What Saved Her.

Just a little frozen pond—
  Call it Silver like.
Just a little maiden,
  'Fraid the ice will break.
Just a little pair of skates
  Strapped to dainty feet.
Maiden very timid,
  Stylish, though, and sweet,
Just a little pebble,
  Frozen in the ice;
Maiden skating backwards,
  Thinks she doing nice.
Skates they strike the pebble,
  Shrieks they rend the air,
Likewise maiden clutches
  It in mad despair.
Everybody rushes,
  Thinking maiden dead,
Or that she has surely
  Cracked her stately head.
All their fears are groundless,
  Such was not her lot,
For the pretty little maid
  Wore a Psyche knot.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

He did not enter the studio, he only stood upon the threshold for an instant, exclaiming:—

"What! Coat and hat on already, and not yet 11 o'clock? That is good. I am glad that you are going early, Anthony, for Prof. Scarlatti is growing anxious about you. He tells me that you are running down from overwork. Possibly you have some important engagement that you are keeping; but if not, I should be glad to have you drive with me for a half hour down the river. It is a glorious day, and the horses are at the door. Can you?"

"Prof. Scarlatti is an ass!" I replied, finding it necessary to vent my wrath upon some one. "Nevertheless, I shall be very glad to drive with you. I will come at once." Turning to Leonora, I simply ventured to say: "I shall expect you to-morrow, at nine, as usual."

Then, leaving the palette and brushes for her to clean, I went out without venturing to look back. I was angry with my father for calling me away, although, as ever, I was surely going of my own free will; while my very anger and reluctance hastened my footsteps as I turned and followed him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

My atonishment, that from his position on the threshold of the studio, he should have noticed the change at all, prevented my speaking for a moment, and when I would have acknowledged my indebtness to his criticism, he continued:

"I have been wondering—it would be a new sensation and would startle the world a little, but then the world needs startling, it is growing so languid and and drowsy of late—how would it strike you, the idea of preparing companion pieces of the size of the one which you have just completed? Call them, for instance, The Night and The Morning. The one which you have, with very slight changes in the color-tints and a touch of sadness in expression, would make a remarkably beautiful Night, while I should judge from the little sketch which you made me upon the Rhine (I was looking at it yesterday) that Mina's face would be wonderfully expressive of the light, and the truth and the beauty of Morning. It may not please you, you know, and there is surely no necessity; but it will do no harm to think it over for a day or two before you pledge yourself to give this work at once to the public. I am sure that it would enhance the beauty and the value of both to prepare such a companion piece. Call that The Morning and this The Night."

For the first time in my life I understood not only my father's words, but what he meant by them. Like the song of the Lorelei, they echoed in my heart: "Call that The Morning and call this The Night." Considering my practical stupidity in the past, it must have surprised my father when, for once, I answered directly to his thought, "She is not coming again to the studio."

"You have discharged Leonora?" he asked, looking into my eyes for an instant.

"No, I did not discharge her," I replied; "but she told me this morning that she would never come again."

"Was she looking for more money or—something?" he said more to himself than to me.

"I am sure it was not money," I replied, "for I offered her more to stay, and it only made her so angry that she threw her purse, with all that I had paid her in it, at my feet, and refused to touch it. I urged her to remain, but she declared that she would not come again, even for a single day."

I said this much, simply to clear Leonora from what I considered an unjust suspicion. The day before I should not have hesitated a moment to tell my father all, and even then I should have wondered had I noticed a frown upon his forehead, but to-day I could not tell him, for I began to realize that it might wound him to feel that he had done it. I had become so used to his caring for me that I constantly expected it; but it was a new sensation, to care for him; and this is why I think that I had begun to love him. He turned about and looked at me searchingly for a moment, when, suddenly comprehending even the look, I exclaimed indignantly:—

"Father, are you thinking that I——"

"Thank you, Anthony," he said, interrupting me and speaking more earnestly than I had ever heard him speak before. "Whatever I was thinking, I think it no more." Then after a moment's pause, he added: "She must have been behind the screen yesterday when I looked at your painting."

