

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"

CHAPTER I.

"All right, Maggie; I'm rising. You can go now, honour bright!" and the speaker wound the clothes tightly round him, and rolled over, preparatory to taking another nap.

"But you must rise at once, Master Mickie; this is your last morning, and Miss Mavis is waiting for you in the schoolroom." As she spoke the maid advanced and shook him heartily, by way of enforcing her words.

"Oh, confound it! so it is," and with one bound Mickie was in the middle of the floor, causing Maggie to beat a hasty retreat.

After making fully more noise than a young walrus over his ablutions, he hastily drew a comb through his fiery hair and hurried down stairs, wriggling into his jacket as he went.

A tall girlish form, in a pretty sailor costume, was leaning out of the schoolroom window, and when Mickie entered she did not turn her head.

"Good morning, Mavis; what's up? Are you angry because I'm late? I'm really awfully sorry."

"No, I'm not angry; I'm—I'm smelling the roses, Mickie."

When she did turn her head she was wiping her blue eyes and blowing her little red nose very hard; but it was only dew off the roses, she assured Mickie, for Mickie thought it spooney to cry. But, somehow, Mickie wasn't nearly so scornful and unsympathetic as usual this morning; he let the explanation pass—in fact, he got hold of a rose and smelled it very hard himself.

And when Mavis cuddled up to him, and laid her brown curly head on his shoulder, he only said, "Don't bother, Mavis," and blew his nose.

"Oh, Mickie," said Mavis presently, "must you really go away?"

"Yes," answered Mickie stoutly; "why, I'm eighteen, Mavis! If I don't go away now I'll never be able to marry you. But it won't be long, I'll only be a year or two at college, then I'll do something wonderful and be made a colonel; of course, we'll be married immediately, and have yachts and horses, and everything awful jolly."

"But I don't want to be married, Mickie,—indeed I don't, if you would only stay at home; unless, of course—with a pang—you wanted to marry some one else!"

"Oh, but you don't understand, Mavis; girls never do," he replied, with calm superiority. "A fellow must remember his position. Papa meant me to be a soldier, and I will be. But," he added, consolingly, "you can write to me if you like."

"Of course I will, every day," cried Mavis impulsively.

Even in that hour of parting the thought flashed through Mickie's mind, "What will the fellows think?" but he only said soothingly, "All right, Lobster"—a nickname deemed appropriate from poor Mavis's tendency to blush. Just then the breakfast bell rang, and thrusting a rose into Mickie's hand, Mavis darted upstairs to wash from her face the traces of the dew.

Mickie was the only son of a distinguished colonel. Early deprived of his parents, he had been brought up in the family of his guardian, a Free Kirk minister placed near Edinburgh; and now, in accordance with his father's earnest wishes, was about to begin his military career.

Breakfast was begun when Mavis entered the dining-room, and a perfect chorus of polite greetings from her brothers assailed her.

"The bloom from your cheeks has gone to your nose, Lbestero."

"Have you risen of your wrong side, lovey?"

"My daughter, don't make faces; you've no beauty to spare."

"Hush, boys," said Mr. Douglas peremptorily. "Come away, Mavis, my lassie; I darsay you've slept in."

"Mickie and Mavis were up early studying, as usual," said Agnes, the gentle elder sister; and her blue spectacles prevented her observing the broad wink which Tom bestowed upon Mickie, who seemed suddenly smitten with a violent irritation of the larynx. But it did not escape Mr. Douglas's watchful eye, and he demanded severely—

"Thomas, what does Solomon say of him that winketh with the eye?"

Thomas was not at all clear on the subject, but not caring to confess as much, grumbled something away down in his boots, rather doubtful of Charlie's whispered hint, "Is a knowing blade, and so am I."

"Remind me, and we will inquire into the matter together on Sabbath, my son."

The turn the conversation had taken seemed to revive Mavis wonderfully, and she asked briskly, with a triumphant smile, at Tom—

"Are you going to take Neddy to the station with Mickie's box?"

