Captivated the President.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

Miss Lucy Buck, a young lady of Front Ro[illegible] Va., and a relative of Mrs. C. A. Black, of [illegible] city, recently wrote to President Cleveland a[illegible] ing a silken necktie for a crazy quilt, to be ma[illegible] and sold for the benefit of the poor. In reply she received a pleasant autograph letter from the President, enclosing an elegant tie for the purpose named. Miss Buck's letter was charmingly written in verse, and is as follows:

My dear Mr. Cleveland, I know it's a shame
To bother you now, but I'm not to blame,
At least not so much, for Jack is the one
Who first put me up to the thing I have done.
He told me last night if I'd make for the fair
A crazy patch quilt, and put in a square
Of something that Cleveland had worn, he would buy
The thing for himself, no matter how high
The price I might set—and so, don't you see,
If I manage this plan, how nice it will be?
Jack gives a neat sum toward our fair for the poor,
Receiving, instead, what he values far more,
And then, when I marry dear Jack, it is plain
I'll own both the quilt and memento again;
Now, dear Mr. Cleveland, please won't you just ask
Your sister to send me, 'tis not much of a task,
An old silken necktie, or handkerchief, say,
Some fragment of what you've worn any day,
To lend to my handiwork dignity due?
And then may the fates most kindly help you
To piece at the patchwork you've taken in hand,
Its intricate patterns at once small and grand;
May each square that's fashioned with infinite art
Glow with the tints truth and wisdom impart,
Till the national craze patch, crazy no more,
Grows into symmetry ne'er known before!
And still something better I wish you may win—
Some true, earnest woman, who, through thick and thin,
Will follow your fortunes as I follow Jack's.
And not any further your patience to tax,
I will close, just adding this P. S. to say
If your own secretary be out of the way,
Or too much engaged this petition to read,
Because it is small, just tell him to heed
This admonition—it never is wise
The day of small things to neglect or despise,
For some time, perhaps, in years not remote,
We women may have legal right to a vote;
Then, if he wished to be President, he
Might have some aid from e'en poor little me.
"Verbum sap" is the cue—adieu—may you be
As happy as good, prays your friend Lucy B.

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

CHAPTER I.

Although the afternoon was far advanced, the principal church of the Residence was full to overflowing. The great numbers present, the rich floral adornments of the altar, as well as the long row of waiting equipages outside, proved that the marriage about to be solemnized here excited interest in an unusually large circle.

The bearing of the assembly, as is usual on such occasions where the sacredness of the place forbids any audible expression of curiosity or sympathy, betrayed an expectant unrest. There was a whispering, a putting of heads together, and an eager attention to all that passed near the sacristy; until, at last, all ended in a general, half-suppressed "Ah!" of satisfaction as the doors were thrown open; and, with the first notes of the organ, the bridal party entered.

It was a large and brilliant company that grouped around the altar and the bridal pair. Rich uniforms, heavy velvet and satin robes, rare costly laces, flowers and diamonds, all glittered, undulated, and blent together in a blaze of magnificence dazzling to behold. The aristocracy of birth and wealth, present here in its most distinguished representatives, lent an unwonted splendor to these marriage rites.

At the right of the bride, as first among the guests, stood a tall, stately officer, whose uniform and numerous orders indicated a long military career. His bearing was simple and dignified, as became the solemnity of the occasion; and yet it seemed as if the gravity of his features concealed something not in harmony with so joyous an event. It was a peculiarly melancholy glance he threw upon the bridal pair; and, as his gaze wandered over the crowded church, a thrill of repressed pain or anger seemed to pass over the proud features, and the firmly-closed lips quivered.

Opposite him, by the bridegroom's side, stood another gentleman, in the dress of a civilian. He was somewhat advanced in years, and appeared to be one of the nearest relatives; but neither the profusion of brilliants he displayed in watch-chain, rings, and breast-pin, nor the self-consciousness of his manner, could give him the faintest gleam of that distinction the man opposite possessed in so remarkable a degree. His appearance was decidedly commonplace, not to say vulgar; and this was only heightened by his present air of unconcealed triumph. It was with infinite complacency that he surveyed the bride and groom and the brilliant assemblage—the intense satisfaction with which one hails the attainment of a long-sought goal. For him there was no shadow to dim the joy and splendor of these bridal festivities.

These two men appeared to be the only deeply-interested spectators of a marriage in which the bride and groom were most indifferent of all. The most distant of the guests could have shown no greater unconcern than did these two, who, in a few moments, would belong for life to each other.

This young bride of 19 years was undeniably a beautiful girl; but there floated about her an icy atmosphere, little suited to the place and time. The light of the altar-candles played among the heavy folds of the white satin dress, and flashed back from the diamonds of the costly bridal jewels; but it fell upon the face, which with the beauty of the marble, seemed to have received all its coldness and rigidity, at least for this hour, which should have animated the most lifeless repose.

