

AMUSEMENTS.

HILL'S OPERA HOUSE.
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22.

THE TALANED TRAGEDIAN.

MR. WILLIAM STAFFORD!

SUPPORTED BY

MISS ROSA RAND,

And a Large and very Powerful Company in

SHAKESPEARE'S GREAT PLAY OF THE

"MERCHANT OF VENICE."

UNAPPROACHABLE CAST.

MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES.

Admission, 75, 50 and 25 cents.

Tickets on sale at Bliss & Son's jewelry store.

HILL'S OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21st.

The Victors of Pantomime Fane.

MAFFITT & BARTHOLOMEW

Acknowledged to be the most finished artists

in America, and their

FAMOUS COMPANY

presenting the grand Romantic Spectacular

Comic and Fairy Pantomime.

"FLICK AND FLOCK!"

Wonderful Tricks and Transformations.

Magnificent Scenery.

Brilliant new Costumes.

Complicated and Elaborate Scenery.

AND A GRAND BALLET.

By far the largest and most complete Panto-

mimic Alliance before the public.

Prices as usual. Reserved Seats now on sale

at Bliss & Son's jewelry store.

F. & A. M.

AN ARBOR COMMANDERY NO. 13 K. T.

A Regular Conclave held the first Tuesday

evening of each month at the Asylum, in Masonic

Hall, at eight o'clock. W. D. HARRISON, E. C.

W. A. TOLSON, Recorder.

WASHTENAW CHAPTER, NO. 6, R. A. M.

Regular convocation at Masonic Hall on

Monday evenings on or preceding each full

moon. Visiting companions will be cordially

welcomed. WM. G. DUFFY, H. P.

Alister Sosa, Sec'y.

GOLDEN RULE LODGE NO. 159, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings at Masonic Hall, Thurs-

day evenings on or preceding each full moon.

DEWITT C. FALLS, W. M.

N. D. GATES, Sec'y.

FRATERNITY LODGE NO. 262, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings Wednesday, before the

first full moon in each month. Special meet-

ings will be held on each Wednesday

evening at 7:30 o'clock at Masonic Hall on South

Main street, Ann Arbor.

D. HARRISMAN, W. M.

W. F. STIMSON, Sec'y.

Ann Arbor Democrat.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17th, 1882

Friends of THE DEMOCRAT, who have business

at the Probate Court, will please request Judge

Harrison to send their Printing to this office.

JOTTINGS.

Scarlet fever in Dexter.

It snowed a little Monday.

Louis W. Wade is in Boston.

D. F. Flynn continues quite sick.

Go to the opera house Saturday evening.

A free trade party is to be organized

here.

Monday was the first cold day of the

season.

Rev. John Newman preached in Saline

Sunday.

There are about sixty stockholders of the

new bank.

A. J. Sutherland is again in the insur-

ance business.

Will G. Terry of Washington, D. C., is

home on a visit.

Jake Dingler is dangerously ill with

black scarlet fever.

E. N. Gilbert wears a very broad smile

over his re-election.

Mrs. Marnal Kraus, of Lodi, aged 81

years, died Sunday.

C. S. Gregory is having an addition

built on to his house.

Col. Eldridge is to be congratulated

on his magnificent run.

Beer is said to have flowed freely in

Dexter on election day.

Mrs. E. Marble, of Marshall, has been

visiting friends in the city.

It is said that the late Mrs. Chas. Hauser had her life insured.

Albert Blaess of Lodi, and H. Kit-

ridge of this place, are sporting in the

northern part of the state.

W. H. Potter was brought home last

week in a very bad condition. He has

been sick for some months.

James A. Coyle, a well known Ann

Arbor boy, is now city editor of the Bat-

tle Creek Daily Republican.

The Thanksgiving proclamation of

Gov. Bell, of New Hampshire, contains

but 30 words, the shortest on record.

Don't fail to attend the entertainment

at the opera house Saturday evening. It

is one of the best shows of the season.

We would like to get 20 copies of the

Ann Arbor Register of the date of Oct. 4

for which we will pay 10 cents each.

Julius Caesar Burrows, who had a

plurality of 6,672 two years ago, but who

is now left in the lurch, is seriously ill.

