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A KISS IN THE DARK

My advice to you, dear reader, is—never kiss anybody in the dark. To say the least, it is unsatisfactory, and apt to lead to unpleasant results. That I escaped them was owing more to good luck than to good management. But I will tell you how it happened, that you may take warning from the discomfiture of a fellow-mortal, and shun the rock upon which he nearly came to grief.

My name is Connor—Barry Connor, late of Her Majesty's Regiment—and I claim kinred with some of the proudest families in the dear old country," finishing up with a flourish of "blood and iron." He then received a comparatively little money in his purse. Still we (we the Connors) and they con- sidered to live very jollyly upon the remains of for- mer grandeur; and no one could accuse one of my race—from the kindly shakel of the old man to the young fellow, being the name—of not giving a warm welcome to friend and foe, or of refusing to share the last coin with a needy brother, of whatever tongue, or people, or nation.

At the particular Christmas of which I write, I had made friends with a young fellow, called my own name, and to a good regiment, and, finding him rather luxuriously contemplating my ap- proaching absence, I immediately invited him to be my partner at the Connor festivities.

"My dear boy," returned he, meeting my proposal with excuses, "how can I palm myself upon a family whose acquaintance I have never made, and add a very unwelcome unit to their already over-crowded domicile?"

"That for your acquaintance, Gregg!" I replied, snapping my fingers in his face. "Any one I take with me will be as welcome as Summer."

Gregg Phillips could not gain say my words; so I on the day, and carried him off to Ballynornan in triumph; only one slight circumstance dimming the first flush of victory. Gregg was a good-looking fellow, and made himself very entertaining among ladies and, dear reader, there was a pretty, pretty, coarsely good society I had no idea of relinquishing to this fascinating Englishman, dead though he was.

I took heart of grace, and tried to think that my Jewish physiognomy would cut Gregg's English any day, particularly with the advantage of prior acquaintance.

Christmas had not come arrayed in white, with the music of his chariot wheels ringing out on the hard, crisp road, but dull and murky, with the time of November clinging around him still; and truly glad were we to see the dancing reflection of many lighted windows, as we drew up, after numerous digressings and sunlit narrow escapes, at the portals of old Ballynorman.

We gave our traps into the charge of a domestic waiting, on to administer Thady's "drop of comfort," and ushered Gregg at once into the laughing, chattering group collected in the wide stone hall, and conquered his English reticence by announcing himself as my friend, upon which words of heartiest welcome rang out in various keys.

My stalwart old kinsman, whose giant grasp made my companion fairly wince, assured him that Darcy's friend would be there. "Ye're welcome to such a allynman can give ye," said my grandfather; "and if all the bright eyes and laughing lips ye see can't make Christmas merry, ye're harder to please than I am at any age," said my "Phillip."

As I looked about for Fanny, she was nowhere to be seen.

I took my way down the great dreary stairs till I came to what had been made, since Fortune smiled so kindly, the living-room of the family. It was a large and lofty apartment, with four windows earnestly reaching to the ground. A huge fire of peat cast fitful lights and shadows from end to end; for the candles had not been lighted.

one of the long windows, her hand upon the all-
wooded curtain, as if in the act of drawing it
carefully avoiding any stumbling-blocks in my way,
stepped nearer and nearer. I reached her side in
silence, and as I placed my arm round her slender
waist, I said, "The compliments of the season
to you, my dear!" at the same time pressing a warm
and resonant kiss upon her rosy mouth.

A sharp little cry, and a still sharper sensation of
pain on my cheek, made me aware that something

"How dare you sir!" uttered a clear, decided voice, and—confusion worse confounded!—it was not my Fanny's.

Ere I could frame an apology, or, indeed, collect my bewildered senses, the door was pushed wide open, and admitted a host of cousins, masculine and feminine, to witness my embarrassment—among them the missing Fanny; while before me, with flaming cheeks and indignant air, stood the innocent author of my discomfiture.

"What on earth has happened?" ejaculated a big boy Connor, one of the last who entered the room. "Barry looks as if he had seen a ghost!" And a merry peal of laughter from two or three girls told me that the little episode was no secret.

