

# South-Jersey Republican

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### News Items.

The Pittsburg strike continues apparently as far from settlement as ever. A large element among the workmen wish to resume, but the majority of those who run the meetings and control the union are still for war. Here and there individual workmen disregard orders and resume work on their own responsibility. It is probable that if the strike continues the mills will gradually start up with non-union men. The low price of iron has discouraged any very general movement in this direction thus far, and has led some operators to think of declining to start their works at all, except with a reduction of old rates of wages. In the meantime we hear nothing of arbitration.

There are 12,158 newspapers published in the United States and the Canadas. Total in the United States, 11,552; Canada, 636. Published as follows: Dailies, 1,152; tri-weeklies, 80; semi-weeklies, 150; weeklies, 9,078; bi-weeklies, 23; semi-monthlies, 202; monthlies, 1,290, bi-monthlies, 12.

Barney and John Kepler, who live in the same house in Plumstead Township, Pa., are said to be the oldest twin brothers in the United States. They are ninety-one years of age.

James Russell Lowell is spoken of as a possible successor to Senator Hoar.

Lemuel W. Livingstone, the colored candidate for admission to West Point, has been rejected, as his examination was unsatisfactory.

Paul du Chalilla, the great French traveler, whose personal magnetism has won him many friends, is in the Catskill Mountains.

Alexander H. Stephens since the war has collected more than \$500,000 of war claims for Southern people, for which he refused to accept a dollar of fees.

Governor Foster of Ohio, says that the River and Harbor bill was constitutional, judicious and wise.

The Sultan has issued his proclamation declaring Arabi Bey a traitor and calling on the Egyptians to obey the Khedive.

The wife and son, Samuel, of Judge F. Carroll Brewster, of Philadelphia, died on Tuesday, within a few hours of each other. The Judge is homeward bound from Europe ignorant that they were ill.

About \$16,000,000 of the public debt were expunged last month. The time may come when we shall have no debt. And what will the national banks do when we have no bonds for them to deposit as security for their circulation?

An international episode: The British rifle team deserve the treatment due to gentlemen, and are getting it in New York. The Hillsdale oarsmen deserve the same thing, and are not getting it in London. The difference--well, about 3,000 miles of sea.

Constipation, liver and kidney diseases are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, and strengthens the whole system.

There are 7,000 hawkers of newspapers in London--big men, little boys, old women and young girls. They are in the preliminary or normal condition of paper--i. e., rags and live from hand to mouth on pocketing pennies and yelling their journals' name and contents. The 11th of July, 1882, will be memorable for one cry and one great sale of London papers. The cry was not so correct as the sale, for "The Bombardment of Alexandria!" was the one, while the other was 780,000 copies of "Extra Edition!" No such sales since the Crimean war.

A CYCLONE.--Two boys were playing in the sand together last summer, when one of them suddenly asked: "I say, Charley, do you know what a cyclone is?" "Not exactly, Jimmy--but it is something that washes everything all to bits." "Oh, well, then I know what it is," exclaimed Jimmy, bristling up. "It is Swayne's Ointment, for my father says that it will smother the intense itching at night, and all sorts of humors, all to bits!" "Sensible father, that; and the boy--why, some time he may come within one vote of being chosen by the people to govern the affairs of this great nation. Remember Swayne's Ointment."

FAILURES.--Scores of young men have started well in life, but through mismanagement, or "hard times" overtaking them, fail in business and ever afterward that along apparently with no aims or ends. Swayne's Ointment never fails in curing Itching Piles and all Skin Diseases. There is no guess work about the preparation. Its originator has a level head, and what he says, it will do, you can rely upon. All druggists keep it, and those who suffer should try it and be made happy.

The sweet girl graduate now divides her time between the picnic and the hammock while her mother plays a solo on the wash-board.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injure the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin, etc. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose.

Doctor: "Well, Pat, have you taken that box of pills I sent you?" Pat: "Yes, sir, be jabbers, I have, but I don't feel any better yet; may be the lid hasn't come off yet!"