"She was there, father," I replied, reluctantly, and eagerly added: "I am glad that she was there. Everything is as it should be."

For a long time we rode on in silence. Had I known the tenor of his thoughts I might better have comprehended the meaning of his next expression, spoken more to himself than to me. As it was, I only realized that in an undertone he repeated that old watchword: "It is woe to the world because of our offences, though it must needs be that offences come. But woe upon him by whom the offences comes."

CHAPTER IX.

PROMPTINGS.

The breakfast table the next morning was set for only one, and as I entered, the servant handed me a letter, with the astounding information that my father had left Florence the night before on the express for the North.

With trembling hand I broke the seal, and a foreboding premonition warned me to send the servant from the room before I opened the letter and read:—

"My Dear Boy:

"It is possible, I am afraid even probable, that you are impelled to rely too much upon my opinions. It is very much against my own wishes that you have grown into the theory that everything is as it should be because it is as I would have it. The time will come when you will discover that this is not a safe criterion, and I fear that then you will be justly tempted to reproach me. If I aid you to make this discovery, before my wishes have led you into any permanent injury, I may, thereby, escape a reproachful thought, and merit instead that which I most long for and have most sought for, your confidence.

"I am about to indulge a life-long desire to visit America and the far east. Were you with me, I should myself be infinitely happier; but I am conscious that only in being left to yourself will you discover and be able to utilize the independence of freedom; therefore, I leave you abruptly. It is the only way that I can accomplish the end in view. I leave you, most earnestly desiring that in every action you be your own criterion and follow your individual promptings implicitly. Feel that you are under no authority, for I give you my most solemn pledge that I will endorse, without when I return.

"Draw upon my bankers as you will. They have instructions that whatever I have is absolutely at your disposal.

"Concerning our conversation this afternoon, I need not tell you, I believe, that I had no intention or desire to be overheard when I was in your studio; yet possibly I do not regret it; for if something had not opened her eyes or yours you might have followed a path which I followed, in the same ignorance and in the end neither you nor I could have avoided the impression that I was somewhat responsible for whatever came of it. This responsibility and result I can dread as you cannot now, knowing as I do the unutterable misery which your mother suffered, and the hell whose fires that suffering lighted in my life. I painted my morning first and let it go from me; and all my life, since then, I have been working upon my night. So far, the work which you have will make a better night than morning, and I thank heaven that I speak while you have it yet in your control. What then? For you—God grant it! Out of the night, then the morning. You cannot do better."

I crushed the letter in my trembling hand, lit it in the blaze of a spirit lamp burning under my coffee urn, laid it upon my unused breakfast plate and silently watched it until the last atom was devoured.

The phœnix which rose from those ashes, to live and haunt me, to enter my bedroom at night, to sit beside me at the table, to walk with me unbidden through the streets, to hold my palette unasked at the easel, was the spirit of that last refrain: "Out of the night, then the morning. You cannot do better." It had followed me from the Lorelei to Florence; it followed me from Florence to the Lorelei.

A half-hour later, as I mechanically entered my studio, the keeper of the building gave me Leonora's duplicate key. I took it without comment, and, entering, locked the door behind me. I was alone, and very much needed to be alone.

Until ten years before, my only conscious wish had been to please Mina. Through the ten years my father's thoughts and footsteps had been inexorable law. I had never in my life discovered an occasion for considering the wisdom of anything. I had never had any reason to ask myself: "Shall I do this?" I had never found an opportunity requiring me to say: "I will not do that." No one had ever said to me: "You must," or, doubtless, like other boys, I should have found a will and a way of my own, in direct opposition, and acted upon many a conscious prompting of combative volition. As it was, however, at four-and-twenty, having mastered more than an ordinary university demands of the non-professional, and having gained a point in art that was far beyond my years, I was guiltless of ever having acted upon an original idea or an independent thought.

