

Borroboola Gha.

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours' sermon
With a barbarous sounding name.
Twas all about some heathen
Thousands of miles afar,
Who lived in a land of darkness,
Called Borroboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured
That when the psalm was passed
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carried light and comfort
To Borroboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And in deep meditation
I took my morning stroll;
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature
In dirt and rage forlorn;
What could she want, I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mamma she's a-dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mold upon the walls,
Through those half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and fireless—
But these I scarcely saw,
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh, never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe—

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed;
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar;
Was I suddenly transported
To Borroboola Gha?

Ah, no! the poor and wretched
Were close beside my door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before,
Alas for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only to the heathen;
This was his charge to them—
"Go preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christian, God has promised
Who'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it here—
Go, find in yonder hotel—
A Borroboola Gha.

—Religious Hera

THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Ed-
bury rode "over dale and over down"
in the sweet stillness of the July night.
Hardly a breath of air was stirring in
the branches of the trees. Now and
then an invisible night bird piped a
solitary note to keep him company, and
soft waves of light streamed over the
hills as the queenly moon, well attended
by her guards, rode indolently down
the broad highway of heaven. The blue
dome, looking soft as velvet, was like
the faded path of love, strewn thickly
with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he gained the last hill, whose
summit gazed on the little watering-
place which was for a few weeks to be
his destination, he involuntarily drew
rein and sat silent a moment, enjoying
the moonlight scene. On his left an
old-fashioned brick house reared its
twisted chimneys aloft. So close was
he to it that his sharp gables seemed to
cut the air over his head, and only a
strip of green lawn, bordered by horse-
chestnut trees, separated him from the
windows, gleaming in the moonlight.

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might—"
Robert Edbury hushed his song when
he perceived, for the first time, his very
close proximity to the house and the
windows.

"The substantial home of some sub-
stantial farmer," he said to himself. "I
had better move on, or his daughters
may think I am serenading them."

"Too late! Just then a window was
opened so fully overhead, and a lady's face
appeared at it. In the rash of bright
moonlight Robert caught sight of the
long ripples of gold-gleaming hair, and
was sure that the face was lovely. At
any rate, the voice was—

"Robert, dear, is it you?"
For half a minute Robert Edbury was
stare with surprise, and made no answer.
"It is you, Robert. Why don't you
speak?"

He spoke, then, low, and with hesita-
tion.
"How do you know it was I?"
"Of course I knew it was you."
There was a flash of petulance in the
sweet voice now. "Who else but you
could be riding and singing in that ab-
surd way at this hour of the night, and
halting before the house? Have you a
cold, Robert? Your voice sounds dif-
ferent from what it usually does."

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered
Robert, wicketly, and getting his
wife partially together. "Or I may
have cracked it with singing." But still

he spoke in the most subdued of tones.
"I did not expect the pleasure of speak-
ing with you."
"The very idea of your coming up on
horseback at this night hour! You
know you ought not to be out. Why
did you do it? Where are you going?
Into Spaffield?"

"To be sure."
"But what for?"
"To see a friend."
"Who is it?" came the quick re-
sponse. "Not—not Nelly Cameron?"
—with a shade of jealousy in the tone
now. "Are the Camerons receiving this
evening?"

"Not that I know of," returned Robert
Edbury, promptly. "I swear to you
I was not going to see Nelly Camer-
on. I have not spoken with a single
young lady to-day, except yourself."

"Poor Robert!" and a little laugh
rippled lightly on the air. "But do go.
You know what your health is, and that
you have no business to be riding at
this time of night. You ought to take
better care of yourself. You will be
laid up to-morrow; your voice already
sounds strange and altered. Good-
night."

"One moment," cried Robert Edbury,
earnestly, as he leaped from his horse,
fastened the bridle to the gate, and
stepped inside beneath the window,
where gleamed that mysterious, enchant-
ing face. "Won't you give me a flower—
you can easily reach that clustering
vine by your casement. Perhaps—per-
haps I shall wish to ask you some time
to forgive me some great offense. Won't
you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strangely you talk. Of course
I would give you a flower; but these are
only honeysuckles, and you know we
promised to give each other nothing but
roses. But stay!"—the pretty voice
caught itself. "I have a bunch of vio-
lets on my table. Would you like them?"

"Anything—anything that comes
from your hand!" whispered Robert,
more sincerely than he always spoke.

