We Lean on one Another.

O come and listen while I sing
A song of human nature!
For high, or low, we're all akin
To every human creature;
We're all the children of the same,
The great "Creator Almighty Father,"
And from the cradle to the grave
We lean on one another.

It matters little what we wear,
How high or low, our station;
We're all alike—the slaves of sin
And sons of tribulation.
No matter what may be the coat
With which our hearts we cover,
Our hearts within are of one coat
And inked to one another.

A fool's a fool, the world o'er,
Whate'er may be his station;
A snob's a snob tho' he may hold
The sceptre of the nation.
And wisdom was ordained to rule,
Tho' knaves aside may shove her,
That all the human race might live
In love with one another.

A king may need our sympathy,
For all his great attendance;
For among men there's no such thing
As perfect independence.
Tho' great is mighty England's heir
Poor Paddy is his brother!
And from the cabin to the throne
We lean on one another.

The earth beneath's our common home,
The heavens bending o'er us;
And wherever we may turn
Eternity's before us.
By pride and envy we have been
But strangers to each other;
But nature meant that we should lean
In love on one another.

With Adam from the bowers of bliss
We all alike were driven;
And sing and cadger at the last
Must quare accounts with heaven.
We're all in need of sympathy,
Tho' pride the fact may smother;
And it's as little's we can do—
To comfort one another.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Yes," Shirley admitted, turning her face again to the window, with her eyes upon the darkness.

Ruby sat down beside her in the firelight, still holding her hands in hers, and there was silence between them. Ruby's heart was beating fast with hope and expectation; but Shirley was calm with the calmness of despair—she hoped nothing, she feared all. Her only thought now was for Guy. A few tender lines from him had been given her just before he and Oswald started, bidding her take courage, for that his hope was strong; but she knew that, though it was strong, it was groundless. How could she help him to bear it?

"Ruby," said the sweet low voice, which had always a pathetic little intonation, but which now had such a despairing sadness in its music, "you have been crying, dear."

"Nonsense, Shirley! Crying? I don't know how."

"Ah, but there are tears on your face, and tears in your voice," Shirley said, "and I know you have been crying. It will make yourself ill; and then"—with a little break in the calm voice—"what would become of me?"

"You need not be afraid of that, Shirley. I am never ill."

"Was Alice very angry?" Shirley said softly, after a little pause. "Is she very bitter against me, Ruby?"

"Don't talk of her, Shirley; it exhausts the very small amount of patience I possess," answered Miss Capel pettishly.

"But, dear, think how much she must be suffering if, as I fear, she loved Sir Hugh," said Shirley, pitifully finding room in her aching heart for compassion for the girl who had none for her. "You, who have been so good to me, must feel for her also. Poor Alice!"

"Poor Alice!" echoed Ruby disdainfully. "She is greatly to be pitied indeed! She is as capable of feeling love for anyone but herself as that oak table is."

"Hush, dear!" Shirley said, gently. "It is very unlike you to be uncharitable. I have been thinking so much of Alice all night" she went on softly. "It was terrible to reflect that I had brought suffering to her also; and, when Delphine said she was ill, I wished so much to go to her and see if I could do something for her. It is almost the same trouble for her as for Guy, you know; but he, being a man, will feel it more."

"If it is any consolation to you, Shirley, to know that she is not either ill or unhappy, you may safely believe me when I say so," Ruby answered. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick, loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said, warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added, gently, "do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley——"

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing, I believe, could set me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless, despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart. And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, lest that is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him I should be happy; but——" She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank back upon her seat again, all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, since he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby. Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake!"

"My brave Shirley!" Ruby responded tenderly, and for fully half-an-hour the girls sat in the fire-lit hall, Ruby's eyes watching anxiously and sorrowfully the still face turned toward the window, with such terrible pallor and anguish upon it.

Presently a carriage dashed up to the door; but it was only Lady Fairholme and Lady Capel returning from a drive. As they entered the hall, stately in their velvet and furs, with a footman in attendance, Shirley and Ruby rose, and went a step or two forward. Lady Capel saw them, and took Shirley's hand and kissed her; but the words she would have spoken died away upon her lips, as she saw the alteration in the girl's face, and she went on with a mist in her kind eyes. Lady Fairholme had stood still and glanced at them; but she had passed on immediately, without a word or a second look at her husband's niece, and her voice was perfectly unmoved the next minute when she asked why the hall was not yet lighted.

Without a word, Shirley went back to the window; her misery was too great for her aunt's cruelty to touch her; but Ruby's face flushed angrily, and she bit her red lip to suppress the passionate words which in her indignation she was about to utter.