That is what was left alone in Florence, bidden to follow its individual promptings implicitly. Never, I think, was mortal so completely fettered by emancipation as he who sat in my studio that morning, trying to realize that for the first time in his life he was absolutely free. Promptings? What were they? He looked vacantly about the studio and his eyes fell upon the "Sunrise." Ah! there was one wish of his father's left him, after all, and he grasped it as though it were a treasure he had sought for ages. Arming himself with large portions of brown and blue, two colors which had hardly found a possibility for themselves in the entire composition, he began to work upon the painting with almost the energy of despair. Hour after hour he bent over the canvas, in fiendish glee, that, for one day, at least, he was defying the fate that would drive him to his own, individual promptings.

The roseate hues faded before his touch to sombre grey. The fleecy mists forgot their snowy lustre, and threatened storm. The smile upon the lips departed before a sentiment as sad as though a sigh had just escaped them. The eyes—ah! they were happy, laughing eyes—he touched them. Joy vanished and they shone instead with tears.

I started back from the canvas in terror. The figure before me was Leonora still, but it was Leonora as I had seen her the day before, when I suddenly looked up to find her weeping. It was Leonora as she posed for me yesterday, the model for my work to-day. Stepping back, I examined the result more carefully. Yes, it was "Night" in every feature and sentiment, and involuntarily I exclaimed: "What an improvement! Who could have believed how intensely the darkened clouds and deeper shadows would bring out the grace and beauty of the form half hidden, half disclosed by them. Wondering, I asked myself how my father could have seen so accurately that "a little change in the color-tints" would make of the "Sunrise" a "Night" so much more beautiful. And thus I came again to the old conclusion: it was my father's work, not mine; his verdict, ever so bitter, ever so true, that I could do better. I had dreaded his criticism when it was my daily bread, and now as intensely I longed for it, the moment there was no hope of his coming in to say: "In this light, in that line, Anthony, I think that you can do better."

As I stood before the painting, I could see point after point where his suggestion had made it what it was. But beyond that, there was nothing; nothing but Leonora and her tears. Then my eyes fell from the painting and rested, by chance, upon the little purse, lying where Leonora had thrown it. I had vaguely hoped that she would not be too proud to take it with her when she went; though I knew very well that she would leave it there, and, as I picked it up and held it in my hand, I almost felt that I had robbed her. Gently I caressed it, as though the kindness of the touch might in some way atone for my rudeness. Why should I not have regretted being rude to Leonora? Who could have offended her without regretting it? She was poor while I was rich. Once I had been poor, and I had not forgotten the bitterness of rudeness and the blessing of kindness from the rich. At least I could return the money to her, and that I would do. She might not wish to take it from me personally, but I could easily send it by a police messenger, and turned at once to the door, intent upon following this first individual prompting.

Oh, the fateful sarcasm of those infinitesimal nothings which delay one for a moment, when he who hesitates is lost. At the door I paused just long enough for a parting glance at the memento, attracted for the instant by the delicate aroma pervading the air about everything pertaining to Leonora. This was the last time that I should ever touch anything that was hers, and, as I looked at it with a curious suggestion of pain at the thought of parting, I wished that I might keep it. Leonora had been so kind, so gentle, so patient, I could never forget her, and just for old associations' sake how pleasant it would be to have some little token—only a silk embroidered purse—to remind me of the weeks that had flown so swiftly while I was painting the "Sunrise." I shuddered! No! the "Night."

Opening the door, I went into the outer room; but my fingers closed rebelliously about the little purse, and again I paused. Was not this following my own individual promptings?

I held it up to the light; a delicate piece of needlework, done by her own hands, no doubt, for she had shown me several exquisite patterns of embroidery which she had executed with wonderful skill. That little purse would be a most precious souvenir to me, if I could but rid the memory of the thought of the rudeness through which I came by it. I turned about irresolutely. At least I was trying to follow my own promptings.

When I was angry, Leonora calmed me. When I was gloomy she cheered me. When my thoughts persistently hung among question, whatever you are and have been unpleasant fancies, she gently turned them back upon my work again. And she was so beautiful. Now she was gone and I should miss it all. Why had I not appreciated it when it was mine? If I should keep that little purse, would it not sometimes be almost like having Leonora back again? I slowly retraced my steps.