"Yes, but you ain't coming," said Tom, gruffly.

"Why?" she asked in injured tones.

"One cuddy's enough," replied her amiable brother.

"I really don't think you should, Lobster," said Charlie kindly; "you'd be sure to cry and kiss Mickie, and I'm sure he wouldn't like it."

So Mavis yielded, and sat heroically on the top spar of the garden gate, waving a tiny damp handkerchief, till the fair face with its crown of bright red curls vanished—for how long?—from her sight.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright May morning when, with a conscious carmine in her cheeks and a bouquet of fragrant spring flowers in her hand, Mavis frisked into the dining room, exclaiming—

"Look, Nan, that silly Mr. Foote has—"

Suddenly she paused, for a great military looking man had risen from the window and was coming toward her. "I beg your pardon," she murmured in confusion and was about to retreat when Agnes's voice, from the doorway behind her, exclaimed—

"Mavis, is it possible you don't know Mickie?"

"Nonsense!" she cried, running forward with outstretched hands and a glad smile of welcome. "Why, Mickie, how you've grown!"

Agnes said. "He is Colonel Balfour now." "I am very glad," said Mavis soberly. Then their last conversation in the schoolroom, and what they had arranged was to happen when Mickie was made Colonel, flashed through her mind and her face flamed scarlet.

Just at that moment a tiny pink note dropped from her bouquet at Mickie's feet. He lifted it and offered it to her coldly; as she took it from his hand her fingers trembled, and noting her confusion and the deep blush on her lovely face, he turned from her in despair, his dread deepened into conviction that her love for him was gone.

In the evening Tom, now a highly polished, promising young barrister, brought Mr. Foote, a gentleman farmer, home to dinner. They had been High School chums and though there was now little affinity in their natures, Tom good-naturedly endured Mr. Foote's society, that their friendship might give the poor fellow some excuse for his frequent visits to the Manse.

When Mickie and Mr. Foote were introduced Mavis could not help noting how ill Mr. Foote's black hair, bright complexion, and boisterous greeting contrasted with Mickie's fair fine features and cold though courteous acknowledgment.

"But what if he is handsome," she thought bitterly; "he is as calm and unmovable as a statue, as heartless as a stone. I will let him see that his iciness is nothing to me. He need not fear that I will distress him with my obnoxious presence and attentions." And she turned to Mr. Foote with gentle raillery on her lips, the prelude to a spirited flirtation.

Mr. Foote took her in to dinner. Mr. Foote turned her music. Mr. Foote held a skein of wool for her to wind. And every time her fair finger touched his, as she unravelled some knot his clumsiness had occasioned, a fierce stab of jealousy pierced Mickie's heart.

"Now you will sing us something, won't you, Miss Mavis?" asked Mr. Foote, as the last round of wool fell from his fingers. She laid the wool in his hand, and silently complied.

"So she is obedient already, is she?" was Mickie's mental comment.

Presently the first soft notes of the song fell on his ear. He could scarcely credit his senses; in a low, clear voice of exquisite pathos she was singing "Robin Adair." The wild, wailing cry, "Now thou art cold to me," had hardly died away when her voice rose again, clear and steady as a bell, in proud declaration of faithfulness—"Still in my heart shall dwell, he whom I love so well. Oh! I can ne'er forget, Robin Adair."

Was it possible he had misjudged her after all? His heart beat fast with trembling anxiety; but as he leaned forward, trying to catch a glimpse of her face, she rose swiftly from the piano, and turning to Mr. Foote, said gaily, "There, you tiresome man, are you content? Now I mean to be dreadfully busy, so don't ask me to sing any more to night," and taking up her work, she seated herself on an ottoman at Agnes's feet, carefully averting her face from Mickie.

What did she mean? Her whole soul seemed to sob out in the song; but if she had really felt it, could she have stifled her feelings so quickly, and turned gaily as she did to Mr. Foote? No, it was mere caprice, an inexplicable act of an inexplicable creature—woman; and Mickie crushed back the conflicting emotions that were rising in his heart and thanked her briefly, as courtesy required.