The hall was lighted now, the full glare of gas replacing the ruddy firelight; and the footman had replenished the fire, which blazed up cheerily. Presently Alice came out of the oak parlor and crossed the hall on her way upstairs, her soft pink cashmere draperies sweeping the polished floor as she went her way affectedly and languidly; and still Ruby and Shirley kept their vigil at the window watching for the dog-cart which was to bring Oswald and Guy from the station.

"Ruby, you will be cold; go to the fire, dear," Shirley said softly once; but Ruby did not move.

At last two bright lights came flashing into view in the darkness without, and the sound of rapidly approaching wheels grew clearer and clearer. Shirley rose then, still and calm; but Ruby was trembling so violently that she could hardly stand. Shirley put her arms around her.

"I am afraid all this is too much for you," she said tenderly. "Ruby, how shall I bear it if I have made you ill, too?"

"I am not ill—I am only nervous. Oh, Shirley!" she added, as the hall door was hastily opened from without, and Captain Fairholme, looking haggard and weary, entered, pausing for a moment and shading his eyes, as if the sudden transition from darkness to light dazzled him; then he shut the door behind him, and the girls heard the dog-cart being taken back to the stables.

"Oswald," Shirley said, as she went a few steps toward him, while Ruby, quite overcome by her agitation, sunk down upon the nearest chair and hid her face in her hands, "how cold and tired you look! Come and warm yourself and rest."

Oswald had started violently as her soft calm voice fell upon his ear; then he came to her side, with one swift glance at Ruby's drooping figure, and took both her little hands in his. Burning with fever as they had been a short time previously, they were icy cold now, so cold that the young man could not repress an exclamation.

"How cold you are!" he ejaculated; and for a moment they stood looking at each other in silence, the young officer's eyes full of unspeakable pity and compassion, the girl's heavy with hopeless misery and woe.

"I have no good news for you, dear," he said slowly.

"I did not expect any, Oswald," was the answer, uttered so brokenly, so pitifully, so despairingly, that the tears rose in Captain Fairholme's eyes. "Thank you for all your goodness to—to us. Come and help me to console Ruby," she added.

Captain Fairholme went over to the fire, his eyes dim, and his lips quivering under his dark mustache. Shirley went to Ruby and raised her drooping form and rested the girl's head upon her breast.

"Ruby," she said softly, "try to be brave, dear. You will distress Oswald, and he is very weary."

She drew her gently over to the fire; and for a few minutes they stood there together, Ruby's head on Shirley's breast and her hand in Oswald's, who was hardly less moved. Shirley was the only one who retained any semblance of composure, but she was calm with the calm of despair.

"They give us no hope," Captain Fairholme said then, huskily. "They think that any court would ratify the marriage. Even if you could give a good reason for going to Dumfife with Sir Hugh, it would avail nothing."

"I knew it would be so," said Shirley wearily. "Hush, dear Ruby, don't sob so! And—and Guy—how does he bear it, Oswald?"

The frozen calm of her face was breaking now, and her breath came fast.

"Badly, I fear," Oswald said sadly. "It is early days as yet, Shirley."

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"Where is he, Oswald?"

"He left me at the cross-roads," Oswald replied. "He wanted a walk, he said. Why, Shirley—good Heaven, what is the matter? What are you going to do?"

For Shirley had rushed away down the hall, and was trying with her little hands, heavy bolts of the hall door.

"At the cross-roads!" she repeated, lifting her great restless eyes to her cousin's face, with a wild terror in their depths. "Don't you perceive where he was going? Oh, be quick—for pity's sake, be quick!"

"But, Shirley——"

"Oswald, don't you see?" she cried wildly. "At the cross-roads! He was going to Maxwell—and they must not—oh, Heaven, they must not meet now!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Alone in the library of his splendid home, Sir Hugh Glynn was thinking of the evil deed he had wrought. He was lying back in a deep, luxurious arm-chair. His uncle, from whom he had inherited Maxwell, had been a bibliomaniac, and he had not spared his wealth, which had been great, to gratify his mania.

Many a volume which would have delighted a connoisseur, but which possessed little interest for the uninitiated, lined the shelves which surrounded the room on all sides, broken into on one by the carved doorway which faced the magnificent black marble mantel on the other. Even between the two great stained-glass windows, the volumes had taken refuge; there was not an available space anywhere which had not been utilized, and the room contained as magnificent a collection of books as any in the kingdom.

But the present owner of the collection cared but little for it at any time. Had he wanted money, it would not have cost him a pang to sacrifice the books over which his uncle had spent so much time and trouble and so much gold. But now he never gave them a thought. There was a heavy burden upon his brow, partly of displeasure and partly of pain; for his injured arm troubled him still, and the fever of his mind had not tended to lessen his bodily discomfort.