Chas. Graham, porter at the St. James

hotel, while handling a 900 pound trunk

Monday, had his left index finger badly

lacerated.

E. H. Branch, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a

brother of M. D. L. Branch, of this city,

has been re-elected trustee for three years

of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

L. D. Smith of the department of medi-

cine and surgery, class of '83, died Sat-

urday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He

was married only a few weeks ago.

S. G. Miller is the boss fisherman. On

Friday and Saturday of last week he

caught with a hook and line nearly 400

pounds of black bass, pickerel and pike.

Nathan Hickey, of Pontiac, a "big"

salesman has been in the city some days

selling a patent wagon spring, said to be

the finest and most desirable ever man-

ufactured.

David Keils, the man who fired a re-

volver at Harmon Allen, of Milan, has

been arrested and is now boarding with

sheriff Wallace, charged with assault

with intent to murder.

Hon. Abner W. Tourgee will lecture

at the opera house Dec. 9. Rev. T. De

Witt Talmage, Rev. Joseph Cook, and

John B. Gough, have also been engaged,

but the dates have not yet been fixed.

Mr. Glass, of Buffalo, one of the best

zither players in this country, was in the

city Sunday the guest of Oscar Welmer.

The whole city club was present at Mr.

Welmer's, and all enjoyed themselves

immensely.

The M. C. station at this city was

opened Nov. 1st as a regular fast freight

through billing point. Freight to and

from Ann Arbor to the east will be billed

at through rates which are much lower

than those heretofore in effect.

Chief Nowland informed a DEMOCRAT

reporter Monday evening that he had

made no startling discovery, as was al-

leged in a city paper. The article, like

many others that have appeared from

time to time, was manufactured out of

whole cloth.

James B. Richardson, who resides on

Bristol street Ann Arbor, has been a re-

sident of that city for forty years, and

though nearly 80 years of age, he works

every day, making barrels. He is one

of the liveliest old gentlemen in the city.

—Free Press.

Bob McKinney, the notorious crook,

and pal of Sophie Lyons, has been given

4 years and 7 months in state prison, by

recorder Swift, of Detroit, for receiving

property. McKinney was a former well-

known official of Bay City and he de-

framed that city out of several thousand

dollars.

The Boston Temple Glee Club consist-

ing of the well-known Temple Male

Quartet, and the two celebrated New

England prima donnas, Miss Gertrude

Franklin, soprano, Miss Florence Holmes,

contralto, supported by Miss Marie

Heimlicher, pianiste, will give an un-

usually fine programme at university hall

Friday evening, Nov. 25th.

Mr. Stofflet, of the firm of Stofflet &

Adams, who keep a mammoth bazaar in

the Cook Block, Ann Arbor, was in town

Tuesday making arrangements to open a

branch bazaar here; and it is definitely

settled that they will soon put in a full

store in their line, in the store at present

occupied by Mrs. Black as a candy and

tobacco store. —Dexter Sun.

Maffitt & Bartholomew's majestic reviv-

al of the original Ravel Pantomimes will

be given at the opera house on Tuesday

evening, Nov. 21. Magnificent costumes,

grand scenery and the most expensive

artistic are a few of the special features

of this company, which has been on the

road for years, and have brought up their

performance to a point of almost absolute

perfection.

Dr. Phil Porter, of Detroit, one month

ago, successfully operated upon the per-

son of Mrs. Hickey, removing a large fi-

broid tumor, together with the uterus and

ovaries. From the variety of these op-

erations, and the fatal results that usually

follow, we chronicle with pleasure the

fact that Mrs. Hickey is rapidly convales-

cing. It seems it is not necessary for all

the afflicted to come to Ann Arbor for

treatment.

Dr. Peter P. Gilmarin, of Detroit, has

commenced a libel suit against the Ann

Arbor Register Printing and Publishing

Company, and Dr. Donald Maclean.

Damages are laid at \$50,000. The De-

troit Evening News says: The suit is

based on an article which was published

in the Ann Arbor Register of October 4,

stating that Dr. Gilmarin was forced to

admit, when a witness in Mrs. Hayes'

malpractice suit against Dr. Maclean,

that he knew nothing of anatomy and

had no knowledge of the very alphabet

of all surgical and medical science. The

article also made severe charges against

other physicians who testified as ex-

perts for Mrs. Hayes, and it is not un-

likely that they may also institute libel

suits an account thereof.

