

EVERYDAY.

The dawn grows red in the East, With pomp of purple and gold, And curtains of trailing mist, Are in gauzy films spread. The sun like a painter comes To illumine the background gray, And he wields his magic brush, Though few know it, Everyday.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

"How on earth could we love her? She had caused such bitter disappointment."

"And how could Gerald care for a pale, strange looking little witch, with her queer name after her French mother?"

Gerald was our only brother, twenty-six years of age, tall and handsome, and the idol of his sisters—two of us—one widowed, and the other, myself, an old maid.

Few sisters are perfectly satisfied, as a rule, when their brother has found some one dearer to him than those who have loved him and administered to his comfort all their lives. Yet I really think we should have been moderately content if his choice had been to our own taste.

Why it had not been so was just a mystery. Edith Falconer, whom we had set our hearts on seeing Mrs. Gerald Fane, was a "daughter of the gods"—tall and divinely fair, and it puzzled us how his heart or his fancy could have traveled towards a daughter of a French Canadian, when our letters were constantly full of Edith's beauty and Edith's goodness, and where she had made a point of dilating on her attractions as we sat at home.

Edith was with us when the letter came bidding us welcome his wife, and I saw the surprise and disappointment legibly written in her beautiful blue eyes.

Not that Edith was really in love with him, but she had always felt an enormous interest in the brother of her dearest friends—an interest which we had fully thought would ripen into love.

And this is what Gerald wrote: "I shall bring her to you, my poor, stricken little Stephanie. She would be quite alone in the wide world now if it was not for me! We were married beside the deathbed of her father, and she was scarcely a wife before she was wholly an orphan, with never a relative on earth. I have promised her so much love from you both that she will not, I know, feel the loss of mother and sister, who were drowned on their way out to America—while I shall fill the place of all others—father, brother, husband."

As we read this we felt convinced how it was that Gerald had married her. It was from their pity. We fully decided this point and it did not make us feel more pleasantly on the subject, for we were sure that poor Gerald had been victimized, sacrificed, etc., etc.

We went about our preparations, however, for their coming; furnished the rooms newly and prettily and did our best to insure comfort to the bride, but it must be confessed our hearts were not in our work.

On the evening they were expected we had no one in the house, thinking Stephanie would prefer it so.

That is, we had only Edith Falconer—but then she was just one of ourselves.

Gerald looked handsomer than ever as he sprang out of the carriage and rushed up the steps, and with a radiant face kissed us both.

Then he ran down again and lifted out a tiny figure, which he bore in his arms as if it had been a child, and placing it before us, said:

"Here's my darling—the sweetest little darling that ever trod the earth. He went away then to attend to the luggage, and she made a sort of movement as if to rush after him, but stopped abruptly.

Then, with quivering lips she lifted her glance to us, with a helpless, wistful look; but presently a softer light crept into her great, dark, wild-looking eyes and she clasped our hands and bent and kissed them.

After this we took her into the drawing-room and introduced her to Edith, and I saw her queer, dark little face brighten up strangely as Edith greeted her affectionately.

"Please call me Ste and not Mrs. Fane," she whispered in a low, frightened voice; "my heart yearns to be called by that name. Papa loved it so!" and turning her face away she sobbed once or twice.

Gerald came in just then and shaking hands with Edith went over to his wife at once.

"Come my bird, you had better let my sisters show you to your room, so as you can trim your feathers a little," he said, lovingly stroking back the soft, fluffy dark hair gently from her brow.

My sister carried her off at once, and of course, Gerald followed. He did not seem able to take his eyes off her for a moment.

"What a queer little fright she is—she looks like an elf! He must only have

married her from pity, I suppose," I could not help saying.

"Not a fright, surely!" Edith answered quickly; "we see her in an unfavorable moment. Her grief has told on her face, but she has glorious eyes, and I can see what took Gerald. It is her winning manner, just like a petted child's."

I glanced at Edith admiringly, thinking what an angel of forgiveness she was, and when the bride came down again I took a malicious pleasure in comparing her with Edith.