He was alone at Maxwell; but he had no present intention of remaining there. As soon as this troublesome business was settled, he would take his wife to the south of France to introduce her to his mother, and then they would travel for a time. He had no doubt as to the result of Major Stuart's application to the lawyers. Even if the matter were brought before the law-courts, the decision must have been in his favor. Shirley could not account for her visit to Dumfife with him; for, even if it would have saved her, she would not betray her brother's trust and ruin his reputation and his prospects. She was his wife, Sir Hugh knew, married to him by the abominable law in force in the country in which poor Shirley had passed three dreary years, which had culminated in this crowning misery—married to him by treachery and baseness and falsehood truly, but his nevertheless. Yet, even while Hugh Glynn's eyes brightened as he thought of her beauty and grace and sweetness, the frown on his white forehead deepened as he puffed slowly at his cigar and remembered the look of horror, of loathing, of contempt, which had been on his wife's face when he saw it last.

"If she had loved me only a little!" he said, half aloud, with a sudden yearning in the blue eyes which chased away all their sleepiness and their coldness. "If she had given me a little of the love she lavished upon him—hang him!" And the blue eyes darkened with savage jealousy and anger. How easily Guy had won that for which he would have given his life.

Why, even for the possession of her, to call her his own, to look upon her loveliness, and know that she was his wife, he had given his honor. What would he not have given to see her eyes rest upon him as they rested upon Guy, to have her lips meet his in requited love, to feel her hand steal into his and linger there? His wealth, his life! For he loved her.

He loved her. That was his one excuse for the treachery he had committed, and which, even in his own eyes, seemed hideously vile. He loved her madly, wildly, with all the passion of his nature; and instead of letting this love lift him to a higher life, he had yielded to the subtle temptation with which he had been tempted, and let it sink him to the level of a traitor.

She was Guy's betrothed, Guy's one ewe-lamb in all the world, for he had neither riches, nor title, nor position, nor beauty to win a woman's fancy and subdue her heart; and Guy was his friend, his tried and trusty friend, to whose courage he owed the life he enjoyed. His friend—and yet he had betrayed him! Guy had saved his life, and he had taken from him what was far dearer to him than life. When that fatal love that had entered both hearts at sight of Shirley Ross's fair face had come between them, all the old friendship and gratitude had died out of Hugh Glynn's heart, killed by his savage jealousy and passion. Many a time he had felt that he could have killed Guy Stuart when he had seen him with Shirley, and the very repression he had been forced to exercise had doubled his passionate resentment. And then Latreille had told him the story of poor Marian Ross's betrayal, which had suggested the idea of her daughter's; and temptation had come into his way through Guy's faith in him and Shirley's, and thus he had betrayed it, thus he had requited.

He rose from his seat and moved up and down the stately room restlessly. He almost wished that he had spared her; and yet to leave her to Guy—to let her be his wife—no, it was impossible! But that scornful face, that wailing, despairing cry which rung in his ears even now. Ah, how she loved Guy!

Amid all his jealousy and remorse and triumph, the bitterest thought in Sir Hugh Glynn's mind was that in his place Guy Stuart would have acted very differently. If Shirley had loved him—Hugh—Guy would never have lifted his finger, if by so doing he could have won her love; he would have buried it in his own heart and gone away without one word to trouble her peace, or to pain the friend who had been more fortunate than he. Sir Hugh felt instinctively that that would have been Guy's course in his place, and the thought of that superiority in the man who had been his friend rankled cruelly.

Sir Hugh Glynn loved Shirley, but his love was selfish and unworthy; it was a mixture of passion and admiration for her beauty and pride piqued by her indifference. Guy's love—the man who hated him felt it keenly—Guys love was a nobler love than that.

As the thought crossed his mind, the room door opened quietly, and the man he had wronged entered and closed it silently behind him without a word. Sir Hugh stopped his restless perambulations to and fro, and for fully a minute the two men faced each other in utter silence the—betrayed and the betrayer—the man so cruelly wronged and he who had so cruelly wronged him. In a breathless heavy silence, grim and menacing, they looked at each other, Sir Hugh so handsome and stately for all the suffering which his face showed signs of still, Guy pale, worn, haggard, with a terrible despair on his face—despair which had something reckless in its misery; then Sir Hugh threw back his head with a proud gesture of defiance and said calmly—

"This is an unexpected pleasure. After the courtesies we exchanged yesterday, I could hardly have foreseen this visit."

"Perhaps not"—Guy's voice, hoarse and changed and menacing, fell upon the stillness heavily and slowly—"nevertheless I am here, as you see."

"Charmed to have the honor," Sir Hugh said carelessly; and Guy's eyes lightened with a passionate gleam of fury.

"Take care!" he said between his set teeth. "I am in no mood for exchanging civilities; neither am I in a mood to bear your jeers."

"Then to what am I to attribute the honor you are paying me?" Sir Hugh asked calmly.