PROVERBS. "A place for everything, and everything in its place." The place for Phenol Sodique is in every one's house. "A stitch in time saves nine." Keep Phenol Sodique on hand. It will save time, suffering, and tedious recovery. See adv.

Pigs are stylish as anybody. And more pen-sive than anybody. And they go right to the root of the matter with out waiting for something to turn up.

Twelve hundred quarts of milk were upset on a Lackawanna County bridge, the other day, and spilled into a creek. The owners of the creek have dammed it up and think of laying a pipe line to Philadelphia.

She was an up-town lady of culture. She stood watching a boat loaded with ice. "What is that boat loaded with?" "Ice," was the reply. "Oh! my!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "If the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat."

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## MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the door of the system is thrown open to nervous diseases. The body weak and enfeebled absorbs no nourishment, but subsisting upon itself, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their routine work, speedily become disordered, and dissolution and death are apt to ensue.

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**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.**  
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## The Talk of Men and Women.

To two classes we pay court: women and the aged. But the superiority of women is perpetually maintained; they do not sit idly in the armchair, like the old; they are sultans as well as sovereigns; their vanity is engaged, their affections are too apt to follow; and hence much of the talk between the sexes degenerates into something unworthy of the name. The desire to please, to shine with a particular engaging luster, to draw a fascinating picture of oneself, banishes from conversation all that is sterling and most of what is humorous. As soon as a strong current of mutual admiration begins to flow, the human interest triumphs wholly over the intellectual, and the commerce of words, consciously or not, becomes secondary to the commerce of eyes. Each simply waits upon the other to be admired, and the talk dwindle into platitudinous piping. Coquetry, but even where this ridiculous danger is avoided, and a man and woman converse equally and honestly, something in their nature or their education falsifies the strain. An instinct prompts them to agree; and where that is impossible, to agree to disagree. Should they neglect the warning, at the first suspicion of an argument they find themselves in different hemispheres. About any point of business or conduct, any actual affair demanding settlement, a woman will speak and listen, hear and answer arguments, not only with natural wisdom, but with candor and logical honesty. But if the subject of debate be something in the air, an abstraction, an excuse for talk, a logical Aunt Sally, then may the male debater instantly abandon hope; he may employ reason, adduce facts, be smiling, be angry, all shall avail him nothing; what the woman said, first, that she has forgotten it, she will repeat at the end. Hence, at the very junctures when a talk between men grows brighter and quicker and begins to promise to bear fruit, talk between the sexes is menaced with dissolution. The point of difference, the point of interest, is evaded by the brilliant woman, under a shower of irrelevant conversational rockets; it is bridged by a discreet woman with a ruslet of silk, as the peace smoothly forward to the nearest point of safety. It cannot be discussed in its natural connection. It may be returned upon after a circuit; and if propounded as a problem, with neither party committed to a side, it may then be gently, lightly, but, in the end, thoroughly treated. This sort of prestidigitating, juggling the dangerous topic out of sight until it can be reintroduced with safety in an altered shape, is a piece of tactics among the true drawing-room queens. The drawing-room is, indeed, an artificial place; it is so by our choice and for our sakes; the subjection of women, the ideal imposed upon them from the cradle and worn like a hair-shirt, with so much constancy; their motherly, superior tenderness to man's vanity and self-importance, their managing arts—the arts of a civilized slave among good-natured barbarians—all are painful ingredients, and all help to falsify reality. It is not till we get clear of that amusing, artificial scene that genuine relations are founded, or ideas honestly compared. In the garden, on the road or the hillside, or *en route*, and apart from interruptions, occasions arise when we may learn much from any single woman; and nowhere more often than in married life. Marriage is a long conversation, checked by disputes. The disputes are simply valueless; they but ingrain the difference; the heroic heart of woman prompts her at once to nail her colors to the mast. But in the intervals, almost unconsciously, with no desire to shine, the whole material of life is turned over and over, ideas are struck out and shared, the two persons more and more adapt their minds one to the other, and in the process of time, without sound of trumpet, they conduct each other into new worlds of thought.

