting and the letter which he had just written for the colonel.

The reader can readily guess the sequel and the connection.

True, there existed a Colonel Green who had served in India and the Crimea and had been wounded at Balaklava, who had rented the house in Leicester square and who possessed a considerable fortune, but, alas! he was not the Colonel Green who had ordered the silver service. Heaven knows by what means the sharpers had gained knowledge of all the facts and circumstances upon which they constructed their admirably ingenious plan.

The man personating the groom, of course, was an accomplice, and the letter which Mr. James Green had penned for the pseudo Colonel James Green was delivered by him to the jeweler's wife, who did not hesitate to deliver to him the fifteen hundred pounds, because she recognized her husband's handwriting upon the paper stamped with the name of the jewelry firm. Who the sly rogues were never was brought to light.

Breeds of Poultry.

There are many breeds of poultry which are seldom or never seen on this ceast. Yet they appear in the collections of fanciers in the East and in Europe, and form the foundation for crosses of value. The climate of the Pacific coast particularly of California, is so admirably adapted to the production of the finest poultry, that it is perhaps worth while to test every breed known to the fanciers of other countries. The following notes are taken from the best poultry books, and cover the entire list of varieties shown at the greatest exhibitions of the world:

The Anconas are a cross between the black and the white Minorcas. The plumage is mottled gray, or dominique in color; the comb face and lobes are like the Minorca. They are hardy, good layers and non-setters. White, red and yellow in the plumage disqualifies.

The Minorcas alluded to in the previous paragraph, are supposed to have originated ages ago on the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean sea. The black Minorcas were possibly ancestors of the black Spanish, but are more robust and have a red face; splendid layers and non-setters; eggs very large and pure white; plumage green-black, or purple-black, and lustrous; comb upright, firm; very fine fowls for farmer's use, being hardy and maturing early.

Another important breed is the Andalusians, origin obscure; first exhibited in 1848. The type of the Andalusian fowl is tall, slender, long neck, legs grey, pumage bluish, or slaty, laced with black. The eggs are large, and the fowl is noted for laying qualities. The chickens are remarkably precocious. This is a valuable breed for general use.

The best and largest of the Hamburg tribe are the blacks. There are few birds of equal beauty to a fancier's eye. They are delicate and cannot be raised easily unless the breeder can give them a good range and some attention. Among other varieties of the Hamburgs are the gold penciled, the silver penciled and the redcaps. These are all favorites among the fanciers, and great regularity in the pencelings and spangles is required.

The Brahmas, light and dark, are notable fowls the world over. The light and the dark should in all respects save color, be similar. An adult male should weigh 12 to 14 pounds; an adult hen 8 to 10 pounds; pullets 6 to 8 pounds. The "points" essential for exhibition purposes in this breed are numerous and carefully defined in works on the subject. It has long been a favorite in poultry shows.

Leghorns, white and brown, originally from the city whose name they bear, seem to be a favorite in the United States and have been brought to great perfection. They are non-setters and prolific layers, but the eggs are small. They are hardy, vigorous, like an extensive range, and the chickens are of very little trouble. They are stylish and ornamental for exhibition purposes. For farm uses the brown Legborn crossed with light Brahmas make an excellent bird. The Andalusians are perhaps the only birds that surpass the Leghorns as layers.

The Chittagongs were the breeds of poultry which played a part during the furore of 1850 in New York, over large fowls. They are a coarse gray bird, and very little is at present seen or heard of them.

Cochins are are another of the noted large breeds, the cock weighing 12 or 15 pounds, and the hen from 7 to 11 pounns. The body is deep and wide, chest prominent, tail very short. The varities are the buff, the white, the black, the partridge Cochin and the cuckoo Cochin. All these are admirably adapted for use in close quarters, and for small yarns. The Cochins are pretty good breeds for table use. All the varieties are handsome and stylish exhibition birds. They lay well in winter, but are too broody. They are crossed, with the Dorkings to improve their laying powers.

The Courtes Pattes is a French breed very difficult to procure, but said to be a prolific layer. They have remarkable short legs. Another French breed which is widely known is the Crevicœur, one of the best for table use in dry places, but unfit for damp localities. The birds are lorge and handsome. They are poor layers.

One of the valuable and leading breeds, the Dominique, is of American origin. They are good layers and hardy. The cocks weigh from seven to eight pounds, and the hens six pounds. This is also a good table fowl.