The ash-blond of the heavy braids, around which lay the myrtle wreath, contrasted strangely with the dark brows and the almost black eyes which were raised but once or twice during the ceremony. The pale, regular features looking out from the bridal veil wore the aristocratic expression which is inborn, and can never be inbred. This was the ruling element in the bride's appearance. It was betrayed in the delicate noble outlines of her face; it was impressed upon her manner; it was so inwoven into her whole being as to throw every other characteristic into the shade.

This young lady seemed created to move only around the heights of life, without ever coming in contact with beings of a lower sphere; and yet there was an expression in those dark eyes which betrayed more energy and character than we are wont to find in a lady of fashion.

Possibly the hour demanded all the bride's energy and self-control; for, as the ceremony progressed, the gentleman in uniform at her right, and the three young officers behind him, fixed the most searching glances upon her face. But, through all, that face remained cold and impassive as at first.

The bridegroom, a young man of some eight and twenty years, was one of those individuals who seem created for the glittering frame of the *salon*, and who are of small account anywhere but in the fashionable world, where they celebrate their triumphs, and pass their lives.

Exquisitely elegant in dress and manner, he yet appeared *blase* in the highest degree.

His refined and pleasing features wore an expression of such entire apathy, such utter indifference to every earthly thing, as to rob them of all that could attract or charm. All was so lifeless, so colorless! Not a breath of red in the cheeks, not a gleam of animation in the whole face, which looked as if neither joy nor sorrow could move it from its insensibility.

As, in society, a gentleman conducts a lady to her place, so he had led his bride to the altar. Now he stood at her side, and held her hand in just the same listless, apathetic way. Neither the importance of the step he was about to take, nor the beauty of the woman he was to marry, appeared to make the slightest impression upon him.

The clergyman went on with the marriage service. His voice rang loud and clear through the church as he asked Herr [illegible] Berkow and the Baroness Eugenie [illegible]nn von Windeg if they here, in the presence of God and these witnesses, took each other for husband and wife.

Again there was a convulsive movement of the officer's features, and he threw a glance almost of hatred at the man opposite him. The next moment the double "Yes" had been spoken, the double vow through which one of the oldest, proudest names of the nobility was merged in the plebeian name of Berkow.

Scarce had the last word of the benediction been pronounced when the bejeweled gentleman rushed forward with the evident idea of giving an ostentatious salutation to the newly-wedded pair. But the officer was before him. Calmly, but with the manner of one who claims an inalienable right, he stepped between the two, and clasped the bride in his arms. But the lips which touched her forehead were cold; and the face which for some moments bent down to hers bore an expression quite different from his usual haughty reserve.

"Courage, my father! it must be."

The words, audible to him alone, recalled the baron to his self-possession. Once again he folded his daughter to his heart; and there was in his whole manner something like an entreaty for pardon. Then he released her from his arms, and delivered her to the unavoidable embrace of the other gentleman, who, with visible impatience, had waited to congratulate his "dear daughter-in-law."

Eugenie made no resistance, for the eyes of the whole assembly were upon her. She stood immoveable; no feature of the beautiful face changed; but the eyes were lifted, and there was in their glance such unapproachable pride, such icy repulsion against what she could not possibly avert, that the father-in-law, quite disconcerted, at once subdued his first violent tenderness, assuming in its stead a respectful courtesy. The embrace which followed was a mere form, in which Berkow's arm just swept the airy folds of the bridal veil. The by no means small self-conceit of the new relative had cowered before that haughty glance.

Young Berkow did not make matters so difficult to his father-in-law. Something like a pressure of the hand, in which his white glove scarce came in contact with that of the baron, was exchanged between them. It appeared to quite satisfy both. The bridegroom now offered the bride his arm, and they passed down the aisle. The bride's satin train swept the marble steps of the vestibule; and behind came a gorgeous array of guests. Soon after the equipages, one after another, rolled away.

The church was quickly vacated. Some pressed to the doors and windows to gaze after the bridal party; others hurried out to exchange remarks over the appearance of the bride and groom and wedding-guests. In less than ten minutes all within was silent and desolate.

But the twilight gleamed through the lofty chancel-window, flooding with its roseate beams altar and altar-paintings, so that the ancient figures on that golden ground seemed to be alive. Moved by the breeze, the tapers swayed to and fro; while from the chancel floor exhaled the perfume of the flowers that had been strewn there with a lavish hand. The ladies' trains had swept over them; the gentlemen's feet had crushed them. Of what account were these poor flowers amid the lavish diamond splendor of those nuptial rites which had sealed the union of the daughter of a proud, hereditary race with the son of a millionaire?

The equipages had already drawn up before the baronial mansion; and the brilliantly-lighted rooms began to be alive with guests. In the reception-room, amid the dazzling glow of wax-tapers, stood the young bride, leaning on her husband's arm, and just as proud and cold as, an hour ago, she had stood at the altar, and received the congratulations of the wedding-guests.

Was it happiness her bridal vow had sealed? The melancholy shadow that would not lift from her father's haughty forehead gave answer.

CHAPTER II.

