REAR THE DAWNING.

When life's troubles gather darkly Round the way we follow here; When no hope the sad heart lightens. No voice speaks a word of cheer; Then the thought the shadows scatters, Giving us a cheering ray-When the night appears the darkest, Morning is not far away.

When advergity surrounds us, And our sunshine friends pass by, And the dreams so fondly cherished With our scattered treasures lie; Then amid such gloomy seasons This sweet thought can yet be drawn; When the darkest hour is present It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers On the confines of this life, Parting from all joyful memories, And from every scene of strife, Though the scene is sad and gloomy, And the body shrinks in fear, These dark hours will soon be vanished, And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always, Brighter days will soon be here, Sorrow may oppress us often, Yet a happier time is near; All along our earthly journey This reflection lights our way Nature's darkest hour is always Just before the break of day.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT.

"Hew do you feel now, mother dear?" asked a tender young voice. "Is your head any better?"

"No, Mabel. It aches and aches, antil I almost wish I could die. Lay Mabel. It aches and aches, your hand here."

Mabel's cheek paled as her mother took her hand and pressed it against her temple.

Such fire would soon burn out life's lickering taper. She wet a cloth and bound it round

the fevered head. As she did so the sick woman gave a sigh of relief. She opened her eyes and turned a grateful wok upon the girl.

"Do you know, Mabel," she said feebly, "I dreamed last night of the dear old home where we lived before your lather died. You were a wee toddling baby then. It seems to me, if I could have some of the flowers that grew in the garden in front of the house, the very smell of them would cure me.'

Tears rushel to Mabel's eyes. They lived in the great crowded city, and they were poor. Mabel could not spare from her scanty hoard even the trifing sum for which she could buy a bunch of flowers from the vendors who were stationed at so many different places along the street.

How could she get some of the fragrant flowers for her mother?

Suddenly came a thought of an oldfashioned mansion a little way out of the city. It was embowered in a willerness of bloom.

Surely it would be no harm for her to go and ask for some flowers, they sould but refuse them.

She bent over the invalid and kissed her.

"Mother," she said softly, "if you will be content to stay alone for a few hours I think I can gratily your longing. f not for the blossoms that grew about your old home for some just like them.

her heavy mass of rippling curls and during the year of her stay at the form and of magnificent beauty. Even now her great fever-bright eyes and hollow cheeks bore a weird, spectre-like semblance of health, but it was delu-

throw pride to the winds and dictate a meal times. letter to my father which shall restore my child to her rights. Oh, Mabel, nature is an unerring teacher, and in your love and obedience to me 1 have, at this late day learned a lesson of duty. I was, when young, carefully educated in all but that most importan of lessons brought up to think that my own wishes quite recovered his health. must be gratified at any cost; and when long have withheld to our union, we partial eyes. were married clandestinely. My one effort at reconciliation was not successful-and-and-But, darling, I am too weary to say any more. Another day

I will finish my story." But when the morrow's sun shone voiceless benediction, upon a clay-clad dazzled, form, and upon a motherless girl alone

with it and her sorrow. At first the desolate child-for Mabel

was but fourteen-was conscious only of her bereavement. But soon came a thought which brought with it such keen pain that it aroused her to instant | behind?" action. Her darling mother must not

Field. She would go to the kind old gentleman who had given her the flowers, and ask him for help in this trying hour | friendly way. which had come to her young life. She

found him at home. "Oh, sir," she said piteously, "my mother is lying cold and still, with all the sweet life gone out of her beautiful body! You are hind and rich. I know it is a great deal to ask, but if you keep them from laying her in a chairty-grave I will pay back every penny you spend."

childish, yet womanly ways of the self- dark hair. reliant little creature, thus pledged to fulfil a duty which would entail long hours of labor, and days of anchorite abstinence before it could be accomplished, touched a chord in Randolph Gwinne's heart.

"Go home, little one," he said gently, "and mourn for your dead. Do not fear; I will see that all needful arrange- ing face served but to deepen the imments are attended to.'