Of ancient fame in poultry annals is the Dorking, probably descended from the Roman fowl described by Columella. Four varieties are known, the white, the cuckoo, the dark and the silver. Their proper place is on the table; they are inferior layers. The cock ranges in weight from 10 to 14 pounds, and the hen from 8 to 10 pounds. The chickens are somewhat hard to raise. A peculiarity of this breed is the presence of a fifth toe.

Congress has bought Charles Wilson Peale's portrait of Washington lately exhibited at the Corcoran Gallery. The price is said to be $5000. The joint congressional committee on the library has bought for the White House a three-quarters life-sized portrait of Garfield recently furnished by E. F. Andrews of Washington.

One Woman's Work.

Off the coast of North Carolina, a few miles from Baufort, there rises a small bit of land, known as Harker's Island. It is about five miles long, by two broad. Fifteen years ago it was inhabited by one or two hundred people, all of the poor white class. Their degradation, demoralized by the slave system, it would be impossible to describe. At this war period they were in their lowest depth of wretchedness, moral and physical. A book was unknown upon the island. They never repeated the name of God, or heard it, except in oaths. They lived in miserable huts, whole families sometimes crowded into one room, in poverty and filth inconceivable. They despised work, subsisting entirely upon government rations, which they obtained upon the plea of helplessness. Their repulsiveness almost destroyed compassion, and men shrank from them as from the contagion of a plague.

At this time Miss J. C. Bell, a Northern woman, went to North Carolina, with the purpose of teaching the freedmen. But, on arriving, she found the field in that neighborhood well occupied by teachers, and, soon after, her attention was drawn to Harker's Island.

Miss Bell's pity for this miserable people seems to have been deeper than her aversion, for she soon decided to open a school for the children. There was no building which would serve as a schoolhouse, a roof and four posts being all that the island could furnish. The authorities at Beaufort being appealed to, a floor and walls were added to this primitive structure. A log lean-to was also built against it, which was to serve as the teacher's home.

In this small school-room Miss B. gathered such of the children as she could, and began work. Half naked, diseased, with the blight of generations of ignorance upon them, they came to be taught. Their primer lessons were well salted with maxims of neatness, and along with the rudiments of common knowledge they acquired a strong respect for their instructor. These good results produced their effect upon the parents, for gradually Miss B. was able to extend her influence, and incited the islanders to ambition and labor.

The difficulties in this direction were the greatest she had to encounter. Their contempt for labor words are not equal to. Yet with such unlikely material she bravely conceived the idea of making the community self-supporting. The first step toward it was to represent to the government authorities that the Harker's Island people did not need rations. As a result the supplies were cut off and they were left to shift for themselves. The island was naturally productive, and the shores yielded abundant fish and oysters. For these Miss Bell obtained a market. She taught her people how to utilize the raw materials about them. She instructed them in the practical arts of tilling the soil, (often doing over herself their half-and-half slip-shod work,) and always paying them for it out of her own means.

The assistance she solicited from personal friends and others interested in her undertaking was mostly devoted to objects of permanent value and reproductive quality. She made it a point that no one should receive anything for which some return was not made. This wise system of benevolence produced its results in the beginnings of self-respect, honesty, and ambition. Their organic untruthfulness was gradually exposed to them, and their moral sense quickened.

It is not easy to imagine Miss Bell's personal life during these years. An experience so unique requires reflection to appreciate. But the solitude of it at once impresses the mind. She was absolutely alone. There was no one near her who could have any understanding of her thoughts and motives, and the island had no regular communication with the world. Shut off from all society, constantly giving of her best, without the encouragement of present sympathy and counsel, and without hope or thought of reward, this narrative of her life, as she has herself given it in various towns of the North, is a real romance. The hard prose of her daily toil and endeavor had in it such underlying qualities of patience, heroism, and devotion as only rare heroines exhibit.

During the early years of this time Miss B. lived in the log lean-to built against the school house. She has now much more comfortable accommodations the ordinary furnishings of an unpretending home. A rare friend or visitor steps aside from the ordinary routes of travel, and spends a day or two under her roof. Her door is always open, literally as well as figuratively. Nothing in connection with this noble woman is more striking than her fearlessness and generous confidence in the people about her. She never locks her door upon them, and she has never been intruded upon.

The change which fifteen years have wrought upon Harper's Island, through her unselfish efforts, is her best reward. Her hope to make the people self-supporting is being surely, if slowly, realized. They are acquiring habits of industry, and becoming honest, intelligent, and respectable. The wretched huts they formerly occupied are giving place to neat, comfortable houses in the midst of productive gardens. The soil is being cultivated, and is yielding the fruits adapted to it. Sunday is respected, and brings with it, not only abstinence from labor, but the opportunity of Christian worship in a comfortable church. The school, begun under such desperate circumstances, still continues, and is the center of good influences which have made the island what it is.

