

scream every time his brother stopped rocking. Every few minutes Jack ran to the door to see if his mother was coming, and then ran back and rocked violently at the cradle. At last he thought he heard footsteps, and, running to look, saw, not his mother, but Dame Hursey, making her way towards the house.

Now, Jack did not care about Dame Hursey's visits even when his mother was at home. He was half afraid of the witch-like old woman, and to have a visit from her while he was alone was the last thing he desired, so he came in quickly and banged the door, hoping she would think they were all out and go away, if only he could keep Charlie quiet. But Dame Hursey had seen and heard the door shut, and so, after knocking two or three times without any result, she quietly lifted the latch and walked in, while Jack, who was kneeling by the cradle, looked up, half defiantly, half frightened.

"Mother is out; there is no one at home but me," said Jack, sharply.

"Oh, is she? Well, I'll sit and rest a bit till she comes in. Who have you got there in that cradle?"

"Charlie, my new brother," said Jack.

"And where is the fairies' baby? Ah! you see, I know all about it. I know everything; there is no keeping secrets from me. That is the shawl it was brought in, isn't it, now?" said Dame Hursey, rising and examining minutely the Indian shawl in which the baron had wrapped his daughter, and which was lying on a chair.

Jack, more convinced than ever that Dame Hursey was a witch, thought perhaps she might be able to tell him where the fairies had brought the baby from if he were civil to her, so he answered all her questions and described minutely all the baby's belongings.

"Ah! well, it is the Pharisees you have to thank for bringing her here. Mind you all take care of her, and one of these fine days she'll turn into a

beautiful princess and make you all very rich; but if you talk much about her the fairies will be angry and take her away. You tell your mother I said so; I can't wait any longer."

And Dame Hursey, who had been prying about the kitchen to see if she could find any other belongings of this mysterious baby, took her departure, much to Jack's joy.

Shortly after she left Mrs. Shelley came home, and Jack was so full of Dame Hursey's visit and her account of the fairies' child that he forgot to ask the result of his mother's interview with the rector, while Mrs. Shelley, on the other hand, was not at all pleased to find Dame Hursey had been prying about her cottage in her absence, and congratulated herself on not having left any of the baby's little garments about, for she might never have found them again if she had.

The next day the rector called and had a long talk with the shepherd and his wife about the baby, though he could throw but little light upon it, except, of course, to utterly discredit the ridiculous notion that the fairies had brought it. That it belonged to rich people was clear from its clothes; and to foreigners, from the coronet, which was certainly not English. More the rector could not say, except that its parents evidently wanted to get rid of it, and had connived at placing it on the shepherd's doorstep.

As to keeping it, that was a point entirely for the shepherd and his wife to decide. If they chose to send it to the workhouse, no one could blame them for doing so. He doubted exceedingly anyone ever claiming it, but he advised Mrs. Shelley to lock up all its clothes and things in case of their being needed for identification at any future period. He also counselled them, if they thought of keeping the child, to weigh the matter well before they decided, as it would be cruel kindness to take it in for a time and then tire of it and send it to the union.

But John Shelley was not a man to do this, as his wife well knew. If he

decided to keep the child he would do his duty by it, and go to the workhouse himself before he suffered that to do so. All that day John was very thoughtful, but when he came in to supper that night he told Mrs. Shelley he had made up his mind, and they would keep the baby and bring it up as their own daughter. Here, however, Mrs. Shelley raised an objection.

"We will keep it, by all means, John, but we can't bring a delicate little thing like this up as we shall our own strong boys, who must work for their living. This child may be claimed any day by its parents, so we must try and have it educated like a lady when it gets old enough."

John was inclined to dispute the wisdom of this; but as its education was a thing of the far future, he very wisely thought it was useless to discuss it, and resolved to let matters shape themselves, feeling sure the baby would take its own place as it grew older. One matter puzzled the good shepherd sorely. He was most particular in having his own children baptised when they were a month old, and they could not tell whether this baby had been baptised or no, though the rector thought its parents were most likely Roman Catholics, in which case it would be sure to have been christened, as it was two or three months old.

The next question was, what was it to be called? For, if baptised, they had no means of discovering its name. But here Jack came to the rescue.

"Let's call her Fairy, mother. Dame Hursey says she is a fairy, and it is a pretty name."

"So it is, my son; and though she is no fairy, but a real child like you, we will call her Fairy. It is a very good name for her, and when she is old enough we will tell her why," said the shepherd.

And so Fairy was the little stranger called as long as she lived in the shepherd's family.

(To be continued.)

A PRINCESS WHO LIVED TWO LIVES.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.