"Indeed, Miss Mavis," said Mr. Foote, looking at his watch, "I must leave you now, both as I am to go, I see it is getting late. But be sure your exquisite rendering of that lovely song will echo in my dreams."

"Why, Mr. Foote," said Agnes, laughing "isn't that rather hard on poor Mavis? It is usually something disagreeable that haunts one's dreams."

But Mavis gave him her hand in silence, for once unable to reply.

A single candle still burned at the piano, and in its dim light Mavis bent alone arranging her music folio. A firm step on the carpet caused her to turn round, and Mickie was at her side.

"Good night and good bye, Miss Mavis," he said in his freezing tones; "I shall be gone to-morrow before you are up." And before she could answer he vanished as suddenly as he came.

CHAPTER III.

The sun, after many sallies into Mr. Foote's bedroom, had at length succeeded in awaking him; and with a tremendous yawn he heaved his huge well-made body out of bed, the consciousness that he had rather an awful undertaking to go through was preying upon his mind. Less than two hours afterwards a jaunty figure in a light suit of a large and pleasing check, with a drab hat inclined rakishly over the left ear and a large hot-house bouquet in its coat, issued from the porch of a hotel in the neighborhood, and took its way towards the Manse.

Mavis was in the garden gathering lilies in a delicate cream dress, and a soft blue wrap thrown over her head and shoulders. Not less fair than the fragrant flowers among which she was bending, and scarcely less fragile she looked as she raised her head to greet Mr. Foote.

Her face was a delicate oval, her features regular and clearly cut. But there were great dark shadows in and round her eyes, and the pink in her cheeks, though very lovely, was far too bright and transient for health.

"Good morning, Miss Mavis. Your costume is very charming; but is it entirely prudent?"

"Well, I think so. It is very mild, is it not?"

"Yes; but we have an old Scotch proverb—"

"Oh, I know it," laughed Mavis; "Never cast a cloot till May's wheel out."

"That's it, Miss Mavis, I want to ask a favor."

"Say on."

"Will you let me choose a flower out of your garden for my very own?"

"Surely!" she answered, standing back from the border; "that is a very modest request. Make a careful selection, and choose a pretty one."

"There is only one I care about, and if I am to have it you must give me it. You are the fairest of them all. Miss Mavis," he said, suddenly lowering his voice, "give me yourself."

"Mr. Foote!" the wrap dropped from her shoulders, and her great eyes dilated with surprise. "I never dreamt of that. I hope you do not mean it; for I am very sorry, but I cannot, oh, I cannot!"

"Miss Mavis!" he exclaimed, coming closer in his dismay, "you cannot mean it; until this morning you have given me every en-

couragement a man could wish. Perhaps I have said it too suddenly. Don't be distressed, dear Mavis. I can wait," and he approached her and began gently arranging the shawl about her shoulders. But Mavis pushed him from her in breathless eagerness.

"No, no, Mr. Foote; you must understand it can never be. It is no use to wait. I do not love you, and I never can."

He gazed at her intently, all the lines of his face hardening, as he said, "Are you in earnest?"

"Yes," she sobbed. "Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. Foote, I—"

But he cut her short. "I leave you to judge if you have acted as a true woman," he said sternly. "All the love of my life is yours, but till you send for me you shall never see my face again." And with a magnificently scornful bow he left her.

One morning towards the end of August Mavis found the *Times* on her plate at breakfast addressed in a gentleman's hand that sent a strange thrill to her heart.

"Open quick, Mavis!" cried Charlie. "I think it's from Mickie. See if he's been made General or Commander-in-Chief, or what!"

The inward sheet was folded outward, and red ink dashes directed Mavis's glance to the following item in the marriage column:

"At 42 Eaton Square, on the 22d inst., Colonel Michael Balfour of the 9d Highlanders, to Alice Mary, only daughter of Graham Eastwood, Esq., of Rayleigh, Essex."