Edith, so fair and so lovely, with hair like spun gold and a wild-rose bloom on her cheeks, and with a graceful, willowy figure. And Ste—to call her by the curious abbreviation she wished—so small and dusky, with a colorless skin, and nothing to recommend her but two immense black eyes, which certainly were as lustrous as twin stars and as soft as velvet.

Later in the evening, when dinner was over, and Edith had drawn her away to look at Gerald's drawings, he came up and sat down by me.

"Ellen, you must not form an opinion of Ste's attractions now," he whispered, earnestly; "she is not herself; naturally she is bright and happy as a bird, and altogether charming. You must help me to chase away her trouble and bring back her smiles. And then, you don't know how pretty my little one is when she smiles," he went on, enthusiastically.

And wondering how she ever could be pretty, I forgot to answer. So, after a momentary pause, he said:

"Edith is more beautiful than ever, I see."

"Ah," I thought, "he could not help comparing these two—the girl he had needlessly thrown aside and the girl he had linked himself to for life."

It was not long before Ste "was more like herself," as Gerald said. Her sorrow had been so wild and so passionate that naturally it soon wore itself out. The color soon came back to her dark cheeks, an additional lustre to her eyes, and I could often hear her carolling snatches of songs.

They were mostly French ones—some with a wonderful pathos ringing through them; and her pronunciation of her maternal tongue was the prettiest thing imaginable. Yes, she was growing merry enough.

Gerald's love was so perfect, and he filled the place of father, brother and husband so entirely, as he had said, that he left her nothing to wish for.

My sister was growing very fond of her and declared her to be remarkably pretty, but I could see no beauty in her, neither could I love her, my devotion to Edith utterly precluded it.

She grew to be popular with Gerald's men friends too. They thought her charming, and his especial friend, a young fellow who was a doctor rapidly rising in his profession, and who had been an admirer of Edith's, came more frequently than the rest.

Before Gerald's marriage, Dr. Percival had made small progress in his wooing, but since Edith, had seemed more favorably inclined toward him.

He was passionately fond of singing and had a superb voice. Edith could not sing a note, but Ste's and Mark Percival's voices blended splendidly together. Thus hours were spent—every hour, I thought, that he could spare from his practice—in these duets.

And Gerald who was also passionately fond of music, never seemed to tire of listening to the two.

I was very wicked, I know. I really believed Ste to be artful and designing; her childlike, blithe manner I fancied was assumed; I saw how happy she was in the hours spent in Mark Percival's society, and it made me dislike her ten times more for finding pleasure anywhere but with her husband.

I consoled myself with believing that she was trying to bewitch poor Edith's lover as she had bewitched my brother, and listened indignantly when she said, in her pretty childish fashion:

"I wish Edith and Dr. Percival would come; 'tis getting quite late and they are not here yet. And I miss them so. Isn't Dr. Percival handsome and accomplished, Gerald?"

I don't think a doubt of her ever entered into his mind until I put it there. I began with a look, or a little word opportunely dropped.

Then I rushed into the thing suddenly, and shall never forget the expression of pain on his face when I said:

"Mark Percival admires Ste very much, Gerald. How well their voices suit! I think if he had chanced to meet her before her marriage you would have had a very formidable rival."

He did not answer but grew deathly white and biting his lips, turned away. But I had not done.

There was an excuse for me, for I loved my brother with all my heart, and I was jealous of him.

"Hasn't Ste a wonderfully powerful voice for such a little creature?" "That is a lovely thing she is singing now. It is Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' isn't it?" he answered quaintly.

"Yes, her favorite song, or rather Mark Percival's, which is about the same!"

He looked at me sternly for the first time in his life, and then said:

"You have never really loved any one, Ellen. But be careful that you don't plant thorns that may prick you more than any one else."

His words were prophetic. How deeply I repented my wickedness no one knows. Yet at this time I hated Ste for being the cause of the first rebuke Gerald had given me, and in Edith's ear I put a word now and then that soon built up a wall of ice between her and my brother's wife.

Gerald grew silent and even a little morose. And Ste felt it and was hurt, that he did not tell her the cause of his change. She became reserved, crushing back her loving impulses; and as Mark Percival's visits had suddenly grown less frequent Gerald thought Ste was grieving over this.

his seeing a physician, but he steadily refused.

