

half in width. The frame and arches are of fine gold braid; one row of this sets flat, but outside it is a band looped into picots all along to simulate the gold-work of the crown. Gold sequins form the top of all, and coloured sequins, pearls and other "gems" stud the rim below. Under everything else is the ermine brim, cunningly con-

trived of four or five rows of darning worked with white wool, and with a centre running of black that appears on the right side of the work at due intervals all along. The result, if the crown is evenly made, is quite satisfactory on the light silk ground.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

## AN EXTINCT DISEASE.



ow that hydrophobia seems to be stamped out of the land it is interesting and instructive to read the following account of its ravages in a little town in Wales many years ago. This account is taken from the Diary of Miss Anne Beale, the well-known writer of stories for girls.

August 9, 1850. — As Anne and I

were coming through the town, a dog fell upon poor little Gyp and bit his neck. We tried to get him away, but he bit him again and again. At last I got Gyp up in my arms, and the strange dog fell upon another dog near him, and another, until the people began to say he was mad. We took Gyp home in fear and trembling. The strange dog had been biting all the dogs in the town. Gyp's mouth was full of blood, but there was no external wound. His foot also was hurt. Gwynne Lewis came down and begged us to shut him up at once, which we did, in Mr. Thomas's stable. When he had the rope round his neck to lead him away, he sat up and begged, looking so pitiful that it made my heart ache. Then he yelled all night, till poor Elizabeth declared it was wretched to hear him. He spoiled my pleasure, and they all tried to laugh me out of it. George Price almost won me into a good temper by declaring he could himself cry at any time for the loss of a favourite horse or dog. He consoled with me, but I am determined not to allow him to suppose that he may amuse himself with me as with the rest, so I am colder than ice. I daresay he doesn't care for it. He walked home with us. I ended by a regular good cry.

August 10.—Kind Mr. Rees came down whilst we were at breakfast, and declared the strange dog to be one of Early the keeper's dogs, and not mad, but worried. He had just seen him prowling about the market for meat. I nearly cried again for joy. We released poor Gyp, and his joy was beyond all bounds. He jumped about like mad—I am sure he would have gone mad if he had been chained up much longer. We must be careful, however, as we are not quite sure about the dog. Gyp will not leave my side, and seems to be fearful of imprisonment and conscious of something wrong.

August 11.—We all went down, after Llandefeisant Church, Williams with us, to ask about Early's dog. We saw him tied up. He looks sulky, but the keeper says he is not mad. Gyp is fonder than ever. He had a good dose of medicine. I hope he will be kept from that terrific hydrophobia.

August 12.—A stormy day. Anne and mamma came to meet me. The post-master says Early's dog is mad. I

am in sad distress about Gyp, whose leg continues bad, and who seems more affectionate than ever.

