

conscience; but good, at length, obtained a final triumph in his soul.

"I will go, Miss Ruby," he said, rising to his feet, "and do my best to get them away without their making any further attempt upon the house. They will be two to one, and I cannot be sure that I shall succeed. They are rough fellows, and may very likely use me hard enough; but it will only be a just punishment for me, Miss Ruby."

"The Master will be with you; you are on His side now, Ben," said Ruby, earnestly.

Then she asked him one or two hurried questions, from the answers to which she learned that he and his companions had come down into Devonshire for what they called "a spree." That being very short of money, they had resolved to break into Stonecroft, where they had heard some rich lodgers were staying. They had all been engaged in burglaries near London, and so were well up to the trade. Ben little thought that Ruby was in the house. They had found a ladder in an outhouse, and by its means Ben, the most active of the three, had easily reached the window. There was a hasty, silent parting between Ruby and Ben, and he left the house as he had entered it. It was settled between them before he went, that if he could succeed in getting his companions away quietly, he should make known to her the fact by three low whistles given beyond the wall.

And now there came a time of terrible suspense for Ruby; it seemed to her as if it must have lasted the whole night, but, in reality, it perhaps only lasted about a quarter of an hour. There she stood at the open courtyard, gazing out into the little courtyard, which was full of nothing but silence and black shadows—there she stood, with a million fears and misgivings thronging round her. What if the child should wake, left alone and unwatched as he now was—should wake and be injured by fright at finding himself thus alone? What if Ben's good resolution should fail when he had reached his companions—such things used often to happen to his better resolves when he was a boy—and the three men should be even now breaking into the front of the house? She strained her ears to listen for any sound which might make known to her that such was the case, but she could hear nothing except the rain-drops falling slowly from the eaves, for a heavy shower had just come rattling down. What if—even if Ben were true—his two comrades should refuse to heed his words, and should have fallen on him and overpowered him, so that he could do nothing in her cause? Oh, why did not those three longed-for whistles come? Why was there no noise inside the house or out, save those monotonous rain-drops ever falling, falling?

Yet, in the midst of that weary, restless waiting, One was with her. She lent on prayer, and it upheld her, and bore her close up to Him who never leaves or forsakes. More cheering thoughts came to hover round her. Were not angels sent down by the Father of the fatherless to watch around the widow's

child while she was away? And surely that same Lord, by whose Almighty guidance Ben Bryant had been led to break into no other house in the neighbourhood, but just this house where she, Ruby, his old teacher, and Bessie's friend, was—that Lord who had put into her mouth, even in the midst of her extreme anxiety and fear, the very words which could best rouse up the man's conscience—that Lord of love and strength, would give Ben the power to keep true to his promise to her, to give up, to-night, the evil way.

Thus supported in her fear and suspense, the brave woman waited on, and still the moments dragged slowly by, and still the ceaseless rain-drops kept falling, falling, falling. How she longed to be able to get through that locked door, and to stand, if it were for but an instant, at the side of Ella's bed or the child's! There would be companionship even in listening to their breathing while they slept; it was so terribly lonely here in this solitary room, with the great, empty, four-post bed, and the high-backed, old-fashioned chairs standing about in grim order, as though they were always expecting visitors who would not come.

At length there was a sound beyond the wall of the courtyard: a sound like confused voices speaking—voices of several men at once; then the report of fire-arms rang out upon the midnight air, breaking fearfully the stillness.

What had happened?

Ruby felt literally sick with terror; but yet her very anxiety prevented her fainting. Suppose it should have awakened the child, and given him the deadly fright which she had striven to preserve him from? She had scarcely time to frame this thought in her mind, when she saw, as she leant out of the window, a dark figure advancing through the gloom.

Had that shot killed Ben, and was this one of the other burglars coming to enter in the same way that he had done? "Oh! Father in heaven help me in my sore need."

That prayer had but just left her lips, when she heard some one calling softly beneath the window—

"Miss Stanton! Miss Stanton!"

"Who's there?" she answered, a little reassured by hearing her own name.

"It's John Ridler, Miss Stanton." John Ridler was the farmer who rented Stonecroft. "They be took't to their heels, those rascals, and there be no danger now. Thank God, Miss Stanton, that He ordained that there should be such a bold Christian woman as you are in my house to-night, or else who knows how it might have gone with me and mine."

She knew, as this man was here speaking these words, that all must be well, and she fell a-weeping in the reaction of the sudden relief, as she had not wept through all she had so lately gone through; and the farmer, the while, not seeing in the darkness those tears, told her briefly what had happened. He and one of his men had risen in the middle of the night to go to see a sick horse, and they had come upon the

burglars just when Ben had been shot by his two companions, who, however, had fled at Ridler's and his servant's approach. Ben had been very badly hurt, but he had been able to tell the farmer the story of himself and Ruby.

A few minutes after, Ruby, having been released by Ridler with another key which suited the lock, was holding in her arms, first Ella—who, knowing now the whole story, was sobbing and thanking her for the self-devoted courage she had shown for her child—and then little Harry himself, who had slept calmly with trouble and danger all around him, but was now awake, with his small thin hands clasped round Aunt Ruby's neck.