"Now, thank Heaven, things are at last in order! and it is high time, for in a quarter of an hour they may be here. I have given the men on the hill exact instructions. As soon as the carriage comes in sight they are to fire the first salute."

"But, Herr Director, you are too hasty—too much excited."

"Spare your energies for the all important moment of reception!"

"In your present proud position of master of ceremonies and marshal-in-chief"—began another.

"No more of your witticisms, gentlemen," interrupted the director angrily; "I wish they had honored one of you with this accursed post. I have had enough of it."

All the officers of the great Berkow mines, in full society dress, had gathered at the foot of the terrace before the mansion house. This house, built in the most elegant modern-villa style, with its costly facade, its lofty plate-glass windows, and its magnificent entrance, more resembled a palace than a country house. Broad, tasteful pleasure grounds surrounded it, giving an impression of boundless wealth and lavish expenditure, which was greatly enhanced to-day, when all was in gala-dress.

The hot-houses had apparently yielded their choicest treasures for the adornment of staircases, balconies and terraces. Rare and costly plants, which seldom come in contact with the outside air, here unfolded their tropical splendors, and filled the air with their fragrance.

Upon the velvety lawn, surrounded by carefully-tended native flowers, now in the first glories of the awakening spring, fountains sent up their glittering spray; and at the entrance to the grounds stood a grand triumphal arch, profusely decorated with flags and garlands.

"I have had enough of this!" repeated the director, joining the circle of officers. "Herr Berkow demands the most brilliant reception possible; and believes, that for this, nothing is needed but unlimited access to his cash-box; as to the good-will of the miners, he never brings that into the account. If he only had the miners of twenty years ago! If there was then a holiday, festival, or even a dance, we need have no anxiety about the cheers; now there is passive indifference on the one side, and open hostility on the other. They were almost ready to refuse our young gentleman any reception at all! When you return to the Residence to-morrow, Herr Schaffer, you must be careful to drop no hint of matters our proprietor either does not or *will* not know.

"I will be careful," returned Herr Schaffer. "Would you yourself like to encounter the fine phrases of our chief when he hears anything displeasing to him? In such a case, I get as far from him as possible."

The officers laughed. The absent chief did not seem to be the object of any great respect in their circle.

"But he has really brought about this aristocratic marriage," said the engineer. "He has given himself no end of trouble to secure it; and I really hope it will solace him for the lose of that patent of nobility they still obstinately refuse him in spite of all his schemes and efforts to obtain it. He at least has the triumph of seeing that the old nobility no longer take offence at his plebeian name, since the Windegs ally themselves with it."

"They could not help it," replied Herr Schaffer. "The embarrassed circumstances of the Windegs are well known at the Residence. I doubt the baron's willingness to sacrifice his daughter in such a speculation. He belongs not only to the oldest but to the haughtiest aristocracy. Yet even he and his had to bow at last to stern necessity."

"Well, one thing is certain," replied the director; "this aristocratic alliance costs us a prodigious sum of money. In any event, the baron has made his own conditions; and I cannot see the advantage of all this sacrifice. It still remains a daughter-in-law bought for her rank and name; and Arthur will continue to be no less a plebeian, even though he has a wife of ancient lineage."

"Do you believe it?" said Herr Schaffer. "I think quite the contrary. To the husband of the Baroness Windeg-Rabenau, the son-in-law of the baron, they will not refuse that title for which his father has striven in vain; but, let this be as it may, they cannot prevent his now associating with that circle which has hitherto excluded him. Teach me anything about our chief! He knows just what this marriage will bring him, and is therefore regardless of its cost."

One of the officers, a young, very blonde man, with tightly-fitting dress-coat and faultless kid gloves, here thought proper to make a remark.

"I cannot understand why our bride and groom make their wedding-tour to this out-of-the-way place, and not to the land of poesy—to Italy"—

The engineer laughed aloud. "No more of that, Wilberg! Poesy in this marriage between money and rank! Besides, wedding-tours to Italy are so much the fashion, that they must seem plebeian to Herr Berlow. The aristocracy go to their estates to pass the honeymoon; and, above all things, we must and will be aristocratic!"

"I fear there are more serious reasons," said the director. "The young gentleman might run the same career in Rome or in Naples that he ran last year at the Residence; and it was high time to put an end to such extravagance. His expenditure at last rose into the hundred thousands. One can exhaust a fountain; and Herr Arthur was in a fair way to try this experiment for his father."

Herr Schaffer's thin lips curled derisively. "The father reared his son in this way," he said; "he only reaps what he has sown. But you may be right. In a solitude like this, a man may perhaps sooner learn to yield to the control of a young wife. But I fear that this wife, with her small enthusiasm, undertakes no enviable task."

"Do you believe she has been coerced into the marriage?" asked Wilberg eagerly.

"Oh, no! not at all. Things in our day are not so tragically carried on. A little sensible persuasion, a clear insight into circumstances, brought it all about; and I have no doubt this marriage of convenience will in the end turn out to be quite endurable, as in most such cases."