She begged then that she might send for Mark Percival.

When she said that, I looked at Gerald—a look that spoke volumes.

She just wanted an excuse to have him again near her, I thought, and my glance told that and more.

Then there came into Gerald's blue eyes an expression that defied my understanding. I could not tell if it was a defiance of me or a curious sort of resignation to the will of a woman whom he worshipped with all his soul.

"Yes," she said languidly, "send for Percival, if it will relieve your mind."

The next day Mark Percival came, and for a long while he and Gerald were closeted together, while Ste and my sister and myself were told not to go near the room, but when Mark Percival came out into the hall Ste spied him from the lawn, and in a moment she was by his side, speaking intently—so intently that she never saw my eyes watching from a bay-window in the morning room that jutted out, giving a view of the rest of the building.

By and by they went down the steps, side-by-side, into the garden, and I heard him say, in rather a low voice:

"He must stop work and rest a little Mrs. Fane. He complains of a prickling sensation in his right side and shoulder. I do not like that. It is rather unfavorable. Still, with our united care and rest, I think we shall bring him around."

And Ste answered him with a smile. I could not see that and believed that she was young and sanguine and that she never realized her husband's danger.

How could I give her credit for this when I suspected her—suspected as foolishly as I could—that it was not Gerald whom she loved, but Mark Percival?

Gerald was resolved to work on in spite of everything. We were not rich, he said, and work was necessary for several weeks.

Ste, instead of passing the hours in his studio, as she used to do, would remain in her own room with her door locked—sulking, I told my sister.

At last, one day a blow fell on us all—a dreadful blow, and harder to bear since I believed I had helped to bring it—that, perhaps, I was really the instrument that had dealt it. Had I not made my brother unhappy, perhaps he would not have worked so incessantly in the vain hope of banishing thought.

She found him one bright summer's day, apparently lifeless, beside his easel—and for weeks he lingered, hovering, as it were, between us and eternity.

And his wife, remorseful of her treachery and of want of faith seemed to have no thought but him.

She never left him for a moment, and if she slept it was by snatches only, with her head against his pillow, when the slightest movement would awaken her.

After what seemed an age of anxiety to us the doctor said he would live, but nevermore to work, for Gerald's right arm was paralyzed.

I had been growing less bitter in my feelings toward Ste during my brother's illness—she seemed to be really devoted to him, but when they said he was not to work any more with his brush, a look of triumph came into her eyes which puzzled me, and again I began to doubt her, and the doubt grew stronger when I saw her stand for many a minute in earnest whispered conversation.

One day behind a laurestinus bush—I saw her place her hand on his arm and look up into his face, her great wild dark eyes full of glittering tears, while she said, with quivering lips:

"How much longer? Oh, these last weeks have been centuries to me. And if—oh, if you have not been deceiving me—I may hope."

"Everything," he answered interrupting her, and taking the mite of a hand in his. "I tell you that you have not many more days to wait, and then we shall both be very happy."

Upon this Ste smiled into his handsome eyes with a strange, wistful, yearning look that drove me almost wild with the bitterest anger and suspicion.

Now I dare not even look back to the horrible feelings that filled my heart with regard to the woman whom my brother had made his wife, and in whom he had placed his happiness, his infinite faith, and, more than all, his honor.

But Gerald was in a weak and critical state, and I did not dare to warn him of what I feared. He was very loving and tender to her and I could see his eyes follow her slight figure wherever she moved, with an expression of mingled affection and doubt that was sad to look upon.

When one day she heard Mark Percival's voice at the door, she darted out of the room to meet him, forgetful of a mass of roses on her lap, with which she was making a bouquet, and, heedless of the lovely, fragile flowers, in her haste and evident agitation, she trod out their beauty with her feet.

Then I heard Gerald murmur to himself:

"Poor little one! She is so young? I hoped to make her happy; but I am so grave and quiet that she cannot love me. God give me strength to bear it."

I told my sister of this, but she would hardly listen. She had bewitched her and she declared that my brother's wife was a thoughtless child, nothing worse.

