Whose splendor is no more the sur Of courts, the proud array, in spurs of knighthood wildly won in some fierce faught affray; Whose dress, as sober to the glance As autumn's brown leaf, hies

Who coolly scans his fellow-mer Who coolly scans his lenow-inea With philosophic eye; Converses calinly, knowing when To smile, or when to sigh. Nor tilts at wind-mills—saves his breath To name them with a sneer; MacGregor, on his native heath, From him had nought to fear.

Who rides no more through forest dim With half-drawn sword, and prayer With half-drawn sword, and prayer tipon his lips, or holy hymn. To guard from evil there. Who steps with dainty foot-fall, down The church's throng-lined aisle, And views the embelened cross and crown With self-sufficient smile.

Whose chivalry to all the weak
is proofless—who can cheat
The widow and the orphan meek,
And all their woes complete;
Whose highest aim is self, whose hugh
Greets wrong, who mocks at right,
Who bows before the golden calf—
is this the modern Knight?

Ah! no. Who loves not his own age,
With all its faults of kind,
May rank as hermit learn'd or sage,
But leaves all love behind;
For human hearts, since Adam, beat
With pulses still the same,
And change, which time must ever meet,
Is half—a change of name.

And loyal truth, pure knighthood's best, A bright twinned star, still ites Reflected from the carnest depths Of some clear human eyes; What though the jesting cynic lurk Upor the tongue; words can but challeinge jest, when noble work Froclaims the cynic, man.

And honor, chivalry, live yet, leny it, ye who may; Your cheeks with passicaed tears still wet, in memory of a day.
When woke the load, stern trump of wars, And glowed each fatent spark.
Or knighthood, till a field of stars.
Blazed o'er his se atcheon dark.

Ay, chivairy is siving yet,
Nor all laid "wath the sod,
With lives, (a country's long regret,)
To country given and God;
Not less showed forth its lot y power,
Not less its pride of will.
That hardest lesson of the hour,
To suffer and be still.

So daring in war's fierce melec,
So patient and so strong,
To bear reverse, what minstrel's lay,
What peel's sweetest song
Can tell of Cœur de Llons more,
Or hymn Crousaders' story?
Pass by the vaunted days of yere,
From glory unto glory?

In life's great tournament, the knights
Wage kindly contest ever,
Kot dim in distance, all the lights
Of chivalric endeavor;
Whoever doubts new take good heed,
Or keep his vizor down,
For doubt is doubt's deserved meed,
As trust is honor's crown. [LATIENNE.

THE SCENE-PAINTER'S WIFE.

ATALE.

BY M. E. BRADDON. A ...tor of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

"You wouldn't think it, to look at her now, sir," said the old clown, as he shook the ashes out of his blackened clay, "but madam was once as handsome a woman as you'd see for many's long day. It was an accident that spoil ther beauty."

The speaker was attached to a little eque trian company with which I had fallen in du summer day's pedestrianism in Warwick shire. The troupe had halted at a roadsid inn, where I was dawdling over my simple mid-day meal, and by the time I had smoke by eight in the companionship, the clown and were upon a footing of person triangle.

A both a tothing in the struck by the woman of whom he spoke. She was tall and slim, at had something of a foreign look, as I bught. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the paintal impression which it gave to a stranger. It was the face of a woman who had undergone some great terror. The slekly pallor the skin was made conspicuous by the hectorightness of the large black eyes, and on the check there was a scar—the mark of some

do brightness of the large black eyes, and on me check there was a scar—the mark of some leadly hurt inflicted long ago.

My new friend and I had strolled a little way for the inn, where the rest of the company tere still occupied with their frugal dinner, stretch of sunny common lay before us, and semed to invite a ramble. The clown filled is pipe, and wasked on meditatively. I took ut another eigar.

"Was it a full from horseback that gave her lat sear ?" I asked!

scar?" I asked. A fall from horseback! Madame Delavan No, sir, that scam on her cheek was made y the claws of a tiger. It's rather a curious sort of story, and I don't mind telling it, if you'd like to hear it; but for the Lord's sake don't let her know I've been talking of her, if you should happen to scrape acquaintance with her when you go back to the inn."

