Gifts.

"Oh, World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharoah's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silent and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek
His prayer was answered. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imagined grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh! World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride,
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code,
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home,
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh! Godhead, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted. He became the slave
Of the idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharoahs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld,
Beauty he hath foresworn and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour,
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

—Emma Lazarus in the November Century.

My Jack-Knife and My Frying-Pan.

Some timid men will not espouse
Till they are more than rich enough;
The ninnies think they can't keep house
Without a lot of costly stuff.
But I can prove this notion wrong,
For when housekeeping I began,
I had—hear this, ye sons of song—
A jack-knife and a frying-pan!

The people thought that I was mad
(But what cared I for what they thought?)
Because that I the courage had
To set up house with next to nought.
A fig for what the people think!
As I am not a stylish man,
What need I more than meat and drink,
My jack-knife and my frying-pan?

In course of time I got a fork
And something else that wasn't new,
And one year, having steady work,
I bought a dish and spoon or two.
But these were needless things, I grant,
(Don't laugh, now, Jane and Mary Ann,)
Believe me, girls, I only want
A jack-knife and a frying-pan.

Now, reader, if you feel inclined,
But think yourself too poor to splice,
I hope, dear sir, you'll change your mind,
And take this good and cheap advice:
Unite, my lad, with what you've got,
Then earn and pickle all you can;
You're poor, indeed, if you have not
A jack-knife and a frying-pan.

Paddy, Ye Rascal.

Ye have been to the fair wid ye,
Paddy, ye rascal;
Ye had Biddy O'Hair wid ye,
Paddy, ye rascal;
It's mesilf is a flame at ye,
Ye aight to think shame uv ye—
Sure, who'd have the name uv ye?
Paddy, ye rascal.

Ye swore by the sun and moon,
Paddy, ye rascal,
Ye'd marry me late or soon,
Paddy, ye rascal;
Is this how you sigh for me,
Pretendin' to die for me!
Och! you tould a big lie to me,
Paddy, ye rascal.

Give me none uv your blarney now,
Paddy, ye rascal;
For what do I care me now?
Paddy, ye rascal;
Ochone, ye oppriss me now—
Ye what? ye did miss me now?
Musha! wud ye kiss me now?
Paddy, ye rascal.

Arrah, now! don't bother me,
Paddy, ye rascal;
In troth, and ye'll smother me!
Paddy, ye rascal—
Ye "dramed uv me!" did ye, now?
Now wasn't it Biddy, now?
Go to the—Praste, and luck wid ye now!
Paddy, ye rascal.

A. M. HART.

WHAT MISS DOODLE DID.

One morning in May as the doodle bug lay
In her cavern a fathom down under the ground,
The poodle dog came and he murmured her name,
And the doodle bug's heart gave a rapturous bound.
"O doodle, dear doodle!"
Soft murmured the poodle;
"What now, Mr. Poodle?"
Responded the doodle.
Then he told her his love, did the amorous poodle.
But the doodle bug said, with a toss of her head,
"What stocks, bonds or moneys, I pri'thee, have you?"
But the poodle replied, "I have nothing beside
My beautiful fleece and a heart that is true."
"Well, then, Mr. Poodle,"
Retorted the doodle,
"I'm not such a noodle,
To wed a kindle
Who hasn't a boodle"—
And she gave him the mitten, the frugal Miss Doodle.

Too Fast for Genius.

The young man lingered near the managing editor's desk, waiting for an appointment on the regular staff.

"But you drink?" said the manager, wishing to let the candidate down easy.

"Yes," replied the young man; "so did Alexander the Great."

"You are a dude?" glancing at the youth's dandified dress.

"So was Disraeli."

"And you are a liar?"

"So was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"And you are head and ears in debt?"

"Like Alexander Dumas."

"And you are a glutton?"

"So was Peter the Great."

"And you swear occasionally"

"So did George Washington."

"You are liable to get drunk?"

"Like Daniel Webster."

"You are not a college man?"

"Neither was Lincoln."

"And then you write a wretchedly illegible hand?"

"Like Horace Greeley."

"You can't make a speech?"

"Like Grant."

"Well," said the manager, plunging at a heap of manuscript, "anyhow we don't want you; you won't do. Good morning."

The young man turned away exceeding sorrowful. "It's no sort of use," he said; "a fellow combines in his own brain and person the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Grant, and can't even get a place on the Brooklyn *Eagle*. This world is growing too fast for genius.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Royal Proteges Rewarded.