This is one woman's work. If a detailed account of it were to be fitly given it would form one of the most striking chapters of individual history.

THE OLD WELL

"So you want to know if I ever had a romance?" said Aunt Margaret, leaning back in her easy chair, with a mild, reflective look upon her peaceful face. "Yes, something did happen to me once that may seem like one to you, though I never thought of calling it by that name."

"Let's hear it, auntie, please," I answered, pushing the velvet hassock nearer to her, and giving an extra shake to the bright coal fire.

The night was somewhat cold and blustering outside, but that only made Aunt Margaret's room, with its warm hued furniture, its softly cushioned easy chairs, its glowing fire and shaded astral lamp, look all the more inviting.

She was a distant relative who had come to pay us a long promised visit, and from my first glance at her fine, stately figure and her noble, placid countenance, knowing that she had never married, I got the notion into my head that she must have had a romance. Her hair was still brown and abundant, while her eyes shone clear and blue as a young girl's. And yet Aunt Margaret was well past fifty.

"Well, my dear," she began, smiling softly, "'once upon a time,' as the story books say, I was young, and considered rather pretty——"

"Oh, no need to tell me that, Aunt Margaret," I interrupted, gazing with unfeigned admiration at the handsome face, into which a delicate rose-color came so brightly at the memory of her girlish loveliness. "You might easily carry off the palm of beauty from us now, if you felt so inclined."

She smiled again as she saw how sincere was my tribute to her charms, and resumed her story:

"I had, of course, my share of admirers among the village youth, and was a great favorite at balls, quilting parties, husking bees, and all the other entertainments of village society; yet I reached the age of twenty heart whole and fancy free, still keeping house for my widowed father, as I had done almost from childhood, and never caring to make any change.

"Because the right one hadn't come along, auntie," I said eagerly, thinking of my "bonnie Charlie," with his curly locks and lightsome heart, and wondering how girls in any age of the world could have loved, married and lived happily without ever having known the sunlight of his presence.

"Well, Madge, he came at last," continued Aunt Margaret, with a gentle sigh which seemed to waft her far back into the happy past, "and the manner of his coming was one that I can never forget. Our house stood at one end of the street, and in a far corner of the lot stood an old well, neglected and unused for years, save by us silly girls, who found it a romantic spot to try our fortunes by on Hallowe'en. But it was very dangerous, being unprotected by curb or fence, and standing as it did close to the public road, I had often begged my father to make it more secure, but he neglected it until my prophecy of danger from it was at last fulfilled.

"One dark, starless evening in October, returning from a visit to a neighbor's, I was passing the old well, when suddenly a low groan of agony caught my ear. Instantly I realized the awful truth that some traveler had fallen into the dark and dangerous pit, and my heart stood still with horror. But only for a moment. I saw the need of instant action, and, leaning over the edge of the black, yawning hole, I called loudly to the person within not to despair, for I would soon bring him assistance.

"Then rushing to the house, and calling wildly at every step for help, I began an eager, trembling search for a rope, which I soon had knotted firmly around a stout, crooked old pear tree standing near the well. Then I called again to the poor groaning victim below. I bade him grasp the rope tightly and let me pull him up. But it was no use. My only answer was another moan, so low and deep that I thought the poor wretch was dying.

"What to do I did not know. No help had come and I feared to lose a moment by going after it. But I was young and strong and nerved with the courage of desperation, so I did not hesitate long. How I managed it successfully I never could tell, but I let myself down by the rope until I reached the bottom of that dark abyss and found the helpless being whom Providence had sent me to rescue, too much injured to move a limb.

"As gently and quickly as I could, in that awful situation, I fastened the rope around his body and lifted him in a more convenient position to be drawn up; then hand over hand, like a sailor, and blistering the skin as I went, I slowly climbed to the top again, where I found my father and two or three anxious neighbors just beginning to realize what had occurred. It was well they had come, for my girl's strength, try as I would, could never have drawn that large, strong man to the surface; nor could he have lived much longer in the deadly gasses of the old well.

"He seemed more dead than living when he came up and one arm was found to be broken. He proved to be a young merchant from a distant city, who had come to visit a friend in the village, and had met with his accident while walking to his friend's house. But he was too badly hurt to be removed, and for weeks he was an inmate of our home, where almost the entire care of the invalid devolved upon me.