"Has she such a litely of

out?"
"I rather think she has. You see she's no it rather think she has. You see she's not the right in the upper story, poor soul; but bldes beautifully, and doesn't know what ar means. You'd scarcely believe how handine she looks at night when she's dressed for ering. Her face lights up almost as well as used to do ten year ago, before she had the cident. Ah, she was handsome in those ys, and used to be run after by all the general like mad. But she never was a bad, never—wild and self-willed, but never acked woman, as I'll stake my life. I've been ritiend through thick and thin, when she alled a friend, and I've understood her betch and others.

r friend through tblek and thin, when she kled a friend, and I've understood her betaled a friend, and I've understood her betaled a friend, and I've understood her betaled her han others. She was only twelve years old when she mae to us with her father, a noted lion-laner. I was very severe with her at such times; a wea always had a brave-spirit, and I never bey her to quali before him or before the sasts. She used to take her share In all the diman's performances, and when he died, dithe lions were sold off, our proprietor kept tiger for her to perform with. He was the ererest of all the animals, but a queer temp, and it needed a spirit like Caroline Delatifs to face him. She rode in the circus as II as performing with the tiger, and she was gether the most valuable member of the pany, and was very well paid for her k. She was eighteen when her father died, within a year of his death she married. It wayle, our scene-painter. Tather surprised at this marriage, for I Caroline might have done better. Joe riy-due if he was a day—a pale, sandy fellow, not much to look at, and by no a genius. But he was awfully fond of the lad followed her about like a cr since she came among us, and I the married him more out of pity than I told her so one day, but she only he as to good for me, Mr. Waters, that's well married couple did indeed seem

ly married couple did indeed seem happy together. It was a treat to and at the wing and watch his wife cer performances, ready to put a ther pretty white shoulders when ne, or to throw himself stars. ter performances, ready to put a rher pretty white shoulders when there or to throw himself between here tiger in case of mischief. She treated in a pretty, patrontzing sort of way, as if ad been ever so much younger than here if of twelve years her senior. She used a upon tiptoe and kiss him before all inpany, sometimes at rehearsals, much delight. He worked like a slave in the of improving his position as he improved east, and he thought nothing too good beautiful young wife. They had very reable iodgings about half a mile from anufacturing town where we were stationed if to the winter months, and lived as well inple folks need live.

Jour manager was proprietor of a second heatre, at a scaport town, fifty miles away from the place where we were stationed; and when pantomime time was coming on, poor Joseph Waylle was ordered off to paint the scenery for this other theatre, much to his grief, as his work was likely to keep him a month or six weeks away from his wife. It was their first parting and the husband felt it deeply. He left Caroline to the care of an old

woman who took the money, and who pro-fessed a very warm attachment for Mrs. Way-lle, or Madame Delavanti, as she was called in the bills.

the bills.

Joseph had not been gone much more than a week, when I began to take notice of a young officer who was in front every evening, and who watched Caroline's performance with evident admiration. I saw him one night in very close conversation with Mrs. Muggleton, the money-taker, and was not over-pleased to hear Madame Delavanti's name mentioned in the course of their conversation. On the next night I found him bitering about at the stagedoor. He was a very handsome man, and I could not avoid taking notice of him. On inquiry, I found that his name was Jocelyn, and could not avoid taking notice of him. On in-quiry, I found that his name was Jocelyn, and that he was a captain in the regiment then sta-tioned in the town. He was the only son of a wealthy manufacturer, I was told, and had plenty of money to throw about.

wealthy manuacturer, I was told," and had plenty of money to throw about.

I had fluished my performance earlier than usual one night soon after this, and was waiting for a friend at the stage-door, when Captain Jocelyn came up the dark by-street, smoking his eigar, and evidently waiting for some one. I fell back into the shadow of the door, and waited, fieling pretty sure that he was on the watch for Caroline. I was right. She came out presently and joined him, putting her hand under his arm, as if it were quite a usual thing for him to be her escort. I followed them at a little distance as they walked off, and waited till I saw Joe's wife safe within her own door. The captain detained her on the doorstep talking for a few minutes, and would fain have kept her there longer, but she dismissed him with that pretty imperious way she had with all of us at times.

