

himself, and retraced, by slow stages, the way to Frascati, delaying as he drew nearer and nearer to it, and yet with every intention of seeing Teresa once more.

He took up his residence at the inn again, but saw nothing of Teresa ; neither did he hear of her until—upon making inquiries from the innkeeper—he found that immediately upon her return from the Campagna her parents had been taken ill, and were now in the last stages of disease, and that they were poorer than ever. But Lionel shrank from intruding, although he and the old Cecchi had been very friendly.

Still Teresa had a consciousness of his presence in the constant supplies of all needed for the sufferers, at the hands of the innkeeper ; and she did not refuse them, for she was almost worn out with her vigil, and

perhaps regarded this unexpected assistance as an answer to her prayers, and therefore not to be flung ungratefully aside.

* * * * *

And then came the end. The Death Angel closed the old man's eyes, and the mourners carried him to his grave—soon to be followed by the wife who had journeyed with him through the world. And then Teresa was left an orphan, alone in the world. And then Lionel Merton once more said—

“Teresa, you love me?”

And Teresa replied, as she had done before, “Yes.” But this time she added, “The vow that parted us is accomplished, and I am no longer forbidden to be your wife.”

JEAN BONCEUR.

THE OLD MILL.



ONE hundred years the mill has stood :
One hundred years the dashing flood
Has turned the wheel with roaring sound,
Through foaming waters, round and round.

One hundred years : and overhead
The same broad roof of blue is spread ;
And in the meadows, bright and green,
The miller's children still are seen.

And thus the world is still the same :
The sunset clouds are turned to flame ;
And while we live, and when we die,
The lark still carols in the sky.

And others rise to fill our place ;
We sleep, and others run the race :
And earth beneath and skies above
Are still the same ; and God is love.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

THE DOINGS OF DUSTMEN.



DUSTMEN are not picturesque as a class, nor are they connected in our minds with very pleasant associations. They are invariably dirty, generally noisy, and inevitably thirsty. We can, most of us, recollect them as darting suddenly out of doorways and traversing the pavement with their unsavoury loads on their shoulders, careless of collisions with the passengers who endeavour to pass in front of them, and prodigal of ash-clouds in the faces of those who pass behind them. Or we may recollect them conspicuous by their absence, as being insensible to the attractions of the largest possible D put in the most prominent place in the window ; as causing us suddenly to find out that a local board of works exists, to whom we blindly address a letter ; and as bringing down upon us officials of the Bumble type, who talk to us of boards, inspectors, and contractors, go through long explanations as to “how it is”—which seem to afford them the highest satisfaction—and then go off and leave us as before ; further, as causing us to write again to this ephemeral, evanescent body, the local board ; and finally, as bringing us the dustmen themselves at last, with bad-humour added to their other characteristics.

And then, perhaps, it will presently appear that you have omitted to give the dustman a fee the last time he emptied your bin. Hence all your trouble and consequent extension of parochial knowledge. In vain the most vigorous and upright housekeeper

may try to escape this impost. Useless to justify your meanness by the most lucid reasonings of political economy as applied to dustmen ; in vain take your stand upon your rights as a citizen and an Englishman—in the meantime, your dustbin is festering below, and permeating your house with typhoid and choleraic odours.

The board, we read of—they debate, and are reported in the local papers. The inspector of nuisances, we believe exists, because we heard how he interfered, six months ago, with somebody's drainage, and had to be coaxed away from pulling up the pavement in front of somebody's shop just at Christmas time. The whole of the parochial system, we have no doubt,



BOXING-DAY.

exists in its entirety; but what is its importance, in comparison with the dustman's when the bin is full?

Under these circumstances, it will be interesting to penetrate a little into the habits and characteristics of a gentleman who holds in his shovel so large a portion of our happiness and comfort. And let it be conceded to his enemies, first of all, that the dustman does undoubtedly drink to excess. Whether his calling may be an excuse for this, since there is a fiction that dusty occupations require a great deal of something to "wash the dust down," may be an open question; but it is certain that if his calling is no excuse for his drinking, it is the cause of it. The "Tips" amount to about two shillings a day, and are divided equally at some public-house where dustmen congregate, and quickly converted into liquid refreshment. These small offerings are designated amongst the brethren of the basket and shovel as "sparrow money"—possibly an idea originated by some facetious dustman in allusion to its scrap nature and the chance manner in which it is picked up.

As a matter of course, when Christmas comes round the dustman is to the front. The reception and collection of Christmas-boxes goes by the mysterious name of "building up"—dustmen alone can say why. It takes three dustmen to collect Christmas-boxes, and on these occasions they are considerate enough to carry a pencil and book, in which they enter the amounts they receive, and the names of the donors, thus avoiding any risk of calling twice at the same house—an instance of delicacy of feeling for which no doubt the public, now informed, will be duly grateful. The same public will perhaps be a little astonished

Perhaps now, when so many people have found this out, and competition is keener, there is more necessity for sharpness and business knowledge than formerly,



GOING THROUGH THE HALL.

but that a quantity of money is still made at dust-collecting is unquestionable. And it is simple enough to understand that if you can utilise or sell what almost everybody is anxious to get rid of, your chances of large profits are considerable. We once knew a master dustman who had risen from a very low position in life to the possession of a large wharf,



WHEN THE BIN IS FULL."

to hear that these Christmas-boxes realise to each dustman from £5 to £10, which usually go towards increasing the Inland Revenue returns on excisable articles.

