Shades of Feeling.

I have seen a broad stream flowing
Clear and rippling o'er its strand,
And the vernal tresses blowing
Making earth a beauteous land.

I have heard grand hymns ascending
And soft twit'ring on the bow;
I have seen vast grandeur blending
Till new thoughts inflamed my brow.

I have heard loud thunder rolling,
Saw the light'ning's vivid flash,
Heard the solemn church-bells tolling;
I have heard artil'ry crash.

I have seen a craft descending
Down the dark abyssmal wave;
Heard a martial-requiem wending,
Heard it hush beside the grave.

I have seen the new-born slumber
On the kind maternal breast,
Saw one of our household number
Freed from long and dread unrest.

I have heard the laugh of sneering
And the drunken reveller swear,
And the thrilling voice of cheering
And the soft accents of prayer.

All these things touch shades of feeling,
Nought in language doth portray,
Vast as shades of autumn stealing
O'er the leaves that fade away.

J. ARMSTRONG, Hamilton.

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

The full glow of the wax candles poured a flood of light over the beautiful apparition, which seemed created for the gorgeous flame of these surroundings. And there the young bride stood before the miner, Ulrich Hartmann, as if nothing of the common, working, every day world could come in contact with her. But vividly as her whole appearance indicated the aristocratic *salon dame*, in which *role* she had appeared before her guests, her eyes betrayed that she could be something better, as in undisguised satisfaction they rested upon the young man whom she now approached with a cordial friendly air.

"I am glad you answered my summons. I wished to speak to you—to explain a misunderstanding. Please follow me."

She opened a side door, and entered an adjoining room Ulrich followed. It was her own parlor, which lay between her chamber and the reception rooms; but what a contrast it bore to them! Here the pale subdued light of the lamp floated over the delicate blue of the walls, and the silk upholstery; soft carpets deadened every foot fall; flower perfumes, delicate and sweet, pervaded all the air.

Ulrich, as if spell bound, paused upon the threshold. He felt no timidity; but things here were so different from what they had been in the glittering state apartments—so much more beautiful, so dreamily silent. He could not recall the hatred with which he had gazed upon the magnificent outside. Instead of this, other emotions swayed him—emotions he had never before experienced, and to which he could give no name; but they were in unison with these new surroundings.

And yet at this very moment, a passionate tide of anger passed over him. He drew back instinctively, as from some scarce defined danger; and his whole nature rose in dumb, deadly hostility against this atmosphere of beauty and perfume with its enticing spell. Eugenie had remained standing, as with some surprise she remarked that the young miner did not follow her. She sank down on a lounge near the door, while her eye critically scanned his face. The curling blonde hair quite covered the fresh scar; but the wound, which for any other would have been dangerous, had scarce been able to affect this robust nature. Eugenie vainly sought in his features a trace of recent suffering. Still her first question was in relation to the injury.

"Have you fully recovered?" she asked. "Does the wound really give you no more pain?"

"No, my lady; it was not worth mentioning."

Eugenie seemed not to have noticed the short, bitter tone of the answer. Kindly as at first, she continued—

"I heard the very next day from the physician that there was no danger; otherwise, we should have shown greater anxiety for you. After his second visit to you, the doctor repeatedly assured me that there was nothing to fear; and Herr Wilberg, who, on the evening of that eventful day, I sent to you, brought me the same intelligence."

At the first word Ulrich had lifted his eyes, and looked fixedly at her; his gloomy forehead slowly cleared; and his voice had a milder tone, as he at length answered—

"I did not know that you had troubled yourself so much, gracious lady. Herr Wilberg did not tell me he came from you, or"—

"Or you would have received him more kindly," added Eugenie with a light tone of reproach. "He complained of your rudeness to him that evening; and still he was full of sympathy for you, and, with the most friendly satisfaction, offered to obtain for me the desired intelligence. What have you against Herr Wilberg?"

"Nothing. But he plays the guitar, and makes verses."

Eugenie laughed involuntarily at this rather singular, but still exhaustive description of the blonde young officer.

"That seems to be no especial recommendation in your eyes," said she half jestingly, "but I believe that even you might be guilty of such things if you held Herr Wilberg's place in life. But let that pass. It was for something else I sent for you. As I hear,"—the young woman somewhat embarrassed, played with her fan—"as I hear from the director, you have rejected the token of our thanks we proposed to offer you."

"*Yes!*" declared Ulrich sullenly, without softening the roughness of this "yes," by a single word.

"I regret if the offering, or the manner of making it, has offended you. Herr Berkow,"—a slight blush overspread Eugenie's face as she uttered this falsehood—"Herr Berkow certainly intended to express to you personally his thanks and my own; but he was prevented, and chose the director to represent him. It would deeply grieve me if you saw in this any ingratitude on our side toward the preserver of our lives. We both know how deeply we are indebted to you; and you could not refuse, if I begged you to accept from my hands"—

Ulrich started up. The first words had softened him; but the last spoiled all. His face became white; and in reckless passion he exclaimed, "No more of this, lady! If you offer me a reward, even you, I shall wish I had let the carriage and all within it go to destruction!"