## A Year Without a Summer.

The "year without a summer" was 1816. Cattle were killed by freezing weather in June that year in the New England and Middle States. In Maine and Vermont the snow was ten inches deep. July was wintry and for August was the same, but in September it was a little warmer, and then came bitter cold weather until the end of the year. The next year was a fine productive season.

## Cheap Places to Live in.

In the richest German household the mistress superintends the kitchen and lends a hand to the cook. There are certain dishes which she always makes with her own hands, because her Fritz likes them so. She may boast thirty-two quarters on her escutcheon and be terribly proud of her lineage, but she has no nonsensical ideas about its being degrading to put on a cane jar, or dote out with her own hands the prunes that are to be put into the potato stew. She keeps her best attire for Sundays, and makes it serve on a good many of these festive days, for she does not follow fashion blindly or in a hurry. On ordinary days, she dresses with a plainness which would excite the contempt of a French woman; but then her culinary pursuits do not prevent her from being far in the intellectual superior of her French or Belgian sister. She reads serious books that she may be able to converse as an equal with her well-taught sons; she practices music that she may remain on a level with her daughters who are trained to be brilliant pianists; and she finds time to read the newspaper in order that she may understand what her Fritz has to say about the topics of the day. The example that set in high life from the "Frau Doctor" is copied in lower spheres by the "Frau Doctorin" and the "Frau Professorin." These ladies keep no cooks; they perform most of the household labor with the assistance of a maid-of-all-work, and whenever practicable they do all the washing of the family linen at home, and make their own dresses. Withal they are very hospitable in a homely way. They delight in evening parties at which *cigars* and *luncheon* are served with cake and sausage-andwiches. A carpet dance, a little singing and music, round games and a good deal of frank flirtation between the young people, furnish the diversions at these entertainments. In the winter several families club together to hire a large room in which Dr. Dörmann (literally make-believe) assemblies are held once a week. Each family brings a certain quantum of the refreshments, as at old-fashioned picnics, and dancing is carried on within sensible hours, between 7 and 11 p. m. The object of these assemblies is to make young people "hold" to disport themselves at more ceremonious balls should they be called upon to do so; in fact, they are unceremonious dancing parties at which the guests appear in morning attire and expect no cooler beverages at supper than lemonade and beer.

The cheapest towns to go to in Germany are the capitals of small duchies. Berlin has become very dear. Dresden, Leipzig, Stuttgart, Munich, are all cheap in comparison with English cities, and they offer first rate educational advantages; but they will be found more expensive on the whole than such places as Brunswick, Cassel, Darmstadt, Weimar and Coburg. Taking Brunswick as a specimen of these second-rate towns, it is a place where a family can live in the utmost enjoyment and dignity on a small income. It is an old-fashioned town of picturesque architecture; but the streets are broad, and the houses large, with spacious and lofty rooms, wide courtyards and grand staircases. Most of these dwellings are let in flats, each of which has its separate kitchen, with its wooden balcony overlooking the yard and a separate staircase for servants. A ten-room flat furnished can be had on a first floor in the best quarter for about thirty pounds a year; on a second, for forty pounds; and on a third, for thirty pounds; but prices are lower in the old streets on the outskirts of the city. It is not the custom to let unfurnished, as almost all the houses contain a stock of old-fashioned furniture dating from the last century, when the court of Brunswick was one of the most brilliant in Germany, and when the city was crowded with wealthy residents. It is as the appearance of a wealthy city still, though the present Duke lives most of the year in Italy, and does little to attract strangers to his handsome palace. It has a university, a gymnasium, a public school for boys, several private schools, and a large academy for girls; a museum, and public library, and a noble theatre. The Duke chiefly helps to support the theatre, and for this much deserves the thanks of his subjects. For many years the conductor of the orchestra was Franz Abt, the eminent composer, and at one time he had the best *quatuor* of violinists in Germany under his orders. Performances are given at the theatre four times a week, operas being performed