Traitor he was, but not a coward, although just now the sting of his conscience told him that he richly deserved the vengeance which looked out of the furious gray eyes, almost black in their concentrated anger and scorn.

"To what?" Guy repeated. "I will tell you. To my desire for vengeance."

"For vengeance! I do not understand you. Is it on me that you would wreak your anger for your *fiancee's* infidelity? Is——"

The words were careless, haughty, mocking in their intonation; but they died upon his lip as Guy rested his hand upon his shoulders, swaying him to and fro with a resistless power.

"Take care," he said, "or I will force the words back through your jibing lips with one blow of my hand!"

Low as the words were spoken, there was a fierce, suppressed passion in their low-breathed utterance which made Sir Hugh Glynn quail for a moment; but his blue eyes, flashing with a steel-like glitter, met Guy's unflinchingly.

"It is not vengeance, but justice," Major Stuart said, in the same low tone—"justice only. Would any vengeance be as great as my wrongs?"

"Ah! You have been to Edinburgh?"

"Yes."

"And you have seen the lawyers you wished to consult?"

"Yes."

Hugh interrogated calmly, although the pitiless hand still kept its iron grip of his shoulder.

"You know it well," Guy said, with a sudden, irrepressible burst of pain. "I need not repeat it."

There was a moment's silence. They were standing on the rug now, and the red flames of the great log fire, as it roared up the wide chimney, fell upon either face.

"There was no need to go," Major Stuart said hoarsely. "You took your measures well. She is your wife, poor unhappy girl; but for your treachery to me, your friend, your baseness to her, a poor child who trusted you, you shall answer to the uttermost, so help me Heaven.

"That I am in your power I know," Sir Hugh answered calmly. "A one armed man will be powerless indeed against such strength as yours. I have wronged you, you say; then take your revenge."

"Only a traitor would shelter himself behind his injuries," said Major Stuart, removing his hand nevertheless. "Can you deny the wrong? I trusted you and you betrayed me."

No reproach could have been more bitter, simple as the words were. Sir Hugh's eyes fell under the others glance, and he half turned away; then, conquering his momentary remorse, he resumed his old haughtiness.

"That the wrong is irreparable I know," Guy went on. "And yet, if you were generous— Such a marriage cannot be binding! It is not binding in the sight of Heaven! Glynn, think how I must suffer, not for myself, but for her, when I stoop to entreat you to set her free. Give her back to me. She does not love you," Major Stuart continued, hoarsely and brokenly. "And she was all I had. Hugh, for the sake of our old friendship, for the sake—yes, I will stoop to plead it—of the service I rendered you once long ago, renounce your claim upon her! Give Shirley her freedom!"

"It is impossible. She is my wife," said Sir Hugh, briefly. "Besides, she herself was willing. She knew her mother's story; she knew the Scottish marriage laws; and, my dear fellow, what you ask is simply an impossibility. Even were it not so, Shirley would never consent."

"How can you persist in that lie?" Major Stuart said, with golden contempt. "The child's own word would not make me believe her false. Do you think the anguish of yesterday does not contradict your words? Each one of them is false as falsehood itself. You are a villain and a liar and a traitor!"

"By heaven, this is unbearable!" cried Sir Hugh, furiously, as he sprung forward.

Guy met him with equal fury. One moment more and they would have been at each other's throats or struggling in the terrible embrace of two men goaded to desperation, who seek vengeance at any cost—one moment more, and the stain of blood-guiltiness might have been on the soul of either; but in that moment the door was burst open and Shirley threw herself between them, pale, breathless, panting, her head uncovered, as she had come from Fairholme Court, her hair disheveled by her headlong flight through the cold night-wind, falling around her, her eyes wild and dilated with the horror and terror which had seized her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The two men fell apart at the first touch of the little trembling hands, and the eyes of both turned upon the girl, who stood, panting and breathless, both hands pressed against her heart, as if to stop the throbbings which seemed as if they must rend it in twain, her face wild and haggard, shaded by her loosened hair, and faint little inarticulate cries of terror escaping from the pale, parted lips. Captain Fairholme, who had paused at the door, went forward quietly and put Shirley gently into a chair, and her head fell back against it in utter exhaustion.

"Has she not suffered enough yet?" said Oswald gravely. "Could you not have spared her this?"

He had turned to Guy, who stood breathing heavily from the restraint he had been forced to place upon himself; but, before he could answer, Shirley looked up quickly and put out one little hand with deprecating gesture of entreaty, which made Sir Hugh's eyes flash. Even now she was pitiful over her lover, he thought bitterly.

"No; do not," she said faintly—"do not blame him, Oswald. He has borne so much, and he has so much to bear. Guy"—she rose feebly and put her hand upon his arm—"try to forgive me, dear, and go home with Oswald."

