

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE BALANCE QUIVERS

March, April, May passed away: anemones and sphodels came and went; narcissus and glabe-flowers bloomed and withered; and Warren Relf, brooding about in the *Mud-Turtle* round the peacock-blue bays and indentations of the Genoa River, had spent many cloudless days in quiet happiness at the pretty little villa among the clambering olive terraces on the slopes at San Remo. Elsie had learnt at least to tolerate his presence now; she no longer blushed a vivid crimson when she saw him coming up the zigzag roadway; she wasn't much more awkward before him; in fact, when with other creatures of his sex in general; nay, more, as a mere friend she rather liked and enjoyed his society than otherwise. Not to have liked Warren Relf, indeed would have been quite unparadiseable. The Relfs had all shown her so much kindness, and Warren himself had been so obliquely courteous, that even a heart of stone might surely have melted somewhat towards the manly young painter. And Elsie's heart, in spite of Hugh's unkindness, was by no means stony. She found Warren, in his rough sailor clothes, always gentle, always unobtrusive, always thoughtful, always considerate; and as Elsie's brother, she got on with him quite as comfortably in the long run as could be expected of anybody under such trying circumstances.

At first, to be sure, she couldn't be induced to board the deck of the busy little *Mud-Turtle*. But as May came round with its warm Italian sunshine, Elsie so absolutely insisted on her taking a trip with them along that enchanted coast towards Monaco and Villefranche, beneath the ramping crags of the Tete du Chien, that Elsie at last gave way in silence, and accompanied them round the bays and headlands and roadsteads of the Riviera on more than one delightful outing. Elsie was beginning, by her simple domestic faith in her brother's profound artistic powers, to inspire Elsie, too, with a new sort of interest in Warren's future. It began to dawn upon her slowly, in a dim chaotic fashion, that Warren had really a most unusual love for the byways of nature, and a singular faculty for reading and interpreting with loving skill her hidden hieroglyphics. "My dear," Elsie said to her once, as they sat on the deck and watched Warren labouring with ceaseless care at the minute growth of a spreading stain on a bare wall of seaward rock, "he shall succeed—he must succeed! I mean to make him. He shall be hung. A man who can turn out work like that must secure in the end his recognition."

"I don't want recognition," Warren answered slowly, putting a few more lingering microscopic touches to the wee curved frontlets of the creeping lichen. "I do it because I like to do it. The work itself is its own reward. If only I could earn enough to save you and the dear old Mater from having to toil and mull like a pair of galley-slaves, Elsie, I should be amply satisfied, and more than satisfied.—I confess I should like to do that, of course. In art, as elsewhere, the labourer is worthy of his hire, no doubt: he would prefer to earn his own bread and butter. It's hard to work and work and work, and get scarcely any sale after all for one's pictures."

"It'll come in time," Elsie answered, nodding sagaciously. "People will find out they're compelled at last to recognize your genius. And that's the best success of all, in the long run—the success that comes without one's ever seeking it. The men who aim at succeeding, succeed for a day. The men who work at their art for their art's sake and leave success to mind its own business, are the men who finally live for ever."

"It doesn't do them much good, though, I'm afraid," Warren answered, with a sigh, hardly looking up from his fragments of orange-brown vegetation. "They seldom live to see their final triumph."

For praise is his who builds for his own age; But he that builds for time, must look to time for wage!"

As he said it, he glanced aside nervously at Elsie. What a slip of the tongue! Without remembering for a moment whom he was quoting, he had quoted with thoughtless ease a familiar couplet from the "Echoes from Callimachus."

Elsie's face showed no passing sign of recognition, however. Perhaps she had never read the lines he was thinking of; perhaps, if she had, she had quite forgotten them. At any rate, she only murmured reflectively to Elsie: "I think, with you, Mr. Relf must succeed in the end. But how soon, it would be difficult to say. He'll have to educate his public, to begin with, up to his own level. When I first saw his work, I could see very little to praise in it. Now, every day, I see more and more. It's like all good work; it gains upon you as you study it closely."

Warren turned round to her with a face like a girl's. "Thank you," he said gently, and said no more. But she could see that her praise had moved him to the core. For two or three minutes he left off painting; he only fumbled with a dry brush at the outline of the lichen, and pretended to be making invisible improvements in the petty details of his delicate foreground. She observed that his hand was trembling too much to continue work. After a short pause he laid down his palette and colours. "I shall leave off now," he said, "till the sun gets lower; it's too hot just at present to paint properly."