The new Unitarian church is to be de-

dicated next Tuesday evening, Nov. 21.

The following ministers are expected to

be present to take part in the dedication:

Rev. Grandall Reynolds, of Boston; Rev.

F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland; Rev. J. L.

Jones, of Chicago; Rev. T. A. Forbush,

of Detroit, and others. The dedication

will be followed by the autumnal meeting

of the Michigan Unitarian Conference,

lasting through Wednesday and Thurs-

day, Nov. 22, and 23. There will be fore-

noon, afternoon and evening meetings

at the church each day, while there will

be lectures and addresses on various topics,

liberal ministers in the state and outside,

and discussions of some of the most im-

portant and living of the religious sub-

jects of the time. The public are invited

to all meetings of day and evening.

Maffitt & Bartholomew's excellent pan-

tomime company will appear at Hill's

opera house Tuesday evening, Nov. 21,

in "Flick and Flock." [The Buffalo

Commercial Advertiser says: "Flick and

Flock" proved a startling trick pan-

tomime, in which the veterans Barthol-

omew and Maffitt appeared to advantage.

The ballet, led by Mlle Eugenie Cappel-

lini and Mlle Adle Martinetti, was good,

and the first named premiere will com-

pare favorably with the famous Bonfati.

The athletic performance of the Marti-

netti family, Pauline, Gabrieli, Julien

and Albert, was both wonderful and

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret or growl
When fortune seems to turn
The better part will go to show
And strike the heavier blow.
For luck is work,
And those who work
Should not lament their doom.
But rather play the game,
And cheerfully
That better men have known.
It never pays to foster pride,
And quarrel with a show;
For friends who are sure to run
In times of trouble,
The noble worth
Of all the heart
Are gems of heart and brain,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain,
It never pays to hate a foe
Or enter to a feud;
To show and show, though less repaid,
To borrow or to lend.
The fault of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe.
For friends and debts
And pains are few
Unbounded mischief brew.
It never pays to fret the health
In judging after gain;
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is chiefly sought with pain.
A hundred times
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings.
For seldom
That wealth will buy,
Naught of contentment brings.
It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worth a song;
For age and truth may learn this truth:
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are true,
To bring prolonged success!
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to win.

Boston Transcript.

THE STORY OF A VISIT.

PART I.

What old roundabout ways Cupid chooses! What queer little messengers he dispatches on his errands. What innocent conspirators they are! Little Jimmy Jones did not know what his was until she tripped along the field way to Dorley Grange that fine morning, between the many-colored long meadow grasses weighted with dew-drops, yet the three-cornered note in her hand was the match that was to set going a long train of events and be the beginning of the end he delights in.

Jimmy made her way up to the back door, and into the low, old kitchen, and presently old Susan put her head in at the door of the breakfast-room, which in the morning was schoolroom, too, and said:

"Miss Ellice, here's a letter for you from Miss Furnival."

When Ellice had read it she got up from her chair of office at the end of the table.

"Now, children, get on with your work, there's dear Jack, get that sum finished before I come back; and Sybil, sit up, and hold your pen right; I shan't be long away."

And then she fitted out into the hall and through the wide open door into the garden, where the rose trees were holding up their bonny red heads, and the warm air was full of the humming of bees and the scent of woodbine.

Down the long walk to the left she went, where, among the red currant bushes, a large straw hat was to be seen bobbing up and down.

"Mother, dear," cried Ellice, "here's a note from Cousin Mary, and she wants us girls to go and help her this afternoon with all of library books. I'll say yes, I suppose. There's no reason why we shouldn't go."

Mrs. Holt thought a moment, and then said: "No, certainly, go by all means."

"Why don't Gracie and Belle come and help us gather those currants?" "They are coming very soon, my dear."

"I'd like to help," said Ellice; "but I must not, I suppose, and then she went back through the sunshine."

The mother, bending down to the ripe, red clusters, had still the picture in her eye of her straight, white-robed figure, with the white-laced bonnet so daintily poised, standing against the background of the old red wall on which the apricots were ripening.