Eugenie started back at this sudden outbreak of that unrestrained savagery which had made Ulrich Hartmann feared throughout the works. Such a tone and glance had never before come near the daughter of Baron Windeg. She replied in offended tone—

"I would not press my thanks upon you. If the expression of them is so unpleasant to you, I regret having sent for you."

She turned, and made a motion as if to leave the room; and this brought Ulrich to his senses. He made a hasty step toward her.

"Gracious lady—I—forgive me! I would not do harm to *you!*"

There lay in the outcry such sudden, passionate remorse, that Eugenie paused, and gazed at him in great perplexity, as if in his face she sought some clew to the character of this enigmatical being; but the wild entreaty had disarmed her anger.

"Not to *me?*" repeated she. "Is it, then, indifferent to you, that you wound others by your rudeness?—the director, for instance, and Herr Wilberg."

"*Yes!*" returned Ulrich sullenly,—"as indifferent as they would be toward me. There can be no talk of friendship between the officers and me."

"Can there not?" asked Eugenie in surprise. "I did not know that the relations here between officers and workmen were so unpleasant; and Herr Berkow seems to have no suspicion of it; otherwise, he would act as arbitrator between you."

"Herr Berkow," said Ulrich cuttingly, "has for twenty years done everything possible for the works, but nothing for the workmen; and this has gone on so long, that we are beginning to take affairs into our own hands; and then—ah, my lady, I quite forgot that you are the wife of his son. Pardon me."

The young woman was silent, almost confounded at this hard reckless candor. What she now heard was indeed nothing other than she had now and then incidentally heard of her father-in-law; but the terrible bitterness in the words taught her the whole depth of the gulf which lay between him and his underlings. Whoever complained of Herr Berkow could be sure of the sympathy of his daughter-in-law. She had herself the bitterest proof of this man's utter want of principle; but the wife of his son must not, even by gesture, betray this. She must seem not to have heard the remark, or reprove it. She preferred the former.

"And so you will receive no token of recognition from my hands?" she asked, turning quickly from this dangerous subject to the former topic. "Well, then, it only remains for me to express my thanks to the man whose hand rescued me from certain death. Will you also reject this? I thank you, Hartmann!"

She reached him her hand. It was only a few seconds that this hand, white and delicate as a rose leaf, lay in the rough, toil hardened fist of the miner; but the light touch seemed to strangely thrill him. All the bitterness vanished from his glance; the scornful head, the stiff neck, bowed; and he bent over the lady's hand with an expression of mildness and compliance none of his superiors could boast of ever having seen in Ulrich Hartmann.

"Ah, you are giving audience, Eugenie, and to one of our miners," said Berkow's voice behind them, as he at this moment entered with his son. Eugenie drew back her hand; and Ulrich quickly rose to his full height. It needed only this voice to bring back to his manner its dumb hostility; and this was but increased, when Arthur, with a sharpness in strange contrast with his usual languid tone, asked—

"Hartmann, how came *you* here?"

"Hartmann!" repeated Berkow, as he caught the name, and drew a step nearer. "Ah! so we have here our Sir Agitator, who"—

"Curbed our frightened horses, and in so doing received a wound while he saved our lives," interrupted Eugenie calmly but emphatically.

"Ah! is that so?" exclaimed Berkow, embarrassed as much through this reminder as by the very decided tone of his daughter-in-law. "Ah, indeed! I had heard of this already; and the director also told me that you and Arthur had rewarded him. The young man is here, I suppose, to return thanks for his present. Were you satisfied, Hartmann?"

The cloud upon Ulrich's forehead grew threatening; and the reply which trembled on his lips might have had the heaviest consequences for him; but Eugenie stepped nearer her *protege*, and, giving him a warning look, touched lightly his arm with her fan. He understood the warning; he looked at her; saw the expression of unconcealed anxiety in her eyes; and spite and hate again sank powerless, as he calmly, almost coldly, replied, "Certainly, Herr Berkow. I am content with my lady's thanks."

"That delights me," returned Berkow curtly; Ulrich turned to Eugenie—

"I may go now, gracious lady?"

She bowed her head in silent acquiescence. She saw only too well with what effort this obstinate man controlled his anger. A nod to the chief and his son—a nod in which haughty restraint was plainly visible—and the young man left the room.

"Well, we must confess, Eugenie, that your *protege* has not much affability," remarked Berkow sneeringly. "He left without ceremony, without even waiting for permission. But where indeed should such people learn manners? Arthur, you seem to regard this Hartmann as an especial curiosity. Have you gazed at him long enough?"

Arthur had indeed kept his glance fixed upon the retreating form, and now gazed at the door which had closed behind him. The young man's brows were contracted, his lips compressed; but at his father's question he turned round.

Berkow, with great urbanity, approached his daughter-in-law. "I regret, Eugenie, that your ignorance of existing circumstances has allowed you to go too far in your condescension. You could naturally have no suspicion of the *role* this fellow plays among his comrades; but he must in no event enter this house, and least of all your parlor, even under the pretence of returning thanks for gifts received."