The bright face disappeared a moment
from the window and then returned—a
white hand gleamed in the moonlight.

"There, take them, and now you must
go! Quick! I hear some one stirring.
Suppose it should be mamma! Good-
night, dear Robert."

The window was softly closed, and in
an instant after Robert was groping for
the violets in the wet grass. He found
them where they fell. But, as they were
falling, the quick eyes of Robert
Edbury had discerned something, bright
as a star, falling too. The small strip
of grass where he had stood was entirely
in the shade, hidden from the light by
the large horse-chestnut trees, and he
had to grope in the dark for this glitter-
ing thing. An instant's search revealed
it to be what he suspected—a lady's
bracelet. It was a slender circlet of
gold, studded with crystal. The quick
movement had unclasped it from her
arm; and Robert, with a smile, put it
side by side with the withered bunch of
violets in his pocket as he rode away.

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might—"
sang Mr. Edbury as he rode swiftly on
in the purple dusk of the trees. "Scep-
ter and crown, if I had them, I'd fling
them down for the one bare chance of
hearing that lovely voice once again."

He was alone; there was no one to
see him; and taking the violets out of
his pocket he kissed them tenderly.
It was most absurdly silly of him to do
it; but who of us does not do silly things
in the heyday of our youth's morning?

Silly things that we blush for afterward,
perhaps; just as Robert Edbury blushed
when putting the violets again quickly
away.

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might—"
But his song got no further than that;
it died away in thought.

Passing arm-in-arm down the crowded
dancing-room of the Spa the next evening,
with his friend Norton, Robert
Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note
which at once arrested his attention.
He had said that he should know that
divine voice again, hear it wherever
whenever he might, and he was not mis-
taken. A certain reminiscence lay in its
tone; not to say mischief.

"But who could it have been, Robert,
if it was not you? It frightens me to
think of it. It—it was somebody of
your height and figure. It must have
been yourself, Robert."

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie. I
should like to know who it was."
"He was a gentleman, I am sure"—
with a stress upon the word. "You
need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw close be-
side him, leaning on that other Robert's
arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful.
Roses mingled with the bright gold of
her hair, shone in the bosom of her
dress, and a bunch of them was some-
how intertwined with the slender gold
wrist-chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as,
turning her face, the girl's soft violet-
blue eyes rested for a moment unrecog-
nizingly on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly
to his friend. "How lovely she is!
What is her name? By heaven! I never
believed in divine love before; but
here it is, pure and undefiled. What is
her name?"

"It is Miss Chassadane," was the an-
swer. She and her mother live at the
Grove, half a mile out of town."
"A farm-house," remarked Robert.

"No, it is not. It looks not unlike
one. They are people of property. Yes,
she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if
you like."

Half an hour later Robert Edbury was
bending over the young lady's hand in
the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-
wreathed window. They were as much
alone as it is possible for one to be in
the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd.
The first notes of a Strauss waltz were
beckoning the dancers, and gay couples
were laughing, hurrying by.

"You are not engaged for this waltz?"
said Robert eagerly.

Some remembered cadence of his voice
struck the young girl's memory, and,
forgetting to answer him, she looked at
him doubtfully, while a rosy blush
swept over her forehead. She half knew
him and half did not.

"Will you let me look at your card?"
he pursued, as, with perfect courtesy in
his voice and manner, he took the bit
of gilt and enameled pasteboard which she
had tucked away amid the roses at his
wrist.

"I—I half promised this dance to
Robert," she stammered, flinging a

quick glance over her shoulder into the
swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the
other Robert, with an audacious smile.
He stooped and picked up a rosebud that
had fallen, and then held it triumphantly
before the flushed and startled face
of his rival.

"See!" he said, gayly; "I saved it
from being crushed under foot. Will
you not give it to me?"

But she reached out her hand impu-
sively. "I—I never give roses to
strangers," she replied, with a cold,
frightened, angry air. "They are Mr.
Robert Stonor's roses. Give it back to
me, if you please."

"My name is Robert, too," he said,
in the same gayly-tender voice, though
his dark face changed a little at her
frank confession. "My name is Robert,
too, Miss Chassadane. Therefore, may I
not claim the rose?"

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears,
flew up and met his. She knew him
then. Frightened and ashamed, and
trembling from head to foot, she rose
impulsively to her feet. He took a step
backward, and they stood so, facing
each other a moment in the gay unheed-
ing crowd.