"How pretty the old girl gets!" she said to herself, and her mouth and her eyes smiled, and softened into the expression that only mothers' faces wear.

A few hours afterward, amid the cheerful clatter of dishes, the afternoon arrangements were discussed, as all the other family duties were, in full converse. Mrs. Holt sat with her back to the open window, against which the blind flapped gently in the warm breeze, her husband opposite; Ellice on one side, with Jack and Sybil on either hand, and Gracie and Belle on the other.

Belle was next in order to Ellice, and just back from school "for good," a bonny, healthy, 17-year old lassie. Gracie was the orphan niece of Mr. Holt—tall, fair-haired, graceful, still in deep mourning garments for the loss her mother.

"Fifteen loads, my dear!" said Mr. Holt, in answer to his wife. "We couldn't begin carrying until 10 o'clock—the dew was so heavy. I don't think we shall get into the long meadow to-day. However, the glass is very high, and I think we are in for a long spell of fine weather. I don't remember a finer day-time, and I never had a better lot of men than this year."

"Father," said Jack, "my Tom and Harold Price come to-morrow and work in the hay-field. I guess I'll be more mischief than work that you'll do."

"May Bessie come to?" Sybil pleaded.

"You might call at the Vicarage, girls," said the mother, "and ask for the children to come and spend a long afternoon, and perhaps you could manage to carry a basket of currants. There are a good many things for you to do on your way. You must carry a bundle of rags to old Betty Freer, and call and see how poor Harry Caswell is."

"As if you could be," sneered big brother Tom.

Miss Furnival was a tall, graceful woman, with a tender face framed in hair which had turned to color and turned gray. She lived in the "Church House," where she had been born. Father and mother, brothers and sisters had departed and she was alone;

and yet were its rambling passages, its quaint parlors, its old-fashioned, shone, bright and pleasant places, shone, upon by the mistletoe, and made merry by the voices of the children and young folks she delighted to hear about her. Mr. Holt, of Dorley Grange was her cousin, and to his children "Cousin Mary" was the fountain of all good things. She was to him the designer of Christmas games and charades, the giver of charming presents, the organizer of parties in the pleasant summer time, the best of all things, the kindest of all comforts. She it was who drove Ellice into Middleham every week for singing lessons, she it was who was keeping Tom at school for another year. There was no end to Cousin Mary's kindnesses.

So the girls were as merry as birds and as happy as queens (if that old proverb yet means anything), that sunny June afternoon as they covered the village library books, and told Miss Furnival all the home news. Grace and Belle were doubling and tripling the covers, and Ellice, with a big apron over her pretty pink dress, was "pasting."

They had been hard at work for two hours, and the piles of clean, tidy books were almost complete, when handmaiden Jennie opened the door.

"A gentleman, please, ma'am, wants to see you. In the library he, please, 'm," and she handed Miss Furnival a card. The mistress looked at it wonderingly, and then left the room and crossed the hall, holding it in her hand, and said: "John Colin Cameron, M. D., be?"

A tall young man standing by the window, turned as she entered and bowed, and said with a smile, as he gave her a letter—

"This will explain my intrusion, madam."

Miss Furnival read—

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND MARY FURNIVAL: I hear by a side wind that you are still living at Dorley. I am to me an impossible thing to think that my school sweetheart Mary, can have, but old-fashioned in the heart, and I have desired my good son to call upon you. I want to hear about you, and I want you to know how I feel about you, for I am old, I want to know you, and I want to be kind to him for the sake of your old friend, MARGARET BAKER CAMERON.

Miss Furnival put out her hand with cordial earnestness.

"This is a pleasure to me, Dr. Cameron. Pray come into the other room, and have tea with me, and tell me the history of all these silent years. It is so long since I heard of your mother that I really did not recognize your name, and so sorry to say."

So the young man stooped his tall head through the two low doorways and followed his hostess into a long quaint room, smelling of roses. Well it might for there were roses on the mantel-piece, roses looking in at the open windows, roses in the middle of the tea-table, which stood there ready, covered with a white cloth, and with all the old china and shining silver, and heaped-up ripe, red strawberries.