After all was over. Mabel settled down again to her monotonous routine of laid aside a portion of her earnings and carried them to Mr. Gwinne, who took them from her with apparent indifference.

The child had made a contract with him, and out of respect to her the man of business carried it out to the letter. At last the final payment was made. shadow. As Mabel turned to go, after thanking r benefactor, his v his side. "Little Mabel," he said, "I have been an interested spectator of your manner who occupied a part of the house in of life since you and I made our bargain. I have seen your cheeks grow pale for want of the food you persisted fort in any way she could during in denying yourself, that you might bring your weekly hoard to me, and I wondered if one so young would be able to carry out so high a resolve.

her dark, appealing eyes to redeem her | Gwinnes'. She was still slight and face from absolute plainness. She had rather undersized. Her complexion was evidently once been a woman of queenly rather sallow, and though her features were regular, she was undeniably plain. Her luxuriant shining hair and lustrous eyes, were, however, sufficient to redeem her from positive ugliness.

sive. "My darling," she whispered, "you have brought me a blessing and you the borying himself in his beloved shall be rewarded. To-morrow I will books, so that he was only visible at

Suddenly Mr. Gwinne's health failed. and he was ordered abroad. Mabel and Miss Clay, her governess, accompanied him. They remained away from home three years.

Then word came to Channey that they were coming home. They were to a child, filial obedience, I was tured of travel, and Mr. Gwinne had

Chauncey met them at the station. I met and loved your father, instead of He was handsome and indifferent-lookwaiting patiently to gain a consent ing as ever, but was truly, in his apwhich my indulgent parents could not pearance, a king among men to Mabel's

As the little party he had come to meet drew near, he gave his grandfather a cordial shake of the hand, and turned towards Mabel, to find himself confronted by a tall, stately girl, with flashing dark eyes, set in a face of such into the room, it was to rest, like a loveliness that he was, for a moment,

> "I beg your pardon, I thought it was my cousin," he said, turning to the other lady.

Bat when Miss Clay's familiar featres met his eyes, he asked:

"Where is Mabel, have you left her

"Don't you know me, Cousin Chaunbe laid away to rest in the Potter's cey?" asked a merry voice beside him, and the beautiful apparition he had mistaken for a stranger put out her gloved hand in a half-playful, half-

From that time the young student's torture commenced.

Mabel, who had left home a halfgrown girl, had gained with maturity the rounded suppleness of form as well as the queenly dignity of a young Diana; and with the rich color, which had chased away the paller of her cheeks, had come that delicious, deli-The pleading, tear-stained face, the cate complexion so rarely seen with

> An older and more experienced judge of beauty would, years before, have seen its promise in those regular features, and straight, though at that time. angular outlines-but to her adopted cousin it was a surprise.

He looked upon it as upon a miracle, and every new glimpse of her bewitchpression.

But Mabel had changed in other things beside beauty. She was incomwork. Every week she scrupulously prehensible to him in her varied moods. Now grave-now gay- now majestic as a princess-now gentle and simple as a child.

Chauncey knew not what to make of her. But he was fully conscious of one truth; that he loved the very ground her tiny feet had pressed. He was her

At last he grew desperate.

like this. Officer, did you observe any She should not thus hold him aloof further rudeness on his part?' "I observed a woman smash

His Honor and Bijah.

"Bijah," said his Honor, as he skinned himself out of his spring overcost and looked out of the alley window at an onion sprouting up in an ash heap, "who is making all that noise in the corridor?"

"It's a woman, sir-Mrs. O'Rearity!" "What does she want?" "Wants to be tried, sir.'

"Well, we'll have to call the case at once. She's probably in a hurry to

get home and fix for a day a the roller rink, Lead her out gently, Bijab. Always remember that a gill of kindness goes further in this w.rd of late springs than a whole barrel of bull-

dozing. Mrs. O'Rearity was brought out. It was gently. Bijah carrld her as he would a 200 pound bag of flour, and the way she was kicking, biting and scratching would have done credit to a wild cat.

