WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN :

A LOVE STORY.

The crowd outside, which, always great on these occasions, had assumed large proportions on hearing that a hitch, as Bob once called it, had occurred, cheered Diane over and over again; and she became quite suffused with blushes, as in their enthusiasm, a rain of flowers was showered upon her, and a host of complimentary epithets bestowed.

At the door of the carriage, just as I was showing Diane into it, Raymond de Chantalis shook me warmly by the hand, and said, in a loud voice, "My congratulations, nephew, but do not do it again," which raised loud laughter at my expense.

Adalbert de Moncalpin squeezed himself near the carriage, and called out to me, "*Veinard!*"—a slang expression, meaning "lucky fellow." In the crowd, Rivelalongue waved his handkerchief at me, and sent me a line written on a piece of newspaper to the effect that "Alexander had destroyed the walls of Thebes, but Phryne had rebuilt them."

The whole thing was absurd, because Phryne was a hetaira, and she was not allowed to build up the walls of Thebes with money obtained by her beauty; but it was so complimentary to my bride-elect that I could only laugh at Rivelalongue's mythological reminiscences.

We said little to each other on the way to the house, but we settled to have a walk in her own garden as soon as we arrived.

"I am so tired,' she said once. "I feel as if I had lived a whole life since yesterday; and it is only right, is it not, mother, that I should rest a little in my own garden with Henry, and that he should try to make up to me for his unkindness in never coming to see us?"

It was very foolish of us, but this made us all cry.

Perhaps it was that we were all still suffering from overstrained emotions, and that we sought relief in tears; but how different were our several sentiments!

Diane was wrapped in one idea—that of making up for lost time. I was engrossed by the dread that the scene in which she had played so heroic a part would prove too much for her health, and the tone of her voice pointed to a similar fear existing in herself. Her parents—kind, honest, good people—were variously moved.

When we reached the house the servants, who were on the *qui vive* for our return, received us in respectful silence—not knowing exactly what cue their master would give them, and determined in their French fidelity, to watch his movements before they manifested any expressions of feeling on their own behalf; but the marquis, who knew them well, addressed them thus as we entered the hall:

"My friends, here is the husband of the queen; and loyalty to the sovereign is the rule of my house."

A loud cheer resounded; and it seemed to me as if this cheer was all Diane required to make her perfectly happy.

She was really exquisitively lovely at this moment. She put up her hand to her veil, which with a slight graceful movement she threw off; and as she did so some pin which tied up her head-dress got entangled in the veil, and the luxuriant beauty of her dark golden hair displayed itself as it fell in profusion down her shoulders.

Her eyes sparkled with delight; and taking my arm and enclosing it in both her own, she said, with a childish naivete, "Has not the queen well chosen?" whereupon there was another, and another, and yet another cheer, during which Mademoiselle Garoux came down to witness this strange scene.

The poor woman had been so feeling, so touchingly loyal to us, that we both greeted her with an affectionate embrace; and when her timid eyes discovered that Diane's parents were not wroth with us, or disposed to check the impetuosity of our movements, she could only exclaim:

"Mon Dieu, mais c'est la fetes des Innocents," which made us all laugh—the first real sign of forgetfulness of the past which as yet shone upon us.

The next disposition was evinced to forgive all around was the appetite we brought to the breakfast that a minute before no one would have touched, but which now we were all anxious to do justice to.

It was not an occasion for toasts, and I had tact enough in my happiness to refrain from drinking Diane's health.

That health was the principal subject of conversation, and we hurried the meal so as hasten the moment when we could at last be together.

During the repast, however, the marquis' eye fell upon the blue favor which I wore, and he asked me the meaning of it.

"It is my first and last token of love," I said. Whereupon Diane flushing red with honest pride, and pointing to her own little blue bow so gracefully sewn on to her dress, said to her father,

"See, I have one too."

"What children you are!" remarked her father.

"Your children," answered Diane.

It is not for me to recount all that took place in the garden. Those who have known what love is—what happiness it brings in the height of its power—will best understand the joy, the bliss, the blessing of that first uninterrupted hour of our betrothal.

Those who have yet to learn are so much to be envied that it is useless to let them into the secrets of that sublimest of human mysteries, lest it should take away from their happiness when that hour has sounded for their initiation; but that any one can ever boast of being so loved by so pure, so gentle, so lovely a being as Diane de Breteuille, is what I may be excused if I consider impossible.