[illegible]

Evenly balanced with anger at Fanny's desertion was my annoyance at the afternoon's contretemps, and for a few moments anxiety to win a smile from the sweet grave face which so persistently avoided me, put the thought of my cousin and the possible revival out of my head.

"Good night," I found myself in my last moments' vicinity without any prying eyes near; and, seizing the opportunity Providence kindly accorded me, I drew her under the great bush of mistletoe, saying, "Two years ago we did not always need the sanction of the mistletoe-bough, Fanny."

"It's different now Barry," she replied, half-smiling my clasp.

What could I say? Evidently Miss Fanny was going to "back out."

But what does it all mean, Fanny? That I'm too

"Oh, Dick won't mind that occasionally perhaps." Dick! Dick! Who—By the powers! my Irish friend.

ly, and, for answer, he pointed to a pretty ruby ring which graced her left hand, and acknowledged that she and Dick Doyle were engaged.

Thus ended my first love-dream, and we exchanged words of peace, of so entirely a cousinly nature that even the exacting Mr. Richard Doyle himself could not have objected. The blow from Miss Amiralde's bright fingers had left its impress upon my heart as upon my cheek; and I thought uppermost to my mind was, "I should be glad to see the next morning was, that only the touch of her own bright ring should efface the remembrance of what, her best friend wrought. To know that about because my first

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND IRON

SETTLEMENT OF THE WAGES QUESTION.

[illegible][illegible]

DISASTROUS COLLISION OFF THE TYNE.—The steam tug *Stevensons* arrived in the Tyne on Sunday morning having in tow a French brig, which had been in collision with the foreign ship *Britannia*, belonging to Mr. Henry Milvain of Newcastle. The tug found the two ships in collision some miles North of the Tyne. The French vessel has a large hole close to the stem on the port bow, and is totally dismantled. She is laden with copper ore, and is supposed to have been bound for Sunderland. Her crew were taken on board the *Britannia*. The brig is reported about three hundred tons register. The figure-head was found on board the other vessel.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A DWARF IN NEWCASTLE.
On Saturday forenoon, about half-past eleven o'clock, a well-known eccentric dwarf, William Massey, was found dead in a small room, which he occupied in Leazes Lane, Newcastle. The deceased was about forty-six years of age and about three feet in height. He gained his livelihood chiefly by distributing bills for shopkeepers, and was under the impression that he had a rich uncle, an Irish General, who had left him a fortune, of which the Government and his friends prevented him possessing the money which he had been left. The deceased was a married man, but has been separated from his wife some time.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S VISIT TO BATH.—At a meeting recently held in Bath, under the presidency of the Mayor, for the purpose of proposing a visit to the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, the following resolution was adopted: "A communication was made to the committee of the Royal Victoria Park, that the Royal Horticultural Society would be willing to hold its next grand summer provincial show in Bath, that committee took counsel with the Hibernian Band committee, and to a body composed of the Mayor, the Town Clerk, and the Mayor of Bath, and R. T. Gould Esq., and the duty of making preliminary arrangements was confided to the Mayor."

[illegible]

It is indispensable that a large special price fund be established, which must always be available, can be offered to exhibitors to bring together, from all parts of the kingdom; a choice and extensive collection of plants and objects connected with horticulture, the exhibition must fail to attract any large number of visitors. In Birmingham £1,056 was raised by the sale of special prize fund, but the aggregate sum given in prizes considerably exceeded that amount. The Horticultural Society must fail to attract any large contributions towards the special prize fund, which now reached £249 10s. They do so under the firm conviction that the great advance made of late years in horticulture will result in a general appreciation of the income generally known by such exhibitions as it is proposed now to hold, and that, should the undertaking be a successful here as it was in Birmingham, the Government would have no objection to make it available for public local purposes. *The Gardener's Magazine.*