Royal proteges are better rewarded in these days than they used to be earlier in the Queen's reign. One of the Prince of Wales' tutors was made Canon of Ripon and another Canon of Chester. The late Prince Leopold's "governor" was more richly rewarded, for he got a stall at Westminster and a Crown living, the two being worth £2,200 a year, with two excellent houses. It is scandalous that such pluralities should be suffered to exist, and Canon Duckworth would do well to follow the example of his more distinguished colleague at the Abbey, Canon Roswell, who resigned his valuable living shortly after nomination to a canonry.—*London Truth.*

A committee appointed to represent the Board of Aldermen of Boston, a few days ago, at the funeral of a fellow member spent $102.50 for a "floral tribute" and $60 for hats and gloves for the six members of the committee. Their effort to impart dignity to the occasion was appreciated, and the bills were approved by the proper officers.

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

The young steiger (master miner) scornfully threw back his head. "Ah, well!" he said, "I own that all this is my doing; and I think it no disgrace to me that I know more and see farther than the others. If they are content to have the old misery made a little more tolerable, the little span of life in the mines more secure, I am not content, and the courageous spirits among us are not so. We demand much, almost everything, that is true; and, if Berkow were still the millionaire the world considers him, he might guard against thus falling into our hands. But he is a millionaire no longer; and upon us, upon whether our hands work or refuse to work for him, depends his whole weal or woe. You do not know, father, how things look up in the bureau and the conference chamber; but I know and tell you that, let him resist as he will, he must yield as soon as the rebellion breaks loose upon him from all sides."

"And I tell you he will *not* yield," declared the overseer. "He will sooner close the works. I know Arthur. When he was a little boy he was just as he now is—entirely different from you. You always set about things violently—you would conquer all by force, whether it was a piece of work, a garden fence, or a comrade; he did not willingly set about anything; and it was only after long hesitation that he could persuade himself to this; but let him once begin a work, and he never let it go until finished. Now he is fairly awake, and he will show you all of what stuff he is made. Now that he has the reins in his hands, no one can force them from him. He has something of your obstinacy. If you are ever made to feel it, remember my words."

Ulrich did not contradict with his wonted violence; but his dark, lowering glance told how enraged he was that he could not contradict. Perhaps he had already experienced this obstinacy.

"And, however things turn out," continued the father, "do you think that you will remain steiger—that you will be allowed upon the works after all that has happened?"

The young man laughed derisively. "No, in truth not, if it depended upon Berkow and the officers. They surely would not take me again into favor. But we ask no favors; we dictate; and our first demand of all is for me to remain."

"And are you sure of this?"

"Father, do not insult my comrades to my face! They will never desert me."

"Not even if the first demand from headquarters is for you to go? And if Berkow himself makes it?"

"No, never! He can never accomplish that. The workmen all know that I have not done this for myself. Things were well with me; I had no need to starve, for I could find my bread anywhere. It was their misery I would relieve. Do not speak of their deserting me, father. They give me trouble enough, I own; but, if things come to the worst, I will still fight my way through; no one will leave me in the hour of peril. Wherever they go, I shall lead them; and I know they will stand by me, even in misery and death."

"Yes, at first they would have done so, but not now." The old man had risen; and as now, for the first time, he turned his face to the light one saw how sorrowful were his features, how bowed his form, but a little while ago so erect and vigorous.

"You yourself have just said to Lorenz that things have changed," he continued in a hollow voice; "and you must know the day and hour when the change came. I need not tell you this, Ulrich; I can only say that day robbed me of the little peace and joy I had still hoped for my old age. Now all is gone forever!"

"*Father!*" cried the young man.

The overseer made a hasty, repellent gesture. "Never mind," he said. "I know nothing of it, even if I am forced to hear it. The bare thought has almost robbed me of my senses."

Ulrich's eyes flashed—threatening as before at Lorenz's insinuation.

"And if I now tell you, father, that the meshes of the rope were already broken, that my hand had nothing to do with it—

"No, tell me nothing," returned the old man bitterly. "I cannot believe in you any more. You have always been wild and violent; in your wrath you would strike down even your best friend. Go among your comrades, and say to them, 'It was a mere accident,' not one of them will believe you."

"*Not one!*" repeated Ulrich sadly. "And not even you, father?"

The old man fixed his troubled eyes upon his son. "Can you here declare to my face that you had no blame in the accident? None at all. That you—he did not end the question; for Ulrich could not endure his glance. His still flashing eyes were fixed upon the floor; he turned away with a tremulous gesture, and was—silent.

There was a long oppressive silence in the room, broken only by the old man's heavy breathing. His hand trembled as he passed it over his forehead; and his voice trembled still more, as he said—

"You say you had no hand in the accident? You might not have had directly; but all suspect you. Nothing can be investigated, nothing proved—God be thanked! nothing at least by the law. Confide in me alone, Ulrich; tell me what really did happen down there; but boast no more of your comrades. You must have seen, that, since that day, they all fear you. See how long you will be able to rule them by this fear alone?"