Now, as a very old friend of Caroline's, I wasn't going to stand this sort of thing; so I taxed her with it plainly next day, and told her no good could come of any acquainfance between her and Captain Jocelyn.

"And no harm need come of it either, you silly old fellow," she said. "I've been used to that sort of attention all my life. There's nothing but the most Innocent filtration between us."

"What would Joe think of such an innocent filtration, Caroline !" I asked.

ing but the most Innocent flirtation between us."

"What would Joe think of such an innocent flirtation, Caroline!" I asked.

"Joe must learn to pat up with such things," she answered, "as long as I do my duty to him. I can't live without excitement, and admiration, and that sort of thing. Joe ought to know that as well as I do."

"I should have thought the tiger and the horses would have given you enough excitement, Carellne," I said, "without running into worse dangers than the risk of your life."

"But they don't give me half enough excitement, 'she answered; and then she took out a little watch in a jewelled case, and looked at it, and then at ne, in a half boastful, half-anxious way.

"Why, what a pretty watch, Carry!" said I.

"Is that a present from Joe?"

"As If you didn't know better than that!" she said. "Country scene-painters can't afford to buy diamon't watches for fheir wives, Mr. Waters."

I tried to lecture her, but she laughed off my represente a near that for the paint of the paint with the paint off the paint of the paint of the paint of the paint off the paint off the paint of the paint off the paint off the paint of the paint of the paint off the paint of the paint off the paint off the paint of the paint of the paint of the paint off the paint off the paint of the paint of the paint off the paint off the paint of the paint of

to buy diamon't wateness for their wives, Mr. Waters."

I tried to lecture her, but she hughed off my reproaches; and I saw her that night with a bracelet on her arm which I knew must be another gift from the captain. He was in a stage-box, and threw her a bouquet of choice flowers after her scene with the tiger. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see her pick up the flowers and offer them to the grim looking animal to smell, and then snatch them away with a laugh, and refre, currecying to the audience, and glancing connectishly towards the box where her admirer sat applauding her.

person who had been running. We brushed against one another as we passed, but the man took no notice of me.

Half an hour afterwards I was lounging in a corner of the ring while Carolline went through her performances with the tiger. Captain Jocelyn was in his usual phoe, with a bouquet in his hand. It was New Year's night, and the house was very full. I had been looking all round for some time, when I was startled by the sight of a face in the pit. It was Joseph Waylie's face, ashy pale and fixed as death—a face that meant mischlef.

"He las heard something against his wife," I thought. "Fil run round to him directly I can get out, of the ring, and anake matters square. Some confounded scandal-monger has got hold of him, and has been polsoning his mind about Caroline and the captain." I knew there had been a good deal of falk in the theatre about the two—talk which I had done my best to put down.

Captain Jocelyn threw his bouquet, which was received with a coquettish smile and a bright upward glance to a seemed to express profound delight. I knew that this was mere stage-play but how must it have looked to the jelious man, glaring with fixed eyes from his place at the-back of the pit! I turned to speak to his which, no doubt. I left the ring immediately, and went to prepare her for the interview, and, if needful, to stand between her and her husband's anger.

If ound her at the wing, trifling with her bouquet in an absent way "Have you seen J. "I asked.

"No," she answere. "He hasn't come back, has he? I didn't expect him for a week."

"I know, my dear; but he was in front just now, looking as pale as a ghost. I'm afraid some one has been talking to him about you."

She looked rather frightened when I aid this.

"They can't say any harm of me, if they speak the truth," she said. "I wonder Josepa

this.

"They can't say any harm of me, if they speak the truth," she said. "I wonder loo

iden't come straight to me though, instead of going to the front of the house."

We were both wanted in the ring. I helped Caroline thyough her causette ring. We were both wanted in the ring. I helped Caroline through her equestrian performance, and saw that she was a little nervous and anxious about Joe's return. She did not favor the captain with many more smiles that evening, and she told me to be ready for her at the stage door ten minutes: clore the performance was over.

