She and I.

And I said, "She is dead," I could not brook
Again on that marvellous face to look!

But they took my hand and they led me in,
And they left me alone with my nearest kin.

Once again alone in that silent place,
My beautiful dead and I face to face.

And I could not speak and I could not stir,
But I stood and with love I looked on her.

With love and with rapture, and strange surprise
I looked on the lips and the close-shut eyes;

On the perfect rest and the calm content,
And the happiness in her features blent,

And the thin white hands that had wrought so much
Now nerveless to kisses or fevered touch,

My beautiful dead, who had known the strife,
The pain and the sorrow that we call life,

Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss.

And the smile that sweetened her lips always
Lay light on her heaven-closed mouth that day.

I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept, but I could not think her dead.

I felt with a wonder too deep for speech,
She could tell what only the angels teach.

And down over her mouth I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I should hear.

Then out from the silence between us stole
A message that reached to my inmost soul:

"Why weep you to-day who have wept before
That the road was rough I must journey o'er?

"Why mourn that my lips can answer you not
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?

"Behold, all my life I have longed for rest,
Yea, e'en when I held you upon my breast.

"And now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing you sigh and weep.

"My dearest, I know that you would not break—
If you could—my slumber and have me wake,

"For though life was full of the things that bless,
I have never till now known happiness."

Then I rled my tears, and with lifted head,
I left my mother, my beautiful dead.

—*James Berry Bensel.*

MONICA:

THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

About this time there may be seen in it an entry such as follows:

"Saturday, July 3.—I fear Terence told a lie! He certainly equivocated! Penelope and I have done our best to discover the real owner of the gun, but as yet have failed. The secret rests with Terence, and to force his conscience would be unchristian, but it may transpire in time."

After this come sundry other jottings, such as:

"Monday, July 5.—Past four. Fanny Stack called. Penelope in the garden, as usual. All the trouble of entertaining falling upon my hands. Still, I do not repine. Providence is good; and Penelope, of course, dear soul, should be allowed the recreation that pertains to her garden. And, indeed, a sweet place she makes of it."

After this again comes a third paragraph:

"Tuesday, July 6.—Terence again most wilful and Kit somewhat saucy; yet my heart yearns over these children. God grant they be guided by a tender hand along the straight and narrow way!"

* * * * * * * * * *

It is the next day, July 7th, and the two Misses Blake, standing in the dining-room, are discussing Terence again. They have had a great shock, these two old ladies, in the discovery of a duplicity that they in their simplicity have magnified fourfold. How is it possible they should remember how they felt thirty years ago?

"I doubt we must keep a tight hand upon him, Penelope," says Miss Priscilla sorrowfully. "The rector is very lax. He goes to him day by day, but beyond Greek and Latin seems to imbibe little else. And morals are the groundwork of all, and surely superior to the languages spoken by those who believed in heathen gods. I wonder at the rector, I must say. But we must only make up for his deficiencies by keeping a tight hand, as I said before, upon this unhappy boy."

"Yes, but not too tight, Priscilla; that might only create a rebellious feeling and destroy all our chances of success. And we are bent on leading this poor, dear boy (poor Katherine's boy, Priscilla,) into the way of truth."

"Yes, yes; we must be cautious, most cautious, in our treatment," says Miss Priscilla nervously, "and very careful of his comings and goings, without appearing to be so. Dear me, dear me! I wonder if the greatness of our cause justifies so much deceit. It sounds Jesuitical, my dear Penelope, say what we can."

"The end justifies the means," says Miss Penelope, as solemnly as if this remark emanated from her throat as an original remark.

"Oh, don't, my dear Penelope!" says Miss Priscilla with a shudder, "that is their principal argument."

"Whose? The children's?" asks Miss Penelope, startled.

"No; the Jesuits—the Inquisitors—those dread fat people we read of in 'Westward Ho,'" says Miss Priscilla protestingly. "Still, I agree with you; secrecy is the part we have to play. We must keep one eye" (as if there was only one between them) "upon him without seeming to do so. And there he is," pointing through the window to where Terence may be seen coming slowly towards the house in which they stand in a most unhappy frame of mind.

"I wonder where he can have been for the past half-hour," says Miss Priscilla presently, in a nervous whisper, though Terence is so far off that if she spoke at the top of her lungs he could not have heard her.

"Perhaps, if we ask him he may tell us," says Miss Penelope equally nervous and decidedly with great doubt as to the success of her suggestion.

"Well, you ask him," says Miss Priscilla. "I am greatly wanting in force on occasions such as these," says Miss Penelope hurriedly. "No, no, my dear, you ask him. But be gentle with him, my dear Priscilla."

"Why can't you do it?" persists Miss Blake, plainly anxious to shift the obnoxious task from her own shoulders to another's. "You have great influence with the children, I have remarked many times."

