A New Version.

Puck:

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock on the mantel strikes 1;
Your Burgundy's chilled and your canvas-back's burnt,
And your terrapin's sadly o'erdone;
Our mother has gone to a dinner so swell
And has likewise attended a dance;
She has flirted and waltzed with an Austrian count,
As well as an envoy from France.

Come home! Come home!
Please father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock on the mantel strikes 2;
Your beautiful room and your easy down bed
Are waiting impatient for you.
You have got ev'ry luxury fortune can send,
Including a porcelain tub;
And yet you're unwilling to turn to your home,
And leave your eternal old club.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock on the mantel strikes 3;
And mommer will presently come from the ball,
And you both can take supper with me.
We will t mpt your coy fancy with canvas-back duck,
And tickle your taste with champagne;
And if you can't make yourself wholly at home,
Why, strike for your club once again.

Come home! Come home!
Go where you will, there is no club like Home.

WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN:

A LOVE STORY.

"But tell me," I said, "what is the meaning of this anonymous message?" I pulled it out of my pocket, and gave it to him to read.

"It means, no doubt, what it says," laughed Raymond.

"Why should it be sent to me?"

"My dear boy, you are simply impossible. How am I to tell you why an anonymous letter is sent you? If I could tell you the reason of such a letter, the name of the writer, and his address in town, I suppose the letter would no longer be an anonymous production. For goodness' sake, be more reasonable!"

There was no use in asking him any more questions; and it is useless to recall all he said, during the walk, about Diane and her behavior in these trying circumstances.

One thing, however, struck me. Raymond, who is not a man to exaggerate or to idealize, was loud in his praise of Diane.

"I could never have believed," he once said, "that she would have grown into so beautiful a girl; and if your mutual love has done this, I can but encourage love in the future."

Another time during our walk he asked, in a kind of half-dreamy way,

"Where the deuce has she got that decision of character which she exhibits? Would you believe it, she told my wife last night that no power on earth will make her say 'yes' when she is asked the usual question at the marriage ceremony?"

"When is that ceremony to take place?" I asked.

"I believe," said Raymond, "that it is fixed for to-morrow week—I mean the civil marriage—and that the religious ceremony will take place on the following day."

"Has the trousseau been ordered?" I asked, with a painful bone gnawing at my throat and well-nigh strangling me.

"Certainly, and Diane has taken an extraordinary interest in it—so much so, in fact, that her mother declares the girl to have no other idea in her head than to gather together, if not the richest, at least the most beautiful *corbeille de mariage* ever seen."

It struck me all of a sudden, and the idea thrust the bone back in a most efficacious manner, that she was taking an interest in her trousseau on my account, and I forthwith determined to order my own wedding coat and presents for my bride.

Raymond added brightness to this thought by remarking slyly, "One of Diane's peculiarities is that she has absolutely and decidedly refused to have any initials embroidered on her things, and all are to be marked with her name, Diane, only."

"She knows," I exclaimed to Raymond, "that that is the only name I care for."

"Va te promener," said Raymond, "I am sick of you and Diane; and as I am near home I will leave you, unless you have settled with Madame de Chantalis to disturb my peaceful evening by more love-talk."

He said all this so good-naturally that I could not take offence; but I wished him good-by, thanking him for the valuable information he had communicated to me.

Four days went by, and owing to some unusual pressure of work I had seen nobody, nor heard from any one, when towards evening a little note was handed to me. It contained these words:

"Monday next, 11 o'clock, at the Mairie of the VII. Arrondissement. Be there—D."

To describe my feelings on receiving this is to attempt the impossibe. I had believed in a crisis, but in one which would take place before any necessity had arisen to go so far as the mayor's presence.

I had fancied that at the last moment either Diane's parents would have had pity on their daughter's misery, that the count would have respected her undisguised loathing to this arranged marriage, that Diane herself would have thrown herself at her father's feet and implored his mercy, or would have begged the count to spare her young years and relieve her misery; but apparently all these considerations were absurd—indeed, they never had been thought of.

"Monday next, 11 o'clock, at the mayoralty. Be there." Diane herself, in her own handwriting, though she merely initialled the note and did not sign it—Diane, my Diane—invited me to be present at her wedding with my rival.

I read again. There was no mistake. Lest I should forget the exact district of Paris where the girl lived who constituted my life, my hope, my soul, my faith, my creed, my everything, she had marked it down. There it was written, "Seventh District, at 11 o'clock"; and in letters as clear and as distinct as if they were printed, she delivered her command, "Be there."

