

A Tale of Three Lions

BY
H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

"At last the crisis came. One Saturday I had paid the men as usual, and bought a muid of meale meal at sixty shillings for them to fill themselves with, and then I went with my boy Harry and sat on the edge of the thundering great hole that we had dug in the hill-side, and which we had in bitter mockery named Eldorado. There we sat in the moonlight with our feet hanging over the edge of the claim, and were melancholy enough for anything. Presently I pulled out my purse and emptied its contents into my hand. There was a half-sovereign, two florins, nine pence in silver, no coppers, for copper practically does not circulate in South Africa, which is one of the things that makes living so dear there, in all exactly fourteen and nine pence.

"There, Harry, my boy," I said, "that is the sum-total of our worldly wealth; the infernal hole has swallowed all the rest."

"Gracious!" said Master Harry. "I say, you and I shall have to let ourselves out to work with the Kafirs and live on meale pap," and he giggled at his unpleasant little joke.

"But I was in no mood for joking, for it is not a merry thing to dig like mad for months and be completely ruined in the process, especially if you happen to hate digging like poison, and consequently I resented Harry's light-heartedness.

"Shut up!" I said, raising my hand as though to give him a cuff, with the result that the half-sovereign slipped out of it and fell in the gulf below.

"Oh, confound it all," said I, "it's gone."

"There, dad," said Harry; "that's what comes of letting your angry passions rise; now we are down to four and nine."

"I made no answer to these words of wisdom, but scrambled down the steep sides of the claim followed by Harry, to hunt for my little all. Well, we hunted and hunted, but the moonlight is an uncertain thing to look for half-sovereigns by, and there was some loose soil about, for the Kafirs had knocked off working at the very spot a couple of hours before. I took a pick and raked away the clods of earth with it, in the hope of finding the coin; but all in vain. At last in sheer annoyance I struck the sharp end of the pick-ax down into the soil, which was of a very hard nature. To my astonishment it sunk in right up to the haft.

"Why, Harry," I said, "this ground must have been disturbed!"

"I don't think so, father," he answered, "but we will soon see," and he began to shovel out the soil with his hands. "Oh," he said, presently, "it's only some old stones; the pick has gone down between them, look;" and he began to pull at one of the stones.

"I say, dad," he said, presently, "almost in a whisper, 'it's precious heavy, feel it,'" and he rose and gave me a round brownish lump about the size of a very large apple, which he was holding in both his hands. I took it curiously and held it up to the light. It was precious heavy. The moonlight fell upon its rough and dirt-incrusted surface, and as I looked curious little thrills of excitement began to pass through me. But I could not be sure.

"Give me your knife, Harry," I said. "He did so, and resting the brown stone on my knee I scratched at its surface. Great heavens, it was soft!"

"Another secret and the secret was out; we had found a great nugget of pure gold, four pounds of it or more. 'It's gold, lad,' I said, 'it's gold, or I'm a Dutchman.'

"Harry, with his eyes starting out of his head, glared down at the long gleaming yellow scratch that I had made upon the virgin metal, and then burst out into yell upon yell of exultation, that went ringing away across the silent claims like the shrieks of somebody being murdered.

"Shut up, shut up!" I said, "do you want every thief on the fields after you?"

"Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when I heard a stealthy footstep approaching. I promptly put the big nugget down and sat on it, as though it had been an egg, and uncommonly hard it was, and as I did so I saw a lean dark face peered over the edge of the claim and a pair of beady eyes searching us out. I knew the face, it belonged to a man of very bad character known as Handspike Tom, having I understood been so named at the Diamond Fields because he had murdered his mate with a handspike. He was now no doubt prowling about like a human hyena to see what he could steal.

"Is that you, 'unter Quatermain'?" he says.

"Yes, that's me, Mr. Tom," I answered, politely.

"And what might all that there yelling be?" he asked. "I was walking along, a-taking about the evening air and a-thinking about my soul, when I 'ears 'owl after 'owl'."

"Well, Mr. Tom," I answered, "that is not to be wondered at, seeing that like yourself they are nocturnal birds."