When the ceremony of introduction had been duly performed, and the doctor was talking to Miss Furnival, he glanced now and then at the three pretty girls whose acquaintance he had so suddenly made. One was in white, another in blue, and another all pink, like the roses.

Poor Ellice! It was embarrassing to be in this trim, covered up with one of Susan's great kitchen aprons.

Hostess and guests were all sorry when the next hour was passed, Colin Cameron had been so entirely thrown into the society of men only, since his settlement at Middleham, that this daintily-appointed board and this group of fair women seemed to him like a dream.

He was a glancing at the "House Beautiful" in Bunyan's allegory, while to his fellow-guests the impromptu addition to their party of this intelligent, world-experienced man gave a peculiar interest and piquancy to Cousin Mary's always pleasant entertainment. When tea was over Dr. Cameron rose, and with a courteous expression of regret at leaving such company, said he must go on to Dr. Main, the village doctor, who had asked him to converse and consult with him on a difficult case.

So he was initiated in the easy geography of Dorley and went his way.

Soon afterward Grace and Belle set homeward, having a call to make on the way, while Ellice stayed to help Miss Furnival number the books, and to see a glimpse into the doctor's study, where he had been, she said, later.

Colin Cameron was walking home to Middleham in the dusk by the field way from Dorley to Silto, which is on the high road, the moon nearly at the full, was rising clear and golden; the air was full of fragrance from a blossoming beech field, nightingale was singing in the larch spray.

Colin leaned on a gate, listening, enjoying the loveliness of the time. As he stood, drinking in the sweet influence about him, his mind turned to the case he had been talking over with Dr. Main, and to an operation that was fixed to take place to-morrow, and with these thoughts mingled a vision of a dark-haired girl with kind eyes and little brown hands. Ellice, they called her—a pretty name. She was about the age Mary would have been if she had lived; and then the young man sent a tender thought toward his daughterless widowed mother in her frugal home in the North Country.

The bird music ceased, and Colin strode on. But he suddenly stopped, started, as, on the other side of a high stile, he saw a figure seated on the grass.

"Is anything the matter?" Can I help you?" and then as he recognized the white face in the twilight, in quite another tone he said, "What is the matter, Miss Holt?"

Poor little Ellice had very brave fill then, but the sudden friendly voice and helpful presence overcame her, and she burst into tears, and said brokenly:

"How stupid I am! But I thought nobody would come, and my foot hurts so badly."

Before the words were said the doctor was on his knees beside her feeling what was amiss.

"Will you please go and tell them at home, Dr. Cameron, that some one may come and help me. Our home is only a few fields down there to the right."

"I had better help you myself, I think," said Colin. "Can you manage to walk?"

He helped her to rise, and they went a few steps, but he felt the quiver of pain that went through her as the hurt foot touched the ground, and stopped.

"You must let me carry you, please. You mustn't mind it. I can, quite easily."

There was a much of command as request in his words, and in another moment Ellice was lifted in his strong arms.

Through two fields they went. Then through the dim silence the gate ahead swung to with a bang, and Ellice said quickly:

"Oh, please set me down, Dr. Cameron. That is my father, I expect, come to look for me and he will be so frightened."

So Colin placed her down, and in a minute up came Mr. Holt's stalwart figure.

Ellice had been afraid of her father being alarmed, but I can't say his alarm was removed when he saw Ellice standing in the field ahead with a young fellow beside her he did not know from Adam.

She cried out as her father approached: "Don't be frightened, papa. I have only hurt my foot, and Dr. Cameron has been so good as to bring me home."

"And who's Dr. Cameron?" was Mr. Holt's first thought. And it was with some stiffness that he made his acknowledgments and remarked that he would now relieve him of his charge.

"I fear Miss Holt's foot is badly damaged, sir, and ought to have immediate attention," said Colin's honest, kindly voice. "I am a doctor and shall be glad to give my assistance, if you will allow me."

So there was nothing but to say yes, and between her two helpers Ellice at last got home. The foot was badly sprained; the doctor bandaged it carefully, and then strode off to Middleham.

He had thought about Ellice Holt at the beginning of his evening walk, and now, after this small adventure, what would that he thought more?

