When You and I Were Young.

The little children of to-day never heard it, and it had pretty well gone out of fashion when the new voters of the last election were in petticoats, but all who were old enough to play, to sing or to whistle twenty-eight years ago will remember what was the popular tune in those days. Have you forgotten the words of the original "Dixie?" Here they are:

wish I was in de land of cotton, Old times dar am not forgotten ; In Dixie land whar I was bawn in, Early on a frosty mawnin'.

Ole missus marry Will de weaber, Will he was a gast deceaber; When he put his arm around her He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber. But dat didn't seem a bit to grieb 'er; will run away, missus took a decline, Her face was de color ob de bacon rine

While missus libed she libed in clober, When she died she died all ober; How could she act de foolish part An' marry a man to broke her heart?

Buckwheat cakes an' cawn meal batter Make you fat or a little fatter ; Here's a health to de nex' ole misses. An' all de gals dat wants to kiss us.

Now if you want to dribe away sorrow Come an' hear dis song to-morrow; Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabble. To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble. CHORUS.

I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray In Dixie's land We'll take our stand, To live an' die in Dixie : Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie; Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;

BY THE DEAN

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

"Oh, that would be delightful," cried Lady Worthington. " I dare say the dean has not thought of it. It would please Esperance, too. Poor child, Claude's picture will not be exaggerated now; I could fancy her with just such a look on decisively; "so help me by considering my her face. I assure you, Henry, I fairly other capabilities." cried over that picture, when I saw it the other day in the Academy."

mation, according to all accounts." it hard work sometimes not to tell the true arranged as easily as possible. By good there must be hundreds of things you want

as to the hanging; I suppose he will wish pard. "There, De Mabillon, you will do it to be in the Hall at Worthington." And thereupon Lady Worthington don't open it now. I want to talk to you." did not revert again to the De Mabillons. pard, disregarding his last words. "It is should not put such temptations before

next morning Esperance received one of not dream of accepting such a sum. Thank and Sir Henry, in spite of a busy day, however."

found time to call on Mr. Seymour.

"You in

almost with impatience to the time when he should leave England. To be freed from the life of almost unbearable privation which he had been living so long, to be working for Esperance, seemed to him all that heart could wish; and though he did shrink from leaving her alone in a strange country, this could not mar his happiness, for he was full of plans for the future, in which he was to make a home for her in Ceylon, and end her exile at the deaneryan exile, the bitterness of which, after all. he listle understoood.

The practical difficulties of the present were first suggested to him by Esperance's and pride that it won't see it." reply to his letter, in which she scouted his notion of getting on with no outfit, and told him of her preparations. Then, when brought face to face with money matters, he began to think of his passage, and resorting to an old Bradshaw was dismayed to find that at the lowest computation it would cost him forty pounds. Such a sum was, of course, utterly beyond his means, and for one miserable day he gave himself up to despair. To lose such a situation seemed impossible—intolerable. Yet what could he do? To ask help of any one was Paris." out of the question. He had, indeed, been reduced to actual begging once, but that had been for Esperance, and under the conviction that she would die if he did not force himself to do it; in this case she was another. What's the use of a friend if, This very evening, which had been so not so greatly affected, and for himself he when trouble comes, one must draw back momentous to Gaspard, found her more could not beg. What had he done for a into one's shell of pride, and refuse to take exhausted than usual. There had been a year he could go on with, he argued with himself. The semi-starvation had not might be found which would not require such an outlay. Poor Gaspard! how many times that day he arrived at the same conclusion, and how he fought against it !