She did not like to be a model, and only consented because she was poor. Purses she could embroider without number, but money was what she needed. A happy thought came to me (or was it unhappy?) that I might double the amount of money which I sent to her and keep the purse; for an even exchange would be no robbery, and, withal, it might possible act in some measure as an antonement for my rudeness to her. With this thought I went resolutely to my desk, and upon the rosewood cover emptied and counted the contents of the purse. Every florin which I had paid her was there. I wondered that she had spent nothing of it all when she was so poor, and took some gold from my pocket, more than doubling the amount, thinking, perhaps, of the trembling hand which a hungry boy had extended, ten years before, toward the first piece of gold which had ever come within his reach. Then sitting down, with careful consideration I wrote:—

"Signorina:

"I very greatly regret that I offended you, and more than you can realize I should appreciate your forgiveness. If you will be as generous in forgetting my unkindness as you were in aiding me about my work, you will take the enclosed as your due. It was worth much more than this to me simply to have you as the model for my painting; therefore, if you refuse it, it can only indicate that you are unforgiving and that you regret having come to my studio, which would be a punishment to me, more I think than I justly deserve."

I looked from the note to the empty purse and wondered if there were anything in it all that would cause my father to frown. Was not this following my individual promptings?

On leaving the studio I was surprised to find that the sun was setting over the Arno. It had hardly seemed an hour to me since the early morning, when I entered. Crude as the inspiration was, it was the strongest and most absorbing that day which had ever held me before the easel.

On reaching home I found one of my tutors waiting for me, but angrily I refused to see him. That, at least, was my own prompting. If I could not have my father with me I would sit, through the long evening with no other companion than my disconsolate self. At one time I even thought of following him. I looked over the table of train departures, but it was too late, and even though I could have found him, which, doubtless, would have been impossible, I realized that till I had followed his advice and after the night had produced the morning, I should be anything but proud to present myself before him, and utterly unworthy of the longed-for commendation: "You cannot do better." Suddenly, as the thought came to me, I sprang to my feet with an exclamation of delight. There was yet left me an expressed wish of my father's that was still unfollowed. How had I come to overlook so great a blessing? Upon the "Night" my brush and brain unaided could do no more. When he returned, his eye would instantly discover faults that still lay hidden there, and I should see them and correct them. But for me, the "Night was finished.

Finished? Was the night for me finished? Ah! how little I knew about anything. I thought that it was finished, and I eagerly said to myself: "After the night, then the morning. I cannot do better."

My father had very distinctly indicated that Mina's face should be the model for my "Morning," and that with my heart better than with my hand I should paint it, till in reality as in art she proved the light, the truth and the beauty of my day. Was it not so? Could I more deferentially have carried out his will? Could I more scrupulously have followed my own? Whether it was his will or my own that would be acting upon me I could not tell. It had always been so, and even in his absence it was so again. But I must see Mina's face before I painted it. That, at least, was necessary, and, forgetting that I was not perfect, I resolved to go at once to Mina. So far as I had any immediate promptings in the matter I followed them implicitly.

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THEN—?

Very much as I left Boppard I went away from Florence, before daylight the next morning, without waiting to say farewell to any one.

It was a long but not a dreary journey, for there was too much that was new and too much of the first journey, to recall, for it to grow monotonous; and, in spite of my anxiety to see Mina, I stopped first at St. Goar, yielding to an irresistible desire to walk up the river a little way and stand again just over the Rhine from the Lorelei. The fascination amounted almost to terror as I sat upon the bank, reviewing that memorable day and dreaming again the dream that had warned me to leave Boppard; with so much in it which at the time was incomprehensible, but now appeared so graphically prophetic.