The young woman had seated herself; but her face wore an expression which made her father-in-law deem it inadvisable to take his place by her side, as he had at first intended. He remained standing opposite her. She allowed him to admire her only from a distance.

"I see they have told you only half the story. May I ask when you last spoke with the director?"

"This morning; and he told me that he was about to take to Hartmann a sum which I think quite too large. Why, it will be a fortune for such people! But I set no limitations before you and Arthur, if you really believe in this extravagant way of expressing your gratitude."

"And do you not know that the young man has rejected the whole sum?"

"*Re—ject—ed!*" cried Berkow, starting back.

"Possibly because it offended him to be sent a sum of money through a third person, while those he rescued from death did not think it worth while to offer him a word of thanks. I have tried to atone for the latter incivility; but I could not persuade him to accept the smallest sum. It does not appear as if the director had so 'excellently arranged' this matter."

Arthur bit his lips; he knew to whom these last words were directed, although they had been spoken to his father.

"It seems then that you sent for him of your own accord?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"I wish you had not done this!" said Berkow excitedly. "This Hartmann is on all sides recognized as the revolutionary element among the workmen; and I was about to deal with him with the utmost severity. I now see plainly that too much has not been told me. It is evident that this man rejected the money, because in paying it we did not enter into those extravagant formalities his pride demands. Yes, he is capable of all this. I must remind you, Eugenie, that my daughter-in-law must pay regard to certain considerations, even when she would give a proof of her generosity." Upon Eugenie's haughty lips again lay that scornful expression with which already she had often enough met her father-in-law. The remembrance of that to which he had driven her was certainly not in the least calculated to make her accede to his wishes; and the anger, newly flaming up at this recollection, made her overlook the justice of his demand.

"I regret, Herr Berkow, that other considerations must still have weight with me, besides that of being your daughter-in-law," returned she icily. "This is an exceptional case; and you must allow me in all such cases, for the future, to make my own judgment the sole guide to my actions."

It was again every inch the Baroness Windeg who sent back the plebeian millionaire to his prescribed limits. But angered past endurance, or excited by the wine he had taken at dinner, he did not this time show his usual unlimited respect to his daughter-in-law. He replied excitedly—

"Really? Well, then, I must beg you to remember"—further he did not go; for Arthur, who had hitherto remained quietly in the back ground, now came to his wife's side, and said calmly,

"Above all things, I implore you, papa, to let this troublesome affair rest. I have given Eugenie the fullest liberty in all such matters; and I do not wish that any one should seek to restrict her in this."

Berkow looked at his son as if he had not heard aright. He was accustomed to see Arthur allow all events, weighty or trifling, to pass by him with the same passive indifference; and he knew not what to think of this sudden interference.

"You appear to be in a rebellious mood to-day," he said sarcastically. "I think I may as well take flight from this united opposition, especially as I have business matters to attend to. I hope to find you somewhat less quarrelsome to-morrow, Eugenie, and my son rather more tractable than he has been to-day. I wish you both a good evening."

As with illy repressed rage he left the room, Berkow had no suspicion that, by this sudden departure, he had thrown the newly married pair into an embarrassment they had not known since their arrival, namely, that of being left alone together. They had since then met only in the company of strangers, or at table, in the presence of the servants; and this unexpected *tete-a-tete* was unwelcome to both. Arthur might well feel that he could not at once follow his father without addressing a few words to his wife; but several moments passed before he could force himself to say a word; and he did not speak until Eugenie said coldly—

"It was not necessary for you to come to my help. I could very well alone have maintained my independence of your father."

"I doubt not in the least your independence," replied Arthur in an equally cool tone; "but I doubt my father's delicacy of feeling in regard to certain things. He was just about to bring to your remembrance some facts which I did not wish you to hear. That was the sole reason of my interference."

The young woman was silent. She leaned back in her chair; while Arthur, who stood at the table, seized the fan lying there, and apparently with the deepest interest studied the arabesques upon it. After another uncomfortable silence, he said at length—

"As to that Hartmann affair, I wonder at your self delusion. Such circles and such persons must, of all others, be your antipathy."

Eugenie's large eyes opened wide; and in their dark depths lay a world of contempt. "I have an antipathy to weakness and vulgarity," she said, "but to nothing else. I respect every one who fully and energetically maintains his place in life, whether upon the heights or down in the valleys."

There was a hard tone in her voice. Arthur's hand still played carelessly with the fan; but there was something nervous in this play and in the tremor of his lips. He had started involuntarily when she spoke of weakness and vulgarity, although his face preserved through all the most perfect indifference.

"A very exalted sentiment," he said negligently. "Only I fear you would suffer some disillusion, should you form nearer acquaintance with that wild, rough creature who rules down there in the valley."

"But this young miner is no common individual," declared Eugenie very decidedly. "He may be wild and uncontrollable, as a man of such native strength is in danger of becoming under untoward circumstances; but rough I have not found him."