"I'll have the life out of him!" she exclaimed as she was left before the "The impudence of the old desk. bald head to bring me in before all their money on the table. these people after that fashion?"

"Mrs. O'Rearity, you are unduly ex-Spurgin. cited," said his Honor.

"Excited, your Honor! It's madness, you mean! I'm that mad that I could pitch the whole crowd of yees into the alley!"

"Gentiy, female, gently. Eminent doctors are a unit in declaring that repeated. anger is a drain on the tissues. Be calm and candid, and let me inquire what sort of fluid you drank yesterday \$5." to produce the family row last night?"

"I never tasted a drop of even water!" "H'm. But you had a row?"

"No, sir. The old man went off and put \$5 of my money into lottery tickets, and I gave him a bit of my mind."

"With a club?" "It was a hoe-handle, sir." "Do you have these rows very often,

them toward the door. Mrs. O'Rearity?" "About once a week, sir, the same

as other folks. If we didn't, sir, I'm thinking this world would soon get too

goody-good for the people. "When were you here last?" "Three months agone."

"For what?" "Same old hoe-handle, your Honor." "Ah! I remember. I let you go that

time. This time the fine will be \$5." She turned to the audience and beckoned to a man with a bandage around his head and three strips of courtplaster across his nose, and as he came forward she said:

"Me darlint, foive dollars is dogcheap considering the fun we had. Hand over the cash and we'll go. He paid it without a word, and they

went away hand in hand. "Jordan Davis, the charge is disorderly conduct."

'Sorry, sir, but I didn't know as it vas against tor law."

"You were throwing kinses at every woman who passed you. Jordan, you must be a masher." "No, sir."

"Well, you are too sweet for a town

post.

British Consols.

stood as still as a mouse, hardly daring to breathe. His companions peeked at As the price of British consols (an him through the door and audibly abbrevation of "consolidated annuisnickered, "'Come, none o' that," said ties" and pronounced either con-sols or an orderly. The adjutant merely gian-ced at the paper, tossed it aside with a is a certain mark of the feeling of seheap of others, and touched a bell. In curity or insecurity of financiers of all less than a minute the three lads were on the way to the surgeons, feeling only about half as big as they did when they arrived. They were marched into a plainly furnished room, and not without some feeling of fright promptly 3 per cent interest per annum to the bolders. The British Ministers, when clothes. Each man stepped on a scale they desire to borrow money, instead of to be weighed, and was catechized as to offering a \$1,000 bond at 6, 7, or 8 per his habits and previous mode of living. cent, principle payable in ten or forty This done, the surgeons examined the boys from head to foot, sounding their lungs and their chests, testing their cent on everything we borrow. Now, ears, their eyes and their teeth, looking how much of a bond do you want in out very sharply for weak spots. Back return for \$1,000 ?' The money lendagain they went to the adjutant, de- er has received as high as \$1,774 and lighted at having passed the first ordeal as low as \$998, according the degree of successfully. Another slip of paper, credit enjoyed by the government. In another orderly, and they were soon in this way the government has piled up Treasurer Spurgin's office, heaping up an imaginary obligation of \$3,500,000 or, in reality has written an annual pen-"Is that all you have?" asked Capt. sion-roll of \$145,000,000. Now let us suppose that a man desires to "lend money to the Government"-that is to "Have you loaned any since you left take the place of those who have so lent it, or those whose ancestors have "No, sir," said two of the boys. The so lent it. The investor takes \$1,000 third held his tongue and tried to look into the market. If Napoleon has just as if he didn't hear. The question was signed the peace of Tilsit, the lender obtains, as aforesaid, a bond for \$1, "Oh, yes," he said, "I let --- have 774, on which he ever afterward is to draw 3 per cent. If Disraeli have just "Well, I want you to get it back at torn up Russia's treaty of San Stefano and taken Cyprus, the lender gets only It is only occasionally that a boy re- | an even bond for his \$1,000. Again, sorts to a ruse of this kind to keep a if time pass, and a Premier without little money in his pocket. He invaria- the governmental requisite of an iron bly gets caught, and wonders how it is will allow the government to drift that army officers are so exceeding into a position of isolation with most sharp. "I wish you would let me have of the world and hostilities toward 25 cents of that back, sir," said one of the good fighters, then the holder sells the lads as another orderly was getting his bond for \$940, and may be glad to get that much. This holder has before held bonds for which he paid \$1,000, "Well, sir, my folks feel kind o'anx- and sold as low as \$800 and as high as ious, and I want to telegraph them that \$1,020. Consols have not been so low I have gone through the doctors," he for seven years as they are at this crisis but they are still firm, as 80 would be "If you were an older cadet you considered very low and 100 very high. would have to make that request in The idea of the consol, wherein it difwriting. Suppose you begin now," said ers from the American consolidated Capt. Spurgin, pointing to pen and debt, is that the principal may vary in amount, but the interest never. This The 25 cents went into the treasurer's makes easier book-keeping for the safe credited to the boy's account. The Treasury, but exposes the Treasurer to orderly marched them all over the com- all the greater temptation to borrow. mandant's headquarters, bestowing a The dealings in Government securities few sharp words of command on the are "cleared" or "settled" once a way, greatly to his own gratification. month. This day (or any other like it) Here they were met by the officer in is called the London Account, and is charge, given a few specific instructions, the greatest of all the financial obserwith caution to be sure and obey them | vances in the world. The actual payif they wanted to be comfortable, and ments of money balances at this clearthen sent over to the quarters assigned ing mount into the hundreds of millions. them in charge of another orderly. So the investor may buy consols for These orderlies are enlisted men on the cash or for the account, which, when the account is several weeks away, makes a difference in values, like "spot wheat" and "seller the month" in American Boards.

