When i was votaged in my professon than I am now, Dresien was my stroll. favorite holiday resort. In the quiet and slow-flowing life current of the Old World home of the fine arts, I frequently sought and found relaxation from the strain of work-a-day months in London.

One January night found me seated the train at Hamburg, en route for my old resort. Experience has taught me that in Germany a fellow-travoler implies an instantaneous deprivation of the quantum of fresh air necessary to keep the lungs in play. So, calling be secure from intrusion. Touching his cap with a laconic "gut," he pocketed a donceur and locked me in. The train started. For a few moments we stopped at a wayside station. I consider thoughts into another change, and by was the rapid pulse I knew fever was working in her veins, and fearing this gagement of the twain was looked upon as anything but desirable by sulted my watch. How cold it grows as the day draws his last shivering breath. Strange at this hour the springs of being are at their lowest in all that lives, whilst, in mystic sympathy with the dying day, the life is spilt out of those in whose cup are only its less. I wrap my cloak around me.

Once more we were on the point of starting, when the door I imagined securely locked was gently and easily opened. A lady entered, and seated herself opposite me. Below my breath I confounded the guard for a false Deutsher, and reflected how extraordinary it was that the intruder should be a woman, for abroad the fair sex have special traveling compartments where no man dare put in an appearance, and vice versa. In the confusion of starting she had doubtless mistaken her carriage, and now, perhaps, felt uncomfortable.

As the cold each moment increased, I offered her one of my warm wraps, addressing a few conventional words to her on the topic of the weather. "Thank you," she said, in a quiet and perfectly self-possessed voice, "but indeed I do not feel the cold you speak of." A story is often told in the tone of a voice-and the tone of this one was peculiar. Unmistakably English and well-bred; but there was no ring in it, only a certain hopelessness sufficiently pathetic. She had evidently noticed some of my smaller profes-

"You are an artist?" "I am." "Could you paint a portrait from dear. "You have seen her, then, for as a tiger watches his prey. Then he memory?" "Most certainly." She no such powerful likeness could other took to drinking, and playing heavily; removed the thick veil that concealed wise be produced. You have caught but she, hoping to win him back to her face, and laid aside her bonnet. the very trick of the half-drooped eye- her, still compassed him round with The light from the lamp fell full on lids.' her. She had a lovely face, but it was cold and white and still as chiseled marble. She encountered the bold steady gaze of masculine eyes, yet no lings of color-flickered on her cheek. A mass of ruddy brown hair was coiled round her shapely head; large died." I felt like a man in a dream. brown eyes, full of the dumb, questionhunted deer at bay, looked out from hatter across the face—the face of my traveling companion. Was cowardly hound—and from that hour You were trusted in the unspoken between dark lashes. Marring the this faithful sketch the vivid remem- she never raised her head, but under stainless white of the left cheek, a brance of a dead face? I took out my the cruel indignity sheslowly drooped. livid mark ran from the temple into note and showed Mr. St. John the the neck—it almost looked as if a stinging riding-switch had been drawn swift and sharp across the face, burning its brand into the delicate flesh. Here draws was of black valuet and showed Mr. St. John the only the portrait of a lady from memory, this 20th father or mother again, and they had no picture even to remember her by silence brooded over us. As soon as But they shall have one, and, thus the state of the second of the results of the portrait of a lady from memory, this 20th father or mother again, and they have served, and their revelations are interesting reading to a But they shall have one, and, thus the state of the portrait of a lady from memory, this 20th father or mother again, and they have served, and their revelations are interesting reading to a But they shall have one, and, thus Her dress was of black velvet, and around the throat and wrists were ruffles of costly lace. "Yours," I said. "is not a face soon to be forgotten. I could any day paint your portrait from memory." "Will you do so?" I should get rid of it that way. At I should get rid of it that way. At the post of his prison-house.

Saying, she died.

When the master of the chateau saw her dead, remorse burned into his soul and drove him mad, and he was now a raving maniac. And at last Satan escaped from the chateau to tell quently arise concerning the authorship of popular poems or brochares "Certainly, if you desire it." "I do the rapid rate I worked, the picture the secrets of his prison house. specially desire it." I took out my note-book and entered a memorandum. "Promised to paint the portrait of a lady from memory, this 20th night of January, 18 -. " She watched me make this entry, and resuming picture as I had last seen my mysteriher bonnet and veil, she fell into ous sitter, save that in this portrait

statuesque woman, a strange sensa-tion stole over me. Underneath that concealing voil there was a still, white took it to Berlin. I was fortunate to face, with stricken eyes that haunted me and sent a chill to my heart. God help her, I thought, for life has been cruel to her. Then I mused on the singular promise I had come underto paint her portrait from memory.