"I know you now," gasped Jessie.
"How dare you speak to me again—you
are very presuming, sir. I will not bear
it. Give me back my flower and leave
me."

"Nay," he said gently, but in the
tone of a master, "is there cause for
anger?" And in a low, reasoning, per-
suasive voice he spoke to her for some
moments, and the rising spirit was calm-
ed. In spite of herself and against her
will she was becoming irresistibly at-
tracted to this man.

"Give me this one waltz, Miss Chassadane,
and then I will give you back your
rose. It will be a fair exchange. But
mind what I tell you, as sure as there is
a heaven above us the day is coming
when you will offer me a rose unasked.
Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over
the young girl's face; his words, and
more than all, his manner, impressed
her as he meant they should. He stood,
with proffered arm, courteously still be-
side her, and, though protesting inwardly
with all her might that she would not
dance, she gave him her hand, and in
another moment they were floating deli-
ciously together to the strains of the
seductive music.

When it was over, Robert led her to
her seat near some friends; her mother
had not gone to the rooms that night.
She looked very pale. The pretty rose
color had all died out of the sweet round
cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously,
bending over her. "Are you tired?
Shall I get you some water?"

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking away
from him. "I am not faint—but look at
Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended him.
He is angry because I danced
with you. Oh, what shall I do? He is
my cousin, and has ill-health, and he
must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and saw stand-
ing near him that other Robert, who
threatened to be—or perhaps was—no
more rival. His ill-health was evident.
One hand was pressed to his side as if
to still some pain there, and on his
handsome blonde face, which was marked
by unmistakable traces of confirmed
sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested
heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and
each knew the other for a rival.

A half smile of scorn, as he looked,
curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case
like this a man has no pity for the al-
lments of another. With a grave face,
he took from his pocket the rosebud and
laid it in Miss Chassadane's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said, quietly.
"I restore it to you at your wish. But
remember what I said; and believe me,
time will prove me to be no false
prophet."

Without waiting for an answer, he
bowed and disappeared amid the throng
of dancers, seeking her no more that
night.

"Is Miss Chassadane engaged to that
man?" he questioned of his friend Norton.

"I believe there is no positive engage-
ment," was the reply. "Mrs. Chassadane,
it is said, objects to it."

"On what score does she object?
Money?"

"Oh, no; Stonor has a small, com-
pact estate close by, and is well off. On
the score of his uncertain health. Also,
they are cousins."

"What is it that is the matter with
him?"

"Some complication, connected with
both the lungs and the heart, which, I
conclude, renders treatment difficult."

"Do you think Miss Chassadane cares
for him?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury
—if that's what you mean. It seems to
me that she likes him more as a brother.
When eligible attentions are paid to
girls, they feel flattered, you know, and
respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of
them understood nothing of their own
feelings, and mistake friendship for
love. Robert Stonor and Miss Chassadane
have grown up together—have
been like brother and sister."

Frequently they met after that. It
was an unusually gay season at Spa
field, and entertainments abounded ac-
cordingly. In the morning drinking
the water, or making believe to drink it;
in the afternoon sauntering in the gar-
dens, or on the parade; in the evening
at the rooms, or at private parties; two
or three times did Mr. Edbury and Miss
Chassadane meet, and linger together,
and converse with each other. Robert
Edbury's time was his own, and he staid
on. He could have staid forever. The
two or three weeks' sojourn he had in-
tended had more than doubled itself;
for he had learned to love her passion-
ately; and all the world might see it for
aught he cared. She, too, might see it,
if she chose; but whether she did or
not, he could not tell, judging from the
grave and sweet dignity with which she
met and bore back his eager attentions.

At length there came an evening when
he was determined to put his fate to the
test; to go on in this uncertainty was
worse than torment. They had not
been much disturbed by Robert Stonor;
a paroxysm of his complaint had con-
fined that gentleman to his own home.

And so Robert Edbury went up to the
old gabled house, before which his horse
had halted that first night, and sought
an interview with Miss Chassadane. She
was quite alone. The long French win-

dow by which she sat was flung wide
open, and the low red sunlight, stream-
ing in over her, lighted up her fair gold
hair and the roses in her dress.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought
as he took her hand in his. "What if
I should not win her after all! But I
will make a hard fight for it!"

