SECOND BOOK

M.D. BERLITZ

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SECOND BOOK

FOR

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BY

M. D. BERLITZ

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Profesor M. Borjas

PREFACE

As this book is only a continuation of the series begun in the first book, the author does not think it necessary to repeat here a description of his method of teaching.

The first book contains the most necessary vocabulary for simple conversations, especially such as is useful in travelling; few abstract expressions and only elementary grammatical constructions are admitted.

In the second book the vocabulary is gradually enriched with abstract words and idiomatic expressions, which are generally employed so as to render their signification evident through context, or in such a manner that the teacher will find in the preceding lessons the words necessary for explaining the new phrases.

Even in the exercises new words are frequently introduced. It is therefore always necessary to do the exercises orally in the lessons (before having them written out at home) in order to have an opportunity for explanations and additional drill.

The lessons are to be given in the same way as those at the end of the first book; *i. e.*, the teacher reads one

or several sentences, makes the student also read them, corrects his pronunciation, asks him questions like those in the exercises (but a great many more), until the student is perfectly familiarized with all the expressions and can speak fluently and correctly on the subject in question.

In a number of pieces the author has had to embody words that did not strictly belong to the subject in question. This was done because they were of great importance on account of their frequent use or on account of their being key-words for the explanation of others; such are: "true, believe, hope, fear, in spite of" (the latter for explaining "although, nevertheless" etc.). The teacher will easily recognize these words and be able to practise them with especial care.

It is advisable not only to have the student read the exercises in the class, but also to have him write them as home-work. When the student is a little advanced, dictations should also be given; anecdotes and short stories committed to memory should be related, and the conversations in the book be imitated among several students.

Persons desirous of seeing the practical application of this Method will find the addresses of the Berlitz Schools of Languages on the inside of the back cover of this book.

Troylan M. Borjas.

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FIRST PART.

(*Indicative Mood.*)

(*Potential, Subjunctive.*)

(*Would etc. expressing habit.*)

FUNNY SAYINGS AND ANECDOTES.

At the Hotel.

Mr. Allen.—We engaged two communicating rooms this morning by telegraph.

Hotel Clerk. — Messrs. Allen and Burrows, if I am not mistaken?

Mr. A. — That's right.

H. C. — We have kept Numbers 35 and 36 for you. They are very pleasant and comfortable. Will you register your name, please.

Mr. B. — Is there a bath-room connected with our rooms?

H. C. — No, but there is one on each floor.

Mr. A. — We want to be awakened at six to-morrow morning. To whom shall we speak about it?

H. C. — I'll make a note of it and have you called at that time.

Mr. A. — Can we get our coffee at about seven?

H. C. — Yes, indeed; breakfast is served in the breakfast room from six to ten. Shall I go upstairs with you to show you your rooms?

Mr. A. —Yes, please.

H. C. — This way, please. Here is the elevator.

Mr. B. —We have some linen to be washed; how soon can we get it again? We are in a great hurry for it.

H. C. — There is a laundry in the hotel; clothes are

delivered, washed and ironed, within 24 hours. When you are ready, ring for the chambermaid; she'll take your washing.

Mr. A.—Will you send our luggage up immediately?

H. C. — Here is the electric bell. Press the button once for the chambermaid, twice for the porter and three times for the waiter (*he leaves*).

Mr. B. — My boots are very dirty; I'll ring for the porter to have them cleaned and polished (*he rings*).

Porter. — Did you ring?

Mr. B. —Will you blacken my boots and brush my overcoat and do it quickly, please?

Porter. — Certainly, sir.

Mr. B. — And tell the chambermaid to bring us some towels and hot water. Can I get some drinking water?

Porter. —Yes, I'll tell the waiter to fetch you some.

Mr. B. — Is it filtered?

Porter. — No, but it is spring water and very pure; I can send you some mineral water: Vichy or Appolinaris, if you would rather have it.

Mr. B. — No, never mind, have him fetch spring water.

EXERCISE.

(*Answer the following questions.*)

1. Where do you stay over night if you are in a city in which you do not live? 2. What did Messrs. A. and B. do to be certain of getting a room at the hotel? 3. Did the hotel clerk know the travellers? 4. Did he make a mistake in their names? 5. Am I mistaken if I think you

are an Englishman? 6. Are the rooms spoken of far away from each other? 7. Do the gentlemen desire to sleep till late in the morning? 8. At what time do they wish to get up? 9. What do they want the hotel people to do at six o'clock? 10. Does the noise in the street wake you up in the morning? 11. Does light in your room prevent you from sleeping? 12. Do you easily wake up if you are very tired? 13. Why have we alarm clocks in our bedrooms? 14. What does the hotel clerk do in order to remember that he is to call the gentleman at six o'clock? 15. At what time do they want their breakfast? 16. Why does the hotel clerk offer to go upstairs with the gentlemen? 17. Do they walk up? 18. Do our collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, etc., worn during a long railway journey, look clean or soiled? 19. What must we do with our linen when it gets soiled? 20. What do we call the place where linen is washed? 21. Do the gentlemen need their linen soon? 22. What phrase expresses that they can not wait for it long? 23. What does the laundress do to the clothes after they are washed? 24. How soon will the laundry return the linen? 25. Who will take the soiled clothes away? 26. What must the gentlemen do to call the chambermaid? 27. Why do they want their luggage immediately? 28. What is there in each room for calling the servants? 29. Has Mr. B. been walking in the street? 30. Was the street clean? 31. Why does he ring for the porter? 32. What do the servants do to your clothes when they are dusty? 33. What do they do to your boots? 34. What do you need for washing your hands and your face? 35. Is one of the gentlemen thirsty? 36. What does he want to drink? 37. Who will bring the

water? 38. What kind of water will he bring? 39. Do the gentlemen prefer mineral water? 40. Is the water in large cities always pure? 41. What do we do to make it pure? 42. With what words do they express that the porter need not send mineral water?

At the Post-Office.

Mr. A. — Here is my card. Are there any letters for me?

Clerk — There are two, one is registered. Have you any papers with which to identify yourself?

Mr. A. — Yes, here is my passport.

Clerk — Sign your name in this register, please.

Mr. A. — Where can I get some postage stamps?

Clerk — Next window.

Mr. A. — (*At the other window.*) What is the postage for a letter to Mexico?

Clerk — Two cents, if it does not weigh over an ounce.

Mr. A. — And for Chili?

Clerk — Postage to all foreign countries except Canada, Cuba and Mexico is five cents for each half-ounce.

Mr. A. — Give me five 2-cent stamps and two 5-cent ones, please. Where can I find a public telephone station?

Clerk — Across the way, right opposite.

EXERCISE.

1. How do we send a letter to another city? 2. What do we put on the letter to show where it is going?

3. What do we put there to show that the postage is paid? 4. If you send a letter containing something of value, do you get a receipt from the Post-Office? 5. What letters do you have registered? 6. How do you have your letters addressed if you do not know where you are going to reside? 7. What does Mr. A. give to the clerk at the Post-Office to acquaint him with his name? 8. Is a visiting card sufficient to show who you are? 9. How can Mr. A. prove who he is? 10. Do you need a passport if you travel in Russia? 11. Do you need one in England? 12. Is it useful to have one in England? 13. Where does Mr. A. sign the receipt for the letter? 14. What does he want to buy? 15. What is the inland rate of postage in the United States? 16. What is the rate between the United States and Europe? 17. What stamps have you to affix to a letter weighing two ounces addressed to Paris and posted in New York? 18. How much money has Mr. A. to pay for the stamps he buys? 19. What does he inquire about on going away? 20. Where is the nearest public telephone station?

Telephone.

Mr. A. — Will you kindly give me the telephone directory?

Employé — Here it is. Step into box No. 3.

Mr. A. — Hello central! Connect me with Boston. Number 253 Franklin. — Hello! Franklin 253? Are you there? — . . . . Yes, whom do you want?

Mr. A. — I should like to speak to Mr. Wilkens.

Mr. W. — I am Mr. Wilkens . . . . . Who is there?

Mr. A. — Oh, it's you! I didn't recognize your voice. I am Mr. Allen.

Mr. W. — Well, I am glad to see you, I mean *hear you;* how do you do?

Mr. A. — Very well, thank you, but rather tired. I say, Mr. Wilkens, I have just got your registered letter.

Mr. W. — Well, what is your opinion about it?

Mr. A. — I am awfully sorry to hear such bad news. I have a great deal to tell you. I shall try to finish my business here to-day and be with you to-morrow afternoon. Hello! Hello! . . . they have cut our connection.

. . . . . Hello! we are talking . . . . . Mr. Wilkens, can you hear me? Those girls at the central station are awfully inattentive. What? . . . . Mr. Sharp told you that I promised to sell him the goods on 6 months' credit? That is not true. I never told him anything like it. It is entirely false. We did not even speak of it. You must not believe him; he tells all kinds of stories to avoid paying. I doubt his being honest.

Mr. W. — You are right. He can't be relied upon. He spoke to me about an inheritance he had come into, but I don't believe it. If there is any truth in this talk, why does he ask for so long a credit?

Mr. A. — We were wrong in having anything to do with such an unreliable person. By the way, can you give me Mr. Girard's address? He can perhaps give me some information about Mr. Sharp.

Mr. W. — I haven't his exact address, but you can find it in the directory.

Mr. A. — That's all for to-day. I'll see you to-morrow. Good-bye. My regards to Mrs. Wilkens.

Mr. W. — Good-bye.

EXERCISE.

1. What do you do if you wish to speak to some one who is in another part of the town? 2. Is there a telephone in your house? 3. Are there any public telephone stations in this city? 4. Where can you find the telephone number of the person with whom you wish to speak? 5. What is the first word you speak into the telephone? 6. Who answers your call first? 7. Why do you give that person a number? 8. What do you say after the connection has been made? 9. Can you recognize the voice of the person who speaks to you? 10. To whom does Mr. A. wish to speak? 11. Why is Mr. A. tired? 12. From whom has he received the registered letter? 13. Did the letter contain agreeable news? 14. Why will Mr. A. go to Boston? 15. How long will it take him to finish what he has to do in New York? 16. Are they prevented from continuing their conversation? 17. Why is their conversation interrupted? 18. Are the students in this class attentive? 19. Can you learn if you are inattentive? 20. Are the girls at the telephone station always very attentive? 21. About whom do the gentlemen speak when the connection is made again? 22. What is the difference between buying for cash and buying on credit? 23. What credit does Mr. Sharp want? 24. What did Mr. Sharp say that Mr. A. had promised him? 25. Had Mr. A. promised him such a credit? 26. What do you promise if you buy something without having money at that time? 27. Did Mr. Sharp speak the truth? 28. Do I speak the truth if I say that I am the king of England? 29. If I tell you that I am a millionaire, do you believe it? 30. Can we believe everything that we read in

the newspapers? 31. If some one tells you that he has counted all the stars in the sky, do you believe it or do you doubt it? 32. Am I right or wrong in thinking that you are a Spaniard? 33. Do you believe that a language can be learned in three months, or do you doubt it? 34. If I knowingly pass you bad money, am I honest? 35. Will an honest merchant raise the price of an article because you are a stranger? 36. If a father dies, to whom does he generally leave his money? 37. Does Mr. Sharp say that he had come into an inheritance? 38. Does Mr. W. believe in that inheritance? 39. Why has he doubts about it? 40. Does a reliable person tell the truth and is he honest? 41. Can you rely on a person who tells falsehoods? 42. Why does Mr. A. want Mr. Gerard's address? 43. Where can you find the addresses of the people who live in the city? 44. Do they continue their conversation for a long time? 45. What do you say to friends when you leave them?

Hiring Apartments.

Mr. Wright — Excuse me, sir, will you kindly tell me where King Street is?

Stranger — That is a very long street, sir; what number are you looking for?

Mr. W. — I don't remember the number; it is Mr. Gibbon, a bookseller, for whom I am inquiring.

Str. — Do you wish to go to his place of business, or his private residence?

Mr. W. — I want to go to his residence; will you please tell me the shortest way there?

Str. — Follow this street, Oxford Street, until you come to West Street, which is the third street on the right, take it, and the second street you come to is King Street; Mr. Gibbon lives at No. 175, which is the third or fourth house from the corner.

Mr. W. — I'm much obliged to you. (*He follows the directions given and soon arrives at Mr. Gibbon's house. He rings the bell and a servant opens the door.*)

Mr. W. — Is Mr. Gibbon at home?

Servant — Yes, sir. Whom shall I announce?

Mr. W. — Mr. Gibbon does not know me; tell him I have come to look at the suite of rooms he has to let. (*The servant shows him into the drawing-room and goes upstairs to inform Mr. G. The latter appears in a few moments.*)

Mr. Gibbon — What can I do for you?

Mr. W. — I have read in the newspaper that you have a flat to let, and I have come to look at it. How many rooms does it contain?

Mr. G. — Five rooms: a kitchen, sitting-room, dining-room and two bedrooms, one of which has a dressing-room attached.

Mr. W. — Will you kindly show me the rooms?

Mr. G. — With pleasure.

Mr. W. — On what floor are they?

Mr. G. — On the second; will you please walk upstairs. Here is the kitchen.

Mr. W. — It is very gloomy; where does this window look to?

Mr. G. — It looks on the court-yard; this door leads to the dining-room; you will notice that the dining-room is very light and agreeable.

Mr. W. — Yes, but it is rather small; I hardly know where I can place the sideboard.

Mr. G. — There is plenty of space between the two windows. Let us step into the sitting-room; here, as in the dining-room, the mantle-piece is surmounted with a beautiful mirror.

Mr. W. — Where do these windows look to?

Mr. G. — They look on the street.

Mr. W. — Will you, please, give me some information regarding the other occupants of the house?

Mr. G. — As you have seen, I occupy the ground floor with my family; the next floor is let to a Mr. Roberts, who is President of a Fire Insurance Co., and the floor above is rented by a clerk.

Mr. W. — Are the cellars roomy? Can I keep my wine there?

Mr. G. — Oh, yes, they are quite large.

Mr. W. — I forgot to inquire whether you have city water in the house.

Mr. G. — Oh, yes, indeed, water and gas. Did you not notice the pipes and the faucets in the kitchen?

Mr. W. — I did not pay attention to that. What is the rent of the flat?

Mr. G. — $1200 a year, payable quarterly and in advance.

Mr. W. — There are some repairs to be done. When may I move in?

Mr. G. — In a fortnight; I shall give orders for the repairs to be done immediately, so that the workmen can begin to-morrow.

Mr. W. — Very well, I shall take the rooms and shall send my furniture on the first of the month.

EXERCISE.

1. Whom does Mr. Wright address? 2. Why does he apologize? 3. What does he ask of him? 4. What number is he looking for? 5. What street does he take to get there? 6. Where is No. 175 situated? 7. What do we say to people who have given us some information? 8. What do we do before entering a house? 9. What does a servant do, when he hears a ring at the door? 10. What do you ask when the servant opens the door? 11. What does the servant ask Mr. Wright, in order to find out his name? 12. How do you tell a person to enter? 13. What is the purpose of Mr. Wright's visit? 14. Why doesn't Mr. Wright tell the servant his name? 15. What does the servant tell Mr. Gibbon to inform him of the stranger's visit? 16. What does Mr. W. do meanwhile? 17. How did Mr. Wright find out that Mr. Gibbon has a flat to let? 18. What does Mr. G. ask him? 19. How does Mr. W. inquire about the number of rooms? 20. On what story is the flat? 21. Give the names of the different rooms of a house, and tell me what they are for. 22. Where do you look to from the windows of this room? 23. What remark does Mr. W. make regarding the dining-room? 24. What information does the owner of the house give concerning his tenants? 25. Is your house insured? 26. Is your life insured? 27. What do we call the lowest part of a house? 28. What had escaped Mr. Wright's attention? 29. How is the water drawn from the pipes? 30. What rent will he have to pay? 31. How is it payable? 32. Is every part of the house in good condition? 33. Is this book in good condition, or is it not? 34. Explain the words "move in" and "move out." 35. Does

Mr. W. finally take the place? 36. When will he send his furniture? 37. What does the owner promise as to repairs?

EXERCISE.

(*Ask the questions for the following answers.*)

1. He inquires for King St. 2. If I do not know my way I ask for information. 3. No, he is not acquainted with New York. 4. He lives at No. 175, King St. 5. If the door is closed, we have to ring. 6. Because, if I do not ring, they do not know that I wish to enter. 7. Yes, he obtains the desired information. 8. The servant invites the gentleman to come in. 9. She announces him while he is waiting. 10. He had looked into a newspaper. 11. We insert an advertisement. 12. He says the kitchen is very gloomy. 13. Yes, there are many fires in large cities. 14. Yes, I believe it is a very good thing to have our house insured. 15. Yes, indeed, I always pay attention during the lesson. 16. Before hiring a house we inspect it. 17. Of course, the first floor is much more expensive than the top floor. 18. He has to do some repairs first. 19. They are in the kitchen. 20. He can see by the pipes and faucets that the house is supplied with city water.

At the Furniture Dealer's.

Customer — Will you show me a sitting-room set, if you please.

Dealer — Here are a number of different styles; how much do you wish to spend?

C. — I cannot say before I have seen what you have in stock.

D. — How do you like this set in the style of Louis XV?

C. — I do not like it at all.

D. — How do you like the set over there: ebony covered with black velvet?

C. — Velvet is so common, I prefer this one: how many pieces does it consist of?

D. — It has a sofa, four arm-chairs, and six common chairs.

C. — Have you not also a table to go with the set?

D. — Yes, indeed, here is one of exactly the same style?

C. — I do not know whether these seats are well upholstered.

D. — Won't you sit down on one of them? you will find them very soft.

C. — That is so, they are very comfortable; how much do you ask for the entire set, including the table?

D. — $300. Do you wish to get some more furniture?

C. — Yes, I have an entire suite of rooms to furnish; now let me see some dining-room furniture, — first an extension table. What wood is this made of?

D. — It is of black walnut.

C. — I don't think it is very strong; let me see another one.

D. — Does this one suit you any better?

C. — I like it much better; have you chairs and a sideboard to go with it?

C. — Oh, certainly; would you like some cane-seated chairs or upholstered ones?

C. — I think I will take cane-seated chairs; they are cheaper, are they not?

D. — Of course, there is a difference of two dollars each.

C. — That is a good deal; let me see the side-board that belongs to the set.

D. — I advise you to take this one; it is an exact match.

C. — But how much will the entire set come to?

D. — $125 in case you take cane-seated chairs, and $140 if you select upholstered chairs.

C. — Is that your lowest price?

D. — Not a cent less; we never overcharge people, and therefore it is quite useless to ask for a reduction in our establishment; we have only fixed prices.

C. — I do not see any bedroom furniture here.

D. — We have a very fine assortment, a story higher. Will you come this way, please; here are the stairs.

C. — Will you go first, please, and show me the way. This staircase is very narrow; you cannot have your furniture brought up here?

D. — We have an elevator in the building. Would you like a mahogany bedroom set?

C. — No, I do not like mahogany, it looks so old-fashioned.

D. — Or a black walnut one?

C. — I should like a very plain one of black walnut, and another of oak. Stop a minute; let us look at this one. I like it very well, especially the bedstead; do you also sell bedding?

D. — You will find everything of that kind upstairs: mattresses, blankets, bolsters, pillows, and so on.

C. — I have no more time now; I shall come again.

D. — As you like, sir. I shall be pleased to see you again.

EXERCISE.

1. What does the customer in the preceding dialogue wish to see? 2. What price is he willing to pay? 3. How does he like the first set that is shown to him? 4. What kind of set does the dealer show him afterwards? 5. Why does he object to the one covered with velvet? 6. Is he finally suited? 7. Of how many pieces does the set he chooses consist? 8. What does he ask the dealer? 9. Can the dealer furnish him with a table belonging to the set? 10. What do we call a seat that is filled with horse-hair or similar material? 11. What does the customer do, to see if the chairs are well upholstered? 12. Does he admit that they are well upholstered? 13. How much will the sitting-room set cost him? 14. What does the dealer ask the customer? 15. What pieces of furniture does the customer wish to buy for his dining-room? 16. What kind of side-board does he want? 17. What does he think of the first table that is shown him? 18. Why ought a dining-room table to be strong? 19. What do we call a table that can be made longer, if necessary? 20. What side-board does the merchant advise his customer to take? 21. What do you advise me to do, if I want to learn French? 22. Is the customer going to take the upholstered chairs? 23. Why does he choose the cane-bottomed chairs? 24. How much will the dining-room set amount to, if he takes cane-bottomed chairs? 25. In what case will the set cost him $140? 26. Will

the dealer accept a lower price? 27. Why not? 28. What else does the customer need? 29. Where are the bedroom sets stored? 30. Why does the dealer go upstairs ahead of his customer? 31. Do you walk upstairs here or do you come up by the elevator? 32. What kind of wood is the table in this room made of? 33. Are these black walnut or oak chairs? 34. Of what parts does a bed consist? 35. Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again to-morrow?

EXERCISE.