Would she come and claim the picture? Was I to send it to her? And where? I must come to some finding before we part. Meantime, in the first gray dawn, the train stopped at Berlin. where we changed carriages. For a moment I turned to gather together my small impedimenta; when I resumed my position I was the sole occupant of the compartment. Hoping to encounter my sometime companion in the crowded station, I made haste to get out. My efforts were in vain-I was locked in. Presently the guard came with his key and let me out. "There is trickery here," I said in some heat. "A lady turned the handle of your looked door easily enough, and has been my traveling companion since midnight"

"Impossible!" and the guard shrugged his shoulders incredulously. The key had been in his pocket all the I resumed my journey.

glanced at the entry in my note-book, The events of our days were her let- live who are capable of emulating is a well-understood though not speordered imagination may fool a man. and full of her husband's praises. At the same time I resolved some After a while, we fancied they droopcanvas; but, absorbed in immediate husband's name was more rarely monstudy, I then postponed my intention. tioned, and at last he was quite ig-Linden, I found that some weeks pre- the face of our darling for a year, ing every year, and the almost complete for their meintenance almost entirely. viously he had been hastily recalled We could bear the separation no failure of the fish may be anticipated at upon the sentiment of manly honor. to England, and another Englishman longer. We would go to ner. When no remote period.

reigned in his stead. As I turned so far on our journey as Berlin, my from the door, slightly chagrined, I wife was seized violently ill. I wrote encountered the tenant of Locksley's to Wolfstein and Emmie of our disrooms, evidently returning from a tress-no response came to my cry

A fine old man of the genuine type appointment. "Do confer a kindness on me," he said, "and stop and dine." "Edward," she said, taking my hand in hers, "Emmio was with me in the night." "Darling, you were dreamfam quite alone, and it is pleasant to ing," I said soothingly. It was no —gold, travel-stained and weary—in hear one's mother tongue in this land train at Hamburg, enroute for my old resort. Experience has taught dielly self-marked and I accepted his accepted his land accepted his l the guard, I requested that I might within the last few weeks he had even a photograph, to remind you of had a greater social than business been bereft of a wife and daughter-

> you, Mr. Stanley," said my host, paint a portrait from a minute verend of the room I found paper and and, as my eye learned its contents, a colors, and I brought my materials to groun burst from my lips. "Emmie erty. One evening, while Captain almost any of the advertised "tonics" the table where we set once one wine is dead," said my wife, quietly. "I McV— and some of his guests were or "invigorants" in half an hour. the table where we sat over our wine. "Now, Mr. St. John, describe and I will draw." In a hushed voice he minutely detailed the items of a face. I made my sketch. No; it was rejected as unlike. Another--alike unsuccessful. A verbal description failed

ng the expression of the dear familiar

"They tell me," said the old man, in a low, moody tone, as if he unconsciously thought aloud - "they tell me that at the last she bore the mark of a cruel blow on her check. She, my tender, one ewe lamb, that I was fain to shelter in my bosom from every mistress before and since her marriage. The girl was weary and worn with hands and sank into silence. These stretched her hands towards me. "Mi eling companion of my midnight jourand a livid mark on the left cheek. At last I fulfilled my neglected promise, and, taking my pencil, I rapidly sketched her portrait from memory.

the lineaments of one who was very ence of her husband, who watched her no such powerful likeness could other | took to drinking, and playing heavily;

"Yes," I said slowly, "I have seen that possessed his heart. But it was was soon completed. I threw all the cunning of hand and brain into the task, and my knowledge of art told vain. In each detail I painted the whon I bade him farewell his hand spire those who make and color public no unlovely scar marred the delicate As I sat opposite this beautiful oval of the cheek. Anxious to see it placed in Mr. St. John's possession, 1 had it carefully packed, and I myself and the old man at home, and as I begged his acceptance of the work of

> "I think it is due to you, Mr. Stanley," he said, "that you should know that hangs in my library. But something of the history of the lady think I only dreamt the tragic whose portrait you have so admirably painted, and under circumstances so peculiar." It cost him an evident effort to say these words, and I beg ged him to spare himself a recital that I felt must be painful, but he persisted in giving me the following rapid life-sketch:

the last few weeks.

fondest love of our hearts twined electrician of England, was bitten by about her. During an autumn's wan- a cat, which died the same day of dering on the Continent we met Baron magness. The wound healed, but Wolftein—gay, young, handsome, three months after he felt great pain and knowing well how best to wile in the arm, attended by thirst. In away a woman's heart, he won our raising a tumbler of water to his lips. away a woman's heart, he won our raising a tumbler of water to his lips, Emmie's love. And we, who loved her a severe spasm closed his throat. The better than we loved ourselves, gave dreadful thought flashed on him that her up, although we knew that in the very act we tore down our life's joy phobia. He determined to escape, if with our own hands. Well, her lover possible, and took his gun to occupy was of good birth, rich, of excellent his mind in hunting. His arm ached was no time for parley, and without another glimpse of the fair incognita as she was to him. And for her sake whole afternoon. On reaching home he felt better, and could cat and drink. I resumed my incorpary reputation, and as devoted to Emmie intensely, but he walked hard the resumed my journey.