The privations which he was bearing so patiently seemed unbearable for the future. now that he had had a hope of release. He faced all the trials his poverty had brought him, as he had never allowed himself to do before, and saw all too plainly how much his bodily strength was beginning to fail; maintain that a man has no more right to but little time, and her head felt so heavy he had borne during the siege, and thought when he has the chance of avoiding it, that she knew she could get on but slowly how a walk of two or three miles would exhaust him now, and loathed the thought. Then he grew angry with himself for not at least, not for your own, you will take drawn sigh she closed the window, and, having remembered the expenses of the this help now, will you not? What right taking her work, sat down to the table, voyage during his interview with Mr. Sevmour, and wondered with a vague misery if his senses were deserting him, as well as his strength, turning sick at the thought of this failing of his powers. What would the end be if he waited much longer? There could be only one answer to that question, and Gaspard could not repress a life with such ardor! moreover, he was so accustomed to think of death as swift and that of his father, that the idea of this slow, dreary starvation seemed all the more believe I am beginning to fail, and I must very worst of all, when, her work being sudden, and sweetened by patriotism like

Gaspard brightened a little at the sight Trust me to ask you for a favor when I he allowed Bismarck to show me up."

of his visitor, for he had a great liking for Claude, and during the winter had seen a good deal of him, the only check to their intercourse being that Claude was a little too pressing in his hospitalisies, and Gaspard too anxious too elude civilities which he could not return. They were quite intimate enough to discuss Gaspard's present difficulties, and, indeed, Claude's very first

remark led to the topic. " So I hear you are going out to Ceylon next month!' "Yes-no-at least I was going, but I

believe I have changed me mind." "Indeed! oh, I am sorry for that. thought everything was settled; Sir Henry Worthington certainly led me to think so.' "Sir Henry Worthington! he has had nothing to do with it. It was through

Dean Collinson I got the situation." "The Worthingtons might have heard of it through your sister, perhaps; certainly Sir Henry mentioned it to me this very day. But you have changed your mind you say ?

up in England," replied Gaspard, trying to door, and Gaspard, flushed and breathless,

stifle a sigh of despair. surely it is madnesss to give up such a asked Claude, with a gesture of feigned then." chance as this. Coffee planting is the nest despair as he caught sight of his blue thing going now; you will not hear of such envelope. "If you change your mind again an opening every day. Besides, have you about that ridiculous thing, you are only fit She is quite well, and only mopes when not spent this whole year in Mr. Micawoer's for Colney Hatch !" fashion-waiting for something to turn

Gaspard smiled a little. work, you know; I never will believe that I ment, he has told me that my passage is shall not find it in time. If the worst taken tor me, you understand came to the worst, I would swallow my paid for. Of course I made inquiries, and pride and turn into a French waiter!"

"Ah, yes; I can picture you at Gatti's, your arm, scolding the cook down the lift!" and Claude laughed heartily. Then, suddenly growing grave, "But, seriously, De Mabillon, this is all very absurd; you must not give up Ceylon."

"Of course I should not, if it could be helped, but it cannot be," said Gaspard,

"Well, first, I hope and think you are this sudden change," said Claude, quietly. so sold! Take it back? No, indeed; I don't be pleased that we should have it; he was always very tender over his 'Mariana.'"

"It is one of his finest pictures in the state of th

"Yes, everyone is talking of it. I find you not tell me at once? It shall be of making it really useful to yourself; story of the real 'Mariana.' Well, I am luck, too, I have it with me—it will be very glad we shall have it. Claude must quite a coup de theatre"; and taking a blue won't live upon air for the first six months. dine with us soon, and we will consult him envelope from his pocket handed it to Gasme a great favor by taking that. No-"This is impossible!" exclaimed Gas-

ry good of you to think of it, but I could me." Frances Neville's most comforting letters, you a thousand times for the thought, Claude, who saw this was the only way to of the hotel, met with approval from no

" You insist on turning into a waiter Meanwhile Gaspard, in his dreary asked Claude, laughingly. "Then I shall sister first-lodging at Pentonville, was looking forward make a point of dining every day at your you not?" restaurant, and tipping you with threepenny hits."

Gaspard laughed, but resolutely pushed back the envelope. Claude then began

more seriously.
"But, De Mabillon, why will you not accept this? Surely we are sufficiently intimate to be of some use to each other. Why not let me have this pleasure?