1. He wants some furniture, because he has just rented a flat. 2. He asks him what price he is willing to pay? 3. In order to know what kind of furniture he may show him. 4. He shows him one of ebony covered with black velvet. 5. No, I do not like that kind of covering. 6. In order to show him how well the chairs are upholstered? 7. He is well satisfied with the upholstering. 8. It will cost $300. 9. Afterwards he examines some dining-room furniture. 10. He chooses cane-seated chairs. 11. Because he does not want to pay the price. 12. They are upstairs. 13. No, there is no elevator in this building. 14. No, we have to walk upstairs. 15. He remarks that it is very narrow. 16. No, he will come again.

At the Tailor's.

Henry — Hello, Edward! you have a fine suit of clothes there; it fits you beautifully. Did you have it made to order, or did you buy it ready-made?

Edward — I have all my clothes made to order, for ready-made clothing never fits well; the coat especially is always either too tight or too loose.

H. — Where do you get your clothes made?

E. — At Raymond's.

H. — Won't you please go there with me?

E. — What for?

H. — I should like to have my measure taken for a suit just like yours.

E. — Why! of course, I shall accompany you willingly. Good afternoon, Mr. Raymond; I have brought you a customer.

Raymond — I am very much obliged to you, Sir; what can I do for your friend?

H. — Can you make me a suit of clothes, such as my friend wears?

R. — Yes, sir, I believe I have just enough cloth left for another suit. If you will kindly take off your coat, I shall take your measure. Would you like the trousers and waistcoat of the same material?

H. — Yes, I think that would be best, make the entire suit alike.

R. — How do you wish the coat made, entirely straight, or a little tighter at the waist?

H. — I should like a single-breasted sack-coat, but you know the latest fashions better than I.

R. — What lining would you like for the sleeves?

H. — I prefer silk, if it wears well.

R. — All right then; I have finished now, you may put on your coat again. How soon do you want the clothes?

H. — To-morrow week, if possible.

R. — Very well, sir, they shall be ready; but may I ask you to call to-morrow, in order to try them on?

EXERCISE.

1. Whom does Henry meet in the street? 2. What does he admire? 3. Why does he admire it? 4. What does he say to his friend? 5. What kind of clothes does Edward prefer? 6. Why does he not purchase ready-made clothing? 7. Where does Edward get his clothes made? 8. Do you make your own clothes? 9. What do you do if you want new ones? 10. Which is cheaper, ready-made clothing, or clothing made to order? 11. What service does Henry ask of his friend? 12. Where are the two gentlemen going? 13. Why does not Henry go to the tailor's alone? 14. What does Edward say to the tailor? 15. What does the latter thank him for? 16. How much of that kind of cloth has the tailor left? 17. For what purpose does he take the measure? 18. What question does the tailor put to Henry about the style of the coat? 19. Why does Henry leave it to the tailor to choose the style of the coat he is going to have made? 20. What does Henry do after the tailor has finished taking his measure? 21. How soon does Henry want his clothes? 22. What is Mr. Raymond's answer? 23. What must we do to see if clothes fit us?

EXERCISE.

1. They meet each other in the street. 2. Yes, your clothes fit you perfectly. 3. No, it is too large for me.

4. No, he never wears ready-made clothing. 5. Of course, clothing made to order is much more expensive. 6. On the contrary, they fit much better. 7. He is a tailor. 8. He invites his friend to accompany him to Mr. Raymond's. 9. Of course, he has nothing else to do or he would not go with him. 10. When I need a new suit of clothes, I order one. 11. Yes, he goes there with him. 12. After bidding the tailor good day, he introduces his friend. 13. He takes off his coat. 14. Because the tailor is going to measure him for a new suit. 15. He promises him to have it ready in a week. 16. Certainly not, if you want clothing to fit, you must try it on before it is finished.

At the Dressmaker's.

Dressmaker — What can I do for you?

Lady — I should like to get a walking dress, but I don't know what material to choose; what do you advise me to take?

D. — At present, plain woollen stuffs are worn a great deal.

L. — Are striped and checked ones no longer fashionable?

D. — They are still worn, but they are fast going out of fashion.

L. — What are the most fashionable styles this winter?

D. — Here are the latest fashion plates.

L. — I don't see any that I like very much among these styles; what style is the dress over there?

D. — It is a pattern we have just received from London.

L. — I like that very much, it is very pretty.

D. — But don't you think the bodice is a little too plain?

L. — No, it just suits me as it is, but I should like to have a few more plaits in the skirt.

D. — We shall make it entirely to your taste.

L. — Will you show me some different kind of material, please?

D. — There is an excellent quality.

L. — But is it not too light for the season?

D. — We have others that are heavier; what do you think of this one?

L. — I like it, but it seems to be of an inferior quality.

D. — I beg your pardon, Madam, it is just as good as the other one; both are excellent materials, and wear beautifully. What trimmings would you like? At present flounces are very much worn.

L. — I think you had better make it as you think best; I leave it to your judgment, and if I am satisfied with the dress I shall come to you regularly, and shall recommend you to my friends. I shall need a ball-dress before long; do you think you can manage that?

D. — Why, of course; we make a specialty of ball-dresses. What material would you like for it?

L. — I have not yet quite decided what I shall take; I shall think it over and tell you when I come to try on my walking dress.

EXERCISE.

1. Where is the lady of whom we speak in the preceding dialogue? 2. What did she go there for? 3. Where

do the ladies have their clothes made? 4. What do we do with a needle? 5. Do you know how to sew? 6. Does the lady tell the dressmaker immediately how she wants her dress made? 7. What does she inquire about? 8. Which do you prefer, striped, checked or plain materials? 9. Why does the dressmaker advise her to choose striped cloth? 10. What does the dressmaker show her to make her acquainted with the fashions? 11. Does the lady find anything on the fashion-plate to suit her taste? 12. What kind of dress does she prefer? 13. What alterations does she want made in the pattern? 14. In what style is the dress to be made? 15. What does the dressmaker say to her afterwards? 16. Does she show entire pieces of material or only samples? 17. What opinion has the lady with regard to the first material shown her? 18. What sample does the dressmaker lay before her afterwards? 19. Does that quality please her? 20. What does she think of the last piece shown to her? 21. What does the dressmaker say to the lady in order to persuade her to take these goods? 22. Does the lady decide to take the material? 23. What do they talk about afterwards? 24. What styles of dress-trimmings can you describe to me in English? 25. Does the lady decide about the trimming she will have on her dress? 26. What does she tell the dressmaker about the trimmings? 27. Are you satisfied with your progress in English? 28. What does the lady promise, if she is satisfied with her dress? 29. Will you recommend the Berlitz School to your friends? 30. What else is the lady in need of? 31. Can you manage to write a good English letter? 32. Can you manage the pronunciation of the English *th*?

33. Why does the dressmaker think she can manage to make a ball-dress? 34. What is the specialty of the Berlitz School? 35. Are there all sorts of lessons given in these schools? 36. Why does the lady not yet say what material she wants for a ball-dress? 37. What does she want to do before deciding? 38. Have you fully decided to remain here until you can speak English fluently? 39. When will the lady decide about her dress?

EXERCISE.

(*The students will imitate the preceding pieces, making use of the following subjects.*)

At the milliner's — Velvet, silk, tulle, straw-hats, — trimmed with flowers, ribbons, feathers, buckles, — to try on, ask the price, ask for a reduction, choose.

At the hatter's — A high hat, felt hat, soft hat; the brim, the crown, the lining, the hat-band.

At the shoemaker's — Boots, shoes, slippers; long, low, laced, buttoned; leather, calfskin, kid; the sole, the heel, the upper.

In like manner may be given: at the dry goods store, haberdasher's, &c., &c.

A Visit.

Mr. Lewis — Why! Is it possible? Is it really you? Why, how do you do? What has brought you to New York?

Mr. Thompson — First, business reasons, and then also

the desire to see your beautiful metropolis, of which I have heard so much.

Mr. L. — I assure you that your visit is a most agreeable surprise to me.

Mr. T. — You certainly cannot be any more pleased to see me than I am to meet you.

Mr. L. — You have chosen the best day for a visit, it is just my birthday.

Mr. T. — Many happy returns of the day!

Mr. L. — Thank you very much; but do tell me, how long will you remain in New York?

Mr. T. — I cannot yet say exactly, but I expect to spend at least one week here.

Mr. L. — A whole week! Why, that is splendid! Of course you will stay with us.

Mr. T. — Very gladly, if I do not inconvenience you.

Mr. L. — Not in the least.

Mr. T. — But your wife . . .

Mr. L. — She will be exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance. — But please excuse me for a moment, I am going to tell the servant to set the table for one more person.

Mr. T. — All right.

Mr. L. — Everything is arranged now; here is your room; make yourself comfortable.

Mr. T. — At what time do you dine?

Mr. L. — At two o'clock, but if you are hungry . . .

Mr. T. — That is not it, but I should like to change my clothes.

Mr. L. — Oh, never mind that; your travelling suit is good enough; you need not dress for us.

Mr. T. — Thanks, you are very kind, and I am glad you allow me to come to table as I am; for to tell you the truth, I am a little tired; but I should like to comb my hair and wash, one gets so very dirty travelling.

Mr. L. — Very well; on this dressing-table you will find soap, brushes, towels, and I will tell the servant to bring you a basin and a pitcher of water.

(*Later, in the dining-room.*)

Mr. L. — My dear, I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Thompson to you.

Mrs. Lewis — I am delighted to make your acquaintance, sir; my husband has frequently spoken of you.

Mr. T. — I shall be sorry if he has said anything bad of me.

Mrs. L. — Of course not, for my husband is incapable of speaking ill of his friends.

Mr. T. — I know that your husband is exceedingly kind, and I see that he has married a charming lady.

Mrs. L. — Many thanks for the compliment. Dinner is ready; will you please take a seat here, Mr. Thompson . . . (*They sit down at table*) . . . Don't you think, Charles, that the soup is rather tasteless?

Mr. L. — No, my dear, I am not of your opinion; you know I am not fond of salt and pepper.

Mr. T. — May I offer you some bread, Mrs. Lewis?

Mrs. L. — If you please; thanks. Is this fish to your taste?

Mr. T. — Why, it is perfectly delicious!

Mr. L. — What do you think of this claret?

Mr. T. — It has a very agreeable flavor.

Mr. L. — Let me pour you out some more.

Mr. T. — No, thanks ever so much, I have still some in my glass.

Mr. L. — Hello! Here comes my favorite dish, beefsteak with mushrooms.

Mr. T. — I notice that you have very good taste; there are two kinds of meat I am particularly fond of, and they are beefsteak with mushrooms and roast duck.

Mrs. L. — Then I have guessed right in preparing dinner to-day, for the servant is just bringing in the dish you are so fond of. Do help yourself to some vegetables, Mr. Thompson; there are some green peas and French beans.

Mr. T. — With your permission, madam, I will take the vegetables after the meat.

Mrs. L. — Do just as you please, Mr. Thompson; my husband is just like you; he never eats his vegetables with the meat. May I help you to some more duck, you had so small a piece. Please don't stand upon ceremony.

Mr. T. — Thank you very much indeed, but I really had a very generous piece and do not care for any more.

Mr. L. — Is there anything I can help you to?

Mr. T. — I should thank you for the water.

Mr. L. — Oh, I beg your pardon; I do not drink any water during the meal; so I did not think of passing it to you. What dessert are we going to have, Carrie?

Mrs. L. — Just wait a moment and you will see. Mary! Fetch the dessert and the coffee!

Mr. L. — Well, well, well! That is a surprise. You know how very fond I am of chocolate ice. Do you like it too, Thompson?

Mr. T. — Yes, indeed, I like it ever so much.

Mrs. L. — I am exceedingly happy, gentlemen, that I have suited your taste so well. Do you take milk in your coffee, Mr. Thompson?

Mr. T. — No, madam, after dinner I always take black coffee; but may I trouble you for the sugar.

Mrs. L. — Oh, I beg your pardon.

Mr. T. — Thank you.

Mr. L. — Now, my dear fellow, let me offer you a cigar; you smoke, don't you?

Mr. T. — Not just now, thank you.

Mr. L. — Why not?

Mr. T. — Because it may be disagreeable to Mrs. Lewis.

Mrs. L. — Not at all; please do not deprive yourself of this pleasure on my account; I have been accustomed to tobacco smoke for a long time; besides I am obliged to leave you now, as I have household matters to look after. Shall I see you this afternoon?

Mr. L. — Not before supper, my dear; for I intend to take a walk with my friend in order to show him the city.

Mrs. L. — Well, then, gentlemen, good bye. I wish you a pleasant walk.

Mr. T. — Thank you very much. Good afternoon.

EXERCISE.

1. On what topic is the preceding piece? 2. Had Mr. Lewis expected to see his friend? 3. What does he exclaim on seeing him? 4. What feeling does this exclamation express? 5. What is he surprised at? 6. Why

is he surprised to see his friend? 7. What does he ask his friend? 8. What makes Mr. Thompson come to New York? 9. What makes you come here? 10. Did Mr. Thompson only make a short trip? 11. Will he be transacting business during any part of the time? 12. What was his idea of New York before he came? 13. Does Mr. Thompson share his friend's pleasure? 14. Has he arrived at a favorable moment? 15. What do we do on a friend's birthday? 16. How long does Mr. Thompson intend staying? 17. Will he not remain an entire week? 18. Will he perhaps remain longer? 19. How does Mr. Lewis like his friend's intention of remaining a week? 20. Where does he expect his friend to reside? 21. Does he give him to understand that he would like to have him stay at his house? 22. Is he convinced beforehand that his friend will accept this invitation? 23. By what word is that indicated? 24. On what condition will Mr. Thompson reside with his friend? 25. Is Mr. Lewis's residence large enough to receive visitors? 26. Will he be inconvenienced by this visit? 27. Who else may be inconvenienced? 28. Will she really be inconvenienced by this visit? 29. What does Mr. Lewis excuse himself for? 30. What is he going to do? 31. Why? 32. Does Mr. Thompson excuse him? 33. By what words? 34. Why does Mr. Lewis think that his friend is hungry? 35. Is that so, or is he mistaken? 36. Why does Mr. Thompson inquire about the dinner hour? 37. Does Mr. Lewis advise him to change his clothes? 38. With what words does he tell him not to do so? 39. Why is Mr. Thompson glad that he need not change his clothes? 40. How did he get so tired? 41. What does he want to do before dinner?

42. What does he need for that purpose? 43. What does Mr. Lewis do after arriving in the dining-room? 44. Whom does he introduce his friend to? 45. What does she answer? 46. To whom does she say it? 47. Had she ever heard him spoken of before? 48. — By whom? 49. In what way had Mr. Lewis spoken of him? 50. What is Mr. Thompson's opinion with regard to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis? 51. What do they do when dinner is ready? 52. What do they eat first? 53. What does Mrs. Lewis ask her husband about the soup? 54. Is Mr. Lewis of his wife's opinion? 55. Does Mr. Lewis care much for highly seasoned food? 56. Does Mr. Thompson wait on Mrs. Lewis? 57. What do they eat after the soup? 58. What is your favorite dish? 59. What does Mr. Thompson like just as well as beefsteak with mushrooms? 60. Why does Mr. Lewis say that she has suited his taste? 61. Who is your favorite writer? 62. Do you stand upon ceremony when you have a high personage at dinner? 63. What are little girls extremely fond of? 64. Are you also fond of sweets? 65. What dessert do they take? 66. Did Mr. Lewis know that he was going to have chocolate ice? 67. What do they take after their ice? 68. Why does Mr. Lewis beg pardon of Mr. Thompson? 69. What does Mr. Lewis offer his friend whilst taking coffee? 70. Why does the latter not accept? 71. Why may we assume that Mr. Lewis has frequently smoked in the presence of his wife? 72. What does Mrs. Lewis do whilst the gentlemen enjoy their cigars? 73. Where are they going, and how long will they remain away?

Illness.

Edward — Well, well! Have you risen at last?

William — Have you been waiting for a long time?

E. —For at least an hour.

W. — I hope you will excuse me; I slept so badly last night, I do not feel very well.

E. — Indeed? Why, what is the matter with you?

W. — I really do not know myself. For several days past I have had frequent headaches and have been very feverish.

E. — But usually you are in very good health; have you any appetite?

W. — No, I have not; I eat, but I do not relish anything.

E. — You ought to consult a physician.

W. — I have already done so, but his prescription has not done me much good yet.

E. — What did he prescribe?

W. — At first he made me take some quinine pills, and a few days afterwards he wrote a prescription which I got made up at the drug-store, but so far I have not felt any improvement.

E. — What doctor did you consult?

W. — Our family doctor, Mr. Hewitt.

E. — It is the same doctor who treated my mother.

W. — How is your mother at present; is she as ill yet as she was?

E. — Oh, she is a great deal better, thank you.

W. — Is she still obliged to keep in bed?

E. — Oh no, she can get up and even take a little walk in the garden, provided it is not too cool.

W. — I am very glad, indeed, to hear that she has nearly recovered; but, by the way, have you heard how Mr. Dwight is getting on?

E. — Oh, he has not improved at all; there is no hope of his being cured.

W. — Why, that is too bad; then he will lose his sight.

E. — The doctor who is treating him fears he will become totally blind.

W. — How did his infirmity commence?

E. — Mr. Dwight has had sore eyes ever since he was a baby.

W. — Why does he not get Dr. Douglas to treat him? He is a specialist for eye diseases and has effected several wonderful cures.

E. — I don't know whether he has consulted him or not; I will ask him the next time I meet him. Do you feel well enough now to take a little walk?

W. — Yes, my head feels easier.

E. — Well, then, let us start.

EXERCISE.

1. What is the topic of the preceding conversation? 2. Why does Edward use the words "at last" in his exclamation? 3. What was he obliged to do in order to see his friend? 4. What excuse does William give for letting his friend wait? 5. For how long a time did he let him wait? 6. Why did William remain in bed so long?

7. Does he know what is the matter with him? 8. Do you suffer much from headaches? 9. Have you never been troubled with headaches? 10. Did you ever suffer from toothache? 11. What are the symptoms of William's illness? 12. Has he often been ill? 13. What advice does his friend give him? 14. Will he follow his friend's advice? 15. What did William's doctor do in order to cure his patient? 16. Did the medicine relieve him? 17. Was his health improved, after he had taken medicine? 18. What do we do with the doctor's prescription? 19. Does Edward know the doctor who treated his friend? 20. How did he become acquainted with him? 21. In what state of health is Edward's mother? 22. What advice does the doctor give to patients who are to avoid over-exertion or colds? 23. When may a patient leave his bed again? 24. Have you ever caught a cold? 25. When do we cough and sneeze a great deal? 26. Why can't Edward's mother take a walk every day? 27. On what days may she leave the house? 28. Has she entirely recovered? 29. What does William say on learning that his friend's mother is convalescent? 30. What makes him think of Mr. Dwight? 31. What does he ask with regard to him? 32. What does Edward answer him? 33. Can he get well again? 34. What does his doctor fear? 35. What do we hope if a friend of ours is ill? 36. What may we fear, if children play near a river? 37. Have you hopes of becoming a millionaire? 38. Are you afraid of (do you fear) catching cold, if I open the windows? 39. What are you afraid of, if a friend of yours is very ill? 40. How did Mr. Dwight's infirmity commence? 41. Who is Dr. Douglas? 42. What reason

have we for assuming that Dr. Douglas is a skilful physician? 43. Does the conversation with his friend relieve William's headache? 44. How does he feel after his chat? 45. What does Edward propose doing?

Autumn.

The days are rapidly shortening, and the sun's rays have lost their force. The temperature is quite pleasant; after sundown even chilly. We are back in the city; the schools open again, and we return to our customary life. Our business or other work occupies our mind; we hardly have the time to notice the change in nature. On Sundays we sometimes take a drive into the country. How different everything looks to us! The trees have lost their fruit, and the ground is strewn with fallen leaves. The remaining foliage is no longer of varied shades of green, but reddish and yellow tints are predominant. How inexhaustible is nature in the riches of its splendors! Every season has inimitable beauty: what is there more satisfying to the eye than the purity of winter's snow, the refreshing green grass and gay colored flowers of spring, the depth of summer's blue sky, the soft-colored, quiet autumn landscape?

Autumn is the season of plenty. During summer the granaries have been filling, and now corn and potatoes, fruit, grapes, wine and cider are crowding every part of the spacious cellars and garrets. A walk through the fruit-markets of the city makes one's mouth water at the sight of the juicy pears and luscious grapes, which the ever saving housekeeper buys for a few cents.

Soon November arrives. The last leaves have already been carried off by the north wind. The swallow has left, and the other birds sing no longer, leaving nature in silence and desolation.

EXERCISE.