"I need not give you the history of those weeks, Madge, but they were the sweetest I have ever known in my long life of half a century. Hugh Woodman was the hero I had dreamed of—handsome, noble looking, polished in manner and conversation. Better than all that he was the soul of honor. Before soliciting my father's permission to offer me the life which he always declared I had saved, he told us frankly the story of his past.

"He was a young man then—only 27—yet he had already been married and divorced. His young wife had been unfaithful to him, and after bearing with her faults and the disgrace they brought upon his name as long as he could, they were legally separated, and the care of their only child was entrusted to him. This child—his little Lily—was a theme of which he never tired. Hour after hour he talked to me of her, praising her beauty and goodness, planning for her future with us, and begging me a thousand times over to love her for his sake.

"But he had no need to ask me that. Anything that belonged to him was dear to me. Even the faithless wife who bore his name was an object of interest to my mind, and many times I found myself pitying her for having cast aside the priceless blessing of Hugh's love. For I knew that his old love for her was dead and buried, and that the whole wealth of affection in his heart and soul was mine—mine."

Aunt Margaret paused, and the intense look which her blue eyes gathered in the memories of long ago gave her face, I fancied the same expression which it must have worn in the love-days of her youth.

"Yes," she resumed, "our happiness was perfect—far too perfect to last. Our marriage was to take place on Christmas and after a short wedding tour we were to settle down at once to housekeeping in the city. He had brought little Lily to see me, and she was to come to us for good the moment we returned from our tour. How I loved the child! not only for her father's sake, but for the innate loveliness of her own sweet, childish nature.

"She did not look like Hugh, therefore I knew that she must resemble her lost mother; and if so, how beautiful that mother must have been! Lily was a blonde, as I was, but the fairness of my skin was snow-white in hers, the blue of her eyes was more the intense brilliancy of the sapphire, and the blonde of her hair, the shimmer of burnished gold. I can see Hugh now, as he stood with half tearful, half laughing eyes, watching me caress his darling child, and thinking to tease me by calling me the 'young stepmother.'

The week before Christmas found us all as bright and happy as a prospective wedding party could ever be; but it brought a new actor upon the scene who was destined to change it all in the twinkling of an eye, Hugh's divorced wife, having in some way learned of his intended marriage, had made her way out to our village, determined to win back to herself the husband whom she had deserted. Had she appealed to Hugh alone she could never have been successful, for she had utterly forfeited all claims to his love or confidence, and his heart was too entirely mine for her pleadings to have moved him. But finding him firm and unyielding, she sought me out."

"Oh, Aunt Margaret!" I interrupted in amazement, "surely you did not voluntarily give up Hugh's love for the sake of that bad woman?"

"Yes, child, I did," she hastily answered, with a little choking sound in her voice. "And you could not have believed her bad, Madge, had you seen her, as I did, imploring, with tears and sobs, to be restored to her husband and child. She was so lovely—oh! a thousand times lovelier than I ever was, though Hugh had always called me pretty. In those days, Madge, divorce was not so lightly thought of as it is now. A divorced wife, whether justly or not, was always regarded with suspicion, and the disgrace even attached to her innocent children. I thought of Lily, whom I loved so well, and for the sake of her future I helped plead her mother's cause with Hugh.

"It was long before he would listen to either of us, but at last he left the decision of his fate to me. Oh, child, I can never forget the anguish that filled his loving eyes as he did so! 'My life is in your hands, Margaret,' he said, in his wife's presence; 'you saved it once, and it is yours, both by right and my own choice. Do with it as you will.' So Madge, I decided against myself, and that is why you see me an old maid today."

"And they were married over again? How strange! But was she a good wife to Hugh after that, Aunt Margaret?" I asked, with a girlish curiosity, not thinking that my words might wound the noble heart, until I noticed the slight shudder with which she answered them.

"Yes, Madge, I heard of them years afterward, a happy and united family. I have always found strength to be thankful that I helped reconcile them to each other. My life is flowing peacefully on to the great ocean of eternity, so I am content. But Hugh's last, loving kiss which he gave me so passionately beside the old well, where I risked my life to save his, has never been effaced by the touch of other lips."

Aunt Margaret's story was ended. She had never thought of this grand, unselfish act of her life in the light of a romance, but to me its seemed very much like one.

Lovers and collectors of illuminated MSS. are looking forward with intense interest to the sale of the Duke of Hamilton's library in June when there will come into the market the precious illuminated folio MS. of Dante's "Divina Commedia," with outline designs from the hand of Sandro Botticelli and other famous artists of Quattrocento.