The blonde Herr Wilber, who apparently had a passion for the tragic, mournfully shook his head.

"Ah, I fear not! If only, later, the true love awakes in this young woman's heart—if another—my God, Hartman! couldn't you lead your men through another route? You are enveloping us all in a cloud of dust!"

The young miner Hartman, who was passing at the head of a column of some fifty of his comrades, turned and threw a scornful glance upon the gala dress of the speaker, and then a second upon the dusty highway, where the rough shoes of the miners certainly raised a cloud of dust.

"Right—about—face!" commanded he, deigning no reply to Wilberg. The men obeyed; and with military precision turned and took the designated course.

"A bear—this Hartman!" said Wilberg, brushing his coat with his handkerchief. "Had he even a word of apology for his rudeness! 'Right—about—face,' he said, with a tone of command, as if he was a general at the head of his army! And what airs he gives himself! If his father had not interfered, he wouldn't have allowed Martha Ewers to recite my poem in honor of the bride—my poem that I"—

"Have already read to all the world," added the chief engineer, turning to the director. "If it was only shorter! But our poet is right; it was a piece of impudence for Hartman to forbid the recital. You should not have posted him and his men just here. We need not expect them to take part in the reception; they are the the most obstinate fellows in the whole works."

"And also the most stately," said the director. "I have stationed all the others upon the route and in the village; the *elite* of our workmen belong to the triumphal arch. On such occasions, we want to make the best show possible with our men."

The young miner Hartmann had meantime posted his comrades around the triumphal arch. The director was right; he was a stately fellow, towering at least a head above all his men. He was a powerful, strongly-built figure, and looked especially distinguished in his dark miner's dress. According to the strict rules of beauty, his face could not be called handsome; the forehead was somewhat too low, the lips too full, the lineament not sufficiently noble. But these sharp, clearly-cut features were not commonplace. Flaxen, curling hair clustered thick around the broad massive forehead; while a wavy flaxen beard covered the lower part of his face, whose bronzed, healthy complexion did not betray its frequent withdrawal from the light and sunshine. The lips were curled in defiance; and in the blue, sullen eyes lay something indescribable—an expression common natures at once felt and respected as superiority. Embodied energy spoke from this man's whole being; and, little sympathy as his rigid bearing might awake, at the first glance you felt his power.

An elderly man, who, although he wore the miner's dress, did not seem to belong to the workmen, now appeared, accompanied by a young girl.

"Good luck to you, comrades!" he said; "how is Ulrich? is everything in order?" Ulrich nodded assent; while the men answered his salutation by a hearty "*Gluck auf*, Herr Overseer!" But the glances of most turned to his young companion.

This young girl of twenty years was really very pretty; and the peasant costume of that region became her charmingly. Rather *petite* in stature, her crown scarce reached to the shoulder of the giant Hartmann; heavy, dark braids surrounded her fresh, slightly sunburned face, with its blooming cheeks and clear blue eyes. Her form was robust, but yet graceful.

She made a gesture as if to reach her hand to Ulrich; but, as he remained standing with folded arms, her own fell quickly. The overseer remarked this, and fixed a sharp glance upon both.

"Are you in a bad humor because you couldn't have your own way for once?" he asked. "Console yourself, Ulrich; it seldom enough happens; but when you go too far, your father must interpose with his authority."

"If I had anything to say to Marth, I should say it," replied Ulrich decidedly; and his morose glance swept over the bouquet of rare hot-house flowers in her hand.

"I believe you," returned the old man; "it would be just like you. But Martha is my sister's child, and must obey me. What is the matter with your triumphal arch up there? The flag-staff has sunken; fasten it up again, or the structure will fall."

Ulrich to whom this warning was evidently addressed, threw an indifferent glance up to the threatened garlands, but made no motion to come to their help.

"Do you not hear?" asked the father impatiently.

"It is my business to keep watch up here, not to stand by the arch," replied Ulrich.

"Can't you let the old grudge rest to-day?" asked the overseer angrily. "Well, one of you others attend to the matter."

The miners glanced at Ulrich, as if waiting a word of assent from him, but none was given. Only one of the men moved as if to accede to the overseer's request. The young leader turned and gazed at him. It was but a single glance out of those stern blue eyes; but it had the effect of a command. Every man at once stepped back; not another hand moved.

"I wish it would fall on your obstinate head!" cried the overseer in a rage, while with youthful alacrity, he himself climbed up and bound the flag-staff. "Perhaps you would then learn how folks ought to behave at a festival; and you have spoiled Lorenz, who used to be the best of you; but now he only does what his lord and master Ulrich commands."

"Ought we to rejoice that a new aristocrat is coming to rule here?" asked Ulrich in a low tone. "I thought we had enough of the old one."

The overseer, busied with the flag-staff, did not hear this remark; but Martha, who had stood silent at one side, turned quickly around, and threw an anxious glance up to the arch. "Help him, Ulrich, I beg you!" she said.