"Nothing to yours," says Miss Penelope with an agitated wave of her hand. "I couldn't do it; indeed, I couldn't, my dear Priscilla," openly quaking. "Don't ask me. See, here he comes! Now, be firm—be firm, Priscilla, but lenient, very lenient; he is only a boy, remember, and even the great Luther was strangely wanting in principle when young."

"It is my duty; I suppose I must go through with it," says poor Miss Priscilla sighing; and then she throws wide the window and calls to Terence to come to her.

"Where have you been, Terence?"

"At the back gate, aunt."

"But, my dear Terence, why at the back gate? Such a nice day for a good, long, wholesome walk! Why spend it at the back gate?"

"Because—that is—I——"

"My dear boy, be calm. Wait a moment, now, Terence, and don't hurry yourself. There is no occasion for haste."

"I was only going to say, aunt——"

"Pause now, Terence, consider well before you speak. Though, indeed, there should be no need for consideration when only the simple but lovely truth is required. Truth is always lovely, Terence; it is a flower of great beauty. Collect yourself, now." (This is a favorite formula with the Misses Blake.) "Don't tell a lie, Terence."

"Why should I tell a lie?" says Terence fiercely, feeling at this moment that death, when compared with nagging, would be sweet.

"Oh, Terence, what a tone; and to your good Aunt Penelope, who loves you! Such a tone as that, my dear, is unchristian. Now, we don't want to know what you were doing at the back gate. Why should you be afraid of us? Are we not your greatest friends? But what could you have been doing for half an hour at the back gate, Terence?"

"I went up there with Michael, aunt."

"I didn't ask you that, dear. I am afraid you have no confidence in us, Terence. I didn't ask you who went with you. Can't you say yes or no, Terence? Were you long at the gate?"

"No, aunt."

"Was any one but Michael with you?'

"Yes, aunt."

"Was it Adams?"

"No, aunt."

"Can't you say anything but yes or no, Terence? Have you no command of the Queen's English, after all the money, too, your poor father wasted on your education—and now the rector? Speak up, my dear child, and tell us everything, honestly and nobly."

"But there is nothing to tell, aunt, except that——"

"Now, collect yourself, Terence; take time, my dear. Now, answer me; who was with you besides Michael?"

"Timothy, aunt."

The hoary-headed butler being, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, the Misses Blake are pulled up pretty short—so short, indeed, that they forget to ask if any one besides the respectable Timothy was at the obnoxious back gate. Perhaps, had they known that the smith's son and two or three other young men had been there, and that all had been talking the most violent politics, their fears for Terence's morality would have increased rather than diminished.

As it is, they are well pleased.

"But why didn't you say that at once, my dear boy? We are so afraid of your mixing with evil companions."

Terence thinks of the smith's son and his unqualified opinion that all landlords and aristocrats and sovereigns should be "stamped out," and wonders if he would come under the category of evil companions, but he wisely refrains from speech.

"And," says Miss Penelope softly, "why didn't you tell us before leaving the house where you were going? I am sure, if you had, both your Aunt Priscilla and I would have been delighted to go with you, busy though we were."

This is the climax. Again in Terence's fevered imagination the smith's son arises, wielding his brawny brown arm like a sledge-hammer as he noisily lays down the laws of extermination. He can see himself, too, joining in the fray, and defying the smith's son's opinion with an eloquence of which he had been only proud. He feels he is deceiving these two old ladies, and is angry with himself for doing it, and still more angry with them for making him do it.

"I am glad we have heard the truth at last, Terence," says Miss Priscilla. "There is nothing so miserable or contemptible as a lie."

"You are enough to make any fellow tell a lie," bursts out Terence with miserable rage, "with your questionings and pryings!"

At this awful speech, the two Misses Blake burst into tears and Terence dashes in a fury from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

"It is quite the loveliest old place in the world!" says Mrs. Bohun in her soft, plaintive voice, speaking very enthusiastically. "We ought to be more than grateful to you, dear Miss Blake, for letting us see it."

Miss Priscilla reddens with suppressed satisfaction, but says:

"Tut, tut, my dear! It is only a funny, old-fashioned spot, after all," in quite an off-hand manner.

It is Friday—the Friday—as the Misses Blake have been thinking of it for days, in fear and trembling, as being the date of their first hospitable venture for many years.

All the Aghyohillbeg party and the men from Clonbree Barracks and some other neighbors are strolling through the sweet, antiquated gardens of Moyne, hedged with yews fantastically cut. The roses, white and red and yellow, are nodding their heads lazily, bowing and courtesying to the passing breeze. The stocks and mignonette are filling the air with perfume. Tall lilies are smiling from distant corners, and the little merry burn, tumbling over its gray boulders through the garden, is singing a loud and happy song, in which the birds in the trees above join heartily.

The lazy hum of many insects makes one feel even more perceptibly how drowsy-sweet is all the summer air.