"Owl after 'owl," he repeated, sternly, taking no notice of my interpretation, "and I stops and smacks my lips and says, 'That's murder,' and I listens agin and thinks, 'No, it ain't; that 'owl is the 'owl of hexultation; some one's been and got his fingers into a gummy yeller pot, I'll swear, and gone off 'is 'ead in the sucking of it. Now, 'unter Quatermain, is I right? Is it nuggets? Oh, Lor'!" and he smack-

ed his lips audibly—great big yellow boys—is it them that you have just been and tumbled across?"

"No," I said boldly, "it isn't—the cruel gleam in his black eyes altogether overcoming my aversion to the lie, for I knew that if once I found out what it was that I was sitting on—and by the way I have heard of rolling in gold being spoken of as a pleasant process, but I certainly do not recommend anybody who values comfort to try sitting on it—I should run a very good chance of being handspiked before the night was over.

"If you want to know what it was, Mr. Tom," I went on with my politest air, although in agony from the weight underneath, for I hold it always best to be polite to a man who is so handy with a handspike, "my boy and I have had a slight difference of opinion, and I was enforcing my view of the matter upon him; that's all, Mr. Tom."

"Yes, Mr. Tom," put in Harry, beginning to snivel.

"Well, all I can say is that a played-out old claim is a wonderful queer sort of a place to come for to argue at ten o'clock of night, and what's more, my sweet youth, if ever I should 'ave the argifying of yer—and he leered unpleasantly at Harry—'yer won't 'oller in quite such a jolly sort o' way. And now I'll be saying good-night, for I don't like disturbing of a family party. No, I ain't that sort of man. I ain't. Good-night to yer, 'unter Quatermain—good-night to yer, my argified young one; and Mr. Tom turned away disappointed and prowled off elsewhere, like a human jackal, to see what he could thieve or kill.

"Thank heaven!" I said, as I slipped off the lump of gold which had left a dent upon my person that did not wear out for a week or more. "Now then, just you slip up, Harry, and see if that consummate villain has gone." Harry did so, and reported that he had vanished toward Pilgrims' Rest, and then we set to work, and very carefully, but trembling with excitement, with our hands hollowed out all the space of ground into which I had struck the pick. Yes, as I thought, there was a regular nest of nuggets, twelve in all, running from the size of a hazel nut to that of a hen's egg, though of course the first one was much larger than that. How they all came there nobody can say; it was one of those extraordinary freaks, with stories of which at any rate, all people acquainted with alluvial gold-mining will be familiar. It turned out afterward that the Yankee who sold me the claim had in the same way made his pile—a much larger one than ours, by the way—out of a single pocket, and then worked for six months without seeing color, after which he gave it up.

"At any rate, there the nuggets were, to the value as it turned out afterwards, of about twelve hundred and fifty pounds, so that after all I took out of that hole four hundred and fifty pounds more than I put into it. We got them all out and wrapped them up in a handkerchief, and then fearing to carry home so much treasure, especially as we knew that Mr. Handspike Tom was on the prowl, made up our minds to pass the night where we were—a necessity which, disagreeable as it was, was wonderfully sweetened by the presence of that handkerchief full of virgin gold, which represented the interest of my lost half-sovereign.

"Slowly the night wore away, for with the fear of Handspike Tom before my eyes I did not care to go to sleep, and at last the dawn came, blushing like a bride, down the somber ways of night. I got up and watched its perfect growth, till it opened like a vast celestial flower upon the eastern sky, and the sunbeams began to spring in splendor from mountain-top to mountain-top. I watched it, and as I did so it flashed upon me with a complete conviction that I had not felt before, that I had had enough gold-mining to last me the rest of my natural life, and I then and there made up my mind to clear out of Pilgrims' Rest and go and shoot buffalo toward Delago Bay. Then I turned, took the pick and shovel, and although it was a Sunday morning, woke up Harry and set to work to see if there were any more nuggets handy. As I expected, there were none. What we had got had lain together in a little pocket filled with soil that felt quite different from the stiff stuff round and outside the pocket. There was not a trace of gold. Of course, it is possible that there were other pockets full somewhere about, but all I have to say is I made up my mind that, whoever found them I should not; and, as a matter of fact, I have since heard that that claim has been the ruin of two or three people, as it was very nearly the ruin of me.

"Harry," I said presently, "I am going away this week towards Delago to shoot buffalo. Shall I take you with me, or send you down to Durban?"

"Oh, take me with you, dad," begged Harry. "I want to kill a buffalo!"

"And supposing the buffalo kills you instead?" I asked.

