

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER VI.

A month passed. Louis had intended to leave the chateau at the expiration of a month. It was by, but still he lingered; and, as he had no pressing business elsewhere, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as in places where he might not like so well to stay. So he was in no hurry to depart.

Time passed very pleasantly at the chateau. A great portion of his days was passed indoors, in the society of his uncle and his beautiful cousin Helen; and the remainder was spent in the open air, in the pursuit of his favorite amusements. Louis was as fond of sketching as ever, and nearly every morning he might have been seen roving about the neighborhood, in search of food for his pencil, as we have already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Mademoiselle Montauban the result of his labor; though, on the first occasion of this kind, it must be allowed that the exhibition of his sketches was subjected to some slight reserve, the picture of Rose and her dwelling being withheld. For what reason, however, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew at the time.

He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, both at the chateau and at the cottage, where he had met her father also. The admiration of Louis for our pretty heroine certainly was by no means on a par with the admiration of Helen. He was an enigma to him. The peculiarity of this man's appearance and manners was a matter of no little perplexity to him as to others. The gravity and reserve of Hugh were so many subjects of mystery. But it was a mystery not likely soon to be solved. Nobody knew anything concerning him previous to the time of his coming to occupy his present abode. His former place of residence was unknown. Conjecture had done her best, and the mystery remained a mystery still.

Louis often spoke with his uncle on this subject. The good marquis could only shake his head in perplexity. "He is a strange man, that is all I can say, my dear boy," said he; "and yet there is something about him which attracts me. That lofty sternness which he sometimes wears strikes one most strangely. I never observe it without thinking of—"

"Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis. "Of my—of my—your uncle, my boy. We quarreled once, he and I, and he was just that look and manner after that. You never saw him, Louis." And the good marquis sighed.

"What was the reason of the quarrel, uncle?" asked Louis.

"It is a long story. I cannot tell you now," was the answer; "but, some day, perhaps, I will tell you. It was an uncommon thing, now for Louis to encounter Jacques Leroux now, in his usual strolls about the neighborhood. They often met; and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who had taken pains to remedy his services, spent many an hour in conversation with him while reclining on the banks of the valley stream, engaged in angling, or roaming over wood and hill, with his beloved portfolio, for Louis was an unwearied artist.

And all this time Gaspard was away. Hugh and Jacques alone knew where; for the former, in Lamonte, unaccustomed to a neighborhood so little to be desired, had dispatched him to manage the affairs of that portion of the estate engaged in the contraband trade, well reasoning that, being as far distant as the coast itself, he had nothing unpleasant to apprehend from him. Gaspard, as we have already seen, had been a little dissatisfied with this arrangement, and resolved to return, secretly, as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

It was one day when Louis had been rambling about during the whole morning that, wearing out, he threw himself beneath the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half way between the chateau and the cottage. He had a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an hour thus. At the end of that time, however, he closed it, and taking up his gun, which he had thrown on the turf beside him, he took his way towards the road, which was not many steps distant. But he had hardly reached it, ere a bullet whistled through the air, struck his left arm, ploughing up the flesh as it went, and continuing its course till it lodged in the trunk of a large tree by the roadside.

It had evidently proceeded from some place very near the spot which he had left; but he had no time to look for the source of the compliment, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, saturating completely the sleeve which covered it. Hastening on, he sat down upon the trunk of the tree which had received the bullet, and taking his handkerchief out, folded it into a bandage. At that moment, raising his eyes, he beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and the man ran up.

"What's the matter now, Monsieur Louis?" he asked, in some surprise. "Shot in the arm? Why, like a wild cat! Well, why what—?" He glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis recognized the impression which he entertained.

"Well, my good fellow," he said, lightly, despite the slight faintness he felt from the loss of the blood, "you do not think I would commit intentional suicide—do you? And if I did, I should certainly select a surer spot than this. But I am glad you are here. This one-handed work is rather awkward. Just fasten the bandage about it tightly, if you please—so. That is it." He saw the knot is fast.

And during this time Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his own inferences, to let him keep them, and tell him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had suddenly occurred to him, as he endeavored to account for the case himself, which made him resolve to trust his own dexterity in finding out the truth, and keep silent on the subject until then. For whoever had fired this shot at him was an enemy, since he could not bring himself to believe the deed unintentional. And what enemy had he besides Gaspard?