Mrs. Bohun has now flitted away with Monica, who in her white gown looks the prettiest flower of all, in this "wilderness of sweets," with the tall infatuated Ryde and handsome young Ronayne in their train. Mrs. Bohun, who is in one of her most mischievous moods to-day, has taken it into her head to snub Lord Rossmoyne and be all that is of the sweetest to Ulic Ronayne, a proceeding her cousin, Mrs. Herrick, regards with dismay.

Not so, however, does Bella Fitzgerald regard it. She, tall and with a would-be stately air, walks through the grounds at Lord Rossmoyne's side, to whom she has attached herself, and who, *faute de mieux*, makes himself as agreeable as he can to her, considering how he is inwardly raging at what he is pleased to term Olga's disgraceful behavior.

Miss Priscilla has now been seized upon by Madam O'Connor and carried off for a private confab.

"And you really must let her come to us for a week, my dear," says Madam O'Connor, in her fine rich brogue. "Yes, now, really I want her. It will be quite a favor. I can't withstand a pretty face, as you well know: 'tis a weakness of mine, my dear, and she is really a pearl. Olga Bohun is talking of getting up tableaux or some such nonsense, and she wants your pretty child to help us."

"I should like her to go to you. It is very kind of you," says Miss Priscilla, but with unmistakable hesitation.

"Now, what is it? Out with it, Priscilla!" says Madam O'Connor, bluntly.

Miss Priscilla struggles with herself for yet another minute, and then says quickly—

"That young man Desmond—will he be staying in your house?"

"Not if you object, my dear," says Mrs. O'Connor, kindly; "though I do think it is a pity to thwart that affair. He is as nice and as pleasant a young fellow as I know, and would make a jewel of a husband; and money—say what you like, my dear Priscilla—is always something. It ranks higher than revenge."

"There is no revenge. It is only a just resentment."

"Well, I'll call it by any name you like, my dear, but I must say——"

"I must beg, Gertrude, you will not discuss this unhappy subject," says Miss Priscilla, with some agitation.

"Well, I won't, then. There let it lie," says Madam O'Connor, good-humoredly. "And tell me, now, if I come over to fetch Monica on Monday, will she be ready for me?"

"Quite ready. But we have not consulted her yet," says Miss Priscilla, clinging to a broken reed.

"Olga is talking about it. And, if she's the girl she looks, she'll be glad of a change, and the chance of a sweetheart," says Madam O'Connor, gayly.

* * * * * * * *

"What lovely lilies!" says Mrs. Bohun, standing before a tall white group.

"Oh, don't!" says Owen Kelly, who has joined her and Monica. "Whenever I hear a lily mentioned I think of Oscar Wilde, and it hurts very much."

"I like Oscar Wilde. He is quite nice, and very amusing," says Olga.

"I wonder if I could make my hair grow," says Mr. Kelly, meditatively. "He's been very clever about his; but I suppose somebody taught him."

"Well, I think long hair is dirty," says Mrs. Bohun, with an abstracted glance at Ronayne's lightly-shaven head.

Then, as though tired of her sweet role and of its object (Ronayne) and everything, she turns capriciously aside, and, motioning away the men with her hand and a small frown, sits down at Hermia Herrick's feet and plucks idly at the grasses near her.

"So we are dismissed," says Kelly, shrugging his shoulders. Monica has disappeared long ago with the devoted Ryde. "Your queen has her tempers, Ronayne."

"There are few things so cloying as perfection," says Ronayne, loyally.

"I entirely agree with you—so much so that I hope Providence will send me an ugly wife. She—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Bohun does pretty much what she likes with you, doesn't she?"

"Altogether what she likes. She's been doing it for so long now that I suppose she'll go on to the end of the chapter. I hope it will be a long one. Do you know," says the young man, with a rather sad little laugh, "it sounds of course rather a poor thing to say, but I really think it makes me happy, being done what she likes with?"

"It is only to oblige a friend that I should seek to understand such a hopelessly involved sentence as that," says Mr. Kelly, wearily. "But I have managed it. You're as bad a case as ever I came across, Ronayne, and I pity you. But, 'pon my soul, I respect you, too," with a flash of admiration; "there is nothing like being thoroughly in earnest. And so I wish you luck in your wooing."

"You're a very good fellow, Kelly," says Ronayne, gratefully.

In the meantime, Olga, tiring of tearing her grasses to pieces, looks up at Hermia.

"How silent you are!" she says.

"I thought that was what you wanted—silence. You have been talking all day. And, besides, if I speak at all, it will be only to condemn."

"Nevertheless, speak. Anything is better than this ghastly quiet; and besides, frankly, I need not mind you, you know."

"You are flirting disgracefully with that Ronayne boy."

"What harm, if he is a boy?"

"He is not such a boy as all that comes to; and, if you don't mean it, you are overkind to him."