on two nights, and plays on the other two; and the cost of a *Sperate* or still is only six shillings, or eighteen shillings a month. All the ducal cities have good theatres, as it is a point of honor with the princelings who rule in them to show that they are enlightened patrons of music and the drama. The theatre of Coburg has a well deserved reputation. Tourists will not find German hot-baths cheap, even in the small towns, for landlords have got into the habit of overcharging Englishmen, and nothing seems likely to cure them of it; but the *restaurations* are very cheap. A substantial dinner with beer can be had for fifteen pence; and in the *brasserie*, which officers frequent, a good supper, consisting of a plate of cold cutlets with fried potatoes, or bacon sausage and *sauerkraut*, costs not more than a glass of beer included. Schooling is as cheap as in Belgium, and better, for the disposition of German youth is studious, and the professors are stimulated by the assiduity and sharpness of their pupils. No English boy educated at a German school is likely to come home a duce. These are the advantages of Germany; but the country of course has its drawbacks from the English point of view, although these may be less discernible to our countrymen who inhabit the Fatherland than to their friends at home who notice their peculiarities when they have returned from it. German schooling tends to convert an English boy into a very unpleasant species of young prig, condescending and impractical, while it makes a girl tame and dreamy. The dreamy propensities of German maidenhood are counteracted by the hard labor they perform among the dishcloths and saucepans of the paternal kitchen; but as English girls seldom take kindly to culinary tasks, the sentimentality they acquire at German schools has no checks. Add to this, that German ladies have no taste in dress and set bad examples of dowdiness to the girls who live among them. It would be agreeable to be able to say that the German matron, when she has helped to dish up the family dinner, sits down cool and smart, with her hair neatly dressed, to do the honors of her own table; but the truth is, she sits down looking hot and untidy. She may talk fluently about perfection, but the sight of her large ill-fitted feet will be enough to make a sensitive man sit down in a corner and sigh. The test corrective to a girl's education in Germany would be a year's finishing in France.

## A Poet's Last Words.

One of Heine's friends, anxious for his conversion, asked him shortly before his death if he were at peace with God. "Set your mind at rest," answered Heine: "le bon Dieu me pardonne, c'est son métier." "Do you believe in the existence of a Supreme Being?" the same person asked on another occasion. "If a Supreme Being, perfectly omnipotent and all-seeing, exists, do you think he will care whether a wretched little mouse living in the Rue d'Amsterdam believes in Him or not?" "What good does it do me," he lamented, "that at banquets my health is drunk out of golden goblets and in the best of wine if I myself, separated from the joys of the world, can only wet my lips with an insipid tincture? What good does it do me that enthusiastic youths and damsels crown my marble bust with laurels when on my real head a blister is being clapped behind my ears by an old sick-nurse? What lists it to me if all the roses of Shiraz grow and smell for me so sweetly? Alas! Shiraz is 200 miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where I get nothing to smell, in the melancholy solitude of my sick-room, but the perfume of warm napkins." "It is time," he sang, "to bury the old, unhappy ditties, and let the sad dreams, so fetch me a coffin-vast. It must be vaster than Hölleberg's vat, and longer than the bridge over the Main. And then fetch a dozen giants—they must be stronger than St. Christopher, in the Cathedral of Cologne, on the Rhine. They must take up that coffin and sink it deep in the ocean wave, for such a mighty coffin must be laid in a mighty grave. Would you know why my coffin must be so vast and stout and wide? I shall lay all my sorrows and love and anguish there, side by side."

The Grand Sauerfest of the German Singing Societies of Northeastern Pennsylvania opened in Scranton.

## Poet's Corner.

Wind of Summer,  
Wind of Summer, as you fly  
Poor me by  
For ever swarming to and fro,  
Gently blow!  
For my lover sails the sea—  
Fly me!  
And pray you, if you hear him go,  
Gently blow!  
Wind, fly swiftly as a dove  
To my love;  
But near him fly safe and slow—  
Gently blow!  
And, when with him, whisper this,  
With a kiss:  
That I miss him—miss him so!  
Gently blow!