I required no more. I would go. She had bidden me; it was henceforth a duty. Perhaps she might want help; no one but myself should give it to her; perhaps she wished me to witness her unwillingness, her powerlessness, her sacrifice to duty. Did I not know it? No, I could not go. Maybe she wanted me to have the chance of forbidding the banns.

I would rise in my chair on the following Sunday and throw my glove, to be picked up by the senator-count.

Perhaps she wished me to prove myself her champion on the day of her sacrifice. Yes, I would.

I took a sheet of paper, pinned upon it the little blue favor which I had so long treasured, and wrote these words:

"The blue is as bright as it was when I received it. Please return it if a storm is impending. I want to protect my property."

By nine in the morning it was returned with these words:

"Il faut combattre a nous deux maintenant."

I fully understood the message, and returned an answer by post, fully directed to Diane, and written in the boldest characters:

"My Darling,—Rely upon me. I shall be by your side on Monday, and we shall win the day."

She answered it by a messenger—a valet of her own father's, saying:

"Wait till I give the signal; do not precipitate things. My signal will surprise so many that it will be unmistakable; but it may strain all the courage I possess, and at that supreme moment I may be unable to do more. I therefore look to your strong arm, your strong will, and our stronger love to help your wife that is to be.

"Diane."

As a man prepares by fasting and prayer to deserve a life eternal hereafter, so did I from the moment I received the above note devote myself to solitude and thought, as a preparation to the ceremony of Monday, to which Diane alone had bidden me to which I looked for the signal which would free her and free me, and throw us into each other's arms.

Monday came; and long before the clock had struck ten, arrayed in my best clothes, wearing the blue favor given by Diane during that cotillon which had played such a part in our lives, with a countenance as stolid, as firm, as resolved as was the will within, which reflected itself in my features, I sought admission at the Mairie.

At ten, and not before, I was allowed to go into the hall; but it was not before half-past ten that I was permitted to enter the room wherein Mademoiselle de Breteuille's marriage was about to be solemnized in accordance with the requirements of the French civil law.

There was a square table, with pen, ink, and paper. There were two chairs for the engaged couple in front of the table, and two others for the mayor and his clerk, or *adjoint*, on the other side.

There were a few other chairs in the body of the room for near relatives and old people; but I cared not for a seat, and took up my position next to the wall on the side which the lady would occupy during the ceremony.

Presently the people came trooping in, and all in gay humor, bandying their remarks at one another, and, perceiving me, whispering to each other that which I cared not to hear, but which, I felt certain, referred to my sad disappointment and my well-known admiration for *la mariee*.

The noise increased as the company increased, and now many pressed near me, and talked and compassionated with me.

To all remarks I preserved a stolid silence, but edged myself forward, so as to keep well in sight of Diane.

A few minutes later the mayor, wearing his scarf, and his clerk, entered the room, bowed to the audience, and asked whether the marriage ceremony could be proceeded with?

"They are coming!" shouted the people in the audience; and, making room for them, there marched forward a procession, in the first two persons of which it was composed I alone took interest.

The Marquise de Breteuille led his daughter to the table. His step was uncertain; hers was perfectly steady. His eyes wandered; hers were fixed. His countenance indicated trouble; hers was as calm and as placid as if nothing in the world was more common then to be led as a lamb to the slaughter.

As they approached the table they both caught sight of me. Diane bowed to me, and gave me once more that divine smile which led me a captive at her feet, and plunged my whole frame, body and soul, into one long worship of her beauty, goodness, and being. The marquis frowned and looked away.

Another man saw me too, and frowned likewise. M. de Maupert, on taking his seat on the other side of Mademoiselle de Breteuille, had me in full view, and relished not the sight. As if the air had become suddenly charged with electricity, everyone kept looking at the anxious faces of myself, M. de Maupert, and the marquis.

Although rumor had not been very busy respecting us, still sufficient report had spread as to this marriage being hateful to the bride for the concern which our countenances exhibited not to give it consistency; and a kind of silence, such as precedes a storm, fell upon the noisy and brilliant company.

The unusual sight, too, of a cotillion ribbon at my button-hole attracted attention, and made people wonder what possessed me to wear such a bauble on such an occasion.

It was therefore with breathless attention that the large gathering of the friends of both families listened to the mayor's statements as to what constituted legal impediments to a marriage, and with almost painful expectation they waited the answers which were now to be given to the mayor's questions.

"Monsieur," asked the mayor—a very gentlemanlike man of some 50 years of age, with a long, well-combed beard, and a countenance suited to his official position, "are you the person desirous to be married?"

