

"I told you so," he cried. "I knew she would come if Pipino wanted her."

He threw an arm round each of their necks, and drew their faces down to his and kissed them. Then he said, half roguishly, half gravely—

"Now kiss each other."

But Lucia rebelled, and rising from his hold with flushed cheeks, began to reprove him.

"How is this, Pipino? Is it a trick you have played upon me?"

"No, no," cried the child eagerly. "The doctor says I have hurt my leg badly; but I don't care if it makes Nicolo happy."

And so the little orphan, who had severed one love-match, cemented another, and Lucia became the wife of Nicolo Prato.

The spring days came, and all things seemed to prosper. The English signora took up her abode again in Albano, and often visited the young wife and little Pipino, who had not only recovered from his

accident, but was getting less lame under the skilful treatment of the kind doctor. The boy was very clever, too. People began to shake their heads wisely, and prophesy that he would do great things some day.

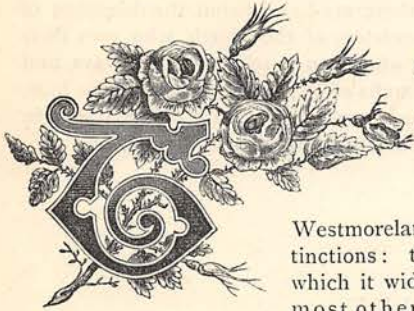
"Ah!" they said, "it was a lucky hour for Lucia when she took that child. He will turn out a genius."

Sad accounts came from Rome—sad stories of the life led by Enrico and Maddalena, but they never reached Lucia's ears. Nicolo guarded against that. To him, also, the mere mention of the names brought bitter memories, and no allusion to them ever crossed his lips.

And so Lucia's life went on, passed in tranquil happiness. The love she had accepted was honest and sincere, not full of stormy gusts, like the passion of Enrico, but patient and unselfish, filling every day's commonplace duties with sweet and thoughtful attentions. With her husband at her side, Pipino growing up, and baby voices calling her mother, Lucia has reason to bless the day she took the name of Prato.



CUMBERLAND "STATESMEN."



HE county of Cumberland has, with its neighbour Westmoreland, three distinctions: three things in which it widely differs from most other counties—its mountains, its lakes, and "statesmen." The hills are "eternal" as the lakes, but one of the olden glories of the two north-western counties seems passing away in the "statesmen." Of these, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, the county has furnished, and may still furnish, its share; but it is to the local meaning of the word that the last sentence has reference. The "statesman"—*estatesman*—of the North-west of England was a small farmer, who "tilled the land, and owned the land he tilled;" and the numbers of the class were in the past sufficient to give a distinctive individuality to the county character. They are of the class Wordsworth pictured, who loved their "own hereditary nook," and who gave to the North-west and to its people special characteristics that have not yet faded out. The mode of life, the comparative isolation, and the conservative tendency in regard to manners and customs, led to the continuance of one type of character, and often one dialect. The circumstances of the county and the class of its inhabitants contributed to the development of the "statesmen," who have influenced very greatly the history of their district. The "statesman" had acquired or inherited a small plot of land, and it was his desire and his

constant aim to add to this, and to make it a farm. He was aided by his wife and his family, and a hardy and a thrifty race grew up, living on the soil, and deriving from it almost entirely their subsistence literally. When the "statesman" type had fairly planted itself in the North-west, there was there a yeoman type of farmers, whose habits, dialect, abodes, and even dress, were distinctive.

This type of Cumberland farmers had its special attachment to the land. The acreage farmed gave plentiful mutton for the chief meal and plentiful clothing from the same favourite animal of the fell farmers, whilst much of the household needs was also self-supplied—often self-made, for the "homespun" was the usual wear of the statesmen. It was this self-containedness of the statesman's farm that gave him wealth in great degree. From its soil he extracted food and clothing; he burnt the lime the land needed to repay it, in his own kiln; he and his sons were the ploughmen, the shepherds, the farriers, and at times the carpenters also. He was on the fells in all weather, a long staff often in his hand, a cur dog generally at his heels, as skilled with sheep as his master. His talk was of "tyups," his delight in the Herdwick breed, and his fortune came largely out of the sheep and the cattle.

His home was one where frugality reigned, but "free-hearted hospitality" had ever a place. It was no mansion, but a plain farmstead, low and irregular outside, cosy and comfortable within. In the great kitchen by day meals were ever on the way; by night the fire glowed, and the family gathered to chat

by the huge screen and under the wide-spreading chimney, whilst knitting was so common with both men and women, that a great orator, on visiting one of the Northern dales to speak on politics, found his audience keeping the needles at work so industriously that he dubbed the place "Knitting Dale." It was a hard and an isolated life. In the villages, "merry neets" were an occasional relief, and the villagers met at each other's houses in little unpretentious parties on an equality so complete that these parties were held from house to house—as it was termed, "by house row"—almost without a break. It was Arcadian in one respect, too—"there the richest was poor, and the poorest had abundance." But there was with the frugality usually a little surplus after life had been sustained; and the homely porridge—"poddish," in local phrase—proved an excellent staff; and the capital grew, except where one fault that was rather common—intemperance—crept in, and in the end squandered capital and sold the farm.

In this way the statesmen ceased largely to be the power in Cumberland that they once were. The more provident enlarged their holdings, buying up those of their less temperate or more unfortunate brethren. Changes took place in the holdings also, for when the county was traversed by railways, and visitors came in numbers to the lakes, there were other needs for agricultural products. And there were attempts to introduce better implements, and a mode of cultivation more scientific than that of old. Before these changes, aided as they were by a great increase in the value of land, and supplemented by the development of mining and metallur-

gical industries on the seaboard, the race of statesmen gave way, and the numbers of these farmers who owned their farms have greatly declined. Enclosure Acts, too, encroached on the fells, and helped to change the face of the county in parts. And thus there was rendered less prominent what was long a distinctive type of life and labour in the North—one that gave to the two North-western counties much of the characteristic independence of thought that it had. It was a homely, heathery, hard-working type of character—not educated in the schools of thought, having little of "book-learning," but possessing the qualities of thrift, of endurance, and of tireless labour. It aided in building up a race stalwart as those in the old ballad—"lusty lads, and large of length"—and in its way it largely contributed to the development of the agriculture of the North—from no theories, but from the fruits of observation and long-continued experience. Its people wore "hodden gray," and dined on "homely fare," as did Burns' hero, with whom they had much akin; and if they had too great contempt for "silks," still the big, burly, honest Cumberland farmer was "a man for a' that." And still on the moorlands, and under the shadow of Skiddaw, and far away in the dales that are shut in during winter by long frosts, and that in summer blossom into a rare beauty, there are to be found the dwellings of the farmer proprietors of the North, who own their ancestral acres, who keep much to the old ways, and who are "monarchs of all they survey," for the hills, and the deep lanes, and the swelling uplands shut in the sight to the farms that are well tilled and productive.

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

A MODERN AMERICAN FABLE.



A FOX, who had had a long run before the hounds, dashed into the retreat of a hare. "Lend me your bed, my dear friend," he said, "for an hour or two. I am fatigued by a long journey. A little fresh air will do you good. You stay indoors too much with your interesting little family. I will take good care of the little dears in your absence."

The poor hare, half dead with fright, left her home with sad forebodings, and was soon killed by the hounds. After awhile, they recovered the scent of the fox, who was unfit for another run, having just devoured the last of the leverets.

Moral.—The rascal who cheats the poor and defenceless, whether in small stealings from individuals or wholesale robberies of charitable trusts, is generally caught at last.