

Making Love in the Choir.

From Puck.

She sat on the steps of the organ loft
Just after the second hymn;
And through nave and choir to the cool gray
spire
The sound rose faint and dim,
As they settled themselves in the church below
For the sermon that followed next.
And I seated myself at the alto's side
As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek,
And the gleam of her golden hair,
The snowy kerchief around her neck,
And her throat all white and bare;
A throat so white that indeed it might
An anchorite entice;
And I faintly heard the parson's word
As he preached of Paradise.

My arm stole gently around her waist
Until our fingers met;
And a fitting blush made the tender flush
Of her cheek grow deeper yet.
Snowy and fair the hand beneath,
And brown the palm above,
And the brown closed softly over the white
As the parson spoke of love.

THE FISHERWOMAN OF HONFLEUR.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.
CHAPTER I.

There was an unusual stir and bustle in the old-fashioned and generally dull town of Honfleur, opposite the port of Havre, in France. The old weather-worn, worm-eaten, wooden wharfs and jetties were thronged with fisherwomen and girls, all clad in their gala attire, whose number increased as they were joined by fresh arrivals from the neighbouring sea-coast, many having come from distant villages and hamlets. There was such eager, lively, and contentious chattering, that a stranger might have imagined there had occurred on this occasion a confusion of tongues—confined on this occasion to the gentler sex. The eyes of all present were directed seawards, and from time to time, some one would mount one of the wooden piles to which small vessels that frequented the harbour were moored, and pointing to a speck on the water, visible in the far distance, would cry: "Ils viennent! Ils viennent! Je les vois!" (They come! They come! I see them!) And for a few moments the clamour of voices would be hushed, only to break forth again with expressions of disappointment; for these fisherwomen and girls had assembled to greet the return of husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers who had long been absent, engaged in the cod-fishing in the stormy North Sea.

For many weeks past, the weather had been tempestuous; and those who had friends and relations at sea—and these comprised every inhabitant of the town and the neighbouring sea-coast—had passed many a sleepless night, listening to the fierce gusts of wind that swept around their humble and often exposed dwellings; or had started out of their troubled slumber to breathe a short but earnest prayer for the safety of the absent ones; for there had come from time to time sad stories of fishing-vessels that had foundered at sea with all hands; and all who heard these dismal stories dreaded lest the lost vessels might be those which had sailed a few months before with their dearest relations and friends on board.

On the previous night, however, a steam-packet had arrived at Honfleur, and her captain had repeated the glad tidings that he had that day passed the homeward-bound Honfleur fishing-fleet off Dieppe, all safe, and that, as the wind was favourable, the vessels might be expected to arrive in port next morning. Hence the vast and eager concourse of fisherwomen from the town and the adjacent coast.

At length there was a general hush. A speck that to a landsman would have appeared like a bird hovering over the water, was discerned in the far distance; then another, and yet another became visible. There was no longer any doubt that the vessels drew; the cut of their sails could be discerned; then their low black hulls appeared, and the experienced eyes of the fisherwomen recognised the vessels in which their husbands, lovers, and sons had sailed. The women counted the vessels in which their husbands, lovers, and sons had sailed. The women counted the vessels in which their husbands, lovers, and sons had sailed.

Another weary hour passed away, and the vessels were off the port. Then arose from them a cheer which brought relief to the anxious women. Well they knew its meaning. It announced that all who had sailed with the fleet had returned safe and well; and the hearts of the anxious watchers beat quickly, with hopes, doubts, and fears commingled.

A new fishing-lugger, with masts and spars and sails and rigging all complete, was purchased; and Antoine remained at home for some months after his marriage, leisurely preparing his vessel for sea, but chiefly passing his time with his young wife. Occasionally, with the object of testing the qualities of the new vessel, which was called the *Madeleine*, the young fellow sailed for a day's fishing along the coast; but, for the first time since he was old enough to go to sea, the Honfleur fleet of luggers sailed for the far distant cod-fishery without him.