Once more in Dresden, and amidst chateau in the Black Forest. The large of the self-out flavored the self-out f the realism of the old familiar life, world called her's a brilliant part; gether. The doctor said it was a boys certain things are regarded as the midnight episode of my journey but there was no brilliancy left for clear case of hydrophobia. While dishonorable, and whoever infringes began to fade into a trick of a fevered the mother and me. Without her, admiring Mr. Crosse for his nerve upon their unwritten code is speedly and over-wearied brain. And as I house and heart were dark and chill. power, we fear that very few people sent to coventy. In the army there I reflected how completely a disters-at first they were all sunshine, his example. leisure day to trace out my dream on ed a little in their cheery tone, her Weeks rolled on, and I went to Berlin nored. Time after time it was arranged to look up a college chum, who was that she should come to us, and time 18,000 men, women and children on rules which cannot be safely broken emporarily located in that city. after time her visit was delayed on laud to prepare the fish for market. It through; which are stronger beWhen I got to his quarters, Unter der some paltry excuse. We had not seen seems that the catch is now diminishControl of the control of the control

for succor.

On the morning of the 21st of Januof courtly Englishman, now rarely to ary I bent over my wife to moisten be met. He politely accosted me, and her fevered lips with a little wine. and by we fell into art talk. "Could was the raving of delirium, I soothed her as best I could. Just then a servant entered the room; she held in her hand that which we had cause to bal description?" I feared not, but her hand that which we had cause to would try. On a whatnot at the other dread—u telegram. I tore it open; knew it dear." It was even so.

This blow rapidly extinguished the flickering life of the mother, and she, too, quickly followed Emmie. After his sad event I arranged to go to Wolfstein's chatean. He had taken no to give my pencil the power of catchnotice of my various letters; but I concluded that, stunned by grief, the poor fellow was unable to attend to his ordinary duties of life. In this had pestilence, and now she is threat- untoward vigor to the digestive funcfellowship of sorrow, together we should mingle our tears.

On my way to the railway station ? encountered Susan, Emmie's faithful maid, who had been with her young by a bitter tide of recollection, the latigue, and her once bright English eld man covered his face with his face was white and scarred. She few anguished words dropped like St. John, Mr. St. John!" then she fell blood from a wounded heart, at once down in a swoon. I had her conrecalled the face of the unknown trav- veyed to my room, and after administering restoratives she recovered, and ney. Once more I saw before me the pale, perfect face, with sorrowful eyes my child.

For two or three months after marnature of the Baron began to assert itself, and he became a very devil of noticed some of my smaller professional belongings in the netting above me, for, as I silently pondered what manner of woman she was, she thus addressed me:

"You are an artist?" "I au"

Silently I placed my work before Mr. St. John. "It is she I it is Emmie— causeless jealousy and malice. Every letter Emmie wrote was read before it my darling, my darling!" he cried, and again and again he kissed the senseless paper on which was traced mitted to see no one save in the presented a very devil or causeless jealousy and malice. Every letter Emmie wrote was read before it ieft the chateau. She was debarred from going into society—she was persented a very devil or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the control of the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the control of the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or causeless jealousy and malice. Every long the chateau in the prosecular or sweet observances, and by her gentle night of January last, I promised, at no use. And then she told me how With a slight shiver I recalled the stranger guests, raised his riding-whip

and confusion of this great shouting of contested authorship reveal a very world I lost sight of my friend, and dark page in this part of human na some years after our rencontre at ture; and the conscious plagiarisms mation of his death in the Times. to be readable, are among the inex-Shortly after this melancholy announcement a letter from the solicitors of Mr. St. John informed me that my pencil, his cordial satisfaction he had bequeathed me a full-length more than repaid me for the toil of portrait of his only daughter.

And this is the story of the picture of the lady with the pale, sad face, tale. - English Magazine.

Hydrophobia.

An anocdote is told which goes to prove that this terrible disease is partially owing to imagination, and may be sometimes subdued by a reso-Emmie was our only child, and the lute will. Andrew Crosse, the famous

The King of Ashantee-has 333 wives,

and still he is not happy.

As Happy as Can Be.