Finally laid it out to his own satisfaction. By this time his arm was almost entirely healed. He had remained within doors for some days; but now resumed his usual out-of-door amusements, taking care, however, to avoid every place where, for aught he could see, he might be observed. Some careless inquiries which he made of Rose and her father, assured him that, even if Gaspard were in the neighborhood, they were unconscious of it. He resolved to set a watch, however, to ascertain the amount of correctness in his suspicions.

One day, very shortly after the occurrences above recorded, Louis received letters from Lyons which seemed to interest him very deeply. Business of some importance, he announced, obliged him to leave the chateau sooner than he had intended. The good marquis expressed the utmost concern and regret at hearing this.

"Why, my dear Louis," said he, "I counted on keeping you for months yet. Why will you go? Surely you can submit to your agent, or avocate, all affairs of business for the present."

"My dear uncle," the case is imperative," answered the count. "Then, as soon as this affair is transacted, you will return to us? I will bear of no refusal."

"I promise you, monsieur, I will return," said Louis. Helen Montauban had waited silently for the decision. She made no attempt to urge Louis to prolong his stay. She did not even express a regret at the announcement of his intended departure on the following day; but a closer observer might have seen the emotion which she felt. The good marquis received a kiss of her handsome cousin with a smile.

"My dear Helen," he said, frankly, taking her hands in his, "tell me that you are sorry to bid me adieu, or I shall not believe it."

"I do regret your departure, Louis," she answered, in a low, clear tone; "but why should I display it? You say your business is imperative, and I would not detain you. Besides, you are to return."

"Yes—I shall return," he echoed. "Adieu, sweet cousin!"

"Louis," said the marquis, as he accompanied his nephew to the gate of the chateau, "you must mind and come back as soon as possible. If the plan which I mentioned the other day succeeds, Rose will be an inmate of the chateau before winter. Poor little Rose! one cannot but wish to see her in such circumstances as seem more befitting her. Helen needs a friend and companion, and both will be benefited. If Hugh Lamonte will consent to part with her, she shall come from his way. To be sure, he is not here at present, but then there is no knowing how soon he may return. I shall talk with Hugh—I shall talk with him; and Helen will use her influence, too, I know, for she likes Rose. So when you return, you may, perhaps, find another cousin, Louis."

"Your plan is an excellent one, my dear uncle," returned the young man, "and I wish you all success. Depend upon it, the endeavors which you and my cousin make, for the benefit of Rose, will not be thrown away."

The gate of the court closed; the dust was raised; and the young man, slowly riding master and man down the valley to the little inn by the roadside, and here Louis dismounted. Immediately, as he did so, there came from an inner room a young man, who, appearing at the door, made a respectful obeisance to Louis, saying: "Ah! monsieur; you see I am punctual."

"Good!" answered the count. "How long have you been here?" "Three hours fully, I think."

"That is well. I see you do not forget your master's habits. But come; we must have a room in private for a little while, Francis, and then you may go. I wish to transact some private business with this person. Come, Robin!"

"You have got your spade and its accompaniments with you, I presume?" inquired the young count of the man he had just dismissed. "Yes, monsieur, and one or two changes of apparel. It is for no more than a month or two, I think you said."

"That is all." "Then I like say I brought sufficient with me; more than that might be thought superfluous, you know. We must be natural. It is all right. Shut the door now, and be careful there is no chance for eavesdroppers."

not conceal. His countenance was a fair, frank and pleasing one; the features indisputably handsome, and the complexion slightly darkened, evidently by exposure to sun and wind; while the simple openness and honesty of his manner could not fail to please one.

At the invitation of Hugh Lamonte he entered and sat down, stating that he had come from Avallon, and desired to obtain employment in this neighborhood. "What kind of employment do you seek?" asked Hugh.

"I am a gardener, monsieur," answered the young man, respectfully, "and if I could have the care of a garden somewhere about here—"

"But," interrupted Hugh, in a thoughtful tone, "we do not need gardeners about here. Up in the village, where the people are all farmers, they take care of their own gardens. Besides, it is late in the season for that work."