It seemed so absurd a question, seeing that M. de Maupert was standing before him for the purpose, that I could not refrain a sickly smile that forced itself to my face, and which M. de Maupert noted almost at the same time he acquiesced in reply to the official question.

"Then," proceeded the mayor, in a sententious manner, reading from a paper he held in his hands, and having previously adjusted an eye-glass, "you, Count Charles Emmanuel de Maupert, do you take this lady, Diane Marie Ghislaine de Breteuille, for your wife?"

"I do," replied the count, with a bow to Diane.

"And you," continued the mayor, still reading in the same unconcerned fashion, "Diane Marie Ghislaine de Breteuille, do you, with the consent of your parents, duly certified and freely given—do you take Count Charles Emmanuel de Maupert for your husband?"

My whole soul went out to the girl, who in that solemn moment had it in her power by one single word from her own lips to seal her own fate and mine; and with a terrible sickness of heart that foreboded an equally terrible crisis I marked her lovely, pale face, from which all rays of sunshine had faded, and I was about to utter a yell of despair, when from under her veil I noticed a little blue bow, just like the one I wore, sewn beneath the folds of the bodice of her white dress, hid almost from view, peeping at that moment at me as if to say, What manner of faith have you in me? Am I not true to you? Am I not here to show you how staunch I can be? Wait for the signal and see.

All this was felt, thought of, seen, and appreciated in the space of a second; for in another second a clear voice, like that of a silver bell, went forth pure and true into the hall, and taking that assemblage to witness, sounded in my ears like the message of an angel, as the words, "Non, Monsieur le Maire," struck the whole audience dumb with amazement.

Before the astonishment of all present had had time to translate itself into words, the mayor continuing his official duties with the slightest possible semblance of surprise visible on his face, asked the noble girl the motives of her refusal.

In the same distinct tones came the reply, "Because it is the first time that I have had an opportunity of replying to a distinct question; because neither my parents nor this gentleman here," inclining her head towards M. de Maupert, "have condescended to ask it of me; and because"—her voice began to falter, her strength was evidently failing—"because"—I rushed to her side, and supporting her beautiful form—"because," she concluded, her eyes lifted up to mine, "this is the man f my choice."

I kissed her lips before the whole of the startled audience. I took her up in my arms with a giant's strength to a chair away from the cursed seat she had been made to sit upon before; I knelt by her side while the mayor rushed off for restoratives, and by the side of my speechless love I stood guard, as a man, defiantly protecting the life of his life.

Then, as if for the first time the significance of the scence enacted before them had just struck them, there was a rush to the door of frightened ladies and discreet friends, one and all anxious to quit a place where their stereotyped notions of propriety, involving, for aught they cared, the ruin of a young life, had received so great a shock, and hurrying to fill the world of gossip with the details of the painful tragedy they had just witnessed.

But what cared I for gossip or criticism at that moment? My darling was safe from profanation of other hands, and I believe I should have struck dead, with the fury of a maniac, the first person that attemped to approach my charge.

In a short time the wearied eyes opened, and seemed to look for something. My arm was round her in a moment, and before her stunned and petrified parents my Diane put her slight arms round my neck for protection, and we embraced with all the might that four weeks of pent-up love could pour into one happy moment of glorified bliss.

Those who looked down upon us in that hour of our triumph and ecstacy realized then, if they never did before, how powerless are the cold calculations of humanity and its meaningless projects for the happiness of youth against the power of love, that, once acknowledged by two ardent young natures, brooks no obstacle, knows no barrier, and overturns in its sweeping current the firmest bulwarks raised against t y social codes or national prejudices.

CHAPTER VII.

The events of the last few hours were of too great importance to allow any delay in bringing them to a settlement; and whereas the dignity of a senator had apparently been enough for the count to find a ready excuse why he should not be the cause of a scandal, or a play a part in an affair of love, into which he well knew he not been willingly dragged, and he had on that account quitted the room, it was left for the old marquis to express his opinion of our conduct, and to determine the line of action he himself wished us to adopt.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the Count de Maupert, on retiring from the scene of action, left word that he was only behaving as he deemed at present the cause of discretion and dignity required of him, but that he would wait in an antechamber any call on him which might be made by either the marquis, the marquise, or the young lady herself.

As to Diane and myself, we were so rapt in the enjoyment of the moment, so happy in the fact that we were there together, breathing one breath, speaking one thought, and defying the world in our strong young love, that we could not speak.

We looked at one another, and the outpourings of our souls went to each other in that look. So intense was it, that it was almost alarming to the on-lookers, who for some time were riveted to the spot, where they stood silent and dazed, like ourselves, in a dream.