"Forgive you, darling?" he questioned mournfully, looking down at the pale uplifted face. "I have never blamed you—not for a moment; but, when I look at you, my poor pet, how can I forgive him?"

"Pardon me," Sir Hugh interposed haughtily, "you are speaking to my wife."

Guy's eyes flashed.

"I cannot look at her and forget it," he said bitterly. "Look! Are you not proud of your work?"

Almost involuntarily Sir Hugh turned his eyes upon her, as she stood half supported by her cousin, and his thoughts went back to the night of the ball at Fairholme Court six weeks before. He remembered Shirley then, bright, radiant, beautiful in her sweeping silken robes; he saw her now pale, haggard, lovely still, with that inalienable beauty of form which must always be hers, but with all her brightness faded forever. The contrast smote him with a keen pang of remorse as his eyes rested upon her.

"Guy," the sweet broken-hearted voice continued, "I want you to go away, dear, and not to come back again. It will be best. By and bye—not at first, I know—but after a time, perhaps—I think, I hope, I pray that you may forget me and be very happy. But first will you—can you forgive me?"

"How can you speak of forgiveness between you and me, Shirley?" he asked unsteadily. "There can be none ever needed, my poor child!"

"I did not think you would be angry with me," she said, with a touching childlike confidence in her voice. "But, Guy, if you wish it, I will tell you why I went."

"There is no need, my dearest," he answered gently, taking both her little hands in his; while Sir Hugh looked on, angry and jealous and furious, yet powerless to interfere. "I trust you."

"Thank you, Guy. And—and—you will try to forget?"

"To forget! Ah, Shirley, is that possible? While I have life, I must remember, my child!"

"We were very happy," she whispered brokenly, a smile pitiful to see curving the stiff livid lips. "It is something to have been happy together—even for a few hours, Guy."

"We were very happy, Shirley," he answered hoarsely, looking down with dim eyes at the ghastly face and the great hazel eyes glittering with a bright feverish lustre—"very happy, my poor, darling."

"And last night I was thinking," she went on in the same pitiful trusting manner, "that you might by-and-by have tired of such a foolish girl, and that it was better— I could not think very clearly, Guy," she added, resting her head against his arm, with a little gesture of weariness which was unutterably pathetic, "my head ached so—it aches so now."

Sir Hugh made a quick movement toward her, but Oswald Fairholme put his hand upon his arm.

"Have some pity," he said huskily; and Sir Hugh, involuntarily obeying the movement, drew back and turned away.

Oswald put his hand through his arm and gently forced him to the window, where he threw himself moodily into a chair, his eyes fixed on the group by the fire, while Oswald hid his face with his hand to shut out the despairing faces which haunted him. Shirley had rested her head against Guy's shoulder, and was looking up into his face with restless shining eyes, while her fingers, with a strange uncertain movement, strayed over his rough ulster. Major Stuart had put his arm round her, but he could not trust himself to look upon her face, and he had turned away his head, while under his heavy moustache his lips were set sternly and tightly, and in his brain the question repeated itself—Could any vengeance be too great for such wrongs as his and hers?

"Guy," the sweet low voice went on, while the restless eyes wandered from his face round the room and came back again to their first resting-place, "won't you speak to me, dear? I thought all day that when you came back you would look as you look now. I saw your face all night—all night. Did you sleep, Guy? It seems to me as if I never should sleep again—my head turns so, and my eyes will not close. They told you, did they not, that I was his wife? I knew they would say so. His wife—oh, great Heaven!"

(To be continued.)

ELECTRICITY VS. HANGING.

Three Men Convicted of Murder Express a Preference for the Former Mode Execution.

The New York *Sun* says there are two men in the Tombs convicted of murder—Daniel Lyons, who killed the athlete Quinn and Adolph Reich, who has been found guilty of the murder of his wife. In Brooklyn Jail there is John Greenwald, whose life is demanded for shooting Lyman S. Weeks.

These men have talked freely in answer to the question, "How would you prefer to die—by hanging, or by electricity?" Each one says that if he really must surrender his life he would choose electricity.

Danny Lyons paled just a little at this direct query. "That's a straight question, sure," he said, "but it's fair; it's all right to ask that, for I suppose I'm one of the few, the very few, unfortunate devils in this place or anywhere around here who is best able to answer such a question. Well, I'm for electricity. That seems to me to be the safest for the sheriff and the least cruel to the prisoner. You might say what difference does it make to a man how he dies, as long as he has got to die somehow at some set time. Well, I tell you, it does make a heap of difference. Half the fear would come from the horrible ideas that are connected with hanging and the chances of some slip in the execution."

"But do you think that the knowledge that death was to come by electricity would take away much of the horror and repulsiveness of capital punishment?"