(To be concluded.)

ALL ABOUT COFFEE.



BEFORE my young housekeepers have a purchase of coffee to make for the family use, they ought to know something about the article required—not only as to the respective excellence of the various descriptions, their several prices, and the quantity that would suffice for the consumption of a certain number of people, in a given time, but they should have some acquaintance with the history of the plant itself. Common things are not, necessarily, without an interest attached to them; whether concerning their growth or manufacture, or their respective histories and surroundings. The best coffee is that imported from Arabia, grown in the districts of Aden and Mocha, in the province of Yemen—the climate, soil, and method of culture rendering it superior to any grown elsewhere. Our own colonies produce a larger berry in their respectively richer soils, but the flavour is much inferior. Each tree yields from twelve to sixteen ounces of coffee, when grown on a deep, rich soil; but the poorer, drier land, that can yield but half that quantity, produces grain of a much finer quality. You may know Mocha coffee by the small size and rounder shape of the bean, which is of a yellow colour; and by the superior perfume, or aroma, which it gives forth.

Should the best prove too expensive for you to purchase, perhaps the next best might suit you; and this coffee is grown in Ceylon and Java, the beans of which are of a paler yellow than the Mocha. The inferior kinds are imported from the French colonies of Martinique and Bourbon and also from British Guiana; while—last in degree of excellence—those of Jamaica and St. Domingo are the commoner and cheaper descriptions. You may distinguish the latter importations, not merely by their loss of perfume, but a difference in the formation of the beans,

which are more pointed at each extremity. The West Indian Rio coffee bean has a bluish or greenish tint.

The tree is of *Abyssinian origin*, and has been cultivated there from time immemorial. It has been in use for ages in Arabia and Persia, having been introduced into the latter country by a Mufti of Aden, in consequence of reports respecting its wakeful-making qualities. It is said that the Superior of some Eastern Monastery tried an infusion of it on his monks, to keep them awake during some nocturnal services, having heard from the neighbouring shepherds that their flocks were more lively after feeding on this shrub than at other times; and this led to its adoption by them. After the Turkish conquest of Egypt, it was introduced from thence into the former country, but did not become a publicly-sold commodity in Constantinople till the year 1554. As the Mahometans were forbidden the use of wine, you may understand the value they attached to this rather exhilarating drink. At one time it was prohibited by the Mufti, and afterwards restored by Solyman the Great, who put a tax upon it. The Venetians procured it from the Levant as early as the year 1615, and, last of all, it came to us. By the French and Dutch the trees were imported to the West Indies and South America; and they flourish in various parts of our own dominions, as I have said.

The gift of such a tree, in early times, was regarded as worthy of a king's acceptance, for the magistrates of Amsterdam sent one from Holland, where they had been naturalised, to the magnificent Louis XIV., which was placed at Marly.

The tree, or shrub, grows to a height of from 12 ft. to 18 ft. It is an evergreen, and its leaves are rather like those of the laurel, though more pointed and thinner. Its pretty star-like blossoms are white, and much resemble those of the jasmine, only they grow out of the stem, like the leaves. A red berry, not unlike a cherry, succeeds the flower, and encloses the seed, which is composed of two oval-shaped beans, surrounded by a glutinous pulp of a yellowish colour. You only know what they look like when roasted, and the strong odour that comes from them. This scent has properties in it which render it valuable for disinfecting fumigation.

Katharine of Braganza was the first of our queens who patronised tea, and set the fashion of employing it as a substitute for malt drinks and wine, soon after her marriage with Charles II., and both she and the refined decoction in which she indulged were eulogised by the poet, Waller, as representing, respectively

"The best of queens and best of herbs."

It was shortly after that time (1650) that coffee was introduced to this country by Daniel Edwards, a Smyrna merchant; who also brought home a Greek servant accustomed to roasting it. But about twenty years elapsed before coffee-houses were established in any numbers. Neither tea nor coffee were taxed in the leaf or grain; but while both continued very scarce, their infusion in water, prepared as a drink, was taxed, together with that of chocolate, at a charge of 8d. a gallon.

In the year 1662 coffee was cheaper than tea. It was sold in powder at from 4s. to 6s. 8d., while that only pounded in a mortar was to be had at 2s. 6d.

In the British Museum there is an original handbill of Pasqua Rosee's, the Greek servant of the merchant, Edwards, brought from Ragusa, who set up the first coffee-house in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, which gives a wonderful list of all the advantages gained by its use, and all the ills it claimed to cure:—

"It is good against sore eyes; suppreseth Fumes exceedingly; good against the headache; very much stops any defluxion of Rheums; cures the dropsy, gout, and scurvy, the King's Evil, the spleen, hypochondriac winds," &c.