HERE was no lovelier woman in all the Russias than Carolina, the wife of Alexis, eldest son and presumptive heir to Peter the Great. Her beauty was not only that of the body, for her sweet temper and gentle disposition made her beloved by all who were brought in contact with her. The only being who did not yield to the charms of her surpassing beauty and amiability was the one who ought to have prized her above all others—her husband. His nature was far too coarse and brutal to

appreciate the treasure that he possessed, and the more he saw how universally beloved his wife was, the more did she become an object of aversion to him. For some time he treated her with cold neglect, but by degrees he be-

came more brutal in his behaviour, until one day, when she offended him in some trifling respect, he dealt her an inhuman blow which stretched her, apparently lifeless, at his feet. Well pleased at being delivered so easily from what he only regarded as a hateful burden, he gave orders that she should be buried with all due pomp, and hastened away to another part of the kingdom.

But when her ladies of honour came to raise the unhappy princess, they found that she still breathed. Under the devoted attention of the Countess of Konigsmark, who had always been her confidential attendant, she slowly won her way back to life, and this while her funeral obsequies were being celebrated with the greatest pomp throughout the length and breadth of Russia, while the principal courts of Europe were mourning her premature decease, and while her unnatural husband was drowning the remembrance of his horrible

crime in revelries and excesses of all kinds. None knew that she was still alive but the Countess of Konigsmark and one or two other of her most devoted adherents. They kept her concealed from everyone; for well they knew that Alexis, should he hear of her recovery, would take measures to rid himself of her effectually. Acting under their advice, the princess collected all the valuables she was able to lay her hands on, and, in company with an old domestic, who assumed the character of her father, set out for Paris. Here, however, she felt still within reach of Alexis, and so, with her supposed father, she set sail for Louisiana, where the French had lately formed extensive colonies. They settled down in New Orleans, and Carolina began to rapidly recover her health and beauty.

A young man, by name Moldask, who held a Government appointment in New Orleans, and who had spent many years in Russia,

thought that he recognised in the beautiful stranger the princess who had been the brightest star of the Muscovite Court. However, he could not believe that the highborn lady of whose death he had heard and the daughter of the feeble old man who had lately arrived from France were the same person, wonderful though the resemblance between them might be. He kept his ideas secret, but made himself so useful and agreeable to the strangers, that finally they settled to cast in their lot with his, and live under the same roof. Before the lapse of many months the news of Alexis' death reached New Orleans. Moldask noticed the agitation with which his friends received it, and told them that their secret was his. They did not attempt a denial; so he offered to sacrifice his private fortune, throw up his position in New Orleans, and take Carolina back to Moscow. This offer she would hear nothing of. She thanked Moldask again and again for his noble generosity, but expressed her fixed determination not to revisit the scene of all that had been most unpleasant in her life. She begged him not to betray her secret, and he readily promised to keep it inviolate. The truth was that he had lost his heart to the widow of Czar Peter's son. Respect, however, controlled his feelings. He knew how exalted was her real station compared to his, and resolved to conceal his love.

Time passed on, and one autumn evening a paralytic stroke carried off Carolina's pseudo-father. After this it was, of course, impossible that she and Moldask should continue to inhabit the same house. He came to her on the morning after her faithful old friend's funeral, and explained that he must seek a new abode unless she would so far cast away

all thoughts of her former station as to consent to call him husband. The princess, who had long regarded him with feelings warmer than those of mere friendship, agreed to link her fate with his, and from now began the happiest period of her so far troubled life. Their union was blessed by the advent of a little girl; nothing seemed wanting to render her happiness complete.

Years rolled by, and Moldask was attacked by a disease which baffled the skill of the New Orleans doctors. His wife was determined that he should have the best medical advice, and so persuaded him to sell all his possessions and embark for Paris. Their journey was not in vain; the skill of the Parisian physicians restored Moldask to good health, and he obtained employment in a department of the French Government.

One day, as Carolina was walking in the public gardens with her little girl, she met the son of her faithful friend, the Countess of Konigsmark. She recognised him instantly, and, fearing that he might know her, tried to brush past him with averted head. The Marshal, however, was struck with her appearance, and, turning round, followed her until she sat down beneath some trees. The instant that he caught a fair sight of her he recognised his former mistress, and quickly approaching, bent his knee and carried her hand to his lips. She implored him not to divulge her secret, but to come with her to her home, and hear how she had fared since Alexis had, as he thought, killed her. The Marshal consented to accompany her; he listened with interest to her tale, and when he had heard it to the end announced his intention of informing the King of France, that her highness might be restored to her proper position and honours.