" You are very good, but I cannot accept it. What claim have I on you? " Claim ? stuff and nonsense ; every one ought to have a claim on every one, only the world is so eaten up with selfishness

"It may be pride in a measure," said Gaspard, " but I cannot think it is right to sacrifice one's independence, therefore I

must decline your kindness. "You aristocrats are terrible people to deal with. Are we not fellow-men? should you be hard up for fifty pounds, and yet raiuse to relieve me of it when I have no use for it? The early Christians got on very well that way, why not you and I."

" You believe in socialism, and I do not I heard too much of it from Lemercier at

" I don't understand anything about that nonsense," said Claude, half impatiently. 'All I know is that things must be very wrong indeed if one friend can't help the hand that's offered ?"

thinking. Claude's arguments did not at stairs to her attic room, her flushed cheeks wait in the hope that some other work all coincide with the diotates of his pride of and weary, yet too brilliant eyes, betraying independence.

"if I may speak very plainly with you, I looking very much like Claude's "Mariana." think you will own that this mode of living She began to count the days; it was the is really killing you by inches. Now, I 30th of May, and Gaspard's ship was to maintain that a man has no more right to sail the second week in June; there was

have you to sadden her life by wilfully stitching away at her wristband at first very starving yourself and throwing away this quickly, but gradually with more and more first-class opportunity in Ceylon ?"

Gaspard took four or five turns up and before Claude, his decision made.

of her. How to thank you for your generhudder. He was so young, and clung to osity I do not know. You will not think me ungrateful because I have withstood it worker was almost too tired to cross the so long? You understand, I am sure, how room to her bed. it was, and I do not now yield as to the

when his solitude was suddenly invaded.

"No, no," interposed Claude. "I'll have self on her bed, moaning for Gaspard, now no hand in lending and borrowing; a loan that there was no fear of being overheard, before his dejected response could have been is a bad thing to begin life with; but if you and longing—with an almost intolerable like, we will make it a bargain, that when heard, Claude Magnay entered.

"May I come in?" he asked. "Your you are a thriving coffee-planter and I a landledy told me you were at home, but spendthrift artist with popularity on the set up a barrier against these, and nothing there were so many customers below that wane, I may throw myself on your mercy, would come but long tearless sobs, which

want it. In the meantime I shall study socialism; I think it would agree with me." Gaspard laughed. "I wish you could feel the weight you have taken off my shoulders." "Charitable wish, certainly,"

Claude. " Well, the lightness of my heart, then, said Gaspaad. "I must see Mr. Seymour this very day, and find out about the passage, or I shall not feel that this is really

" Let me know when you sail, and come when you can to my rooms," said Claude, rising to go, and hurrying himself rather more than usual as Gaspard began to reit-

erate his thanks. The two parted at the door, Gaspard making all speed to Mr. Seymour's rooms in Portland Place, Claude returning to his studio, musing on the specimen of independent pride he had met him, and congratulating himself on his conquest.

He was not yet quit of the subject, however, for he had scarcely been home an hour when there was a hasty ring at his was shown up to his room.

"De Mabillon! why this hot pursuit?"

"No, not about Ceylon," panted Gaspard. "But the most extraordinary thing one evening, and set up for an invalid the has happened. I went to Mr. Seymour to next day." make arrangements, and, to my astonishafter some hesitation, he tells me that it was Sir Henry Worthington who took it for instance, with a napkin tucked under that he wished me not to know—such consideration! Of course I immediately hurried back to you to return the money you lent me with such kindness-you will---

Claude leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Was ever anything so neatly managed Three cheers for Sir Henry Worthington If he had breathed a word of it to me this morning I should not have caught you so capable of confiding to me the reason of nicely! Was ever the pride of independence

opinion," said Sir Henry, "and it has exclamation of relief.

There! now we have come to the matter. Why on earth did take it back again. Give me the pleasure to the matter. Why on earth did take it back again. Give me the pleasure of making it really useful to yourself; "There! now we have come to the and jesting apart, De Mabillon, I cannot Besides, you will be wanting to go up to Rilchester before you sail -why not take a week at the Spread Eagle? Confess now that you are longing to do so."