The young man blushed as he returned: "O, I know that, monsieur—I know that; but I would be willing to work for so much longer than Helen Gannevoort. There was enough of the same Dutch idea left in George to make him a dutiful son as there was enough of the same Dutch in Helen to make her a dutiful daughter. George Schuyler had been brought up to believe that one day he must marry Helen Gannevoort, and Helen Gannevoort had been brought up to believe that one day she must marry George Schuyler."

The Schuylers were not rich, as has been said, and when George was 16, instead of being sent to college he was shipped west, to see if he could pick up a fortune. Helen was at that time 11 years old, and she did not feel keenly at all the parting with her prospective husband, and it must be confessed that George didn't shed many tears when he said good-by to this plain little girl with her hair in pig-tails.

George Schuyler went to San Francisco, and there in the course of nine years he did manage to pick up what the farmer calls a "tidy bit of money." George went east twice during his San Francisco stay, but both times Helen Gannevoort was abroad. They wrote to each other once every three months, and while there wasn't a line of affection in the letters on either side, there was enough in them to show that each

felt that the old marriage arrangement made by the parents still stood. George Schuyler was 25 years old. His income now was large enough to justify him in marrying, and in feeling that he wouldn't have to go to the bureau drawer every morning to find his wife's purse. George was going back to take a bride that he hadn't seen in nine years, and it's just barely possible that he didn't feel overly comfortable at the prospect. As a matter of fact, George Schuyler liked bachelorhood. No woman ever as yet had stirred his pulse. His gun and his rod were more to him than all the women in the world. But George had been getting letters from his aged parents, who said that it was time he came east and went to wedding in earnest. He wrote that he would start in a week, but that on his way he was to stop for a few days' fishing with an old friend on the Heaverkill, that ideal trout stream which tumbles down the southern slope of the Catskills on its way to Delaware.

George Schuyler took his fly book and his split bamboo rod on the first morning after his arrival at his friend's wilderness lodge and started out to whip the stream for the speckled beauties. He was in wading boots high, and down the stream he went, dropping his "coachman" lure to the surface of every pool where it looked as though a trout might lurk. Luck was only fair and the sun was getting high. Trout don't like the glare of the midday sun and they keep away from the surface, no matter how tempting the morsel offered for consumption. George Schuyler was thinking about reeling in and going back to the lodge, when suddenly at a place where the Beaverskill broadened he saw a country girl in a calico dress and sunbonnet, sitting at the water's edge. She was listening to the song of a brown thrasher that, tilting on a low tree top, was pouring forth its melody for the benefit of his sunbonnetted friend.

George Schuyler stopped in mid-stream. He did not wish to disturb the bird's solo, upon which the listening girl seemed so intent. He stopped, but slipped on a round stone and splashed the water, which was calm and still just there. The thrasher went into the thicket like a flash and the girl turned her head just as quickly. George Schuyler saw a face under the shadow of the huge country bonnet that was much more than pretty and which had in it that which men rightly call character. George's fisherman's cap was off in an instant. "Good mornings" are allowable in the wilderness without the formality of a bow.

"I am just about to stop fishing and go back to the lodge of my friend, Mr. Payson. Can you tell me if there is a shorter path than the stream itself?"

The girl nodded brightly. "Yes," she said, "you can take the trail through the tamaracks. It begins just here." Then the girl turned her attention once more to the brown thrasher, who gave symptoms of being willing to start his solo once more.

Schuyler thanked the girl courteously and after reeling in his line started along the trail indicated. When he reached his friend James Payson's lodge the first thing he said was: "Jim, in the name of all that's lovely, who is your sunbonnetted neighbor with a voice like a bubbling spring and eyes like those of the girls in old Herklick's poems?"

Jim Payson laughed. "You must have run across old Cheney's daughter. He has 400 or 500 rocky acres with a little house on them. Mary is his only daughter, and he put her through Vassar and made quite a lady of her. She is a beauty and no mistake. Hit you first time, eh, old man?"

A SIMPLE RUSE

GEORGE SCHUYLER belonged to an old New York family. Helen Gannevoort also belonged to an old New York family. George's branch of the Schuyler family was poor. Helen's branch of the Gannevoort family was rich.

