

The great vice of Affenthal has this quality, that one-half bottle makes you kind, firm, and free to do good and obstinate.

He said the same thing again in a great many words and with much emphasis; after he awoke from his nap, Miss Blanche having discreetly withdrawn.

"But, my dear Doctor," urged Strout, "this is an affair of the heart, not of meta physics; and you leave for Nuremberg to-morrow, and now is my last chance."

"You are an excellent young man in several respects," rejoined the Doctor. "Abjure your active materialism and your metaphysics with all my heart."

Here, then, were three people, two of them young and in love with each other, divided by a question of metaphysics, the most abstract and unresolvable of all questions.

Strout went whistling from the Prinz Carl Hotel toward his room in the Ploetzstrasse. He reviewed his parting with Blanche.

perhaps, have discovered that behind the friendly interest that glimmered on the glasses of the Professor's gold-bowed spectacles a pair of small, steel-gray eyes were observing him with the keen, narcoleptic coldness of a hawk.

"You have seen, Herr Professor," said Strout in conclusion, "that the case is hopeless. My dear fellow," replied the Professor, "I see nothing of the kind."

"But it is a matter of conviction," explained Strout. "One cannot reason the truth into one to gain a wife. She herself would despise me if I did."

"In this world everything is true and nothing is false," replied the Professor, sententiously. "You must change your convictions. That is impossible!"

The Professor blew a great cloud of smoke, and regarded the young man with an expression of pity and surprise. It seemed to Strout that Aristotle and Leibniz, Leenwenboeck, Pappenhelm and Gall were all looking down upon him with pity and surprise.

Strout looked at his respected instructor in blank amazement. "What do you call your convictions?" continued the professor in matters of mental constitution, depending on adventitious circumstances.

in good condition, he deliberately rolled up the sleeves of his coat and approached the unconscious Strout.

"About on the medium line, just behind the junction of the coronal and sagittal sinuses," whispered Prof. Schwank, eagerly.

"Yes, I know—I know," replied Diggelmann. "It was on the point of cutting away with his scalpel some of the brown hair that encumbered operations on the top of Strout's head, when the door was quickly opened from the outside and a young lady, attended by a maid entered without ceremony."

"I am Blanche Bellgory," the young lady announced to the astonished savants, as soon as she had recovered her breath, "I have come to—"

"At this moment she perceived the motionless form of Strout upon the reclining chair, while the gleaming steel in Dr. Diggelmann's hand caught the alert eyes. She uttered a little shriek and ran toward the group.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she cried. "I am too late, and you have already killed him." "Calm yourself, I beg you," said the polite professor. "No circumstances is terrible to which you have not been subjected."

deism, young gentleman. You haven't been trephined yet."

Strout looked in amazement from one to another of his friends; but their faces confirmed the surgeon's statement.

"But, after all," imposed Dr. Bellgory, "it makes little difference what agent has opened our friend's mind to a perception of the truth. It is a matter for congratulation that the surgical operation becomes no longer necessary."

"The two Germans exchanged glances of dismay. "We shall lose the opportunity for our experiment," the Professor whispered to Diggelmann. Then he continued aloud, addressing Strout: "I should advise you to submit to the operation, nevertheless."

Blanche also began to understand the true motives which had led the German Professor to interfere in her love affair. She cast an approving glance at Strout, and arose to depart. The three Americans moved toward the door.

Prof. Schwank and Dr. Diggelmann joyfully crushed their death with rage. Miss Bellgory turned and made them a low courtesy. "If you must trephine somebody, for the sake of Science, gentleman," she remarked, with her sweetest smile, "you might draw lots to see which of you shall trephine the other."

SPRING STYLES. How the Ladies Will Bedeck Themselves During the Coming Season—The Latest Novelties.

Judging from the appearance of the sleeves and cuffs in the many-lined fabrics displayed for costumes, and the same lines are repeated in flowers, feathers, foliage and straws designed for military purposes.

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the bottom of this under a pinked out plaiting of silk and a piece of broadcloth heliotrope satin is laid on the front of the skirt under the raised edges of the polonaise. The same broadcloth forms the low cut vest, pocket and cuffs on the half sleeves.

A white chip hat has a shirred lining of heliotrope Turin satin, string of the satin doubled and fringed at the ends; the roses, pasties, violets and sweet william clustered on the top, and a half wreath of pale and dark violets around the short curtain at the back.

A black lace bonnet has a broad, flat crown covered with embroidered lace in black jets and gold thread, representing wheat ears; a monture of crimson shaded silken poppies surrounds the face, which is bordered with gold lace; beaded black lace strings, with gold lace on the ends, are fastened on the breast by a gold fastener.

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Lord Nelson and His Protege. It was a bright morning in spring, and the English fleet lay at anchor in Portsmouth Harbor awaiting the Admiral's signal to start on a cruise.

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