Elsie pitied the poor young man from the bottom of her heart. She was really afraid he was falling in love with her. And if only he knew how hopeless that would be! She had a heart once; and Hugh had broken it.

That evening, in the sacred recess of Elsie's room, Elsie and Elsie talked things over together in girlish confidence. The summer was coming on apace now. What was Elsie to do when the Relfs returned, as they must return, to England?

She could never go back. That was a fixed point, round which as pivot the rest of the question revolved vaguely. She could never expose herself to the bare chance of meeting Hugh and—and Mrs. Massinger. She didn't say so, of course; no need to say it; she was far too profoundly wounded for that. But Elsie and she both took it for granted in perfect silence. They understood one another, and wanted no language to communicate their feelings.

Suddenly, Elsie had a bright idea: why not go to St. Martin de Lantosque?

"Where's St. Martin de Lantosque?" Elsie asked languidly. Her own future was not a subject that aroused in her mind any profound or enthusiastic interest.

"St. Martin de Lantosque, my dear," Elsie answered with her brisker, more matter-of-fact manner, "is a sort of patent safety-valve or overflow cistern for the surplus material of the Nice season. As soon as the summer grows unendurably hot on the Promenade Anglais, the population of the 'pendulations' and hotels on the sea front manifest a mutually repulsive influence—like the particles of a gas, according to that priggishly learned book you teach the girls elementary physics out of. The heat, in fact, acts expansively; it drives them forcibly apart in all directions—some to England, some to St. Petersburg, some to America, and some to the Italian lakes or the Bernese Oberland. Well, that's what becomes of most of them; they melt away into different atmospheres. But a few visitors—the people with families who make Nice their real home, not the mere sun-worshippers who want to loll on the chairs on the Quai Massena or in the Jardin Public, retire for the summer only just as far as St. Martin de Lantosque. It's a jolly little place, right up among the mountains, thirty miles or so behind Nice, as beautiful as a butterfly, and as cool as a cucumber, and supplied with all the necessaries of life, from afternoon tea to a consular chaplain. It's surrounded by the eternal snows, if you like them eternal; and well situated for penny ices, if you prefer your glaciers in that mitigated condition. And if you went there, you might manage to combine business with pleasure, you see, by giving lessons to the miserable remnant of the Nice season. Lots of the families must have little girls: lots of the little girls must be pining for instruction: lots of the mammae must be eager to find suitable companionship! and a Girton graduate's the very person to supply them all with just what they want in the finest perfection. We'll look the matter up, Elsie. I spy an opening."

"Will your brother come here next winter, Elsie?"

"I know no just cause or impediment why he shouldn't, my dear. He usually does one winter with another. It's a way he has, to follow his family. He takes his pleasure out in the exercise of the domestic affections.—But why do you ask me?"

"Because"—Elsie hesitated for a moment—"I think—if he does—I oughtn't to stay here."

"Nonsense, my dear," Elsie answered promptly. "It was the best way to treat Elsie. You needn't be afraid. I know what you mean. But don't distress yourself: men's hearts will stand a fearful deal of breaking. It doesn't hurt them. They're coarse earthenware to our egg-shell porcelain. He must just pine away with unrequited affection in his own way as long as he likes. Never mind him. It'll do him good. It's yourself and ourselves you've got to think of. He's quite happy as long as he's allowed to paint his own unsealable pictures in peace and quietness."

"I wish he could sell them," Elsie went on reflectively. "I really do. It's a shame a man who can paint so beautifully and so poetically as he does should have to wait so long and patiently for his recognition. He strikes too high a note: that's what's the matter. And yet I wouldn't like to see him try any lower one. I didn't understand him at first, myself; and I'm sure I find as much in nature as most people.—But you want to have looked at things for some time together, through his pair of spectacles, before you can catch them exactly as he does. The eye that sees is half the vision."