August 14.—Mrs. Williams came to the schoolroom on purpose to tell me that Early's dog is raving mad. Mr. Williams had seen him. Tartar, one of the Llynhelig dogs has also died, supposed to be mad. She said she would get a collar and chain, if I would tie up Gyp. Came home, and met Mrs. R. Hughes. Asked her to tea. Met brother Tom, who went with me to get the collar and chain. Poor little Gyp came jumping about me, as well as his sore foot would let him. He shrank at the sight of the chain, intuitively. Brother Tom went to try and get an old barrel to serve as a kennel. Could not succeed. Fastened the collar on poor Gyp, who looked into my face so entreatingly, and crept up my side so pitifully, that I could not bear it. We fastened him to the railings for a short time and he lay down and literally sobbed. Jackey came home with mamma's chain, and went and procured a barrel. Meanwhile Maria Thomas, Miss Chesterton, and Mrs. Hughes came to tea. We put the barrel in the garden, and fastened Gyp to the wall. It made my heart ache to see his misery when I left him to go to tea, and to hear him whine. No one could understand my feelings but those who knew how nearly human Gyp was, how much better than human in his attachment. Mr. and Mrs. Rees and Mrs. Price came after tea, and with them intelligence that Early's dog had bitten nearly every dog in the town, and was shot raving. Gyp's howlings and strainings at his chain were unbearable. I could not keep from him, and he was like a child with me; sitting up as I had taught him, and begging to be let loose, till Mr. Rees declared that if he went mad I should surely be bit, and entreated me to have him destroyed. I said I would rather have him killed than doom him to three months' misery, tied up as he then was. Elizabeth could bear his pitiful howl no longer, and let him loose. Then she heard that the postmaster and three other people had destroyed valuable dogs that had been bit, and they all declared that if I did not kill mine, they would. As my poor Gypsey was loose and quiet I was comfortable for the time, and managed to keep up for the evening. About 11 o'clock I went to the kitchen for something. Elizabeth was out. I did not see Gyp, and asked Mrs. Hughes's servant, who was there, if she knew anything of him. She did not. I did not dare to ask more. When they were all gone I said to Elizabeth, "They have killed Gyp." She denied at first, almost in tears, for she was nearly as fond as him as I. At last it came out. They had given him prussic acid. Mr. Rees took it upon himself, and mamma sanctioned it. I know I am very silly—very wrong—but I have lost a dear and devoted friend, and I cried till I was ill—cried till, like a baby, I fell asleep. Mamma and Anne were nearly as bad. As soon as I composed myself, and they reasoned me into believing it right, some one of the dog's merry clever ways came before me, and I began again like a child. It seems so cruel to have killed him. I should not have cared so much had he died a natural death, but just in the midst of health and enjoyment, to stop his happy innocent life!

August 15.—Arose with almost as sad a heart as when I went to sleep, and missed Gyp's regular scratch at the bedroom door, and joyous meeting. Anne walked with me. Had a return of all my sorrow when I met my pupils, whose indignation and sorrow at Gyp's murder were unbounded. They could not let the matter rest, and I had

red eyes all day. Went to Berthlewyd in the evening, where I found mamma and Anne. Gyp again was the burden of Charlie's greeting. The children could not think what made "Annie so low." They could not bear to see her out of spirits.

*August 16.*—Still at Berthlewyd, where we are all as happy as we ever are there. The intelligence of there having been ten dogs killed in Llandilo, Dr. Prothero's magnificent Lion amongst them, has reconciled me to the propriety of poor Gyp's death, though not to his loss. Charlie was charmed to see Annie look "brighter" than yesterday.

*August 17.*—Returned from Berthlewyd in the evening. Their kindness has been unexampled. Dear Victoire nice as ever. Anne delighted with them all, as well she may be. The first thing we missed was Gyp's joyous bark—but I will not allude to him any more. We ought to be on our knees in thankfulness that the mad dog did not bite us when we tried to get Gyp away from him, and I have been very foolish to waste so much feeling upon an animal, but no friend I have, loved me better than he did.

*August 23.*—Found mamma better and up when I returned, and brother Tom with her. His sow and twelve little pigs died. He thinks of hydrophobia, because the dog he shot some time ago bit her. He did not consider the dog mad at the time, though he bit his labourer's child's cheek to the bone, but now he begins to fear he was mad, and to be anxious about the poor child.

*August 26.*—A horrible thing has happened. The poor child that brother Tom's dog bit is dead, it is reported of hydrophobia. She died in convulsions, and the insane people say Mr. Rees sent her a dose to put an end to her. How much I feel for the Lewis's! Victoire will be wretched. And the unhappy parents. Doubtless the dog was mad, and the death the effect of the bite, though she was not violent. How can I be thankful enough that Early's dog did not turn upon Anne or me and bite one of us, or that we destroyed poor Gypsey!