The death of the summer had come and autumn brought its wailing wind and the leaves died in company with the long bright days, wrapped in splendid ceremonies of rainbow hues. And Gerald grew no better.

The truth was that he did not care to live.

One day I knew the crisis was near. Her cheeks burnt with two red spots; her eyes had a wilder look and I knew that her ear was strained to catch every sound of coming foot-steps.

I heard him exclaim: "Hurrah! it's all right."

And her answer was: "God bless you! how good you are!"

In another moment or two she ran upstairs again and I followed her, but if she was aware of my supervision she did not care.

Gerald was reclining in an easy-chair; his face was ashy pale, and he looked a shadow of his old self; but still his face was beautiful in its classical features and its large, deep blue eyes, over which a fond look always crept when his wife came near.

She threw herself on her knees before him, and catching his thin white hand she kissed it passionately.

"At last I can tell you," she gasped, between tears and smiles; "you will doubt me no longer, Gerald, and forgive me for having had a secret from you; I dared not tell, I was so fearful of a failure. See, Gerald darling, there is no need for you to paint any more. I shall work for you, for us all! Oh, Gerald, won't it be a labor of love?"

And she held before him a letter from one of the best firms of publishers in London.

He looked at it, then at her, as if just awakening from a strange wild dream. Before he could speak, however, she dived into her pocket and drew out a roll of bank-notes, and thrust them into his hand.

"This is yours, Gerald, all yours; I am all yours, am I not? And I shall have more—much more I hope. Oh, do speak to me, Gerald. Say one little word please."

Gerald drew her to him with all the little strength left to him, and kissed her fondly. Oh, the radiant joy that beamed over his poor wan face as he murmured:

"Thank God—thank God, you are all my own, my Ste!"

I stole away then. I wanted to hide myself from her sight. How dreadfully I had wronged her. Could she ever forgive me?

Well, I did the most sensible thing I could; I made a clean breast of everything, and Ste forgave me fully and freely, with her slender arms around my neck, and in her great black eyes an honest affection, and she laughed in her own elfish fashion, as she said:

"So you thought I could look at any one else in the world, when I had Gerald—my own, own Gerald to look at and to love, with all my might and main."

Gerald is quite resigned to the will of heaven now. True, he cannot put his thoughts on canvas, but he tells them to Ste, and she in her charming manner, weaves them into romances that win her fame, and gives us luxuries in our home that we never had before.

How much she gives us, does little Ste, and the best gift of all is her love—it is so true, so unselfish!

She has given us something else, too, to brighten the old house. It is a tiny boy, with golden curls, and large serious blue eyes, like Gerald's, and the sweetest smile, like his mother's.

They have christened Raymond, after Ste's father, but he is a snatch of sunshine to us all, so we call him "Ray."

My life is devoted to him. I love him with a love devoid of selfishness—a love purified by experience, and suffering, and remorse.

A Circus Dressing Room.

The dressing tent of a circus was by chance made accessible to me the other day, and I was impressed by a phase of costuming that was brand-new to me.

There were about a dozen women and girls making ready for their performance in the ring, and what I saw was pertinent to the subject which I am discussing—abnormalities of toilet. Each artist had space for her trunk, from which she took out the articles requisite for the ring toilet. The equestrienne, after fitting herself into the snugest bodice and smoothest tights possible to her anatomy, attached layer after layer of brief, gauzy skirts, so that when arrayed she looked easy and airy, though all the while she was squeezed literally from head to foot. The trapeze girl incased herself with similar closeness, and further tortured her head, knotting and pinning her own hair down in a wad, so as to securely fasten on the flowing wig which, when she hung wrong side down from the giddy bar, was to make an impression of hirsute freedom by waving in the air. A bicycle rider girted herself at her middle until she became two almost separate sections, but the blouse thus compressed at that point was otherwise delightfully loose in appearance. Still another, who was to personate a lady of the Pompadour period, forced herself into a lace with points, fore and aft, reaching so low that she couldn't sit down without prodding the chair with them. Of course she was terribly compressed, but some puffing on the sleeves and shoulders gave her an aspect of delicious looseness.

Ancient Stationery.