Gambling in Paris.

The suppression of gambling in Ger-

In this city the police know there is a

Steeples,

if he was afraid of breaking it, and

"Yes, sir," said all three.

once and let me have it to-night."

"What for? asked the treasurer.

explained, with some embarrassment.

home?"

church steeples, we would not have it understood that their only use has been

paper.

In speaking of the usefulness of

will ask Mrs. Gray to come in and zive you your medicine regularly."

Mrs, Gray was a kind-hearted woman which they lived, and she readily consented to minister to the invalid's com-Mabel's absence.

It was not without a tremor that Mabel at last found herself in a broad, geatly kept path which led to the Gwinne mansion.

A huge mastiff sprang toward her as she neared the house

"Down, Nero! Down!"

The speaker was an old gentleman, who evidently feared that the approach of the dog would intimidate Mabel. But Nero contented himself with a goodnatured sniff, reserving his fiercer side lor a more suspicious party. His master looked pleased to see

Mabel pat his head fearlessly. The his grandson came into the room. truth was, now that she was in the pressnce of the stately old master of the place, her heart failed her, and "she was glad ot an excuse to defer asking for the dowers.

"Well, Miss," he said courteously, "can I do do anything to put you in the way of finding the person you are seeking?'

"It is you sir. I came to ask you for flowers for my sick mother."

"Pick all you want. The more the better. You are welcome to all you can sarry.

Just then Mabel heard a clear, r. Bging voice shout: "Grandfather!" and out of the cool, tiled hall, of which an enchanting glimpse was visible through the open door, came a youth who looked to her like some prince from a fairy land.

She was not accustomed to the luxucious habits of the rich, and his darkblue velvet dressing-gown. fastened by its cord of shimmering, woven gold, and the richly embroidered smokingcap which rested on his curly head, eemed to her altogether too gorgeous a toilet for a mortal like herself.

But the illusion only lasted for a mo-ment. A pair of brown eyes, just the color of a ripe chestnut, glanced at her curiously as their owner came down the walk.

"You are just the one I want, Chauncey. Get my pruning-shears and a basket off the table in the lower hall, and bring them to me."