The old man left the room; the son made a movement as if he would rush after him; then all at once he stood still, and with his clinched hand beat his forehead, while from his throat there came a sound almost like a repressed groan.

Ten minutes might have passed when the door again opened, and Martha entered. Her uncle had not returned; and Ulrich lay upon the lounge, his face buried in his hand. But this did not seem in the least to surprise the girl. She merely glanced at him; and then, stepping to the table, began to gather up her work.

At the sound of her step, Ulrich started up. He now rose slowly, and came over to her. Usually he took no interest in Martha's affairs—not enough at least to converse with her about them. To-day it was otherwise. Perhaps for this stubborn, reticent nature, the moment had come when he longed for some word, some token of sympathy. Doubly dear must have been such word or token just now, when all shunned him, all drew back from him.

"So you and Lorenz are really lovers?" he began. "I have not once spoken with you on the subject, Martha; I have latterly had so many things in my head. Are you betrothed?"

"Yes," was the short, half evasive answer.

"And when will the marriage be?"

"There is plenty of time before that."

Ulrich gazed down at the girl, who, with hasty breathing, and trembling fingers, busied herself about the work, not even looking up to him; but yet he dreamed that a silent reproach lay in her eyes.

"You have done right, Martha," said he gently, "quite right. Carl is good and kind and loves you more than—any other would have been able to do. And still you hesitated in your decision. When did you give him your promise?"

"Three weeks ago to-day."

"Three weeks ago to-day! Is that so? That was the day of the accident in the mines. Was it really at that time?"

"Yes, just then! Until then I could not. On that day I first knew that I could be his wife."

"*Martha!*" From the young man's voice came forth a cry, half anger, half pain. He sought to lay his hand upon her arm. She trembled violently, and involuntarily turned away. Ulrich let his hand fall, and stepped backward.

"And *you* too?" he said in a hollow voice. "Indeed, indeed, Martha, I should not have thought it!"

"Ulrich!" broke forth the girl in wild, despairing agony. "O my God! what have you done to us? what have you done to yourself?"

He stood opposite her. The hand which he rested upon the table trembled, but his features had taken on an expression of fearful hardness and bitterness.

"What have I done to myself? For that I alone am answerable. To you? Well no one will listen to the story from me. But I tell you once for all,"—here his voice rose loud and threatening—"that I have had enough of these endless innuendoes and vexations; I can endure them no longer. Believe what you please and of whom you please. In the future it will be all the same to me. What I have begun, I will carry through in spite of you all; and, if no one will place confidence in me, I shall well know how to enforce obedience."

He went. Martha made no effort to detain him, and such effort would have been in vain. He slammed the door behind him so violently that it jarred the whole house. A moment after he was out in the open air.

CHAPTER XIII.

The arrival of guests at the Berkow country seat had certainly brought some life; but it had introduced no greater union into the cold, alienated household of this young married pair. Although the visit was designed to be only of a few days' duration, Arthur found plenty of excuses for absence, and opportunities for avoiding any frequent meetings, a piece of civility for which his father and young brother-in-law were extremely grateful.

Baron Windeg after two weeks' stay upon the Rabenau estates, now his own, was returning to the Residence. Upon his first visit to his daughter, he had been obliged to leave the next morning. Even the fearful catastrophe which had happened during his stay could not detain him; for a nearer duty of relationship summoned him to pay the last honors to his cousin. After this duty had been faithfully discharged, he had found in the household and upon the estates much demanding the presence of the new heir. Now in the company of his eldest son, whom he had allowed to follow him, he had set out for home; and, as Curt had not seen his sister since her marriage, they naturally took the short by-road leading over the Berkow estates.

From the conversation, which, upon the day of their arrival, took place in Eugenie's parlor, and from which, as usual, Arthur was absent, this seemed to be something more than a mere visit or re-union. Eugenie and her father had for a long time been sitting together on the sofa; now the baron had risen, and stood before his daughter, while Curt, leaning against a chair, with a look of intent expectation, gazed over to his sister.

Eugenie had rested her forehead in her hand so that the hand shaded her face. She did not change her position, she did not even look up, as she answered in a low voice—

"I do not need these hints and insinuations, father, to enable me to know your meaning. You speak of a—separation."

"Yes, my child," said the baron gravely; "of a separation, no matter under what pretext, or at what price. Those forced to a thing are wont to hold to it only through compulsion; this the Berkows themselves must admit. Now that I am master of my affairs, now that I need no longer be their debtor, I will venture all to release you from those fetters which you assumed only for my sake, and which, whether you admit it or not, make you infinitely unhappy."

Eugenie did not answer. The father took her hand, and again sat down by her side.