It has been stated that when the meeting took place between the returned fishermen and their wives, sisters, and sweethearts, all present on the occasion were too full of joy to care to conceal their happiness. There was, nevertheless, one individual present who had no share in the general feeling of gladness, whose heart was, on the contrary, full of suppressed passion, hatred, and jealousy. This individual, however, was not a member of the fisher community. He was one Lucien Pierrot, the son of a rich *bourgeois* of Paris, who owned considerable property in Honfleur and its vicinity. Lucien was accustomed frequently to visit the town to receive the rents from his father's tenants, and on other matters of business; for though he was a gambler and spendthrift, and addicted to many other vices, he was an only son, and his father, though often deceived, continued to place confidence in him. During one of these visits, at the date of the annual Honfleur fair, Lucien met with Madeleine—who was visiting the fair with a party of female friends—and was struck with the grace and beauty of the fisher-girl. He sought to introduce himself to her by offering her trifling presents as "fairings," but the fisher-folk are an exclusive class, who hold themselves aloof from strangers. Madeleine declined, bashfully, yet de-

terminedly, to accept the proffered gifts, and strove to avoid the young man's attentions. In nowise disconcerted, however, Lucien, taking advantage of the license allowed at fair-time, attached himself to the party, in the hope of inducing Madeleine to look more favourably upon him; by ingratiating himself with her companions. All his gallantry was, however, thrown away. The young women took no heed of him; and separated for their respective abodes without bestowing one parting word or glance upon him.

Unaccustomed to be thus cavalierly treated of by young women whom he honoured with his attentions, Lucien had been in the habit of using every effort to win Madeleine's affections. He dared not visit her at home in the village, for he was well aware of the pride and independence of the fisher-folk, who would stand on little ceremony with him if it became known to them that he was intruding his attentions upon one of their young people. But he contrived to meet her whenever she strolled beyond the village; and when, twice a week, she attended the market at Honfleur, he was always present, and was a frequent and liberal purchaser of the fancy wares she offered for sale. Always civil, and even polite in his manner towards her, he gave her no opportunity to complain of his conduct to her friends; yet, though she strove in every way to make it apparent to him that his presence was disagreeable to her, she was unable to shake him off. At length he grew more bold, and ventured to speak of his affection for her, and entreated her to accompany him to Paris, promising to make her his wife immediately on their arrival in that city. But he met with such a withering repulse, that he instantly regretted his temerity. The look of anger and scorn in the eyes of the young girl and the tone of her voice, told plainly that she was in earnest; and from that time, he had ceased his open persecutions. But he nevertheless resolved to gain his end by some other means. He had discovered that Madeleine was betrothed to a young fisherman; and though Antoine was personally unknown to him, and vowed that if he failed in his object, he would find some way of revenging himself both on the young girl and her lover.

On the day when the fleet arrived in port, and the fisherwomen and girls were assembled on the wharfs, as already described, to greet their long absent husbands and lovers, Lucien also might have been seen skulking in the background, wrapped in a cloak, drawn up so as to conceal his features, eagerly watching the fishermen as they leaped on shore. He saw Madeleine on the wharf; and then he saw a handsome young fisherman, who, the moment he landed, was clasped in the young girl's embrace. He ground his teeth with impotent rage, and in his eagerness to get a good view of Antoine, stepped a few paces forward, and allowed the cape of his cloak to fall back.

As Antoine and Madeleine were forcing a passage through the crowd, Madeleine caught a momentary glimpse of her detested persecutor. The young girl shuddered involuntarily; and Antoine tenderly inquired whether she felt cold. Madeleine was almost inclined to acquiesce in her lover's protection, and feeling secure in her lover's protection, she deemed it advisable to keep her secret. "Now that Antoine has returned, and our marriage will soon take place," she thought, "that bad man will see that it will be useless to trouble me any longer, and will no doubt return to Paris."

Lucien continued to follow the young couple at a distance, midway to the village. Had he dared, he would have interposed himself between the lovers; but Lucien was naturally a coward; he knew that the stalwart young fisherman would have crushed him as easily as he could have flung a child from him, and he was forced to content himself with brooding over plans of vengeance. He could do nothing just now; but he thought it probable that after her lover had gone to sea, Madeleine would be more amenable to his advances and persuasions. And if such were not the case, he believed in his power to find some means of wrecking his vengeance upon both. So he turned aside from following them further that day, and left the happy and youthful couple to the enjoyment of each other's society.