"Come on," cried Charlie impatiently, "what is it?" then catching sight of her white, drawn face, he started to his feet just in time to catch her as she fell.

"Here, Agnes, quick; she has fainted!"

CHAPTER IV.

Four years had passed with many changes. Mr. Douglas was gathered to his fathers, but Mavis and Agnes and the boys lived on in their old home.

It was a dull, grey November day. No light from without enlivened the gloom within. But Mavis would not ring for candles, for she felt that the gloom would help her in the trial that was to come. They sat together in the fire-light, Mavis's head on Agnes's knee, and ever and anon the elder sister smoothed with a gentle hand the lines of pain that gathered on the younger's brow.

"At last Mavis spoke with an effort—'Will the table do?'"

"It is beautiful, dear," Agnes answered. "They should be here immediately now."

Even as she spoke a bell sounded, and with a stifled "O Agnes!" Mavis started to her feet.

"Colonel and Mrs. Balfour," announced the servant, and Agnes went forward with gracious words of welcome, while Mavis stood trembling in the shadow, striving vainly to regain her self-control.

"And where's the Mavis I've heard so much of?" cried Mrs. Balfour peering into the gloom. "Why, here she is!" and Mavis was clasped in a warm embrace.

Glad to be released Mavis hastily shook hands with Colonel Balfour, and then bent over the child, a frail little girl of two, with great mournful black eyes, and began taking off her hat and cape.

"Don't undress her here, please, Mavis," said Mrs. Balfour. "I had rather go straight to my room; I feel tired and dusty, and Netta wants to be put to bed."

Taking the child in her arms Mavis led the way, glad to escape from the strain of Mickie's presence.

"Why, child," exclaimed Mrs. Balfour, sharply, as Mavis turned up the bedroom gas and turned to go, "how pale and thin you are! What is wrong?"

"Heart disease," she answered, with a strange, sad smile. Then, with a sudden harsh sarcasm in her tone, "Don't be alarmed, dear Mrs. Balfour; it is not likely to kill me for many a year to come." And closing the door softly she was gone.

When Mavis re-entered the drawing-room Colonel Balfour was alone. "Mavis," he said, hoarsely, "come here a moment. There is something I must say to you."

"Well," she uttered, pausing, pale, and trembling, in the doorway.

"Why did not you marry Mr. Foote?"

"I never loved him."

"Never; not even at the first?"

"No, never."

"Then why did you deceive me? O Mavis, how could you! If I had only known."

"You were so cold," sobbed Mavis, "I was frightened to show you I loved you; but I did, Mickie, all the time."

"Don't!" she cried, sharply, as Mickie would have touched her. "Don't make it worse. It can't be helped now," and she fled from the room.

CHAPTER V.

It was Christmas Eve. The dining-room was brilliantly lighted, and a tempting tea-laid on a snowy cloth. Agnes sat in an easy-chair gazing into the fire, her hands unwontedly idle, folded in her lap. Mavis was seated at her desk, a great pile of cards and envelopes before her. She, too, was gazing into the fire, and a half sad, half mischievous smile lingered on her lips, as if some pleasant memory were present with her. Suddenly the smile widened into a low rippling laugh, and she exclaimed, "I tell you what, Agnes, I feel very wicked and frisky; I think I'll send a card to poor old Jamie Foote."

"All right," said Agnes, with an answering smile; "what will you send him?"

"That," answered Mavis, handing her a beautiful bunch of lilies, with "Should auld acquaintance be forgot? M. D." on the back.

"Capital!" cried Agnes. "But, Mavis, if you recall him, you will have to marry him."

"I know," said Mavis, thoughtfully; "but I think I could now, Nan."

"I am very glad, dear; it will be a great joy for him, and really he deserves it, for he has behaved beautifully through it all."