1. What indicates the beginning of autumn? 2. When do the days begin to lengthen? 3. Why is it well to take an overcoat if you are to remain out after sundown? 4. When do the schools open again? 5. In what season of the year do we take our holiday? 6. Is it customary in America to wear gloves when we make a call? 7. To what do you accustom your ear during the lesson? 8. When do we return to our customary life again? 9. What do we think of, when we return? 10. Do we notice any changes in nature whilst we remain in town? 11. What do we sometimes do on Sunday to divert our minds from our business? 12. What difference is there in the aspect of the country in the different seasons? 13. Of what color is the foliage during summer? 14. What color is it in autumn? 15. Are the reddish and yellow tints more frequent than the green tints? 16. Does nature ever cease to be beautiful? 17. Why can mankind not imitate the beauties of nature? 18. How do you feel if, after a long illness, you take a fatiguing walk? 19. Why may we say that knowledge is inexhaustible? 20. In what season do the various kinds of fruits ripen? 21. What is wine made of? 22. From what do we make cider? 23. What is the space under the house called, and what the space under the roof? 24. Does it give you an appetite to look at the delicious fruit exhibited in the market? 25. Is

fruit expensive in autumn? 26. Does a housekeeper like to spend money? 27. Is a good housekeeper saving or extravagant? 28. Does Nature in November keep its bright look? 29. What happens to the foliage? 30. Do all the birds remain in the north during the winter? 31. What do migratory birds do in the autumn? 32. What makes the country appear desolate at the end of autumn? 33. Do we miss the song of the birds? 34. Read the preceding piece over again, putting the verbs in the past where the sense permits it.

Winter.

It is winter. From the low gray clouds the snow is falling in large flakes, gradually covering the fields and meadows with a huge white sheet. It looks like an immense shroud spread over nature in the sleep of death, and reminds us of our own fleeting existence, filling our hearts with sadness.

We return to the city, but we see only few people in the streets. Even the large thoroughfares, generally so full of life, appear lonely and deserted. In such weather people do not leave their comfortable dwellings, unless compelled by some important business.

The cold is quite severe. The water in the fountain is frozen, and the large pond in the park is covered by a thick sheet of ice. Some little boys are running after one another throwing snowballs. They have brought their skates with them, but the snow on the ice prevents them from skating; they enjoy themselves in spite of the cold, for childhood is a happy age and finds joy everywhere.

From time to time the sounds of little bells are heard. They come from sleighs that are gliding over the hardened snow with the swiftness of the wind. The occupants are enveloped in furs up to their eyes. The wind blows more violently and the falling snow strikes against the faces of those passing by. What nasty weather! I cannot keep my eyes open and my feet are quite numb from the cold.

We decide to go back to our house. The fire is lighted in the grate and the burning logs crackle merrily. How comfortable it is in the well heated sitting-room! We look out of the window and observe a poor little boy walking in front of the house. He shivers and trembles, and his hands are red and stiff from the cold. His clothes are much too light and all torn. He walks bare-footed through the snow. I call him in and give him my old shoes and my last winter's overcoat. Now the little fellow is well clad and does not feel the cold any longer.

The temperature is growing milder; the wind too blows less violently, and the snowstorm seems to stop. Before long the sun pierces the clouds with its pale rays. The snow begins to melt, and soon forms puddles of black and dirty water, very disagreeable to people obliged to be out of doors.

EXERCISE.

1. What subject is treated in the foregoing piece? 2. Describe the appearance of the sky, the fields and meadows during a snowstorm. 3. Of what does the author think when looking at the snow-covered fields? 4. What do we call the sheet in which we wrap the dead? 5. In what sea-

son of the year does nature appear to be dead? 6. Does our life pass away quickly? 7. Which word in the reading piece expresses it? 8. What impression does it make on us to look at the leafless trees and the withered grass? 9. What thoughts are awakened in your mind when you look at fresh graves in the cemetery? 10. Do we feel happy when we leave our family for the first time? 11. What feeling comes over us when we think of death? 12. What is the contrary of sadness? 13. Describe the large thoroughfares of a city during fine weather. 14. Describe them during a snowstorm. 15. In what kind of weather do most people go out-of-doors? 16. Where are you the most comfortable during bad weather? 17. Why do some people leave their homes in spite of bad weather? 18. How is the winter temperature in Northern Russia? 19. Does the water in a small river continue to flow when it is very cold? 20. What does the water become when it is very cold? 21. When can we go skating? 22. Does the Thames ever freeze over at London? 23. What prevents the children spoken of in the reading piece from skating? 24. Do they have a good time nevertheless? 25. Do children easily enjoy themselves? 26. Can old people enjoy themselves as well as young ones? 27. Can we drive in carriages when the snow is on the ground? 28. What do we drive in when the streets are covered with snow? 29. How do the sleighs move? 30. Describe how the occupants of the sleighs are dressed. 31. Why are they dressed thus? 32. Must you keep hold of your hat when the wind blows violently? 33. Why can you not keep your eyes open in a severe snowstorm? 34. Have you any feeling left in your feet after you have been standing on ice or snow for a long time? 35. De-

scribe the appearance of the sitting-room of an American country house during a cold winter day. 36. What noise do the burning logs make? 37. Is the crackling of the burning logs a sad sound? 38. What do the persons spoken of see when they look out of the window? 39. What effect has the cold on the litttle boy? 40. Can he move his fingers? 41. Why is he so cold? 42. What does he wear on his feet? 43. Are the people who see him kind-hearted? 44. What do they give him? 45. What change takes place in the weather afterwards? 46. Do the clouds prevent the sun from shining? 47. What happens to the snow when the sun shines? 48. What makes walking then so very disagreeable? 49. Read the preceding piece over again, putting the verbs into the past.

Spring.

Spring has come: childhood, youth, hope, joy, happiness all is re-awakened in my heart. The bright sunshine, the mild breezes, the green grass, the fragrant flowers, the budding trees, the twittering birds, the laughing children make me forget the sadness of the dark and dreary winter days. I cannot work; an irresistible longing drives me out to roam in the fields and woods and to participate in the rejoicing of nature. But how short is our happiness: clouds are quickly gathering and a chilly rain makes us seek shelter in a lonely farmhouse. Only an old woman is there, doing the housework; for the farmer and his sons are working in the fields, ploughing and hoeing, pulling out weeds and sowing corn. Soon the clouds break away, the blue sky reappears. The majestic arch of a rainbow with the splendor of its seven

colors awakens our admiration. It looks like a gigantic bridge leading us to a brighter, happier land.

How diligently the birds are flying about: they are seeking material to build their nests. In yonder tree a nest is already built, and the mother bird is busy finding food for its young. A mother's love forgets all labor and fatigue. The dear little creatures know not how hard their mother has to work. They are always hungry, always screaming, always needing a watchful eye. They lean over the edge of the nest, and if their mother does not make them go back, they fall to the ground where they perish miserably. What a beautiful picture of our own mother's care! Does she not give up her pleasures and comforts for us? does she not sacrifice herself to her beloved ones?

A delicious odor fills the air. In many gardens the cherry trees are in full bloom. The light hues of the blossoms charm our eyes, whilst we inhale with delight the sweet perfume. Soon these trees will be laden with cherries, and when they ripen we shall have them as a delicious dessert for dinner.

After rain comes sunshine; after winter, spring; after sorrow, joy; therefore you must never be discouraged, but must always hope for happiness.

EXERCISE.

1. In what season of the year does nature awaken? 2. What is the opposite of old age? 3. At what age do we reach manhood (womanhood)? 4. What are the four periods of our life? 5. In what age are we most hopeful? 6. What must we have in order to be happy? 7. Is it possible for

mankind to be entirely happy? 8. Describe a pleasant spring day. 9. What do we see and hear if we take a walk in the park on a fine spring day? 10. What do we call a desire that we have a long time? 11. What do you long for if you are in a foreign country you do not like? 12. Is a little boy strong enough to resist a full-grown man? 13. How long can we resist the desire for food? 14. Why is the desire for food an irresistible feeling? 15. Are the forces of nature irresistible? 16. What do we do in spring to participate in the rejoicing of Nature? 17. Is human happiness of long duration? 18. What changes in the weather frequently occur in spring? 19. Is the rain, spoken of in the reading-piece, warm or cold? 20. Where can we find shelter against the rain, if we take a walk in the country? 21. Are there other houses in the neighborhood of the one mentioned? 22. Where are the inhabitants of the house? 23. What are they doing? 24. Is the weather in spring very changeable? 25. What do we see again when the clouds break away? 26. What do we see when the sun shines upon the falling raindrops? 27. What is the form of a rainbow? 28. What are its colors? 29. Why do we admire a rainbow? 30. By what are the two banks of a river connected? 31. Is there a bridge between New York and Brooklyn? 32. What is the shape of an arch? 33. What is under a bridge to support it? 34. When do birds build their nests? 35. Why do they fly about so busily when they build their nests? 36. What does the mother bird look for? 37. Do the children know how hard their mother has to work for them? 38. Why does a mother not mind how much she has to do for her children? 39. Can children be left alone? 40. Why do they need a watchful eye?

41. What will happen to the little birds if the mother bird does not watch them? 42. What must they learn before leaving their nests? 43. Why is the air scented in springtime? 44 Do the blossoms charm only our sense of sight? 45. With what feeling do we inhale the sweet odor? 46. What takes the place of the blossoms after a while? 47. When may we eat the fruit? 48. Why must we never lose hope? 49. Put the verbs of the preceding piece in the past.

Summer.

The days are long and sultry. Perspiring and weary I lie down at night to rest, but I cannot sleep. The heat disturbs my slumbers. I make a light and try to read, but flies and mosquitoes torture me. They crawl over my face, taking it as playground and battlefield, tickling, biting, stinging me until my face itches and smarts. I chase them away by fanning myself diligently, then the humming of the flies and shrill, monotonous note of the mosquitoes irritate my nerves. Through the open window swarms of moths enter the room and add their buzz to the discordant concert. In a crazy dance they encircle the light, closer and closer until they singe their wings and fall into the flame, being burned alive as a fit punishment for their folly.

I put out the light and close my eyes, when a loud shriek, followed by wails and plaintive cries, startles me. I stop the caterwauling by throwing an old boot on my neighbor's roof; however, all desire for sleep has fled. I think only of plans for getting away from the hot and noisy city.

Next morning I start for the country. The train rolls

along, and through the windows I see the fields of wheat which are becoming yellow, for harvest time will soon arrive. The dark green grass of the meadows, mingled with pretty flowers, is already being mowed by the farmers. Young peasant girls wearing large straw hats spread out the grass with pitchforks, so that, by drying, it turns into hay.

We live pleasantly at the house of a farmer who gives us plain but wholesome food. We rise with the lark and go to bed at sundown. It is generally warm, but not unbearably hot; but on some days the heat grows oppressive and we can hardly breathe. Then the sky becomes covered with big black clouds, the swallow flies low, almost touching the ground; everything forebodes a storm. Indeed, a loud noise is soon heard: it is the thunder that rolls. Big drops of rain begin to fall, flashes of lightning appear in quick succession, the sky looks as if it were on fire. A dazzling stroke of lightning startles us, and at the same time a peal of thunder makes the whole house shake. A barn in the vicinity has been struck and set on fire, putting the whole village in danger of being ruined. We tremble with fear at the sight of the raging elements, for man is powerless against them. What has taken him years to build up is destroyed in but a few minutes by the unchained forces of nature.

In July we leave the village and go to the seaside, where we have pure air and a cool breeze. Oh, how refreshing is a bath when the sea is calm and the waves are gently breaking on the sandy shore! And when the sea is rough, mountainlike breakers dash against the rocks with deafening roar, returning as another sea of white foam. Heaven help the frail craft that rolls and pitches in its struggle against the waves!

In August we go to the mountains. There we ramble in the shady forest, or we climb the steep ledges; we look down over the precipice, gaining a magnificent view of a charming landscape; fields and villages lie stretched out below in a valley: a picture of indescribable beauty!

EXERCISE.

1. Why are summer days often disagreeable? 2. When do we perspire? 3. How do you feel after having studied a long time? 4. What do we do when we feel tired? 5. Do we sleep well in a sultry summer night? 6. Does reading make one sleepy? 7. What prevented the writer of the preceding piece from sleeping? 8. Could he read without being disturbed? 9. Is there a place in the park for children to play? 10. Have you ever visited a battlefield? 11. Can you tell me when the Battle of Waterloo was fought? 12. What sensation have you if a fly crawls over your face? 13. What does the mosquito do to us? 14. What sensation does the biting of a mosquito cause? 15. What do you do on a sultry day to set the air in motion? 16. Can the writer sleep after he has chased away the mosquitoes? 17. What does he hear? 18. What is the difference between the noise made by a fly and that made by a mosquito? 19. Why is it not well to have the windows open during a summer night if a light is burning in the room? 20. What attracts the moths? 21. Where do they fly? 22. What happens to them if they fly too close to the light? 23. What does a father do to his children if they do not obey? 24. Are we generally punished if we do wrong? 25. Am I wise or foolish if I go too close to the fire? 26. Am I wise or foolish if I walk in the sun without a hat? 27. Are people generally punished for their folly? 28. Why does the writer of the piece put out the light and close his eyes? 29. Can he sleep then? 30. What prevents him from sleeping? 31. What kind of noises does he hear? 32. What makes that noise? 33. How does he stop it? 34. Has he been fully awakened? 35. What does he think about during the rest of the night? 36. What does he do next morning? 37. What does he see through the windows of the railway carriage? 38. When do the farmers harvest corn? 39. Where does the corn grow and where the grass? 40. What does the farmer do with the grass? 41. What is hay used for? 42. Where do townspeople go during the summer? 43. Is it pleasant to live at the farmhouse? 44. What kind of food do we get there? 45. When do we rise during our stay in the country? 46. Do we keep late hours in the country? 47. What change is there often in the weather when the heat grows oppressive? 48. What forebodes a storm? 49. What do we hear during a thunderstorm? 50. And what do we see? 51. Why can we not look at the lightning? 52. Are you afraid of thunder? 53. Why are some people afraid of lightning? 54. Is it dangerous to stand under a tree during a thunderstorm? 55. Is it dangerous to go skating if the ice is very thin? 56. Why is it dangerous to let children play with matches? 57. Is Naples in danger of being covered by the lava from Mount Vesuvius? 58. Are you afraid of crossing the ocean? 59. Is there much danger in crossing the ocean in a modern steamship? 60. What often happens to a house when it is struck by lightning? 61. Have you ever been to the seaside? 62. Is it as sultry there as in the city? 63. Do you

like sea-bathing? 64. During what weather do you take sea-baths? 65. Describe the appearance of the sea and the waves when the weather is pleasant? 66. Do the breakers make much noise when the sea is rough? 67. How does the water look after it has been dashed against the rocks? 68. What do we call the rocking motion of a ship? 69. When does a vessel pitch and roll? 70. Against what does the vessel struggle? 71. What are the highest mountains in this country? 72. Is it cooler in the mountains than in the lowlands? 73. Where do you take walks when you are in the mountains? 74. What do you see there? 75. What do you see when looking down from the mountains?

An Excursion into the Country.

A. — Would you like to go to the country with me?

B. — If the weather were fine, I should gladly go, but it rains so heavily that if we went out we should get drenched to the skin.

A. — The rain may soon stop; if it should not rain this afternoon would you come?

B. — Yes, if it does not rain I shall accompany you.

A. — Would it not be better for us to take a carriage?

B. — I should prefer it if I had money with me, but I have forgotten my purse.

A. — I can lend you all you want.

B. — If you could lend me ten dollars that would be sufficient.

A. — What shall we do in the country?

B. — We may go shooting or fishing. If it were the

month of December we might go skating on the lake, but since it is only September we can go boating; that will be just as amusing.

A. — At what time ought we to start, in case the weather should clear up?

B. — In about an hour.

A. — Well then, if you wish, we shall dine together.

B. — That would be a great pleasure to me, but my mother is not informed, and she might feel uneasy if I did not come home for dinner.

A. — You could send her a telegram.

B. — That's true. Very well, then I shall stay here unless it should inconvenience you.

A. — If you inconvenienced me in any way I should not invite you: we are intimate enough not to stand on ceremony with each other.

B. — To be sure. I think you were right, we shall have a fine afternoon; the sun is coming out.

A. — I expect we shall have a great deal of pleasure.

B. — We should have still more if Charles were with us; he is so jolly.

A. — If you wish, we will call for him and take him with us.

B. — That would be useless, for he is not at home.

A. — Well then, let us enjoy ourselves without him.

EXERCISE.

1. To what does A. invite B.? 2. On what condition does B. accept the invitation? 3. Why did he not accept at first? 4. What would have happened to them had they gone out then? 5. What might have been the result of their going

out in bad weather? 6. What does A. think about the rain? 7. What may B. do after it has stopped raining? 8. Does A. intend to make his excursion on foot? 9. How does he propose making it? 10. What prevents B. from assenting to this proposition? 11. On what condition would he accept it at once? 12. What does his friend offer him? 13. In what case would he have enough money? 14. How would they spend their time in the country? 15. What would they do if it were December? 16. How soon do they intend to start? 17. What would they do if the weather did not clear up? 18. Where is B. asked to dine? 19. What makes him hesitate to stay for dinner? 20. In what case would his mother feel uneasy about him? 21. Of what ought she to be informed? 22. What would B. have done if his friend A. had been inconvenienced by his remaining with him? 23. Why should they not stand on ceremony with each other? 24. Was A. mistaken in believing that the weather would become fine? 25. What indication was there that the weather was clearing up? 26. Do they make the excursion? 27. Whom would B. like to have accompany them on the excursion? 28. Why would he like to have him join? 29. Why are they not going to take Charles with them?

The three Wishes.

One winter's evening a poor laborer seated near the fire was talking with his wife about one of their neighbors, who was a man of considerable wealth. "Ah!" said he to her, "if I only had a little money, I could open a shop of my own;

then I would work hard and would soon be a man of means." — "I," answered his wife, "would not be satisfied with that; I should like to be very rich. I should love to have a big house, and if then I saw poor people like ourselves, I would help them along and would try to make everybody happy. But what is the use of talking, we are no longer in the time of fairies; if they still existed I might meet one of them, and if she promised to grant me something, it would not take me long to decide what to ask of her."

She had hardly uttered these words, when they saw a beautiful woman in their room, who told them that she was a fairy, and that she would grant them the first three things they might wish, adding, however, that they should choose with care, as she could allow them no more than three wishes. The fairy then disappeared.

The husband and wife were at first very much embarrassed. "As for me," began the wife, "if I were the first to choose, I know what I would wish; I'd ask for nothing yet, but it seems to me that I should be perfectly happy, if I were handsome, rich and talented." "But," replied her husband, "if this only were granted to us, we might have illness or grief, or we might die soon; it would be much wiser to wish for health, joy and a long life."

"But of what use would a long life be to us unless we were rich," exclaimed the woman, "as it would only prolong our misery. Really, if the fairy had wanted to make us happy, she ought to have promised us more gifts; for there are at least a dozen things that should be given to us." "That is true," said her husband, "but let us take time. By to-morrow we shall see what three things we most need, and we can wish them then." "I will think it over all

night," replied the wife, "meanwhile let us warm ourselves, for it is cold." At the same time she took a poker to stir the fire.

When she saw the coals burning brightly, she said without thinking: "Oh! I should like to have a sausage as long as my arm, for it could now be so readily cooked." Alas! she had hardly finished these words when a sausage a yard long came tumbling down the chimney. "Confound the glutton and her sausage!" exclaimed her husband, "isn't that a fine wish! Now we have only two more wishes left. As for me, I am so angry on account of your stupidity that I wish the sausage would stick to your nose." This was hardly said, when the man saw that he had been even more foolish than his wife, for the sausage jumped to the tip of his poor wife's nose and clung to it so fast that she could not tear it off. "Gracious me! what have you done?" cried she; "you are the most wicked fellow on earth to make that sausage stick to the end of my nose." "My dear," replied her husband, trying to console her, "I assure you that I did not know what I was about; but what are we going to do now? I shall wish great riches, and then I shall have a golden box made to hide your sausage in." "Don't be silly," returned his wife, "I would rather kill myself than have this big sausage remain at my nose. Listen, we have still one wish left; leave it to me, or I will instantly throw myself out of the window." As she said this, she ran to the window and opened it. "Hold on! hold on!" cried her frightened husband, "I'll let you wish whatever you like." "Well then," said the woman, "I wish that the sausage should fall to the ground," and, behold! the sausage was lying on the floor.

The wife having become wiser through her fright, said to her husband: "My dear, the fairy has only been teaching us a lesson; perhaps we should be more miserable if we had riches. Believe me, it is better for us to wish nothing, and to be satisfied with what God has given us. Meanwhile let us eat our sausage, which is all we have left of our three wishes."

EXERCISE.