"Oh, never mind," he says gayly. "There are lots more where I came from."

"I rebuked him for his flippancy, but in the end I consented to take him."

CHAPTER II.

"Something over a fortnight had passed since the night when I lost half a sovereign and found twelve hundred and fifty pounds in looking for it, and instead of that horrid hole for which, after all, Eldorado was scarcely a misnomer, a very different scene stretched away before us clad in the silver robe of the moonlight. We were camped—Harry and I, two Kafirs, a Scotch cart, and six oxen—on the swelling side of a great wave of bush-clad land. Just where we had made our camp, however, the bush was very sparse, and only grew about in clumps while here

and there were single flat-topped mimosa trees. To our right a little stream, which had cut a deep channel for itself in the bosom of the slope, flowed musically on between banks green with the maiden-hair, wild asparagus, and many beautiful grasses. The bed-rock here was red granite, and in the course of many centuries of patient washing the water had hollowed out some of the huge slabs in its path into great troughs and cups, and these we used for bathing-places. No Roman lady, with her baths of porphyry or alabaster, could have had a more delicious spot to lave herself than we had within fifty yards of our skerm or rough inclosure of mimosa thorn that we had dragged together round the cart to protect us from the attacks of lions, of which there were several about, as I knew from their spoor, though we had neither heard nor seen them.

"It was a little nook where the eddy of the stream had washed away a mass of soil, and on the edge of it there grew a most beautiful old mimosa thorn. Beneath the thorn was a large smooth slab of granite fringed all with maiden-hair, and other ferns, that sloped gently down to a pool of the clearest sparkling water, which lay in a bowl of granite about ten feet wide by five deep in the center. Here to this slab we went every morning to bathe, and that delightful bath is among the most pleasant of my hunting reminiscences, as it is also for reasons that will presently appear, among the most painful.

"It was a lovely night, and Harry and I sat there to the windward of the fire, at which the two Kafirs were busily employed in cooking some impala steaks off a buck which Harry, to his great joy, had shot that morning, and were as perfectly contented with ourselves and the world at large as two people could possibly be. The night was beautiful, and it would require somebody with more words on the tip of his tongue than I have to describe the chastened majesty of the moonlit wilds. Away forever and forever, away to the mysterious north, rolled the great bush ocean over which the silence hung like a heavy cloud. There beneath us a mile or more to the right rolled the wild Oliphant river, and mirror-like flashed back the moon, whose silver spears were shivered on its breast, and then tossed in twisted lines of light far and wide about the mountains and the plain. Down upon its banks grew great timber-trees that through the stillly silence pointed solemnly to heaven, and the beauty of the night lay upon them like a dream. Everywhere was silence—silence in the starred depths, silence in the fair bosom of the sleeping earth. Now, if ever, great thoughts might rise in a man's mind, and for a space he might lose his littleness in the sense that he partook of the pure immensity about him. Almost might he hear the echoes of angelic voices, as the spirits poised on bent and rushing pinions swept onwards from universe to universe; and distinguished the white fingers of the wind playing in the tresses of the trees.

"Hark! what was that?"

"From far away down the river there comes a mighty rolling sound, then another, and another. It is the lion seeking his meat."

"I saw Harry shiver and turn a little pale. He was a plucky boy enough, but the roar of a lion for the first time in the solemn bush veldt at night is apt to shake the nerves of any lad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN OLD MOSAIC.

Unearthed by a Party of Soldiers in Tunisia.

After Italy and Provence there is no country where Rome has left more monuments in every state of preservation of decay than in Tunisia, says the London Daily News. The largest Roman circus after the Coliseum is El-Djem, Arles ranking next and Nimes coming fourth. At a recent sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions in Paris M. Boisier, our correspondent says gave an account of a remarkable Roman discovery at Susa, in Tunisia. The French, who, unlike the English in Egypt, have settled down in Tunisia for good, have got a camp at that seaport which is "a mine of mosaics," where fresh discoveries are made every year. The other day a party of soldiers digging foundations unearthed a mosaic with three human figures in a perfect state of preservation, covered with only a few inches of soil. It is only three and one-half feet square, but the subject, "Virgil Writing the Aeneid," will interest all. There is a front view of the poet loosely draped in the folds of a white toga with a blue fringe, sitting with his feet in sandals resting on a step. He holds on his knees a papyrus roll on which is written in cursive letters one of the verses of his poem. With his right hand on his breast, the forefinger pointing upward, his head erect in an inspired attitude, he listens to Clio and Melpomene, who, standing behind, dictate his cantos.