TOPICS FOR WOMEN.

WHEN TO PROPOSE.

A woman must have satisfied her hunger twice before she is ready to regard love-making with any satisfaction. Before breakfast her system is chilled and her blood dispersed through her body. After breakfast it concentrates itself in the digestive functions, and it is not until after lunch that she is prepared to abandon business activity for the realization of the ideal. Even then a proposition is unsafe, unless you are able to detect the instant when digestion terminates and discontent supervenes. Students of the fair sex agree that at this moment the conditions are favorable, but nothing is more difficult to others than medical men than to recognize the change, and if the disconcerting seizure upon every woman at some time in the afternoon is permitted to assume its inevitable result is disappointment. There is but one way to overcome these conditions, and that is to project some excursion for the afternoon if business or other untoward obstacles make an afternoon declaration a necessity. But even this plan is open to serious objections. The average girl naturally shrinks from *à freco* embraces, and sees an incongruity in daylight and love-making. Still, if the excursion be sufficiently romantic, she may excuse her preferences, for as there is no reason whatsoever in the love of a woman, there is no selfishness, and she is consequently prepared to make sacrifices. Marvelous successes have been attained at such time, though many a pleasant drive-way has been strewn with pitiful failures, and the waves of thousands of lovely lakes show the wreck of full many a hope shining through.

COMFORTS.

Sooner or later, friends, the time for folded hands will come to us all. Whether or not we cease from hurry and worry now, we shall one day shut our eyes upon it, and lie still untroubled by the strident fret of things about us. Why not take comfort as we go?

You, proud mother of a beautiful, active boy, of what use will it be to you to remember how exquisitely fine was his raiment, how daintily spread his bed, and how profuse his costly toys? What the child needs is mothering brooding, tender resting or step of the way from babyhood to manhood. The comfort of your opportunities. Never mind though the dress be coarse, and the food plain, and the playthings few, but answer the questions, tell the stories, spare the half hour at bedtime, and be merry and gay, confidential and sympathetic with your boy.

And you, whose graceful young daughter is just blushing out into the bloom and freshness of a wondrously fair womanliness, do not be so occupied with your ambition for her advancement in life that you let her ways and your own fall apart. Why are her friends, her interests, and her engagements so wholly distinct from yours? Why does she visit here and there and receive visitors from this and that home, and you scarcely know the people by sight? You are losing precious hours, and the comfort you ought to take is flying fast away on those wings of time that are never overtaken.

THE COST OF DEAD RELATIVES IN CHINA.

In an entertaining, illustrated article in the September Century on "Ningpo and the Buddhist Temples," Miss Constance F. Gordon Cumming describes as follows the great expense to which the living are put to in China on account of the dead:

Great indeed are the expenses entailed on the living by the dead. In no land can the loss of a kinsman be more seriously felt. To begin with, there are heavy funeral expenses. The body must be dressed in fine new clothes, and another good suit must be burnt, as also the boots and shoes, most of his wardrobe, his bed and bedding, and the things most essential to his comfort when living, for he is supposed to require all these in the unseen world; and though paper representations are useful later, the real articles are needed for the original outfit. Then a handsome coffin is essential, and the priests must be largely paid for funeral services at the house of the deceased, and again for their services in ascertaining the lucky day for burial—while a professor of *Yang shui* must also be paid, to choose the exact spot where they may safely prepare the grave so that the dead may be shielded from the evil influences which proceed from the north, and encompassed by all the good which breathes from the south. From the 10th to the 17th day after death, the priest, whether Taoist or Buddhist, holds services in the house, to protect the living from the inroads of hosts of spirits who are supposed to crowd in, in the wake of their new friend, and as all the relatives and friends of the family must be entertained as well as the priests, this is another heavy item of expense. In short, many families are often permanently impoverished by the drain to which they are thus subjected, and which, in the form of masses, for the departed and offerings at his grave or before his tablet, are certain to recur again and again. To omit them would be to incur the anger of the spiteful dead, who are now in a position to avenge themselves on the living, by inflicting all manner of sickness and suffering. Besides, if the priests know that there is any possibility of extracting money from a family by playing on their feelings, they pretend to have had revelations from the spirit world, showing the unfortunate dead to be tortured in purgatory, and that the only means by which he can be extricated is by a fresh course of costly services in the house. The price to be paid for these is fixed at the highest sum which they judge it possible to extract—say a thousand dollars, and though the family may remonstrate and endeavor to make a better bargain, they generally end in their raising every possible coin, and even selling their jewels to procure the necessary sum which shall free their dead from suffering, and also secure his protection and good-will. The sums thus expended in connection with the worship of the dead are almost incredible. I heard a calculation once made by one well entitled to know what he spoke of, to the effect that fully thirty million dollars are annually expended in China at the three great festivals in honor of the dead; while, in addition to the above, by calculating the average expenditure of each family at a dollar and a half a year, he computed that fully a hundred and fifty million dollars are annually spent in quieting the spirits.