—MALCOLM NICHOLSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

His soul was one with nature everywhere;  
Her secret and her prophet and interpreter,  
He heard the heart of earth for love of her,  
And taught the lesson that he gathered there—  
The songs the wild birds sang; why flowers  
Here bloom, and why the leaves here fall;  
The essence of that divine, tumultuous stir  
When spring awakes, and all things minister  
To love; and hope and joy are in their air.  
Do the winds make him, and the fields he  
Gently blow!  
And the far stars that watched him night  
By night,  
Looking from their steadfast domes of  
blue  
To lead him onward with their tranquil  
light—  
Or, do they know what gates he wandered  
through,  
What heavenly glory opened on his sight?  
—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Concurrent Testimony.

"Is it wrong to kiss?" asked a timid maid  
Of the shimmering sands that border the  
deep.  
But no answer she got save the wavelets  
played.  
A roundelay gay as they kissed her feet.  
She asked the sun, but he only turned  
His sunny face from the eastern sky.  
And kissed her cheeks till they fairly burned,  
And a tear of vexation dimmed her eye.  
She asked the wind as it came from the south  
The self-same question. The answer came  
For a reply sharp and clear and kind  
And red lips till they seemed aflame.  
She asked a youth who had chanced along,  
Where the heart is true, and lips and mind  
Are not reluctant, why shouldn't man?  
—Sub Luna.

Fair Moon, whose orb of mellow light  
Illumines all the land below  
As if eyes make darkness bright  
When they are closed, do softly glow.  
What does my love tonight?

Ye golden beams that fondly play  
Her raven locks soft spun among,  
That love would steal her smile away  
To rise, so lit, mid-air and glow.  
What does my love tonight?

Twist her and me, thyself the key,  
Thy beams an arching bridge shall form,  
Night but dear love shall pass from me,  
Pray naught but this from her be borne.  
What thinks my love tonight?

The darkness grows, thy brightness fades,  
A misty veil thy face enshrouds,  
So, do not gloom my heart invade,  
For I am hid by memory's clouds,  
Farewell, my love, to-night.

Charles Reade's True Woman.

Reade, in fact, invented the True Woman. That is to say, he was the first who found her. There have been plenty of sweet and charming women in stories—the patient, loving Amelia; the bounding country girl, Sophy Western; the graceful and graceful ladies of Scott; the pretty dummies of Dickens; the insipid sweethearts of Thackeray; the proper middle-class (or upper-class) girls of Trollope, &c.; the conventional girl of the better lady novelists. There have also been disagreeable girls, especially the bad style, detestable girl of the "Woman" lady novelists; but Reade—the *trouvere*—has found the real woman. You will meet her on every page of his novels. What is she? My friends, Columbus's egg was not simpler. She is just exactly like a man, like ourselves but with certain womanly tendencies. Like ourselves, she ardently desires love. She knows that it is the best—the absolutely best—thing the world has to give; that we are all born for love—man and woman alike; that to lack this consummate and supreme blessing is to lose the best part of life. Since she desires above all things to be loved, and is forbidden to woo on her own account, she conceals her own thoughts, yet, from her own experience in love, she is quick at reading the thoughts of others. She is satisfied with nothing less than what she herself gives, which is all herself. Her reserve leads, in the lower nature, to deceit and falsehood. Her devotion, which is part of her nature, leads her—also in the lower nature—to sup-

tion and jealousy. She is always in the house, and therefore her mind is apt to run in narrow grooves. The prodigality and wastefulness of men are things beyond her understanding or patience. She is unversed in affairs, and her life is a deprivation if a place in it was less sought after. M. Maxime du Camp, now a member of the Academy, is a living example of the truth of this statement, for no one has more bitterly satirized the Immortals than he. Formerly the Academy used to offer its autuells to distinguished persons, but at present membership is granted only after a formal demand has been made by the candidate, and even then he has to run the chances of a ballot. This change dates from the publication of the translation of the "Confessions of St. Augustin," by Arnold d'Andilly. The Academy, charmed by the beauty of the work, offered the translator a seat in their midst. He thanked them, and smilingly remarked: "Have we not an academy at Port Royal?" The members of the Academy after this made a rule that they would never again solicit anyone, but must be solicited themselves. That rule has excluded many a remarkable man from the illustrious body. Louis Blanc is a living instance, and Marly a dead one. The latter, when asked why he did not become a candidate, replied: "If I were in the Academy, people might ask: 'Why is he in it?' I prefer that they should ask: 'Why is he not in it?'" The epigrams made against the Academy are numerous. Ferville, in a letter to Furetiere, writes: "I was taken, inconspicuously, to the Academy, by M. Racine. I saw eleven persons there. One was listening, another sleeping, three others were quarrelling, another three went away without speaking one word." After his reception at the Academy, Fontenelle remarked: "There are now only thirty-nine persons in France who have more wit than I." It was the same Fontenelle who observed: "If we are thirty-nine in number, people go on their knees to us; when we are forty they make game of us."