The obstinate young man made no answer; but his features were not a shade milder or more compliant. The girl stood motionless before him. She evidently wished to say something, but was half afraid. At length she spoke softly—

"And will you really not come to the festival to-night?"

"No!"

"Ulrich!"

"Leave me alone, Martha! You know I do not like your dancing foolery!"

Martha started back; but her red lips curled in scorn, and the moist glimmer in her eyes was more tears of anger than sorrow at her cousin's rudeness.

Ulrich did not remark this. He did not seem to trouble himself much about the girl. Without a word further, she turned her back to him, and went in another direction. The eyes of the young man, who had at last found courage to help about the flag-staff, followed her continually. He would no doubt have given much if the invitation had been to him rather than to Ulrich, who had declined it so indifferently.

Meantime, the overseer had come down, and was regarding his work with great complacency, when the first salute echoed from the hill. It was followed by a second and a third. This signal of the arrival of the long expected bride and groom, as may be supposed, caused a great flutter. The officers were in lively commotion. The director once more scanned his preparations. The chief engineer and Herr Schaffer buttoned on their gloves, and Wilberg hurried over to Martha to ask for perhaps the twentieth time if she was sure she knew his verses—if there was really not danger, lest, by some untimely fright, she might peril his poetic triumph. Even the miners betrayed some curiosity to see this young and beautiful woman, their future mistress. More than one tightened his leather belt, and pressed his hat down over his forehead. Ulrich alone stood quite unmoved, just as dumb and scornful as before, and threw not even a glance in the direction of the coming guests.

But the reception, arranged with so much expense and trouble, was to turn out quite otherwise than could have been hoped. A cry of horror from the overseer, who stood outside the arch, drew all glances in that direction; and what they saw was terrible enough.

Down the declivity leading to the village dashed, or rather flew, a coach, whose horses had become utterly unmanageable. Frightened probably at the salute, they stormed onward, swaying the coach hither and thither, over the uneven road, and threatening ever moment to rush with it against the giant trees at the left.

The coachman had lost all presence of mind. He had let go the reins, and in mortal terror was clinging to his seat. From the hill, where the intervening trees shut out the sight of what had happened, still crashed shot after shot, goading the terrified animals to still greater fury. The fearful end of this mad journey was only too evident. The catastrophe must come at the bridge below.

The throng of people gathered in front of the house did what such throngs are wont to do on like occasions. They shrieked aloud with terror, and ran helplessly up and down. It never occurred to one of them to offer the needed assistance; even among the miners, so accustomed to scenes of danger, no one seemed to have retained his presence of mind.

Ah! but there was one. Taking in the magnitude of the danger at a glance, to hurl aside his father and his comrades, to rush forward, was for Ulrich but the work of a moment. In three bounds he had reached the bridge. An agonized cry from Martha followed him. Too late; he had already thrown himself in front of the horses, and seized their reins. The frightened animals reared, and then rushed forward with new impetuosity, carrying Ulrich along with them. Any other man would have been trodden under foot; but Ulrich's strength ere long prevailed. A powerful jerk at the reins, from which he had not for a moment loosed his hold, caused one of the horses to stumble. He fell, and dragged down the other with him. The coach remained standing.

The young miner darted up the steps, in certain anticipation of finding the occupants of the coach, the lady at least, in a state of unconsciousness. This was the usual resource of aristocrats in the face of danger. But there was no swooning here, where, if in any place in life, swooning might have been justifiable. The young lady stood upright in the coach, convulsively clinging to the back of her seat with both hands, her wide open, stony eyes fixed upon the precipice down which next moment they were almost certain to be dashed; but not a syllable, not one cry of terror, passed her firmly closed lips. Ready, when things came to the worst, to make a spring which would have been certain destruction, she had looked death in the face, and her countenance showed that she had done so with the fullest self possession.

The animals were yet struggling upon the ground, and the danger was still great. Ulrich hastily took the lady in his arms, and bore her from the carriage. It required only a few seconds to carry her over the bridge; but during that short space she fixed her dark eyes upon the man who with such contempt of death had thrown himself under the horses' hoofs; and his glance, too, swept that beautiful, pale face which had so courageously met danger. This man had never before felt a soft, glistening silk dress in his arms, or a fleecy white veil fluttering over his shoulder; a flush of embarrassment overspread his face; and he hastily, almost violently, set the lady down on the other end of the bridge.

Eugenie was still trembling, and now her lips parted for a deep sigh of relief; but this was the only sign of the agony she had endured.

"I—I thank you," she said. "Will you now look after Herr Berkow?"

Ulrich, who had been just about to do this, now paused unwittingly.

"Will you look after Herr Berkow?" said the young wife in a moment when any other woman in agonizing cries would have called after her husband; and she said it very coolly, very calmly. The young man remembered the words the officers had spoken about this marriage, and went to look after Herr Berkow.

