

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for His Lordship's levee,
He had played for Her Ladyship's whine,
Till the poor little head was weary,
And the poor little brain would swim.
And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary,
He shall rest for at least to-night!"
But at dawn when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.
'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed;
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last he said.
—AUSTIN DOBSON.

A BOY LOVER.

Marian Montyou had always called Guy Charteris her boy lover; had allowed him to kiss her because he was so handsome and such a clever lad. That he expected to marry her had never entered this pretty girl's head, and she was consequently surprised, when she told him of her engagement to Col. Brandette, that he should become angry. Guy left town the next day, and it was years before she heard of him again.

She did not marry Col. Brandette after all, and consequently she never lived in the fine new mansion on California street in San Francisco. The Colonel took exception to a fancy she had for performing in private theatricals.

"I cannot have my wife an actress," he had said, with perhaps more brusqueness than he intended.

"Then you cannot have me for a wife," Miss Montyou had retorted, with a mocking courtesy; and so the engagement was broken.

And at last Marian went on the stage in sober earnest. Not for a freak or a whim, but to earn her bread. Her guardian, a well-meaning, weak-headed man, had invested her property unfortunately, and she found herself penniless one cruel day.

But she was a brilliant actress still, and bated no whit of her queenly dignity on the stage, until one day a new beauty, fresher, perhaps, and bearing the stamp of transcontinental applause, dawned on the scene, and Marian found herself supplanted.

"It is, perhaps, just as well," said Mrs. Mudge, her faithful companion. "You know, my dear, that your lungs are not strong this winter; and those long parts tried them dreadfully. Perhaps you will be all the better for the rest."

Marian turned a ghastly face toward good Mrs. Mudge.

"But how are we to live?" said she. "You don't mean to say that you have no means to fall back upon," said Mrs. Mudge.

"We have been living beyond our income for the last year," said Miss Montyou. "Where should I get means?"

"But surely you have hosts of friends?"

"None that I choose to call upon," said Marian proudly.

Mrs. Mudge groaned deeply.

"Then," said she, "what are we to do?"

"That's just what I should like some one to tell me," cried Marian, with a laugh which was anything but mirthful.

That night she was smitten down with brain fever.

All those dreary days and weeks' time left no record on the tablets of her consciousness. One breezy, violet-scented April morning, however, she came back, as from a long journey, and found herself supported by pillows weaker than any baby, all her early golden tresses shorn ruthlessly away.

"I have been sick," she said. "I have been very near the gates of the grave."

By degrees Mrs. Mudge told her all—how she owed her life to the constant attention and marvellous skill of the physician who had attended her through her illness.

"Who sent for him?" said Marian.

"The landlady of the hotel," exclaimed Mrs. Mudge. "She said he was very skillful and successful. And has been more than kind. He has spoken to the people here not to press for the bill. He has supplied fruit, wine, medicines, as if he were your brother. But you are looking tired, my dear. I must not talk any more to you just now."

And no further entreaties could tempt Mrs. Mudge to any more disclosures.

"I should like to thank this unknown benefactor," said Marian to herself, as she lay thinking. "Though I do not know why anybody should trouble themselves to help me now."

The doctor came in bright and early the next morning. Tall, dark, imperially handsome, he stood at her bedside and felt of her pulse, with an approving air.

"So," he said, "you are better. I knew you would be better in time."

Marian looked at him with a bewildered face. Where had she seen him before? Whence had she dreamed of him?

"Well?" he said with a smile.

Then it all came back to her. She put out her thin hand. She looked pleadingly up into his face.

"It is Guy Charteris!" she said. "It is my little lover."

They were married as soon as she had regained her old bloom and

strength, and was able to travel. She was six years older than he, but between 24 and 30 the gulf is easily bridged over. And Dr. Charteris had never loved any other woman but her, and, as he declared fervently, never should.

"I vowed a vow once that you should by my wife, Marian," he said; "but I did not dream that it was so soon to be fulfilled."

COOKERY OF THE POOR.

Toothsome and Nutritious Dishes at a Minimum of Expense and Trouble.

A faculty of social science has, it is stated, been instituted at the University of Brussels, and Prof. Berger, a Belgian authority in chemistry, has given a course of lectures on alimentary chemistry. In the first of them he came to the economic conclusion that it was possible to determine with precision the quantity of nutritive elements indispensable for the reparation of the power of a workingman, and consequently the amount of money necessary for purchasing this quantity, and that, therefore, when the other primary wants of a workingman were determined in the same way, the minimum of salary could be fixed with scientific accuracy. Questions of taste, digestibility, and prejudice are, however, apt to be ignored in calculations of this kind; so that, although of value as a basis of information, they are far from having the practical use which their authors ascribe to them.

The knowledge of the housewife and of the cook, and a familiar acquaintance with the habits and surroundings and tastes of the laboring classes, are necessary to give reality to such calculations. An excellent example of may be done in this way is furnished in the able and interesting chapters on the subject in the popular little handbook of domestic economy largely used in boarding schools, entitled "The Making of the Home," written by Mrs. Barnett of St. Jude's, Whitechapel. The same subject is treated with great technical knowledge and power of sympathetic feeling for the poor in her chapter on "Our National Defenses," in the joint essays by herself and the Rev. S. A. Barnett, in the well-known collection of essays entitled "Practicable Socialism." The subject is one in which medical men, skilled as they are in the physiology of food and accustomed to deal with the poor both in family life and public institutions, might give great aid. That which our working classes greatly need is instruction in the art of braising, or slowly stewing at a low heat, combinations of meat scraps and of vegetables.

Anything more toothsome and nutritious than the vintagers' pot au feu, which I lately tasted in the Medoc during the gathering of the grapes, cannot well be imagined. It was so delicious that a supply was ordered into the chateau for midday lunch, and it was voted, by acclamation worthy of a cordial bleu. It was made with leg of beef, onions, carrots, cabbage, and the like, and poured smoking into bowls over slices of thin bread. What a lesson is conveyed to our managers of soup-kitchens and what a meal for our harvesters!

BEAUTY ON ALL-FOURS.

An Interesting Wrinkle in the Physical Culture of American Women. The other day, says the New York Chatter, I accidentally ran across a member of the new school of physical culture women, whom I take to be the same women who recently made a man rich by letting him prescribe hot water by the quart three times a day as the great catholicon and beautifier.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that there are ladies who will walk around and around their rooms on their hands and knees?"

"Hands and feet," she said, interrupting me; "on their four palms."

"There really are such persons?"

"I am one," she said.

"And there are ladies who lie on their backs and gesticulate with all their limbs, like an overturned beetle endeavoring to right himself."

"Yes, yes," she said, "and it's most beneficial. You don't know how beneficial it is."

"Will you kindly tell me where your sense of humor is when you are engaged in these most peculiar performances?"

"I don't know," said the lady. "I think it must be where it belongs. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied picturing in silence to myself the utter impossibility of my locking my chamber door and transferring myself into a circus of such dimensions. Breaking the silence, I asked: "And do you go up and down stairs on all-fours, as some do?"

"Oh, no," she replied with a sigh. "It is impossible for most persons to do that. One must be alone in the house to make it possible. It is a pity for it would be very beneficial. As we can't do that, we are ordered to take carriage rides over the roughest roads in town."

Petroleum Discovered in England. People at Middlesborough, England, are excited over the alleged discovery of petroleum in the ground beneath them. Experimental borings are being made to a depth of 2,000 feet.

It is Guy Charteris!" she said. "It is my little lover." They were married as soon as she had regained her old bloom and

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