FATAL ICE ACCIDENT

Sunday Night.—On Saturday afternoon a serious accident occurred at the Town farm. Alexander Adamson, about 40 years of age, went on the ice, and when he was about 100 yards from the shore the ice gave way and he disappeared. A boy of the same name, named Beveridge, ran to his assistance, and when he also disappeared. A third man, named Beveridge, ran to see what had happened, and when he was nearing the shore they had fallen in, the ice again broke, and the boy managed, however, to keep himself afloat until a young woman threw him ashore, by which he was rescued. The two boys were drowned, and their bodies were recovered.

ed until some time after the accident. The accident happened near Aske Hall, the Earl of Zetland, on Thursday evening. s lordship's stable-boys were skating on the ice gave way and they were im- two of them escaped without injury, but a very small lad, aged 16, named Emery, ed.

ed streams and dams in the Bradford dis- on Saturday afternoon thronged with at Firinghall the ice of the milldam a man, named Benjamin Hird, of Shipley,

**PRISONED GAS STOKERS AND
THE HOME SECRETARY.**
meeting of the Gas Stokers' Defence and

[illegible]

FUNERAL OF LORD LYTTON.
 Lytton was buried in Westminster Abbey
 this morning. The funeral procession left

residence of the deceased nobleman in
Square, shortly before twelve o'clock.

ourners were the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. William Bulwer, Colonel Bulwer, Mr. H. Henry Loch, C.B.; Rev Charles rector of Knebworth). Mr. John Forster, and Mr. Lambert (solicitors of the Lord Lytton's grave is in the enclosed St. Edmund, south-east corner, and the whole floor of the church is covered with black cloth. A raised platform built over the graves of Robert De Alesner Bohum, and Mary Villiers, and there, as well as the edge of the grave the outline of the tomb of Humphrey

were bordered with a ribbon of white. Bernard Brocas, on the piers of the choir, in the choir, on the altar, where the chapel on account of the fog pervaded the Abbey during the part of the morning. The fog, which was very dense, partially cleared off. Many thousands of persons had assembled in the Abbey to witness the arrival of the procession, and the public thronged every part of the building. The procession arrived at half-past twelve o'clock, and the monks, borne into the Abbey by the cloister door, came on the steps of the choir, and then, in the presence of the monks, entered the choir within the choir.

who joined the procession in the
the Right Hon. Charles the Right
Gladstone, the Lord Chief Justice Cock-
Right Hon. Mr. Forster, the Right Hon.
led, the Right Hon. H. Childers, and Lord
d. Among those in the immediate
the coffin were Mr. V. Harcourt, M.P.;
s, Mr. A. Wigan, Mr. W. H. Lecky, Mr.
l, of Edinburgh; Mr. E. N. Phillips,
S.A. recorder of Pontefract, as representa-
the founder of the Yorkshire Temperance
H. H. Lennox, Mr. Reeve, Mr.
Frederick Locker, Mr. Drummond Woolf,
Mr. Hayward, and Mr. Heworth Dixon.

[illegible]

General Lyson, C.B. has returned from absence and resumed command of the district.

Mr. Lyson's funeral took place on Friday at St. Mark, Surrey, in the churchyard attached to the parish church. The Dean of Westminster

understood that when, in April next, Mr. Cole retires from the post he has so long occupied at Kensington, General Scott will be his secretary. Mr. Cole will undertake the management of the London International

LITERARY SELECTIONS.

to situation, however humble, the which to
does not argue superiority of character
virtues who are liable to calumny. To
each is in some cases a doubtful excel-
lence dignified
evil man is detested by all; every one feels
conduct, because it operates to throw a dam-
nity, and he is regarded as the common injury
who stand in need of assistance. — (Wero.

[illegible]

It is melancholy in the contempt which the professional classes *parade* for commercial success, and the very *idea* of commerce in the world, and what sort of citizens the great world have made, that there is something so beautiful as the life of the farmer. The farmer, or lawyer, thinking heaven that they are the same with any other man in the world. The life of such families, and not only they but their children, escape from the charge of pride by keeping their people and their children in the same condition that their occupations lead to. Allowing them to make them selfish, uneducated, and unimproved. The highest interest of the farmer is the contemptuous notion of the merchants, some of which not exactly. He gives his life to the soil, and through the soil through the farm raised into land dignity and commercial value. He gives his life to the soil, and through the soil into the practice of agriculture, that landowners have learned that agriculture is the source of food for the world. The farmer to perceive the value and beauty of those principles and methods which are supported by the same and attended with the same results. The farmer trades of any rank unite company and have no interest in sales or commodities.