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his
face. "You are very silent," she said;
and then, catching the earnest look in
his eyes, she blushed violently and drew
away her hand.

"I love you," he passionately broke
forth in a low tremulous tone, break-
ing his emotional silence. "I have
come to you this evening to risk my fate
by saying this, to win or to lose all.
Jessie, you must know how I love you;
how I have loved you all along, from
that very first night that I spoke to you,
neither of us knowing the other. Will
you not give me some hope of love in
return? Do not send me from you an
utterly broken and discouraged man!"

Jessie was silent for a moment—one
long, cruel moment to Robert Edbury
—then the small, sweet face was turned
to him with gentle dignity. He knew
his doom beforehand, ere she spoke the
words.

"You must know how useless it was
to speak to me of this," she said. "You
knew—surely, you must have known—
that I was engaged to my cousin, Rob-
ert Stonor."

"Engaged to him?"
"Yes. We are engaged."

Neither spoke for a time. The scent
of the flowers, blooming in the lonely
grounds on this side of the house, away
from the dusty and busy highway,
seemed to mock them with its sweetness;
the clustering shrubs and trees waved
gently in the summer evening breeze.

He could not speak at once; the sense
of his bitter loss was too great. The
setting sun streamed in upon him,
lighting up his distressed face. It
seemed to him that the great old-fash-
ioned clock in the hall ticked out the
jeering words:

"Lost! Lost! Lost!"

"Engaged!" he said, at length, with
a long-drawn breath. "I did not know
it. But engagements, where no love is,
have been broken many times before
now!"

"Hush!" cried Jessie. "Do not
speak like that again. It would kill
me! You do not know what you are
saying."

"If he heard it, I meant. He says
he trusts me."

"And you are sacrificing yourself for
him!—for a fancy! Hear the truth,
Jessie. You care not for Mr. Stonor,
except as a cousin or a brother. Ex-
amine your own heart, and it will tell
you that you do not. You care for me.
You love me. Many a half word, a
half look has betrayed it to me. Yes,
my darling, it is Robert Edbury you
have learned to love, not Robert Stonor.
Your blushes, my love, are betraying
it now. You—"

"What was that?" shrieked Jessie.
A low, smothered sound, half groan,
half cry, came in from the open window.
It was so full of pain that a man would
not care to hear it twice in a lifetime.
Before either could rush out Robert
Stonor stood in the opening.

It was a sure never to be forgotten.
His handsome face was distorted with
either pain or anger; his lips trembled;
his left hand was pressed, with the old
familiar gesture, upon his heart.

"False, false that you are!" broke
at length from his bloodless lips, as he
seized Jessie with his right hand. "You
told me that you did not care for Rob-
ert Edbury! You told me—"

A pause, a stagger; and with a fright-
ful shiver he fell on the carpet. Robert
Edbury broke the fall partially, but he
was not quick enough to quite save him
from it. Jessie flew from the room for
assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the be-
wildered Mrs. Chassadane. "I thought
he was confined to his chamber at
home."

He had been confined to his chamber;
but, alas, he had crept out of it that
evening, and come up to the house to
see Jessie. With the fond hope of sur-
prising her in the usual evening-room,
he had gone round the shrubbery, in-
tending to enter by the window, and had
heard all.

On the floor, there as he lay, his head
raised on a cushion by the hands of
Robert Edbury, he died. The medical
men said he could not, in any case, have
lived many months, if weeks, but that
the agitation had killed him.

"It was many long days after that,
when she had risen from the sick bed to
which this shock of sudden death had
brought her, that Robert Edbury came
to say farewell to Miss Chassadane.

The interview was brief, studiously
brief, for, with the shadow of that dead
man lying between them, speech was
difficult to both.

"Good-bye," she cried, reaching out
to him an attenuated hand. "I hope
you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried
Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—
some time in the future I may come to
you."

"Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling
piteously down her cheeks. "You
must not speak of that. Robert's
shadow would always come between us,
as he fell there on the floor. We killed
him! We killed him!" and she wrung
her pale hands together in strong ex-
citement.

"Stop!" said Robert Edbury, quite
sternly. "You are taking an altogether
mistaken view of the truth. Ask your
mother; ask any one. But you are weak
and ill yet, Jessie, and the time has not
come for me to insist on this. Let us
think of him, poor fellow, as one who
must, if he had lived, have suffered
much, and who has mercifully found
peace in the rest of death."