He needed no help. He had already left the carriage, and was coming over the bridge. Arthur Berkow, even in this catastrophe, had not belied his passive, indifferent nature. When the danger had come so unexpectedly, and his young wife had made a motion as if to spring from the carriage, he had only placed his hand upon her arm, and said in a low voice, "Keep your seat, Eugenie! You are lost if you venture to spring out!"

Not another word or syllable had been exchanged between them. While Eugenie stood upright in the coach looking for help, and resolved at the last moment to make the dangerous spring. Arthur remained immoveable in his place; but, as they neared the bridge, he had for one short moment placed his hand over his eyes, expecting, no doubt, the next instant to be dashed in pieces.

Now he stood leaning against the railing of the bridge, perhaps a trifle paler than usual, but without trembling, without any visible token of excitement. Whether he really felt none, or whether he controlled it, even now, Ulrich must confess that there was something unusual in his apathy. The young heir had just looked death in the face; and now he looked at Ulrich as if that man who had rescued him from mortal danger was a sort of incomprehensible curiosity.

The now rather superfluous assistance came from all sides. Twenty hands were at once raised to lift up the prostrate horses, and to help down the coachman who was almost senseless from fright. The whole tide of officials rushed forward, and overwhelmed the bride and groom with all sorts of expressions of condolence and sympathy. They vied with each other in offers of help; they could not imagine how the accident had happened; they blamed the shots, the horses, and the coachman by turns. Arthur for some moments endured all this passively, then he made an evasive gesture.

(To be continued).

Two Great English Beauties.

For those with a key to its right interpretation, no more suggestive demise could have happened than that of Anne Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Chesterfield, who expired at Bretby Park, near Burton-on-Trent, last Monday morning, in her 83rd year. Sixty years since, when George IV. was on the throne, two young and beautiful sisters, Anne and Isabelle Forester, were the cynosures of every eye. An intermediate sister, who in 1822 was married to the second Lord Carrington, had withdrawn in great measure from the fashionable world in 1825, and the two youngest sisters—Henrietta and Selina—had not as yet been inducted into it. Of the last-named pair, the elder was married to the first Lord Londesborough in 1838, and died in 1841, and the younger gave her hand in 1844 to Lord Bradford, and is still alive. Reverting, however, to the two fair scions of a house famed for the beauty of its daughters, we find that in the summer of 1830 Miss Anne Forester was married to the sixth Earl of Chesterfield, and in the winter of the same year Miss Isabelle Forester wedded the Hon. George Anson, who died at Kurnaul, as Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, on the outbreak of the great mutiny in 1857. For some five or six years anterior to their marriages, the lady who breathed her last on Monday, and Mrs. Anson, who followed her universally popular husband to the tomb in 1858, were two of England's most celebrated beauties. They might, indeed, have sat for their pictures as typical representatives of "Night and Morning"—Lady Chesterfield being a dazzling brunette, and Mrs. Anson as fair and sunny as the dawn of an Easter day. We are reminded by their rich and varied attractions of a memorable passage in Mr. Gladstone's "Financial Statement" of 1861. "I never can think," observed the greatest of our Chancellors of the Exchequer, "of direct and indirect taxation, except as I should think of two attractive sisters, just introduced into the gay world of London, and differing only as sisters may differ, where one is of darker and another of lighter complexion, or where there is some agreeable variety of manner, the one being more free and open, and the other somewhat more shy, retiring and insinuating." In this instance the two sisters were destined, both before and after marriage, to play distinguished parts in the society which they were made to adorn. Lady Chesterfield, the darker, shyer and more retiring of the two, was united in marriage to a nobleman, who came into the world "greeted," in Thackeray's words, "by fortune with both hands full;" while Mrs. Anson's fair and brilliant beauty, and open, engaging manners, Admirable Rouse once remarked "that they would raise a soul beneath the ribs of death." It is impossible to open one of the many "memoirs" which deal with the fashionable society of the west end as it existed between 1830 and 1850 without finding abundant evidence that Lord and Lady Chesterfield and Colonel and Mrs. Anson were conspicuous in its foremost ranks. Although the published portion of Mr. Grenville's "diaries" does not extend beyond the end of 1837, it abounds in reminiscences of Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson, and of their husbands. In his "Memoirs of an ex-Minister," Lord Malmesbury has much to tell about them, and Mr. Edward Tattersall has often been heard to relate that when Lord George Bentinck attended the first spring meeting in 1848 he rode up to the carriage in which Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson were seated, whereupon the latter exclaimed, noticing his wan, careworn face, "For heaven's sake, George, let me persuade you to cut politics and come back to the turf, or you will be dead in six months?"—*London Telegraph, July 30th.*

Disadvantages of Prepared Food.