FROM THE MOON.—Of all the heavenly bodies it is the nearest to us and the easiest to observe. Consequently it has been the subject of much astronomy and meteorology; everything above the moon is the province of the heavens, and everything below the moon is in the terrestrial atmosphere, and therefore lies within the power of the latter. The distance from the earth is closer than is often supposed. If we turn from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon there is but a distance of 240,000 miles (a) where the moon and her earth's attraction are in equilibrium, and beyond that point she moves a little towards us, it will fall upon the earth the other way, it be drawn towards the earth so calculated, that it will be in the moon's power to reach this intermediate point of equilibrium, and to be by no means an impossible thing for her force. Consequently it is probable though perhaps not all of the moon's motions are so high as to be beyond the power of an inhabitant of the moon, supposing such exist, to keep up a daily communication with the moon's inhabitants. The moon's distance would be immensely more difficult. The moon's distance from the earth is not so great as the highest antiquity, to attribute to it force on the variations of the weather.—All the

ONIA.—The names Hydrophobia having been
de-mitted, and the idea that rabid dogs dread
to become part and parcel of the general belief,
it is dog eagerly lapping water, or willfully
to avoid water, to lead ninety-nine out of a
hundred to the conclusion. He drags out, and
he fact is, that a burning thirst is one of the
symptoms of rabies, in its early stages. True
very curious it is, that in man, an indefinable
fear of water, or of cold liquids, is one of the
of the disease; and for the disease in man
hydrophobia is not inappropriate. Of this we
emphasize presently. But in dogs, so far from a
fear of water, the rabid animal is thirsty, and
not show less fervor than once in fifty cases,
in rabies of rabbits: the madness of dogs to
the "dog-days." In July and August all sorts
of tales are told, which may be true, from
November and December. On the
a paternal police is minutely solicitous

But the simple fact is that the dog has no more to do with the rabid man than the man with the dog with mania. Dogs are liable to attacks at any time of the year, but it so happens that July are precisely the months in which the fewest attacks occur. It is very generally held that a healthy dog can bite a man, and at any subsequent period the man will also become rabid—no matter whether the man has been bitten or not. The case is perfectly simple. If the dog is a rabid animal, it is kept chained up, out of the way of the public, and the decision of the inquiry, under the disease declaration act, may very soon be shown whether the suspicion is, and whether the dog was or was not rabid.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

LOSS OF A SOUTH SHIELDS BARQUE.—Information was received at South Shields, on Saturday, of the total loss on the South American coast, near Cerro, of the South Shields barque Samarama. The vessel left Cardiff in the latter part of the year with a cargo of coals, under the command of Captain Joseph Dunstan Gray. She was a comparatively new vessel having been built at St. Peter's Quay, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1869. The Samarama was 378 tons register and was owned by Mr. J. P. Matherson, South Shields.

Wm. ARTHUR HERBERT.

OPINION ON THE HON. MR. GIBSON'S SPEECH.—“It would be said that as long as they had a standing army these Acts would be necessary. He did not believe in standing armies. He believed that there was a serious moral responsibility thrown upon the nation which kept a body of untrained men to a life which was not to be redeemed by any high motive. And, therefore, if ever they were told that these Acts must be preserved for the sake of the army, their answer must be that this reason was nullified because they did not expect to have a standing army.”

A SUNDERLAND WORKY.—Poor old Chilton has gone to the Workhouse at last, and has been both as sick and as penniless as a dog in the street. The police officers being asked to give an order for his admission. The very skin peeled from his face when his stockings were taken off. The rapid decay of Chilton's once powerful physical frame will have been marked by his late illness, and he will never be able to get on his feet again. He is now 78 years old. He used to say that he was in his mother's arms; and the foundation stone of Wearmouth Bridge was laid; and his own body was laid in the earth. Poor old Chilton's funeral procession to the Bridge, over which he could not pass, as he hadn't a penny to pay the toll.