1. Of what does the preceding story treat? 2. Where were the people who are spoken of? 3. In what financial circumstances were they? 4. What were they talking about? 5. Whom did they envy? 6. What did the husband wish for? 7. What would they do if they had money? 8. Was the wife as modest in her wishes as he in his? 9. What did she want? 10. What would you wish for if you were in her place? 11. Would you wish for an automobile? 12. What would you do if you met a poor person? 13. What change might take place in a person's views on his getting rich? 14. What would the husband and wife do if they were living in fairy times? 15. Would they know what to ask for if they happened to meet a fairy? 16. Were they still living in fairy times? 17. What did the fairy tell them to do? 18. What would the fairy do, if they chose four things? 19. Why did they not wish something as soon as the fairy disappeared? 20. What did the wife believe would make her happy? 21. What might have happened to her if she had obtained what she wanted? 22. What, according to the opinion of her husband, would it be better for her to wish? 23. How

many gifts did they think the fairy should have promised them? 24. How long a time did they intend to reflect upon what they were to wish? 25. On what occasion did the wife express her first wish? 26. What was this wish? 27. Was it her intention to make that wish? 28. What should she have done before uttering it? 29. Would you express a like wish if you were in a similar situation? 30. What did her husband say when he saw the first wish turn into reality? 31. Why did he call her a glutton? 32. What made him so angry? 33. What did he wish in his anger? 34. What happened? 35. What did the wife scold her husband for? 36. What offer did her husband make to console her? 37. What would the wife rather do than live with the sausage hanging from her nose? 38. What does she do at the same time to frighten her husband? 39. What is the third wish? 40. What is the moral of this story? 41. What had they gained by their wishes?

EXERCISE.

(*The pupil is to complete the following sentences, and others of a like nature, which the teacher will give.*)

1. If I were hungry . . . 2. If I were thirsty . . . 3. If I have money next year . . . 4. Should the weather be fine to-morrow . . . 5. Should the weather be bad this afternoon . . . 6. Unless my brother should need a new suit . . . 7. Though my sister may want a new dress . . . 8. Unless we could talk French . . . 9. Although we have time . . . 10. Should we be able to come next week . . . 11. If you were free to-morrow . . . 12. If our pupils

would take lessons every day . . . 13. Unless business prevents us . . . 14. Should they pay their debts . . . 15. I would go to Paris if . . . 16. I am going to write a letter, provided . . . 17. My professor would not give me a lesson unless . . . 18. He will come, provided . . . 19. We could go out if . . . 20. We shall be able to accompany you though . . . 21. We could buy many things if . . . 22. We would certainly not go to the theatre unless . . . 23. You could not read this book if . . . 24. They would send me a letter, provided . . . 25. They might want to retire unless . . .

Reminiscences of School Life.

I still remember the time I was at school and the many tricks I used to play on my teacher. He was a good-natured old gentleman of at least sixty years. He used to wear spectacles and a wig which were continually the subject of our merriment and silly jokes.

I use to distinguish myself among the pupils by being one of the noisiest and most mischievous. Whenever I was called to the blackboard, I would supply myself with a string, at the end of which I would tie a piece of chalk and fasten this to the teacher's coat. When he turned round we would burst into laughter like big babies, which indeed we were.

Often, when everything was quiet, I would shut down my desk with a loud slam, and if I was reprimanded for it, I would invariably say: "Sir, I could not help it." At other times I would fill a paper cornet with ink, close it carefully, and then pass it around the class. Our teacher

would order the cornet to be brought to him. He would believe it to contain sweets and would open it, when to his great surprise the ink would flow over his hands and the table. This joke we thought exceedingly funny.

Moreover, I used to impose upon our teacher whenever he was absorbed in his meditations. I would then attach a lock of his artificial hair to the back of his chair, so that, when he rose, the wig would be pulled off, amid the uproar and applause of the class. Quite often we were kept after school, but that we did not mind. We would amuse ourselves, and we did not consider this mode of punishing very severe.

You think perhaps that I did very wrong in behaving in such a manner; but when you used to go to school, did you not act likewise? Did you always apply yourself to your studies and never provoke your teachers? Nowadays, it is true, when I reflect upon what pains this poor man took to improve us, I greatly repent the mischief I caused, and repeat with the poet, "Youth is without pity."

EXERCISE.

1. What did you do to be educated when you were young? 2. Describe the teacher of whom this narrative treats. 3. What kind of boy was the author of this piece? 4. What would the pupils continually make fun of? 5. At what incident would the boys burst out laughing? 6. What would this pupil do when he was called to the blackboard? 7. What instant would he choose to slam his desk? 8. What would the teacher do when the pupil closed his desk with such a noise? 9. What answer would the naughty boy give? 10. What trick would he play with a paper cornet? 11. What did the other boys think of this? 12. What did the teacher probably think of it? 13. What would the pupil do to make the teacher's wig come off? 14. What effect would it have on the other pupils to see the teacher without his wig? 15. How would the naughty pupils be sometimes punished? 16. Would they care much for that kind of punishment? 17. Would you do the same if you were going to school? 18. Were the pupils always kept busy? 19. Were you always attentive at school? 20. Would you try to provoke your teacher or to please him?

Effective Punishment.

Formerly in a certain American country-town, whenever it became known that a fellow capable of earning his living by work would go begging, they would take hold of him, lower him into a deep pit containing a pump. Then they would open a tap from which the water would flow into the pit. Not wanting to drown, the lazy fellow would be compelled to pump incessantly. Whilst struggling against the water, which would keep slowly rising, the citizens would make wagers at the edge of the hole. Some would bet that this fellow was an idler, and that he would not pump enough to get himself out of danger; others would hold the opposite opinion. Finally, after leaving him engaged in his hard work for several hours, they would pull him out, more dead than alive, and set him at liberty.

EXERCISE.

1. What is the subject of the preceding narrative? 2. Where did the incident related take place? 3. What sort of person is spoken of in the above piece? 4. What was done to him? 5. What sort of pit was he lowered into, and what did it contain? 6. What was done afterwards? 7. What did the man in this pit have to do in order to prevent the water from rising? 8. Whilst he was struggling to keep down the water, what were the citizens of the town, gathered around the edge of the pit, doing? 9. How did some of the citizens wager? 10. And how did others of the citizens bet? 11. Did they go away and leave him in his perilous position? 12. How long did they leave him there? 13. In what condition was he when taken out of the pit? 14. What was then done with him? 15. Was the idle man well punished for his laziness? 16. Do you think that such treatment would cure him of laziness in the future?

Funny Sayings and Anecdotes.

Truthfulness.

Papa (severely): "Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?" Three-year-old (eating the apple): "Yes, I did." Papa: "Be careful, now; I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a falsehood. Did you ask mamma?" Three-year-old: "Truly, papa, I asked her"; (a pause) "she said I couldn't have it."

EXERCISE.

1. What is the age of the child spoken of? 2. What was it doing? 3. May a child eat what it wants? 4. What must it do first? 5. Do parents allow their children to eat green apples? 6. In what tone of voice did the father speak? 7. How must we speak to a naughty child? 8. When do parents speak severely to their children? 9. What had the child asked its mother? 10. Did she allow the child to eat the apple? 11. Did the child obey? 12. Did it tell the truth? 13. Will its father punish it? 14. Would he whip the little one if it told an untruth?

Kissing Under Difficulties.

Uncle John has been growing a beard. During a visit to his sister's family he tries to make his niece kiss him. The latter hesitates. "Baby, why don't you give Uncle John a kiss?" asks her mother. "I can't; there is no room for it."

EXERCISE.

1. What do we call the hair on a man's face? 2. On what part of the face is the mustache? 3. Does Edward VII, King of England, wear whiskers? 4. What relation was the little girl to John? 5. And what relation was he to her? 6. How do people often show their love to children? 7. What word indicates that the child did not kiss her uncle immediately when asked? 8. Who questioned her

about it? 9. Why did the child hesitate? 10. Had John worn a beard before that time? 11. Was the child accustomed to kissing bearded faces?

A Child's Reason.

Mother: "If you met a very dirty little girl in the street, who offered you a piece of bread, would you take it?" Child: "No." Mother: "Why not?" Child: "Because there would not be any butter on it."

EXERCISE.

1. What did the mother wish to impress upon the child? 2. Is it natural for children to eat only clean things? 3. Would you eat something dirty? 4. Did the child understand the aim of her mother's question? 5. Why wouldn't it eat the bread offered by a dirty child? 6. In what case would it eat the bread?

Jonah and the Whale.

A careful mother had impressed upon her little boy the necessity of ejecting the skins of grapes, and a few days afterwards told him the story of Jonah and the whale. "The whale is a very large monster," said the mother, "and he swallowed Jonah." "Did he swallow other men, too?" asked the little boy, "Well, I suppose he did," continued the mother, who was somewhat in doubt; and

while she was hesitating about the continuation of the story, the boy interrupted with: "And, mamma, did he spit out the skins too?"

EXERCISE.

1. Is it good for our digestion to swallow grape-skins? 2. What did the little boy's mother wish him to remember? 3. What is a whale? 4. Have you read the story of "Jonah and the Whale"? 5. On what did Jonah travel? 6. What kind of weather had he? 7. In what danger was the ship? 8. What did the sailors do with Jonah? 9. What happened to Jonah after being thrown overboard? 10. How long did Jonah remain in the whale's stomach? 11. What did the whale do then? 12. Were the little boy's questions easy to answer? 13. Did they embarrass the mother? 14. Can a whale swallow men? 15. What thought was in the child's mind whilst his mother told the story of Jonah?

Making Him Pay.

Customer (at the grocer's, pilfering from the raisin box): "What are these raisins worth, boy?" Boy: "Two pence." Customer (astonished): "What! only two pence a pound?" Boy: "No, two pence for what you have eaten."

EXERCISE.

1. Where was the person in question? 2. What do we call it if some one takes objects of little value secretly?

3. What is the difference between stealing and pilfering? 4. What is a thief? 5. If someone takes your property by force, is that theft or robbery? 6. What am I if I take a few pieces of sugar belonging to you? 7. And if I take your money secretly? 8. And if I knock you down to take your money? 9. Did that customer expect to pay for the raisins? 10. What did he ask the boy? 11. Was he astonished at the cheapness of the raisins? 12. How much did the grocer's boy charge him for the raisins he had eaten?

Irish Wit.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were discussing the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I maintain," said the Frenchman, "that if he is born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits?"

EXERCISE.

1. From what countries were the persons who had the discussion? 2. What was the subject under discussion? 3. What did the Frenchman assert? 4. Did the Irishman share his opinion? 5. What did he maintain? 6. What example did he give to show that our birthplace does not decide our nationality? 7. What exclamation do the Irish often use? 8. What does the shortened name "Pat" stand for? 9. What country did Saint Patrick convert to Christianity? 10. Why are so many Irishmen called Patrick? 11. What do you call the young of a cat? 12. Where do we bake bread?

Blind Obedience.

A soldier, stationed at the entrance of a picture gallery, had strict orders to allow no one to pass without first depositing his walking stick. A gentleman came in with his hands in his pockets. The soldier, taking him by the arm, said: "Stop, where is your stick?" "I have no stick." "Then you will have to go back and get one before I can allow you to pass."

EXERCISE.

1. What is the principal duty of a soldier? 2. What orders had the soldier spoken of received? 3. Why were people forbidden to carry their sticks into the gallery? 4. How could the soldier see that the gentleman had no stick? 5. What did he do to stop him? 6. What did he tell him to do? 7. Did the soldier reason about the order he had received? 8. Is it necessary for soldiers to obey blindly?

You can't Cure by Proxy.

A man went into a druggist's and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of ammonia to the man's nose, who was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he had recovered he began to rail at the druggist, and threatened to punch his head. "But didn't it help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" screamed the man, "I have n't any headache; it's my wife that's got * the headache."

* *To have got* is used very frequently for *to have* in ordinary conversation.

EXERCISE.

1. What does a physician try to do to his patients? 2. What may we call a person sent by you to take your place for the moment? 3. Was it possible in olden times to marry by proxy? 4. What did the man want from the druggist? 5. What did the druggist do? 6. Did the smell of ammonia take the man's breath away? 7. Did the old Romans overpower many nations? 8. In what season of the year may we be overcome (overpowered) by the heat? 9. What word indicates that ammonia has a very sharp odor? 10. What indicates that the man caught his breath after a while? 11. What did he do then? 12. Was he angry? 13. Did he say disagreeable words to the druggist? 14. What is the difference between a promise and a threat? 15. When does a father threaten his son with punishment? 16. What threat did the man utter? 17. Was the druggist's intention good? 18. What had he supposed? 19. For what purpose did he hold the ammonia to the man's nose? 20. What mistake did the druggist make? 21. Who was to blame for this mistake?

A Friend in Need is a Friend indeed.

A savage who has just been converted, enters a church and kneels down before the image of St. Michael conquering the devil. He takes two wax tapers from a paper bundle and puts one before St. Michael and the other underneath, before the Evil One. A priest who sees this, speaks to him, supposing that he was mistaken. "Oh! no," the savage answered, "I do this purposely. It is better to have friends wherever we go."

EXERCISE.

1. Who has more friends, a rich man or a poor one? 2. Do our friends help us when we are in trouble? 3. When do we need a friend most? 4. Is the man we speak of in the anecdote a European? 5. Had he become a Christian? 6. What word expresses it? 7. Where was he? 8. What position did he take? 9. Who makes us desire to do evil, according to the Christian religion? 10. What did the savage do to show his religious feeling? 11. Who says mass in a Catholic church? 12. What did the priest believe when seeing a candle before the Evil Spirit? 13. Had the savage made a mistake? 14. For what purpose had he put the taper before the devil? 15. Was he sure of going to heaven after death?

Superstition.

Neighbor — I heard your dog howling last night. If he howls three nights in succession, it's a sure sign of death.

Next door — Indeed! and who do you think will die?

Neighbor — The dog.

EXERCISE.

1. What do we call a person who believes that the number thirteen brings bad luck? 2. Why do superstitious people object to beginning a journey on Friday? 3. Why do some people carry a rabbit's foot in their pocket? 4. How far did the above speakers live from each other? 5. What had the first one heard during the night? 6. Could he sleep? 7. What prevented him from sleeping? 8. When

does a dog bark and when does it howl? 9. Do you believe that the falling of a mirror is a sign of death? 10. What kind of people believe in signs and dreams? 11. What will it forebode if the dog howls three nights in succession? 12. Will the dog die a natural death? 13. Who will kill it? 14. Why? 15. Is the neighbor really superstitious?

Conceit.

Friend — What are you looking so blue about?

Writer — I met a fellow to-day who had never heard of Shakespeare.

Friend — Well, you needn't worry about that.

Writer — Of course not, but it filled me with melancholy and made me fear that, perhaps, some day, I too may be unknown.

EXERCISE.

1. What do we call it if a person has too good an opinion of himself? 3. What does a modest person think about himself? 3. Which do you prefer, a conceited or a modest person? 4. What word indicates that the writer felt sad? 5. Who was Shakespeare? 6. Why is it strange that some people have not heard of him? 7. What children cause their parents much worry? 8. What has a housekeeper to worry about? 9. What worry has a business man? 10. Did it worry the writer that someone did not know Shakespeare? 11. What feeling came over him on account of the other fellow's ignorance? 12. What did he fear? 13. What did he show in comparing himself to Shakespeare?

Tit for Tat.

A collegian asks a friend to lend him a certain book which he desires to consult. The latter, who is not very obliging, answers that he has no objection to his friend's using his books, but that he cannot permit them to be taken out of his room. As it is impossible to make him change his mind, the student is put to much inconvenience. A few weeks afterwards that selfish man comes to his friend to borrow his poker. "My dear boy," says his friend, "you may use my poker in my room as much as you like, but I cannot permit you to take it elsewhere."

EXERCISE.

1. What phrase expresses that we treat others as they treat us? 2. What did the young man ask of his friend? 3. Did he mean to return the book? 4. What did he want it for? 5. What do we call a person who is willing to help us? 6. Does the owner of the book allow his friend to consult it? 7. What does he object to? 8. Does he come to a different decision after a while? 9. Does a woman frequently change her mind? 10. When did you make up your mind to study English? 11. Did you then think English easy? 12. Have you changed your mind about it? 13. What inconvenience was the student put to? 14. Was his friend selfish or kind? 15. What is the difference between borrow and lend? 16. How did the student take revenge?

A Test of Courage.

A beggar rings the bell at the entrance of a residence. The lady of the house opens the door. "Please, ma'am," says the beggar, in pitiful tones, "give me some cast-off clothing and something to eat. I don't want it for nothing. I shall gladly do some work." After some reflection the lady says: "Very well, I have some work for you. Go into the kitchen and dismiss my cook." The beggar casts a glance into the kitchen and perceives a muscular Irish girl. He starts for the street in haste, exclaiming: "I've got over my hunger, and my clothes will do for a while longer. The task you speak of is too hard for me."

EXERCISE.

1. What do some poor people do to get money? 2. Where was the beggar in question? 3. What did he do to make people come to the door? 4. Who came? 5. What feeling have you towards the poor and the sick? 6. What do we call a sight that arouses pity? 7. In what voice did the beggar speak? 8. Why did he speak in such a tone? 9. What did he want? 10. What do we do with things we do not wish to keep any longer? 11. Are there any people who deal in cast-off clothes? 12. What did the beggar offer in exchange for the food and clothing? 13. Did the lady answer immediately? 14. What did she do before speaking? 15. Did she think of some work for the beggar? 16. What was he to do? 17. What do we do, if we do not wish to keep a servant? 18. What did the beggar do before deciding? 19. Was the cook a strong person? 20. Did the beggar go away slowly? 21. What word shows that he is

no longer hungry? 22. And what expression indicates that he need not have other clothes immediately?

Consideration due to Rank.

A well-known banker, whose name we prefer to pass over in silence, was as gruff in his manners as he was wealthy and influential. One day he was very busy when Lord X. called on him in his office. Without interrupting his work, the financier invited the caller to sit down. "Pray," said he, "take a seat one instant." The other, surprised and provoked at his cool reception, remarked: "I beg your pardon, I am Lord X." "Oh, indeed! pray take two seats, mylord," was the answer.

EXERCISE.

1. Who occupies a higher rank, a duke or a prince? 2. Why can we not address a nobleman in the same manner as an ordinary person? 3. Do we owe deference to rank? 4. Why is the banker's name not mentioned? 5. What is the contrary of silent? 6. Why wasn't the banker an agreeable person to talk to? 7. What word shows that he had a great deal of money? 8. Had he many friends among the higher classes? 9. Would they do him favors, if he wanted any? 10. What word shows this? 11. Had he anything to do when Lord X. called? 12. Where did the latter see him? 13. Did the banker interrupt his work? 14. What did he tell Lord X. to do? 15. How long did he ask him to wait? 16. Did he receive the visitor cordially? 17. How did the nobleman feel about the cool reception? 18. Did he think the banker knew him? 19. How did the banker show his deference towards his lordship?

Don't judge People by their Faces.

A lady had advertised for a skillful gardener, and to her embarrassment she was obliged to choose between two applicants who appeared at the same moment. As she stood on her doorstep, questioning first one and then the other, she became aware that her mother-in-law, seated on a bench, a short distance from the men and directly behind them, was making signs to her and was pointing unmistakably towards the less prepossessing of the two men; the younger woman, supposing that her relative had some personal knowledge of the applicant, promptly engaged him.

"Has that man ever worked for you, mother?" she asked, when the men had gone.

"No," replied the old lady, "I never saw or heard of either of them until now."

"Then, why in the world did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" returned the old lady briskly, "when you pick out a man to work in the garden, you must be guided by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat, you don't."

EXERCISE.

1. What do you do when you wish to find a servant? 2. What kind of help did the lady want? 3. What word shows that she wants a person who can do the work well? 4. How many people came in answer to the advertisement? 5. How much later did one arrive than the other? 6. Did the lady know which one to engage? 7. Which word shows that she did not know what to do? 8. What did she wish to find out through her questions? 9. Whom did she notice besides the applicants? 10. Where and in what position was her mother-in-law. 11. What did the latter do? 12. What did she mean by making signs? 13. Was one of the applicants better looking than the other? 14. By which word is it indicated? 15. Which word shows that her signs were very plain! 16. What did the daughter-in-law decide on account of the old lady's motioning? 17. What did she suppose? 18. What did she ask her mother-in-law? 19. When did she ask that question? 20. Had the old lady seen the men before that time? 21. What idiomatic expression makes the word "why" very strong and shows surprise? 22. What showed that one man was frequently sitting and the other often kneeling? 23. What do the poor people do if an article of clothing has a hole? 24. Can we always know a man by his face? 25. What is the meaning of the proverb "Appearances are deceptive"?

The absent-minded Philosopher.

Newton one day was absorbed in his profound philosophical meditations, when his servant entered his study. She brought an egg which she intended to boil on an alcohol lamp, in his presence, so as to be sure of its being just right. Newton, who wanted to be left alone, told her she should leave and that he would boil the egg himself. The servant put the egg on the table beside Newton's watch and suggested that the egg should not be left in the boiling water more than two minutes and a half. Imagine her astonishment when, on her return, she found her master standing in front of the mantlepiece looking attentively at the egg

which he held in his hand, whilst the watch was being boiled in the little kettle over the lamp.

EXERCISE.

1. Who was Newton? 2. What words denote that he was in deep thought? 3. Did he forget his surroundings when he was meditating? 4. What do we call a person who forgets his surroundings and thinks of something else? 5. For what purpose did the servant enter the philosopher's study? 6. Why was the egg to be boiled in his presence? 7. Why did he tell her to leave him? 8. What did he intend to do during her absence? 9. What suggestion did she make to him before leaving? 10. In what position and where did she find him on her return? 11. What was he doing? 12. Was he aware of what he was doing? 13. What had he done to the watch? 14. What was the servant's feeling on seeing what her master had done?