APHORISMS.

He that would govern others, first let himself be governed. —Master of himself.

The man that dares traduce because With safety to himself is not a man. —Gord.

Better to be despised for too ambitious pretensions than ruined by too costly security. —Burd.

Deference is the most complicated, the indirect and the most elegant of all compliments. —Shenstone.

A good word is an easy obligation; to speak ill requires only our silence, costs nothing. —Tillotson.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impotent to improve. —Pope.

To smile at the jest which plants in another's breast, is to become a part in the mischief. —Sheridan.

Trust him little who praises all, and who censures all, and him least who is ferent about all. —Lavalier.

Lamentation is the only musical complaint, like a screech-owl, a light sits on the roof of an angry man's brain. —Plutarch.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him and not for the world; to take in everything and part with nothing. —South.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest the man who knows how to be silent, even though it is in the right. —Cato.

Power and liberty are like heat and but where they are well mixed, every prospers; where they are single, they are destructive. —Saville.

Employment, which Galen calls the physician's, is so essential to the happiness that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery. —Burton.

Run not into debt, either for want of money borrowed; be content to have things that are not of absolute necessity rather than to run up the score. —N. G. SHEPHERD.

Can wealth give happiness? Look round you, what distress! what splendid misery! Whatever fortune lavishly can pour, the mind annihilates, and calls for more. —Joy.

In private conversation between intimate friends, the wisest men very often talk the weakest; for indeed the talking friend is nothing else but thinking aloud. —Addison.

The ordinary employment of artifice is a mark of a petty mind, and it almost always happens that he who uses it to cover him in one place, uncovers himself in another. —La Rochefoucauld.

It is with antiquity as with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation. —Colton.

I do not mean to expose my ideas as a ridiculous thing by maintaining that everything happens to every man for the best; I will contend that he who makes the use of it fulfills the part of a wise and prudent man. —Cumberland.

How Fashions are Started.

The Austrian Empress, while on a country excursion with her usual retinue, stopped at an inn for refreshments. Be heated, she took off her bonnet and hung on the back of a chair, where a playful page made such mischief with it that no further attention was attracted as to render it more for further wear. Of course, every lady the party offered her own hat in the place the one that was damaged, but the Empress took the whim to finish the excursion without any other head covering than that supplied by nature. Being observed in this fashion by some ladies of the stylish world who are eager to imitate anything that royalty does, the practice of appearing public without hat or bonnet came into general vogue. The morning promenades came marked by the presence of numerous elegantly arranged heads of hair devoid of any covering, and on Sunday the same fashion was followed in church. To such extent was this becoming the rage, says the *Vienna Tageblatt*, that milliners were alarmed, and clamored at court about the Empress's hairless excursion was issued from official sources, and published to the social world. This put an end to the fashion, hatmakers were happy once more, and fashionable circles were again at peace.

A Discreet Young Lady on her Travels.

"May I open the window for you, Miss?" politely inquired a gentleman of a young lady on the Northern Pacific road, as she saw her tugging at a sash that had not covered from the preceding winter.