Many were the expedients resorted to by the early Greek and Roman scribes to obtain writing materials. There was no scribbling paper whereon to jot down trivial memoranda or accounts, but pieces of broken pots, crockery or tiles were constantly used for this purpose. Fragments of ancient tiles thus scribbled on have been found in many places. The island of Elephantine, on the Nile, is said to have furnished more than a hundred specimens of these memoranda, which are now in various museums. One of these is a soldier's leave of absence, scribbled on a fragment of an old vase. Still quaint were the writing materials of ancient Arabs, who, before the time of Mahomet, used to carve their annals on the shoulder-blades of sheep; these "sheep-bone chronicles" were strung together and thus preserved. After a while, sheep's bones were replaced by sheep's skin, and the manufacture of parchment was brought to such perfection as to place it among the refinements of art. We hear of vellums that were tinted yellow, others white; others were dyed of a rich purple, and the writing thereon was in golden ink, with gold borders and many colored decorations. These precious manuscripts were anointed with the oil of cedar to preserve them from decay.

Invading a Sanctuary.

The castle barracks at Enniskillen at one time enjoyed the privilege, shared by some other localities, of being a sanctuary within the bounds of which no one could be arrested for debt. I do not know whether this still is the case, but it probably arose from the site having been formerly occupied as a royal castle, as the name would imply. At all events, the freedom from arrest for debt was not only frequently a considerable convenience to impetuous officers, but was also at times of service to several of the gentlemen of the neighborhood, who, living "not wisely but too well," had outrun the constable and for a time became the guests of those who had enjoyed the hospitality dispensed at their various houses with so free a hand. I remember a very ludicrous scene that was brought about by an occurrence of the kind.

One very hot day in the height of summer a party, consisting of half a dozen or so of us, were refreshing our heated "corpuces," after a longish parade and drill in the room of a brother officer, and pipes, cigars, and various cooling drinks were the order of the day. The room was on the first floor, in the corner of the barracks, and on going out of the door of the house in which it was situated, the barrack gate was at some distance to the left, while close to the right ran the deep and rapid western branch of the river, that flows on both sides of the island upon which the town stands.

A postern gate in a high and strong palisade gave access to the water, from which gate a flight of several stone steps, running down to the left along the wall, enabled us to get to the boats lying there; but, save a small platform at the top of the steps, there was nothing between the open gate and the river. The gate was not locked during the day as we constantly used it.

While we were chatting de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis, a hurried step was heard on the stair, the door was flung open and Mr. Dane, a gentleman of the neighborhood rushed in, flung himself into a chair, exclaiming: "Safe at last! But, by jove! I had a squeak for it!"

Before he had time to explain, however, after him dashed a bailiff, though considerably blown, at once put his hand on Mr. Dane's shoulder and bade him consider himself his prisoner. The bailiff must either have been a stranger or very young at his trade not to have known that he was acting illegally; but at this juncture the officer to whom the quarters belonged interposed, and sternly ordered him to leave the room, under pain of being removed by force if he did not.

This the bailiff, with much insolent language, refused to do unless Mr. Dane came with him, interspersing his refusals with uncomplimentary remarks upon officers and soldiers in general, and the present company in particular. Upon this, the officer went to the open window, and seeing one of the servants in the barrack-yard, desired him to come up stairs, and bring three or four others with him, and less than a minute several stout fellows entered the room.

Pointing to the bailiff, "Put this man out of the barracks at once!" was the next order.

"Yes, your honor," replied the leader of the party, a gigantic Irishman; and in a second the bailiff found himself in hands from which there was no escape; and as he would not be quiet, but continued to struggle and resist, he was turned downward, and so carried by his arms and legs down the stairs.

Anticipating some fun, from acquaintance with the character of the giant leader of the party, we all went to the windows, and presently the procession appeared coming out of the door, the bailiff still juggling and struggling as well as he could, which was not much. Just outside the door they came to a halt.

"Sure, Bill," said the big man, nodding his head toward the postern gate, "didn't the captain tell us to put him out of the barracks at once, and isn't this the shortest way out?"

"Right you are, and I'm sure I don't want to be carrying this baste all across the yard, such a broiling day as this."