I was the first to break the spell; and taking my arm away from the frail treasure that I had been holding next my heart with such infinite tenderness and pride, I went up to the marquise, and taking her unwilling hand she had no power to keep back, I kissed it reverently; then going to the old marquis, whose tears stood thickly in his eyes, I said, "Monsieur, here is your daughter. I ask her of you, and I will give up my profession to live with her and you, if you consent to it."

He did not answer, but looked at Diane. The tears welled in her beautiful tired eyes. She gave him a little eloquent smile, but when she tried to speak she could not.

I ran to her, fearing she was going to faint again; but she revived on my being near her, and gave my hand so meaning a pressure that, keeping it locked in mine own, I raised it to my lips, and looked at her father.

He could stand it no longer, and bent down to embrace his child.

I stood by, looking on.

Diane, without saying a word, caught hold of her father's hand, and, gently leading it, put it into mine.

We shook hands silently, but the change had been wrought that we hoped for.

Regaining his voice, the marquis asked for the Comte de Maupert, and on his coming in, the marquis addressed him:

"Monsieur le Comte, I owe you a reparation of honor for the insult which has been publicly offered to you by my own flesh and blood. I am at your orders, where and when you may please to appoint."

I listened, stupefied. This had never entered into my reckoning. I only noted with satisfaction that Diane had not taken in the meaning of this speech; but the count at once replied, with a courage that did him honor:

"Monsieur le Marquis, if such be your wish I am, of course, at your commands; but we are too old acquaintances for you to misunderstand me when I here declare that I am unwilling to repay in blood the debt of gratitude I owe for an honor to myself you had considered me deserving of, and which it is not your fault, or that of Madame la Marquise, that I should not now enjoy."

There was a pause; but as it was evidently for the count to speak, and he felt it, he went on:

"Mademoiselle, your daughter, has only said the truth, and in that she has not disgraced herself or your name. She has indeed, acted with a courage so rare among young persons of her age in the France of the present day that I can only regret, and bitterly regret, that I should not have perceived, until it was too late, the whole extent of my loss.

"It is perfectly true that she was never asked whether she willingly accepted my courtship. She showed me plainly that it was not one of her choice; but she was so well brought up, so resolutely obedient to the will of her parents, that she did not oblige me to ask a question which I somehow feared might receive the answer it has publicly got this day, which perhaps on that very account I did not put to her.

"Under these circumstances, it remains for me as a man of years, whose honorable intentions where above suspicion, to release you from any obligation under which you might feel yourself towards me, and to beg that if my name be ever mentioned in your family it may not be with loathing and distaste, but with pity and respect. Adieu."

"Noble man!" I exclaimed; and in my impetuousity I was about to wring him by the hands in a transport of generous admiration, when he looked at me with a haughtiness that thrilled as well as checked any forward movement on my part, and said,

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance, and it is fortunate for you, inasmuch as, had I that privilege, I would certainly make use of it."

Stung to the quick, I said, addressing the marquis, "Pray, sir, inform this gentleman that I am at his service, seeing that his visit to my rooms on an errand which concerned himself only was an acquaintance thrust upon me, which I never desired."

"As you please," replied the count, and left the room, bowing to us all in turn, and receiving our own bows in answer.

"Come to my arms, my child," said the old marquis, "and receive my apology for having ignored the real character of my own daughter." He embraced her over and over again, and sent her across to her mother, who had been speechless all the while, and was sobbing as if she would never cease.

"Mon enfant," said the marquis to me, "we are not accustomed to scenes like this in our country; but to novel scenes novel measures must be adapted. What are your wishes now?"

"Sir, I have not asked Mademoiselle Diane in so many words to marry me," I said, attempting a smile; "but I think our hearts have spoken. That generous count has left us free, and, obeying the custom of France, I respectfully ask your permission to woo and win the hand of the girl I love"

"I shall reply," said the marquis, "as they do in England. What does my daughter say?"

For an answer, Diane, who had heard the conversation, left her mother, and running up to me, cried, "Oui, oui!" in so childish a manner that the marquis remarked,

"I think this time there is no fear of the ceremony being interfered with, or of the mayor stopping proceedings. Go, both of you, and ask the blessing and sanction of la marquise."

She was too much moved to say anything, but acquiesced silently in all her husband's wishes and those of her daughter.

It was evident that Diane's gentleness came from her mother, and her spirit from her father.