"I want to give Captain Jocelyn the slip," she said; "but I daresay Joe will come to me before I'm ready."

she said; "but I daresay Joe will come to me before I'm ready."
Joe did not appear, however, and she went home with me. I met the captain on my way back, and he asked me if I had been seeing Mrs. Waylie home. I told him yes, and that her husband had come home. Joe had not arrived at the lodgings, however, when Caroline went in, and I returned to the theatre to look for him. The stage door was shut when I went back; so I supposed that Joe had gone home by another way, or was out drinking. I went to bed that night very measy in my mind about Caroline and her husband.

There was an early rehearsal of a new inter-

about Caroline and her husband.

There was an early rehearsal of a new interlude next morning, and Caroline came into the theatre five minutes after I got there. She looked pate and Ill, Her husband had not been home.

"I think it must have been a mistake of vours about Joe," she said to me. "I don't

yours about Joe," she said to me. "I don't think it could have been him you saw in the pit last night.

"I saw him as Eurely as I see you at this mo-"I saw him as turely as I see you at this mo-ment, my dear," I answered. "There's no possibility of a mistake. Joe came back last night, and Joe was in the pit while you were on with the tiger."

This time she looked really frightened. She put her hand to her heart suddenly, and began to tremble.

"Why dign't he come home to me?" she cried, "and where did he hide himself last night?"

eried, "and where did he hide himself last night?"
"I'm afraid he must have gone out upon the drink, my dear."
"Joe hever drinks," she answered.
While she stood looking at me with that jale scared face, one of our young men came run-ning towards us.
"You're wanted, Waters," he said shortly.
"Where?"

"You're wanted, Waters," he said shortly.
"Where?"

"Upstairs in the painting room."
"Joe's room? "cried Caroline. "Then he has
come back. I'll go with you."

She was following me as I crossed the stage,
but the young man tried to stop her.

"You'd better not come just yet, Mrs. Waylie," he said in a hurried way that was strange
to him. "It's only Waters that's wanted on a
matter of business," And then, as Caroline
followed close upon us, he took hold of my arm
and whispered, "Don't let her come."

I tried to keep her back, but it was no use.
"I know it's my husband who wants you,"
she said. "They've been making mischief
about me, You shan't keep me away from
him."

We were on the narrow stairs leading to the painting room by this time. I couldn't keep Caroline off. She pushed past both of us, and ran into the room before we could stop

Caroline off. She pushed past both of us, and ran into the room before we could stop her.

"Serve her right," muttered my companion.
"It's all her doing."

I heard her scream as I came to the door. There was a little crowd in the painting room round a quiet figure lying on a bench, and there was a ghastly pool of blood upon the floor. Joseph Waylic lead cut his throat.

"He must have done it last night," said the manager. "There's a letter for his wife on the table yonder. Is that you, Mrs. Waylie? A bad business, isn't it? Poor Joseph!"

Caroline knelt down by the side of the bench and stopped there on her knees, as still as death, fill the room was clear of all but me.

"They think I deserve this, Waters," she said, lifting her white face from the dead man's shoulder, where she had hidden it; "but I meant no harm. Give me the letter."

"You'd better wait a bit, my dear," I said.
"No, no; give it me at once, please."
I gave her the letter. It was very short. The scene painter had come back to the theatre in time to hear some portion of that interview between Captain Joseph and his wife. He evidently had believed her much more guilty than she was?

"I think you must know how I loved you."

the evidently had believed her much more guilty than she wass.

"I think you must know how I loved you, Caroline," he wrote; "I can't face life with the knowledge that you've been false to me."

Of course there was an inquest. We worked it so that the jury gave a verdict of temporary insanity, and poor Joe was buried decently in the cemetery outside the town. Caroline sold the watch and the bracelet that Captain Joeelyn had given her, in order to pay for her husband's funeral. She was very quiet, and went on with the performances as usual a week after Joe's deat', but I could see a great change in her. The rest of the company were very hard upon her, as I thought, blanning her for her husband's death, and she was under a cloud, as it were; but she looked as handsome as ever, and went through all her performances in her old daring way. I'm sure, though, that she grieved sincerely for Joe's death, and that she had never meant to do him wrong.

her word of command in a suiky unwilling manner that I didn't like. This made her angry and she used her light whip more freely than usual.