It was a bon mot which excluded the Abbe Raynal from the Academy. He was pushing his way into the Palais de l'Institut amidst a dense crowd, to be present at the reception of a very mediocre author. "Pardon me," he cried, "that it is more difficult to get into this place than to be received in it." Piron also was kept out for his famous premature epiphany: *C'est Piron qui ne fut rien, Piron comme Académicien.*

On another occasion, Piron, passing in front of the Institut, remarked to a friend: "There are forty of them in there, *qui ont de l'esprit comme quatre*," too, was Piron, too, who maintained that a newly received Academician's discourse should consist of no more than three words: "Messieurs, grand merci." "What?" cried the Director ought to reply: "I n'y a pas de quoi."

At Scotch Graves.

Everybody knows that there is no service at the grave in Scotland, although the clergyman under whom the deceased "laid" is often, indeed usually, present. Two hats of those in attendance may be taken off the moment after they have lowered the coffin into the grave just for an instant but even this is not always the case. This habit of dispensing with religious exercises had its origin, no doubt, in the Scotch horror of doing anything that might give a color to the charge of following the Roman Catholic fashion of praying for the dead. It is not because the piano is unworthy of her attention that woman should be liberated from the task-work imposed upon her in connection with it. It is because music, like every other art, demands from its votaries special gifts and inclinations, and because among women who are thus endowed it is a mistake to suppose that the piano is the only instrument suitable to them.

Let it be understood in the first place that it is no more a disgrace for a young lady not to play the piano than it is a disgrace for her not to draw, to paint, or to model; and in the second place, that if she does mean to play some instrument it is a mistake for her to restrict herself as a matter of course to the piano. Next to the organ, the piano is the only instrument which it can be made to produce, the finest instrument in the world; and it is the only instrument for which every great composer writes as a matter of course, and for which every great composer's orchestral works are arranged in reduced form. To praise at the expense of the piano the violin, which—except when *tuors de force* are indulged in—yields like the human voice but a single note, is

Influence of Early Feeding upon Vitality.

Investigations made in Germany concerning the comparative vitality of children under various methods of feeding exhibit some peculiar results. Thus, of 100 children nursed by their mothers only 18.2 died during the first year; of those nursed by wet nurses, 29.33 died; of those artificially fed, 60 died; and of those brought up in institutions, 81 died to the 100. Again, taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and 1,000 poor persons, there remained of the prosperous, after five years, 943, while of the poor only 615 remained alive; after fifty years there remained of the prosperous 557, and only 288 of the poor; at seventy years of age there remained of the prosperous 235, and but 65 of the poor. The total average length of life among the well-off class was found to be fifty years, as against thirty-two among the poor.

Officers of various white military companies met in Petersburg, Virginia, and organized the Fourth Regiment of Virginia Volunteers.