Unconsciously to herself, her voice was somewhat excited. Arthur's eyes had again that half smothered fire in their glance, as he fixed them upon her.

"You seem to have won strange power over this wild, uncontrollable, strong man," he said. "He was about to attack my father; you only touched his arm with your fan, and the raging lion became gentle as a lamb." The young man's slender white hand here shut the fan so violently, that the costly toy was in serious danger, while he mockingly went on, "And how chivalric was his manner as he bowed over your hand! If we had not come, I believe he would, like a true cavalier, have begged to kiss that hand."

With a passionate gesture, Eugenie rose. "I fear, Arthur," she said, "that this man will ere long give you and your father something more than sport; and I do not know that your father would do well to drive his underlings into a yet fiercer opposition; the consequence might fall back on himself."

Her husband looked at her with a quiet unmoved glance as she thus stood before him; to him, this rustling silk dress, this fleecy cloud of lace strewn with roses, this glitter of pearls, was nothing new, any more than the beautiful blonde head with the proud features, and the dark eyes now flashing with anger. Perhaps the lively partizanship she showed for her *protege* was new to him. He still retained the careless, mocking tone he had maintained during the whole interview; but behind this lay concealed something like raging passion; and the fan met with sad misfortune in his hands. The delicate, artistically carved ivory was broken, as he hurled rather than threw it on the floor.

"Did our 'deliverer' give you a lecture upon social matters? I regret to have missed the lecture; but at any rate this Hartmann is a curiosity. He has brought about what no other could possibly have done; he has caused an animated conversation between us. But the interest in this theme is now quite exhausted. Don't you think so?"

The entrance of a servant with a message ended the conversation. Arthur at once availed himself of this excuse to withdraw; he parted from his wife coldly and ceremoniously, as was their usual custom. Hardly had Eugenie found herself alone, before, in an excitement she could not repress, she began to pace up and down the room. She was enraged at the coldness and heartlessness they showed toward Ulrich's deed; but it was not this alone which made her step so hasty, and drove the flush of anger to her cheeks.

Why could she never meet her husband with that perfect contempt it was so easy to show to his father? Was he any more worthy of respect? There lay in this boundless indolence something which parried every thrust, and frequently gave him a secret superiority to the proud, passionate woman who only too often allowed temper to gain the mastery. It had been present in the deep humiliation of that evening, when with such overwhelming frankness, she had revealed to him the whole truth; it had been present in that heaviest offence of to-day, when she had shown him how falsely he had dealt with his and her rescuer; and both times he had met her in a manner which proved that he could not speedily be killed or annihilated by contempt.

She would not acknowledge this; she would not confess it even to herself—how it wounded her, that, since that first explanation, he had not made the slightest effort to dissolve the icy relations between them by one single word. Certainly she would have repelled every such effort with the disdainful pride always at her command; but that he never gave her the opportunity to do this, that he never took the trouble to go a step beyond what etiquette demanded—that enraged her against her will. Eugenie was a woman strong in both her loves and hates; and her aversion to her husband was decided even before she gave him her hand; but, like his father, he did not permit her to look down upon him from an unapproachable height. The young wife dimly felt this, although she could give no reason why he compelled this sentiment in her.

As Arthur was passing through the corridor, he met the director and the chief engineer, who both, having been detained for an interview with Berkow, were about to leave the house. Young Berkow suddenly paused.

"May I ask, Herr Director," he said sharply, "why Hartmann's refusal to accept that money was first communicated to my wife, while I did not hear a word of it?"

"Good heavens!" replied the director, somewhat embarrassed. "I did not know you thought it of any consequence, Herr Berkow. You so emphatically declined all personal interference in the matter, while her ladyship showed such interest, that I believed myself bound"—

"Ah!" interrupted Arthur, while there was a slight nervous quiver around his lips. "Well, her ladyship's wishes must certainly be followed, but still, I must beg you in such business matters"—he emphasized that word "*business*"—"not so fully to ignore me as in this case. And I should wish in future to be first informed. I request this most decidedly."

With these words he left the non-plussed officers, and went to his chamber. The director looked at his colleague. "What say you to that?"

The chief engineer laughed. "Signs and wonders are frequent in our day. Herr Arthur begins to concern himself about business affairs! Herr Arthur demand anything emphatically! This certainly has not happened before in my remembrance."

"But this is not at all a matter of business," said the director excitedly; "it is a purely private affair; and I can just imagine the whole story. Hartmann must have treated her ladyship in his own peculiar amiable way. Just imagine him in a lady's *salon!* He probably said to her face what he said to me this morning; and her ladyship is angry, the young heir also. I shall doubtless hear some polite phrases from old Berkow because I allowed the audience."

"Well, it is the first time Herr Arthur has been angry at anything that concerned his young wife," said the chief engineer, as they went together down the steps. "I find that the glacial atmosphere which prevails in this marriage begins to pervade the entire surroundings. One perceives the ice region as soon as he comes near them. Do you not think so?"