"Of course I do. A man sits down in a chair, the current is turned on. That ends him. He's dead. But by hanging he may not die for five minutes, perhaps twenty. Then we are accustomed to sitting down in chairs, so that there is nothing ugly in doing that; even though a man may know it is a patent chair with a wire fastened to it. But the idea of walking up a gallows and having to stand on a drop, and of waiting for the hangman to fasten the noose and all the other business, is horrible and enough to make a fellow shudder."

Lyons said he would object, however, to the provisions of the Bill that a condemned prisoner shall not know the exact date or hour when the sentence is to be executed.

The Hungarian, Adolph Reich, who has been convicted of killing his wife, said he had seen men hanged for murder and two men shot as spies in the revolution of '48. He knows what death by the guillotine is like, and his preference, he said, would be the electrical mode. The guillotine he thought too bloody; hanging was barbarous, and not sure and safe, while shooting was associated too much with the idea of war.

John Greenwald, the Brooklyn burglar found guilty of shooting Lyman S. Weeks, said he had pondered on the subject a great deal and had concluded that electricity was the best way and that it ought to be adopted. He has talked with men who have tried to hang themselves, and they have told him that their experiences were frightfully horrible. He believes in electricity because it is sudden and painless. The victim, he says, is killed without torture, except that mental torture which must be the lot of any one sufficiently unlucky to get his life in danger. Greenwald declares that neither method will be tried on him, because he is going to have a new trial, and he is sure he won't be convicted again. If he were really to die by command of the law, he says he would not care to know the day or the hour of the execution of the sentence.

Triumph of Grit.

We heard a rather illustrative story lately from one of our neighboring factory towns. An old-fashioned Yankee of Quaker stock, who ran a small shoe factory, indulged in a theory that nothing could pry out of his mind that a moral wrong was somehow perpetrated upon the community at large if a woman were allowed to earn above a stipulated sum each week. As his help was paid by the piece, and he had to keep laity in the main with current prices, he found this rather hard to manage at times. The swiftness of one young woman especially troubled him greatly. She would persist in running financially ahead of others. At last he made a special cut down in her prices, and told her why he did it. She gave him a baleful glance, tightened her lips and went on working. By Saturday night next, despite the cut down, she made ten cents above the week before. Another week went by, when he cut her down still more. The damsel still proved game and rose to the occasion. After a week or more the Quaker conscience grew "scared" and asked her what she meant. "It means," said the girl, "that you may keep on and I'll keep on till you have a corpse on your hands in this workroom, for I'm grit and you can't conquer me!" The race ended there, and the girl was allowed normal pay.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Question of Corsets.

A correspondent of *Le Figaro* puts this question:

"Suppose a woman has a good figure; her waist, measured only over her undergarment, without straining, is seventy centimeters (about twenty-eight inches) around. When this same woman puts on her corsets, lacing as much as possible, what will be the smallest size to which she can reduce her waist and keep it so, without danger, after she is dressed?"

She adds:

"Do you not think that physicians put too much stress on the injurious effects of corsets? These gentlemen ought to consider the modifications effected in the formation of the body of woman in consequence of the wearing of corsets for several generations. At the present day, corsets, even very tight ones, may be uncomfortable, but they can hardly be dangerous.

Mr. Thomas Seldon, was elected Mayor of Ingersoll yesterday, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mayor Buchanan.

A French bachelor advertised for a wife. A typographical error changed his age from 37 to 67, but it made no difference, for he received 250 applications from ladies ranging from the age of 16 to 60, and all promising love and devotion to the rest of his existence.

CAN A MAN LIVE FOREVER?

Dr. Hammond Again Discusses This Topic — No Philosophical Reason Barring Accidents, why Life Should not be Indefinitely Prolonged.

In a recent paper in which this subject is discussed, I demonstrated the existence that there is no physiological reason why man should die. The article has attracted a great deal of criticism, some of it favorable, some of it adverse and some of it humorous. I do not see why there should have been any comment of this last-named quality. The matter in all its relations is certainly a serious one, and I was never more in earnest in my life than when expressing the thoughts in question. They were necessarily fragmentary in character, and, of course, lacked that fulness of detail which I should have given had the circumstances been favorable to elaboration. I am advised now, however, that a few more words from me upon the subject would be acceptable, inasmuch as it appears that certain of my observations, as well as the whole drift of the article, have been by some of my critics greatly misunderstood.

In the first place, it has been said that my idea is not original. So far as the assertion of the possibility of not dying is concerned, I have made no claim to originality. But I do claim that in enunciating the proposition that there is no physiological reason for man dying priority is mine. Even this claim, however, has been disputed, and I have been referred to a little book by Ryland C. Kirk, entitled the "Possibility of Not Dying," and published by Messrs. Putnams in 1883, for the original basis of my statement and argument. When I wrote my paper I had not seen the book in question, but I have since read it very thoroughly, and, while I can heartily congratulate the author on his production, I have been unable to find any reasons for the eternal life of man in the slightest degree similar to those I have adduced.