"He is my baby," says Olga, with a little laugh; "I often tell him so. Why should I not be kind to him?"

"Oh, if you are bent on it!"

"I am bent on nothing. You do run away so with things!"

"I think you might do better."

"I'm not going to do anything," says the widow. She throws off her hat, and ruffles up all her pretty pale gold hair with impatient fingers.

"Oh! if you can assure me of that!"

"I don't want to assure you of anything."

"So I thought. That is why I say you might do better."

"I might do worse, too."

"Perhaps. But still I cannot forget there was Wolverhampton last year. A title is not to be despised; and he was devoted to you, and would, I think, have made a good husband."

"I dare say. He was fool enough for anything. And I liked him, rather; but there was something in him—wasn't there, now, Hermia?—something positively enraging at times."

"I suppose, then, your fancy for young Ronayne arises from the fact that there is nothing in him," says Hermia, maliciously; "that's his charm, is it?"

Mrs. Bohun laughs.

"I don't suppose there is very much in him," she says; "that in itself is such a relief. Wolverhampton was so overpowering about those hydraulics. Ulic isn't a savant, certainly, and I don't think he will ever set the Liffey afire, but he is pleasant too to think on.' Now, mind you, I don't believe I care a pin about Ulic Ronayne,—he is younger than I am, for one thing—but still I don't care to hear him abused."

"I am not abusing him," says Hermia. "It was you said he was no savant, and would be unlikely to set the Liffey afire."

"For which we should be devoutly grateful," says Olga, frivolously. "Consider, if he could, what the consequences would be, both to life and property. Poor young man! I really think Government ought to give him a pension because he can't."

"And what about all the other young men?" asks Hermia. And then she yawns.

Here Monica—who has been absent with Mr. Ryde for the best part of an hour—comes up to them, and presently Terence, with the Fitzgeralds, and Miss Priscilla and Lord Rossmoyne.

"I heard a story yesterday I want to tell you," says Terence, gayly, singling out Miss Fitzgerald and Olga, and sinking upon the grass at the former's feet. He is such a handsome, merry boy that he is a favorite with all the women. Miss Priscilla stands near him; the others are all conversing together about the coming plays at Aghyohillbeg.

"It is about the curate," says Terence, gleefully. "You know, he is awful spoons on the ugliest French girl, and the other day he wanted to run up to Dublin to get her a ring, or something, but——"

"Now, Terence, dear, surely that is not the way to pronounce that word," says Miss Priscilla, anxiously; "such a vulgar pronunciation—'bu-ut.' How you drawl it! How ugly it sounds—'bu-ut!' Now put your lips together like mine, so, and say 'but,' shortly. Now begin your story again, and tell it nicely."

Terence begins again—very good-humoredly, thinks Olga—and has almost reached the point, when Miss Priscilla breaks in again:

"Now, not so fast, my dear Terence. I really cannot follow you at all. I don't even understand what you are at. Gently, my dear boy. Now begin it all over again, and be more explicit."

But the fun is all out of Terence by this time, though Olga is so convulsed with laughter that it might have been the best story on record, which somewhat astonishes though it consoles Terence, as when his funny incident is related in a carefully modulated voice, and with a painful precision, it strikes even him as being hopelessly uninteresting. However, Mrs. Bohun certainly enjoys it—or something else, perhaps; fortunately, it never occurs to Terry to ponder on the "something else."

"Hermia, Olga, come now, my dears. You can't stay here for ever, you know," cries Madam O'Connor's loud but cheery voice. "It is nearly seven. Come, I tell you, or the Misses Blake, our good friends here, will think we mean to take up our residence at Moyne for good."

"Oh, now, Gertrude!" says Miss Priscilla, much shocked. But Madam O'Connor only laughs heartily, and gives her a little smart blow on the shoulder with her fan. Olga laughs too, gayly, and Hermia lets her lips part with one of her rare but perfect smiles. If she likes any one besides Olga and her children, it is bluff and blunt old Gertrude O'Connor.

One by one they all walked away, and presently Moyne is lying in the dying sunshine, in all its usual quietude, with never a sound to disturb the calm of coming eve but the light rustling of the rising breeze among the ivy-leaves that are clambering up its ancient walls.

Kit and Terry are in-doors, laughing merrily over the day, and congratulating themselves upon the success it has certainly been.

"Yes. I do think, Penelope, they all enjoyed themselves," says Miss Priscilla, in high glee; "and your claret-cup, my dear, was superb."

But Monica has stolen away from them all. The strange restlessness that has lain upon her all day is asserting itself with cruel vigor, and drives her forth into the shadows of the coming night.

All day long she has struggled bravely against it; but, now that the enforced necessity for liveliness is at an end, she grows dreamy, distraite, and feels an intense longing for solitude and air.