A Good Samaritan.

"There are several things in this book of mine that I think are particularly good," said the young writer. "No doubt; no doubt," replied the man of many experiences. "Have you submitted it to a publisher?" "Not yet. I wanted to get your advice." "My candid advice?" "Certainly." "Well, if I were in your place I'd go through the book and pick out what I considered the passages of striking excellence." "Yes?" "And throw them away."—Washington Star.

Poor Soul.

An exchange announces on the death of a lady that "she lived fifty years with her husband and died in confident hope of a better life."—Texas Sifter.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A NATION AT PRAYER" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "I Exhort, Therefore, That, First of All, Supplications, Prayers, Intercessions and Giving of Thanks."—I Tim., 2:1.



HAT which London is to England, Paris to France, Berlin to Germany, Rome to Italy, Vienna to Austria, St. Petersburg to Russia, Washington is to the United States republic. The people who live here see more

of the chief men of the nation than any who live anywhere else between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If a senator, or member of the house of representatives, or Supreme Court justice, or secretary of the cabinet, or representative of foreign nation enters a public assembly in any other city, his coming and going are remarked upon, and unusual deference is paid to him. In this capital there are so many political chieftains in our churches, our streets, our halls, that their coming and going make no excitement. The Swiss seldom look up to the Matterhorn, or Jungfrau, or Mt. Blanc, because those people are used to the Alps. So we at this capital are so accustomed to walk among mountains of official and political eminence that they are not to us a great novelty. Morning, noon and night we meet the giants. But there is no place on earth where the importance of the Pauline injunction to prayer for those in eminent place ought to be better appreciated. At this time, when our public men have before them the rescue of our national treasury from appalling deficits, and the Cuban question, and the Arbitration question, and in many departments men are taking important positions which are to them new and untried, I would like to quote my text with a whole tonnage of emphasis—words written by the sacred mission to the young theologian Timothy: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplication, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority."

If I have the time, and do not forget some of them before I get through, I will give you four or five reasons why the people of the United States ought to make earnest and continuous prayer for those in eminent place.

First, because that will put us in proper attitude toward the successful men of the nation. After you have prayed for a man you will do him justice. There is a bad streak in human nature that demands us to assail those that are more successful than ourselves. It shows itself in boyhood, when the lads, all running to get their ride on the back of a carriage, and one gets on, those failing to get on shout to the driver, "Cut behind!" Unsuccessful men seldom like those who in any department are successful. The cry is, "He is a political accident," or "He bought his way up," or "It just happened so," and there is an impatient waiting for him to come down more rapidly than he went up. The best cure for such cynicism is prayer. After we have risen from our knees we will be wishing the official good instead of evil. We will be hoping for him benediction rather than malediction. If he makes a mistake we will call it a mistake instead of malfeasance in office. And, oh! how much happier we will be; for wishing one evil is diabolic, but wishing one good is saintly, is angelic, is God-like. When the Lord drops a man into depths beyond which there is no lower depth he allows him to be put on an investigating committee with the one hope of finding something wrong. In general assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, in conferences of the Methodist Church, in conventions of the Episcopal Church, in House of Representatives, and in Senate of United States there are men always glad to be appointed on the Committee of Malodors, while there are those who are glad to be put on the Committee of Eulogiums. After you have prayed in the words of my text, for all that are in authority, you will say, "Brethren, Gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, excuse me from serving on the Committee of Malodors, for last night, just before I prayed for those in eminent position, I read that chapter in Corinthians about charity which 'hoped all things' and 'thinketh no evil.'" The Committee of Malodors is an important committee, but I here now declare that those are incompetent for their work who have, not in spirit of conventionality, but in spirit of earnest opportunity, prayed for those in high position. I cannot help it, but I do like a St. Bernard better than a humming-bird among honeysuckles than a crow swooping upon field carcasses."