"To see Esperance? Yes, indeed! you

"Yes, with poor Lemercier. Perhaps

oughs to see her, as you say; and it would be hard work to go without. I will then accept your generosity, on the understand-

"That I ask a favor at the next oppor tunity," interrupted Claude; " to which I pledge you my word of honor. There! a truce to business. I am going to hear ' Don Giovanni' to-night; come with me?"

This, however, Gaspard declined without hesitation, nor would he even accept a proffered cigar; to be under an obligation was to him only bearable when Esperance was in some way concerned. The two parted with the greatest cordiality, Gaspard more light-hearted than he had been for months, and feeling that the sense of obligation was not too crushing with so frank and genial a helper; Claude more than ever convinced that life was, and ought to be, thoroughly enjoyable, and heartily glad that he had overcome Gas-

pard's scruples. All this time, at the deanery, Esperance was toiling on, with a fixed resolve not to break down till everything was made ready for Gaspard. Her powers of physical endurance had been well trained in the siege, and she bore pain and fatigue bravely and patiently, only the dull gnawing pain at the heart overmastered her sometimes. dinner-party, and it was almost twelve Gaspard paced up and down the room o'clock before she wearily mounted the

her fatigue. "You see," he began, after a pause, "it is not as if this were a matter of necessity.

If I were ill or helpless it might be right to accept it; but I can live as I have lived; her candle, and throwing open the window, leaned out into the cool air, resting her there is no immediate—." leaned out into the cool air, resting her "Excuse me," said Claude, breaking in ; aching head against the open lattice, and is. Besides, you are not independent; you with the last of the shirts which she had have your sister to think of. For her sake, resolved to finish that night. With a longdifficulty. The clock struck one, but she toiled on; then two, but she was only down the room, then stopped abruptly beginning her first button-hole, so that faint glimmerings of dawn were beginning "You are right, Magnay; I must think to show themselves before the shirt was really finished; two candles were burned down to their sockets, and the poor little

But with rest came no relief to her live to free Esperance. Of course I take done, she had nothing to divert her mind this fifty pounds as a loan." longing-for the relief of tears. But Cornelia's stern exhortation seemed to have

wearily tossing to and fro, she fell into a as sleep just as the sun rose. The morning call roused her before she seemed to have had any rest at all, and, stiff and unfreshed, she came down to the breakfast. table, to the paraphernalia of silver dishes and smoking viands, which was her daily

No one but Cornelia noticed how very bugbear. pale and ill she looked, and Mrs. Mortiake made plans for a morning shopping expedition, in which Esperance was to be her companion. Cornelia tried to interfere.

" No, no, Christabel ; I know what your shopping mornings are. Esperance does not look fit for it to-day—why not take Bella?"

" Really, Cornelia, when you leave your vantage-ground of book-learning, I never met any one so wanting in common sense. Take poor little delicate Bella for a tiring expedition, when she is only just recovering from that illness! I can't think what would become of a child if you had the management of it. It really is a providence that you are not married.'

"Thank you, I agree with your last remark," said Cornelia, dryly. " If Bella is not fit, I should advise you to go alone,

"I shall do no such thing. You make the most absurd fuse about Esperance. that any one can chatter away at a party

Poor Esperance! The "chattering" had been such hard work. She gave a little sigh as she heard it brought up against her, but anxious to put an end to the argument, she said in as bright a voice as she could command, "I think I can go, thank you, Cornelia; don't trouble about it."

"Oh, well, if you like to be so icolish, you can," said Cornelia, vexed that Mrs. Mortiake should conquer. "You know quite well that you would be better at home. wish to hinder you," And she swept out Journal. of the room, leaving Esperance to reflect sorrowfully that she had offended the person who had wished to befriend her, and earned the credit of being desirous of that which in reality she most disliked.