The city of B-, a town on the Big Muddy, in Missouri, has among its principal citizens Captain McV--, a man who "knows how to keep a hotel," and who says sharp things on current events. Just before the breaking out of the war a young lady of B- was married to a rising physician. He joined his fortunes with dially as it was offered. By degrees throat and wrists. She looked sad. was carried off by the cholera in science. In one cense it might be we fell into the most amicable relations with one control with one con tions with one another; and presently there was a horrid mark. 'Mother,' she met a young man of fine address he told me, with tears in his eyes, that she said, 'you have no portrait, not and entertaining manners, but who p or Emmie. I shall send you one.' reputation. He was not rich, and

upon as anything but desirable by the friends of the lady, who, notwithstanding her double widowhood, was still young and attractive. But in this case, as in innumerable others, against "perpendicular drinking" at love triumphed over prospective povsitting on the porch, enjoying the There is however one exception to this cool breeze of the Big Muddy, the rule. Nobody can "get over the bay" couple referred to strolled by. After on VINEGAR BITTERS, for the simple they had passed, the Captain ex-reason that this famous renovating and claimed :—

"What torrible sin can that woman | ive stimulants of any kind. Yet its have committed that she should be strength-reserving properties are mar thus visited by all the curses in the velous. It restores the relish for food calender? She has had war, she has when all other appitizers fail; imparts enea with famine."

battle, murder, and sudden death." healthful sleep; and tends to produce Fortunately the last marriage has that condition of body and brain, which proved as "happy as they make is supposed to be most conducive to

Honor.

Honor is a very different thing from honesty. There are mon who scrupplously pay their debts and promptly meet their notes of hand. who are utterly deficient in the nice in a land where the people observe sense of personal dignity which we closely, test thoroughly, and act inderiage all was sunshine; then the fickle call honor. Yet in the necessary pendently, is in itself a sufficient guar commerce of life, the dealings of men and women with each other in busi- We recommend it to all. ness and in friendship, there can be no perfect or satisfactory issues where honor is not regnant. Let us illustrate by reference to some everyday

You are a guest in the family of a Being a guest you are adriend. mitted into the privacies of the home. The members of the household go en in their ordinary way in your presence, thus paying you the highest compliment in their power, by making you one of themselves Now, if you go from them, and afterwards in your own home or in society make their idiosynerasies the thome of your conversation, tell of the ill temper of this one, the parsimony of that, and the oddities of a third, you confidence of friendship, and you have violated a trust. Ladies' mails On the night she died she mouned and valets sometimes do this in print It seems to us that neither ladies nor When the master of the chateau gentlemen, however, would care to

As Mr. St. John rapidly sketched would be impossible, were all momthese tragic outlines, great drop; of bers of the literary craft filled with me that my labor had not been in anguish stood on his forehead, and the sense of honor which ought to inwas as cold as death. In the din opinion. Unfortunately the histories Berlin, I was pained to read an inti- of authors who need not steal in order plicable mysteries of life.

> In the training of children from the very first, by precept and by thrice-powerful example, the princiole of honor should be strengthened. They should be taught never to listen to conversation not meant for them; never to speak unkindly of any one; never to trespass on another's rights. Sometimes this white flower of honor grows spontaneously from strange soils, but oftener it needs cultivation. A gentleman not long since, while waiting at a railway station, bought a paper from a little ragged mite of a oy. It happened to be a paper that he had read, and as he had asked, we we will say, for the Times, and been given the Tribune, he said: "My boy, this was not the paper I asked you for. I have read this; but you off, when the little fellow rushed in, shouted, "Here's your five cents-I sold it, sir," and jumped off, as newsboys do, at the peril of his life, The feeling that made that boy give back the five cents to a stranger was the feeling of honour.

It would be curious to study the different standards of honour among cially described, theory of honor, and whoever trespasses against it is, in army parlance, guilty of conduct un-becoming "an officer and a gentle-man." In business and in society, The sardine fisheries in France at wherever people are brought into present employ 20,000 sailors and some contact, there are strong intangible -Hearth and Home.

The Difficulty.

Every one cannot afford to economizo, if you can understand the seeming contradiction. A few geniuses can strike out new plans of life, but most men find that more trouble is saved by falling in with the stream than by struggling against it. The man who tries to divide his allegiance, to remain in the world without paying the world's price for it, will generally have little reward beyond the trifling satisfaction of a good cousaid that saving comes easier to the bor. The chairs with which we are bound are riveted upon us with terrible strength. Our bondage cannot be broken by a single good resolution, the regular groove.

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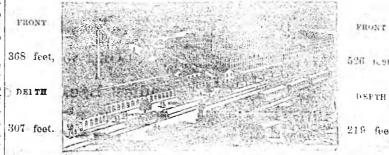
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