One of the tiger's concluding tricks was a leap through a garland of flowers which Caroline held for him. She was kneeling in the centre of the stage with this garland in her hands, ready for the animal's spring, when her eyes wandered it the front of the house, and she rose suddenly with a shrill scream, and her arms outstretched wildly. Whether the sulky brute thought that she was going to strike him or not, I don't know; but he sprang savagely at her we she rose, and in the next moment she was lying on the ground helpless, and the andlence screaming with terror. I rushed upon the stage with half-a-dozen others, and we had the brute muzzled and roped in a few breathless moments, but not before he had torn Caroline's cheek and shoulder with his claws. She was insensible when we carried her off the stage, and she was confined to her bed three months after the accident with brain fever. When she came among us again, she had lost every vestige of color, and her face had that set look which you must have observed just now.

"The fright of her encounter with the tiger gave her that look," I said; "I don't much wonder at it."

"Not a bit of it," answered the clown. "That's the curious part of the story. She didn't think anything of her skirmish with the tiger, though it quite spoilt her beauty. What frightened her was the slight of her husband sitting in the pit, as he had sat there a year before, on the night of his death. Of course you'll say it was a delusion, and so say I. But she declares she saw him sitting amongst the crowd—amongst them, and yet not one of them, somehow, with a sort of ghastly light upon his lace that marked him out from the rest. It was the sight of him that made her drop her garland and give that scream and rush that frightened the tiger. You see she had been brooding upon his death for a long time, and no doubt she conjured up his image out of her own

—Indiana, with delicate gallantry, does not provide for the imprisonment of a lady who may be fined for any offence, and gives no other means of recovering the mulet if the person upon whom it is imposed does not see

-A Cincinnati paper tells a story of a female who absconded, and concludes the account with this statement, which is uncomplimentary to the detectives: "When it was trusted to the detectives, it came also to our reporter's ears." A NARROW ESCAPE.

What a perfect model of a young man that one must be who can say with truth, "I have never done a foolish thing," I feel no fear of having my word doubted when I say that in my thue I have done a good many, one of which nearly resulted in my being prevented from ever relating the following story:

Parls, as Albert Smith used to say, is a "rather Jolly place—rather funny," but It has its serious side. There are grant Raes and majestle Boulevards; but there are also the wretched alleys and culsi-devac; the noble palaces and the rulnous crowded houses, each a perfect warren; the acts in the sunshine of broad day, and the deeds of darkness.

"Take cure of yourself," was the last laughing address of my friends, as I took my ticket, at London Bridge Station—an address as langhing replied to; and that same evening, with a companion, I was strolling down the Boulevard des Italiens, smoking a cigar and enjoying the novel sights around; the newsvender's klock; the fall, white stone houses, with their bright Venetian shutters; the handsome shops, with their costly contents; the gay throng of promenaders; the numberless little marble top tables, and the cool way in which people sat out of doors to sip their cafe nonre, can sucrée, or vin de Bordeaux. Here was a comple playing dominoes; there a quartette, evidently tradesfolk, with a moderator-lamp, scated at a table outside their shop door, happily engaged in a Fren h version of short whist. Now the pointed-monstached, light-coated, cocked-hatted sergeant de ville, with his long thin sword, would take one's attention; now one of the many shabbyuniformed, but active, cat-like, sun-browned soldiers, one and all carrying their arms. Then the white cap of a sister of mercy, or the siarched plaits of a bonne, would diversify the throng. Everywhere there was something new to take the attention, while not the least evident was the love of our neighbors for display, as shown in glided railings, bright hues, and above all in lowers clustering round so many windows. No gas-flaming,

strangest of which was a belief that Paris was a sort of a fairy-land, where all was perfect; and I woke the next upraing to a capital hotel breakfast of long bread, cafö-au-lait, couls frais, and a string band, recalling home, outside tho window with the strains of the "Lancer's Quadrilles." Then came a round of sight-secing—cathedral, church, picture gallery, bridge, fountain, palace, opera, theatre, and review. We hanched and dined a la Francaise, and pretended to like the French potage and their wines. We played billiards at the cafés, smoked bad cigars, made ourselves Ill, tired our

pretended to like the French polage and ther wines. We played billiards at the cujes, smoked bad cigars, made ourselves ill, tired ourselves out, and all the while avowed that we were in the very height of enjoyment.