But even if Mr. Kirk had based his little book upon the proposition which forms the foundation of my arguments, he still would not be its original propounder. For in a work of my own, entitled "A Treatise on Hygiene," etc., and published in 1863, twenty years before Mr. Kirk's brochure made its appearance, I used the following words:

"The animal body differs from any inorganic machine in the fact that it possesses the power of self-repair. In the steam engine, for instance, the fuel which serves for the production of steam, and subsequently for the creation of force, can do nothing towards the repair of the parts which have become worn out by use. Day by day, by constant attrition and other causes, the engine becomes less perfect and eventually must be put in order by the workman. In the animal body, however, the material which serves for the production of force is the body itself, and the substances which are taken as food are assimilated according to their character by those organs and parts which require

"The body is, therefore, undergoing continual change. The hair of yesterday is not the hair of to-day; the muscle which extends the arm is not identically the same muscle after as before its action; old material has been removed and new has been deposited to an equal extent; and though the weight and form, the chemical constitution and histological character have been preserved, the identity has been lost.

"So long as these two actions exactly counterbalance each other life continues. If it were possible so to adjust the repair to the waste that neither would be in excess, there is no physiological reason why life, if protected against accidents, should not continue indefinitely. But this is not, with our present knowledge, possible, and consequently decomposition eventually becomes predominant and death from old age results." (Page 92.)

It has been alleged that if a man were never to die the time would come when the earth would be insufficient by reason of his great numbers for his sustenance, and that then death from starvation would result. As a mathematical proposition, this is doubtless true, but practically it would be found to be of very little importance, for the earth is capable of supporting, if all the arable land were properly cultivated, a population many million times larger than that which it now contains. Moreover, my argument related solely to physiological reasons for the perpetuity of life, and, of course, therefore, to factors operating within the human body. Even if man thoroughly understood the laws of his being, and were wise enough to live in accordance with this knowledge, death would by no means be abolished. He would still be liable to be struck by lightning—for with all his knowledge of the laws of electricity he would not be able always to protect himself—to be drowned by floods, to be buried by earthquakes, to be wrecked by storms at sea, to be run over in Broadway, to be murdered by his enemies, to be blown up by dynamite and, above all, to be killed in war. For it is not to be supposed that completeness of knowledge in regard to health would make man more moral or any less aggressive than he is at present.

Besides, if through the possibility of not doing but living as he ought to live, mankind should increase in number to such an extent as to be beyond the sustaining capacity of the earth, the surplus would of course die of starvation, and very properly, too. We should have then, on a large scale, the principle of the "survival of the fittest" brought into action. It would be the worthless that would die, and thus the balance would be continually tending toward a proper adjustment.

It is scarcely possible, however, that all mankind would, under the most favorable circumstances, acquire a perfect knowledge of the laws of life and at the same time invariably live in accordance with those laws. There would be ignorant and obstinate and incapable people just as there are now. A man at the present day knows perfectly well that if he walks the streets of New York in a March night clothed in evening dress and without an overcoat he is liable to get pneumonia, and yet every year a dozen or more examples of such latinity come to our knowledge. He knows also that indulgence in alcoholic liquors to excess through many years will eventually give him a hobnail liver, and yet he does not die sooner of cerebral hemorrhage or some other disease of his nervous system, or be hanged for murdering his wife, and yet he continues to drink as though each dram were a potion of the "elixir of life." Is it at all probable, then, that the most complete attainable knowledge in regard to the laws of life would add very greatly to man's average longevity? To be sure, with increased length of life it might reasonably be supposed that his brain would reach such an advanced stage of development as to increase his mental capacity, but there would still be a large excess of persons who, not having acquired the requisite knowledge, would not experience any increase in the size or quality of their brains, and who would consequently be as great fools as similar individuals are at the present day.

Eternity is long. It may be millions of years before any part of mankind will obtain perfect knowledge of the laws of life, but that such perfection is attainable I firmly believe. As stated in the previous article, the life of a generation has been perceptibly lengthened. There is no reason to doubt that the ratio of increase will go on from year to year. Our sanitary knowledge and our knowledge of the means to prevent disease are augmented day by day, until now they are, in some respects, absolutely perfect. The list of preventable diseases is already a long one, and if we do not avail ourselves of the information we possess in regard to them it is simply because we are hampered by ignorant and parsimonious and corrupt legislators and other officials. Our practice is therefore far behind our ability in the matter of preserving the health and thus of adding to the length of man's life. It is not unreasonable to suppose that next year will find us where we are now or that the year after that will show no advance from where we shall be next year. If, therefore, the life of a generation has increased six years within the last half century, as the result, among other causes, of the almost complete suppression of smallpox and cholera, to say nothing of the absolute abolition from civilized nations of such pestilences as the "plague," the "black death," the "sweating sickness" and others equally malignant, why should it not be lengthened at least six years every subsequent half century, so that at the end of five hundred years the life of a generation would not be less than a hundred years? There would then be some persons on the earth at least 300 years old, and what are 500 years in the life of the earth?

