

ARCADIA REDIVIVA.

One Darby to me is well known,
Who, as the hearth-between them
blazes,

A DESPERATE EXPEDIENT.

The lecture was just at an end, and
Walter Dundas, M. A., Cantab, gathered
his papers together, while his
audience, chiefly consisting of ladies,

Reaching the outer door before the
whole assembly had dispersed, Dundas
scanned each of his students, exchanging
greetings and farewells with some

Meanwhile, the subject of his reflections,
a pretty, bright-faced girl of
nineteen, had arrived at her home, a
large, handsome house, in the principal
street of the little town.

"Come into the study and shut the
door," he said. "I have something
rather serious to tell you." The daughter
obeyed.

"The fact is, Mabel," said Mr. Clifford,
"I have been, as you may have
noticed, in pecuniary difficulties for
some time past. Some months ago, to
meet my more pressing claims, I was
obliged to mortgage the house and to
get a bill of sale on the furniture. But
things have gone from bad to worse,
and I have just found that, unless I
can raise £300 within two months, I
shall be in a fair way to become bankrupt.

"What do you mean?" asked Mabel,
with apprehension.
"You know as well as I, I really
wonder you let him. It's hardly
respectable."

"What is hardly respectable?" the
girl asked, a horrible fear seizing her.
"Why, of course, letting him lecture
here the very day before his marriage.
Didn't you know?—but of course you
did—he has promised to give an extra
lecture to supplement his course!"

"Oh, yes—I know," said, or rather
gaped, Mabel. "Of course—I have
rather a headache this morning, and—
would you excuse me?"

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"But, father, think of the deceit!
Why, it would be like robbing people!"
"Pshaw! We're desperate, and all is
fair in such cases. Besides, if every-
thing does turn out well and Uncle
George's money comes to us all right,
why, then we can get the presents out
of pawn and return them—engagement
suddenly broken off, you know. What
objection can there be to that?"

"But the whole scheme is so preposterous!
No, father, I really can't do
it!"

"So, you won't even do that little
service for me? Well, I might have
expected it! Here am I, tolling and slaving
all these years"—(Mabel looked
slightly incredulous)—"denying myself,
paying sweet guineas for your fees to
local lectures, and this is all the thanks
I get."

"I was at the last to-day," said his
daughter, coloring slightly.

"The last! Then that lecturer fellow
—what's his name?—Dundas, has gone?
Look here, Mabel! Let him be the
bridegroom. He'll never hear of it—
he's not likely to ever come back again,
and it will seem much more natural
for you to be engaged to him than to a
stranger. There! I flatter myself that
I have made a really brilliant suggestion."

"Father, I must tell you plainly,"
said Mabel, flushing angrily. "I decline
to have anything to do with the plan."

"Now, Mabel dear," he said in a
more wheedling tone, "you will be sensible,
won't you? Surely you can't see
me trembling on the brink of ruin like
this, and not stretch out a hand to help
me? Come, now!"

Poor Mabel looked irresolutely before
her.
"If I could do anything else," she
said entreatingly. "But a deceitful
thing like that—and think of the exposure
if it should come out!"

"No fear of it coming out, if only
you act your part properly," returned
her father, quick to detect the signs of
yielding in her tone. "And, after all,
it's only for a month or two at most.
There, I knew you would be sensible."

"But I don't like it at all."
"Pooh! You'll soon get accustomed
to it. And now to set about preparations
for carrying it out. I think, as we
want the thing widely known, we

cannot do better than give a hint to
Miss Worboise, and let nature do its
work.
Mabel quite recognized the truth of
this assertion, for Miss Cynthia Worboise,
a maiden lady of uncertain age,
and a near neighbor of theirs, had a
well-merited reputation for gossip, and
was frequently made use of by her
friends as an easy means of spreading
it. She, therefore, assented languidly
to the proposal.

"Then that's settled, and I'll drop
in myself after dinner to-night and tell
her. We'll fix the wedding for this day
seven weeks, and who knows what may
happen between this and then? There,
my love, I knew you would soon get
reconciled to the idea."

But Mabel was very far in reality
from being reconciled to it, and as she
left the study she felt her heart rise in
bitter revolt against it. But what could
she do? She had always been accus-
tomed to obey her father in everything,
and she did not feel resolute enough to
withstand him now.