The parents of both these young people had been the staunchest kind of friends since they had been old enough to know what friendship meant, and generations back to the time of the stamp-pegged Peter. George Schuyler was five years older than Helen Gannevoort. There was enough of the same Dutch idea left in George to make him a dutiful son as there was enough of the same Dutch in Helen to make her a dutiful daughter. George Schuyler had been brought up to believe that one day he must marry Helen Gannevoort, and Helen Gannevoort had been brought up to believe that one day she must marry George Schuyler.

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That evening Jim Payson asked his guest if he wouldn't like to go over and call on old Cheney. There was no hesitancy in falling in with the proposal. They found old Cheney on the porch smoking his pipe. He was a white-haired old fellow of the farmer type, and while he admitted it was hard wringing crops from the stony Catskill slope, yet he said he wouldn't give up his mountainside with its air and scenery for the best valley land on the continent. Then George Schuyler met Mary Cheney. James Payson did the introducing. Schuyler found his mountain flower all that he had expected from the glimpse that he had caught of its beauty in the morning. The girl was refinement itself, and as Schuyler looked at the old fellow contentedly at his cornucopium pipe he wondered how this little old fellow could have come from such a parent stem.

Well, it's better to make it short, George Schuyler stayed a week and then lingered for two more. He wrote to New York that he was enjoying the fishing. So he was for about an hour every morning. One day he brought himself up with a round turn. He thought of his duty to Helen Gannevoort.

He knew in his heart that he loved this girl of the mountainside who had a voice like one of the veeries that sing every day at sunset. That night he went to Mary Cheney and told her all. He knew somehow that the girl had grown to love him as he had grown to love her. They stood on the porch looking down into the far-off valley. It was twilight and the veeries and the vesper sparrows were singing everywhere. He told her of his childhood engagement to Helen Gannevoort. "I have not seen her since she was 11 years old," he said. "She cares nothing for me; she cannot. She doesn't even know me. The whole thing was a bit of parental foolishness, but nevertheless there is the question of my duty. I shall leave for New York the day after tomorrow. I will see Helen and upon what she says and does depends all. I may have done wrong, Mary, in lingering here, but I loved you, and let that fact plead for me." He left her standing there, just as the last bird whop of the day were hushed and the whop-poorwill took up his nightly chant.

Science AND Invention

The changing of a river's channel is the greatest project now being considered by Italian engineers. The Sale flows into the Mediterranean near Salerno, but it is to be tapped in the hills, and the water taken across to the Adriatic watershed to irrigate the province of Puglia.

For measuring feeble illuminations, like the Zodiacal Light and Gegen-schein, M. Touchet has devised a special instrument, resembling a theodolite in appearance. It is provided with a constant flame and a slit regulated in width by a screw with divided head, and when the illumination of the field through the slit exactly equals the light to be measured, a reading is obtained that is easily reduced to a standard.

Although there is a certain area of about three and a half acres on Manhattan Island where the density of population is at the rate of 630,000 to the square mile, yet the city of Paris shows a far greater average density of population than New York, the figures for Paris being 79,500 per square mile, and for New York City proper 40,000 per square mile. The average density of London's population is 37,000 per square mile, and that of Berlin 67,000.

The Finzen lamps are now credited with ten cures of cancer of the skin out of twenty-two cases treated, and with cures of obstinate acne and baldness due to bacteria. Erysipelas and minor eruptions have been treated with good results. At the Finzen Institute are rooms for exposing patients to electric-light baths and to sun-baths, and an exhaustive and promising investigation of the influence of light in various nervous diseases and in insanity is in progress.

A New York man has invented a mirror that can be made translucent as well as that when placed in a show-window it at first reflects the faces of people looking in, but suddenly turns transparent, whereupon the spectators see the contents of the window in place of their own reflections. This is effected by means of a thin film on the back of the glass, which, when the background is dark, reflects the light from in front like a mirror, but when the background is illuminated, becomes as invisible as a pane of clear glass.

One of the winter sights of St. Petersburg is a system of electric tramways on the ice in the Neva. One runs from the left shore of the river to the island of Petrovsky, and another from the English quay, opposite the Senate House, to the island of Basilio, near the Academy of Fine Arts. Wooden posts solidly embedded in the ice support the trolley wires. Besides these tramways many wooden roads, intended for pedestrians, cross the water in various directions. In summer bridges of boats take the place of the roads on the ice.