Chauncey soon returned with the desired articles, and Mabel found herself tollowing Mr. Gwinne into the garden. She was soon laden with fragrant spoils, and was sent homeward rejoicing with a kindly:

"Come again when these are faded," from Mr. Gwinne.

When Mabel reached home and her mother saw the flowers, she put out her hands with a delighted exclamation

"Give them to me, child, quick! The very sight of them gives me new

And when Mabel put the fragrant clusters in her hands, she held them to her face in a mute caress.

After a while she turned her eyes apon Mabel, with a look in them which

startled the girl by its intensity. She was not like Mabel, who was slight and pale, and who looked even Mal

You have succeeded, and all your life long you will have it to remember. Now, your part is done, and mine begins, Give me your hand, my child, for Randolph Gwinne respects you.

More than that, he loves you well enough to ask you to become his adopted daughter. Come and make your home with me. You shall have every advantage that bountiful means can provide. You will have no objections, Chauncey, my boy, will you?" as

A few words explained his meaning. and Chauncey turned his handsome eyes indifferently toward the hesitating girl. It was not the first time they had met-as Mabel was conscious in every fibre of her sensitive being, but Chaun-

cey did not remember her. So the careless but good-natured "Of

course, grandfather, one more or less does not matter in this great house." sank deep into Mabel's memory, to rise again to the surface and influence her future long after Chauncey had forgotten them.

So it was that Mabel was domiciled at the Gwinnes. A governess was engaged for her, and music and painting lessons soon occupied the time not engaged in her studies. Thus a year passed on. One morning the daily paper was brought as usual to Mr. Gwinne, as he was sitting at the breakfast-table, sipping coffee.

Suddenly an exclamation from him arrested Mabel's attention.

He had read a notice asking for the knowledge of the whereabouts of one Rachel Freeland, whose married name was Wynne. Her only surviving parent had died, and she, if living, was sole heiress to a large fortune; if dead, her

children would inherit. "Well I remember poor Rachel," said

Mr. Gwinne musingly. "She was the handsomest girl I ever saw. She gave up all for love, and made a clandestine marriage with a man of whom her parents disapproved, Foor Rachel! I wonder if she is alive!"

Mabel rose from the table, and went to Mr. Gwinne. She was very pale, but her eyes shone with excitement.

"Rachel Freeland was my mother's maiden name. Oh, my kind benefactor, how little you knew whose child it was you were befriending! But for you she would be sleeping in a nameless grave!"

"Traly, the ways of God are myster-ions!" said the kind-hearted old gentleman, taking off his spectacles to wipe away the sudden mist that blurred

Mabel had no difficuly in proving her

cate was found among some papers stowed away in an old chest. So the orphan waif adopted by Randolph was now independently wealthy in her own

Mabel was now fifteen. She had not more childish than her years, with only changed much in personal appearance a long way off.

and play with his feelings any longer. It might be amusement to her, but it was making his life a torture.

So he captured her in the library one morning, before the rest of the family had made their appearance, and pressed his suit with an earnestness which

would have moved a heart of stone. But to all appearance it had no effect upon Mabel. She answered with a careless smile:

"In a honse, like this, where 'one or more doesn't matter,' it would be well for you to think twice before offering yourself to me;" and she swept from the room, leaving Chauncey lost in a maze of bewilderment and anger. Her debt was paid; but was Mabel

happy? It was hard to tell from her appearance in society.

Chauncey made no attempt at reconciliation; and the two young hearts daily drifted farther spart, until one day it happened that the same spirit stirred within them both-a longing for a walk in the garden.

Winter had passed, and summer had come, and so had the flowers.

They met beside the same luxuriantly

bushes from which Mabel had laden carried the clusters to her sick mother. Their eyes met involuntarity. In spite of his wounded pride, Chauncey's wild love sprang into renewed life, and

he held out his arms entreatingly. "O, Mabel, forgive me! I was but a careless, thoughtless boy. It is the

man who now appreciates you, and loves you better than his own life." Another moment and Mabel's queen-

ly head was resting on his breast. "It was because I loved you even

then that your words had power to sting me so cruelly. They rankled all through the years that followed them. But the pain is gone now."