We went through the events of the past four weeks—our fears, our hopes, our difficulties, our resolves, and our trials. We rehearsed our nicest moments. We hailed the worst as claims for happy compensation in the future, and our lips sealed the vows our hearts had long offered up to each other.

Time flew, and we were still at the beginning of our conversation, when Diane was hailed by her mother, and I was asked to go into the marquis' study.

As we parted with a promise that I should return to dinner in the evening, Diane said,

"How is it that we love each other?"

"I cannot tell," I laughingly answered.

"You only asked me to be your friend in need, and you proved that I was in need of a little wife."

"Then you have settled that I shall be your wife?"

I looked alarmed.

She smiled, and exclaimed, "Ask me the question; for at present you have only asked the consent of my parents."

"Diane, darling, will you be my wife?"

"I will"; and, suiting the action to the words, she kissed me once more, and was off, laughing as she flew into the house.

"My dear friend," observed the marquis to me as I was seated in his study a few minutes later, "I will not go back upon the past; but I must say you English have a way of ingratiating yourselves with young ladies which is not our way. I cannot blame you, however; for in other respects I own I cannot find fault with the conduct you have pursued since my unfortunate decision in a matter in which apparently, and to my surprise, I find that Diane's parents had no concern."

I smiled.

"You may smile," he went on; "but though no doubt in this case, matters may and will turn out for the best, still I have seldom known the wishes of parents set aside with impunity"

"But, monsieur," I began.

"Never mind the past, my boy. I know all you were going to say; but I have called you in to speak of the future, and not of the past. You know my conditions."

"I know that you wish us to live with you."

"That is a first and absolute condition of my consent."

"I am too happy to subscribe to it."

"In the next place, if children are born to you, they shall be brought up in their mother's religion."

"Which is also mine," I replied.

"Thirdly, I know not what your means are; but half of them must be settled on Diane, and the whole on her children, if you have any."

"I will instruct my man of business accordingly.'

"Fourthly, you must fight M. de Maupert."

"It is contrary to our English ideas," I said; "but there is no condition that you may lay down to obtain Diane's hand that I am not ready to subscribe to."

"That is well; and lastly, you will come to the Chateau de Breteuille with us when we go there next week. You will take a house in the village near us, and make that house your domicile for the purposes required by law. You will visit Diane whenever you like, in the same way as you might here, now that you are her recognized suitor, and you will be married this day month, very quietly, in the village church."

"May I have a friend at the ceremony?"

"You are entitled to one."

"He is an Englishman, Lord Stockville, and I wish him to be my best man."

"Another Englishman!" cried the Marquis, with a smile. "Thank goodness, I have not another daughter!"

"You could not have another like Diane."

"Dieu merci," replied the old marquis; "and now that all is settled between us, we expect you at dinner at seven."

When I got home I found two gentlemen waiting for me; and as I entered they bowed very politely, but equally stiffly, and informed me, almost in the same breath, that they were deputed by le Comte de Maupert to offer me an apology.

Remembering suddenly (I was too full of Diane to think of any thing but her sweet self) that one of the conditions of my marriage was to fight this count, I exclaimed in rather an imperious manner that I had not yet had time to select two friends, but that I would set about it at once, and address them to these gentlemen.

"Monsieur," said the elder of the two, "we shall always be glad to see your friends on any errand of honor which you may choose to select them for; but our purpose in doing ourselves the honor of calling on you is to deliver to you this letter, to which we are instructed at the same time to request an answer."

This was the letter:

"MONSIEUR,—The extremely painful event of this morning had so powerfully absorbed me at the time that I permitted myself an act which, I acknowledge, was not becoming our relative positions.

"You had every right to remind me of my injudicious visit to your rooms, and my memory ought not to have failed me in regard to it. But stronger even than that reason is the fact which I should have recollected—that the Marquis de Breteuille would never sanction the marriage of his daughter with one who was no gentleman.

"I request, therefore, that you will obliterate from your memory the utterances of my wounded pride, and direct the gentlemen who take this apology to you to any of your friends whom you may select to be your seconds.

"I hold myself in readiness when and where you please, but I plead for urgency.

"Accept the expression of my high consideration. "COMTE DE MAUPERT."

It did not take me long to despatch three notes—one a formal acknowledgement of the above, and the other two requesting Rivelalongue and another to call on the count's friends next morning, and arrange how best I could kill or be killed.