Again she walks through the now deserted garden, where the flowers, "earth's loveliest," are drooping their sweet heads to seek their happy slumbers. Past them she goes with lowered head and thoughts engrossed, and so over the lawn into the wood beyond.

Here Coole and Moyne are connected by a high green bank, that in early spring is studded and diamonded with primroses and now is gay with ferns. Not until she has reached this boundary does she remember how far she has come.

She climbs the bank, and gazes with an ever-growing longing at the cool shade in the forbidden land, at the tall, stately trees, and the foxgloves nodding drowsily.

It is a perfect evening, and as yet the god of the day—great Sol—is riding the heavens with triumphant mirth, as though reckless of the death that draweth nigh. Shall he not rise again to-morrow morn in all his awful majesty, and so defy grim Mars? It is, indeed, one of those hours when heaven seems nearest earth, "as when warm sunshine thrills wood-glooms to gold," and "righteousness and peace have kissed each other," and nature, tender mother, smiles, and all the forest deeps are by "a tender whisper pierced."

Conscience forbidding her, she abstains from entertaining these coveted woods, and with a sigh, seats herself upon the top of the green bank.

"Monica!" says a voice close to her, yet not close to her—mysteriously, far up in mid-air, right over her head. She starts! Is the great wood peopled with satyrs, oupha, or dryads?

CHAPTER XVII.

It is not a tender voice. It is not even a gentle or coldly friendly voice. It is, when all is told, a distinctly angry voice, full of possible reproaches and vehement upbraidings.

Monica, raising her head with extreme nervousness, has just time to see Mr. Desmond in the huge fir-tree above her, before he drops at her feet.

"What on earth were you doing up there?" asks she, thinking it wise to adopt the offensive style, so as to be in the field, feeling instinctively that a scolding is coming and that she deserves it.

"Watching you," returns he, sternly, nothing dismayed by her assumption of injured innocence, so her little ruse falls through.

"A charming occupation, certainly!" says Miss Beresford, with fine disgust.

"I climbed up that tree," says Mr. Desmond, savagely, "and from it saw that you had spent your entire day with that idiot, Ryde."

"Do you think," says Miss Beresford, with awful calm, "that it was a gentlemanly thing to climb into that tree, like a horrid school-boy, and spy upon a person?—do you?"

"I don't," vehemently; "but I was driven to it. I don't care what is gentlemanly. I don't care," furiously, "what you think of me. I only knew that my mind is now satisfied about you, and that I know you are the most abominable flirt in the world, and that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Well, I'm not," with great self-possession.

"The more to your discredit! That only means that you are bent on doing it again."

"I shall certainly always talk to any man who talks to me. That is," cuttingly, "any man who knows how to conduct himself with propriety."

"Meaning—I don't, I suppose?"

"Certainly you don't."

"Oh, if it comes to that," says Desmond, in tones of the deepest desperation, and as if nothing is left to expect but the deluge in another moment.

And, in effect, it comes. Not, as one has been taught to expect, in sudden storm, and wind, and lightning, but first in soft light drops, and then in a perfect downpour, that bursts upon them with passionate fury.

As they are standing beneath a magnificent beech, they get but a taste of the shower in reality, though Desmond, seeing some huge drops lying on Monica's thin white gown, feels his heart smite him.

"Here, take this," he says, roughly, taking off his coat and placing it round her shoulders.

"No, thank you," says Miss Beresford, stiffly.

(To be continued)

How Coal Made the "Bad Lands."

The "Bad Lands" of Dakota are said to owe their origin to the burning of the coal deposits that once existed there. They are situated principally along the Cheyenne and Grand Rivers and the Little Missouri. They are from two or three miles to, say, twenty-five miles in width. In the long ago, the valleys of these streams must have been filled with drift wood. Then followed a period of drift, which buried the accumulation of wood under two or three hundred feet of sediment, sand and gravel. The buried wood in time became coal, the veins being in some instances twenty odd feet in depth. Either from spontaneous combustion or from electricity, fires were started in these veins, and they gradually burned out, restoring in part the old water courses by means of the overflow from the accumulation of water in these newly formed basins. Looking upon them, here you see patches of slag, there great bowlers, showing unmistakable evidence of great heat, and on every hand scoria or burned clay, resembling broken brick. Where the fires were checked by the caving earth and the coal did not burn, mounds two or three hundred feet in height stand. And according to the *Black Diamond*, a newspaper devoted to the coal interests, published in Chicago, in parts of Wyoming the same process is now going on; vast fields are undermined by subterranean fires, and the blackened, smoking plain is filled with desolation. Trappers say these fires have been in existence for a long time, and the traditions of the Indians point to the same conclusion.

The Deevil a Hielanman.