At the end of a fortnight, Paris did not seem half so bright a place; and certainly, no better than London. One day I spent upon a sofa reading the Times and Galignani; and that same evening my commands actually blined. reading the Times and Galignani; and that same evening my companion actually lilated at its being almost time to think of going back home. But at the table d'hôte we encountered a young fellow-countryman who put us through a sort of catechism, upon our saying that we were about tired of the place, canding by teiling us that we had seen nothing yet, and promising to initiate us into a little more of Parisian life and manners.

We assented to his acting as guide; and he certainly did initiate us—or rather, gave us a lesson—in Parisian life and manners—one of which proved quite sufficient to satisfy me; and two days after I was congratulating myself upon being safely at home.

It was about 10 o'clock at night that, after spending an hour or two amid the cefe chan-

A concept of the part of the p

with an eagerness that I could only have pitted in another.

It almost seemed as though my friend's success had been the signal for an increasing thirst for the game, for the stakes gradually grew higher; gold began to make its appearance, bright and yellow, among the silver; men who had been snoking, drinking and chatting about the room door, as I had done, drew nearer to the table, towatch the proceedings; the murmur of conversation ceased, and play seemed now fully the order of the night. We had been in the gambling house now quite an hour and a half, when, after impatiently hinting several times that it was quite time to be gone, our friend, who had brought us there, drew Rivers from the table, saying, "You have won enough now—take my advice and come away;" but Rivers only shook him off, with a half laugh, and returned to the table after hastly swallowing a glass of champagne.

and come away; but Rivers only shook him off, with a half laugh, and returned to the table after hastly swallowing a glass of champagne.

Meanwhile, our guide to the mysteries of Paris turned to me.

"You had better bring him away now," he said; "perhaps you have more influence over him. I don't consider this the safest of piaces."

Feeling uneasy, I turned to Rivers, and whispered to him that it was time to go, but only to get for an answer an impatient shring.

Our friend stayed some little time longer, and then, unperceived by me, he left, the room, for the feeling of interest in my friend Rivers' play had now grown most intense, since he was still winning, and it was as much as I could do to keep from placing a small stake upon the table myself; for soveral times over I had seen him place money in his pocket, and he had, besides, a goodly heap on the table before him.

At last I grew as deeply intent upon the game as was Rivers himself, and wntehed each venture and its result with an excitement only to be explained by the engrossing nature of the play.

For quite an hour my friend went on winning, men ceasing their own ventures to watch those of their more fortunate conpetitors; and now it was that I could see greed, avarice, cunning, a host of every success turned at last, and as I watched him I saw his brow knit tigher and tighter, as with inconceivable rapidity his pile of money miled away, almost without a single renovaling coup. Then first one pocket was applied to and then another, till, with a laugh full of disappointment and annoyance, he turned from the table, walked up to the buffet, and tossed down a tumbler of wine.

It required almost an effort to tear myself away from the table, where there was not.

wine.

It required almost an effort to tear myself away from the table, where there was an excited buzz as of hungry files for a tew minutes, and then the gaming recommenced; but I followed Rivers to the buffet, where he was thoughtfully standing. oughtfully standing.
"Ought to have left off sooner, ch?" he said;
or else not to have begun," he muttered.
But where are you going?"

to play the part of mentor and to whisper to come away.

"Monsieur can play for himself, sir. Why do you interfere?" said a swarthy individual with a short, black beard and very close cut hair.

"Pil come soon," I said, angrily. "I can do no worse than you have done."