But the day was not at all to be dark. The last post brought a letter from Gaspare, containing his good news of yesterday, and proposing to come to Rilchester in a week's time, and this was such joy to Esperance that for a little while she forgot her troubles, and grew so lively and cheerful that Cornelia was half inclined to retract her opinion, and agree with Mrs. Mortlake that, after all, Esperance's ill health was only a fancy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The dean was not pleased when he heard that Gaspard was coming to Rilchester. He had grown accustomed to Esperance's sister first—why, you are her guardian, are Mortiake talked of house-cleaning, and finally George Palgrave was pressed to prolong his visit, while the other guest-rooms were destined for the wife and daughters of the history of a neighboring diocess, who were coming to Rilchester for a ball in the following week. There was no particular reason why they should be saked to the deanery, but Mrs. Mortlake remembered there is a ball many than the saked to the deanery. them in a lucky moment, and felt that it would be a more dignified excuse than

house-cleaning.

Cornelia hated this meanness with her whole soul, and almost shrunk from meeting Gaspard after it. This made her seem more stiff and cold than ever, and Esperance, who had relied a good deal upon her cordial behavior to Gaspard, when she had met him before in London, was dismayed

to find her manner altered. Mrs. Mortlake, on the contrary, did her very best to be polite when his name was mentioned in Esperance's presence, and even spoke of driving him back from the station on the day when he was expected and though the carriage did not appear, still there was courtesy in the suggestion, and, as Mrs. Mortlake remarked afterward to Cornelia, " Politeness is worth so much. and costs so little."

"I don't see any politeness if you don't mean to carry out the suggestion," said Cornelia, bluntly.

" My dear, you are so literal! Of course I can't really spare the carriage then, the Lowdells must have a drive this afternoon. But it pleased Esperance, and she can quite well imagine that I forgot it." "A fine tissue of lies! That child is

great deal too sharp not to find you out. Besides, why can't you be honest? " Really, Cornelia, if you employ such offensive words I will not argue with you! Lies,' and 'honesty,' indeed! I don't

know what you mean.' "I like to call a spade a spade," said Cornelia, shortly. "But if you prefer it, what is your object in this politic polite-

" Did you not see that Mrs. Lowdell was in the room?" said Mrs. Mortlake. "You know how observant she is, and Doctor Lowdell is such a particular man, I would not fer the world have them guess that we are not perfectly friendly with the De Mabillons. One must be careful, you know, and father is so unguarded."

" My father is no hypocrite, at least, said Cornelia, angrily. "Why did you ask the Lowdells here if you are so afraid they may guess ?—why not have asked Gaspard de Mabillon ? "

(To be continued).

Those Tell-tale Pipes. Effic-Is Mr. Dabney going to call this evening.

Hermia-I expect him. Why? Effie-I've got to study, and the gas always burns so much brighter in my room when you two are in the parlor.

Brooklyn's estimated population is 807,-

Calves brains nicely fried are tasty for

A well-meaning but misinformed lady inquired at down-town music store for "The Song That Breaks Your Heart." She was justly indignant when the frivolous cierk placed before her with a flourish of cas the song in reference to petite HE DIDN'T WAIT.

A man with eleven weeks of wiry hair and a long growth of beard stepped into a barber shop in one of our two cities the other day and sat down. Probably he was not in his best mood. At any rate he looked cross, even though it was his next

" Next," said the barber. "I'll wait for Sam," said the man with the hair and beard, and as he said it he kicked at the dog and looked about as pleasant as a circular saw in motion.

"All right," said the barber with emphasis. "Next."

The "next" got into the chair and left the man who was cross sitting by the window, watching for Sam. Half an hour passed. The shop was full and there seemed to be a good deal of amusement among all except the man who was waiting for Sam. One by one the customers kept coming in. The clock hands passed from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m., and then to 8.20 p.m. At about this time the door opened and a head

popped in. "Heard from Sam yet?" said the head.

" Yes," replied the barber.

" How is he; having a good time?" "Guess he is. At any rate he says he is."