Another reason why we should pray for those in eminent place is because they have much multiplied perplexities. This city at this time holds hundreds of men who are expectant of preferment, and United States mail-bags, as never before, are full of applications. Let me say I have no sympathy with either the uttered or printed sneer at what are called "office-seekers." If I had not already received appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary from the High Court of Heaven—as every minister of the Gospel has—and I had at my back a family for whom I wished to achieve a livelihood, there is no employer whose service I would sooner seek than city,

state or United States government. Those governments are the promptest in their payments, paying just as well in hard times as in good times, and during summer vacation as during winter work. Beside that, many of us have been paying taxes to city, and state, and nation, for years, and while we are indebted for the protection of government, the government is indebted to us for the honest support we have rendered it. So I wish success to all earnest and competent men who appeal to city or state or nation for a place to work. But how many men in high place in city, and state, and nation, are at their wits' end to know what to do, when for some places there are ten applicants and for others a hundred! Perplexities arise from the fact that citizens sign petitions without reference to the qualifications of the applicant for the places applied for. You sign the application because the applicant is your friend. People sometimes want that for which they have no qualification, as we hear people sing "I want to be an angel," when they offer the poorest material possible for angelhood. Boors waiting to be sent to foreign palaces as ambassadors, and men without any business qualification wanting to be consuls to foreign ports, and illiterates, capable in one letter of wrecking all the laws of orthography and syntax, desiring to be put into positions where most of the work is done by correspondence. If divine help is needed in any place in the world it is in those places where patronage is distributed. In years gone by awful mistakes have been made. Only God, who made the world out of chaos, could, out of the crowd of pigeon-holes of public men, develop symmetrical results. For this reason pray Almighty God for all those in authority.

Then there are the vaster perplexities of our relations with foreign governments. For directions in such affairs the God of Nations should be implored. The demand of the people is sometimes so heated, so unwise, that it must not be heeded. Hark to the boom of that gun which sends from the American steamer San Jacinto a shot across the bow of the British merchant steamer Trent, November 8, 1861. Two distinguished southerners, with their secretaries and families, are on the way to England and France to officially enlist them for the southern confederacy. After much protest the commissioners, who had embarked for England and France, surrendered, and were taken to Fort Warren, near Boston. The capture was a plain invasion of the laws of nations, and antagonistic to a principle for the establishment of which the United States government had fought in other days. However, so great was the excitement that the secretary of the United States navy wrote an applauditory letter to Captain Wilkes, commander of the San Jacinto for his "prompt and decisive action," and the House of Representatives passed a resolution of thanks for "brave, adroit and patriotic conduct," and the millions of the north went wild with enthusiasm, and all the newspapers and churches joined in the huzzas. England and France protested, the former demanding that unless the distinguished prisoners should be surrendered and apology made for insult to the British flag within ten days, Lord Lyons must return to London, taking all the archives of the British legation. War with England and France seemed inevitable, and war with England and France at that time would have made a restored American nation impossible for a long while, if not forever. Then God came to the rescue and helped the president and his secretary of state. Against the almost unanimous sentiment of the people of the north the distinguished confederates were surrendered, the law of nations was kept inviolate, the Lion's paw was not lifted to strike the Eagle's beak, and perhaps the worst disaster of centuries was avoided.

You see there are always in places of authority unbalanced men who want war, because they do not realize what war is, or they are designing men, who want war for the same reason that wreckers like hurricanes, and foundering ships, because of what may float ashore from the ruins. You see that men who start wars never themselves get hurt. They make the speeches and others make the self-sacrifices. Notice that all those who instigated our civil war never as a consequence got so much as a splinter under the thumb-nail, and they all died peacefully in their beds. I had two friends—as thorough friends as old men can be to a young man—Wendell Phillips and Robert Toombs. They were not among those who expected anything advantageous from the strife, but took their positions conscientiously. They both had as much to do with the starting of the war between the north and the south as any other two men. A million brave northern and southern dead were put in the grave trenches, but the two illustrious and honest men I have mentioned were in good health long after the ending of things at Appomattox, and if those who advocated measures recently that would have brought on war between our country and Spain or England or Turkey, had been successful in bringing on the wholesale murder, they themselves would now have been above ground, as I hope they will be, to celebrate the birth of the twentieth century. If God had not interfered we would have had three wars within the last two years—war with England, war with Spain, and war with Turkey, that last joined by other nations Transatlantic. To preserve the peaceful equipoise which such men are disturbing, we need a divine balance, for which all good men on both sides the sea ought to be every day praying. Again, prayer to God for those in