"My dear," Elsie answered in her cheery way, "we'll make him succeed. We'll push him and pull him. He'll never do it if he's left to his own devices, I'm sure. He's too utterly wrapped up in his work itself to think much of the reception the mere vulgar picture-buying world accords it. The clink of the guinea never distracts his ear from higher music. But I'm a practical person, thank heaven—a woman of affairs—and I mean to advertise him. They ought to hang him, and he shall be hung. I'm going to see to it. I shall get Mr. Hatherley to crack him up—Mr. Hatherley has such a lot of influence, you know, with the newspapers. Let's roll the log with cheerful persistence. We shall float him yet; you see if we don't. He shall be Warren Relf, R.A., with a tail to his name, before you and I have done launching him."

"I hope so," Elsie murmured with a quiet sigh.

If Warren Relf could have heard that conversation, he might have plucked up heart of grace indeed for the future. When a woman begins to feel a living interest in a man's career, there's hope for him yet in that woman's affections. Though, to be sure, Elsie herself would have been shocked to believe it. She cherished her sorrow still in her heart of hearts as her dearest chattel, her most sacred possession. She brought incense and tears to its daily with pious awe. Woman-like, she loved to take it out of its shrine and cry over it each night in her own room alone, as a religious exercise. She was faithful to the Hugh that had never been, though the Hugh that really was had proved so utterly base and unworthy of her. For that first Hugh's sake, she would never love any other man. She could only feel for Warren Relf the merest sisterly interest and grateful friendship.

However, we must be practical, come what may; we must eat and drink though our hearts ache. So it was arranged at last that Elsie should retire for the summer to the cool shades of St. Martin de Lantosque; while the Relfs returned to their tiny house at 128 Bletchingley Road, London, W. A few pupils were even secured by hook and by crook for the off-season, and a home provided for Elsie with an American family, in search of culture in the cheapest market, who had hired a villa in the patent safety-valve, to avoid the ever unpleasant necessity for returning to the land of their birth, across the stormy millpond, for the hot summer. The day before the Relfs took their departure from San Remo, Elsie had a few words alone with Warren in the pretty garden of the Villa Rossa. There was on their side she wanted to ask him particularly—a special favour, yet a very delicate one.

"Shall you be down about the coast of Suffolk much this year?" she asked timidly. And Warren gathered at once what she meant. "Yes," he answered in almost as hesitating a voice as her own, looking down at the prickly pears and green leards by his feet, and keeping his eyes studiously from meeting hers; "I shall be cruising round, no doubt, at Yarmouth and Whitestrand and Lowestoft and Aldeburgh."

She noticed how ingeniously he had mixed them all up together in a single list, as if none were more interesting to her mind than the other; and she added in an almost inaudible voice: "If you go to Whitestrand, I wish very much you would let me know about poor dear Winifred."

"I will let you know," he answered, with a bound of his heart, proud even to be entrusted with that doubtful commission. "I'll make it my business to go there almost at once.—And I may write and tell you how I find her, mayn't I?"

Elsie drew back, a little frightened at his request. "Elsie could tell me, couldn't she? That would save you the trouble," she murmured after a pause, not without some faint undercurrent of conscious hypocrisy.

His face fell. He was disappointed that he might not write to her himself on so neutral a matter. "As you will," he answered with a down-cast look. "Elsie shall do it, then."

Elsie's heart was divided within her. She saw her reply had hurt and distressed him. He was such a good fellow, and he would be so pleased to write. But if only he knew how hopeless it was! What folly to encourage him, when nothing on earth could ever come of it! She wished she knew what she ought to do under these trying circumstances. Gratitude would urge her to say Yes, of course; but regard for his own happiness would make her say No with crushing promptitude. It was better he should understand at once, without appeal, that it was quite impossible—a dream of the wildest. She glanced at him shyly and caught his eye; she fancied it was just a trifle dimmed. She was so sorry for him. "Very well, Mr. Relf," she murmured, relenting and taking his hand for a moment to say good-bye. "You can write yourself, if it's not too much trouble."

Warren's heart gave a great jump. "Thank you," he said, wringing her hand, oh, so hard! "You are very kind. Good-bye, Miss Challoner." And he raised his hat and departed all tremulous. He went down that afternoon to the *Mud-Turtle* in the harbour the happiest man alive in the whole of San Remo.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rose Leaves and Wine Screens.