"Is the thought new and surprising to you! It occurred to me at the moment when I received the unexpected tidings of the change in our fortunes. What did old Berkow not resort to in order to obtain this union with us? The possibility is not imaginable, that he would have allowed a divorce which must exclude him from that circle where he had forced entrance through us; and the contest could not have been undertaken with a man who in his unscrupulousness was capable of anything. His sudden death has changed all; but the opposition of his son remains to be overcome. Arthur, in the whole affair, played only a passive *role*, and resigned himself to be the tool of his father. I hope he will yield to energetic proceedings on our side."

"He will yield," replied the young wife in a low voice; "you need have no anxiety on that account."

"So much the better!" returned the baron. "So much the sooner we will reach our goal."

He seemed indeed in great haste to reach this goal. To the poor, almost bankrupt nobleman, who saw ruin just before him, no choice had remained but to accept Eugenie's sacrifice, and thereby redeem the name and station of his son; humiliating as this had been to him, he had bowed to necessity, and necessity had taught him to bear it. But the heir of Rabenau, who had won back his full independence and his full self-importance, who could with ease restore the sum he had received, felt this compulsion a burning disgrace, and his daughter's marriage a heavy wrong against her, for which he must at any price atone. During his entire sojourn upon the new estate, this thought had been uppermost in his mind; and he had laid his plans, which were now ready for execution.

"It must be your wish, Eugenie, as well as ours, that this painful transaction be conducted and ended as soon as possible. I think you had better now accompany us to the Residence, and from there take the necessary steps. You can then simply decline returning to your husband, and await the decree of divorce. We will take care that he does not violently assert his rights."

"Yes, by Heaven, we will do that, Eugenie!" interposed Curt passionately. "If he should still refuse to undo this shameful business, your brother's sword will compel him to it. He cannot now threaten us with disgrace and public humiliation as his father did. It was the only thing before which the Windegs have ever trembled—the only means by which they could force a daughter of our house to an alliance with them."

"Recall your threats, Curt," said Eugenie; "and you, father, banish your anxieties. Both are here unnecessary. This divorce, which you think must be a matter for strife and compulsion, has long been a settled thing between Arthur and me."

Windeg started up; and, in violent surprise, Curt drew nearer his sister. Eugenie evidently struggled to give firmness to her voice; but she could not succeed; the voice trembled audibly as she continued—

"We had agreed upon this, even before Berkow's death; but we wished to shun the publicity of so early and sudden a rupture, and therefore decided to preserve the outward restraints of a married life."

"Even before Berkow's death!" repeated Curt; "that was shortly after your marriage."

"And you yourself had spoken of the matter? You were decided upon it?" asked the baron, in equal surprise.

Neither of the two men could understand the pain so plainly depicted on the young wife's face. She evidently summoned all her self-control for the answer, and it was firmly given:

"I have never alluded to the subject. It was Arthur, who, of his own free will, offered me the separation."

The baron and his son looked at each other, as if this statement passed their comprehension.

"I certainly was not prepared for this," said the baron at last, slowly. "*He, himself?* I had not expected that."

"It is all the same," cried Curt, in a sudden access of tenderness, "if he only gives you back to us, Eugenie. None of us has been able to enjoy the new inheritence, because we knew that you were unhappy for our sake. Now if you come back to us, our father, we all, shall begin to breathe freely in the new life. You have everywhere, in it all, been wanting to us."

He flung his arms around his sister, and for a few moments she buried her face on his shoulder. But this beautiful face was deathly white and cold, as Curt had once before seen it at the altar. Why should this be, when she was now to return to the father from which she was then to be torn?

The baron, in some surprise, gazed upon his daughter, who now rose erect, and passed her handkerchief over her forehead.

"Forgive me, papa, if I seem strange to day," she said. "I am not quite well—not well enough, at least for a conversation on this subject. You must permit me to withdraw. I"—

"You have suffered too much of late," added the father tenderly. "I see it, my child, even if you do not confess it to me. Go, and leave to me all the care. I will spare you as much as possible."

"This is very singular, papa," said the young man, as the door closed behind the sister. "Do you comprehend this Berkow? I do not."

Baron Windeg, with contracted brow, paced up and down the room. With the strangeness of this revelation blent something very mortifying to him. The proud aristocrat had found it quite comprehensible that an upstart, with millions at his command, should shun neither intrigues nor sacrifices, and venture all, to force a relationship with him, even though such relationship brought with it only contemptuous hatred; but he had never forgiven his plebeian son-in-law for receiving the hand of Baroness Windeg with as much indifference as if this had been only a common marriage, and for having afterward shown himself as unappreciative of the high honor as his father had been appreciative. And now he—this Arthur Berkow—sought a release from the union before they had even so much as permitted him. This was quite too much for the pride of a Windeg, who had been ready to contend for the recovery of his daughter, but who could not bear to receive her back from the haughtiness or the indifference of her husband.