He stood for a moment looking with
a long longing into the small, sweet face,
from which the summer roses had fled
with grudging haste. Then taking from
his pocket a fragile gold and crystal
circlet he held it out to her. It was the
bracelet she lost that first night of their
meeting.

"I found it under the window that
night with the violets," he said. "It
fell from your arm. Will you take it
back now?"

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered
into her cheeks once more.

"No!" she answered, looking into
his dark face with tender, gentle wis-
dom; "I—I don't want to recall that

night, or anything connected with it.
You may keep it if you like."

So he kissed her hand and said fare-
well. But he left a whisper behind him.
"When the roses bloom again, re-
member me."

A year went by, and no message
came. The second year he said to him-
self, "Surely she will send for me
now!" But May and June crept by,
and July came; but not one word came
from Jessie Chassadane. He was grow-
ing sick with a wild and helpless de-
spair, for he felt how worse than useless
it would be to go, uncalled, when one
day a letter came fluttering like a white
bird to his heart:

"The roses are in bloom, and there is
one for you!"

How to Be a Gentleman.
Do not betray the confidence of any
one.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of
others.

Never give a promise that you do
not intend to fulfill.

Never give a present, hoping for one
in return.

Never fail to be punctual at the time
appointed.

Never make yourself the hero of your
own story.

Never pick the teeth or clean the nails
in company.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a
civil question.

Never question a servant or child
about family matters.

Never present a gift, saying that it is
of no use to yourself.

Never read letters which you may find
addressed to others.

Never call attention to the features or
form of any one present.

Never refer to a gift you have made
or a favor you have rendered.

Never associate with bad company.
Have good company, or none.

Never appear to notice a scar, deform-
ity or defect of any one present.

Never look over the shoulder of
another who is reading or writing.

Never call a new acquaintance by the
first name, unless requested to do so.

Never answer questions, in general
company, that have been put to others.

Never pass between two persons who
are talking together, without an apology.

Never lend an article you have bor-
rowed, unless you have permission to
do so.

Never enter the room noisily; never
fail to close the door after you, and never
slam it.

Never fail to tell the truth. If truthful,
you get your reward. You will get your
punishment if you deceive.

Never enter a room filled with people
without a slight bow to the general
company when first entering.

Never fail to answer an invitation
either personally or by letter, within a
week after the invitation is received.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities
without rendering an exchange of civilities
when opportunity offers.

Never borrow money and neglect to
pay. If you do you will soon be known
as a person of no business integrity.

Never refuse to receive an apology.
You may not receive friendship, but
courtesy will require, when an apology
is offered, that you accept it.

Never examine the cards in the card-
basket. While they may be exposed in
the drawing-room, you are not expected
to turn them over unless invited to do so.

Never, when walking arm in arm with
a young lady, be continually changing
and going round to the other side, be-
cause of change of corners. It shows
too much attention to form.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Housework.
Washing, mopping, baking, churning;
Next day ironing must be done,
And the busy housewife findeth
Little rest till set of sun.
Then the knitting and the sewing
With the buttonholes to make;
Oh, the patching and the darning,
How they make our fingers ache.
But of all the varied duties
That we busy housewives find,
I do think that washing dishes
Is the most provoking kind.
Why, the times they must be handled,
O'er and o'er, day after day,
Almost makes one wish the china
Were in bits for children's play.
Now, don't tell me I am wicked—
I know that as well as you;
But somehow, when I am weary,
Dishes make me feel so blue.
And the only cure I've found yet
Is a paper or a book,
When my family are settled
Each in his own cozy nook.
I know well that very many
Have obtained the needed grace;
With a patient, cheerful spirit,
All life's petty ills to face.
Oh, that I were of that number!
Then, with heart for any fate,
I might, with cheerful spirit,
"Learn to labor and to wait."

New York Fashions in Furs.
The fashionable furs of the season are
seal, beaver, otter, chinchilla and mink
—and other leading the list. Undoubt-
edly the richest-looking fur that is
worn is seal skin, hence its continued
popularity over all others. The beauty
of seal skin consists in the density of its
fur, and its dark, rich color. For fine-
ness of fleece and depth of color the
Shetland seal skins are chosen, but these
are very scarce and very high-priced.
The strong Alaska skins, with