While the working dustmen are drawing their sustenance out of the dust in this manner, it can easily be understood that their masters and employers—the contractors—are not doing so badly. There is, in truth, a vast amount of money made out of rubbish.

numbers of carts, horses, and men, mountain ranges of dust-heaps, and a lovely country-house. He was a jovial, merry soul, and weighed close upon eighteen stone. His wealth had originated by a chance which occurs sometimes to his trade. He had contracted to dig out and cart away rubbish preparatory to laying the foundations of a large building. He was to receive five shillings a load for doing this; but, after digging a little way, sand was discovered, when it instantly

became worth the builder's while who employed him to buy the sand of him, to be used in the course of erecting the building. Thus, although the contractor was paid five shillings a load to take the stuff away, he was able, when he "struck" sand, to save the expense of all horses and men, to still receive, as per contract, five shillings a load for taking it away, and then to obtain another five shillings a load from the builder for letting it stop where it was ! It is not often that such pieces of good fortune occur to contractors, since the nature of the soil can generally be pretty closely ascertained before making the agreement ; but sometimes the most business-like men are forgetful, and the most skilful are deceived, and then such chances happen as that by which this particular contractor obtained what he used to term his "bit of fat."

We might have enjoyed the pleasure of this gentleman's friendship for many years, had he not had an unhappy prejudice against vaccination at a time when small-pox was very prevalent.

"Vaccination is a delusion," he would say. "Look at me. I was never vaccinated, and I am constantly, in the course of my business, going into infected places ; and yet I have no fear."

"Vaccination," echoed a friend of this dustman, "is a delusion. Look at Mr. Western. He was never vaccinated, and he is constantly, in the course of his business, going into infected places ; and yet he has no fear."

But small-pox had marked Mr. Western for its own, and one day it arose in his neighbourhood, possibly from one of his own dust-heaps, and laid the mighty dustman low. He died, and his friend got vaccinated as quickly as possible.

Dustmen are rather particular about the funerals of their comrades, when one of them has returned to the element of his trade. By means of burial clubs, to which most of them are subscribers, there is a sum of money always at hand to furnish a funeral. Even when respect for the deceased induces them to carry the coffin on their shoulders, they indulge in a profusion of mourning coaches, velvets, feathers, and other funeral pomps and vanities. The Irish custom of "waking," too, exists in a certain degree amongst the dust fraternity, for there is usually a great deal of drunkenness about the neighbourhood, on the part of friends and relations of the dead dustman, for two or three days after he has been laid underground.

A civilising influence is much needed among dustmen, though it is possible to be too fastidious. A gentleman once complained bitterly to their employer, of the dustmen who came to his house—their language and manners were, he said, most offensive to him.

"I can easily understand it," said the contractor, "and I don't attempt to deny it. But you would hardly believe the difficulty I have in getting gentlemen of education and culture to follow my dust-carts !"

A. H.

HOW TO GET RID OF A WINTER COUGH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



OF all the many ailments that flesh is heir to, scarcely can anything more serious engage the thoughts of a medical man than this same apparently simple subject of Winter Cough. Simple it may at times appear, even to the practitioner, whose attention is so often absorbed by cases of a graver because of a more pressing nature ; but

simple it can seldom appear to the poor patient, for the symptoms of his aggravating complaint are often of the most painful nature, while the mind fluctuates between hope and fear with every change of weather in this fitful climate of ours.

Cases of winter cough are extremely numerous, and in all ranks of society, from the richest to the poorest, represent an amount of human suffering which is incalculably great.

Common colds, or catarrhs, are quite inseparable

from a residence in these islands. Take what precautions we like, we are all liable to them at times, and it is the neglect of these common colds which is the most fruitful source of winter cough.

It is my object in this paper to describe, in language as homely as possible, the character and commonest causes of this scourge of millions—winter cough ; and to suggest some plain directions for its prevention and cure. But first and foremost, there are two truths, to which I wish to call the attention of the reader :—

1. *Not only thousands, but tens of thousands of deaths in a single year, are in this country attributable, either directly or indirectly, to neglected colds.*

2. It is at this season of the year above all others—because summer with its long, bright days, will very soon be with us—that persons who are afflicted with winter cough, should endeavour by every means in their power to undermine the stronghold of the enemy, and eradicate even every trace of the dire complaint. By common-sense treatment one can do for himself in summer, what the most eminent of medical men would fail to effect, during the cold months of winter and early spring.

It is gratifying to be able to offer a patient at the very outset that most blessed of all medicines, hope, and to inform him or her that, up to a certain stage—when our treatment becomes palliative instead of