Nothing in the whole scheme had
wounded her so much as the bringing
into it of Dundas's name. At the mere
thought of it her cheeks were dyed
with a deep blush of shame, and the
idea of his ever getting wind of it
made her nearly frantic.

However, she had agreed to the plan,
and it was too late to draw back now.
The only thing left for her to do was
to prepare herself as well as she could
for the many unpleasant interviews
which, she foresaw, would have to be
gone through.

True to his resolution, Clifford sallied
forth that night to the gossip-monger,
and returned in high glee at the man-
ner in which his plausible story had
been received.

"Miss Worboise was delighted," he
said, "and consulted me immediately
as to what I recommended for a pre-
sent. She is coming round to-morrow
morning to talk it over with you, so
mind and prepare yourself for any
emergency."

Mr. Clifford had not miscalculated
when he said that it would be quite
unnecessary to do more than tell the
news to Miss Cynthia. In less than a
week the whole town was discussing the
engagement, and Mabel had received
calls of congratulation from all her
friends. Her father, wishing to hurry
up matters, had fixed a day some six
weeks hence, and had sent out dainty,
silver-written invitation cards to their
whirl circle.

As he expected, on their being sent
out a stream of presents, steady enough
to realize his most sanguine hopes, be-
gan to flow in, and he more than once
congratulated himself and his daughter
on the success that had met their
scheme.

Mabel, however, had often great diffi-
culty in explaining away some discre-
pancies which did arise in spite of her
care.
Time passed, till at last but one week
remained before the date fixed for the
eventful ceremony. Mr. Clifford had
just been consulting Mabel as to the
propriety of announcing the sudden in-
disposition of the bridegroom, when
Miss Worboise paid her usual morning
call.

"Oh, Mab, darling, you didn't tell me,
but I know you would like to talk it
over, so I called in early. Naughty
man! to combine business with pleas-
ure like this!"

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of preparations as you must have to
make before to-morrow, haven't you,
Mr. Dundas?"

"I? No," said Mr. Dundas, rather
surprised. "I really have no packing
to speak of, and that's done already, as
I am leaving by an early train."

"An easy task! But surely you
won't miss the reception?"
"Good gracious!" thought the young
man, "are they getting up a levee for
me?" But aloud he only said: "Well,
I'm afraid I shall, unless it's very
early."

"Which reminds me," said Miss Worboise,
"Mabel, darling, you forgot to
say at what time we are expected to
come," and then, to the girl's infinite
horror, she produced from her pocket
her dainty invitation card.

"Confound that woman!" thought
Clifford, savagely, and then, jumping
up, he exclaimed eagerly: "See here,
Miss Cynthia, I must have your opin-
ion on some of Mabel's presents in the
next room," and, rather against her
will, hurried out of the room, but not
before he saw that the mischief was
done, for Dundas had stooped politely
to pick up the card which had fallen
from Mabel's nervous hand, and in do-
ing so could not avoid seeing what it
was. His name on the card arrested
his attention, and he read it through,
scarcely realizing its meaning. Then,
too amazed to speak, he looked toward
Mabel for an explanation; but seeing
her pale and speechless, sprang toward
her, fearing she was about to faint.

His touch, however, recalled her to her-
self, and, waving him back with an ef-
fort, she rose and faced him.

"You had better know the whole,"
she said, and then as calmly and col-
lectively as she could, she told the hu-
miliating story.

Half an hour later Mr. Clifford re-
entered the drawing room, a telegram
in his hand. He stood for a moment
on the threshold, and then, advancing,
said:

"I suppose my daughter has told you
all, Mr. Dundas? She is not to blame
in the matter, but I feel I owe you a
deep apology for the unwarrantable
liberty I have taken with your name,
Mabel," he continued, turning to his
daughter, "I can never repay you for
the service you have rendered me—and
the suffering you have undergone. But
this telegram tells me Uncle George is
dead, and as I am his heir we can now,
at least, send back the wedding pres-
ents."

"With your permission, sir," said
Dundas, smiling, "Mabel and I have
decided to keep them."—London Tit-
bits.

An Indian Pompeii.