"I think that Frau Berkow to-day looked enchantingly beautiful. She was certainly very cold and very aristocratic, but entirely, bewilderingly beautiful!"

The chief engineer made a comic gesture of terror.

"Heaven help us! You are falling into Wilberg's style. It is a good thing for you that you are past fifty. *Apropos* of Wilberg, he already swims in a sea of romantic adoration; but I do not believe that this, or his inevitable verses, will awaken any great jealousy in Herr Arthur's breast. He seems as little inclined to bestow admiration on his beautiful wife as she is to receive it. Amid all these daily *convenances*, I cannot help feeling that things will not take their usual course. I suspect that under this ice lies buried something like a vulcan, who, one of these fine days, will break loose with thunder and lightning, to give us a bit of an earthquake and a worldly overthrew."

"Then there would be a flavor of poesy in 'this barren steppe of commonplace life,' as Wilberg would say, provided the eruption only spared him and his guitar. But here we are below. Pleasant dreams to you, my friend. *Gluck auf.*"

CHAPTER VI.

More than four weeks had passed since the bridal festivities on the Berkow estates. Herr Berkow, having found little of his anticipated pleasure in the very early visit which he had designed as an agreeable surprise to his children, had, after a few days, returned to the Residence, where urgent business affairs demanded his attention. Now he was expected for a long sojourn.

Meantime, there had been no change in the life of the young married pair, save that, if possible, it had become more estranged, colder and more aristocratic than at first. Both seemed to long for the end of the "honeymoon," which they had undertaken to pass in this country solitude. But here they must remain until summer made possible a longer journey, from which they were to return to their fixed abode, the Residence. Herr Berkow had already arranged the future household, which was to be on a scale of the most prodigal expenditure.

His day's work had ended early; and Ulrich Hartmann was returning to his father's house; but he was forced to moderate his usually rapid step, for Herr Wilberg was at his side. This young gentleman had literally taken him prisoner, and would not let him go. It was a strange thing to see one of the officers in such confidential relations with the miner, Hartmann; and stranger yet was the fact that the advances all came from Herr Wilberg. But there was something more in this than the well known law that opposites attract. The chief engineer had no presentiment as to what his idle jest would lead. His sportive hint that Hartmann and his heroic deed would form the subject for a ballad just in Wilberg's style had fallen on an all too susceptible soil. Wilberg had seriously decided to work up this material into a poem; only he was in doubt whether the prosed masterpiece should be ballad, epic, or drama; he never for a moment doubted that the varied excellences of these three modes of poetic art were all united in his own genius.

Unhappily for Ulrich, his energetic and courageous deed had fully impressed this rising poet with the idea that he was especially designed for a tragic hero; and Wilberg followed him round like his shadow, so as to study so interesting a character. When our poet learned that Ulrich had haughtily refused the proffered recompense, the romantic nimbus before his eyes grew to a radiance nothing could dispel—not even the rudeness of the idolized hero, nor the cutting remarks of the officers, who were displeased with the intimacy with one so unfitted for their higher circle.

Ulrich showed little inclination for being thus made a "study" of by the would-be poet; often enough, and most impatiently, he sought to shake off the intrusive companionship, as one would shake off a troublesome fly; but with small success. Wilberg was determined to see a hero in him—a rough, wild, untamable hero, to be sure; but the more unamiable he grew, the more delighted was our poet at the clear development of the character he sought to depict, and studied him with all the more ardor. The young master miner at length, with a shrug of the shoulders, yielded to the inevitable. At last, each becoming wonted to the other's society, a sort of intimacy really sprang up between them; in which, however, there was little of respect on Hartmann's side.

The wind blew rather cold from the north. Herr Wilberg carefully buttoned his *paletot*, and drew his thick woollen shawl around him, while he said with a sigh—

"You are a happy man, Hartmann, with your giant nature, and your giant health. You go up and down the mines in heat and cold; you stand unprotected in the biting winds; while I must carefully guard myself from every change of temperature. And I am so nervous, so sensitive, so excitable! That comes from the intellect being all too much for the body. Yes, Hartmann, it arises from a preponderance of thought and feeling."

"I think it comes, Herr Wilberg, from your eternal tea drinking," replied Ulrich, with a half sympathetic glance upon the little sickly officer. "If, every morning and evening, you gulp down that thin, hot stuff, you can never be strong."

Wilberg, with a consciousness of infinite mental superiority, gazed up to his adviser. "You do not understand, Hartmann," he said; "I could not possibly endure your rough diet; my constitution is not fitted for it. And then tea is a highly æsthetic drink. It enlivens me; it inspires me when the commonplace work of the day is ended; and in the silent evening hours the Muses draw nigh"—

(To be continued).

PERPETUAL MOTION.

A Pennsylvanian's Life Spent in Seeking It.