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen!" screamed the bailiff, who only then realized their meaning, "for mercy's sake don't put me in the water! I'll get my death of cold! Let me go—oh, do let me go!"

"Can ye swim?" was the question, put in a stern tone by the giant.

"Oh, yes, sir—yes!" shrieked the catchpole, whose fears led him to anticipate nothing short of murder; "I can swim well!"

"Thank your stars for that," was the rejoinder; "you'd have been drowned if you couldn't! Now you'll be washed, and you won't be badly. Together now, boys! One—two—three!"

And away flew the bailiff like a spread-eagle, and with a loud shriek disappeared beneath the water. The men jumped into a boat, ready to save him if it had been necessary, but it was not. The victim rose to the surface, blowing like a grampus, and struck for the shore below the barracks with all the ease of a practiced swimmer, and, landing there, went his way a sadder and a wiser bailiff than he was a few minutes before.

Nothing was ever heard of it. He was so completely in the wrong that his employers would not have supported him in any complaint.

Animals in High Latitudes.

It is a fact that not only cats, but dogs, donkeys and other domestic animals are unable to live in as high latitudes as man, yet there are few men who can venture with safety to a height that will kill a dog. This explains why all mountain climbers take dogs with them on their journeys. It is often beneficial for persons of delicate constitutions to locate at an elevated point, but they should be careful not to go too high. Where the trouble is caused by muscular weakness of the heart there is always a marked improvement. As the pressure is reduced on the outside of the body the labor of pumping the blood to the surface becomes lighter. Persons with blue, clammy skin and pinched look quickly become of good color and plump. It is best to take a dog along, and when it begins to pant, as if from want of air, that may be considered the safety line.

Vitrol and Broken Glass.

"Hit me with a little vitrol mixed with broken glass," said a man, who might be taken for the worst man in the west, to a bartender, and fire in a few rattle snake stings along with it. I'm from Dead Man's Gulch, I am."

"That's a western order, sir. I don't understand it," was the reply.

"Don't you know what vitrol is?" "Yes."

"Don't you know what glass is?" "Yes."

"Don't you know what rattlesnake stings is?" "No."

"Well, throw in a little red pepper. It will make a weak drink for me, but I'll have to go you. Its a mean section of the country this."

The ferocious style of the man had terrified a half dozen listeners in the barroom, and when he lit a rankape cigar with a whole box of matches the lookers on were amazed. The Terror spit over the head of the nearest man to him and shouted: "Come a running with that wash; you've been long enough to clean out a camp or break a bank."

A boy, who had been dispatched by the bar man to a drug store, came hurrying just at that time, and the sound of crushing glass made the scowling westerner look up quickly. Suddenly the bar man was before him with a large tumbler full of vitrol, broken glass and red pepper.

"Is the rattlesnake stings in thar?" asked the Terror, with less ferociousness than characterized his former speech.

"It's what you ordered," firmly replied the saloonist.

"I don't want it without the bites," replied the bad man, as he sidled toward the door. A club moved from his position behind the bar, and the wicked man stopped.

"Pay for that or go to the hospital," said the bar man, with determination.

"How much is it?" asked the dangerous man.

"Three dollars."

The money was paid and the Terror sneaked out.

Making a Scrap-Book.

A scrap-book should not be composed of miscellaneous materials, but confined to some special purpose. The collector decide rigidly whether pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In pictures the collector should confine himself to a definite subject, whether portraits, historical landscapes or some branch of natural history. A book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues alone.

In almost every city or county a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do unless it bids fair to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the cover, cut out two or three leaves after every page filled with clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible, each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along cut lines. Flagged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mangle with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude from under the edges. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as "photographer's" paste is excellent.

My Frolic.

Among the gallants of Charles the Second's day it was the custom when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her great honor, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow by consuming the same article of their wearing apparel, whatever it might be.

One of his friends perceiving at a tavern dinner that Sir Charles Sedley had on a rich lace cravat, when he named his toast committed his cravat to the flames as a burnt-offering to the temporary divinity, and Sir Charles and the rest were obliged to do the same.

The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. He watched therefore his opportunity, when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne, or some other beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him.

The rule of good fellowship, as then in force, clearly required that every one