Nothing sadder or more beautiful ex-
ists in India than the deserted city of
Fathput Sikri. There it stands, some
twenty-three miles from Agra, much
as it stood 300 years ago, when Akbar
decreed the stately pleasure-house. It
was built to commemorate the blessing
of the holy Salim Chishti, the hermit
who dwelt among the wild beasts in
his cave at Sikri, and who had foretold
that Akbar's son, born on that spot,
should live to succeed him on his splen-
did throne. The saint did not foresee
that the infant would grow up into
that unmitigated debauchee Jehangir,
whose orgies amazed Sir Thomas Roe
and whose potent liquor caused that
virtuous ambassador to sneeze incon-
tinently to the delight of the whole
court. But the heroic toper did not
defile his father's palace city, which
must have been deserted soon after its
founder's death; for when William
Finch visited it in 1610 he found it
"ruinate, lying like a waste district,
and very dangerous to pass through at
night." Ruinate it has remained ever
since, desolate and abandoned. No
later ruler of India has ever dared to
live in Akbar's Versailles, just as no
ruler of India has ever climbed to the
heights of Akbar's genius. In the em-
pty palaces, the wonderful mosque, the
sacred tomb, the baths, the lake, at
every turn we recognize some memory
of the greatest of Indian Emperors.

We may even enter his bedroom—the
Khwabagh, or "Abode of Dreams"—
and see the very screens of beautiful
stone tracery, the very Persian coup-
lets, the identical decoration in gold
and ultramarine, upon which Akbar
feasted his eyes during the long sultry
afternoons of the Indian plains. We
may walk into the houses of Faizi and
Abu-i-Fazl, the laureate and the pre-
mier of his empire, who sang his glory
and chronicled his reign. We may see
that strange building, the Diwan-i-
Khas with its central pillar-throne and
odd galleries, which some have sought
to identify with the famous hall where
metaphysical debates took place every
Friday night under the Emperor's per-
sonal presidency, and philosopher and
theologian, orthodox and sceptic, did
furious battle for their creeds or doubts,
till they ended, long after the "small
hours," by handing "pervert" and
"atheist," to the disgust of an unwill-
ing witness—the austere Badaoni.

The associations of Fathput Sikri,
"City of Victory," are not its only
claims to our interest and respect. Its
beauty in desolation excited the poetic
imagination of Heber and stirred the
critical enthusiasm of Fergusson, who
says of the "Turkish Sultana's house,"
which still overlooks the Pachisi Court,
where Akbar is fabled to have played
his games of living chess, that it is
"impossible to conceive anything so
picturesque in outline" or any building
so richly and wonderfully carved with-
out the least exaggeration or bad taste.

Equally exquisite is the celebrated
shrine of Salim Chishti, built in
1550, with its pure white marble cen-
otaph, its red sandstone dome, and its
veranda enclosed by delicately pierced
fall screens of fair marble, like fine lace
set in samite. And for grandeur what
can compare to the stately "High
Gate," Buland Darwaza, of the mosque
which crowns the rocky plateau, and
which the historian of architecture cites
as "noble beyond any portal in India,
perhaps in the whole world"—St.
James's Gazette.

To Outdo Vanderbilt.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller
will soon begin the erection of a cha-
teau which will rival that of George
Vanderbilt in North Carolina. The
Rockefeller mansion will be of white
stone, which will stand near his pres-
ent house, commanding a magnificent
view of the Hudson River. The archi-
tecture will be of the renaissance style,
and the building will probably contain
several hundred rooms. The house will
be lavishly furnished and will be light-
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ish, furnishing and decorations it prom-
ises to be the finest country establish-
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We stake our Reputation, as Refiners upon the statement that it is

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CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter per lb, Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb, Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, Wheat per bushel, Oats, Rye, Wheat flour per bbl, Hay per ton, Potatoes per bushel, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes per peck, Tallow per lb, Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, Dried apples per lb, Dried cherries, pitted, Raspberries, Cow Hides per lb, Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn per bus, Corn meal, cwt, Bran, Chop, Middlings, Chickens per lb new, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks.

No. 6, delivered, 2.40. 4 and 5, 3.50. 6 at yard, 2.25. 4 and 5 at yard, 3.25.

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