So amid the flowers was told another one of those stories as old as the first love-tale in Eden, and yet as young as the morning which usbers in a new day.

Florida Orange Groves.

Harriet Beecher Stowe has a grove on the St. Louis river, just above Palatka, from which she enjoys a hand-some revenue annually, besides having a pleasant resort for the winter months, Colonel Hart's grove, opposite Jacksonville, on the St. John's, is the oldest grove in the State. Some of the trees have born as many as 8,000 oranges in one season. Quite a profitable grove that. The Indian and Ocklawaha river fruit is the best and brings the high-est price in the market. Most of the Florida stock—in fact, I may say all of it-is shipped to New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. The demand for our oranges is so great that were the entire state planted in oranges the yield would not be sufficient to supply the demand from the three cities men-An orange grove is safer than tioned. a cattle ranch for an investment every time.

Very many seek knowledge not so much for the truth as for the speculation there is in it.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things

parasol over his head, sir." "Ah! Glad to know we have such women among us. Prisoner, outside of insulting females on the street, what do

you do for a living?" "Work hard, sir." "Let me see your hands. H'm!

Guess you work with the dice box or poker chips. Your fine is \$10." "I haven't got it, sir."

"Oh, that won't bother you at all; you will go up for sixty days. If you have any spare time up there you can practice on a new pose.

"John Hancock Scott, did you have trouble with your wife?" "Yes, sah-a werry leetle." "On the street?"

"Right on de street, sah?" "How did it come about?"

"She stole money outer my pocket an' bought a pair of roller skates."

"Ah-ha! Caught the mania, did she?" "She did, sah."

"Poor thing! And you didn't want her to go?"

"No. sah. I cotched up wid her on de street, an' we argufied an' jawed an' got mad, an' had a tussie.'

"Tally one for the anti-rinker. Well, you were brought down. Ever here belore?"

"No. sah." "That's in your favor. Suppose

let you go?" "I reckon we can kiss an' make up

an' be happy agin', sah," "Well, you may try it, and if you can't succeed come back here and let

me give you about thirty days."

Receiving New Cadets,

It is very amusing to watch a plebe under military discipline. The lads who have already reported and are awaiting examination look as if they were in a state of perpetual torture. They are compelled to swallow their conceit and roll their rustic dignity in the dust before a pair of irreproachable white trousers. This morning three young fellows came up from a school mewhere down the river to report. They were evidently the sons of well-to do parents, and possibly with the intention of making an impression they rattled up to the headquarters building in an open carriage, with their commission papers sticking out of their coat pockets. The army officers did not rush out to greet them, and they stood for some time on the granite steps before an ormove on. They pulled out their papers and were directed to walk up stairs to Adjt. Hoyle. Their courage sank into their boots. Uniformed officers were so the biggest fellow of the three was oushed up the stairs first, with his two

panions following nervously on his "Well?" The adjutant's tone was not

exactly harsh, but it very plainly said: "Move along quickly if you have any-thing to say, or get out." The biggest boy laid his commission on the table as

in connection with the bells. Along the coast there can be no doubt that they daily cagnotte in the inferior cercles of were often used as beacons before the Paris which probably reaches a total of introduction of light-houses. At Hap-140,000,000 francs a year. Were the pisburgh, in Norfolk, a lofty steeplecroupiers honest, this sum, great as it alas ! too near the ever-grasping waves is, would be considerably exceeded ; -has had its steps well-nigh worn away and what is lost at the watering place by the continual traffic to its summit. casinos must be prodigious. We all know, too, how "broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's many to some extent explains why it stately fane," when the country became rages so violently in France. Early in alarmed at the approach of the Spanish the last decade new cercles started up Armada. Now-a-days our steeples are to supply the cravings of those gamesmade to serve more utilitarian purposes ters who used to go to Baden-Baden in carrying vanes, weathercocks and and Hamburg and run back when they flagstaffs. Although very rarely indeed were cleaned out. The contagion spread. Horse-racing, which De Mormet with in the churches themselves, ancient fire-places are by no means unny promoted on the grounds that it common in steeples. They are usually on the first floor, and have flues going to the top in the thickness of the wall It has never been satisfactorily proved for whose use they could have been intended. Some have supposed that such towers as have them must at some time or other have been watch-towers; but in remote inland districts it seems more reasonable to suppose that recluses dwelt in such places, With bare walls and narrow loop