She glared at him a moment, and gave reluctant consent.

"Folks can't be too careful of who they speak to or accept favors from," she remarked, after a long pause.

"That's very true," replied the gentleman quietly.

"Are you a Boston drummer?" she inquired.

"No, I am not," he answered.

"A hotel clerk?"

"No, not a hotel clerk."

"I am glad of that," said she, "I never let a drummer or a hotel clerk speak to me. Maybe you're an actor?"

"No, nor an actor."

"That's first class," she exclaimed, showing her dimples and becoming more confidential. "If an actor should speak to me I'd die. What is your business?"

"I'm a barkeeper, and I'm travelling West to get a Territorial divorce from my wife," explained the gentleman.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" giggled the girl. "Reach down my satchel; there's a bottle of whiskey and a pack of cards in it. I'll play you an old game of California Jack for \$5 corner. I like to meet gentlemen, and know 'em when I see 'em. Ask that headed duffer across there if he's got a good screw, will you?"

Some hotel clerk must have had originated the expression "There is always room at the top."

The Game of Chess.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

You are happy. I have found content, not think of all else might have been kind love and presence to my life. I am past for that—she is your wife, and as I over now, so wild and sweet, at best a dear, delicious cheat, but not sitting by as she sits from her book, two days deep devotion on your face, with cold indifference, and even take likeness in her child, and even take arling up and kiss him for her sake. I wish you to be dead. No vain regret and me, to let the matter rest, and make me wish you to die. You and me, to let the matter rest, and make me wish you to die. You and me, to let the matter rest, and make me wish you to die. You and me, to let the matter rest, and make me wish you to die. You and me, to let the matter rest, and make me wish you to die.

THE SULTAN'S SERAGLIO.

How the Great Establishment Soporiferous is Conducted.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose stretch to the length of mile and within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city where the Government of the empire is chiefly by women are but the viziers and ministers, and although these are supported by the palace clique, no is his power done so for long, nor is his power great. From the moment when he is secretly assailed by his enemies which he does not see, he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Minister who is advised to begin may promise all that an ambassador attempted would disturb interests which might happen to be, or by some insolent bald-headed sergent for the time the Sultana Valide. As for the rule he is as much at their Ministers. A puppet in the women, he never knows exactly him, but is obliged, for peace's sake as his mother, sister, kadines or order. More than one Sultan's death of Seraglio intrigues, we were glad to make a clean sweep of court, but any step in this direction had led to conspiracy and rebellion. The loyalty of the people, which toward the office of the Padishah null as regards the individual Sultan, the people care little who would they be disposed to take it any Padishah who had been deposed.

The Seraglio—for there are two one, where the court of the reign resides, and the old one to which the departed Sultans are carried, and a source of ruinous expenditure. Not only are the sultans, kadines, ikbals (favorite guineas (aspirant favorites)), the ways of the palace are the servants; and all these people about without counting whenever a whim to satisfy.

Sultans do not contract regularly and the reigning lady at the Serr the Sultan's wife, but his mother bears the title of Sultana Valide. Her household consists of 200 servants and guards. Next rank comes the hasnadar, or treasurer, who is generally an old woman, promoted from domesticity for her talents in housekeeping. If the Sultana the hasnadar succeeds her as Serraglio; and this arrangement lead to strange consequences.

Under Abdul Medjid the ruled for years by a harsnadar been a washerwoman, and an adviser was a churlish baltadji who could not read, but power of dimming viziers. It the baltadji who ruled Turkey. After the hasnadar comes the semi-lawful wives and favored following order: First, the wife who rank as spouses, until divorces them and gives them to some pasha, which he does then the ikbals or favorites, of five or six, and then the favorites, whose number is unlimited. A girl in the Seraglio, even simple cavedji or coffee bearer guineas or aspirant favorite, the fact of the Sultan's making a remark on her. The word is guineuz, eye, and it means attracted the master's glances, stance, his Majesty, while his relatives, remarks careless pretty girl that is at once coffee, the dame is at once further parody promoted to guineuzi, which gives her a mezza, a daira and a claim on exchequer the remainder of her such time as the Sultan finds her