In almost every village of the country can be found at least one person who may be designated as a "character," which rather uncertain title usually describes one who is distinguished from his neighbors by some striking peculiarity of disposition, manner or occupation—in fact, one who is a "little odd." Irwin is no exception to the rule. Upon a steep bluff, two hundred feet above the red water of Brush creek, and commanding a most extensive and charming view, stands a small two-story frame stable. Part of this was once used by its owner as a harness-room and office, and is lighted by a small window. In this, through the courtesy of the proprietor, has resided for several years an aged man who has spent the greater part of his life in a vain effort to demonstrate an idea which before has received the attention of many another, and, unfortunately, often wrecked both means and mind.

This man began to work upon his pet idea when a mere boy, and seems to have followed it up closely at intervals until a number of years ago, since which time his entire attention has been given to it. He eats and sleeps in his rude work-room, and a curtain across the window shuts off the interior from the gaze of the curious. Yet he is willing to show his model to most persons, and the visitor is kindly received and entertained. In the half light of the room as one looks at the tools, and wheels, and balls, and sees the stooping figure, and the face almost hidden by a beard, which is unshorn and hangs over his bosom in a mass of gray, while the eyes gleam with a new light as the certainty of success is told, "as soon as one more wheel is added," one can almost fancy himself in the presence of an alchemist of old, and that he is treading the threshold of unknown mystery. But that one wheel has been lacking these many years.

Often do we see the old man hovering around foundries and shops, or walking up the steep street to his room with wheels and rods in his hands, but he "has not quite finished." Five years ago he was so certain that he had his object that he sought out a young man who had but a while before returned from a European tour, and desired him to go over again in the interest of his invention. He said he had no money to pay any expenses, but the invention would bring countless millions to both? It is needless to say that although the young man would do much for "sweet charity's sake," yet he declined this request, and the old man went away wondering why any one should throw away such an opportunity.

Thus he works away in his retreat through winter's snows and summer's sunshine, apparently regardless of the beautiful things which nature in her onward march is scattering so lavishly about him, knowing but the daytime for work and the night for rest, rarely meeting his fellowmen, and seeking but few, and then only when he sallies forth to purchase material for his machine or food for his body.

The writer saw him a few evenings since returning from his purchase of food. The air was cool, the sky was filled with great masses of grey clouds, and the darkness was falling fast. Under the shadow of a long line of arching maples he came with stealthy, cat-like step, and disappeared in the gloom. Thoughts came of the lonely life, the all-engrossing idea, and the resulting separation which rose like a wall between him and other men; and it was wondered whether, after all, there were not some who aspired to the position of leaders among men who allowed love of wealth and power to shut them out of the hearts of their fellows, as well as the old man who has devoted his life to unraveling the mystery of perpetual motion.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Dandy and Cowboy.

A young man whom I knew went up to Montana to establish a trading post, says a writer in the Brooklyn *Union*. He wore kid gloves, a silk neck scarf, a tall silk hat and patent leather shoes. The things were enough to impel the cowboys of his region to the belief that he ought to be murdered. One of them assumed the pleasant task of performing the obligation to the region. The kid-gloved gentleman heard that he was to be slain, but there was no way in which he could get away from the post. While sitting in the rude store meditating what he should do, the cowboy who was to take his life entered. The kid-gloved trader confessed afterward that his knees knocked together. He was sitting on a barrel. Within reach was a number of axehelves. The slayer, announcing the object of his visit, reached for his revolver. Before he could reach it the trader seized an axehelve and brought it down with all his might on his head. The cowboy dropped on the floor. The trader picked up his revolver, went to the door and addressed himself to the other cowboys, who were waiting on the exterior to drag out the corpse, saying: "Any of you who want to be killed step up in line with this weapon and I will put a bullet through you." After that the trader was the most popular man in the region, and the man who was going to slay him vowed his eternal friendship.

What is not Learned in the Public Schools.

It is a curious fact that many city boys reach the end of the school course without being able to tell what a monkey wrench is, or describe a cross-cut saw, or define the uses of a turning lathe, while a piston, a steam box, or a throttle valve are all far beyond their ken. They can, however, tell the number of elementary sounds in the language and the significance of the whole cluster of diacritical marks, all of which soon fade out of their minds. * * * To change it means the risk of a demagogic cry of one school for the rich and another for the poor. Accordingly, the poor suffer. Some liberty should be allowed to a principal to suit the education he directs to the necessities of those under his care, that the boy who must be bread-winning at twelve shall not be despoiled of valuable time in ascertaining to a shade the fourteen sounds of the vowel A.

A Bullock Hidden in a Tree.

A Woolwich correspondent states that a missing bullock has been found at Sevenoaks under extraordinary circumstances. The animal had not been seen for twenty-one days, and it was supposed that it had been stolen; but it has been discovered in a hollow tree at the back of the White Hart Hotel. It is supposed that it got into the tree to escape from the flies, and could not get out again. When found the bullock was much emaciated, but it is expected to recover.

The iron moulders in the foundry of Orr, Painter & Co., of Reading, Pa., are on strike for an increase in rates.