Good Nature of Louis Philippe.

Bouton, the French painter, was busy one day, when a man entered unannounced and stood behind him. The artist having his mouth full of paint brushes, did not glance up, but mumbled: "Look about if you like; don't mind me." The visitor did so, and then came to his original position. Bouton felt annoyed, but repressed his impatience. "Well, how is everybody at home?" he asked. "Oh, nicely, thank you," was the reply. "The children are well, I suppose?" "Oh, perfectly." The visitor then began to criticize the picture; and when, after half an hour's conversation, the

artist turned around, he beheld the king of France. Bouton blushed and stammered: "Sire, you are artist enough to know that I should have lost my tint had I stopped to display the studio to Your Majesty." "Yes," replied the king, "I like your reception of me so well that I mean to have that picture."

EXERCISE.

1. What do we call great painters, great sculptors or great actors? 2. What happened one day as the painter was working? 3. Had the king entered without first sending his name in? 4. Why could Bouton not see him? 5. What did he say to the caller? 6. Why did he not speak distinctly? 7. How did the visitor pass his time while the painter was working? 8. Was the painter pleased to have someone stand behind him? 9. Did he get angry? 10. What did he say to hide his annoyance? 11. Did he speak with due deference to the visitor's rank? 12. How long did the chat last? 13. What did the artist do then? 14. How did the artist's face become when he beheld the king? 15. Was he ashamed of his impoliteness? 16. What shows it? 17. What excuse did he give for his impoliteness? 18. What compliment did he pay to the king? 19. In what way did the king quiet the artist's fears of having displeased him?

The Effect of an Accident.

Protogenes, the Greek painter, was an impatient man. In painting the picture of a tired, panting dog, he met with good success, except that he failed in every attempt to imitate the

foam that should have been seen on the dog's mouth. He was so much provoked over it, that he seized the sponge with which he cleansed his brushes, and threw it against the picture with the intention of spoiling it. It happened to strike on the dog's mouth, and produced, to the astonishment and delight of the painter, the very effect that he had labored so persistently to obtain.

EXERCISE.

1. What is the cause of a thunderstorm? 2. What is the effect of a thunderstorm? 3. What is the cause of the freezing of water? 4. What is the effect of extreme cold on water? 5. If we fall down stairs, do we do it purposely? 6. What do we call it, if something happens that is not done purposely? 7. Is the burning down of a house generally a wilful act (= is it done on purpose), or is it an accident? 8. Are people run over on the railway on purpose or by accident? 9. What do we call a person who bears annoyance without complaining? 10. What do we call a person who is never willing to wait for anything? 11. Does an impatient person easily get angry? 12. Is an impatient man a good teacher? 13. What was Protogenes trying to paint? 14. What do we call the hard breathing of a dog that has run very fast? 15. Did the picture turn out as the painter had desired it? 16. By what word do we express that our work turns out according to our desire? 17. Has anybody ever succeeded in reaching the North Pole? 18. Did anyone ever succeed in making gold out of silver? 19. In what part of the picture had the painter no success? 20. Did he continue trying for some time? 21. What is the contrary of "succeed" in the above sense? 22. Is this school a success or a failure? 23. Did the painter lose his patience over his failure? 24. What word expresses it? 25. What did he do in his anger? 26. What did he do it for? 27. Did he purposely throw it at the dog's mouth? 28. What words show that the sponge struck that spot by chance? 29. What did the accidental hitting of the spot produce? 30. Had the painter expected it? 31. Was he sorry that the effect was thus? 32. What words show that he had worked hard and a long time?

Historical Pieces.

Ancient England.

If you look at a map of the world, you will see, in the left-hand upper corner of the Eastern Hemisphere, two islands lying in the sea. They are England and Scotland, and Ireland. England and Scotland form the greater part of these islands; Ireland is the next in size. The little neighboring islands, which are so small upon the map as to be mere dots, are chiefly little bits of Scotland broken off, I dare say, in the course of a great length of time, by the power of the restless water.

In the old days, a long, long while ago, before Our Saviour was born on earth and lay asleep in a manger, these islands were in the same place, and the stormy sea roared round them, just as it roars now. But the sea was not alive then with great ships and brave sailors, sailing to and from all parts

of the world. It was very lonely. The islands lay solitary in the great expanse of water. The foaming waves dashed against their cliffs, and the bleak winds blew over their forests; but the winds and waves brought no adventurers to land upon the islands, and the savage islanders knew nothing of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world knew nothing of them.

It is supposed that the Phœnicians, who were an ancient people, famous for carrying on trade, came in ships to these islands, and found that they produced tin and lead; both very useful things, as you know, and both produced to this very hour upon the sea-coast. The most celebrated tin mines in Cornwall are still close to the sea. One of them, which I have seen, is so close to it, that it is hollowed out underneath the ocean; and the miners say that in stormy weather, when they are at work down in that deep place, they can hear the noise of the waves thundering above their heads. So the Phœnicians, coasting about the islands, would come, without much difficulty, to where the tin and lead were.

The Phœnicians traded with the islanders for these metals, and gave the islanders some other useful things in exchange. The islanders were, at first, poor savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, and staining their bodies, as other savages do, with colored earths and the juices of plants. But the Phœnicians, sailing over to the opposite coasts of France and Belgium, and saying to the people there, "We have been to those white cliffs across the water, which you can see in fine weather, and from that country, which is called Britain, we bring this tin and lead," tempted some of the French and Belgians to come over also. These people settled themselves on the south coast of England, which is now called Kent; and, although they were a rough people too, they taught the savage Britons some useful arts, and improved that part of the islands. It is probable that other people came over from Spain to Ireland, and settled there.

Thus, little by little, strangers became mixed with the islanders, and the savage Britons grew into a wild, bold people; almost savage still, especially in the interior of the country away from the sea, where the foreign settlers seldom went; but hardy, brave, and strong.

The whole country was covered with forests and swamps. The greater part of it was very misty and cold. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, no houses that you would think deserving of the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts, hidden in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall, made of mud or the trunks of trees placed one upon another. The people planted little or no corn, but lived upon the flesh of their flocks and cattle. They made no coins, but used metal rings for money. They were clever in basket-work, as savage people often are; and they could make a coarse kind of cloth, and some very bad earthenware. But in building fortresses they were much more clever.

EXERCISE.

1. Where is Great Britain situated? 2. What is the comparative size of the British Islands? 3. What may have been the origin of the little islands lying in the vicinity of Scotland? 4. In what respect was the appearance of the British shore the same in ancient times as nowadays, and in

what respects has it changed? 5. Is there much traffic between Great Britian and the rest of the world? 6. How was Great Britain in this respect in the most ancient times? 7. Who were the first navigators visiting the islands of Great Britain? 8. What was their object in going there? 9. Say what you know about the tin mines of Cornwall. 10. What did the Phœnicians give the Britons in exchange for the tin and lead they bought? 11. Were the old Britons a civilized people? 12. How were they dressed? 13. How did the Phœnicians tempt the neighboring people to go also to Britain? 14. Did these people stay there only a short time? 15. What influence had these settlers on the native population? 16. Describe the appearance of ancient Britain and modern England. 17. What was the principal food of the ancient Britons? 18. What did they use instead of money? 19. With which of the useful arts were these savages slightly acquainted?

England under the early Saxons.

The Romans had scarcely gone away from Britain, when the Britons began to wish they had never left it. For, the Roman soldiers being gone, and the Britons being much reduced in numbers by their long wars, the Picts and Scots came pouring in, over the broken and unguarded wall of Severus, in swarms. They plundered the richest towns, and killed the people; and came back so often for more booty and more slaughter, that the unfortunate Britons lived a life of terror. As if the Picts and Scots were not bad enough on land, the Saxons attacked the islanders by sea; and, as if something more were still wanting to make them miserable, they quarrelled bitterly among themselves as to what prayers they ought to say, and how they ought to say them. The priests, being very angry with one another on these questions, cursed one another in the heartiest manner, and (uncommonly like the old Druids) cursed all the people whom they could not persuade. So, altogether, the Britons were very badly off, you may believe.

They were in such distress, in short, that they sent a letter to Rome entreating help — which they called "The Groans of the Britons" — and in which they said, "The barbarians chase us into the sea, the sea throws us back upon the barbarians, and we have only the hard choice left us of perishing by the sword, or perishing by the waves." But the Romans could not help them, even if they were so inclined; for they had enough to do to defend themselves against their own enemies, who were then very fierce and strong. At last, the Britons, unable to bear their hard condition any longer, resolved to make peace with the Saxons, and to invite the Saxons to come into their country, and help them to keep out the Picts and Scots.

It was a British Prince, named Vortigern, who took this resolution, and who made a treaty of friendship with Hengist and Horsa, two Saxon chiefs. Both of these names, in the old Saxon language, signify Horse; for the Saxons, like many other nations in a rough state, were fond of giving men the names of animals, as Horse, Wolf, Bear, Hound. The Indians of North America — a very inferior people to the Saxons, though — do the same to this day.

Hengist and Horsa drove out the Picts and Scots; and Vortigern, being grateful to them for that service, made no opposition to their settling themselves in that part of Eng-

land which is called the Isle of Thanet, or to their inviting over more of their countrymen to join them. But Hengist had a beautiful daughter named Rowena; and when, at a feast, she filled a golden goblet to the brim with wine, and gave it to Vortigern, saying in a sweet voice, "Dear King, thy health!" the king fell in love with her. My opinion is, that the cunning Hengist meant him to do so, in order that the Saxons might have greater influence with him; and that the fair Rowena came to that feast, golden goblet and all, on purpose.

At any rate, they were married; and, long afterward, whenever the king was angry with the Saxons, or jealous of their encroachments, Rowena would put her beautiful arms round his neck, and softly say, "Dear King, they are my people. Be favorable to them, as you loved that Saxon girl who gave you the golden goblet of wine at the feast!" And really, I don't see how the king could help himself.

EXERCISE.

1. What large army invaded Britain almost two thousand years ago? 2. After the return of the Romans their country, did the Britons enjoy peace? 3. Why were the Britons unable to defend themselves against the attacks of the Picts and Scots? 4. How did the victorious savages treat the people they had conquered? 5. What aggravated the misfortunes of the Britons? 6. Were the Britons peaceable among themselves? 7. What were the causes of their quarrels? 8. How did the priests conduct themselves during these discords? 9. Are people easily persuaded of their being wrong? 10. When is a nation better off, during war or during peace? 11. What did they do when they were

worst off? 12. In what words did they inform the Romans of their distress? 13. Did these complaints do them any good? 14. What was the principal cause of the Romans' not coming to their assistance? 15. What step did they finally conclude to take? 16. What made them take this step? 17. Who were the leaders of the two nations when the treaty of friendship was made? 18. What is the author's opinion of the Saxons, as compared with the American Indians? 19. Did the Saxons accomplish the work they had undertaken? 20 In what way did the Britons show themselves grateful to their allies? 21. What happened to Vortigern during a feast? 22. What is the author's opinion as to Rowena's act? 23. For what purpose did Hengist bring his daughter to the feast? 24. What were the consequences of Vortigern's falling in love? 25. In what way did Rowena influence her husband? 26. How did she always make him yield to her wishes?

King Alfred.

Alfred the Great was a young man, three and twenty years of age, when he became king. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on journeys, which they supposed to be religious; and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for then, that at twelve years old he had not been taught to read, although of the sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favorite. But he had — as most men who grow up to be great and good are generally found to have had — an excellent mother; and one day this lady, whose name

was Osburga, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that period, and the book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated" with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read." Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great King, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them too, by which the Danes swore they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath, in swearing thus upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died; but they cared little for it, for they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the king's soldiers that the king was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time

should come, and thinking deeply of his poor unhappy subjects whom the Danes chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burned. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king, "you will be ready enough to eat them by and by, and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

At length the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast; killed their chief and captured their flag, on which was represented the likeness of a raven — a very fit bird for a thievish army like that, I think. The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly, for they believed it to be enchanted — woven by the three daughters of one father in a single afternoon — and they had a story among themselves that when they were victorious in battle the raven stretched his wings and seemed to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop. He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for King Alfred joined the Devonshire men, made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire, and prepared for a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people. But, first, as it was important to know how numerous those pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a gleeman or minstrel, and went, with his harp, to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents,

their arms, their discipline, everything that he desired to know. And right soon did this great king entertain them to a different tune; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as the monarch whom many of them had given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes with great slaughter, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace, on condition that they should altogether depart from that western part of England, and settle in the east; and that Guthrum should become a Christian, in remembrance of the Divine religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him. This Guthrum did. At his baptism King Alfred was his godfather. And Guthrum was an honorable chief, who well deserved that clemency; for ever afterwards he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and led good, honest English lives. And I hope the children of those Danes played, many a time, with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them; and that English travellers, benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat by the red fire, friends, talking of King Alfred the Great.

EXERCISE.

1. What parts of Europe did Alfred visit in his youth? 2. What caused his journeys? 3. Was education in olden times as general as nowadays? 4. Narrate the circumstances that led to Alfred's learning to read. 5. What happened to Alfred in his twenty-third year? 6. In what was he engaged during the first years of his reign? 7. By what means did he try to make the Danes leave Britain? 8. What did the Danes do in order to make Alfred believe in their promises? 9. Did they really consider their oaths as binding? 10. In which way did they make their oaths still more solemn? 11. Did they care for what they had promised? 12. How long did they keep their oath? 13. What did they do when they broke their agreements? 14. What misfortune befell Alfred during the fourth year of his reign? 15. How did the king escape being killed? 16. What happened to him while living unknown at the cowherd's? 17. What occupied his mind whilst he was watching the cakes? 18. How did the cowherd's wife treat him on her return? 19. Who, after a while, resisted the further landing of the Danes? 20. In what way were they successful against the Danes? 21. Why was the loss of their flag considered very disastrous by the Danes? 22. Why does the author think the raven to be a fit bird for the flag of that nation? 23. What did King Alfred do on hearing of the defeat of the Danes? 24. For what did he prepare while he was in Somersetshire? 25. What was the first important point to find out in order to gain advantages over the enemy? 26. How did he go to work to accomplish this? 27. What did he do on his return? 28. How was he received by his followers? 29. What was the result of Alfred's

attack upon the Danes? 30. How did he treat the vanquished? 31. Did he take vengeance for his past injuries? 32. How did Guthrum make himself worthy of Alfred's clemency? 33. How did the Saxons and the Danes get along together?

The Landing of the Normans.

Harold was crowned king of England on the very day of the Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached the Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. The Pope sent to Normandy a consecrated banner, and a ring containing a hair which he warranted to have grown on the head of St. Peter. He blessed the enterprise and cursed Harold, and requested that the Normans would pay "Peter's Pence" — or a tax to himself of a penny a year on every house — a little more regularly in future, if they could make it convenient.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight in which the English were commanded by two nobles; and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the

coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford Bridge upon the river Derwent to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round the circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold, "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him, if he withdraw his troops he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother with a smile.

"The King of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother and the Norwegian King, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son, Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors,

and messengers all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the Duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing towards England. By day, the banner of the three lions of Normandy, the diverse-colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead. And now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman Castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

EXERCISE.

1. What had happened shortly before Harold's coronation? 2. When was his predecessor buried? 3. Did Harold lose much time before being crowned? 4. Why had he to be quick about becoming king? 5. What was the Duke of Normandy engaged at when he heard that Harold had proclaimed himself king? 6. Did he allow the news to interfere with his pleasure? 7. What message did he send to Harold? 8. Was Harold willing to give up the crown? 9. What did the Normans conclude to do on hearing this? 10. By what means did William win his nobles to his undertaking? 11. With whom did the Pope side? 12. How did the Pope encourage the Normans in their enterprise? 13. What did he want the Normans to do in return for his aiding them? 14. Did the Normans find allies in their war against England? 15. Who were these allies? 16. Which side was victorious at first? 17. Was Harold afraid of the enemy? 18. How did Harold try to get an idea of the enemy's strength? 19. By what incident was Harold's attention drawn to the King of Norway? 20. What was Harold's opinion about the King of Norway? 21. What inducements did he offer his brother, if the latter would withdraw his troops? 22. What conversation took place between the messenger and Harold's brother? 23. What success had Harold in the battle against his brother and the Norwegian king? 24. What happened whilst the English were celebrating their victory? 25. What news did the messenger bring? 26. What mishap had befallen the Normans whilst crossing the channel? 27. What can you say about the vessel in which the Duke crossed? 28. What did they do after landing in England?

The Battle of Hastings.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers!"

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon!" said Duke William.

Some proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill, a wood behind them; in their midst, the Royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in golden thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army — every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe.

On an opposite hill, in three lines, archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen, was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight, who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the

English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out and killed the Norman. This was in the beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, they cut men and horses down with their battle-axes. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces!"

The sun rose nigh, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a

dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell — and he and his knights were carousing within — and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead — and the warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood — and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field!

EXERCISE.

1. What did Harold do on being informed of the Normans' arrival? 2. What happened to the spies sent by Harold? 3. What was William's object in treating them thus? 4. What did these spies report to Harold? 5. Why did they take them to be priests? 6. What was Harold's answer? 7. What had William done to guard against being attacked unawares? 8. What did these outposts tell the Duke? 9. Why were the Saxons so furious? 10. Was William anxious to postpone the fight? 11. Were the proposals of reconciliation accepted? 12. In remembrance of what event is part of the country near Hastings called "Battle"? 13. How long did the armies remain in their camps? 14. Describe the position and appearance of the English army as it was in the morning. 15. Describe the manner in which the two armies approached each other. 16. By what actions did the Norman knight make himself conspicuous? 17. What did several English knights do successively? 18. Did the English suffer much by the Normans' arrows? 19. Which army was successful at first? 20. What rumors had spread through the Norman army? 21. What did William do to encourage his men? 22. What was the first misfortune the English had in that battle? 23. Did they give way to the Normans immediately? 24. What did William feign in order to deceive the English? 25. Did he really retreat? 26. What was the result of this deception? 27. Why did William command his archers to shoot upwards? 28. How long did the battle last? 29. What happened to Harold? 30. What was the result of the battle? 31. Describe the appearance of the battlefield after the fight was ended.

ADVANCED READING

To the Teacher.

The following lessons should be given in the same manner as the preceding ones.

The student should be obliged to answer a great many questions parallelly with the reading of the pieces and should be required to relate every paragraph when read. The more he is obliged to talk the sooner he will be efficient in conversing. The teacher cannot be too careful in correcting the student's pronunciation. He should read each paragraph distinctly and make the student repeat it.

Words, syllables or letters mispronounced by the student should generally be written on the blackboard and practised with special care. Whenever an opportunity arises, the different grammatical difficulties should now be explained.

As written exercise, the teacher should dictate letters which the student is to answer at home.

Scenes at a Railway Station

(IN ENGLAND)

No. I.

Porter — The other side for Shipley, Bradford, Leeds.

Old Woman — I say! Which is the booking office? Is this the place where they give the tickets?

Booking Clerk — No, we don't give them, we sell them. What do you want?

Old Woman — I want a ticket.

Booking Clerk — Where for?

Old Woman — What? I want a third-class ticket.

Booking Clerk — There is no third-class by this train.

Old Woman — You don't say so. But I want a third-class ticket.

Booking Clerk — Well, you can't have one, because . . .

Old Woman — What? What do you say? Can't have one? Oh! these railways; I can't bear them; they have no regards for the wants of the public. How long have I to wait for a third-class?

Booking Clerk — Where are you going?

Old Woman — Why, I am going to see my granddaughter, she is very poorly.

Booking Clerk (with impatience). — Ah, well; but where does she live?

Old Woman — Why, it is — it is somewhere near — bless my life, I have forgotten! Oh, it is either one side or the other of Doncaster.

Booking Clerk — There is a train just gone that way. There isn't another for an hour.

Old Woman — So long as that? Is that the next train?

Booking Clerk (angrily) — Yes, it is.

Old Woman — Isn't there one before?

No. II.

Old Gentleman — Porter! Porter! will you carry these four boxes, they want to go to . . . Porter! They never hear when they ought to.

Swell — Porter! Porter! put my luggage in a first class.

Porter (tips his hat). — Yes, sir.

Swell — The two portmanteaus and gun you can put in the van.

Porter — Yes, sir.

Swell — Here is a shilling for you.

Porter — Thank you, sir, I'll look after them.

Old Gentleman — Oh! I say, Porter! I've asked you about fourteen times to fetch my four boxes here.

Porter — Now, governor, have a bit of patience. I can't do everything at the same time. You can't be in six places at once; at least, I can't.

Old Gentleman — Say, here's a sixpence for you.

Porter (quickly) — Oh, all right, sir; I'll look after them. It's a nice morning. You see, we are rather busy this morning.

No. III.

Miss Fussy — Porter! Is this train for. . . .?