I had no fear whatever. My alacrity was such that all next day I even looked forward to the duel as sealing in blood the love I had won, anticipating with hope that the blood about to be spilled for Diane's sake would be mine. It happened as I had thought. We went out to a side alley in the Bois de Boulogne at a very early hour next morning. We bowed, measured swords, bowed again, crossed swords, bowed a third time, and then fenced. But I was so excited that I laid myself open to many a thrust which, had I had to deal with a less gentleman-like adversary, might have proved deadly, and I was called to order. At the very next lunge the count's sword pierced through my wrist in a parry to the chest, and the blood spurting out was the signal of the end.

"Bien pauvre compensation!" exclaimed the count, as he came near to ascertain the extent of the damage. The doctor having assured him he expected no evil results, and finding that I had not even lost consciousness—though, of course, I must have looked very ill—the count bowed to me and retired. Honor was satisfied.

My wound healed rapidly. At twenty-five how all does right itself quickly! In less than three days I was back at the Hotel Breteuille, having fulfilled the last and most serious of the conditions imposed upon me by the marquis.

Four weeks later, on a bright sunny day of July, Bob, who had arrived the night before, and who was not in the best of humors, accompanied me to the little village church of Combes-la-Breteuille, which he pronounced to be very dirty and very stuffy, and there gave me away to the girl whom he afterwards pronounced to be, out and out, the loveliest creature he had ever seen in or out of his dreams.

So struck was he that he amused us during the wedding-breakfast by informing the Comtesse de Breteuille that, had he known the girl I loved was only half so beautiful, he would never have allowed me to give up promotion for the express purpose of keeping my friends away from a picture they all had a right to admire as a "chef-d'œuvre. This was neatly put, and on the whole Bob acquitted himself well; but he could not swallow French mannerism, as he called it, and therefore left by the train following that which carried Diane and myself away to the mountains, at an altitude which would bring us nearer to heaven, to bless the hour that had given her courage to speak to me in the pastry-cook's shop, to consecrate the color which had proved so true to love, and to recite once more to each other, before beginning a life of endless happiness together, that chapter of little nothings which make life, after all, so pleasant and so truly delightful.

* * * * * * * *

Six years after the events just recorded, in one of the old-fashioned villages of the Dauphine, on an afternoon of March, 1873, a man, with a little faded blue ribbon or favor in his button-hole, was kneeling before a tomb covered with flowers, and from which arose a marble cross, on which was written the following inscription:

"Et rose elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin."

Two little children, dressed in blue, were on either side of him, toying with the flowers on the tomb, while the man sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

An elder man—older looking in manner than perhaps his features warranted—came up from behind, and gently touched him on the shoulder.

The children looked up alarmed at the stranger; the children's father wept on in silence.

"All is forgiven beyond the grave," whispered the elderly man.

"But not forgotten," replied the other.

"The history of a life, my poor friend."

"Death in life, you mean?"

"That was what I felt on that morning when you robbed me of wife."

"That is what I feel as I kneel before her dear remains."

"Let us be friends."

The younger man shook hands in silence; and over the grave of Diane de Breteuille the only enmity she had ever brought about was forgotten and forgiven for her sweet sake.

THE END.

Temperance Notes.

The increase of temperance sentiment in the Baptist Church in Wales is indicated by a sentence from Rev. J. Davies, who says: "Of 500 Baptist ministers only 200 were total abstainers; but out of fifty-three students in the colleges only one was not included in the ranks of abstainers."

Mrs. John B. Gough is in a critical condition from spinal trouble and is almost helpless.

Fifty thousand persons paraded at Dublin last week in honor of the memory of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

The W. C. T. U. ladies will be delighted to see that the Hon. W. E. Gladstone has taken as part of his platform "Temperance and Woman Suffrage."

Bishop William Taylor, replying to an invitation to attend the National W. C. T. U. to be held in Atlanta next month, presents in his brief letter a striking commentary upon the evils resulting from the liquor traffic in Africa. He says: "It would afford me special pleasure to accept, were it possible, for yours is the real issue of the day and of great import, not only to American homes, for whose defence you stand in the name of God, but, also, in its relation to mission work in heathen lands. Poor Africa's deplorable condition under the rum curse is darker than when the stealing of millions of its people caused Livingston to call it the "open sore of the world." A hundred steamships that sail from European and English ports to the west, south and east coasts, carry a principal cargo of rum and gin. Hamburgalone, by two lines of steamers, exported to Africa 200,000 tons of rum last year; and many other cities, including our own Boston, are engaged in the nefarious business of turning a Mississippi of death and destruction upon the defenseless Africans, annually decimating whole sections of that country. Our only hope is in the gospel. God bless you in your great work."

Manners of Men.

No man is as great as he is going to be.