Dr. W. Roberts, in his address to the British Medical Association on "Feeding the Sick," made reference to the numerous prepared foods for infants and invalids, in which so large a trade is now carried on. He pointed out that these foods, one and all, must necessarily be derived from a limited number of well-known flours, including wheat, barley, oats, maize, pea, lentil and one or two others. While admitting that these various foods possessed undoubted excellences, and that they severally are adapted to different cases and conditions, Dr. Roberts insists that it is a great disadvantage that they are all practically secret compounds, and that on this account they are unfitted for the use of the physician. Both the latter and his patient would be more favorably situated if the attendant were able to order a food the exact composition of which was known beforehand, and consequently its effect on the system pre-gauged, instead of being compelled to trust blindly to a mixture of which he can only approximately guess the contents. In the same way as secret remedies are eschewed by medical men because of the uncertainty attending their composition, so, argues Dr. Roberts, with much justice, is there reason for a physician to be chary of ordering his patient a food of which the precise composition is not publicly declared. The question that this opens up is a very important one, which has not hitherto been sufficiently considered, and it remains to see whether purveyors of the better known foods will not find it most to their own interest to remove the bar of secrecy from their particular preparations.

The old device of novel and drama, a blotting pad that retains an impression of a missing document, has actually turned up as evidence in a real California lawsuit.

Senator Hill, of Georgia, is said to have received the largest fee ever earned by a Georgia lawyer. It amounted to $120,000. Only $60,000 of it, however, was collected. Judge Chisholm, of Savannah, was paid $60,000 at one time for services to the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad, and Gen. Henry R. Jackson an equal sum.

Queen Victoria has restocked the Royal free library at Balmoral with several hundred new books. This library is open to the inhabitants of Crathie parish and to all persons who are employed on the Balmoral and Abergeldie estates.

The health of the entire kingdom of Italy is declared to be excellent.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

The End of the World Figured Out, and the Period Fixed at 1899.

The following singular and very curious calculation, by which the approaching end of the world is determined, has never been made known to the public, writes a Waterloo, Kan., correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and may be of very great interest to those who have been studying the prophecies, or watching the progress of human events. Believe the results or not, as we may, nevertheless here are the figures, which any reader can verify for himself. If these results are here correctly foretold, then the startling fact stares us in the face that the world is within fifteen years of its close. In the fall of 1899 the final winding up is to take place. Here are the calculations. Let the reader carefully examine them:

To begin. There are several important prophetic periods made known in the scriptures, and various dates, as well as significant numbers, such as the great period of 2,300 years mentioned by Daniel, the period of 1,290 years, and the period of 1,335 years. Besides these there are in the Book of Revelation other periods and significant numbers, such as the 1,260 years the period of the woman's sojourn in the wilderness, 1,000 years the period of Satan's being bound, and 666 the number of the beast. Enoch's age (365 years), who prophesied of the second advent among the antediluvian sinners, is also beyond all question a symbolic number. Perhaps, like the 365 days which complete one revolution of the earth around the sun, making one year, so his 365 years may be symbolic of the great prophetic periods known as "days," one grand revolution of which is to complete one of time's great years and finish earth's career. "Seven" is also one of the significant numbers of scripture, and a "week of sevens," or 7 times 7, still more so. The student of scripture will readily recall frequent instances of this significant figure 7, and especially the more important one of 7 times 7, or 49—the number of final completion, the finishing of all mysteries, the winding up of earth's affairs.

Very well. Now, take these figures, add them together, and see what you got:

2,300 years, Dan's great period for the cleansing of the sanctuary.

1,290 years, measuring the continuance of the "abomination of desolation."

1,335 years, the period of "blessedness" to the saints.

1,260 years, the duration of the woman's sojourn in the wilderness.

1,000, the binding of Satan.

666 years, the number of the "beast" who is to go into perdition.

365 years, the symbolic age of Enoch, the great prophet of the advent.

49 years, the number of final completion.

Total, 8,265 years.

Now remember that before all the catastrophes denounced on mankind as the divine judgments against sin there were usually periods of "waiting" before the judgment fell, so as to afford opportunity for repentance and escape, and these periods multiplies of 40, as, for example, before the flood, 120 years; before the conquest of Canaan, 40 years; and before the fall of Nineveh, 40 days, denounced by the prophet Jonah. Now add together 120 years of Noah's warning before the flood came, 40 years of Israel's warning before judgment fell on the guilty Canaanites, 3½ years that the witnesses lay unburied preparatory to resurrection, and three years during which the owner of the vineyard came seeking fruit and finding none, at the expiration of which period the fig tree was to be cut down, and you have 166½ as the sum.

Now, to apply these mystic numbers and learn their significance, imagine your life divided into the four periods of childhood, youth, manhood and old age, so as to get it in its completeness. Take your age in years, leaving off months and days, add it to itself three times (one for each of these four periods), add to it the mystic number 8,265 (the sum of the great prophetic periods), in order to ascertain the full sum of time's revolutions, and divide the amount by four (the number of universality, because these calculations apply equally to every human being), subtract from the quotient the other mystic number 166½ (periods of warning given to man before the execution of final doom), and from the remainder deduct the number of years you have lived in this sublunary world, and you get the number 1,899¾.