POOR PEOPLE AND COAL. Tuesday, before Gatehead, the coal owners' men, Mr. Carr Ellison, two women were charged with stealing coals at the Felling Colliery.—Mr. Carr Ellison thought that the coal owners ought to take more care of their own property, and that it was not getting very protected their property. He was particularly monstrous to expect that the coal owners would be secure in the middle of the starving population which was the case of the coal owners did not do so, to see that their coals were properly protected. It was very hard that the magistrates should be called upon to commit poor people to prison for only poverty.—Mr. Ellison was very easy for coal owners to employ them to keep the people from trespassing near their pits, and that it was done the temptation would be done away with. The bench dismissed the poor

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
—SUMMARY OF THE YEAR'S WORK.—The work of the National Life-boat Institution, in saving life from shipwreck in the year 1872, may thus be briefly summarised :—

Lives saved.

By Life-boats	809
By Shore-boats and other means, for whose services the Institution granted rewards	170
Total	739

The preservation of life, to which the institution has devoted itself for nearly half a century, has been considered in all ages as an act deserving of every meed of gratitude and encouragement. The highest

by the violence of the storm, as was too frequently seen during the fearful gales of last December. To-day it is the great captain in his proud war-ship, who goes down with five hundred men into the ocean's bosom. To-morrow it is the poor woman, with her children round her—who, on the desolate beach, mourns for the manly heart that will return no more—for the night has been stormy—and the

fishermen have all been "drowned." It only remains for us at the commencement of the year, to pray that it may not be so stormy as the past year; and to appeal to the public at large for their continuous support to the Life-boat Institution, and which is so merciful and patriotic in its design, and which is so constantly giving practical evidence of its successful working in saving life from shipwreck.

ROBT ON FOWLS, AND ITS CURE.—Some six years ago I had placed on my shoulders the

superintendence of the poultry yard. So much for the first of my very amusing. Mirable, the poultry woman (that being her name), was everlastingly after me with a dead chicken or fowl; and the feathered tribe grew worse and worse, until the yard was transformed into a complete hospital. I was put to my very wits'-ends; like "B. R. A.," I could find nothing to effect a cure. However, one day, being in the doldrums about the fowls, Mirable came shouting at the

top of her voice, with the sad news that the old Dorking cock was very ill, and if something was not done for him immediately, he would soon be a cold corpse. I examined Mr. Dorking; he was on his second joints, with skin as red as blood. The complaint was roup fever, brought on by the stoppage of the office through which he carried the oil into the oil reservoir, which could be cleared off by pulling the stop down, but he was so far gone that he could not do so. I cut the feathers to protect himself from the wet; I cut out the oil from the reservoir, and gave him a supply of oil; and he recovered.

that the old might have a free circulation and gave them a pull of fresh butter about the size of a hard-nut, and kept him warm overnight. Next morning he could sing like a "bright Chanticleer," as well as ever. Aided by a feed of groats every evening, the patients in this hospital soon improved and saved Mirabelle the unpleasant labour of carrying about dead chickens. A heap of straw for them to scratch in is of great benefit to their health; it keeps them warm and well amused. Vegetables are

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perilous to sick fowls, but healthy fowls require
happily. Elder berries and leaves are poisonous to
fowls: I have picked up many a dead chicken under
an elder-bush. I found Holloway's pills a great
value to fowls. My plan was to cut a pill in two
and give half as a dose. Fowls that are kept pri-
vately do not require doctoring.—*The Gardener's*
Magazine.

Suffer Scurvy and Rheum

BIRTHS.
CONGRUENT—At Middle Street, on the 29th ult., the wife of Mr. William Aynsley, of a daughter.
 At 4, Church Street, on the 29th ult., Mrs. Routledge

MARRIAGES.

TANFIELD—On the 20th inst., by the Rev. T. Stirr

DEATHS.

BLACKBELL.—On the 22d ult., aged 6 months, Barbara, daughter of Wm. Strachan, plumber.

MARLEY HILL/HOLE.—On the 22nd inst., aged 5 years, Frederick Crispin, second son of Mr. J. Pharoah.

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