"When do you expect him home?" "In about three weeks." The door slammed after the questioner, just as the man with the beard, who was

waiting for Sam, jumped to his feet. Wh-what did you say?" shouted he. Did you say Sam wasn't coming for three The barber repressed his smile, and in a voice that was low and even toned he said: Yes, sir. Sam is up country, and we

expect him back in about two weeks and a half. But if you want to wait for him we'll make up a bed for you right here on"-but the rest was lost by the door However, if you like to spend your morning slamming on the retiring form of the over dresses and bonnets, I'm sure I don't man who was waiting for Sam.-Lewiston

Gambling in Newspapers.

We are just now wondering what steps the Treasurer intends finally to take towards suppressing the taste for gambling that newspaper competitions undoubtedly excite. For the public, especially the little boys and girls whose youthful minds should be devoted to their elementary studies, they are anything but a blessing. For journalists they are something more than a nuisance, and, if permitted to develop, would greatly degrade what ought to be a very honorable calling. There is little capital needed for starting one of those journalistic enterprises beyond a pot of paste, a pair of scissors and a few evening and morning papers-although an old jest-book will be found useful. The printer and paper-maker can often be induced to give credit, for the face, and was even in his way rather fond sake of favors to come. By dint of offering of her, but Gaspard had reminded him valuable prizes for idiotic guesses, a tempainfully of M. de Mabillon, and he shrunk porary circulation is easily obtained. But from seeing him. Cornelia's proposal of from the gusessing competition to the asking him to stay at the deanery, instead State lottery is only a step, and the instinct win his point. "I should think you other visitors whom he wished to ask. Mrs. and already—in London, at least—sufficiently active without a tonic. At the present moment uneasiness reigns in the boson not a few enterprising gentlemen who have been earning large incomes by artfully en-couraging gambling. If similar methods of earning money are denied hospitals, why should they be permitted to the proprietor of "Paste Pot and Scissors?"—European

Mail. The Press Association is authorized to state that there never has been any intention on the part of the treasury to proceed generally against newspapers which adver-tise prize competitions, but adds that three newspapers were brought to the notice of Sir Augustus Stephenson as seeming to infringe on "The Lottery Act" in their competitions, that Sir Augustus wrote to each of them, pointing out that they had better take legal opinion, and that one paper, having done so, has stopped the competitions. Among the many Lottery Acts, that of 1802 (42 George 3, c. 119) is the most sweeping in its terms, and therefore most likely to affect the competitions referred to. By this Act any person who shall " knowingly suffer to be exercised, kept open, shown, or exposed to be played, drawn, or thrown at or in, either by dice, lots, cards, balls, or by numbers or figures, or by any other way, contrivance, or device whatsoever. any game or lottery in his house or place,' is liable to a penalty of £500." But the competitors in these prize competitions appear to exercise their game at their own houses, not at the houses of the persons offering the prizes, so that the Act would seem not to have any application to them. -Law Times.

Some Timely Suggestions.

A few hints are here thrown out for Canadian women who intend visiting Europe. First and foremost make up your mind as early as possible before sailingplan your wardrobe with reference to your trip-make up your mind to travel with the

least possible baggage.

What you really need reduced to the lowest terms is a loose blanket, a flannel wrapper in which you may sleep, winter flannels, knickerbockers made of flannel. merino stockings, warm gloves, a pretty hood, a long woolen ulater to cover the whole of the gown, some pretty silk handkerchiefs and a moderately thick veil.

Let the material for your steamer dress be of serge, with a blouse tucked waist, avoid hooks and eyes and fancy fastenings, remember that much of the time your head will be describing the arc of a circle and the less toilets you have to make the better. For a change a black surah with a few fancy fixings of lace will do for demi toilette and table d'hote.

A Heavenly Visitant.

Wife (delighted)—What! home through the summer shower? But where did you get that lovely piece of ice? Husband (exultingly)—It is a hailstone which just fell in our front yard, and we can pay off our mortgage with it.

Some Other Evening.

Clara-Well, to tell the truth, dear Charley Frank-Charley?

Clara-I mean Frank. I declare, how absent-minded I am. I thought it was Thursday evening instead of Wednesday.-

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