*August 30.*—Went up to Berthlewyd. Found dear Victoire looking as ill as she could look and as low as possible. The death of that poor child has quite upset both of them. It appears that she did not die at all violent, but convulsed. She drank tea and water, and took her medicine, and merely wandered in her mind

occasionally. Victoire says she died to all appearances from internal inflammation. Had there been no dog in the case her death might easily have been supposed mere convulsions from inflammation. She was taken Saturday and died Monday. She died in her father's arms quite quietly. Her brothers had been frightening her by endeavouring to keep her indoors with threats of the big dog. The reports that have gone abroad are marvellous, and believed, harrowing the feelings of the poor father, who was told that he had smothered the child. Lewis gave her her medicine twice, and they heard all the progress of the complaint from the parents. The child was the same age as little Arthur, and Victoire was very fond of it. She used to nurse it when Arthur at one time refused the breast, and has watched it constantly, given it a hive of bees and a calf, of which she was very proud. She was a very forward child, and, as her father said, "the prettiest little child in the hamlet." Victoire said she looked quite lovely in her little coffin, covered with flowers. A beautiful smile on her face, and no sign of suffering. The people say she nearly jumped to the ceiling at the sight of a drop of water, that two men could not hold her, and that Mr. Rees gave her poison! And this of a child known to have drunk everything, to have been quiet enough, and to have died from the convulsions. No wonder Victoire is out of spirits. She cannot shake it off, though, as she says, she ought to be thankful that the dog did no further mischief, did not bite any of her family as well, with whom he was domesticated even after he had bit the child. Charlie had harnessed him that very morning. There appears no doubt that the poor child died from the effects of the bite, and I should think madness was in her veins, but she was mercifully taken before showing any of its more fearful signs. She was the only little girl, and spoiled by her parents. There are three boys. They live on the Berthlewyd estate, and are always employed there. Davy the father beat the dog furiously after he had bitten the child, but he made no attempt to snap at him. It seems the whole village of children were teasing him. One pulling his tail, another a log he had round his neck to prevent his sporting, and this child had her arms round his neck meanwhile. No wonder they thought him merely worried. I made Victoire promise to come here for a day or two for change of scene and people. I am quite vexed to see how poorly she is. Peggy told me that she had done nothing but cry from morning to night.

## VARIETIES.

### WIVES IN JAPAN.

The wife in Japan is not only inferior to the husband, but to his parents, under whose roof she goes to live, and whom she is equally bound to obey.

The kiss between husband and wife, or anywhere else in the family, is regarded as too funny for anything and inexplicable. "Every time I see foreigners kiss, I catch a sick," said a student who was trying to show his English.

A husband and wife never walk out together side by side: she goes behind—to follow and to obey being synonyms. If she dies, the husband does not go to the funeral, but sends the children.

FOR HOPEFUL PEOPLE.—Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. Hope is not the man for your banker, though he may do for a travelling companion.

### DWELLING APART.

"Man dwells apart, though not alone,  
He walks among his peers unread:  
The best of thoughts which he hath known  
For lack of listeners are not said."

*Jean Ingelow.*

### TRIFLES ARE OF USE.

A feather shows the way the wind blows,  
And a straw the way the stream flows.

TAKE THOUGHT.—Let us remember not what we have already done, but what we have not yet done for each other, and how we may do it.

THE DEATHLESSNESS OF ACTION.—"All things are engaged in writing their history. Every act of ours inscribes itself in the memories of our fellows, and in our own manners and face. The air is full of sounds; the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered with hints which speak to the intelligent."—*Goethe.*

A BEAUTIFUL poem, "The Crowning of the King," by Mr. G. F. Savage-Armstrong, "the poet of Wicklow," appears in the *Leisure Hour* for June. The same magazine contains an article by the Bishop of Ripon on "The Coronation and some of its Lessons." Three other subjects appropriate to the time are: "The Lions of England," with illustrations; "Coronations of Yesterday and the Day Before," by Miss M. E. Palgrave; and the "Patriotism of Shakespeare," by Archdeacon Sinclair.