"I will speak with Berkow," he said at length; "and if he is really of our mind, which, notwithstanding Eugenie's assertion, I must still doubt, the business shall be entered upon immediately."

"Immediately?" asked Curt. "They have been scarce three months married; and I think they are right in seeking to avoid too early and abrupt a separation."

"Certainly they are," replied the baron; "and I should agree with you unconditionally, if I had not very urgent reasons for hastening the matter. Upon the works here, all is not as it should be. I have received a hint from a friend who knows, that the rebellion now broken out among the miners may inflict a deadly wound upon the Berkow wealth, which is believed so incalculable. If Berkow's fortune really collapses, his wife cannot leave him just at that moment; in the face of the world, she cannot. Although we have deeper and more serious reasons for the separation, the world would regard the loss of fortune as the reason; and this must not be. It is better for us to assume the responsibility of so early a rupture than to have our hands tied when the dread catastrophe really comes. A divorce is not a transaction which can be carried through in a few weeks; it requires a year at least; and in half that time the separation can be arranged, if Berkow throws no obstacle in the way. Eugenie must return to our house, must be free, before they suspect in the Residence how matters stand here."

"I thought my sister would enter into our plan with far more pleasure and animation," said Curt thoughtfully. "If they had previously decided upon this step, the idea of course was not new to her; but yet she is cold and silent, as if all this lay infinitely remote from her, as if it dealt not with her own freedom."

The baron shrugged his shoulders. "She suffers at the thought of the unavoidable publicity, she shrinks from the formalities and disagreeableness of the trial, which cannot be spared her. Such a separation is always a painful step for a woman, but still it must be taken. In this case, at least, we shall have the whole Residence on our side. The reason of this marriage could have been no secret, and all will readily comprehend why we seek to dissolve it."

"There comes Berkow," said Curt half aloud, as the door of the adjoining room opened. "You will speak with him; will you not, papa? Shall I leave you alone?"

Windeg shook his head. "You are the eldest son of our house; and in such an interview the presence of a third person is apt to impose a salutary restraint. You will remain, Curt."

While these words were softly and hastily exchanged, Arthur had passed through the ante-room, and now entered. The greeting on both sides was icy and polite as usual, and the conversation began with the wonted commonplaces. The guests regretted that they could so seldom enjoy the society of their host; and the host pleaded a pressure of business which robbed him of the pleasure, etc.—mutual civilities which neither side was expected to believe, and behind which they intrenched themselves so as, at least, to have something to say.

"I hope that Eugenie's constant presence richly compensates you for my enforced absence," continued Arthur, glancing through the *salon* as if in quest of his wife.

"Eugenie has withdrawn on account of a slight indisposition," explained the baron; "and I would employ the opportunity of her absence to express a wish whose fulfilment depends principally upon yourself."

"You have only to state your wish, Herr Baron, if the granting of it depends upon me," returned Arthur, placing himself opposite his father-in-law; while Curt, who well knew what was coming, withdrew to a window niche, and seemed to be attentively gazing out upon the terrace. Baron Windeg's manner assumed its utmost formality, and all that aristocratic dignity which lay at his command. By this manner he sought to impress the plebeian husband of his daughter, and at the outset silence every possible opposition; for at the most he could but regard that separation proposed on Arthur's side as a mere ebullition after some passionate scene. He did not believe that Arthur seriously had any such idea.

"They must, I think, place a greater significance upon the rebellion at your works than it really deserves," began he. "Yesterday, as I stopped at the town to call on the commandant of the garrison there, a friend of my youth, I was told that the outbreak of your workmen into open insurrection was very probable."

"People in the town seem to be more occupied with my works and my workmen than I had supposed," replied Arthur coldly. "In any event, I have not called on the colonel for eventual help."

The baron understood the rebuff. "For myself, I naturally have no opinion in the matter," he replied calmly. "I would only remind you, that it will not be proper to expose Eugenie to possible scenes and outbreaks. I very much desire to take my daughter home with me for a time, until matters here become settled."

The young man's face betrayed some slight emotion. He threw a hasty glance over to the door leading to his wife's chamber, as if he would ascertain if the wish had originated there. But his answer was perfectly calm.

"Eugenie is entire mistress of her own actions. If she thinks the removal necessary, I give her perfect freedom."

Baron Windeg gave a nod of satisfaction. "Then she will accompany us to-morrow," he said. "As to the duration of her visit there, we come to a point painful for us both to discuss; but I prefer to treat with you by word of mouth, especially so, as I know, that in the main our wishes coincide."

Arthur seemed about to start up from his chair; but he controlled himself, and kept his place.

"Very well. I suppose that Eugenie has already communicated with you."

"Yes. Are you surprised at that? She certainly would first of all confide in her father."

The young man's lips quivered. "I supposed," said he, "that the matter would remain a secret between us until the time for action came. I have erred, as I see."