His profession made him keen in reading character, and this little glimpse of the girl had shown him much. Courageous she must be, and thoughtful for others, and what a good sort of home she had. What a sweet, motherly face Mrs. Holt had, and how fond of each other all the girls seemed.

When the young man got back to his lodgings and found everybody gone to bed, and his prim, ugly room in darkness, the place looked very dreary in contrast with that flower-scented parlor at Dorley Grange and its gentle home presences. He would certainly respond to the bidding Mrs. Holt had given him, and go again. How gratefully Ellice had said "Thank you," as she bade him good night, and how pretty she looked as she said it.

PART II.

After this, though Dr. Main looked after the sprained foot, Colin walked over to the Grange not infrequently. He played lawn-tennis with Grace and Belle, and cricket with the school boys, and he was a frequent visitor at Dorley Grange and its gentle home presences.

One day, while Ellice was still obliged to lie on the sofa, the children were hanging about him, Sybil on his knee and Jack examining a wonderful knife with all sorts of tools combined with it, when Sybil said:

"Ellice can't walk a bit. How did she get home, the night that she was hurt?"

Colin laughed carelessly as he looked across at Ellice, and said, "I carried her."

"Was she very heavy?" inquired Sybil.

"Did you like carrying her?" said Jack.

There was a moment's pause, and then the doctor answered in a low tone:

"Yes, Jack."

When he glanced toward the sofa next there was a rosy glow on the face lying there, more rosy than could be accounted for by the sunset light that was streaming in through the low window.

There came a sick time that autumn in Middleham, and Dr. Cameron was very busy for weeks fighting disease among the children down in the squalid streets and back yards; and when at last the worst was over and he could call a few hours his own for a walk to Dorley, he found the place empty of the presence that made it dear to him.

Quite casually, as though the news were of no importance, he was told that "My daughter and niece are gone to Paris with Miss Furnival. They will probably remain there until the spring."

That was the beginning of an ill-time for Colin. He was overworked, and that helped to make him anxious and disturbed at the thought of his English roseland among the fascinations of Paris.

From time to time he heard of her—how they had been to Versailles and to balls and theaters, and what a delightful place Paris was. But a worse time was to come.

One dreary December afternoon he was walking up to his rooms, when he was joined by a friend, Liebowitz, Cobbe, by name, a lugubrious rattapate.

"Oh, I say, Cameron. You remember Archibald Brattle?"

"Yes," said Dr. Cameron. "He came to 'Guys' before I left. I never knew him well."

"Well, Fortune is raining favors on him in the most partial fashion. He has an appointment in India, has been looking about the continent a month or so, and now in Paris he has picked up a wife—and a Middleham lady! Think of that! You may read his letter if you like. It is fun to hear the superlatives these engaged fellows indulge in! We are not come to that pass, eh, Cameron?"

But as the young man rattled on, his companion's heart stood still.

Dear Cousin. Thanks for your congratulations on my luck. But you must send me another box of I do not go to India alone. The dearest, sweetest and priciest of wives will accompany me. As she came from the neighborhood of Middleham you may know her name—Miss Holt. My grateful thanks, which give herself to me in a fortnight, and we will be in Paris on the 12th of next month.

In some swiftly devised pretext, Colin parted from his evil news-bringer, and strode alone, not knowing, not caring, whether he went, with a bitter pain clinging about his heart, and silent, bitter outcries against the cruelties of fate.

And Ellice—oh Ellice—did she not know, had she not been shown by him that she was his queen? Had she not seemed to care for him? Oh, heaven! how different, after all, their feelings must have been! He, left mourning, and she, willing straightway to listen to the love vows of another man.

It was with a gray, haggard face that the young man at last returned in the late evening to his lodgings, to his over-cooked, tasteless dinner, and to disturbed, restless sleep.

Being a brave soul, he tried to throw himself more than ever into his work, and so to overcome his troubles; but it was very hard work, and as Christmas drew near he got a friend to look after his patients, and then started for Scotland. The weather was very severe, and as he neared his Perthshire home a tremendous snowstorm came on and blocked his way, and when at last he

reached Elgowan, the illness he had been fighting, against the weeks seized him and utterly prostrated him. Helpless as a baby, racked with pain, gasping for breath, he lay, while his little sun-eyed, steadfast gray-haired mother flitted about his room, and waited on him, hand and foot, and prayed to heaven to help her boy to live.