Two illiterate beggars were seen the other day near the Parc Monceau, Paris, wearing on their necks two inscriptions. Upon the blind man—"Fell from the fifth story!" Upon the cripple—"A woman's vengeance!" The placards had been exchanged.

MY FRIEND FELIX.

The hot August sun was pouring its red beams on the world that day, but they did not penetrate to where my friend and I lay prone among the grasses smoking our cigars and reviewing the glad days of our college life.

The beloved friend alone had come to me from that glad past, but only when five years had taught both of us that the world pours but aloes into the open hands; we must wrest from her grasp whatsoever manhood holds worthy.

I looked at him as he lay full length in the tall grasses, shadows lying softly on his handsome Saxon face, and the love I had felt for this man who was no kin to me rose full in my heart, fond and true as the love of brother for brother.

"Wingar," said he, suddenly, "old fellow, you don't know how much good it does me, after my tramp over half the world and my many struggles, to rest here in your green country with you; trust me, my boy, you have 'chosen the better part' in settling down on your broad acres and leading this existence. You want but a sweet woman beside you, at the head of your table, to make this life of yours a very Lotus dream."

Such thoughts had come to me before, and there was one face in the world fair enough in my sight to make all the world about it fair enough for me.

"When I bring that woman to my home—having found her—you will be my best man, will you not, Felix?" I asked, and for an answer he held out his hand.

"I believe we made that compact years ago," I went on; "and now tell me of yourself. I have a sister, you know, so the head of my table is not empty; but there is no woman's face in your old home, my friend. Have you not chosen one who will presently become mistress there?"

He turned restlessly and blew forth a cloud of vapor before replying.

"I have been too busy to look closely at fair faces, and my heart is my own yet, Wingar," he said. "Perhaps I have come here to lose it. Who knows?"

Who knew, indeed? I smiled again puffing my cigar with enjoyment and thinking of Leonore, my sweet-faced sister, who was so true and tender a woman. They were the two dearest to me, save one other, in all the world; and—who knew? He told me all concerning those five years during which we had not met, and I opened my heart to him—all, save one sacred chamber, where Vala Lee was shrined. Oh, how bitterly I have since regretted that I said no word of my hopes then. One little word—one tiny hint, and my cherished friend had surely not coveted what he knew was the treasure of my life! But the red sun sank languidly towards the west, the shadows slanted, and rising, we walked back to my home, and in the sunset warmth we found my sister and her friend, my brown-eyed Vala, wandering among Leonore's flowers; and I, unconscious that by so doing I struck to death my last and dearest hope, led my friend forward and presented him.

I saw his eyes light gloriously as she gave him her hand; I saw her own droop, but fancied, oh, blind fool that I was, they drooped because they had seen my love, not his admiration.

It was only a week later when, with a wild cry of desolation and loss in my heart, I listened to my friend's hopes and fears and the confession of his love for Vala—Vala, whom I had thought would one day be my own. He opened his heart to me when a great love came to it. Oh, had I but opened mine to him that day, when he had not yet seen her, and my doing so might have left me—Vala.

Stunned and cold, I stood silent there while he told me how at first sight of her lovely face his whole heart went out to her.

"I spoke in jest that day, when I told you I might have come here to lose my heart," he said, "but I have just lost it here, and I am no boy. I know this love will be a blessing or a curse to my whole future. My dear old friend, I want your good wishes; bid me God-speed in my wooing."

I tried to say it, tried to say more—to cry out by winning Vala he would wreck and shatter my existence, but I could not speak; only when he put out his hand to me in the old friendly way, and I met his frank, honest eyes, I felt somehow as though Vala lost to me I could not lose my friend, and I wrung his firm fingers in silence.

Perhaps I yet hoped that the girl whose girlhood I had hesitated to startle by a word of love might not be won from me by him; now I know I might as soon expect a daisy to turn its white face from the sun as expect a woman who had not been won to resist the wooing of Felix Glenn—and I had not won Vala!

I, somehow, felt it then; I knew it when, a month later, he came and told me she loved him, "mine own familiar friend."

"We will be married at Christmas-tide," he said, jubilantly. "Wingar, from my soul I hope to see you one day as happy as I; and you have not forgotten the old compact? You will be my best man?"

"Do not ask that of me, Felix," I faltered. "I give you every wish for your future, but I have loved her all my life."

He was silent so long that I looked up at length and his frank, strong face was pale with such sorrow as I had never seen there since I saw it first.

"As God hears me I did not dream it, my dear old friend," he said, very softly, and he said no more, but held out his hand, which I took as I might the hand of a beloved brother.

When the holly was gathered and the mistletoe hung I was far from the peaceful country town in which I knew bells would ring for Vala and the friend whom even rivalry had not parted from me. When I returned to my home, my labors and my studies, they had long been gone, and Leonore, bewailing the loss of her friend, would sometimes turn wistful eyes on me, wondering why I said nothing. How can we talk of it when pain has taken our lives in its hands and is breaking them.

That Fearful Code.

She was a Brooklyn girl. He was a young man from Boston visiting at her house. In honor of his coming she had made a custard pie with her own fair hands.