In the rapid action of the years which had followed I had practically forgotten the dream, in its minute details, but now they returned to me as vividly as when I closed my eyes in the little attic chamber, and I was astonished to discover that that dream had presented an exact picture of my actual studio in Florence. It was as accurate as the image of the grim rock had been, and I shuddered, as when I first came upon the real Lorelei. I could not for one moment doubt that some spirit hand had dealt with me, that night; but what was the meaning of it all? It had brought me a message in that little attic chamber of unsophisticated ignorance. I had heard it then, but had not understood it. I realized its importance more emphatically to-day, but was still as ignorant as before. Alas! "They have eyes, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not." I knew that with prophetic power a voice had spoken to me. I felt that it spoke as one having authority, and that the message which it brought me must be of portentous value; but I could not, at least I did not, understand it. I only comprehended the trivial portions which had already been fulfilled, and mutely realized that the warning, whatever it was, bore upon something still in the future, beyond the brow of the cliff, where, from a hight to which I could not attain, I still seemed to see my Mina looking down and singing:—

(To be Continued).

ANOTHER STRIKE THREATENED.

The Pennsylvania Company Propose to Resist Employees' Demands.

A Pittsburg despatch says: The Pennsylvania company which operates the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago; Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis; Cleveland and Pittsburg, and the other leased lines of Pennsylvania west of Pittsburg, have refused the demands of 3,000 conductors, brakesmen, engineers, firemen and baggagemasters. The advance demanded would amount to $558,636 per year. This amount, capitalized at 3½ per cent., represents over $19,000,000 or more than enough to double-track the north-west and south-west systems between Pittsburg and their western and southern termini, or almost enough to build and equip a competing line between Pittsburg and Chicago. The shareholders of the Pennsylvania company have had no dividend on their investment in eight years. The Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Columbus, and St. Louis Railway Company have never had a dividend. The demands must therefore be refused.

HARD ON PARNELL.

The Bishop of Dromore Issues a Letter to his Diocesan Clergy.

A London cable says: The Bishop of Dromore has sent a letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he warns the faithful not to attend Mr. Parnell's meeting in Newry. He says he hopes the poisoned atmosphere of the divorce court, and the filthy, disgusting, and scandalous details of the O'Shea case have not reached his diocese. The proposed meeting, he declares, will be a wanton insult to religion, to the bishop, and to the priests, and a laudation of a heaven-cursed crime. "Let God arise," he says, "and His enemies will be confounded. Forbearance has encouraged this inquity. Let the brave men and true, who love godliness and hate adultery, use lawful means to save the honor and good fame of their mothers, wives, and sisters, by resenting the daring aggression of those attempting to prostitute the country to aggrandize an individual and hide their own filthy conduct."

Marvellous Aluminum.

Eugene Cowles and a few other gentlemen of this city have unique souvenirs, or pocket pieces. It is a coin about the size of a dollar, made of pure aluminum. To the eye it resembles in sheen and color a silver dollar, but take it up and it is as light as a paper. The coin is stamped with a picture of the Haymarket Theatre in Chicago, and bears suitable inscriptions. Mr. Cowles says the imprint of the die can never be effaced by the corroding act of time. Bury an aluminum coin, and at the end of 10,000 years the inscriptions will be as plain as ever. Had the ancients used aluminum for their coins, in place of gold and silver, we would know much more about their customs than we do, for such knowledge has been lost through the blurred and indistinct inscriptions upon the coins of antiquity that have come down to us. The souvenirs were presented by Elijah Davis, a colored man, formerly of this city, but now part owner of the Haymarket Theatre.—*Lockport Union.*

Mrs. Langtry is about to withdraw her "Antony and Cleopatra," which has been a losing speculation and will appear in Rose Coghlan's new play, "Lady Barter."

According to the returns from the las census there are about 15,000 Canadians in Buffalo.

Buffalo brewers say they can use Western barley, but it is not either as good or as economical as the Canadian-grown, which is richer.

THE LAST OF TECUMSEH.

Gorgeous Military Funeral of General Sherman.

New York in Mourning—Floral Tributes From West Point.