The smelting of steel by electricity is still an attractive problem. The two furnaces built in Sweden in 1900 reached a technical success by producing steel of fine quality, but the furnaces were ruined by fire before commercial success had been attained. Another furnace planned by the same makers is to hold 3,570 pounds, and is a yearly capacity of 1,970 tons, and is to receive the current of a three hundred horse-power dynamo. Though microscopically identical with crucible steel, the electric product is claimed to excel in strength, density, uniformity, toughness and ease of working when cold.

ERROR THAT COST DEARLY. Millions Might Have Been Saved If Astor Had Been Backed Up. When, back in 1811, John Jacob Astor, with his Pacific Fur Company, established the trading post of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia he took a step which, if followed up by the support that he had a right to expect from the United States government, would soon have given this country possession of all the territory on the Pacific coast up to Russia's colony of Alaska, which came to us through purchase in 1867, and thus have shut England and Canada out of access to the great ocean.

Denied by President Madison the slight measure of military aid which he asked for the defense of his post on the Pacific in the war of 1812-15 with England, and with his appeal to the same President for letters of marque to equip an armed vessel at his own expense to defend the mouth of the Columbia ignored, Mr. Astor lost his post, which was sold by his treacherous British subordinates, who were temporarily in control, in 1813 to Canada's Northwest Fur Company for a third of its value and the place was captured by a British war vessel shortly afterward. In the settlement at the close of the war the place was given back to the Americans, but here again Madison, and subsequently Monroe, denied to Mr. Astor the protection of the few soldiers which he asked and he declined to re-establish the post.

This lack of courage and foresight on the part of these two Presidents in this case was fatal to American interests on the Pacific. Here are some of the few things which would have come to pass had Mr. Astor been sustained by the government: He would easily have held his ground against the British warship which captured the post in 1813 and the transfer to the Canadian company, which took place before the capture, would have been averted. With the advantage of his sea base and his Russian affiliations in Alaska, both of which had been firmly established before the news of the war arrived on the coast, he could readily have excluded England's Hudson Bay Company from all the territory west of the Rocky mountains. That dispute about the ownership of the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, which did not end until England gave up all claims in 1846 to the territory, would never have taken place, for England through her fur traders would never have obtained a

Good Supply. During the early years of his career as an evangelist the late D. L. Moody was not quite the practical man of affairs which he became as he grew older and his judgment ripened. A characteristic incident of this period of his life is vouched for by a correspondent. He was holding a series of meetings in a small town in central Illinois, where, with his wife, he enjoyed the hospitality of a prominent citizen. At dinner one day his fancy was particularly taken with some cucumber pickles.

"I am very fond of pickles," he said, "and these are certainly the finest I ever tasted. I wish I could get some like them in our market at home."

"I can give you all you want to take home with you, Mr. Moody," said his generous hostess.

"But I don't want them as a gift. I would like to buy them."

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Denied by President Madison the slight measure of military aid which he asked for the defense of his post on the Pacific in the war of 1812-15 with England, and with his appeal to the same President for letters of marque to equip an armed vessel at his own expense to defend the mouth of the Columbia ignored, Mr. Astor lost his post, which was sold by his treacherous British subordinates, who were temporarily in control, in 1813 to Canada's Northwest Fur Company for a third of its value and the place was captured by a British war vessel shortly afterward. In the settlement at the close of the war the place was given back to the Americans, but here again Madison, and subsequently Monroe, denied to Mr. Astor the protection of the few soldiers which he asked and he declined to re-establish the post.

This lack of courage and foresight on the part of these two Presidents in this case was fatal to American interests on the Pacific. Here are some of the few things which would have come to pass had Mr. Astor been sustained by the government: He would easily have held his ground against the British warship which captured the post in 1813 and the transfer to the Canadian company, which took place before the capture, would have been averted. With the advantage of his sea base and his Russian affiliations in Alaska, both of which had been firmly established before the news of the war arrived on the coast, he could readily have excluded England's Hudson Bay Company from all the territory west of the Rocky mountains. That dispute about the ownership of the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, which did not end until England gave up all claims in 1846 to the territory, would never have taken place, for England through her fur traders would never have obtained a

Good Supply. During the early years of his career as an evangelist the late D. L. Moody was not quite the practical man of affairs which he became as he grew older and his judgment ripened. A characteristic incident of this period of his life is vouched for by a correspondent. He was holding a series of meetings in a small town in central Illinois, where, with his wife, he enjoyed the hospitality of a prominent citizen. At dinner one day his fancy was particularly taken with some cucumber pickles.