Most persons when they removed faded roses from their vases throw away these poor flowers, despite all the sentiment that poets have thrown around faded flowers, but the queen of flowers is so sweet even in its decay that it deserves more tender handling than to be cast into the trash pile. Let me recommend to my readers when they are going to replenish their vases with fresh flowers that they pick off the leaves of the faded roses and save them. They never lose their fragrance entirely, but will diffuse a sweet perfume long after they have become withered and sere. After they have become seasoned put them in bags of transparent muslin, and lay them in your bureau drawers, or on your wardrobe shelves, and every time you go into these receptacles you will be greeted by a faint, sweet odor, subtle as a sweet thought in a dream. Fragrance seems to penetrate so entirely into the brain, stirring up the emotions and lifting up the thoughts that I think we do wisely to provide ourselves with as much pure, natural fragrance as possible. When the tired housewife, plying some homely task, is greeted through the open window by a fitful gust of perfume from the white star jessamine, or dainty tea roses in her flower garden, she, for the time, forgets her weariness and is lifted into a fairer, better world. But to return to the subject of faded roses, there is another use which can be made of these leaves. Steep them in vinegar, and keep adding layers of rose leaves till the vinegar becomes well permeated with the fragrance, then strain and bottle it, and you will find it a pleasant rustic cologne water. Speaking of flowers reminds me to say what a graceful and excellent device is a screen of vines for turning away the gaze of the public from the front windows of houses along a public road, or in a village, or in the suburbs of a town. I have seen the plan tried very successfully. The frame should be made a few yards in front of the window, and should be overrun with honeysuckle or any other pretty vines, though, of course, a flowering one is preferable. These screens are highly ornamental as well as useful, and are a real blessing to women living on a public highway where they are exposed to the intrusive gaze of the passers by.

To Induce Sleep.

The *London Spectator* for some time past has been discussing the subject of sleeplessness, aided by correspondents, one of whom writes as follows, recommending hot water as a remedy:—"For 35 years I have been a most wretched sleeper, or, rather, a most wretched sleepless, and for the last ten years, having had great pain to bear as well, if I got 20 minutes sleep in the 24 hours I thought myself happy. Eighteen months ago I began to take the hot water, which is the inseparable and invaluable adjunct of the Salisbury treatment. I took a pint, comfortably hot, one good hour before each of my three meals, and the last thing at night—naturally, unmixing with anything else. The first night I slept for three hours on end, turned round, and slept again till morning. I have faithfully and regularly continued the hot water, and have never had one 'bad night's' sleep. Pain gradually lessened and went; the shattered nerves became calm and strong, and, instead of each night being one long misery spent in weeping for the morning, they are all too short for the sweet refreshing sleep I now enjoy. I have recommended this part of the Salisbury treatment to very many people engaged in various and trying occupations, of whom some could only take the hot water morning and night; and the report in every case is the same—the advent of the 'sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'"

Fenderson—"Yes, I am going to speak pretty soon—just as soon as I get my ideas into shape, you know." Fogg—"Oh, I wouldn't wait for that, Fendy; the people are anxious to hear you. Why not take somebody else's ideas that are already in shape?"

WIT AND WISDOM.

It is wrong to call a dude a donkey. He is merely a clothes horse.

It is remarkable that, no matter how much nice palatable grass there is lying around loose, the country cow always prefers your new straw hat.

Country minister—Little boy, what will your father say to your fishing on Sunday? Little boy—If you can wait a minute he'll tell you. He's just gone to dig more bait.

The Powers That Be. Mistress—"Bridget, I wish you wouldn't go out this afternoon. I am not feeling very well." Bridget—"Faith, but that's a queer reason I'm well enough meself, ain't it?"

Of the candidates for President this year Cleveland is the biggest, Harrison is the shortest, Gen. Flisk is the handsomest, Streeter is the wealthiest, Belva Lockwood is the sweetest. Now take your choice.

Young husband—"Er—what kind of cake is this, my dear?" Young wife—"Marble cake, Algernon. Isn't it nice?" Young husband—"Splendid. If there was enough of it it would make a nice front for a public building."

While the men are jawing away like mad over the tariff, the fishery question and the affairs of State generally, the women keep right on talking about bias folds, box plaiting and so forth. The women, it should be observed, know what they are talking about.

A Pennsylvania man recently wrote to his somewhat illiterate son, who had married and settled in the West, asking: "How is your son and heir?" A week or two later he received the gratifying reply that "the boy is doing splendidly, but I am losing my hair."