Donald, a staunch Highlander, was at a festive meeting where, in a gushing speech, a clergyman proposed the toast: "The Gaelic Language." Donald during the speech looked sullen, and slunk to the door at the end of it. A friend, who was present and noticed this, met him next day and said: "I would have thought that a Highlander, and such a true one as you, Donald, would have been proud of what the minister said. Didn't he butter you up enough about the Gaelic language?" "Ou sy, he he said a deal mair than he need hae dune Didna he say that Adam and Eve spoke Gaelic, and that Gaelic was the lang'age spoken in Paradise?" "Yes, but that should not worry you; that was to prove how ancient it was." "Ay, but that's just what gars me be sae vexed, for if Adam and Eve spoke Gaelic in Paradise, the deevil, dae ye no see, must hae been a Hielanman."

Bedecked in Death.

The body of the Comtesse de Chambord was embalmed and placed in a mortuary chapel, which was visited by a great many persons. The Princess lay dressed in black on a bed covered with a white satin sheet embroidered with golden lilies. Over the steps of the dais on which the couch stands were laid a great number of wreaths and bouquets. At the foot of the couch stood an escutcheon with the Bourbon arms surmounted by a royal crown.

A papier-mache coffin is a recent invention.

At a seance the ghost of Noah Webster wrote, "It is tite times." He was right as to the times, but we are sorry he has gone back on his own dictionary.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

A Once Proscribed Hymn Officially Declared the National Air.

Of all the airs which deserve to be termed national that of the French "Marseillaise" is, without doubt, the most lively and exciting. "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot and devil." Even in times of peace and quietness it is impossible to listen to its animating strains without experiencing a certain thrill, and its effects on an impetuous people in the troublous times of the past may be easily imagined. Such was its power upon the French that it was at one time forbidden to be played or sung, and the prohibition extended until 1879, when the Minister of War issued a circular authorizing bands to play the tune at reviews and official ceremonies.

Considering the extraordinary part which the "Marseillaise" has played in the affairs of France, we might not unreasonably expect that the words and air had emanated from some genius who had bestowed much labor and care on their production. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were written in one night, without any previous sketching out or after elaboration. The author and composer was Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers, who had formerly been a teacher of music. He was greatly admired among his acquaintances for his poetical and musical gifts, and was especially intimate with Baron Dietrich, the Mayor of Strasburg. One evening during the spring of 1792 De Lisle was a guest at the table of this family. The baron's resources had been so greatly reduced by the necessities and calamities of war that nothing better than garrison bread and a few slices of ham could be provided for dinner. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and, lamenting the scantiness of his fare, declared that he would bring forth the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if he thought it would help to inspire De Lisle in the composition of a patriotic song. The ladies signified their approval, and sent for the last bottle of wine the house could boast of. After dinner De Lisle returned to his solitary chamber, and in a fit of enthusiasm (with which the wine must have had little enough to do) composed the words and music of the song which has immortalized his name. The following morning he hastened with it to his friend Dietrich, in whose house it was sung for the first time, exciting great enthusiasm. A few days afterward it was publicly performed in Strasburg, and on June 25th it was sung at a banquet in Marseilles with so much effect that it was printed at once and distributed among the troops just starting for Paris. They entered the capital singing their new hymn, which they had called "Chant des Marseillais," and soon the tune was known throughout every part of France.

De Lisle's claim to the authorship was at one time disputed, but the truth of the story which we have given regarding the origin of the air has long since been proved beyond a doubt. It should be mentioned that the French have another national tune, "Partant pour la Syrie," which is, however, not very popular and not very meritorious. All we need say of it is that it was composed by Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III.—*Chambers' Magazine.*

They Had Travelled.

"I am sorry you two ladies are going all that distance alone," I said to some friends going East some time ago. "If we see anybody on the train I know, I'll put you in his charge."

"Don't; I'd rather not," one of them answered.

"Why?"

"Because you always get more attention from strangers. We are all right. If we have any chaperon he'll be bored to death, and he will be disagreeable all the way. If we have none, every man on the train will be at our service, and he'll only be too glad to attend to us."

"That's queer. I never thought of that."

"My dear boy, men are always in search of adventure, and a formal introduction or an intimate acquaintance makes it duty, and duty is always disagreeable."

"Well, I suppose you are right."

"Do you see that gentleman there? He's been quietly looking around to see what pretty women are on the train. Before we get to Port Costa he'll be asking my sister if he can do anything for her. She's prettier than I am. But what he is willing to do for her he'll do for me to keep me sweet."

"I don't think you'll get left yourself."

"Between you and me and the window I don't think I will."

And I left them with their arrangements all made as to how they were going to treat every man on the car.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Fuel Energy in Locomotives.