When the crisis had come and passed, and as he was beginning to mend, he asked her what was the day of the month? The 19th of January, she said it was, and Colin turned his face to the wall with a sigh. They would be in the Red Sea by this time, alas! he was not so well after this for a day or two, and the new-born light in his mother's face faded, but again strength returned and convalescence, and in the late days of February he was back in Middleham, and at work again.

The town was placarded in all directions with announcements, in foot-long letters, of the coming of a leading Cabinet Minister to speak on the burning question of the day; and, on the evening of this event Dr. Cameron was one in the great crowd of excited people who waited for the opening of the great town hall. His head was well above most people's, and as he was looking round, he saw, a few feet from him, a tall, elderly gentleman of his acquaintance, who nodded, and said:

"Hallo, Cameron! Glad to see you back. Better, eh? Can you get on?" And as the people between gave the young doctor passage room, he continued: "I have foolishly yielded to the entreaties of two politically minded young ladies who wanted to hear the great man, and, upon my word, I don't like my job! I wish you would take care of one of them. You know Miss Holt, I think?"

Colin's heart gave a great throb, for there, indeed, was Ellice Holt standing by a pillar. As she saw him a glad, shy light came into her face. He made his way to standing ground beside her, and bent down and said to her in a low voice:

"It will delight me to take care of Miss Holt if she will let me."

Waiting in an ever-thickening crowd for a quarter of an hour in the ordinary circumstances, a pleasant experience, but little did Colin Cameron mind his foot being trodden on or his back being dug into; these things even added to his happiness, for was he not screening his "roselind" from annoyance, and, indeed, giving her, he must be told, a quite unfair share of air and standing-room? At last the doors opened, and the rush inward took place, and after a time the great orator was speaking, and the vast audience responding with enthusiastic plaudits. But little did Colin hear.

The revolution from a sense of hopeless loss to hope unbounded almost dazed him. He felt a little faint, and Ellice took off her gloves, and he saw her clear left hand bare of all rings—no fatal plain circle there! When the proceedings were over, and they were waiting for a chance to get away, he said to her:

"It is a curious question, but will you please to tell me your cousin's full name? The cousin that I knew at your house?"

"She is Miss Braille now," Ellice said.

"Yes, I know," said poor Colin, with a great rush of thankfulness, "what is her Christian name?"

"Gratia," Ellice, she answered, "Every one calls her 'Ellice' except us. It was my name, too, you see, and we had a difference, so we called her Grace."

"Thank you," said Colin.

No grass should grow under his feet now, he said, as he walked home under the stars.

By 3 o'clock next day he was standing in the parlor of Dorley Grange, waiting with agitation for the entrance of Mrs. Holt. When she came, the young man spoke earnestly, with the eloquence of love, and the mother gave, with tears and smiles, the permission he craved. Ellice would be in from the village, soon, she said. Then he would see her.

Ellice's heart had been fluttering with a happy guess all the day, and she had gone into the village to elicit it by seeing some of the poor old people who looked for her coming as their best sunshine.

But all the quiet felt, as turning a bend in the road, she met Dr. Cameron face to face. She tried to recover her maidenly composure, and made some remark about the weather. He was really, truly, took her hand, and said gently, earnestly looking into her sweet face:

"You know what I have come for. May I have it?"

She stood a moment quite silent and still. Then she lifted her eyes to his, and in them he read the happy answer.

"You are not to be afraid, Ellice. The door waiting for them, and with her was her husband, who catching Ellice into the embrace of an arm, shook hands with the doctor, and told him he had stolen a march upon him and that his permission was yet to be got.

Then they had tea together, and Ellice played at a game of childish game for Jack and Sybil's benefit, and then Dr. Cameron rose and said he must be going.

"Mother" looked across the glowing fire-lit hearth at "father" with a tender calm half-smile of remembrance, and the two kept their places, while, after a moment's pause, Ellice slowly rose, "excused" her, and went out into the hall with her lover. He caught up a shawl from the wall and wrapped it about her, and then, opening the door, led her out into the still darkness.