No man can please his oppenent in business.

No man ever lost anything by keeping his mouth shut.

Age has a quieting effect on a man that we have never noticed on anything else.

There are some measures and some men that you might as well stop fighting; you cannot make headway against them.

If a man ever tells a lie the day will surely come when it will face him while he is trying to condemn falsehood in another.

Probably one reason why couples get along so well when they are engaged is that the woman never asks the man for money.—*Atchison Globe.*

WANTED.
(From Life.)

Two arms around my neck entwine,
A smooth cheek closely presses mine;
I know what such caresses mean
And in my chair I backward lean.
"What is it, daughter mine?" I say,
"What is it that you want to-day?
Some more new dresses, or a hat?"
"No, dear papa, it isn't that."
"I hope it isn't laces, then?"
"You dear old dad, just guess again."
"More diamonds, or perhaps a pearl?
No? Then what do you want, my girl?"
"I don't want anything; you see
It's Tom this time, and—he wants me."

John Hackley, who has given a $100,000 library building to Muskegon, Mich., worked his way from Baltimore to that city twenty years ago, a poor boy, on a lumber vessel. He made a fortune in lumber.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in Her Judgment in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the New York *Press*, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of the treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Basil, O., June 21st, 1890:

"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the state. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidneys troubles."

Wolseley on the Saloon.

Lord Wolseley has recently written a very earnest article in "Stead's Review of Reviews," in which he refers in plain and bold language to the moral and material effects of the drink traffic on the British nation. Here are some extracts; they are the words of an earnest, loyal man, and surely they ought to have their weight. Similar statements can be truly made in regard to matters as they stand in Canada. Lord Wolseley said: "To me, London is a pest house of infamy, of terrible immorality in its worst sense. I cannot go a hundred yards in any direction without seeing a public house where large placards tell you that "Cream Gin" is sold cheap within. Outside I see a dozen or so who have now voices in the management of our public affairs, more or less tipsy. Take a turn in the Strand or in Piccadilly at 9 or 10 p. m. Who do you find there? Look at your thieves' quarters! The horrors and abominations of London would not be tolerated even in Cairo for a day. We only make ourselves ridiculous by declaiming against what we style sins that we sanction around us. When I see strong measures taken in England to prohibit the sale of poisons in the form of spirits of all sorts, then I shall believe in the new British Reformation. It is to me in our present state a monstrous imposition and humbug to preach abroad what we dare not carry out at home. There is a great deal said in this article about soldiers. Now I am certain that I know far more of our soldiers and of their manners and customs and code of morality than most writers can, and believe me that, man for man, our soldiers are far more moral than their brothers and cousins in civil life; the strict discipline under which they live accounts for this. There is much less drunkenness in the army than in the classes from which we obtain the largest proportion of our recruits. Do let us give up theory and let us deal with facts as we find them around us, and if we must test our theories let us do so at home. Let the preacher deal with the foul diseases which he finds around him, and when he has cured that, then by all means let him travel further afield."

Umbrellas in Demand.

In a recent issue the London *Standard* gives the following item of trade and general interest, implying far-reaching possibilities for one of our most vigorous industries: "No article sent out to the Congo State, where there are 40,000 of people and any number of small potentates, is so popular and sells so readily for a large sum as the huge, gay umbrella, of which Brussels now produces tons every year. These umbrellas are, in a certain way, the insignia of royalty—that is, they are much prized by the black kinglets who sit beneath their grateful shade. What the canopy used to be to the travelling monarchs in the time of the crusades, the umbrella is to the innumerable feudal chieftains of the Congo to-day."

Cruel.

"What is it now, dear?" said the gentle mother, as her married daughter came into the house and flung herself sobbing into her arms.

"Oh! mamma," said the heart broken young thing, "Charlie is so cruel. Last evening I told him I was sure his smoking would ruin the drapery, and without a word he went to work and took down every curtain in the house."—*Peck's Sun.*

Came Honestly to Them.

"I have fifteen clocks I'd like to sell you."

"I don't buy stolen goods, sir."

"Why, they weren't stolen, my dear sir. I was married yesterday."

Right.

Cumso—You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.

Banks—Just the same with a Colonel, isn't it?

The words abstemious and facetious are said to be the only ones in the English language that contain all the vowels in their regular order.

SIPHON THE STOMACH.

Great Scheme for the Relief of Dyspeptics Has Been Discovered.