Porter — Yes ma'am.

Various voices — Is this the Scotch train?

Porter — Yes; yes, sir; right.

Miss F. — I say, Porter! have you seen my luggage?

Porter — What is it like?

Miss F. — There are two tin boxes, four carpet-bags, three umbrellas, two sun-shades, a bonnet-box and a bird-cage.

Porter — Why, ma'am, let me see; a bird-cage and a lot of umbrellas? Why, all that luggage was put on the last train and it is half way to London by this time.

Miss F. — Gone! Hey! Here! Hello! Stop it! Oh, dear me! My best bonnet and gown, and poor little Dicky. I say, here! Telegraph to have them returned.

No. IV.

Widow (with daughter) — If you please, is this the North train?

Porter — Yes, ma'am. What class, ma'am? Any luggage, ma'am?

Daughter — I — I — I am third-class. I — I have no luggage.

Porter — Yes, ma'am, this way; this is third, ma'am. Are you going too, ma'am?

Widow — No, I only came to see my daughter safe in the train.

Porter — Oh, all right, ma'am; you have five minutes yet.

Widow — Thank you kindly. Don't sit in the draught, Lizzie. Will you have this shawl?

Daughter — No, mother, I'd rather not: you will want it yourself.

Widow — Oh, never mind me, love; I shall be all right and comfortable with your uncle, you know. You'll write as often as you can, won't you, love?

Daughter — Yes, mother, I will; but you must cheer up and don't fret about me.

Widow — I can't help it, my dear. I can't help thinking, if your poor father had lived we should not have to part like this.

Daughter — Well, it is all for the best, no doubt, mother; we shall see better days soon, I know we shall. There, we are moving; good-bye! Keep up your spirits; good-bye, dear old mother.

Widow (crying) — Good-bye; God bless you.

No. V.

Wedding Couple. Husband — Now, my dear, we have not a moment to spare. You go and find a seat and I will see about the luggage and settle for the cab.

Bride — I'll take the dressing-case with me, Charles, dear.

Husband — Very well, my love; how many packages are there?

Bride — Let me see, there is your hat-box, two valises, the dressing-case, my five tin trunks, six bonnet boxes and four hampers.

Husband (counting on his fingers) — 11–12–16–18 packages. Oh, bother!

Bride — What did you say, Charles, dear?

Husband — Yes, love; I'll look after them. (Aside) I've never seen the like; a lady can't go on her wedding tour without twenty or thirty packages. Goodness knows what they put into them.

Peter the Great and the Deserter.

The following scene is founded on an incident in the life of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, who in 1697 went to Holland to learn the art of ship-building. He assumed the disguise and name of a common workman, was employed in the shipyards at Saardam, and received wages like a common ship-carpenter.

Peter (disguised as a carpenter) — Well, before I quit this place I may let you into my secret.

Stanmitz — And do you think of leaving us?

Peter — I have now been absent from my native country a twelvemonth. I have acquired some knowledge of ship-building, — the object for which I came here, — and it is time I should return home.

Stanmitz — Our master, Van Block, will be sorry to lose you, because you are the most industrious fellow in the yard; and I shall be sorry, because — because, Peter, I like you.

Peter — And I don't dislike you.

Stanmitz — Peter, I think I may venture to tell you a secret.

Peter — Why, surely you have done nothing to be ashamed of?

Stanmitz — No, not ashamed, but I'm considerably *afraid*. Know, then, that I was born in Moscow.

Peter — Well, there is no crime in being born in Moscow; besides, that was no fault of yours.

Stanmitz — That's not it. Listen! It happened, one day, that a party of soldiers halted near my mother's hut; the commanding officer presently cast an eye on me, and was so amazingly taken with my appearance, that he requested I'd make one of his company. I was about to decline, but he assured me that the Czar Peter (your namesake, you know), having particular occasion for my services, would take it as an offence if I refused the invitation; so he forthwith clapped a musket on my shoulder and marched me off.

Peter — Ay, you were enlisted.

Stanmitz — Enlisted! why, I can't say but I was. Now, I was always an independent sort of fellow, fond of my own way, and couldn't stomach being ordered about against my inclination.

Peter (aside) — So, so! This fellow is a deserter!

Stanmitz — I put up with it a long while, though, till, one bitter cold morning in December, just at three o'clock, I was roused from my comfortable, warm sleep, to turn out and mount guard on the bleak, blustering corner of a rampart, in the snow. It was too bad, wasn't it?

Peter — I don't doubt you would rather have been in your warm bed.

Stanmitz — Well, as I couldn't keep myself warm, I laid down my musket and began to walk; then I began to run, and — will you believe it? — I didn't stop running till I found myself five leagues away from the outposts!

Peter — So, then you are a deserter.

Stanmitz — A deserter? You call that being a deserter, do you? Well, putting this and that together, I shouldn't wonder if I were a deserter.

Peter — Do you know, my dear fellow, that if you are discovered, you will be shot?

Stanmitz — I've some such idea; indeed, it occurred to me at the time; so, thinking it hardly worth while to be shot for being so short a distance as only five leagues away from my post, I made the best of my way to Saardam, and here I am.

Peter — This is an awkward affair, indeed, and if the burgomaster were informed of it, — however, be assured your secret is safe in my keeping.

Stanmitz — I don't doubt you, for I suspect you're in a similar scrape yourself.

Peter — I? Ridiculous!

Stanmitz — There's something very mysterious about you, at any rate. But, I say — you will keep my secret?

Peter — Oh! trust me for that.

Stanmitz — Because, if it should get to the ears of any of the agents of the Czar, I should be in a rather bad fix, you know.

Peter — The Czar shall know no more about it than he does now, if I can help it; so don't be afraid. He, himself, they say, is rather fond of walking away from his post.

Stanmitz — Ha, ha! Is he? Then he has no business to complain of me for running away — eh?

Peter — You must look out for him, though. They say he has a way of finding out everything. Don't be too sure of your secret.

Stanmitz — Come, now; he's in Russia, and I'm in Holland; and I don't see where the danger is, unless you mean to blab.

Peter — Fellow-workman, do you take me for a traitor?

Stanmitz — Not so, Peter; but, if I am ever taken up here as a deserter, remember, you are the only one to whom I have told my secret.

Peter — A fig for the Czar!

Stanmitz — Don't say that — he's a good fellow, is Peter the Czar; and you'll have to fight me if you say a word against him.

Peter — O! if that's the case, I'll say no more.

SCENE II.

STANMITZ — MRS. STANMITZ — PETER, *the Great.*

Stanmitz — Well, mother, I mustn't be skulking about here in Moscow any longer. I must leave you, and go back to Holland to my trade. At the risk of my life I came here, and at the risk of my life I must go back.

Mrs. Stanmitz — Ah! Michael, Michael, if it hadn't been for your turning deserter, you might have been a corporal by this time!

Stanmitz — Look you, mother, I was made a soldier against my will, and the more I saw of a soldier's life, the more I hated it. As a poor journeyman carpenter, I am at least free and independent; and if you will come with me to Holland, you shall take care of my wages and keep house for me.

Mrs. Stanmitz — I should be a drag upon you, Michael. You will be wanting to get married, by and by; moreover, it will be hard for me to leave the old home at my time of life.

Stanmitz —Someone is knocking at the door. Wait,

mother, till I have concealed myself. (Peter the Great enters, disguised.)

Peter — What, ho! comrade! No skulking! Come out from behind that screen! Didn't I see you through the window as I passed?

Stanmitz — Is it possible? Peter! My old fellow-workman! Give us your hand, my hearty! How is it that you are here in Moscow? There is no ship-building going on so far inland.

Peter — No, but there is at St. Petersburg, the new city that the Czar is building up.

Stanmitz — They say the Czar is in Moscow just now.

Peter — Yes, he passed through your street this morning.

Stanmitz — So I heard. But I didn't see him. I say, Peter, how did you find me out?

Peter — Why, happening to see your mother's sign over the door, it occurred to me, after I returned to the palace . . .

Stanmitz — The palace?

Peter — Yes; I always call the place where I put up a palace. It is a way I have.

Stanmitz — You always were a funny fellow, Peter.

Peter — As I was saying, it occurred to me that Mrs. Stanmitz might be the mother or aunt of my old messmate, and so I put on this disguise.

Stanmitz — Ha, ha! Sure enough, it is a disguise, the disguise of a gentleman. Peter, where did you get such fine clothes?

Peter — Don't interrupt me, sir?

Stanmitz — Don't joke in that way again, Peter. Do you know you half frightened me by the stern tone in which you said: "Don't interrupt me, sir!" But I see

how it is, Peter, and I thank you. You thought you could learn something of your old friend, and so stopped to inquire, and saw me through the window.

Peter — Ah! Stanmitz, many's the big log we have chopped at together through the long summer days in Van Block's shipyard.

Stanmitz — That we have, Peter! Why not go back with me to Saardam?

Peter — I can get better wages at St. Petersburg.

Stanmitz — If it weren't that I'am afraid of being overhauled for taking that long walk away from my post, I would go to St. Petersburg with you.

Peter — How happened you to venture back here?

Stanmitz — Why, you must know that this old mother of mine wanted to see me badly; and then I had left behind here a sweetheart. Don't laugh, Peter! She has waited all this while for me; and the misery of it is that I am too poor to take her along with me yet. But next year, if my luck continues, I mean to return and marry her.

Peter — What if I should inform against you? I could make a pretty little sum by exposing a deserter.

Stanmitz — Don't joke on that subject. You'll frighten the old woman. Peter, old boy, I'm so glad to see you — Hello! Soldiers at the door! What does this mean? An officer? Peter, excuse me, but I must leave you.

Peter — Stay! I give you my word it is not you they want. They are friends of mine.

Stanmitz — Oh! if that's the case, I'll stay. But do you know one of those fellows looks wonderfully like my old commanding officer?

SCENE III.

THE SAME, OFFICER *entering*.

Officer — A dispatch from St. Petersburg, your Majesty, claiming your instant attention.

Mrs. Stanmitz — Majesty!

Stanmitz — Majesty! I say, Peter, what does he mean by Majesty?

Officer — Knave! Don't you know that this is the Czar?

Stanmitz — What! — Eh? — This? — Nonsense! This is my old friend Peter.

Officer — Down on your knees, rascal, to Peter the Great, Czar of Russia!

Mrs. Stanmitz — Oh! your Majesty, your Majesty, don't hang the poor boy. He knew no better. He knew no better. He is my only son. Let him be whipped, but don't hang him.

Stanmitz — Nonsense, mother. This is only one of Peter's jokes. Ha, ha, ha! You keep it up well, though. And those are dispatches you are reading, Peter?

Officer — Rascal! How dare you interrupt his Majesty?

Stanmitz — Twice you've called me rascal. Don't you think that's being rather familiar? Peter, have you any objection to my pitching your friend out of the window?

Officer — Ha! Now I look closer, I remember you. Soldiers, arrest this fellow! He's a deserter.

Stanmitz — It's all up with me! And there stands Peter, as calm as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Stanmitz — I'm all in a maze. Good Mr. Officer, spare the poor boy.

Officer — He must go before a court-martial. He must be shot.

Mrs. Stanmitz — Oh! good heavens! Don't, don't have my poor boy shot.

Peter — Officer, I have occasion for the services of your prisoner. Release him.

Officer — Your Majesty's will is absolute.

Stanmitz (aside) — Majesty again! What does it all mean? A light breaks in upon me. There were rumors in Holland, when I left, that the Czar had been working in one of the shipyards. Can my Peter be the emperor?

Peter — Stanmitz, you have my secret now.

Stanmitz — And you are . . . . ?

Peter — The emperor! Rise, old woman; — your son, Baron Stanmitz, is safe.

Mrs. Stanmitz — Baron Stanmitz?

Peter — I want him to superintend my shipyard at St. Petersburg. No words. Prepare, both of you, to leave for the new city to-morrow. Baron Stanmitz, make that sweetheart of yours a baroness this very evening, and bring her with you. No words. I have business claiming my care, or I would stop to see the wedding. Here is a purse of ducats. One of my secretaries will call with orders in the morning. Farewell!

Stanmitz — O, Peter! Peter! — I mean your Majesty. Your Majesty! — I'm in such a bewilderment.

Mrs. Stanmitz — Down on your knees, Michael; I mean Baron Stanmitz. Down on your knees!

Stanmitz — What! to my old friend, Peter — him that I used to wrestle with? Excuse me, your Majesty — I mean, friend Peter — Czar Peter — I can't begin to realize it. 'Tis all so like things we dream of.

Peter — Ha, ha! Good-bye, messmate. We shall meet

again in the morning. Commend me to your sweetheart. (*Exit.*)

Stanmitz — Mr. Officer, that court-martial you spoke of isn't likely to come off.

Officer — Baron, I am your very humble servant. I hope, Baron, you will speak a good word for me to his Majesty when opportunity offers. I humbly take my leave of Your Excellency.

Money makes the Mare go.

(Berquin)

DERBY and SCRAPEWELL.

Derby — Good morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and should be extremely obliged to you if you would lend me your gray mare.

Scrapewell — I should be happy, friend Derby, to oblige you, but I'm under the necessity of going immediately to the mill with three bags of corn. My wife wants the meal this very morning.

Der. — Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

Scrape. — You don't say so! That is bad, indeed; for in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me if I should neglect it.

Der. — I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

Scrape. — Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal

will never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical she is.

Der. — If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me that it was the best you ever had.

Scrape. — Yes, yes, that's true, indeed; I always have the best of everything. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you, the mare this morning refused to eat hay; and truly, I am afraid she will not carry you.

Der. — Oh, never fear, I will feed her well with oats on the road.

Scrape — Oats, neighbor! oats are very dear.

Der. — Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

Scrape. — But it is very slippery; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

Der. — Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, besides, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

Scrape. — Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is quite torn to pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

Der. — Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Scrape. — Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare.

Der. — Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

Scrape. — Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours will.

Der. — At the worst, then, I will go to my friend Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

Scrape. — You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you, the beast should be at your service, with all my heart; but she has not been curried, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

Der. — Oh! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam can do it at once.

Scrape. — Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

Der. — Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

Scrape. — What! that tinker of a Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper is capable of shoeing my mare.

Der. — As good luck would have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

Scrape. — (Calling to his son.) Timothy, Timothy. Here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back last week a hand's breadth or more. (He gives Tim a wink.) However, I believe she is well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors. And, indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed to oblige you. I would not have

refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you would have refused me in your turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Timothy, what do you say?

Tim. — What do I say, father? Why, I say, sir, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About a hand's-breadth did you say, sir? Why, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back, the size of your broad-brimmed hat. And, besides, I have promised her, as soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to the market.

Scrape. — Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters turn out thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

Der. — And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for, to tell you the truth, I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me, if I will be in town this day, he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber which he is about to cut down on the back of Cobblehill; and I intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your —

Scrape. — Fifty dollars, did you say?

Der. — Ay, truly did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Scrape. — Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have

the mare. Neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend anything he asks for.

Der. — But what are you to do for meal?

Scrape. — My wife can do without it this fortnight, if you want the mare so long.

Der. — But then your saddle is all in pieces.

Scrape. — I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Der. — And you would have me call at Thumper's, and get her shod?

Scrape. — No, no; I had forgotten to tell you that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Der. — But if the poor creature has lost so much skin off her back.

Scrape. — Pooh, pooh! That is just one of our Tim's large stories. I do assure you, it was at first not bigger than my thumb-nail; and I am certain it has not grown since.

Der. — At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

Scrape. — She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was, that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

The Will.

Characters: SWIPES, *a brewer;* CURRIE, *a saddler;* FRANK MILLINGTON, *and* SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes — A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie — Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live the longest, outlive the most.

Swipes — True, true; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. — Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes — Had you any hint from the Squire, what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. — Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Swipes — Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. — And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter* Frank Millington.] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

Swipes — It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank — It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. — It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes — Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. — Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank — Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as *modestly* as I shall mine *submissively*. I shall retire. (*Going, he meets* Squire Drawl.)

Squire — Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur. — I hope the Squire is well to-day.

Squire — Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes — I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

Squire — No, I believe not. But since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes (*while the Squire is breaking the seal*) — It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

Cur. — It really makes me feel melancholy, when I look around and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say: "All is vanity."

Squire — Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*He puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly.*) "Imprimis: whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate,

I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." (*The Squire takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*)

Swipes — Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. — She was good, she was kind; — and brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion house.

Swipes — Not so fast, if you please. Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

Cur. — There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence . . . .

Swipes — Am I not named first in her will? And did I not furnish her with my best small beer, for more than six months? And who knows . . . .

Frank — Gentlemen, I must leave you. (*Going.*)

Squire — (*Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.*) Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes of Malt Street, brewer."

Swipes. — Yes?

Squire — "And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler."

Cur. — Yes.

Squire — "To have and to hold, in trust, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by

which time, I hope, he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes — What is all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

Squire — There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. — Pretty well too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for, to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes — And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that *trustees* are not to be *trifled* with.

Cur. — That we will.

Squire — Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank — It is, your worship.

Squire — Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

A Swindler Exposed.

(The following dialogue is taken from "Still Waters run Deep," an English comedy written by Tom Taylor, and played for the first time in London in 1855. The scene is laid in London and its neighborhood. Mildmay is a retired merchant, concealing under a quiet manner a great amount of energy and courage. Hawksley is a swindler and adventurer, who had persuaded Potter, Mildmay's father-in-law, to take shares in a worthless company. He has also in his possession some letters written to him, many years before, by Mrs. Sternhold, aunt of Mildmay's wife, which, if published, would injure her. Mildmay had learned this last fact by overhearing a conversation between Mrs. Sternhold and Hawksley.)

Hawksley — A thousand pardons, my dear fellow; one gets so absorbed in these figures! Take a chair. You'll allow me to finish what I was about.

Mildmay — Don't mind me. I'm in no hurry.

Hawk. — By the way, if you'll look on that table, you'll find a plan of our inexplosive galvanic boat somewhere. Just glance over it, while I make this calculation; it will give you an idea of the machinery. *(After a minute or two of pretended work, putting away his papers and rising.)* And now, my dear Mildmay, I am at your service. But before we come to business, how are all at Brompton? The ladies all well?

Mild. — Mrs. Sternhold's a little out of sorts this morning.

Hawk. — Ah! Had a bad night?

Mild. — I should think so.

Hawk. — Well, I had a note from Potter. He tells me you had some thoughts of taking shares in our galvanics. I've mislaid his note; but he mentioned your wanting something like two hundred shares — wasn't it?

Mild. — I beg your pardon; not exactly, I think.

Hawk. — Why, wasn't that the figure you put it at yourself, last night?

Mild. — Last night — yes.

Hawk. — You haven't changed your mind?

Mild. — No.

Hawk. — Then let us understand one another. Do you want more than two hundred, or fewer?

Mild. — Neither more, nor fewer.

Hawk. — What do you mean?

Mild. — I mean I don't want any at all.

Hawk. — Indeed! You surprise me. I suppose you've slept upon it.

Mild. — Exactly. I have slept upon it.

Hawk. — Perhaps Mrs. Sternhold's advice may have had something to with your sudden change of intention?

Mild. — Mrs. Sternhold knows nothing of my sudden change of intention.

Hawk. — Well, as you don't know your own mind for four and twenty hours together, there's nothing more to be said. But, as you don't want these shares, may I ask what has procured me the pleasure of seeing you this morning?

Mild. — Certainly. I had two objects in coming. In the first place, about two months ago, my father-in-law, Mr. Potter, took twenty shares in your company. Those shares have come into my hand this morning, by Mr. Potter's indorsement. Now, as I don't care about them myself, and there seems such a rush for them in the market, I suppose you'll have no objection to take them off my hands at par.

Hawk. — Eh! Take them off your hands at par? Ha! ha! ha! Upon my word, that's rather too good! My dear Mr. Mildmay, I know you're the most amiable of men, but I had no idea how great you were at a practical joke.

Mild. — Very well. We'll drop the shares for the present, and come to motive number two.

Hawk. — Pray do; and if it's better fun than motive number one, I shall have to thank you for two of the heartiest laughs I've enjoyed for many a day.

Mild. — We shall see. You have in your possession thirteen letters, addressed to you by Mrs. Sternhold. The second motive for my visit was to ask you to give up those letters.

Hawk. (*Aside*). — So the secret is out! She prefers war! She shall have it. — (*Aloud*) Mr. John Mildmay, your first demand was a good joke. I laughed at it accordingly. But your second you may find no joke, and I would recommend you to be careful how you persist in executing this commission of Mrs. Sternhold.

Mild. — I beg your pardon. I have no commission from Mrs. Sternhold.

Hawk. — It was not she who told you of those letters?

Mild. — Certainly not.

Hawk. — Who did?

Mild. — You must excuse my answering that question.

Hawk. — Then you are acting now on your own responsibility.

Mild. — Entirely.

Hawk. — Very well; then this is my answer. Though you have married Mrs. Sternhold's niece, I do not admit your right to interfere, without authority from Mrs. Sternhold herself, in an affair in which she alone is interested. I refuse to give up her letters. As to your first request, my business is to sell shares, not to buy them.