A New York despatch says: New York is paying every possible tribute of respect to the memory of Gen. Sherman. The dawn of his funeral day opened bright and clear. Its light fell on thousands of the national flags floating at half-mast from public and private buildings alike. The courts remained closed and the exchanges closed at noon. General business was brought almost to a standstill. One hundred policemen under command of Inspector Steers and Capt. Berghold, guarded the block in 71st street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, in which the Sherman house is situated, from the intrusion of all excepting those especially invited to the house. No others were permitted to enter the block. A number of wreaths of flowers were received at the house this morning from intimate friends of the Sherman family. Among them was one large wreath of pink and white roses resting on a background of evergreens, sent by Mrs. Andrew J. Carnegie.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock a large floral shield was received at the house from West Point cadets. The shield was six feet in height and four feet broad. It was made of white and blue immortelles and bore the inscription, "William Tecumseh Shermam, from his Westpoint boys' class of 1840." At the top of the shield was the American Eagle worked in blue immortelles and at the bottom a sword and scabbard in the same flowers. The base of the shield was made of white calla lillies.

About 12.25 the caisson draped in black and drawn by four horses was drawn up in front of the Sherman House. The horses were mounted by regulars and an army officer was in charge. At the caisson was an orderly leading the black charger which bore the military trappings of the general. A black velvet covering almost hid the horse from view, but the boots and saddle were plainly conspicuous. The services were over at 12.30. The prayers were read by Rev. Father Sherman. In the front parlor were all of the members of the family. Secretary Blaine and wife and Mrs. Damrosch were present in another room. Father Sherman was assisted by Rev. Father Taylor and two other priests.

THE KNOT.

A Naval Officer Contributes Some Facts in Its History.

In the several articles that have appeared lately, says a naval officer in the New York *Times*, appropos of the meaning of the nautical term "knot," no mention has been made of the reason for selecting 28 and 14 seconds as the intervals to be marked by the sand glass, instead of the more simple half and quarter minute—an oversight which leaves the discussion still in much obscurity. The knot of the log line within my own memory measured an even eight fathoms and was divided into quarters of two fathoms by strips of bunting pricked into the strands of the line. The successive lengths of eight fathoms were marked with strands of yarn knotted with one, two, three, etc., knots, whence the name. The speed of the ship was invariably designated as so many knots and fathoms of this line measured by a suitable glass. The proportion 3,600 seconds : 30 seconds : : 6,086 feet : 50.7 feet shows a reasonably close approximation to a half-minute interval and an eight-fathom knot; and it is my impression that these were the original time and length units. Which was the first adopted would be hard to say; perhaps the half-minute; because it was a convenient time interval in heaving the log in the early days of slow speeds; then the eight-fathom knot, because it was easy to measure, permitted a ready division into halves and quarters, and was quite accurate enough for the speeds and methods of the day. With the advent of clipper ships, higher speeds, and improved methods of navigation a revision became necessary, and the first change was from a half minute to twenty-eight seconds, still preserving the eight-fathom knot. The fourteen-second glass then followed to prevent too much line running out at the higher speeds. The last change was to shorten the knot eight inches in conformity with the proposition, 3,600 : 28 : : 6,086 : 47.34, and to do away with the halves and quarters, using instead divisions of two-tenths marked as before. The columns of the log-books preserved for some time the old headings "knots" and "fashions," giving place only in recent years to "knots" and "tenths."

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

A Close Vote on the Disestablishment Question—The Newfoundland Question Again Discussed.

A London cable says: Baron Henry de Worms, Political Secretary of the Colonial Office, in the House of Commons, in answer to a question upon Newfoundland matters, said that the Government of Newfoundland had protested against the fact that the convention between Newfoundland and the United States had not been sanctioned by the Imperial Government. Baron de Worms added that the documents relating to the French modus vivendi and the Washington convention negotiations would be laid before the House before the vote on the colonial estimates was taken, so as to enable the House to discuss fully the Home Government's action in the matter.

In the House of Commons this evening Morgan's resolution in favor of disestablishment of the church in Wales was rejected by 235 to 203. The close vote was greeted with loud Opposition cheers.

Mr. Gladstone made a speech in favor of disestablishment. His argument, that an enormous majority of the Welsh were outside the pale of the church, and that the opinion of the people expressed in a constitutional manner demanded an equitable settlement, met with the heartiest response from his followers.

A despatch to the New York *World* says that the Brazilian Assembly is likely to reject the lately concluded reciprocity treaty with the States.