

"The Little Man in the Tinsnop."

When I was a little boy, long ago, A dapper, dandy in the show, The first time that I went to see,

For uncle showed me "The L. adler" there With his face, bush forelock and long black hair;

Oh! my little man, joy to you— And your—any thing—your lifetime through Though I've heard melodies by and man,

The mourning mother sobbed aloud As he her darling scanned;

Next day, while sorrowing neighbors stood Holding sweet flowers of spring,

The cleric man, with trembling voice And deep emotion said:

No more midnight suppers now, No more gay carousals;

Will the Queen Abdicate? The Journal publishes the following under London date:

No Change. Prohibitionist (concluding a lengthy dissertation on the problem of the age)—And what is your solution, sir?

Kentuckian—Whiskey straight.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER IX.

The journey was a sad one. Now that the parting had really come, Esperance longed to stay, and Gaspard, though his resolve was quite immovable, felt as if he were leaving his heart in Paris.

Every one seemed relieved when they arrived at Calais; the bustle at the station, the hurried search for baggage, and going on board the steamer, all served to divert their thoughts.

The landing at Dover was inexpressibly dreary. It was dark, and cold, and windy. All the French passengers were in a fever of good tempered anxiety about their baggage, and the few English passengers made matters worse by their cool collectedness.

Esperance was hurried along, she knew not whither—nor cared, so long as she had hold of Gaspard's arm—and eventually found herself safely in a railway carriage, being assisted from head to foot by a pair of English eyes.

Then came the arrival at the station, the crowded platform, the pushing and struggling toward the luggage van, finally a civil porter, a springless cab, a drive to the cheapest hotel in the neighborhood, and a night's rest.

The afternoon was closing in, and still he had met with no suitable rooms; he began to think that Esperance would be alarmed at his long absence, when his eye caught an advertisement of "Furnished Apartments" in the window of a baker's shop.

He made his "dialogue book" inquiry, and was relieved to find that the woman spoke distinctly.

"It is well-named. I observe already a likeness," said Gaspard, smiling.

She, herself, was quite unconcerned—such things did not hurt her pride; the rooms were quiet and comfortable—for the rest she did not care.

energies to chattering Gaspard, until gradually his brow cleared, and under the combined influence of a fire, some well-made coffee, and Esperance's merry chatter, he began to think that, after all, life in Pentonville might be very pleasant.

The next day he lost no time in searching for work. He was not very hopeful, it is true, but he had made up his mind to do all in his power, and to leave no stone unturned.

His scanty knowledge of English was a great hindrance, and finding this out, he got to work really to study the language.

"At length, one morning early in May, a letter arrived in M. Lemerrier's well known domestic handwriting. It ran as follows:

Gaspard turned pale as he read, and Esperance, seeing that something was wrong asked anxiously:

Gaspard put his arm round her protectively as he replied: "Monsieur Lemerrier is well himself, cherie, but he has written to tell me some bad news. We have lost some money, and it will leave us very poor—terribly poor."

"But it is impossible—utterly impossible—that we can live on what is left," said Gaspard.

Gaspard smiled, and for her sake tried to speak more cheerfully; but he knew too well that not even the most rigid economy could keep them from want.

The long days dragged wearily on, while gradually Esperance faded and drooped, till she was the mere shadow of her former self.

He was grateful for her love and patience, but he could not be deceived. The long privations of the siege had tried her severely, and he felt sure that she could not bear these added hardships for any length of time.

show indications of returning consciousness, and in a few minutes was able to look up with a little smile.

Gaspard did not answer for a few minutes, he sat watching her sadly, while Bismarck rested up to her, purring contentedly, and rubbing his soft head up and down under her almost shadowy hand.

He crossed the room then, and bent down to kiss her, his resolution made.

"You are not worrying about me, Gaspard? Do not walk up and down like that, all alone; I want you to tell me what is troubling you—what you are thinking about."

Esperance could not deny it, and Gaspard continued:

She went early to bed, and then Gaspard took paper and pen, and sat down to his hard task.

The warm summer sunshine was flooding a sombre room in the Rillchester Deservy, one morning toward the end of May.

"Good morning, father. I have brought you your letters; there are not many, you will get through them before breakfast."

"Can it be from Monsieur Grignon? No, but it is in French—what is the signature? Grignon never makes those flourishes; read me the name, Cornelia."

"No, not to a school; I do not approve of a school for girls. No, we will cheer her home here. She is my own sister's child, and she shall be welcome, though, remember, Cornelia, I most strongly disapproved of your aunt Amy's marriage, most strongly."

"This must be from Monsieur de Mabilion's son," said Cornelia, glancing down the sheet.

The dean seemed to be sitting with constricting emotions; he did not speak when his daughter ceased reading.

"So does this poor cousin of mine, apparently," said Cornelia, glancing again through Gaspard's letter, her rather severe face softened by pity.

"You would rather help the little girl in some way," said the dean; "she will be more like her mother; this fellow, who writes, is so terribly French. Yes, decidedly, the little girl must be relieved; he speaks of her as suffering still from the effects of the siege."

"To ask help—that is to say, money? A De Mabilion turn into a beggar? It is impossible you mean it, Gaspard?"

"But I cannot let you starve, dear," replied Gaspard, quietly; "we must hope the dean will have the delicacy not to relieve us by actual money. Perhaps he may be able to find me some employment, or he might offer to send you to school. At any rate I shall write to him."

The dean had expected her surprising announcement was not very well received. Bertha, indeed, made little comment on it, simply looking "bored," but Mrs. Mortlake was not so easily satisfied.

"What is her name?" asked Bertha, without looking up from her book.

"We must fit up the large attic over the nursery; there is no other room available, I see, unless we could spare the bachelor's room?"

"Why do captains of ships carry tele scopes," she asked. "To see the pleasure there is in an ocean voyage, I suppose," he managed to say, and then rushed over to the bulwarks.

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And you were quite right, as events have proved, "papa" had, composedly. "Her children are bearing the penalty of her wifeliness. Shall you write to day?"

Cornelia did not judge it prudent to tell her sisters of the proposed change in their family till the letter was written and posted.

Cornelia smiled sarcastically. "Great, indeed, my dear father; but to-day's burden is light—see! and she adroitly spread the letters over the chart, while the dean sighed once more."

"Here is one from Canon Barnwell, and one from Sir Henry Worthington, and the report of that orphanage you were inquiring about, and one in a foreign-looking hand, which might, I think, be from the French astronomer you correspond with."

"No matter how firmly fixed a man's opinion of his own good looks may be it is sort of unselfish him for a moment to have people say his new baby is the very picture of him.