Rivers shrugged his shoulders and turned away to take another glass of champagne from the waiter, when the fierer-looking Frenchman whispered to me, "Play high, monsieur; you are likely to have la bonheur. The fickle goddess likes not humble offerings."

Turning impatiently from my would-be counsello; whom I set down as belonging to the proprietary, I again threw down a napoleon, and lost. Another—another—another. In dive minutes I had come down to my last coin, and I stood for a few moments thoughtful and pondering. Should I let that go with the others or not? Why should I refrain? I asked myseif bitterly; my folly could be no greater; and, almost passlonately, I threw it down, half turning, at the same time, to leave the fable, and hurry from the house.

"Won, by Jove!" a volce whispered at my ear; and I was once more in funds to carry on the warfare, or to leave, whichever I liked. I was about to pursue the latter course, when a half-contemptuous glance from the Frenchman's eye turned me back, and I staked again and again; doubled my stake, and won again; signin doubled and won; so that, in the course of a few minutes. I had piled up a goodly heap of five franc pieces before me.

"Gige this gentleman some wine," the Frenchman said, in a low tone to a walter, and a glass was handed to me, but, impatiently motioning the man aside, I pinnged, as it were, into the overpowering excitemen. of the play, winning constantly, and with a feeling as of some wild fever thrilling through my veins.

Twice over I believe that Rivers eagerly begged on, although at the time there was a strange desire upon me to leave off and to carry may my Higotten gains. Every stake I haid down was successful, and in a short time I found that the greater part of the occupanis

wise go quietly home. Is this just, Monsleur?
Are mine the words of friend or enemy? Take my advice, if it seem a friend's, and stay here; if it seem a senemy's, rouse your comrade, and go in peace.

He tupped my breast with his fingers, which came in contact with the napoleons in my pocket, and smiled meanlagly, but with a leer in his cyes which troubled me, and made me turn uneasily to look at Rivers.

Crossing to him, I shook his arm, but only obtained a few unintelligible mutterings, though I carnestly besonght him to wake up. His arm dropped nerveless to his side, his head sank lower upon his bosom, and breathing stentorlously the while, he seemed to be plunged in a deep, heavy sleep, from which there was no awakening him.

What context do? What did it mean—Rivers being so fast asleep? Had he been pilled with wine? or was it possible that he could have been drugged?

I half laughed at what seemed to be the absordity of the thought, full of romance as it appeared; but the next moment a cold chilf rau through me as I recalled the words of our friend who had brought us there,—"I don't consider this the safest of pinces!"

What should I do—run all risks and go, or run all risks and stay? The danger seemed equal on either hand; while how could I go and leave my companion in the hands of these people? I cursed the folly that made me stay—that had brought me to such a place; for what, after all, were my winnings compared with life? How could I tell what would be my fate before morning, unarmed, in a strange div, and surrounded by people who knew me to be in possession of a heavy sum of money? It was impossible to help a shuder coursing through my veins as I recalled the Frenchman's sinister words regarding temptation. What lift tempted him —the man of whom I felf an instinctive dread, and, one evideatly connected in some way with the establishment, for while the others had gone he still lingered behind.

"Yos," said the swarthy Frenchman, smiling in reply; "Mousieur thinks it unsafe to pass through the atrong and

ment; is it not so?"

I made no opposition to our being separated for I could not, after all, think that anything wrong would beall Rivers, penalless and without jewelry as he was; but I steadily refused to partake of any repast, dreading that I night

they would not attempt it by my route. But would the shutter bear this weight?

I tried one with my left hand, and it shook ominously. I stepped quickly to the other and tried it. Firmer, certainly; but what a frail road to safety? Would it not be better to stop and encounter my enemies, who were now in the room?

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It seemed the lesser evil to trust to my activity to reach the roof; and sofity placing one toot upon the wood work I reached the top of the shutter and drew myself up from the window sill, just as a man leaned out and uttered an exchamation of horror. But I could not look down at him, nor heed his warning cry to dascend, for all my weight was now upon the shutter, supported by its hinges and the holder which kept it back against the stone wall. I felt it giving way beneath me; but taking another step I threw up one hand, as with a spasmodic effort I drew up my body in what I knew to be my last struggle for life; and that hand rested upon the parapet; the next instant my other hand was by its side; my feet aided me again for an instant, and then, with a sharp crack, the shutter gave way, hung to my feet for a few moments, when, as I kleked them free and clung there, I heard it fall, after what seemed a lifetime of horror, upon the parapent below.