There, with his strong, tender arms about her, under the shining stars, pure lips, they gave their betrothal kiss.

Burdens.

Much of the weight of our burdens depends upon where we place them. The peddler's pack, the hand-organ, the knapsack, and other heavy weights are for convenience and ease, carried upon the back, out of sight. So our mental burdens will be far more easily borne if we place them, as much as practicable, out of sight. When we gaze upon them, they increase in size. When in our thoughts we emphasize and dwell upon them, they sometimes grow almost unbearable. Now, it is well enough to face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it and know its weight, that we may summon up courage and strength sufficient to endure it; but this done, let us place it in constant sight, let us carry it manfully and bravely, but not drag it to the light to dwell upon its weight, and to claim sympathy for being obliged to bear it. When the emphasis is laid upon the burden, it is certainly a power, and a great one. Surely one of the first conditions to this end would be that dress should represent womanly reserve. It should clothe, not disguise nor reform. The line of beauty should be preserved without that exposure of the delicate skin which makes the beholder shiver

An Idea Concerning Shopping.

Shopping can scarcely be a pleasure to any one as it must now be carried on in most of our establishments. In the larger shops it is becoming almost impossible to get at what one wants, to see the stock, or to be waited on. Moreover, the time consumed in sending the purchases to a delivery room, and in making change, is a very serious matter to those to whom hours are valuable and bed days important.

The assistants have no special interest in pleasing customers, and doubtless are weary of lifting down rolls of goods or boxes of trimmings. The proprietors, who are always anxious to make sales, are behind the scenes somewhere. It is quite possible that he will be told that a certain shade of silk is not to be had, and see it with your own eyes at the same counter five minutes afterwards; and naturally when you interrupt two aurora-tinted young ladies in the midst of a discussion concerning the comparative charms of the blond and brunette door-walkers, it is easier for them to answer, haughtily, "Nothing but what you see, madame," than it is to show their stock.

Still, when a busy woman has taken a day from important work in order to make purchases, it is hard to end it at last, wearied, disgusted and unsatisfied, with nothing to show for her trouble.

Of course very wealthy people can leave all this matching and selecting to their dress-makers; little bills are of no importance to them; nor is the lady who is driven about in her carriage greatly fatigued; but there are many ladies who leave their out of town homes, their children and their servants, to make a journey, and take a considerable journey, and take a very little time, after all, for their purchases.

For the benefit of these earnest, honest shoppers, who would be glad to buy and get a benefit, a thorough system of sample books would be.

We shoppers might inaugurate the method for the good of all concerned, by making a list of the goods we want, and then, instead of carrying a bundle of books of your silks or your satins or your clothes, at last, everything could be selected in this way.

Those who shop for shopping's sake would not like it, but those who wanted to buy would. So would tired shop assistants. And when goods came home they would not be creased or wrinkled, and they would be better than the goods of the lady who has just had lunch, and had not washed her hands, as sometimes happens now-a-days.

The Habit of Work.

There is scarcely anything of greater importance to a young man than that he should acquire early the habit of regular application to some pursuit. Many persons who are not of an indolent nature live on, from day to day, from their hands, and have never learned how to work to any advantage. They have never formed the habit of regular, systematic application. Desultory merely impulsive efforts are attended by very insufficient and unsatisfactory results. The first requisite is to know that you want to accomplish something, and then to set to work to do it.

There is a difference, so we called her Grace."

"Thank you," said Colin.

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Among the interesting souvenirs which have been loaned for exhibition at the coming fair of the New England Institute, in Boston, is a gigantic pitcher, which commemorates the great naval events of the war of 1812. It was manufactured in 1812, and is now in the possession of Mr. Horace Jones, whose grandson, Mr. Horace J. Richards, of Troy, now owns it. It is finely engraved with representations of the escape of the old Constitution from a British squadron, the flight before the wind of the Shannon, Perry's great victory on Lake Erie, the return of a Yankee squadron from the Mediterranean, and other stirring events, and with the figures of Perry, Decatur, and Paul Jones, McDonough, and other naval heroes. It is a masterpiece of the engraving art, and is a most valuable souvenir of the war of 1812.