"I'm glad to hear it," Agnes answered, laughing, "that relieves my mind about the shortbread, I mean to devote myself to it."

"Agreed," said Mavis. "I hope that damsel hurries with these letters."

"I must investigate this, now my appetite is appeased," she remarked, presently, taking up the paper. "Why," in surprise, "it is to me, in Mrs. Balfour's writing. Oh, how nice, listen, Agnes," and she began in a tone of triumph—"Distinguished throughout the action for a courage and self-possession that have seldom been surpassed, Colonel Balfour fell—"

—her voice rose into a wild, beseeching cry—"Oh, Agnes, is he dead?"

The mid-day post on Christmas brought a lovely card to Mavis from Mr. Foote, bearing the words, "Certainly not. I will be down with the evening express. Till then kindest regards and greetings.—J. A. Foote." But Mavis, lying pale and miserable on the sofa, pushed it from her with a moan.

Years of comfort and inaction had changed Mr. Foote. Though a faithful lover, and glad from the heart to receive his recall, he had not pined in his banishment; and though his black hair was thickly streaked with grey, his complexion was ruddier than ever, and he had grown fat—nothing coarse or corpulent, but decidedly fat.

Struggling under her new sorrow Mavis tried to receive him kindly and stifle the sense of loathing that arose whenever he approached. But all her efforts were fruitless, and Mr. Foote, conscious that she shrank from him on all occasions, determined to have an explanation. As she was passing upstairs for the night he drew her into the dining-room.

"Listen, Miss Mavis. I asked you once before to be my wife. My love has never changed, and I ask you once again."

"I cannot," sobbed Mavis in helpless misery, her face hidden in her hands.

"Then," he answered, towering over her in indignation, "why did you recall me? You have neither heart, soul nor conscience; you play with the deepest feelings of a man's nature. You are not worth an honest man's regret."

He threw her hand from him as if it burnt him, and strode out into the night. The grey dawn of the morning was beginning to streak the east. The sound of a chamber-door softly opened and closed echoed through the silent house. A figure in an old faded sailor costume stole into the schoolroom, and laying her brown curly head on the hard window-seat—for there was no manly breast to support it now—sobbed with a low wailing cry, "O, Mickie! Mickie!"

Stanley and Salisbury.

H. M. Stanley's criticism of England's African policy has provoked Lord Salisbury to make reply. The Premier claimed that nothing had been surrendered to Germany, because no agreement had been arrived at as yet; and that it was impossible that England could make a settlement not acceptable to those principally concerned—the trading companies, missions, etc. Moreover he contended that in a matter involving issues so vast it was wise to "make haste slowly." Said he: "The acquisition of this magnificent territory which Stanley has revealed must be viewed from the point of prudence as well as from that of boldness. After our experience at Khartoum, grave reflection and the full assent of Parliament and the country are necessary before committing ourselves to the defence of a territory that is only accessible to the sea after three months' travel." To this Stanley replies in a long and caustic letter, in which he says: "If the German colonial demands be granted it would be more economical to make Germany a gift of the whole British sphere in Africa. Then British investors might obtain so many shillings for the pounds they so credulously have been victimized out of. He declares the German sphere is the finest in Africa and adds: 'Still their cry is, give! give! If you think they are better adapted than the English to civilize Africa, do nothing half-heartedly. Yield all, including Egypt. Excessive amiability may become an infirmity, and the infirmity of negligence, like other diseases, grows till it ends in chronic senility.' Though this 'passage at arms' between the Premier and the illustrious traveler is not the most seemly thing that can be imagined, there is a probability that it will not be unproductive of good, and that it will result in a more vigorous policy being adopted. The fact that Lord Salisbury condescended to notice the strictures at all is an evidence that he does not feel supremely satisfied with what his government has done. While cautioning Englishmen against the danger of over-estimating the facts set forth by Mr. Stanley, it is more than likely that he is laying his plans for action more in keeping with the demands of the hour. It would be a great pity if any false sentiment regarding international comity, or excessive caution should prevent England from taking her rightful part in the work of civilizing the many millions of the Dark Continent.