During the past five years several physicians have tried with gratifying success a novel treatment for dyspepsia and cancer of the stomach. The process is very simple and not dangerous. A long, flexible pipe is passed down the throat until one end is in the stomach. The upper end has a funnel attached, into which hot water is poured until the stomach is filled. The weight of the water in the pipe and funnel gives a hydraulic pressure sufficient to slightly distend the stomach. The pipe has an aperture big enough to hold a lead pencil. After the stomach has been filled the funnel end of the pipe turned down until it is lower than the bottom of the stomach, and the stomach is emptied as a barrel of any fluid is entered through a siphon. The process can be repeated several times. The result is that the undigested food and mucus are washed out and the hot water closes the blood vessels and reduces inflammation. The relief is immediate. The dyspeptic may have his stomach washed out before a meal, so that he can take a fresh start. After the elapse of a sufficient time for ordinary digestion, the stomach may be washed out again. The process has been in use in the New York hospital for some time. The stomach pump has been mainly used in cases of poisoning and is considered to be the first essential before administering antidotes. But they are so seldom used that few physicians have them. Recently in a case of poisoning three prominent physicians were applied to for the use of a stomach pump, and neither of them had one, and the patient had to be taken to the hospital.—*New York Sun.*

The Whalebacks a Success.

The arrival on Wednesday night of the McDougall steamer Colgate Hoyt renews the peculiar interest in her. She did not come down so fast this time as on the previous trip, for the reason that she had the barge 104 in tow, which she left in Ohio with ore. She did, however, tow the barge from Detour to Port Huron in 23 hours, and on the up trip she sailed from the Sault to Duluth in 26½ hours. She encountered rough weather, too, but appears not to mind that much. Seas break over her, but do not beat against her as in the case of other vessels, as she presents no flat surface to them.

The shipyard at Superior has at present seven whalebacks on the stocks—three steamers and four barges. One steamer will be the same as the Hoyt, but the one intended for salt water is built short enough so that she will go through the Welland and St. Lawrence locks. She is enough deeper and wider to make up for the lack of length It is the intention to build three more next year, two barges and one steamer. An effort will be made to produce a 20 mile boat in the steamer. With the seven whalebacks in commission here is started and projected a fleet of 17 vessels, five steamers and twelve barges, with a carrying capacity of not less than 35,000 tons. It looks as though the American Steel Barge Company had the courage of its convictions.—*Buffalo Express.*

A Stout Woman's "Don'ts."

The stout woman is always asking what she shall wear. Now these, according to the New York *Sun*, are some of the things she should not wear:

She should not wear a tailor-made suit fitting her figure closely. It brings out every pound of flesh for the benefit of the looker-on.

She should not wear a rosette at her belt.

She should not wear a lace or ribbon ruche about her neck, though the soft feather one is permissible if it have long ends.

She should not wear a short skirt.

She should not wear her hair low on her neck.

She should not wear a string of beads about her neck, rings in her ears, or, if her fingers are short and fat, many rings on them.

She should avoid high sleeves and loose gloves.

She should shun champagne.

She should hate ice-cream.

Baroness Becomes Salvation Lassie.

The Salvation Army in Berlin has found a new and unique recruit in the Baroness Margarethe von Lillenkreutz. She is beautiful and thirty years old. She is the daughter of a Swedish knight and the widow of a Swedish captain. Before her conversion to the principles of the army she led a gay life in St. Petersburg, Stockholm and Berlin society. The Salvation Army has not, however, as the conversion of the Baroness might indicate, had a very easy task trying to "reach the sinners of the Babylon on the Spree." They have been in numerous rows in Berlin. In a restaurant in the Rheinsberg strasse ten days ago six warriors who were attempting to convert the workingmen drinking there got completely "done up" by the crowd, who objected to being disturbed at their beer.

Backbiting.

New York *Herald*: "Bah!" said the sealskin sacque in the front pew to the plush coat in the rear one, "you are a fraud."

"Maybe," returned the plush, "but you're nothing but a skin."

A Dissembler.

New York *Sun*: "Is Mr. Jones in?" asked the young man timidly.

"Yee, sir," was the reply.

"Then please hand my card to Miss Jones, and tell her I'm sorry she is out," returned the bashful caller, scurrying away.

A Protectionist.

Drake's Magazine: "Why, Mr. Brown, why are you nailing up you front gate?" "Well, with so many daughters I have to take some steps for self-protection."

White pine boards are now made by reducing small trees and limbs to pulp and pressing in molds.

A drove of hogs in Hudson, Mich., became intoxicated by drinking the scum from a sorghum factory, and in the orgies which followed one hog was drowned by the gay debauchees.