"Why defer the carrying out of a conclusion once fixed upon?" asked the baron calmly. "The time is just now favorable. The present condition of your estates gives us the best and plainest excuse for my daughter's removal. The world need not at first know that this removal is to be a permanent one. Now in summer, when all our friends have left the Residence, the preparatory steps can be taken unremarked. Where publicity cannot be avoided, it is always best to perform a deed in the face of the world. In this way the propensity to gossip is soonest stayed."

A short pause ensued. Arthur again fixed his glance, this time with an inquiring expression, upon the door leading to Eugenie's chamber. Then he turned deliberately to her father, and asked—

"Does the wish for this haste come from Eugenie herself?"

The baron thought proper at this time to conceal the truth; this would end matters sooner, and in any event Eugenie would thank him for it.

"I speak in my daughter's name," declared he formally.

Arthur started up suddenly, and so violently that the chair fell back. "I consent to all, Herr Baron," he said, "to all. I thought I had stated to your daughter my reasons for delay; they were for the most part dictated by regard for her. I did not think of myself. If, regardless of these, she still wishes matters accelerated—let it be.'

(To be continued).

In the Country Lawyer's Office.

He wanted justice. You could see that in his eyes afar off. He didn't want a little bit of justice weighed out in a gingerly manner and done up in coarse brown paper, but he wanted justice by the car load and at wholesale rates. He hitched his old white horse and dilapidated buggy in front of the drug store, mounted the stairs running up outside to the second story, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the tin sign on the door: "George Boxen, Attorney at Law." The lawyer was in. So were a two-dollar desk, two fifteen-cent chairs, a huge cuspidor and a rusty stove.

"Morning."

"Morning."

"I'm Jim White, sir. Live out by Gray's Corners. Bought the Tompkins farm, you know."

"Ah!"

"Skinner jines farms with me. His steers get into my corn. I want damages, but he laughs at me. I turn my hogs into his 'tater patch."

"Good! I like a man of spunk."

"And he kills one of 'em."

"What?'

"He kills a hog worth $2."

"You don't say! Well, that man ought to be made to understand that he doesn't own this country. What an outrage! Have you demanded pay?'

"Oh, yes, and he said he'd like to shoot me."

"Is it possible? Why, he's a dangerous man, very dangerous."

"I came to ask you if—if—"

"Why, of course, you have the best kind of case against him, and its your duty to push it."

"Yes, I want justice, but how—how much will——"

"Oh, the cost will be nothing. Just leave me $5 as a retainer and we'll make Skinner sweat. I haven't heard of such an outrage for years. He probably reasons that you are chicken-hearted and afraid of him."

"Well, he'll find that the Whites have as much grit as the Skinners."

"And as much money to law with?"

"You bet!"

"That's the talk! We'll make him a very sick man. Your case appeals to me as a citizen as well as a lawyer. Now, we'll secure a warrant as a starter."

Skinner visits the other lawyer in the same village, and the conversation is about the same. White gets a warrant for Skinner, and Skinner gets a warrant for White.

First year—Two adjournments, a disagreement, twenty-four days' lost time and a cash expense of $58 to each farmer.

Second year—Three trials, one disagreement, four adjournments, one appeal and a cash expense of $150 to each farmer. Time lost, thirty-five days.

Third year—Two trials, two appeals, two decisions and two farms pass into the hands of two lawyers.

Educational Notes.

"The disastrous influence of medical studies upon the intellectual faculties of women is," says the *Lyon Medical*, "a curious fact established by recent statistics. In England, according to the census of 1881, the number of women physicians was twenty-five. From 1880 to 1884, eight had been placed in a lunatic asylum, and at the end of last year three were under treatment."

The Ontario Minister of Education, in a recent address to the East Middlesex teachers, said; "Henceforth there will be no division in second-class certificates. The distinction will be made by the standing taken at the Normals, with or without honors. The course would also be on the same line as the matriculation in arts. Matriculation with three first-class honors will be considered equal to a first-class grade C certificate."

The new President of Magdalen College, Oxford, the presidency of which is the blue ribbon of such appointments, is about the youngest man ever appointed at the head of the house—about 35. The place is worth $7,500 a year, with a spacious residence and certain commissariat allowances. The founder of Magdalen, William of Waynflete, was the first Head Master of Eton. It is about the best endowed College in Oxford. Addison and Gibbon were both of Magdalen, as was also Oscar Wilde.

President Nelles said at the opening of the Victoria College: "Whatever the decision of the authorities, I am perfectly convinced that no change will take place in the fundamental principle upon which this university was founded. Our fathers were in advance of the times when they erected Victoria College, but I regret to say that the Methodist Church has allowed the sister denominations to get ahead of it in educational matters. It is high time the Church aroused herself to her true position, if she wishes to take her place side by side with them."