"We cannot remain here forever," at last remarked the marquis; "let us go home; and as my girl came here as a *fiancee*, she must not return otherwise Take her arm and aid her to the carriage."

I did so, through a line of friends who had stayed behind to hear the *denouement* or end of this affair, maybe to carry gossip abroad—some, perhaps, to grieve or rejoice for and with us; and such is the power of success, that when they saw Diane and myself walking down the steps of the Mairie, happiness and smiles beaming on our countenances, they raised a loud "Vive les nouveaux maries!" forgetful that we were not yet man and wife.

(To be Continued)

In Chicago.

Penelope—There is a slight coolness between your father and mother, is there not?

Perdita—Oh, no, only a divorce.

A Colloquy.

"You're always full of news," said the Letter to the Box.

"I'm glad you dropped in," replied the Box; "I'll keep you posted."

Jean Ingelow is a sweet-faced lady with snow-white hair and indomitable industry. She sends prose composition to several English magazines.

"What uncleanily people they seem to be out West," said Mrs. De Lite, of Boston; "here is a case of a man starting in to clean out a town, and they actually shot him."

The laying of the foundations for the new Victoria College building will probably be commenced his fall.

"No," she said, "not another one." "Just one more," he pleaded. "Impossible," she said firmly. "That is—well—the rise in tarift has not affected the stock now on hand, I suppose."

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Different Methods of Fellowing the Injunction "Love One Another."

Do men ever fall in love with each other? Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Sometime afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick, I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner' Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed, and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines, but not now., oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

The Reporter's Enterprise.

Nebraska *State Journal:* A gentleman was complaining bitterly of the lack of enterprise shown by the local papers in printing the news. "The reporters never seem to get onto anything nowadays," he growled. "I don't suppose that any of them heard a word about the slugging that a prominent capitalist gave a leading banker at the Windsor Hotel last Sunday."

A newspaper man in the employ of the Nebraska *State Journal* in hearing gave assurance that he was in full possession of the facts.

"Then why didn't your print the story?" demanded the stern critic.

"Do you believe that such things should be printed?"

"Why, of course!" with a scornful snort. "Of course! That is what the papers are for. I wouldn't suppress anything if I was running a paper."

The newspaper man took out his notebook and made an entry of the name of the critic.

"What's that for?" demanded the gentleman.

"To pull on you the next time you get into trouble like you did last March and come around and want the papers to hush it up. See?"

A dark brown silence fell on the group. In a moment the critic lifted his voice.

"As soon as you erase my name," said he, "I will move an adjournment to the cigar stand."

He Admired System.

Boston *Transcript:* First City Father—Here's a fine-looking street.

Second City Father—You're right there. What's best to be done with it?

"Let's have it dug up for a sewer."

"But wouldn't it be proper to pave it first?"

"Of course. I supposed you understood that. Then, after it is paved and a sewer put in we'll have it repaved."

"All in readiness to be dug up again for the gas-pipe. I see you understand the principles of municipal economy. And after we have had it repaved a second time, then what?"

"Well then, it will be in order for widening. There's nothing I admire so much as system in the care and improvement of our roadways."

The Live Man Advertises.

Harrisburg (Pa.) *Call:* Nothing delights wide-awake, energetic advertisers so much as to get into a locality where those in business are too penurious or indifferent to make use of the newspapers, and when they do, there are both profit and amusement in store for them. There is no safeguard like a local newspaper. Nothing can do more to keep up a town and help business; and merchants, above all, should give them the preference. Yet frequently the only return the papers get for their enterprise is depreciation from those whom they have benefited both directly and indirectly. As long as this is the case newspapers will be prone to welcome newcomers in the field, even if their visits are brief.

The Fashion in Verse.

New York *Herald:*

Now every poet points his pen to make a ladder verse,
And sings in steps his phantasy of bliss,
But I beg that you'll excuse me if I ask in accents terse,
What's this?
the like
mat- plan
ter a
with

Will the Aldermen Attend to This?

Muncey's Weekly: Philanthropist—Don't you pity the poor men who have to work with picks and shovels on the street?

Cynic—I do, indeed. I am thinking of circulating a petition in their behalf and then presenting it to the Mayor.

Philanthropist—What do you wish to have granted to them?

Cynic—I will petition that all the curb-stones be cushioned for their benefit.

Amy—You have a good heart, Jack, but you have't much of a head. Jack—Oh, you should have seen it when I got up this morning!

Jack—And did Miss Sweetfigures smile upon your suit? Jim—Smile! She did more—she laughed at it

The *Official Gazette* announces that the Imperial Parliament will reassemble November 25th.