Little Boy—"Mamma, what does this mean: 'Never judge a man by his clothes'?" Mamma—"Oh, it means that men haven't sense enough to select clothes, and it's always hit or miss with 'em. Women folk are the only ones that can be judged by their clothes."

Mr. Sampson (finishing song)—"Do you know, Miss Smith, that I am always saddest when I sing?" Miss Smith (gently)—"I feel very much that way myself, Mr. Sampson." Mr. Sampson—"Ah, then you, too, sing sometimes?" Miss Smith—"No, I never sing."

"Doctor," said a citizen, "I was after some free medical advice. 'I am restless, and sleep but little. Can you tell me what position I ought to take to obtain rest?'" "Yes, sir," replied the physician, "you take a good Government position and you will have no trouble about rest."

Amy—"I want you to introduce me to your friend, Mr. Smith, Charlie. I know him only by sight. As he passed me on Fifth avenue yesterday he tripped on a banana peel and fell heavily." Charlie—"What of it?" Amy—"He didn't swear as you would have done." Charlie (calmly)—"He is dumb."

Husband—(on his way to church)—I'll just skip on ahead, my dear, and get some change. I've nothing less than one dollar, and that's too much to give. Wife (on his overtaking her)—Did you get the bill changed? Husband—Yes. Wife—You will contribute half a dollar, John? Husband—I can't very well now. I happened to meet three or four friends, and I've only got a quarter left.

Good Deacon—"Have you been out of town?" Young Man—"No sir—well, I was away a week or so a couple of months ago." "I supposed you had not been here, because it is many Sundays since I have seen you at church. You used to come regularly with your sister." "Oh! she was not my sister. Church was the only place her parents would let her go to with me. But it's all right now. We're married."

Telephoning to Heaven.

A friend of mine, says a writer in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, has a telephone in his East End residence. Likewise he possesses a little daughter, some four years of age, of winning ways, sweet face, and [artfully artless manners.

When bedtime came a few nights ago the mother of this little maid could not find her. She was not in the nursery; and carrying on the search her mother reached the landing on the stairs. There she stayed a moment, and, listening, heard the babe's voice in the hall below. Looking over the banisters, she was surprised to see tiny Miss Mabel standing on a hall chair and talking into the telephone in a loud voice.

"Hello! Hello! Hello! central!" the child was saying in exact imitation of her father's manner. "Hello, central! Give me heaven; I want 't say my prayer!"

A Permanent Discovery.

"And so," said he bitterly, when he realized that she had rejected him, "and so you have been flirting heartlessly with me all the while. Well, thank Heaven, I have found you out at last!"

"Yes," she replied, "you have; and, what is more, I think you will find me out hereafter, when you call."

Home Education.

Children should not be compelled to take to the streets for sport. It should be a part of the household system to afford play, and to do it as surely and systematically as books and food. We have a good deal yet to learn about play. We should have our hours for sport and relaxation when the whole household join in games. As home education increases, and it must increase, these hours will be doubly necessary. I would not allow a child to study or read over an hour consecutively. Then let him play and exercise his body one hour. At what age should we cease to play? If fools, we may stop early in life. Only wise people never cease to love and enjoy games.

But the play room is not all. This is the age of manual culture. The grandest of innovations has occurred. Hereafter education will mean the culture of the whole body—handcraft as well as headcraft. It follows that each house that is intended for a home should have its provision for the education of the hand—a workshop, a tool room for every member of the family to find his chosen occupation. If necessary, a separate building should adjoin the house. Where there are five children there may be five separate occupations chosen. One of mine preters carpenter's tools and engineering, another printers', and a third cares

mainly for horticulture.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM FAULTY.

I am now advocating such household appointments purely on the score of health. Our school system is a blunder. No child should study from 9 till 12; and especially in rooms where they must sit. A child at study should, much of his time, be on his feet, or reclining if he chooses, and changing about. When you add the books taken home for evening study, you have shown up your common method, whereby, to perfection, we destroy the health, vigor, beauty and character of our children. Every one is damaged, and the majority are spoiled. I insist upon play as a duty, as a part of life, as in fact itself a part of study. A teacher of play would be far more sensible than the piano at \$2 to \$4 a lesson.