Amusing Origin of Noble Names.

Mr. Walter Rye has published a "History of Norfolk," in which he gives some curious instances of fictitious Norman pedigrees. The Howards, it seems, are descended from a hogward, whose business it was to mind hogs; the Townshends from one John atte Town'send, who was a small tenant farmer in 1396; the Bulwers from the bull-ward, as the man was called who looked after the manor bull

The Most Rev. Patrick Dorrian, D.D., Catholic Bishop of Down, is dead.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Facts About Fashions, Fancies and Feminine Fripperies.

How Marriage Affects Women.

Woman is at once sincere and hypocritical. Coquetry is nothing but gilded and refined hypocrisy, and all women are coquettes to a greater or less degree. It is perhaps a wise provision of nature that they can dissemble. They are called on to do a great deal of it. For instance, when a stupid young man who cannot see when he is a bore and calls on a young lady who does see that he is a bore and feels it keenly, she must dissemble. For instance, again, when a woman meets another woman she does not like, but whose acquaintance is a social necessity, she must dissemble, and does so by kissing her on the cheek and saying, "My dear." Shakspeare says:

All the world's a stage
And all men and women merely players.

But most of the playing is done by the women. Their lives are more theatrical than men's are. They have more finesse than men. They can flirt for the mere fun of the thing, while men always have a serious purpose of some sort at the bottom of their flirting. Men are direct, women are evasive. All this on the mere surface. This is the picture of society as we see it whirling past us in ten thousand tints and shadows. This it is in the fashionable thoroughfare, in the dazzling ball-room, at the gorgeous opera and in the reception-room at home. Formality, formality; meaningless compliments, flatteries, mocking endearments, with woman everywhere in the lead, the creator and compounder of it all. But underneath the surface there is another world, a quiet, peaceful domain where woman is earnest, and where her sincerity and devotion outshine every other virtue, and where her life becomes a priceless treasure. The insincere trifler of the whirligig of society becomes the faithful, loving wife and the tender, patient mother. The tables are turned; the man now becomes the trifler. He goes forth to bask in the sunshine of the gay world, while the wife is the steady anchor that forever pulls him back and renews his sense of duty and obligation. Thus, after all, she smiles for everybody and a heart for but one becomes the savior of the race.

Holding the Mirror to Nature.

We were discussing mirrors the other day at the Greys', and the question arose as to whether it was better to have a flattering one or the reverse. Maud thought the latter would be better, as then you knew the worst about yourself, and if you heard any adverse opinion expressed as to your looks you would not mind. I was not at all of her way of thinking. In the first place, the ugliest woman in the world would mind if she heard people say even that she was not pretty. In the second, I think it conduces to good humor to have a nice, flattering looking-glass that makes the best of you and puts you on good terms with yourself. Madeline thought that an uncompromisingly true one would be the best of all, and perhaps she is right. But then Madeline is very handsome, and when her mirror tells the truth it tells her what she is, so she may well be pleased with its verdict.—*Girls' Gossip in London Truth.*

Fresh Fashion Notes.

Sleeves are long and close, as a rule, yet a few are shown with puffs at the shoulders and elbows.

When the Princess dress is worn the bodice is plain, mostly in the cuirass shape, but sometimes open in front over a narrow peaked vest.

Persian net and edgings are among the new laces. They come in wool and the Angora styles and in the colors of Persian shawls or scarfs.

Skirts have a little more fullness than last season and are quite generally gathered into the belts, although some are in heavy box-plaits at the sides and backs.

Walking skirts are as long as possible without touching the ground. A few demi-trains are seen on ordinary dresses, but the best taste does not commend them, neither do the best-dressed ladies wear them.

In other than the most expensive dresses there are more trimmings used upon waists than heretofore, some of them having almost the entire fronts covered with cord and braid trimmings.

Braid flounces and fronts are shown. They are made of half-inch wide braids interlaced and showing octagonal meshes. Some of these flounces are made over bright colors and are very showy.

Many of the shapes both of hats and bonnets are pinched up in front and cut off at the back, and in many cases it is difficult to tell whether the article is intended for hat or bonnet until it is trimmed.

Sashes will be worn with all materials, and are imported to match most of the new fabrics whether of wool or silk. Ladies who are skilful in embroidery make their own sashes from any of the wool dress materials, simply getting them stamped and working them in regular embroidery or Kensington stitch.

For dressy use, the beaded fronts or plastrons are very pretty and tasteful. They have a dog-collar and square front, or long vest-like points, some of them having but one point that passes to the left side and fastens to the dress below the waist. They come in jet, dull mourning beads, and in plomb, or lead, beads. They are particularly elegant over black silk or satin dresses.