In the *American Engineer* of March 18th there is an attempt to determine the amount of fuel consumed per unit of work done by locomotive engines, and also how much of this energy is used and lost. The calculation is based upon the reports of the Canada Southern, Michigan Central, Hannibal & Joseph and Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railways, for the years 1879 81. In passenger service the least fuel used per passenger carried one mile was on the Lake Shore, viz., 1.16 pounds. It was greatest on the Canada Southern, where it equalled 1.86 pounds. In freight the amount of fuel consumed in carrying one ton gross weight was barely 2¾ ounces on two of the roads; on the Michigan Central it was 4 ounces, and on the Hannibal & St. Joseph 6.4 ounces. This includes the fuel consumed in shunting. Deducting this and the amount consumed was as follows, in ounces: Canada Southern, 2.3; Lake Shore, 2.38; Michigan Central, 3.52; Hannibal, 5.76. The combustion of one pound of coal is said to produce energy equal to nearly 11,000,000 pounds. If all the energy could be utilized, 2.3 ounces would haul a ton 28½ miles; and it is said that 96½ per cent. of the energy is wasted.

Scene in Court.

A small boy, caught in the act of shooting birds, has been arrested for truancy. Officer—"This, Your Honor, is the young truant and bird shooter." Judge—"I am deeply distressed to see you, so young a lad, so cruel. Do you not attend both day and Sabbath Schools, where you sing beautiful songs about the lovely birds and their little nestlings? And does not your own mother teach you when you say your prayers at night how wicked it is to shoot the dear birds?" Small boy—"Yes, sir." Judge—"Then you must be depraved indeed! Your extreme youth would certainly demand clemency. If you were an outcast, an orphan, I"—Small boy—"Then, judge, I wouldn't ha' done it. 'Twas for mother's hat. That bird was ten times prettier 'n the one in your wife's bonnet, 'cause I seen it last Sunday in Sunday School. She's my teacher." Judge—"Oh! Oh! yes! A case of necessity, I see. You were not shooting in mere wanton sport; discharge the boy and bring on the next case."

Would-be fascinating brother-in-law to sister-in-law—"Well, Maria, what do you think of the 'deceased wife's sister bill?'" Maria—"Oh, I don't mind, if they don't make it compulsory."—*London Judy*

The Bishop of Oxford sent to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was: "Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" The churchwarden at Wallingford replied: "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

CRUMBS OF HUMOR.

Picked Up from the Lunch Table of Current Journalism.

HOW HE COULD TAKE A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

"Life," said the cynic, "Life is not worth living."

"No?" said the amsel at his side.

"Why?"

"Life is a bore. Human nature is so tame, insipid, ridiculous, in all except the vicious classes. Society in the accepted sense does not live, my dear Miss Jones. It passes the time."

"And has lots of fun sometimes."

"Never. It believes it has fun; but it's very sorry, stupid, dull fun. I am a cynic. People bore me to death. Of course there are exceptions, such as you—but—others. They talk and talk and talk, and I—I sit and listen, and think what empty, brainless things men and women are. They weary me."

"Well, why don't you take your revenge?"

"How?"

"Talk back to them."

And the cynic grinned a sickly grin and dropped the subject.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

She—Mr. Brown, will you give me a trifle towards our "African Mission Fund?"

He—Why, certainly! Here's $10 I won at whist last night.

She (horrified)—Oh, dear no! I could not touch that!

He—Well, here's $10 I made on the Stock Exchange to-day!

She (pocketing the cash)—Oh, you are too kind. I am ever so much obliged.—*Rambler.*

ILLUSTRATING AN OATH.

Teacher—Johnnie, do you know the nature of an oath?

Johnnie—Yes'm. It is something that a man gives when he wants to be believed.

Teacher—That's right. Now, let us have it illustrated. Johnnie, suppose your father should swear to your mother that he would be at home at 10 o'clock in the evening. Where would he be at that hour?

Johnnie—In Tim Doogan's barroom.—*Tid-Bits.*

SOMETHING NEW IN STYLES.

"Ah, Miss Amy," remarked young Fitzpercy during a call last night, "have you seen Chopin's 'A-flat Polonaise?'"

"A flat polonaise!" replied Amy. "No, and I don't think that that kind of a polonaise would ever be fashionable."—*Paterson Chronicle-Telegraph.*

RIPPLES.

The tailors' strike displays the seamy side of the labor problem.

Says Dr. Johnson, "Where there is shame there may yet be virtue." We are patiently awaiting to hear some New York alderman say that he is ashamed of himself.

Prof. Huxley says a mouse is a harmless creature. This statement will do more towards bringing the Professor into discredit with the ladies than anything he possibly could have said.

The London of To-Day.