The origin of the establishment of this coffee-house was that the merchant was overrun with visitors, who came for the luxury of a cup of that beverage; so he got rid of his besiegers by setting up his man in the business of selling the commodity which had become so popular. "Afternoon coffee" soon became an institution at these houses, as may be gathered from an old paper of that time, called *The Public Advertiser*, in which we read that, "in Bartholomew's-lane, on the back side of the Old Exchange," the drink called coffee was sold "at three of the clock in the afternoon," as well as in the morning. In 1686 there is a notice of this comparatively new luxury, and, in a bill of Mr. John Bragges, for attendance at the Dorchester Assizes, in those early days of coffee-drinking, his cup of this beverage is charged at "twopence." This Mr. Bragge was the Town Clerk of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire.

I said that "afternoon coffee" became a custom in England, the fashion having been imported with the grain, as the Turks drink their "*Cauphe*" at three o'clock in the afternoon. Its popularity in France, since its introduction by the Turkish Ambassador at Paris, 1668, has been equal to that of tea in this country. Ladies especially were tempted to adopt it, being charmed by the beautiful china cups employed, the gold-fringed napkins, and the spectacle of the kneeling slaves who presented the beverage—on their knees—to the ladies, seated on cushions laid on the floor. The novelty, as well as the picturesque effect of such entertainments, took the higher classes in Paris by storm; and, in less than four years since its first appearance, an American started a coffee-house, and his example was speedily followed. But the selling of wine and beer in these places led to the introduction of a low class of customers; and a Florentine of more refined taste opened one of a superior kind, and provided ices instead of beer. His coffee-house led to the opening of others like it, and they became the favourite resorts of artists and literary men. Amongst the upper classes of French society coffee became exceedingly popular, and the cost of the supply provided for the daughters of Louis XV. is said to have amounted to £3,000 sterling per annum.

Coffee-leaves, though not utilised in England or France, are adopted as a substitute for tea-leaves in the Eastern Archipelago. There, they are laid over a clear, smokeless fire, and roasted; then picked from the twigs, and a decoction made from them by pouring boiling water over them, which is said to produce an agreeable drink.

The adulteration of coffee prevails to a great extent. Chicory is often mixed with it, and it is a mistake to suppose that this is a harmless ingredient. The plan for detecting it is to place the powder in cold water; if the water be coloured, the presence of chicory is proved, for coffee alone would not colour it. The deeper the shade, the more of chicory.

Probably my young housekeeper will preside at the breakfast-table, or, at least, prepare the meal. In this case, accept a few words of advice as to how the coffee should be made:—Allow one large tablespoonful of ground coffee to each person, and one over; beat up an egg—including the shell—in the powder, and then pour boiling water on it, allowing three pints to seven spoonfuls of coffee. Let it boil gently for about fifteen minutes, and let it settle where it will keep hot. Do not shake it when pouring it out. Fill the cups half full of hot boiled milk before you add the

coffee. But the egg, though a great improvement, and very desirable for an invalid, is not necessary. If you have a "Percolator," or any new appliance, or method for making it, the requisite directions will be supplied. Of course, you will have to consult each person as to the quantity, if any, of milk and sugar desired.
S. F. A. CAULFIELD.

VARIETIES.

DARK THINGS MADE LIGHT.

Of what he dimly understands,
"It cannot be!" the fool will say:
Know thou, to-morrow in his hands
Will hold a lamp to light to-day.

Sophocles.

ON THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—My daughter, I needed once a pilot for my vessel, and there came one and said, "I will steer you within an ell of any rock; and there came another and said, 'I will steer you within an hair's breadth of anything,' and there came a third and said, 'I will keep thy vessel evermore in mid channel.' And the last man I chose to be my pilot.

THE SLUGGARD'S PHILOSOPHY.

The sluggard says, "I'll take mine ease,
And wait till heaven rains bread and cheese."

TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.—You live but once, so make your best of life.—*Euripides.*

HOW TO KNOW A FOOLISH WOMAN.—By six qualities a foolish woman may be known: anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

HANDEL MADE SIMPLE.—A tourist wandering round a village churchyard in Hampshire, a few years back, fell in with some rustic members of the choir coming away from their Saturday afternoon's rehearsal. He asked one of them what music they were singing. The answer was "Handel." "Well, but," said he, "don't you find Handel rather difficult?" "Why, no, sir," the Hampshireman replied; "not very. You see *we alters him!*"

LITTLE WORDS.

A little word is not a little thing,
For it may make and it may mar a king.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.—If you have nothing worth saying, say nothing.

THE ORIGIN OF SALUTATIONS.

A LARGE, if not the largest, class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals shows itself specially in their salutations. The Hebrew word Barak, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming, and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in such case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord;" "The Lord be with thee;" "And Jacob blessed Pharaoh and went out from before him;" are instances which illustrate the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian "God grant thee his favours;" "May God strengthen your morning;" "May your morning be good;" by the Persian "I make prayers for thy greatness;" and by the Ottoman "Be under the guard of God;" "My prayers are for thee;" "Forget me not in thy prayers;" and we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation is found to exist in some shape or other among all national greetings. Our religion has come from the East, and some of their religious salutations still survive; as, for example, in the Esthonian "God guide you," the "Adieu" of the French, the "Go with God, Senor," of Spain, and our "God be with ye," corrupted into, "Good-bye."