Now it matters not what age you take, that of the little child or the old man, the result is the same, the ominous 1,899¾ always remains as the one fatal period when every human life is to close. But the one year in which every human career is to terminate and every life close must be the final year, the winding up, the conclusion of all sublunary things, the year of doom. A singular confirmation of this calculation is to be found in the fact that according to an old Jewish tradition, the world was created in the fall of the year, of which the old feast of trumpets, occurring in October, was supposed to be the memorial. And it would be natural to suppose that it would be very appropriate for it to close its career on the completion of one of its annual revolutions; in other words, in the fall of the year. And so this remarkable calculation plainly indicates. The three-fourths singularly point out that fact. Hence, if these conclusions are not erroneous, we have the startling prophecy before us that when earth reaches one of her great milestones on the highway of time in October, 1899, a mighty hand will be laid upon her and she will stop. Let the world look out for 1899.

Some Recent Inventions.

At Woolwich on Saturday last experiments were made with the object of testing the feasibility of photographing the interior of guns by means of the electric light, so as to detect any flaws. The subject of the test was two 8-inch muzzle-loading guns. The light was introduced a few inches within the muzzle, and reflected, by way of a mirror, down the bore, the photograph being taken at the breech end. The experiment was fairly satisfactory.

At Galsberg, near Salsburg, an air-balloon railway is soon to be constructed. The balloon has groved wheels on one side of its car, and will ascend a perpendicular line of rails constructed on the principle of the wire rope railway formed some years ago for the Righi, but never realized.

Mr. Walter Winans, of Brighton, has applied the incandescent lamp to the front sight of a rifle so as to render it visible in the dusk of evening or when there is insufficient light to take an aim. It consists of a miniature electric lamp fixed near the muzzle of the gun and shielded by a metal screen having a small hole in it turned to the shooter, who thus sees a bead of light on the front sight. The current is supplied by a small battery in the stock of the gun.

New Ideas in Dress.

The stock argument of anti-dress reformers is that no beautiful woman can be induced to wear the garments advocated by the reformers. Nobody, however, will deny that American women can compete for beauty with the women of any other country in the world. And this is what the manager of an old American house of business, which sells what is called reformed underclothing, writes: "Ten years ago, when we began struggling against the current, I had only strong-minded women; to-day they are in the minority. My customers are society ladies ten to one." The world moves after all. Who knows but that in ten years the divided skirt will be almost as universal as the petticoat is to-day?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The election for members of the French Councils General resulted in Republican victories.

DIVERT THE CHILDREN.

Why We Should Consult the Tastes of Children to Make Them Happy.

It does not require expensive toys or fine, elaborately trimmed dresses, remarks a writer in the "Household," to make a child happy. Dress the children in very simple, easy clothing and cover them with a large white apron or frock that can easily be washed. In fine weather spread a blanket on a warm but shady place, and let the baby have a large iron spoon and dig in the garden. He will enjoy it wonderfully and it will do him good, and may save his life. I speak from experience. Three little girls of mine, one after the other, died in their first or second summer, during the trying time of teeth-cutting. They had been tenderly cared for—taken daily into the fresh air in a carriage. I had read and studied about the care of children, had physicians and medicine, but all in vain. I was almost heart-broken. Then I had a boy, more delicate than either of those I had lost. How could I hope to save him? The truth is, I had been overtasked after my marriage, and so lost my own health, and healthy children must have a healthy mother. An aunt of mine told me so try letting him dig in the sand or earth. I tried it, gave up all medicine for myself or baby, made a specialty of studying and preparing nourishing diet and pleasant recreations for baby and myself, praying daily and constantly for God's blessing upon everything and for His direction and guidance, and then feeling sure He would order all for the best, and so giving up all worrying and care. So we both grew strong and healthy, and have been so ever since. My three boys and my girl are, thanks to God, all well and strong and a great blessing and a comfort to me.

Children are far more sensitive than grown people. A mere trifle is sufficient to make a child happy or miserable, and a mere trifle will turn the current of its thoughts and direct them to new channels of interest. To find sufficient variety in pleasing employments for young children is certainly no easy task. It requires forethought and attention, for active children are soon tired of their amusements and ready for something else; but as they grow older and they are able to make better use of their faculties the task grows easier, and they will soon learn to enjoy helping mother.

It is no wonder that young mothers are often weary and discouraged! There is no more arduous or exhaustive work for brain or body than the care of young children. The work of the husband and the father in office, warehouse, workshop or farm is as play compared to it. If any man doubts this let him exchange employments with his wife for only twenty-four hours and he will be speedily convinced.

He and the Grocer Had a Sure Thing

One afternoon not long ago a very innocent-looking middle-aged man entered a grocery on Michigan avenue, bought a nickle's worth of tobacco, and suddenly began laughing. "What's happened?" queried the astonished grocer. "Say, I've got a friend who roosts on the top limb of American history. What he doesn't know about the Revolutionary war isn't worth knowing, and he's mighty glad to air his opinions on every possible occasion. Say, I've got him dead to rights." "How?" "We got to talking about Lord Cornwallis the other day, and