holes, they must have been at all times wretched habitations; but picture, if you can, such an abode on a windy night. The gloomy surroundings, the howl of the blast, the perpetual whistling in the turret-staircase, the creaking Paris to some extent draws out the of the tree-tops, a sense of loneliness in all this uproar. Can any situation be more conductive to madness? But now-a-days we mount our steeples only to repair the bell-gear or to hoist the a dejeuner is provided at from three to flag.

An Eccentric Hermit,

Sumner Hartwell, the octogenarian

hermit of Shirley, Massachusetts, is dead, He lived and died in the room where he was born. He passed half his tife in a locality where he could hear the locomotive whistle daily, yet he never rode on a train of cars, and knew not the appearance of the inside of an ordinary freight caboose. He had no idea of the nature of the telegraph instrument, and had failed to gaze upon the telephone transmitter. Horse cars would have been as strange to him as they would have been to the North American Indian in 1537. Of the several towns near Shirley he had visited only two. The city of Fitchburg, two miles away, he knew no more about than he did of Herat. From the hilltop where he passed his days can plainly be seen the church Harbor, an adjacent village, and had paid visits to a grist mill on the edge of Groton, but at that point he would not According to the inspiration I write bustling about as busy as bees, and looking quite ready to inflict as sharp a sting if they were interfered with. However, there was no use dawdling, what manner his corn was turned into Hartwell never saw a circus, meal.

never attended a country cattle show, never heard of a thousand matters familiar to every schoolboy in the land, men.

side, only one,

improves horse flesh and circulates money briskly, has steadily fed the fever. So has the lottery which the government has encouraged under the pretext of forwarding patriotic and charitable enterprises. One commercial result of the spread of the hells is the run of the cafe restaurants. Hardly any of the first or even the second class restaurants are able to make both ends meet. If French ladies were not fond of going for a change to dine in cabinets particuliers and the demi-monde were not still a power, Bignon's, the Cafe Anglaise and Peter's would have to follow the example of the Cafe Helder in winding up. The spreading-out of rush of life from the old boulevards : but the restaurants could, never the less go ou prospering were it not for the hells. I know of a grandiose hell where five francs, which would be charged twenty-five francs for at Bignon's, and could not be furnished at a second-rate house. All the vices are now and then glorified in its salons, at soirees artistiques et dramatiques. At tnese entertainments special reviews, charades and comediettas are played. If not written in Latin, they brave l'honnetete. They are not mere gauloi, series, intended just to raise a laugh, but are calculated to unloose the brute beast which lies hidden in so many

civilized beings. These divertissements get to the head like drugged wine, and attach young fools, and still more old fools to the disguised hell,

Hago's Manner of Working.

Hugo's own description of his method of work given in a letter written not long since, is curious:-"I generally work on a number of books at once. I pass from romance to poetry, and from the theatre to history. Except only when I am finishing up a work, my labors follow my fancy, and my books are built up little by little. I rise in the morning often without knowing on what I am going to labor. prose or verse. Sometimes by noon the mind has changed, and I finish the day with a subject different from that of the forenoon. But there is no absolute rule." Biographers have been led into the error of saying that Hugo was the most aystan

Out in the world men show us two sides in their character; by their fire-

derly suggested that if they had no bus-ines there it would be well for them to move on. They pulled out their papers and were directed to walk up stairs to