## Humors of the Academy.

"The Academy," says d'Alembert, "is the object of the secret or avowed ambition of all men of letters, or of those even who have made good or bad epigrams at its expense, epigrams of which it has deprived if a place in it was less sought after." M. Maxime du Camp, now a member of the Academy, is a living example of the truth of this statement, for no one has more bitterly satirized the Immortals than he. Formerly the Academy used to offer its autuells to distinguished persons, but at present membership is granted only after a formal demand has been made by the candidate, and even then he has to run the chances of a ballot. This change dates from the publication of the translation of the "Confessions of St. Augustin," by Arnold d'Andilly. The Academy, charmed by the beauty of the work, offered the translator a seat in their midst. He thanked them, and smilingly remarked: "Have we not an academy at Port Royal?" The members of the Academy after this made a rule that they would never again solicit anyone, but must be solicited themselves. That rule has excluded many a remarkable man from the illustrious body. Louis Blanc is a living instance, and Marly a dead one. The latter, when asked why he did not become a candidate, replied: "If I were in the Academy, people might ask: 'Why is he in it?' I prefer that they should ask: 'Why is he not in it?'" The epigrams made against the Academy are numerous. Ferville, in a letter to Furetiere, writes: "I was taken, inconspicuously, to the Academy, by M. Racine. I saw eleven persons there. One was listening, another sleeping, three others were quarrelling, another three went away without speaking one word." After his reception at the Academy, Fontenelle remarked: "There are now only thirty-nine persons in France who have more wit than I." It was the same Fontenelle who observed: "If we are thirty-nine in number, people go on their knees to us; when we are forty they make game of us."

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## The Farm.

Now is the time to exterminate the weed crop. Pull it all out before it goes to seed. **WINTER BURN THE BRUSH!**—Some men burn all their brush from the trimmings of orchards, lawn trees, and shrubs. Brush cut up fine and put beneath shrubs and trees will add rapidly to their growth as it rots. **THE VALUE OF FODDER CORN.**—A correspondent of a Maine journal says: Three years ago this summer I fed thirty cows on one and one-half acres of fodder corn for two months. They were all giving milk and I was making from thirty to forty cans of eight and one half quarts daily. I fed four quarts of meal per head per day. Of course you will expect they had a pasture to run in. They did have a pasture; the thirty cows had about forty acres of brush pasture, and by adding two quarts of cuttings of English grasses. The cows all looked well; in fact, they seemed to thrive on that feed, and for a dairy of native cows picked up in the country, the yield of milk was at least an average with other herds. This is not all. I planted twenty-five acres of field corn, and on the fodder wintered forty-five cows with the help of about fifteen tons of meadow hay and green oats, and by adding two quarts of cuttings of English grasses. The cows all looked well; in fact, they seemed to thrive on that feed, and for a dairy of native cows picked up in the country, the yield of milk was at least an average with other herds. This is not all. I planted twenty-five acres of field corn, and on the fodder wintered forty-five cows with the help of about fifteen tons of meadow hay and green oats, and by adding two quarts of cuttings of English grasses. The cows all looked well; in fact, they seemed to thrive on that feed, and for a dairy of native cows picked up in the country, the yield of milk was at least an average with other herds. This is not all. 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## The Flight of Birds.

Mr. F. W. Breary read the other day before the London Aeronautical Society a paper on the action of the pectoral muscle in the flight of a bird. Experimenters in artificial flight, he said, should reduce their theories to a demonstrable form. It had often been stated, for instance, that the power exerted by a bird in its flight had been greatly exaggerated, but no one had hitherto proved his assertion. It was capable, however, of satisfactory proof by demonstrating artificially the action of the pectoral muscle, by the aid of which weight became an accessory to power. When the bird committed itself to the air the upward pressure in the wings stretched the elastic ligament, which formed part of the muscle, to such an extent as to allow the bird's gliding upon the air without any exertion. The weight of the bird was the measure of this elasticity. It was said by some that at least the bird must possess the power by the downward stroke of the wing to raise its own weight. But Mr. Breary said that this was not an absolute necessity, because the reaction of this elastic ligament aided the force of the down stroke.