"I am very fond of pickles," he said, "and these are certainly the finest I ever tasted. I wish I could get some like them in our market at home."

"I can give you all you want to take home with you, Mr. Moody," said his generous hostess.

"But I don't want them as a gift. I would like to buy them."

foothold there. All the present Canadian territory of British Columbia and Yukon, which are west of the great mountain chain, would have been secured for the United States. And then, when the transfer of Alaska to us by Russia came—and it would have come earlier than 1867 in that event—we would have an unbroken stretch of territory from the northern border of Mexico up to beyond the arctic circle.—Leslie's Weekly.

NEW STORY OF EBEN HOLDEN.

Little Girl Who Loved a Doll Better Than She Did Herself.

"Wal," said Uncle Eb, thoughtfully, "I member one year, the day before Christmas, my father gin me 2 shillin'. I walked all the way 't Salem, with it. I went in a big store when I come 't the city. See 's many things couldn't make up my mind 't buy nuthin'. I stud there feelin' 't a pair 't skates. They was ragged—all shiny with new straps an' buckles—I did want 'em awful bad, but I didn't hev enough money. Purty soon I see a leetle bit 't a girl in a red jacket lookin' at a lot 't dolls. She was ragged an' there were holes in her shoes an' she did look awful poor 't sickly. She'd go up an' put her hand on one 't them dolls' dresses and whisper:—"

"Some day, she'll say, 'some day.' Then she'd go to another an' fuss a minnit with its clothes an' whisper 'some day.' Purty soon she as't if her had any doll with a blue dress on for 3 pennies.

"No," says a woman, says she, "the lowest price for a doll with a dress on it is one shillin'."

"The little gal she jes looked es if she was goin' 't cry. Her lips trembled. 'Some day my in' goin' 't hev one,' said she. "I couldn't stan' it, an' so I slipped up an' bought one an' put it in her arms. I never'll ferget the look that come into her face then. Wal, she went away an' set down all by herself, an' it come cold an' that night they found her asleep in a dark alley. She was holdin' the little doll with a blue dress on. The girl was half dead with the cold an' there was one thing about it all that made her famous. She hed took off her red jacket an' wrapped it 'round the little doll."

"It's one of those good old stories," said I. "Of course she died and went to heaven."

"No," said he quickly, "she lived an' went there. Ye don't hev 't die 't go to heaven. Ye've crossed the boundary when ye begin 't live somebody more 'n ye do yourself, if it ain't nobody better 'n a rag doll."—Irving Bachelor, in Leslie's Monthly.

The Real "Boy" in Fiction. It was Miss Yonge who first introduced me to the Boy in Fiction with whom I played, studied, quarreled, and made up every day or two of my life, whose standards of honor and play I tried to make my own, whose faults I had a wholesome aversion to, and who was one of the strongest formative influences of my childhood. He stands out against the romance, the chivalry, the high ideals, and poetic fancy of Sir Walter Scott as the intimate companion of everyday life. Into a world in which fairies were already unfolding from the truest realities of existence into the tradition, the aura which makes reality a forever budding prophecy and promise, he brought ceaseless activity and the opportunity to exercise it, a keen love of the rough and tumble of life, and an equally keen desire, not for money to buy beautiful things, but for capacity to know and enjoy them.

Miss Yonge's Boy is not always clever, and he is never perfect, but he is so healthily and sanely alive that he makes you ashamed not to be the same. Then, too, his opportunities are always at hand—there is no need of shipwrecks and desert islands, and a ship conveniently above water with convenient supplies until you have made friends with your island and your man Friday and yourself in your strange new life. You might long forever to be Robinson Crusoe in Norway, but you could be Harry May, or Norman, or Reginald, or any one of a score of boys, by just making the most of your own country and your place in it.—Guntton's Magazine.

Modern Antiquities. The quest for things antique