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

This is how an Australian paper describes the "fashionable walk in England": "Two or three short hobbling steps and sudden jolt."

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Duke of Sparta, who is to marry the second and favorite daughter of the Prince of Wales, the Princess Victoria, is said to be a tall, fresh-complexioned young man with pleasing manners and an innocent expression. The Princess Victoria, who will be 20 years old next July, was in her childhood remarkably plain, but now gives promise of developing into as handsome a woman as her mother.

THE new Maxim gun, rest and all, weighs fifty pounds and is fired from the shoulder. By it an expert can fire three thousand rifle balls in eight minutes. The officer who did the firing at the first test a few days ago had never tried it before, yet he discharged three thousand shots in twelve minutes the first time. A thin line of men armed with this terrible weapon would be almost impregnable to an advancing army

THE New York *Sun* thus recounts the matrimonial experiences of the daughter of a Parisian wine dealer: 1. Married a singer. 2. He ran off with an actress. 3. Divorced. 4. Married an ex-priest. 5. She eloped. 6. Divorced. 7. Married a mayor's son, the officiating magistrate being her second husband, who showed no ill feeling and joined in the subsequent festivities, after delivering a touching exhortation to the happy couple.

FRANCES E. N. HARPER has been telling the intellectual women gathered at Washington that in her opinion "the neglected rich" should receive more attention from philanthropists. She thinks that many people of wealth are fast going to perdition, with no one to arrest their descent and give them a helping hand. How would it do to form an Association for the Moral Guidance of Those Whose Incomes are More than $20,000 a Year Apiece?

THE case of the steamship Great Eastern presents a good specimen of bad luck. Men were killed at her launch and she made her builder bankrupt; she had an explosion on her first trip from London, on the south coast, by which men were killed. Then her captain was drowned before she went a regular voyage. She then was nearly wrecked off the Irish coast, got aground in America and tore a great aperture in her hull, and now she is to be broken up as a useless craft.

DR. GATLING has made important improvements in his machine gun within the past two years. It is now a terrible arm. It can be pointed down upon a torpedo boat from a ship's deck, or upon a launch, when it is very near to the vessel. The English naval officers are loud in the praises of his gun. It throws a shower of balls with a terrible force, as thick as hail stones in a hail storm. A vessel's deck is swept by this great force, and assaults upon harbor defences, by scaling parties, can be overcome at once by a few of these guns properly placed in the fort. It is not a cannon, but a gun throwing ounce bullets in showers. Its force is fatal for a mile, and for this class of projectiles it is the most formidable arm ever invented. It is reported that an English syndicate desires to purchase Dr. Gatling's patents and plant.

RAILROADING in Montana in the winter time seems to be carried on under difficulties. Not long ago the story was told of water freezing in the boiler of an engine while the fireman was steadily shovelling coal into the firebox, and now another paper reports a still more surprising occurrence. It says in substance that the driving wheels of a locomotive, after standing for some time, were found to have become so solidly frozen to the rails that the engine could not at first be started. When finally it commenced to move "a heavy thumping sound on the roof of the car led the engineer to suspect that something was wrong, and he found to his horror that he was tearing up the track as he went. The rails were so tightly frozen to the drive-wheels that when the engine started the spikes were drawn and the rails wound up on the wheels." It is a relief to be informed that only a few hundred feet of the track were thus destroyed before the difficulty was discovered and remedied.

It is quite the fashion on the other side of the ocean to send gifts of rare flowers no longer in boxes or baskets, as has been the custom, but arranged in some rare specimen vase, ceramic or silver, as the occasion warrants. Not only are the floral offerings treated to this valuable conveyance, but the receptacle is also adorned with wide ribbons, jauntily tied. One of the gifts sent to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their silver wedding was a lovely vase of pure white orchids, surmounted by an arch from which was suspended a cluster of the largest and most perfect black grapes, tied with silver cord, with some orange blossoms introduced. The contrast of the dark grapes, with their lovely bloom, against the mass of white orchids, must have been ravishing. However, as few pocketbooks can stand this sort of thing, perhaps for a steady pull the pure and simple bunch of flowers wrapped in white paper will do. Young men may continue to buy three Catharine Mermets or a cluster of lilies of the valley for their best and second best girls, and, unless the dear creatures hear of this London wrinkle, they will be just as well cont