"Do take some," she urged, at the supper table. "I made it for you myself, you know."

"No," said he reluctantly, after an evident inward struggle. "I cannot. If I were at home at Boston I would, but here I dare not."

"And why?" she urged. "Why, dearest, can you not eat it here?"

"Because," he answered with a deep drawn sigh, "Because now we are in New York, you know, and an attempt at suicide is a crime under the New York laws."—*Somerville Journal.*

Peter Ames, of Belmont, Me., had a tooth extracted the other day, and the roots were found to have been in contact with metal. Ames had been wounded in the face at Spottsylvania, Va., in the war, and the bullet was never extracted. More teeth were drawn, a part of the cheekbone removed, and an iron grape-shot weighing one ounce was taken out, after being imbedded there twenty-one years.

The historic town of Concord, Mass., will celebrate its 250th anniversary on Sept. 12th.

The Board of Health of Jamesport, L. I., is prosecuting a resident of that village for refusing to keep his children in the house as the Board ordered, while he had scarlet fever in his family.

The run of salmon in Fraser River, B.C., this year has been enormous. One night the boats took from 2,000 to 3,000 fish each.

FASHIONS FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Gossip from the Milliners and Dressmakers at Home and Abroad.

Jerseys seem to have taken a new leasehold, as they are in unusual demand. The fall style calls for waistcoat or simulated vest front. Soutache braid in military straps or frogs is a desired trimming.

Shoulder capes have by no means seen their day, as all the indications point to a renewed interest in them. These natty and dressy little wraps are just now filling the early gap between the lace waist and the fall outer garment.

The old-style round cape has entirely disappeared, and the sharply defined Medici affair, with accentuated arm epaulettes, is seen everywhere. The new cape gives a high-shoulder, narrow-chested effect very much sought by stout ladies. Black rhadames is a stylish cape material.

Large coarse straw sailor hats in white and black, trimmed with bands of black velvet and cocks' tails, fill the vacuum left by the withdrawal of the white Oriental lace seaside hat. Coarse black Tam O'Shanters are pretty above pretty faces. Nothing could be more out of place on an ugly woman than a "Tam."

Every fall for many years there has been an attempt to push out the very English straight walking hat—a headpiece extremely ladylike on some people, while a bold, aggressive-looking hat on others. The walking hat in suit colors is to be fashionable this fall. All trimming massed high and tall in front. Short women should mark this.

While tight sleeves will not be so universal as they have been for a long while, many pretty shapely arms will refuse to hide themselves beneath a loose, baggy or clumsily tucked sleeve. The wide-tucked sleeve is for thin women, who need it, and the tight model sleeve remains for the plump women, who know what art and nature require. No strange full-dress sleeve has asked favor.

So far as beads are concerned, it would appear that we are to see more black jetted dress fronts, side panels and sparkling waistcoats than ever. All autumn bargains more or less directly bear upon jet or passementerie purchases, and beaded gillets and bonnets are as universal as last fall. It was feared that the great descent in prices during the summer would make this stylish mode of elaboration too common, but the black silk toilet, heavily jetted, seems as much the New York woman's piece de resistance as a year or two ago.

Feminine eyes are strained looking in at shop windows for the latest designs from Paris or London for fall suitings. The coarse blanket stuffs made up in what are called novelty suits are the first importation. But these have been the primal show for several seasons past and are not snapped up by the fashion seekers as once they were. Brown and white flecked goods, trimmed with brown braid, are as stylish as any ready made suits. For solid wear during inclement weather all dark cloths or flannels are proper.

The styles in making up street suits are no more varied than the styles in street hats for fashionable people, who wear about one thing winter and summer when shopping. Skirts are rather shorter than of late instead of longer, as many feared. Straight petticoats, with numerous panel devices, braid strapped in front of skirt and basque, with a multitudinously looped back drapery, postilion tails to the coat and a simulated vest is a preferred fashion for fall outdoor toilets.

Brocade velvets and damasked satins are the fabrics still bought up the most for dinner and visiting costumes. There is an inclination towards lighter greens than for some time, light vinaigre on absinthe green flannels trimmed with a still paler shade being used in bridal outfits for travel. Bronze or myrtle green velvet is a handsomely combined fall dress, with an apricot satin brocade. Side panels and revers, waistcoat and back postilion plaits of the brocade when the toilet is of the darker velvet.

It is far too soon to predict anything as to cloaks except that short, waist-line capes will certainly be the rage during the autumn months. But if vague hints and nods are worth anything, it would seem probable that the hem-deep costly outer garments have had their day. At any rate, the very earliest importations are all in favor of shorter, dressier cloaks and opera wraps. Bustles are growing more defined every hour, and if the triple-plaited basque-tail continues, the outer garment must make way for it, that is evident.

Those who foretold the sudden and early death of little bonnets are still wearing their pretty cockle shells, wondering how they could go so wide of the mark. The truth is that many women cling to the close-fitting capote, as they do to the close Jersey sleeve; hence the difficul