Mild. — I was prepared for both refusals; so I have taken my measures for compelling you to grant both demands.

Hawk. — Indeed, you have! Do let me hear what they are. I am all impatience to know how you propose to make Harry Hawksley say *yes* when he has begun by saying *no*.

Mild. — When you explained to me, a little while ago,

the theory of your speculation, you thought you were speaking to a greenhorn in such matters. You were under a mistake. Some four years ago I was a partner in a house in the city, which did a good deal in discounting paper, — the house of Dalrymple Brothers, in Broad Street. You may have heard of it. One day — it was the 30th of April, 1850 — a bill was presented for payment at our counting-house, purporting to be drawn on us by our correspondents, Watson and Wright, of Buenos Ayres. Though we had no advices of it, it was paid at once, for it seemed all regular and right; but it turned out to be a forgery. Our correspondents' suspicions fell at once upon a clerk who had just been dismissed from their employment for some errors in his accounts. His name *then* was Burgess. The body of the bill was apparently in the same handwriting as the signature of the firm; but a careful examination showed it to be that of the discharged clerk; and in a blotting-book left accidentally behind him were found various tracings of the signature of the firm. The detectives were at once put on his track; but he had disappeared, and no trace of him could ever be discovered. Well, this money was repaid, and the affair forgotten. It so happened that when the bill was presented for payment, only one person was in the counting-house — the clerk who paid the money, and who has since died. But in the private room of the firm, which was separated from the counting-house by a glazed door, was the junior partner, who, through the door, saw the bill presented, and observed the face of the person who presented it. I was that junior partner. The person who presented the bill, Burgess, as he was then called, the forger, was *you*.

Hawk. — It is an infamous calumny, an abominable lie! Your life shall answer for this insult.

Mild. — I don't think that quite. But allow me to conclude. How you have passed your time since that 30th of April, 1850, I have not the advantage of knowing; but I know that soon after my marriage and retirement from business, I met you as a visitor at my father-in-law's house. I have a wonderful memory for faces: I remembered yours at once.

Hawk. — It is a lie, I tell you.

Mild. — No, it isn't. I resolved not to speak till I could back my words by proofs. I applied to my late partners for the forged bill. One of them was dead, the other absent in South America, so that for ten months I found myself obliged to receive, as a guest at my own table, as the intimate and trusted friend of my wife's family, a person whom I knew to be a swindler and a forger. The letter I had been so long waiting for, containing the forged bill, arrived yesterday. That bill is in my pocket. If I do not deliver it into your hands before I leave the room, it goes at once into those of the nearest police magistrate.

Hawk. (*After a pause, gloomily*). — What are your terms?

Mild. — The price of those shares at par, and Mrs. Sternhold's letters.

Hawk. — Here's the money.

Mild. — You'll excuse my counting. It is a mercantile habit I learned in the house of Dalrymple Brothers. Quite correct. Here are the scrip certificates. And now, if you please, the letters.

Hawk. — Here they are.

Mild. — You'll excuse my counting them too. Thirteen,

exactly! Here is the forged bill. And now, Captain Burgess, — I mean Hawksley, — I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

When Work is Play.

It was a magnificent spring morning; the sky was deep blue, the sun was shining in all its splendor and a breeze was blowing just cool enough to make the air invigorating. A friend of mine, who was of a philosophical turn of mind, took a walk and happened to come upon a farmer who was planting potatoes in a beautiful field.

"How fortunate you are" cried the philosopher, addressing the farmer, "to be able to amuse yourself with outdoor sports in this glorious weather! Life for you must be a perpetual round of pleasure."

"O dear, no," returned the farmer, "this is not play. It is hard manual labor, and if you think that I am enjoying myself you are vastly mistaken. Nothing could be more tiresome and dull than walking around the same field all day, and if I were not paid for it I should not plant another potato."

These words greatly surprised the philosopher; but, being a wise man, he mused silently on the farmer's words and passed on. He had not gone far, however, before he came to a grassy meadow in which was a stout man in a red coat, who appeared to be trying to smash a small ball with a heavy hooked cane. Perceiving that the man had been working strenuously, and was greatly fatigued in consequence, the philosopher approached and began to sympathize with him.

"My poor man," he said, "what a sad lot is yours, compelled to toil far beyond your strength at the monotonous occupation of pounding a ball! Tell me, I pray you, the story of your misfortunes, in order that I may interest people in your behalf, for I suppose that only necessity could have driven you to this sad plight. Doubtless you have a wife, and several small children, or an aged mother to support, and you are nobly sacrificing yourself for their maintenance perhaps."

"Sir," exclaimed the man, when the philosopher had finished speaking, "this is not work; it is play, and I am now engaged in the exciting and expensive sport of golf. Save your pity for the unfortunate creatures who have to sit up in offices, and do not waste it upon the lucky individuals who can afford these rural pastimes."

"I do not see," said the philosopher, "why planting potatoes is work, and playing golf is fun, since both are carried on in the open air, in a small field, and seem to me to require about the same amount of physical exertion."

Continuing his stroll he came to a city, and observing the rapidity and ease with which the electric tramways moved in and out, he boarded one and fell into conversation with the driver.

"How I envy you the excitement of guiding and controlling this swift steed of the street!" he exclaimed; "what rapture must thrill you as you gaze upon the ever-shifting panorama of the city! How your blood must leap and tingle as you annihilate distance, as you fly over the shining rails! What a sense of power must be yours when you see people's faces blanch as they dodge to avoid being run over."

"I say," returned the man at the motor, "do you want me to stop and let you off at the nearest retreat for the hopelessly insane? For anybody who thinks there is fun in running an electric car is a candidate for a straight-jacket. Where do you suppose the sport comes in, when standing with your hands on the lever, your heart in your mouth, and your nerves in fiddlestrings while you try to avoid crushing the old women and children that will run across the track? Running a car isn't a parlor game. It's slavery.

"I see," reflected the philosopher getting off, "that I was mistaken in thinking it amusing to run a horseless carriage." He turned and saw a terrible figure, clad in a long, dirty leather coat, with goggles over its eyes, and a mask on its face stopping a machine all covered with mud and dust from the long and rapid journey it had made.

"Ah," reflected the philosopher, "if the sufferings of him who runs upon a nice, safe steel track, and who wears a fine clean uniform are so great, how much more terrible must be the fate of this poor creature left to the mercy of country roads and crowded thoroughfares!" Thereupon he approached the amateur *chauffeur*, and said:

"My unfortunate friend, I see that you are one of those doomed by their poverty to risk their lives and shatter their nerves driving automobiles, but I trust that you receive a large salary for engaging in such a hazardous occupation."

"You err greatly," replied the millionaire chauffeur, "if you think that running an auto is work. It is ripping fun, and, so far from receiving a salary, I pay out a fortune every year for the privilege of doing it."

This caused the philosopher to ponder deeply. "Ha!"

he said, at length, "I perceive that a thing is work when we are paid to do it, but it is play when we pay to do it."

The Unknown Painter.

Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found, upon the canvas of some one of his pupils, unfinished sketches bearing the rich impress of genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture the author.

One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped in front of an easel, uttering exclamations of great surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to their own, on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then another of the young gentlemen, to see if they could lay claim to it; but they returned a sorrowful negative. "He who has left this treasure will one day be master of us all."

"Sebastian," said he to a youthful slave who stood trembling by, "who occupies this studio at night?" "No one but myself." "Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant to this room thirty lashes shall be your reward on the morrow." The slave bowed in quiet submission, and retired.

That night he threw his mattress before the easel and slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed, "Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's!" He seized a palette and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding

night. With brush in hand, he paused before making the obliterating stroke. "I cannot, oh, I cannot erase it!" said he; "rather let me finish it!"

He went to work. A little coloring here, a touch there, a soft shade here; and thus three hours rolled unheeded by. A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around; the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement, while yet the unextinguished taper burned.

Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze. "Who is your master, Sebastian?" "You, señor." "Your drawing-master, I mean?" "You, señor." "I have never given you lessons." "No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them." "Yes, you have done better; you have profited by them. Does this boy deserve punishment or reward, my dear pupils?" "Reward, señor," was the quick response. "What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes; another, a sum of money; but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. Another said, "The master feels kindly to-day; ask your freedom, Sebastian!" He sank on his knees and lifted his burning eyes to his master's face: "The freedom of my father!"

Murillo folded him to his bosom: "Your pencil shows that you have talent; your request, that you have a heart; you are no longer my slave, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have not only painted, but have made a painter."

There are still to be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian.

Malibran and the Young Musician.

In a humble room, in one of the poorer streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger; and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * * * * * * * *

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you more than a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his

hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and, bowing, said, — "I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat, — very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked, — "you, a child? And the words? — Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, — "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to-night; you will have a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges and many other little luxuries, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

* * * * * * * * *

When evening came and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the innumerable lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came; and the child sat with his glance

riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited, — the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it and clapped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing; — many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song, — oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for the little song; and after a certain amount from the sale has been realized, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the poor and afflicted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their sorrow.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she, who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy

death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days, — now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and to the fatherless child!

Anecdote of the Duke of Newcastle.

At an election in a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance. This object, the Duke, by well applied argument and personal application, at length attained; and the gentleman *he* recommended gained the election. In the warmth of gratitude, his Grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as forever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, who was an honest fellow, and would not have thought himself entitled to any *reward* but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the Duke for his kindness, and told him that the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render his Grace every assistance in his power on any future occasion. "My dear friend, why do you ask for

such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his Grace; "your relative shall have it the moment the place is vacant, if you will but call my attention to it." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the Duke, "set out post-haste for London; drive directly to my house, and be it by night or by day, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you up stairs directly; and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the Duke drove to a friend's house in the neighborhood, without a wish or desire to see his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of the Cornish elector, not being burdened with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the Duke's humble friend, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post-haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of that nobleman's palace.

The reader should be informed that, just at this time, no less a person than the King of Spain was hourly expected to die; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned; and the Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote arrived at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected, every minute, a messenger with advices of the

greatest importance, whom he desired to be shown up stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep; and the porter, settled for the night in his arm-chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers. To his first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders, that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "Bless him, for a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation at the Prime Minister's kindness, "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I verily believe they are as honest and mean as well as any other folks." Having ascended the stairs as he was speaking, he was ushered into the Duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awakened from dreaming of the king of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find the election promise, with all its circumstances, so fresh in the nobleman's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking *a power of doctor's stuff;* and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the king of Spain: "Is the man drunk, or mad? Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his Grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when, instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bedside the well-known countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping mylord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make, in favor of his son-in-law, at the last election."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, the Duke frowned for a moment; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of circumstances, and yielding to the impulse, he sank back in the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative concludes with observing: "Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relative of his old acquaintance on the throne of His Catholic Majesty, he advanced him to a post *not less honorable,* — he made him an exciseman."

The best Kind of Revenge.

Some years ago, a warehouseman in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence, that the man would live to repent of what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said, "Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens,

however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent his audacity. He could obtain his certificate only through their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankruptcy law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! They, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged.

Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

"We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the mean time?"

And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, do not cry; it will all be well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door, crying like a child.

The Artist surprised.

It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Dürer, that the famous engraver was endowed with a "better half," so peevish in temper, that she was the torment not only of his own life, but also of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant, but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offences visited upon a scape-goat.

This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Dürer had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarser tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow pupils, and was picked out as an object of especial dislike by Madame Dürer. But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously.

Poor Samuel had not a trace of envy or malice in his heart. He would, at any time, have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont oftenest to laugh at him or to abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True, he had not the qualities of social humor or wit, but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at day-break, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and worked for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he had produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist, to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame.

None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow-pupils, or the taunts of Madame Dürer, and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused, a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning, Duhobret was missing from the scene of his daily labors. His absence caused many remarks, and numerous were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, and another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary, or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains.

Meanwhile, the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In his days of health, poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists,

rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means enough to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

Now, alas! however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him, without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber.

He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched, he turned over and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want, if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance?

An idea seemed, at last, to strike him. He arose slowly and with difficulty from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a picture-dealer, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the

necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burden. On his way he passed a house, about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh; asked what was going on, and received as an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art, collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the owner, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered to the weary Duhobret, that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture-dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important-looking man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice, somewhat roughly, the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gesture and language.

"What do you call your picture?" said he, at length, carefully looking at it. "It is a view of the Abbey of Newburg, with its village and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth. "Oh, that is what you please; whatever it will bring," answered Duhobret. "Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think; I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give bread for a

few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited. "Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up; for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale.

"What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best;" and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves! How transparent is the water! What life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

"Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker. There was a silence of hushed expectation. "One hundred thalers," at length thundered the picture-dealer.

"Three hundred!" "Five hundred!" "One thousand!" Another profound silence, and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

"Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate. "Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clinched convulsively. The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out "Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace was at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation. It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted "One hundred thousand!" The crest-fallen picture-dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself: "After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!" When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his mind could not grasp the idea.

The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by

the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks. "May it please your honor," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture!" and again he rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsbach, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocket book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But, alas, for the vanity of human expectation! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too mnch for him, as was proved soon after, when an attack of indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsbach, and afterwards passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

Partridge at the Play.

(Henry Fielding.)

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one

another out." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burned in one night to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost, upon which he asked Jones, what man that was in the strange dress: "Something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered: "That is the Ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile: "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him, better than that one, surely. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that either." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior on the stage. "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now, it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play, and if it were really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company: and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, whom," cries Jones, "do you take to be such a coward here beside yourself?" "No, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in

my life. Now, now; go along with you! Why, to be sure! Who's a fool then? Will you? Lord have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir! don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the Ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Well, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the Ghost that surprised me either; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And do you imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "But, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case? But hush! Oh, la! what noise is that?

There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are."

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking into the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the Ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There sir, now; what do you say now: is he frightened now or not? As much frightened as you think me, and to be sure nobody can help some fears; I would not be in so bad a condition as — what's his name? — Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well!" cries Partridge, "I know it's only a play; and besides, if there were anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Oh, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he were touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and does all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there has, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted! But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that would have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it were the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Oh, yes, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the Ghost, I thought."

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question,

"The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself, I am sure; if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, any man, that is any good man, who had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money: he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

A Short Trip to Paris.

Paris, October.

We were dismally sea-sick. And I cared for nothing but arriving. Oh, dear! I would even have given up Paris, at least I thought so. But, oh, how *could* I think so! Just fancy a place where not only your own maid speaks French, but where everybody,—the porters, the coachmen, the chambermaids, can't speak anything else! Where the very beggars beg, and the commonest people swear, in French! Oh! it's inexpressibly delightful. Why, even the dogs understand it; everybody rolls in a luxury of French, and, of course, is happy.

Everybody — but poor Mr. Potiphar!

He has a terrible time of it.

When we arrived we alighted at Meurice's, — all the fashionable people do; at least Gauche Boosey said Lord Brougham did, for he used to read it in *Galignani*, and I suppose it is fashionable to do as Lord Brougham does. D'Orsay Firkin said that the Hotel Bristol was more *recherché*.

"Does that mean cheaper?" inquired Mr. Potiphar.

Mr. Firkin looked at him compassionately.

"I only want," said Mr. Potiphar, in a kind of gasping way, for it was in the cars on the way from Boulogne to Paris that we held this consultation — "I only want to go where there is somebody who can speak English."

"My dear sir, there are commissionnaires at all the hotels. who are perfect linguists," said Mr. Firkin in a gentlemanly manner.

"Oh! dear me!" said Mr. P., wiping his forehead with the red bandanna that he always carries despite Mrs. P., "what *is* a commissionnaire?"

"An interpreter, a cicerone," said Mr. Firkin.

"A guide, philosopher, and friend," said Kurz.

"Kurz, do you speak French?" inquired Mr. P. nervously, as we rolled along.

"Oh! yes," replied he.

"Oh! dear me!" said Mr. Potiphar, looking disconsolately out of the window.

We arrived soon after.

"We are now at the *Barrière*," said Mr. Firkin.

Mr. Potiphar drew himself up with a military air.

We alighted and walked into the room where all the baggage was arranged.

"*Est-ce qu'il y a quelque chose a déclarer?*" asked an officer addressing Mr. Potiphar.

"Good Heavens! what did you say?" said Mr. P., looking at him.

The officer smiled, and Kurz said something, upon which he bowed and passed on. We stepped outside upon the pavement, and I confess that even I could not understand everything that was said by the crowd and the coachmen. But Kurz led the way to a carriage, and we drove off to Meurice's.

"It's awful, isn't it?" said Mr. Potiphar, panting.

When we reached the hotel, a gentleman (Mr. Potiphar said he was sure he was a gentleman, from a remark he made — in English) came out bowing. But before the door of the carriage was opened, Mr. P. thrust his head out of the window, and holding the door shut, cried out, "Do you speak English here?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk; and that was the remark that so pleased Mr. Potiphar.

My room was next to the Potiphars, and I heard a great deal, you may be sure. I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it. The next morning when they were about coming down, I heard Polly say —

"Now, Mr. Potiphar, remember if you want to speak of your room it is *numéro quatre-vingt-cinq*," and she pronounced it very slowly. "Now try, Mr. P."

"Oh! dear me. Kattery vang sank," said he.

"Very good," answered she; "*au troisième*; that means on the third floor. Now try."

"O tror — O trorsy — O trorsy — Oh! dear me!" muttered he in a tone of despair.

"*Ème,*" said Mrs. P.

"Aim," said he.

"Well?" said Mrs. P.

"O trorsyaim," said he.

"That's very well, indeed!" said Mrs. Potiphar, and they went out of the room. I joined them in the hall, and we ran on before Mr. P., but we soon heard some one speaking, and stopped.

"*Monsieur veut-il prendre un commissionnaire?*"

"Kattery — vang — sank," replied Mr. Potiphar, with great emphasis.

"*Comment?*" said the other.

"O tror — O tror — Oh! Polly — seeaim — seeaim!" returned Mr. P.

"You speak English?" said the commissionnaire.

"Why! good God! do *you?*" asked Mr. P., with astonishment.

"I speaks every languages, sare," replied the other, and we will use de English, if you ples. But Monsieur speaks *très bien* de French language."

"Are you speaking English now?" asked Mr. Potiphar.

The commissionnaire answered him that he was, — and Mr. P. thrust his arm through that of the commissionnaire and said —

"My dear sir, if you are disengaged I should be very glad if you would accompany me in my walks through the town."

"Mr. Potiphar!" said Polly, "come!"

"Coming, my dear," answered he, as he approached with the commissionnaire. It was in vain that Mrs. P. winked and frowned. Her husband would not take hints.

So taking his other arm, and wishing the commissionnaire good morning, she tried to draw him away. But he clung to his companion and said.

"Polly, this gentleman speaks English."

"Don't keep his arm," whispered she; "he is only a servant."

"Servant, indeed!" said he; "you should have heard him speak French, and you see how gentlemanly he is."

It was some time before Polly was able to make her husband comprehend the case.

"Ah!" said he at length; "Oh! I understand."

It would charm you to hear how intelligently Mrs. P. speaks about French society, though she has only seen it from a distance. When we return, you will find how accomplished she is. We've been here only a few weeks, and we already know all the fashionable shops, and a little more French, and we go to the confectioner's, and eat *savarins* every morning at 12, and we drive in the *Bois de Boulogne* in the afternoon, and we dine splendidly, and in the evening we go to the opera or a theatre. To be sure we don't have much society besides our own party. But then the shop-girls point out the distinguished women to Mrs. Potiphar, so that she can point them out when we drive; and our banker calls and keeps us up in gossip; and Mrs. Potiphar's maid, Adèle, is inestimable in furnishing information; and Mr. Potiphar gets a great deal out of his commissionnaire, and goes about studying his Galignani's Guide and frequents the English reading-room, where, I am told, he makes himself a little conspicuous when he finds that Englishmen won't talk, by saying. "Oh! dear me!" and wiping his

face with a bandanna. He usually opens his advances by making sure of an Englishman, and saying, "*Bong mating* — but, perhaps, sir, you don't speak French."

"You evidently do not, sir," replied one gentleman.

"No, sir; you're right there," answered Mr. P. But he couldn't get another word from his companion.

The other day he was taken to a darkened room in a grand old house, in a lonely, aristocratic street; and there a picture agent showed him a splendid *Nicolas Poussin*, painted in his prime for the family, whose heir in reduced circumstances must now part with it at a fearful sacrifice. Honored P.'s friend, the commissionnaire, interprets this story, while the agent stands sadly meditating the sacrifice with which his duty acquaints him. He informs the good P., through the friendly commissionnaire, that he has been induced to offer him the picture, not only because all Americans have so fine a taste (as his experience has proved to him) in paintings, nor because they are so much more truly munificent than the nobility of other nations, but because the heir in reduced circumstances wishes to think of the picture as entirely removed from the possibility of being seen in France. Family pride, which is almost crushed in disposing of so great and valued a work, would be entirely quenched if the sale were to be known, and the picture recognized elsewhere in the country. Monsieur is a gentleman, and he will understand the feelings of a gentleman under such circumstances. — The agent adds that it is not unusual for the owner to visit the picture about that very hour to hear what chance there is for its sale. If this knock should be he, it would not be very remarkable. The

heir enters. He has a very heavy moustache, dark hair, and a somewhat peculiar cast of countenance.