We speak of the rapid changes in our American cities, but nothing like the changes of London can exist with us. Paris alone, in certain respects, can show such metamorphoses as London. But on the whole, Paris, as I saw it at this first visit to the Old World, was more like the Paris one sees now than was London of 1850 like the London of to-day. The mere question of growth is a minor matter. London was not the metropolis of the world in 1850, and now it is. Then it was only a huger provincial town. The Londoner in general measured nothing but himself, and nobody came to London for anything but hardware, good walking-boots, saddles, etc.; now it is the *entrepot* of the civilized world. The World's Fair of 1851 and succeeding similar displays of what cosmopolite industry can do, the common arrival of ocean steamers, rare at the time I am writing of, have changed the entire character of London life and business and the tone of its society. It is not merely in the fact that 48,000 houses were built in the capital in the last year, or that you find colonies of French, Italians, Russians, Greeks in it, but that the houses are no longer what they were, inside or out, and thus the foreigner is an assimilated ingredient in its philosophy. All this has come since 1850.—*May Atlantic.*

Too Many Forms.

Many funny stories have been told of the difficulties encountered by Frenchmen in trying to master the English language. Here is quite a new one: A Frenchman, M. Dubois, in conversation with Mr. Brown, an Englishman, says: "I am going to leave my hotel. I paid my bill yesterday, and I said to the landlord, 'Do I owe anything else?' He said, 'You are square.' 'That's strange,' said I, 'I lived so long I never knew I was square before.' Then as I was going away he shook me by the hand, saying, 'I hope you'll be round soon.' I said, 'I thought you said I was square. Now you hope I will be round.' He laughed and said, 'When I tell you you'll be round I mean you won't be long.' I did not know how many forms he wished me to assume; however, I was glad he did not call me flat."

Curious Mesmeric Case.

Last night a young man was taken to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary from a place of amusement in the city, where he had been crying like a cock and shouting "Herman." It appears that during the day he had been to see Mr. Herman, the mesmerist, at present performing in the Albert Hall, and had been asked to attend the entertainment in the evening. Instead of going to the hall he went to a theatre, and at 9 o'clock he commenced to make the disturbance. On being admitted to the infirmary the surgeons failed to bring him to his normal condition. It was then supposed that he might be suffering from mesmerism, and Mr. Herman was sent for. Mr. Herman on arriving quickly restored the young man to his wonted condition.—*Glasgow Herald.*

Old Wines Not the Best.

One by one the ancient myths depart. The old notion that wines improve by age, it seems, is a humbug. One Winkleman, a German chemist, has been experimenting on the subject, and says there is an age at which all wines, including the very best, cease to be wholesome. He ordered some wines of the famous Bremen Rathskeller, Rudesheimer, Rose, 1653, and Hochheimer Apostle, 1726, highly recommended for their medicinal value, and found that they were deficient in natural glycerine, and contained as much acid as the cheapest new wines in poor season, so that they were positively injurious to health.

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

Peaches are as large as marbles in Micanopy, Fla.

A scoundrel, rigged up in a horrible dress and blackened face, has been frightening people in Point St. Charles after dark. One child has been scared into convulsions and now lies very ill.

Patrick was a true son of Erin, always happy and always ready for a joke. One day a farmer, in passing him, shouted good humoredly, "Bad luck to you, Patrick!" "Good luck to you, sir!" was the immediate response; "and may neither of us be right!"

SHE DIDN'T WANT IT.

A Fond but Exacting Mother's Search for a Baby Coach.

She was a sour-faced, thin-voiced woman, with an exasperating manner about her that made salesmen dive under the counter when they saw her coming. She had been travelling Chestnut and Market streets all day long looking for a baby coach. And such a coach! It must have all the latest improvements, besides a lot of other improvements that had never been invented, much less heard of. A patent brake was indispensable, as well as an automatic fan to keep flies from baby's face. Then she wanted a contrivance to start the coach, another one to lift it over the gutters, another to stop it, and a top that would spread out automatically on sunny days.

After distracting two obliging young men until their collars wilted, the amiable mother flounced out of a big establishment on Chestnut street, and took an Eighth street car for Girard avenue, "because," she condescended to explain, "there's a factory up there where they make such things, and are not numskulls like you."

She found the proprietor of the place a bland young man, with a solemn face and a stock of trade whoppers on hand that would astonish a side-showman.

"We'll have to make it to order, madam," he said, washing his hands in the air, "and while we're about it we might as well add the Jones soother."

"What's that?" asked the woman who was hunting ingenious baby-coaches.

"An arrangement to pat the baby on the back every time it cries," was the reply. "You simply press a button and it coddles baby so naturally that the little darling can't tell the difference between the 'patsie' and its own mother. At the same time a speaking tube, placed alongside of the kid's ear, begins to say "Wah za masser," or 'Gosy seep, pet,' whichever you may prefer. A nursing bottle pops out of a pocket in the side of the coach, adjusts itself in baby's mouth, and a metal finger tucks down the bib, while a wooden finger tickles it on the knees. Only $10 extra ma'am, and if you——"

"I think you are trying to make fun of me, sir!" exclaimed the woman, indignantly. "I never heard of such nonsense. I don't want any of your coaches."

"Yes'm," replied the sales