authority is our only way of being of any practical service to them. Our personal advice would be to them, for the most part, an impertinence. They have all the facts as we cannot have them, and they see the subject in all its bearings, and we can be of no help to them except through the supplication that our text advises. In that way we may be infinite reinforcement. The mightiest thing you can do for a man is to pray for him. If the old Bible be true, and if it is not true it has been the only imposition that ever blessed the world, turning barbarism into civilization and tyrannies into republics,—I say if the old Bible be true, God answers prayer. You may get a letter, and through forgetfulness or lack of time not answer it, but God never gets a genuine letter that he does not make reply. Every genuine prayer is a child's letter to his Heavenly Father, and he will answer it; and though you may get many letters from your child before you respond, some day you say: "There! I have received ten letters from my daughter, and I will answer them all now and at once, and though not in just the way she hopes for, I will do it in the best way, and though she asked me for a sheet of music, I will not give it to her, for I do not like the music spoken of; but I will send her a deed to a house and lot, to be hers forever." So God does not in all cases answer in the way those who sent the prayer hoped for, but he in all cases gives what is asked for or something better. So prayers went up from the North and the South at the time of our civil war and they were all answered at Gettysburg. You cannot make me believe that God answered only the Northern prayers, for there were just as devout prayers answered south of Mason and Dixon's line as north of it, and God gave what was asked for, or something as much more valuable, as a house and lot are worth more than a sheet of music. There is not a good and intelligent man between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence river, who does not believe that God did the best thing possible when he stood this nation down in 1865 a glorious unity, never to be rent until the waters of the Ohio and the Savannah, the Hudson and the Alabama, are licked up by the long, red tongues of a world on fire. Yea! God sometimes answers prayers on a large scale. In worse predicament nation never was than the Israelitish nation on the banks of the Red Sea, the rattling shields and the clattering hoofs of an overwhelming host close after them. An army could just as easily wade through the Atlantic Ocean, from New York to Liverpool, as the Israelites could have waded through the Red Sea. You need to sail on its waters to realize how big it is. How was the crossing effected? By prayer. Exodus 14, 15: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." That is, "Stop praying and take the answer." And then the waters began to be agitated and swung this way and that way, and the ripple became a billow, and the billow, climbed other billows, and now they rise into walls of sapphire, and invisible trowels mason them into firmness, and the walls become like mountains, topped and turreted and domed with crags of crystal, and God throws an invisible chain around the feet of those mountains, so that they are obliged to stand still, and there, right before the Israelitish army, is a turnpike road, with all the emerald gates swung wide open. The passing host did not even get their feet wet. They passed dry-shod, the bottom of the sea as hard as the pavement of Pennsylvania avenue, or New York's Broadway, or London's Strand. Oh! What a God they had! or, I think I will change that and say, "What a God we have!"

The prayer that the great expounder wrote to be put in the corner-stone at the extension of the Capitol, I ejaculate as our own supplication: "God save the United States of America!" only adding the words with which Robert South was apt to close his sermons, whether delivered before the court at Christ Church Chapel, or in Westminster Abbey, at anniversary of restoration of Charles the II., or on the death of Oliver Cromwell amid the worst tempest that ever swept over England: "To God be rendered and ascribed, as is most due, all praise, might, majesty and dominion, both now and forever. Amen."

Refused Without Proposing.

Few women, outside of royalties, ever "popped the question" to a man, and perhaps only one has had the experience of being rejected by a man without having proposed to him. There was one, and the Hon. L. A. Tolle-mache tells the story in his "Personal Memoir of Benjamin Jowett," master of Balliol, Oxford. The master's personality was potent and penetrating, and good women felt its fascination. An undergraduate was ill at Balliol College, and his sister, coming to Oxford to nurse him, was invited by Dr. Jowett to stay at his house. She received from him the utmost kindness and attention, and when leaving said, with much hesitation, that she would venture to ask a very great favor. She again hesitated; the master grew uneasy and looked interrogative. "Will you marry me?" at last she asked.

He paced up and down, blushed deeply, and replied, "That would not be good either for you or for me."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the young lady, blushing even more deeply. "I meant to say I am going to be married, and would you perform the service?" She had been refused, poor girl, without having proposed.

When there is a coffin in the house, there is a welcome for the preacher.