Carolina, however, was quite determined that this should not be. She begged the Marshal to keep her secret for one week, as her husband had certain negotiations, which would be ruined if her identity were disclosed. This he consented to do, and Carolina dismissed him, with the assurance that on that day week he should be definitely informed of her wishes in the matter.

On the appointed day the Marshal found that the princess and her husband had left their home. However, he succeeded in tracing them, and told the king of the noble lady who was then in his dominions. His Majesty entered into negotiations with the Empress Maria Theresa, with a view to deciding upon the manner in which her august aunt should be treated. The upshot of these negotiations was a most tender letter from the Empress to Carolina, asking her to make the Austrian court her home, and promising to load her husband and herself with honours and distinctions. But the happy wife and mother felt that the life she had been leading for the last few years was preferable in every way to the artificial existence of a court, and refused her niece's generous offer. It was renewed again and again; but nothing could shake her determination.

For many years she led a life of the utmost happiness, and then death deprived her of both husband and daughter. Maria Theresa renewed her offers; but Carolina preferred to pass the rest of her days in solitude. She accepted a small pension from the Empress, and retired to a small cottage at Vitry, near Paris. After a quiet existence here for some few years more she passed away, without ever having regretted her refusal to rejoin the brilliant circle of a court.

VARIETIES.

CURIOUS FRESCO.

In the Carthusian Monastery of Garignano, a few miles from Milan, are some frescoes by Daniel Crespi, of Busto, which are said to be marvels of art and imagination. One of them is grim enough, at any rate, and awful. It represents a dead person rising from his bier, to announce to all whom it might concern that, although they were burying him in the abode of holiness, and were now adoring him as a saint, he was, as a fact, condemned to hell.

Perhaps one of our own famous modern divines was thinking of this fresco when he declared that one great source of surprise, to those who went to heaven, would be to find so many there they had not expected to see, and to miss so many they had thought to meet.

"NO' THE DAY, HONEST WOMAN!"

Dr. John Erskine, a well-known Scottish divine, was remarkable for his simplicity of manner and gentle temper. He returned so often from the pulpit minus his pocket-handkerchief that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen by some of the old women who lined the pulpit stairs. So both to baulk and detect the culprit she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat tails. Half way up the pulpit stairs the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round to the old woman whose was the guilty hand, to say, with great gentleness and simplicity:—

"No' the day, honest woman, no' the day. Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in!"

A BRAVE WIFE.

In 1872 a storm overtook a Boston ship on the banks of Newfoundland. The captain—Captain Wilson—had his shoulder-blade broken by the fall of a mast, and the first mate and part of the crew were at the same time disabled.

No sooner, however, had the captain been carried to his cabin than his wife, a woman of one-and-twenty, hurried on deck, told the men to work with a will, and she would take them into port. The wreckage was cleared, the pumps manned, and the gale was weathered. Then a jury-mast was rigged, the ship put before the wind, and in twenty-one days she reached St. Thomas. After repairing damages there, finding her husband still helpless, the indomitable woman navigated the ship to Liverpool.

Captain Wilson was never able to resume work, and for seven years his brave wife supported him and their only child by working as clerk in a dry goods store. Then he died, and Mrs. Wilson was deservedly appointed to a custom-house inspectorship by the American Government.

OLD FRIENDS.—The world has few greater pleasures than that which two friends enjoy in tracing back, at some distant time, those transactions and events through which they have passed together.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A RARE COMPANION.—She whom you can treat with unreserved familiarity, at the same time preserving your dignity and her respect, is a rare companion, and her acquaintance should be cultivated.

THINGS OF VALUE.

What shines and glitters has its birth
But for the present hour alone;
The real—the thing of truth and worth—
To all posterity goes down.

—Goethe.

BEETHOVEN IN GERMANY.—When the German talks of symphonies he means Beethoven; the two names are to him one and indivisible; his joy, his pride. As Italy has its Naples, France its Revolution, England its Navigation, so Germany has its Beethoven symphonies. The German forgets in his Beethoven that he has no school of painting; with Beethoven he imagines that he has again won the battles that he lost under Napoleon; he even dares to place him on a level with Shakespeare.—*Robert Schumann.*

A NEW USE FOR A DOG.—A farmer's daughter in the West of England received a hairy poodle dog from a friend in town. The unsophisticated damsel wrote back thanking her friend for the present, and saying that she found it very handy, when tied to a stick, to clean windows with.

THE WORST OF SUCCESS.—She that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with herself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for, as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.—There is no right without its duties, and no duty without its rights.