All kinds of jackets and vests are fashionable; some are in the shape of a paletot, open in front over a tight-fitting waistcoat. Lest ladies who possess paletots take the hint by cutting them as short as an ordinary basque-bodice, fitting them at the back and opening them over a waistcoat of velvet or plush—plush is come into favor again as a trimming for dresses and mantles. The paletot is fastened at the neck only, whence the fronts fall loose over the waistcoat.

A Glass of Ice-water in Japan.

The Japanese never stored or used ice until the advent of foreigners, but they have taken to the use of it since then with alacrity, and are as bad as Americans for drinking ice-water. Men with portable stands slung over their shoulders perambulate the streets night and day, crying: "Kori! kori! kori" (ice! ice! ice)! Their chief patrons are the jinrickisha men, who have most ready money and are spendthrifts by nature. The kori man when called, sets down his stand, produces a lump of ice, shaves it as white as snow over a plane. It is then mixed with sugar and sold at two or three rins (an eighth of a cent) a glass, to the panting jinrickisha men. This mixture, which they themselves aptly call shiro uki (white stuff or snow), is not bad, and the newly arrived foreigner, when out of the sight of other foreigners, is not averse to indulging in it.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A London special says it is rumored that even if defeated in the elections Lord Salisbury will meet Parliament as Premier, and trust to a chapter of accidents to keep him in power.

A physician of Galveston, Tex., succeeded lately, it is said, in grafting bits of dogs' bone into the missing section of the left clavicle (the bone joining the shoulder and the breast-bone) of a man that had lost two inches of that portion of his frame by a gun shot accident. It is stated that the bones from twenty or more different dogs were used in the operation, and that Henry Bergh, of New York, has interested himself in the matter.

CURRENT TOPICS.

An impressive feature of the funeral services of the late Lord Shaftesbury was the magnificent music in Westminster Abbey, especially the playing of the two "Marches." Black was universally worn by the audience, and a physician's daughter who wore an outer jacket not black was turned out.

A custom of the days gone by still obtains in the District of Columbia courts. According to an old Maryland law, the foreman of each jury is presented with a pound of tobacco on rendering the verdict in each case. As this is far in excess of the demand for the weed, the cash equivalent of $1 is substituted. The tobacco fund amounts to a considerable sum during a term of court, and is usually devoted to the purchase of a cane for the foreman, bouquets for the judge and minor comforts for the jurors.

If the daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany marries Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, of whom she is fond, but who is not a royal personage, the marriage, it is said, would be regarded by the German courts just as the marriage of a duke's daughter with a footman would be regarded. It would be practically a morganatic marriage at best. Regal etiquette in such matters is much stricter in Germany than in England, where the Princess Louise married, without serious discomfort, a non-royal personage.

Col. Knolly, in his book detailing his experiences in China, gives a very amusing account of his difficulties at a dinner party in Canton. The perplexities the guest endures as he endeavors to get his food conveyed to his mouth with the slippery chopsticks are great, while each futile attempt is met by the ladies with undisguised merriment. Says the victim: "Of course the table resounds with jackdaw-like laughter at my failures, and the women find endless diversion in applying their own chopsticks to shoving various selections down my throat. . . . The women annoy me by hawking, hemming and expectorating incessantly. . . . Shark fin, toadstool, fish's maw. 'Stop, please' (half choking), 'I cannot eat any more.' But as I open my mouth, in enunciation of despairing remonstrance, one last tit-bit is thrust in—a pigeon's egg, and a pigeon's egg which, according to Chinese ideas of dainty dishes, had acquired a peculiar relish by having been preserved for twenty years! I hesitate no longer. An alleged inconvenience in my boot enables me to stoop my head under the table." And so the unhappy guest gets rid of an unsavory mouthful.

The administration of British justice in a polyglotic colony was put to rather a severe test last month at Kimberley, South Africa. At a criminal trial there were two prisoners, the one speaking only Portuguese, the other speaking only Basuto, charged under the Illicit Diamond Buying Act with trading in diamonds without a license. There were two witnesses, one of whom spoke only Zulu and the other Metapele. There were two interpreters, one of whom could speak English, Basuto, Zulu and Metapele, and the other English and Portuguese; and there was, finally, the judge who impartially spoke English. The four-tongued interpreter proceeded to translate the questions of the Crown prosecutor from English into Zulu and Metapele, and then returned their answers in Basuto to one prisoner and in English to the Court. The second interpreter then took up the parable and put everything into Portuguese for the benefit of the Portuguese prisoner. The trial dragged its slow length along, when suddenly it was discovered that the Portuguese prisoner did not fully understand the interpreter who spoke Portuguese, as he only knew coast Portuguese. Babel, however, could not be further imitated, and in the result both prisoners received a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

The *Medical Record* says: "No one who, fatigued with over-exertion of the body or mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumblerful of milk heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego to resort to it because