Aphorisms.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—[Clarendon.]

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—[Addison.]

Conceit and confidence are both of them cheats; the first always imposes on itself, the second frequently deceives others too.—[Zimmerman.]

Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever; and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.—[Aristotle.]

A dull man is so near a dead man that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—[Saville.]

No one sees the wallet on his own back, though every one carries two packs, one before, stuffed with the faults of his neighbors; the other behind, filled with his own.—[Old Proverb.]

Such is the destiny of great men that their superior genius always exposes them to be the butt of the venomous darts of calumny and envy.—[Voltaire.]

The Life to Come.

Unseen, unheard, undreamed! "But as it is written. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—*I Corinthians ii, 9.*

The Apostle Paul is here quoting a passage from the prophecies of Isaiah. The phraseology is not quite identical, but as the case so often in the Scriptures, the one passage helps to expound and make clear what may seem indefinite and perplexing in the other. It may be laid down as a rule, that the Bible is its own best expositor. The passage from Isaiah is a little different from the quotation in Corinthians. Isaiah says: "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what he had prepared for his that waiteth for Him." It is hardly needful to remark that this passage as expressed by Paul has been frequently made to apply almost exclusively to the unimaginable glories of the heavenly state. Such a use of these words is perfectly natural and reasonable. The deep-laid longings for a life to come, the inborn yearnings for immortality, that form not only a part, but the very best part of our nature, are sure to give rise to many earnest questionings concerning that eternal state. We are not, and perhaps could not well be content with only broad outlines and general promises. We long to pierce through the thick folds of that veil that hides from us the shekinah of the universe of God. In our earnest longings we forget our limitations. Wonderful as is this gift of mortal vision we can not see on a level prairie or at sea a hundred miles! How can we see into eternity? If a man should lift up his voice like a trumpet, or a choir should sing in loudest strains ten miles away, we should neither hear sermon or anthem, so limited is this wonderful gift of hearing. How then can we hear the music of the cherubim and seraphim who day and night without ceasing continually do cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth." All that the eye has seen is as nothing to the splendors that remain unseen! All that the ear has heard is as nothing to the music that shall break upon the ear attuned to heavenly song. Nay more! all that the heart has yearned for of things high and holy, all that the mind has dreamed of in its lofty flights will be more than realized—and the cry of Sheba's queen will break forth from the helms of the redeemed. They, too, with grateful wonder will exclaim: "The half was never told." But while, as we have said, it is reasonable to apply these words to the undreamed-of glories of the life to come, it is almost certain that the words were not intended either by Isaiah of Paul to have this exclusive meaning and application. It is as true of the life that is, of the life to come, that God has in store for those who love Him, for the church and for all who wait hopefully and trustingly on Him, stores of grace and blessings of which we have no dream. Isaiah never dreamed of an Apostle Paul, and Paul never dreamed of a Luther and Luther never dreamed of the Wesleys, either John the greatest preacher and evangelist, or Samuel the greatest singer of the eighteenth century. We may take these words and bind them about the history of our personal lives. And if they are thus bound about our lives and graven on our hearts they will inspire us with courage and with hope. Has not all our life that is past been a continual history of God's ways? Let us look out gladly and hopefully to coming days. What doors of usefulness He will open before us we can not tell. We go forth at a peradventure. A hand divine is leading us, leading us through more wonderful ways than the desert of old was to God's chosen people. God's reserve stores of benedictions are infinite. His grace will be richer than our loftiest dreams. All that we long for, hoped for, dream of, yearn for, will God be to us, and much more abundantly if we love Him and wait patiently for Him.

A Defender of Russia.