How about dancing? As a matter of health it is generally of no advantage whatever. It is no sooner acquired than night is turned into day, and then the play is disastrous. I have watched this matter from a physician's standpoint, and object totally to three or four hours and especially to six or eight, devoted to hilarious dancing, and those hours the ones that nature devotes to sleep. There is another point I cannot overlook. It is the close contact of bodies in round dances—a contact unwholesome purely from a physical point of view. The moral effect, others may discuss, but I object to any delicate person being borne so closely into the atmosphere of grosser, coarser ones. The physical effect is not likely to be understood, but it is seriously evil. I do not, therefore, care for dancing, unless conducted as a part of home sport, as it is not likely to be good.

A GOOD MORAL ATMOSPHERE.

It is, however, folly to talk of a healthy home that is not charged with a good moral atmosphere. I assure you the moral atmosphere is as real and tangible and efficient as the physical; and those who refuse or neglect to consider it will suffer accordingly. It is impossible for us to have about us, in close intimacy, those of gross temperament and physical sensuality, and not feel the effect on our bodies as well as on our minds. This holds good, of course, of our relation to ourselves. If we do not sustain a spirit of self-control and manly inspiration in our souls, our bodies are diseased as a consequence. One-half of all disease is the result of unsanitary mental conditions. Uniform honor, good faith, manhood, temperate desire, kindness, will have a powerful effect in sustaining vigorous physical health.

I have a brother physician who insists that if all people would keep in the best of humor for one hour before eating, during meals and for one hour after, they would never be troubled with any disorders of digestion, or with headaches. He is a trifle crochety, but he is not for from right in his valuation of good temper as a foe to dyspepsia. At meal time it is peculiarly important that all should be decorous and kindly. The fashion of haste and fret at our meals is an indication of nervous irritation, and affects digestion directly. But in all other ways a house should be delivered from the destructive influence of immoral or unwholesome habits. An habitual scold is not only a disagreeable termagant, but a destroyer of the physical health of her children. The effect on moral character is tallied by the effect on the features of the young. I have supposed some to be more sensitive to moral atmosphere than others, but on larger experience I am satisfied that all are influenced in this way, and to their serious detriment. The art of building a healthy home is dependent upon the art of being ourselves pure hearted and honorable, generous, just and adaptable.—[M. Maurice, M. D., in *Globe-Democrat*.

Fighting Trusts.

The *Telegram* of N. Y. City published a few days ago some of the details of a move which had been originated by the wholesale grocers for the purpose of regulating the trade in sugars and other food products. It was not then thought that the retail dealers would to any great extent join in the combination, but now they are moving in the matter. Already the association has more than 2,000 names upon its membership roll. This includes more than half of the large wholesalers and not a few of the leading retailers in this city and Brooklyn. The call for the first meeting, held several weeks ago, was signed by sixty-three prominent firms. Many retailers feel that their business interests will be greatly retarded if they do not go in with the wholesalers.

The retailers have not as yet fully decided upon their program of action, but they have appointed a committee of five of their members to ascertain what is best to be done. It is expected that this committee will visit the managers of this newly organized wholesale grocery association and enter into negotiation for the protection of mutual interests. There is some talk in certain quarters of appealing to the State Legislature for the enactment of more stringent laws for the regulation of trusts and combinations. Mr. Roger A. Pryor, who was recently appointed assistant counsel to the Attorney General of the State for the prosecution of trusts, is preparing to take a test case into court, but he declined to say at present which of the combinations will be first attacked. It is conjectured that he will pay special attention to the so-called Sugar Trust. Mr. Pryor thinks the existing law of the State is enough for all purposes.

The Sugar Duty.

A correspondent in one of the southwestern counties writes to the editor saying: "You say put sugar on the free list. I say don't do it. Its only a question as to who shall have the princely revenue of \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000—the government or the 'sugar trust.'" The "sugar trust" would give a million dollars to have it put permanently on the free list. The world consumes all the sugar that is made readily at present prices: the trust will see to it that the consumer pays just as much as we can stand; it is an article that can be easily handled by strong combinations of capital. You may say "abate the 'trust' as a nuisance." You can't do it; it may be located in Havana or London, out side of our government jurisdiction. Steam and lightning have created a new business world; figures have but little value in tariff discussions of to-day. Take off the rate in a given article and you may be only giving so much to a foreign producer. The strong argument is the patriotic one: Shall Americans have control of American markets? Put up the bars.—[*American Paper*].

The Queen Regent of Spain has conferred the decoration of the Golden Fleece upon the Duke of Edinburgh.