Mr. Potiphar is introduced. The heir contemplates the pictures sadly and he and the agent point out its beauties to each other. In fine, my honored Potiphar buys the work of art. To any one else, of course, in France, for instance, the price should be eleven thousand francs. But the French and the Americans have fraternized: a thousand francs shall be deducted.

Mr. Potiphar is delighted with his bargain, and when asked where the thing shall be sent, says, in a loud, slow voice — "Hotel Miureece, kattery — vang — sank — o — trorsy aim."

(Geo. W. Curtis.)

The Bashful Man.

You must know that in my person I am tall and thin with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility to shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageble daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not

being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance"; and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions.

Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice.

As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several liveryservants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned up all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family.

The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book; which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding,

had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood inkstand on the table under it.

In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments, to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.

Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk dress was not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation; and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made

during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar: rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate.

Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel?

Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy; with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the meas-

ure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

ANON.

Jack Abbott's Breakfast.

(LEIGH HUNT.)

"What a breakfast I *shall* eat!" thought Jack Abbott as he turned into Middle Temple Lane, towards the chambers of his old friend and tutor Goodall. "How I shall cram down the rolls (especially the inside bits), how apologize for one cup more! But Goodall is an excellent old fellow, he won't mind. To be sure, I'm rather late. The rolls will be cold, but anything will be delicious. If I met a baker I could eat his basket." Jack Abbott was a goodhearted, careless fellow, who had walked that morning from Hendon to breakfast by appointment with his old tutor. Arrived at the door of his friend's room he knocks, and the door is opened by Goodall himself, a thin, grizzled personage, in an old

great-coat, shaggy eyebrows, and a most bland and benevolent expression of countenance — a sort of Dominie Sampson, an angel of the dusty heaven of book-stalls and the British Museum.

Unfortunately for the hero of our story, this angel of sixty-five, unshaven and with stockings down at the heel, had a memory which could not recollect what had been told him six hours before, much less six days. Accordingly he had finished his breakfast long before his late pupil presented himself. The angel was also very short sighted, and his response to Jack Abbott's hearty, "Well, how d'ye do, my dear sir? I'm afraid I'm very late," replied in the blandest tones," Ah, dear me!—I'm very — I beg pardon — pray, who is it I have the pleasure of speaking to?"

"What! don't you recollect me, my dear sir? Jack Abbott: I met you, you know, and was to come and —"

"Oh, Mr. Abbott, is it! My dear Mr. Abbott, to think I should not see you! And how is the good lady your mother?"

"Very well, very well indeed, sir." Here Jack glanced at the breakfast-table. "I'm quite rejoiced to see that the breakfast-cloth is not removed. I'm horribly late. But don't take any trouble, my good sir. The kettle, I see, is still singing on the hob. I'll cut myself a piece of bread and butter immediately."

"Ah! You have come to breakfast, have you, my kind boy? That is very good of you, very good indeed."

"Ah," thought hungry Jack Abbott, smiling even while he sighed. "How completely he has forgotten the invitation!— Thank you, my dear sir, thank you. To tell the

truth I'm very hungry, hungry as a hunter. I walked all the way from Hendon this morning."

"Bless me! Did you indeed? Why, that's a very long way, isn't it? Well, sir, I'll make some fresh tea and —"

"I beg pardon," interrupted Jack, who in a fury of hunger and thirst was pouring out what tea he could find in the pot, "I can do very well with this, — at any rate to begin with."

"Ah! But I'm sorry to see — what are we to do for milk? I'm afraid I must keep you waiting while I step out for some."

"Don't stir, I beg you!" ejaculated our hero, "don't think of it, my dear sir. I can do very well without milk, I can indeed, I *often* do without milk."

"Well, indeed. I have met with such instances before, and it's very lucky that you do not care for milk, but — Well, well! if the sugar-basin isn't empty! I will go out instantly. My hat must be under those pamphlets."

"Don't think of such a thing, pray don't, my dear sir," cried Jack. "You may think it odd; but sugar, I can assure you, is a thing that I don't at all care for. The bread, my dear sir, the bread is all I require, just that piece."

"Well, sir, you're very good, and very temperate; but now — ah, as for butter. I declare I don't believe —"

"*Butter!*" interrupted our hero in a tone of the greatest scorn," why I haven't eaten butter I don't know when. Not a step, sir, not a step. I must make haste, for I've got to lunch with my lawyer and he'll expect me to eat something, and in fact I'm so anxious and feel so hurried that I must be off, my good sir, I must indeed."

Jack had made up his mind to seek the nearest coffee-house as fast as possible and there have the heartiest and most luxurious breakfast that could make amends for his disappointment. Being once more out of doors, our hero rushes like a tiger into Fleet Street and plunges into the first coffee-house in sight.

"Waiter!"

"Yessir."

"Breakfast immediately. Tea, black and green, and all that."

"Yessir. Eggs and toast, sir?"

"By all means."

"Yessir. — Any ham, sir?"

"Just so, and instantly."

"Yessir. Cold fowl, sir?"

"Precisely, and no delay."

"Yessir. Pickles, sir?"

"Bring all — everything, — no, I don't care for pickles, but bring anything you like, and do make haste, my good fellow. Do hurry up; I never was so hungry in my life."

"Yessir. Directly, sir. Like the paper, sir?"

"Thank you, thank you. Now, for heaven's sake, I beg of you —"

"Yessir, immediately, sir; everything ready, sir."

"Everything ready!" thought Jack. "Cheering sound! Beautiful place, a coffee-house! Fine *English* place — everything so snug, so comfortable. Have what you like and no fuss about it. What a breakfast I *shall* eat! And the paper, too: horrid murder — mysterious affair, assassination. Bless me, what horrible things — how very comfortable! Waiter! —"

"Yessir. Coming sir. Directly, sir."

"You've another slice of toast getting ready."

"Yessir. All right, sir."

"Let the third, if you please, be thicker, and the fourth."

Everything is served up: toast, hot and rich; eggs, plump; ham, huge; cold fowl, tempting.

"Glorious moment!" inwardly ejaculated Jack Abbott. He had doubled the paper conveniently so as to read the "Express from Paris" in perfect comfort. Before he poured out his tea, he was in the act of putting his hand to one of the inner slices of toast when — awful visitation! — whom should he see passing the window but his friend Goodall. He was coming, of course, to read the papers, and this, of all the coffee-houses in the world, was the one he must needs go to! What was to be done? Jack *could* not hurt anybody's feelings. There was nothing left for him but to bolt. Accordingly, after hiding his face with the newspaper till Goodall has taken up another, he rushes out as if a sheriff were after him.

Jack, congratulating himself that he had neither been seen by Goodall nor tasted a breakfast unpaid for, has ordered precisely such another breakfast, has got the same newspaper and seated himself as nearly as possible in the very same place.

"Now," thought he, "I am beyond the reach of chance. Goodall cannot read the papers in two coffee-houses. By Jove! was ever a man so hungry as I am? What a breakfast I shall eat!"

Enter breakfast, served up as before.

"Glorious moment!" thinks Jack again.

He has got the middle slice of toast in his fingers, precisely as before, when happening to look up, he sees the waiter of the former coffee-house pop his head in, look him full in the face, and as suddenly withdraw it. Back goes the toast on the plate; up springs poor Abbott to the door, rushes forth for the second time, and makes as fast as he can for a third coffee-house.

"Am I *never* to breakfast?" thought he. "Nay, breakfast I *will*. People can't go into three coffee-houses on purpose to go out again. What a breakfast I *will* eat!"

Jack Abbott, after some delay, owing to the fulness of the room, is seated as before. The waiter has "yessired" to their mutual satisfaction; the toast is done, eggs plump, ham huge, etc., etc.

Unluckily, three pairs of eyes were observing him all the while; to wit, the waiter's of the first tavern, the waiter's of the second, and the landlord's of the third. They were now resolving upon a course of action. Jack was in the very agonies of hunger. "By Hercules, what a breakfast I will, shall, must, and have now certainly *got* to eat! I could not have stood it any longer. *Now*, NOW, NOW is the glorious moment of moments." Jack took up a slice of the toast and — with a strange look of misgiving, laid it down again.

"I'm blessed if he's touched it, after all," said waiter the first. "Well, this beats everything!"

"He's a precious rascal, depend on't," says the landlord. "We'll nab him. Let us go to the door!"

"I'll be hanged if he ain't going to bolt again!" said the second waiter.

"Search his pockets," said the landlord. "Three breakfasts and not one eaten!"

"What a villain!" said the first waiter.

By this time all the people in the coffee-house had crowded into the room, and a plentiful mob was gathering at the door.

"Here's a chap has had three breakfasts this morning," exclaimed the landlord.

"Three breakfasts!" cried a dry-looking man in spectacles," how could he possibly do that?"

"I didn't say he'd eaten them. I said he'd ordered them and didn't eat them. Three breakfasts in three different houses, I tell you. He's been to my house, and to this man's house, and to this man's, and we've searched him and he hasn't a penny in his pockets."

"That's it," cried Jack, who had vainly attempted to make himself heard, "that's the very reason."

"What's the very reason?" inquired the gentleman in spectacles.

"Why, I was shocked to find, just now, that I had left my purse at home in the hurry of coming out and—"

"Oh, oh," cried the laughing audience, "here's the policeman! He'll settle him."

"But how does that explain the other two breakfasts?" asked the gentleman.

"Not at all," said Jack.

"Impudent rascal!" said the landlord.

"I mean," said he, "that *that* doesn't explain it, but I can explain it."

"Well, how?" said the gentleman, hushing the angry landlord, who had meanwhile given him our hero in charge.

"Don't lay hands on me!" cried Jack. "I'll go quietly, if you let me alone; but first let me explain."

"Hear him, hear him!" cried the spectators, "and watch your pockets!"

Here Jack gave a rapid statement of the events of the morning. This only excited laughter and derision, and our hero was hustled off, and in two minutes found himself in a crowded police-office.

A considerable delay took place before the landlord's charge could be heard.

"Agony of expectation," groaned poor Jack, "I'll have bread and butter *when* I breakfast, not toast; it's more hearty, and besides you get it sooner; and yet, O tablecloth, O thick slices, O tea, when shall I breakfast?"

The case at length was brought on. "Well, now, you sir,—Mr. What's-your-name," quoth the magistrate, "what is your wonderful explanation of this very extraordinary habit of taking three breakfasts, sir? You seem very cool about it."

"Sir," answered our hero, "it is out of no disrespect to you that I am cool. You may well be surprised at the circumstances under which I find myself, but in addressing a gentleman and a man of understanding, I have no doubt he will discover a veracity in my statement which has escaped eyes less discerning." So Jack gave an account of the whole matter, and the upshot of it was that the magistrate not only proceeded to throw the greatest ridicule on the charge, but gave Jack a note to the nearest coffee-house, desiring the tavern-keeper to furnish the gentleman with a breakfast at his expense, and explaining the reason why.

With abundance of acknowledgments, and in raptures at the now certain approach of the bread and butter, Jack made his way to the tavern. "At *last* I have thee!" cried he internally. "O most fugacious of meals, what a repast I will make of it! What a breakfast I shall have! Never was a breakfast so *intensified!*"

Jack Abbott, with the note in his hand, arrived at the tavern, went up the steps, hurried through the passage. Every inch of the way was full of hope and bliss, when, lo! whom should his eyes light on but the other landlord whom he had just left in the courtroom, detailing his version of the story to the new landlord, and evidently poisoning his mind with every syllable. Raging with hunger as he was, Jack could not stand this. With a despair for which he could find no words, he turned away in the direction of his lawyer's. "Now the lawyer," quoth he, soliloquizing, "was an intimate friend of my father's, so intimate that if he offers me breakfast I can accept it, and of course he will. I shall plainly tell him that I prefer breakfast to lunch; in short, that I have made up my mind to have it, even if I wait till dinner-time or tea-time, and he'll laugh, and we shall be jolly, and I shall get something to eat at last. Exquisite moment! What a breakfast I *shall* eat!"

The lawyer, Mr. Pallinson, occupied a good large house, with the marks of plenty on it. Jack hailed the sight of the fire blazing in the kitchen. "Delicious spot!" thought he, "kettle, pantry and all that. Hope there is milk left, and bread and butter. What slices I *will* eat!"

But Jack unfortunately rang the bell of the office, instead of the house, and found himself among a parcel

of clerks. Mr. Pallinson was out; was not expected home till evening. Jack in desperation stated his case. No result but, "Very strange, sir," from one of the clerks. No *Mrs.* Pallinson existed, to whom he might apply, so, blushing and stammering "Good-morning," Jack found himself out again in the wide world of pavement and houses. The clerks had told him that Mr. Pallinson always dined at the Mendall coffee-house when away on special business, and towards it our hero turned his hungry and melancholy steps, determined to wait there for him. "Ah," thought Jack, with a sigh, "five o'clock isn't far off, and then I'm certain. What a breakfast I shall have when it does come!" At length five o'clock strikes, and at the same moment enters Mr. Pallinson. He was a brisk, good-humored man, who greeted Jack heartily. "Here, John, plates for two! You'll dine, of course, with your father's old friend." Jack's heart felt itself at home with this cordiality, and he at once entered into the history of his morning. The good and merry lawyer, who understood a joke, entered heartily, and with great bursts of laughter, into Jack's whim of still having his breakfast, and it was accordingly brought up, with an explanation to the waiter that his friend here had got up so late, and kept such fashionable hours, that he must needs breakfast while he himself was dining. "And so," said the shrewd attorney, as the waiter was respectfully bowing himself out, "no harm's done, and now peg away." Jack did not wait for a second bidding. The bread and butter was at last actually before him, not so thick as he had pictured it, but as the waiter had turned his back three slices could

be rolled into one. This arrangement was accordingly made, the mouth was ready to swallow — enter Mr. Goodall.

"Breakfast is abolished for me," thought Jack, laying down the bread and butter, "there's no such thing. Henceforth I will not attempt it."

The lawyer and Mr. Goodall were well known to each other, but what had brought him thither was a confused story. He had somehow heard of a Mr. Abbott having ordered three breakfasts and having been taken to jail. He had followed him up from place to place till he found him in the tavern.

"I'm very glad indeed, sir, to find you so comfortably situated, after the story that half-witted fellow of a waiter told me at the coffee-house. But don't let me interrupt your *tea*, I beg of you!"

"Luckiest of innocent fancies," thought our hero, "he thinks I'm at tea!" He plunged again at the bread and butter. He was really breakfasting! "I beg your pardon," he said, with his mouth full. "I'm eating a little too fast, — but may I trouble you for that loaf? These slices are very thin, and I'm so ravenously hungry." Jack doubled his thin slices; he took huge bites; he swilled his tea, as he had sworn he would; he had eggs on one side of him, ham on the other, his friends before him, and was as happy as a prince escaped from a foreign land; and when he had at length finished, talking and laughing all the while, or hearing talk and laughter, he pushed the breakfast-cup aside, and chuckled to himself, "I've had it! Breakfast has been mine! And now, my dear Mr. Pallinson, I'll take a glass of your port!"

The Membranous Croup.

(MARK TWAIN.)

When that frightful and incurable disease, membranous croup, was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror, I called Mrs. McWilliams' attention to little Penelope and said:

"Darling, I wouldn't let that child chew that pine stick if I were you."

"Precious, where is the harm in it?" said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick. I replied:

"Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat."

My wife's hand paused in the act of taking the stick She bridled perceptibly and said:

"Hubby, you know better than that. You know you do. Doctors *all* say that the turpentine in pine wood is good for a weak back."

"Ah, I did not know that the child's spine was affected, and that the family physician had recommended — "

"Who said the child's spine was affected?"

"My love, you intimated it."

"The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind."

"Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said — "

"I don't care what I said. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she wants to, and you know it perfectly well. And she shall chew it, too. So there, now!"

"Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your

reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want, while I —"

"Oh, please go along to your office and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark, but you must take it up and go to arguing and arguing and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do!"

"Very well. It shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which —"

However she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet.

"O Mortimer, there's another! Little Georgie Gordon is taken!"

"Membranous croup?"

"Membranous croup."

"Is there any hope for him?"

"None in the wide world! Oh, what is to become of us?"

By and by the nurse brought in our Penelope to say goodnight, and she gave a slight cough. My wife fell back like one stricken with death, but the next moment she was up and brimming with the activities which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bedroom, and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We arranged matters speedily. A cot-bed was put up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse, but now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other

baby, and what if he, too, were to have the symptoms in the night? and she blanched again, poor thing. We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery, and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said, suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope? This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the whole tribe of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person, and well-nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down-stairs; but there was no place there to stow the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we returned bag and baggage to our own bedroom once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffeted birds that have found their nest again.

Mrs. McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said,

"What can make Baby sleep so?"

I said, "Why, my darling, Baby always sleeps like a graven image."

"I know, I know; but there's something peculiar about his sleep now. He seems to breathe so — so regularly. Oh, this is dreadful!"

"But, my dear, he always breathes regularly."

"Oh, I know it, but there's something frightful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens."

"That's a good idea, but who will help you?"

"You can help me all I want. I wouldn't allow anybody but myself to do anything, anyhow, at such a time as this."

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

"Oh, why don't that doctor come? Mortimer, this room is too warm. Turn off the register, quick!"

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering if seventy degrees was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from town with the news that our physician was ill and confined to his bed. Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me and said in a dead voice:

"There is a providence in it. It is foreordained. He never was sick before, never. We have not been living as we ought to live, Mortimer. Time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result. Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself. I never can forgive myself!"

I said, without intent to hurt, but with heedless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

"*Mortimer!* Do you want to bring the judgment upon baby too?"

Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed:

"The doctor must have sent medicines!"

"Certainly. They are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance."

"Well, do give them to me. Don't you know that every minute is precious now? But what was the use

of sending medicines when he *knows* that the disease is incurable?"

I said that while there was life there was hope.

"Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than a child unborn. If you would — as I live, the directions say, give one teaspoonful once an hour! Once an hour! As if we had a whole year before us to save the child in? Mortimer, please hurry! Give the poor perishing thing a tablespoonful, and do *try* to be quick!"

"Why my dear, a tablespoonful might —"

"Don't drive me frantic! Oh, I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a tablespoonful every half hour will — oh, the child needs belladonna, too, and aconite. Get them, Mortimer. Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things."

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn me out, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. Mrs. McWilliams roused me.

"Darling, is that register turned on?"

"No."

"I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. The room is cold."

I turned it on and fell asleep again. I was aroused again.

"Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register."

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more while my wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little while these words

came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

"Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease. Will you ring?"

I climbed dreamily out, and stepped on a cat which responded with a protest and would have got a convincing kick for it — if a chair had not got it instead.

"Now, Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake up the child again?"

"Because I want to see how much I am hurt," I said.

"Well, look at the chair, too. I've no doubt it is ruined. Poor cat! I suppose you had — "

"Now I am not going to suppose anything about the cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been here to attend to the duties which are in her line, not mine."

"Now, Mortimer, I should think you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you can't do the few little things I ask of you at such an awful time as this, when our child is — "

"There, there, I'll do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They have all gone to bed. Where is the goose-grease?"

"On the mantelpiece in the nursery. If you'll step there, speak to Maria — "

I fetched the goose-grease and went to sleep again. Once more I was called.

"Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but this room is too cold to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It's all ready to touch a match to."

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, then sat down disconsolate.

"Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed."

As I was stepping in, she said.

"Wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine."

It was a medicine which made the child lively, and my wife made use of its waking interval to grease it all over with the goose-oil. I was asleep once more before long, but once more I had to get up.

"Mortimer, I feel a draught. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draught. Please move the crib in front of the fire."

I did it, and collided with the rug again, which I threw into the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up by request and constructed a flaxseed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams the opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now and then, between times, I reorganized the flaxseed poultices, and applied all sorts of blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Towards morning the wood gave out and my wife wanted me to go down the cellar and get more. I said:

"My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be nearly warm enough with all her extra clothing. We might put on an extra layer of poultices and — "

I did not finish, because I was interrupted. I lugged up wood for some little time, then lay down and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. Just at broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down upon me and gasping:

"It is all over! All over! The child's perspiring! What shall we do?"

"Mercy, how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do!"

"There is not a moment to lose! Go for the doctor. Go yourself! Tell him he *must* come, dead or alive!"

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed and brought him. He looked at the child and said she was not dying. This was joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as angry as if he had offered her a personal affront. Then he said that the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this my wife looked as if she intended to show him the door. He said he would give her something that would make her dislodge the trouble. He sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood splinter or two.

"This child has no croup," said he. "She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind and got some little slivers in her throat. They won't do her any harm."

"No," said I. "Indeed the turpentine in them is very good for certain kinds of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so."

But she did not. She turned away in disdain and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to. And so our days flow by in deep and untroubled serenity.

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