The effect of that crash below was almost sufficient to make me relax my hold, so strangely did it jar upon my nerves; but my fingers seemed to grow, as it were, into the stone, and I hung at the full stretch of my muscles, motioniess, for a few moments, when, forcing myself by pure mental effort to think of my duty to fight to the last, I began to draw myself up, rising slowly till my chin was upon the parapet edge, but with the weight of the money seeming to drag me down; then one hand was reached forward to get a better hold, the other followed, and I hardly knew how, but in a battle of mind, muscle and weight, I struggled up, my feet just lending a slight aid as they found a crevice between the stone courses, and then I was lying panting in the guiter, feeling that I had used every atom of vital power in the efforts of those few min

biling, in spite of my assurances that I was no burgiar.

A flucre bore me to my hotel; and upon reaching my roem, to my great surprise, I was followed there by Rivers, pale and ill, and confused of intellect. He had found himself, he told me, on the Pont Neuf, and had been wandering about for hours till the hotel had been opened. As to how he came there, all was blank; his last recellection was seeing me at the table in the gambling house, and then has going and drinking at the buffet from a glass handed to him by the obsequious Frenchman. man.

I was too ill to relate my own adventure, and the next morning, when somewhat better,

penses; and when you dine out, or when your duties out-doors make it more convenient for you to dine at a restaurant, your expenses are not going on at home. Even if you have a kitchen and servants, their table is not yours. You pay them certain wages, and then allow them dally so much money for their own food, which they spend as they pleas; You have a or responsibility. It is no meanness to have a nor responsibility. It is no meanness to have a nor responsibility. It is no meanness to have a nine roast, or any nice dish set aside for your own future use. The servants here are so experienced in their science of culinary econemy, also, that they seem to know to a slice how many potatoes to cook for one person, and so on with every article of food.

True, wealthy Americaus come to Rome and bring with them home habits. The surveillance of house accounts has hanging around it wretched memories of home wrestlings and griefs, so the mistresses omit this very necessary duty. They order more food than is needed, or can be used at their own table, and think, according to the law and gospel, their own kitchen gods and goddesses taught them with bitter suffering, that it is a contemptible parsimony to have the cold meats kept for further use at their 6wn meais, and send them all into the kitchen. The Italian servants, unaccustomed to this "barbaric generosity," become speedily demoralized, and a system of thieving begins which is endless.

But those of us who have small means and little leisure, live differently; we copy the natives, adding the while a few liberalities of American life, and the comfort and peace of mind that results is delightful. Everything about housekeeping in Rome can be under your own eye, and is arranged to give you the smallest amount of trouble. Wood, for example, you purchase by the charette, or load, which is a little over half a cord, and order it, strange to say, at your grocer's! To be sure, the Romans of comfortable means get their fuel in another way, from their own lands or from farmers,

-They have carried the art of extortion at 'fairs" to a degree of perfection in Great Britain. Mr. Toole, the comedian, strolled into a fair one afternoon at Dundee, where he happened to be playing, and the managers of the entertainment determined that he should add to their revenues. They asked him to give an exhibition then and there, and pressed him so strongly that he consented. The room was then emptied and a new admission fee was charged to all who entered. When Mr. Toole himself went to the door the keeper protested that he did not at all resemble Mr. Toole, and that if he wished to see the comedian he must pay. To even such a demand the good-natured man made no refusal, but paid for the privilege of entering the hall to give an entertain-

"Only back to the table for a Butle while," I said, to the table of a Butle while," I said, to the table of gov. I maked of they said, to the table of gov. I maked of they said, to the table of gov. I maked of they said, they are table while whil

thought, for I would throw's through the open swindow. But, no; I dared not take it from the process that chinking would, perhaps, be after all, excite the cupidily of some one in the house.

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ment for which he received nothing.