Mr. Dunster, American vice-consul general at St. Petersburg, is at present on a visit to his native land. He is not particularly pleased with the manner in which Mr. Geo. Kennan is showing up the barbarous cruelties connected with the Russian exilesystem. He complains that Mr. Kennan, whom he calls "a sensationalist given to exaggeration," suppresses important facts concerning the character of certain females referred to in his lectures of whom, had he told the whole truth, he should have said that they were plotters against the government and anarchists. Mr. Dunster claims that the Russian prisons stand on an equal plane with any in this country. "Prisoners," he says, "are well treated and well fed, while the prison system is in many respects better than the American." The unfortunate thing about this testimony is, that it is not above the suspicion of being influenced by the relation the witness sustains to the authorities at St. Petersburg, whose favor it can be conceived he would naturally desire to retain. Moreover it has the misfortune of standing alone, while Mr. Kennan's story is fully corroborated by Mr. Felix Brant, who, after twenty years in Siberia, escaped to America and is at present lecturing in Ontario. Mr. Brant's account is no less creditable to Russia than the story of Mr. Kennan. Those who are capable of putting two and two together are not likely to be deceived by the apologies of Mr. Dunster, however much they might wish his presentation was correct.

It is to be presumed that the half dozen Turks who the other day engaged in an oscillatory exercise in which the fair ones concerned were not willing partners were under the spell of Burns' ballad:

"If a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?"

It is likely, however, that they will now change their opinion concerning the harmlessness of kissing a woman against her will. Six months' imprisonment and banishment for life, is a price which few would care to pay for the momentary pleasure. Such is the sentence imposed by the Turkish authorities upon the officer and five students who assaulted and forcibly kissed the wife and daughter of the chief dragoman of the Russian Embassy while walking in the public garden at Constantinople. The Sultan has done well in so sternly condemning the outrage, and in making such an exhibition of its unprincipled perpetrators. "Them that sin retainke that others may fear."

It is to be presumed that the half dozen Turks who the other day engaged in an oscillatory exercise in which the fair ones concerned were not willing partners were under the spell of Burns' ballad:

"If a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?"

It is likely, however, that they will now change their opinion concerning the harmlessness of kissing a woman against her will. Six months' imprisonment and banishment for life, is a price which few would care to pay for the momentary pleasure. Such is the sentence imposed by the Turkish authorities upon the officer and five students who assaulted and forcibly kissed the wife and daughter of the chief dragoman of the Russian Embassy while walking in the public garden at Constantinople. The Sultan has done well in so sternly condemning the outrage, and in making such an exhibition of its unprincipled perpetrators. "Them that sin retainke that others may fear."

It is to be presumed that the half dozen Turks who the other day engaged in an oscillatory exercise in which the fair ones concerned were not willing partners were under the spell of Burns' ballad:

"If a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?"

It is likely, however, that they will now change their opinion concerning the harmlessness of kissing a woman against her will. Six months' imprisonment and banishment for life, is a price which few would care to pay for the momentary pleasure. Such is the sentence imposed by the Turkish authorities upon the officer and five students who assaulted and forcibly kissed the wife and daughter of the chief dragoman of the Russian Embassy while walking in the public garden at Constantinople. The Sultan has done well in so sternly condemning the outrage, and in making such an exhibition of its unprincipled perpetrators. "Them that sin retainke that others may fear."

It is to be presumed that the half dozen Turks who the other day engaged in an oscillatory exercise in which the fair ones concerned were not willing partners were under the spell of Burns' ballad:

"If a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?"

It is likely, however, that they will now change their opinion concerning the harmlessness of kissing a woman against her will. Six months' imprisonment and banishment for life, is a price which few would care to pay for the momentary pleasure. Such is the sentence imposed by the Turkish authorities upon the officer and five students who assaulted and forcibly kissed the wife and daughter of the chief dragoman of the Russian Embassy while walking in the public garden at Constantinople. The Sultan has done well in so sternly condemning the outrage, and in making such an exhibition of its unprincipled perpetrators. "Them that sin retainke that others may fear."

It is to be presumed that the half dozen Turks who the other day engaged in an oscillatory exercise in which the fair ones concerned were not willing partners were under the