He proceeded to verify his assertion by the action of a model, with wings of four feet spread, under which he had attached an elastic cord passing under the body of the model. Upon committing to the air this just allowed of the wings being expanded, so that the model would glide downward. He then detached the cord and wound up his power, calling attention to the fact that he had wound the india-rubber strands thirty-two times. He showed, however, that although this was sufficient to create a vigorous flapping of the wing when held in the hand, yet when committed to the air it had not the power to give one downward stroke, and therefore it could only glide as before. Holding it again with the cord attached and the power wound up the same number of times, he showed that it was unable to flap the wing, because the two forces were exactly held in equilibrium. There was a third factor wanted before it could fly—and that was weight. The model being liberated, flight was well sustained, and upon being set free several times without being wound up any further, it appeared able to fly with a very weak power. The same thing was observable with another model, composed entirely of a loose spring thrown into a wave action—his own invention. Mr. Breary remarked that this economy in flight can only be obtained by something of the nature of wing action, and must be wholly wanting in any apparatus actuated by the screw.

## Rabbits in New Zealand.

Rabbits are playing havoc with New Zealand. They begin breeding at the age of 3 months, and produce twelve large families a year. This prolific increase has overrun the country with the pests introduced by patriotic Englishmen and Scotchmen, and millions of dollars' worth of property are being destroyed annually. Crops are feasted upon, streams are obstructed, and in some places the devastation has been so great that farmers have been driven from their farms. From 500,000 to 600,000 of the frisky insects are killed every year, but, with their reproductive capacity, the living rabbits do not mind a little thing like that, which only amounts to a decimation. The ferret has been introduced as an antidote, but that unreasonable bit of condensed agility has no less a nose for chicken than for rabbit, and utterly refuses to make distinctions in behalf of the farmer. And so bunny goes on multiplying, with a fair prospect ahead that the short-tailed invaders will have the island entirely at their own disposal before an act of Parliament is discharged upon them.

A few radish seeds should be planted every week from the time the frost is out of the ground till the commencement of the fall. Spanish radishes for winter use can be planted as late as the first of September. Radishes are among the most valuable of our garden vegetables, but to be truly excellent they must be quickly grown and be eaten while they are tender.

A tablespoonful of salt dissolved in an ordinary bucketful of water and sprinkled on cabbage will destroy the worms without injuring the plants.

For FELON.—Take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap and brown sugar, put to a paste with spirits of turpentine. Prepare it, and apply a thick plaster of it.

## Longfellow's Queer Visitors.

During the Centennial year we were sitting together, one beautiful afternoon, on the piazza smoking and talking. While we were in the midst of our conversation I observed two men and two women coming toward us across the lawn. They were obviously New-England country folks returning from the Centennial Exhibition. The men had the slow, deliberate, rustic walk, and wore dressed in ill-fitting black broadcloth, the very look of which made one perspire. The women, who were leading the way, had an appearance of pluck and enterprise, as if they were determined to conquer the modest diffidence of their companions. Mr. Longfellow was sitting with his back to the street, and did not observe them until they were within a yard of the piazza. He looked a little surprised, but arose and saluted the intruders with his wonted courtesy.

"Be you the poet Longfellow?" asked one of the women, in a voice that was incredibly unmelodious.

"Yes, I am Mr. Longfellow," he answered.

There was an awkward pause, during which the visitors stared at the poet with unabashed glances as if he had been a Centennial relic on exhibition.

"Now how old a man might you be?" queried the other female abruptly.

"I am sixty-nine years old, madam."

"Pears to me you look considerably older," said one of the men, looking up sideways at Mr. Longfellow's face with a critical air.

"My looks may belie me. I am no older."

I could not but wonder at the extreme urbanity with which he answered these blunt questions, showing no annoyance in his face and no resentment in his tone. Finally, at their request, he conducted the party through his house, he submitted with the same gentle courtesy to a cross-examination regarding his family and personal affairs which would have tried the patience of the archangel Gabriel. When at the end of half an hour he returned, apologizing for his absence, I made a remark which was, perhaps, a little disrespectful to his late visitors.

"They meant no disrespect to me by their questions," he answered, with that beautiful gentleness which was so characteristic of his manner. It is perfectly proper, where they came from, to interest one's self in the personal affairs of everybody."

"But it must be a great inconvenience to you," I observed, "to be so frequently disturbed by such exorbitantists."

"Well, during the present year I admit it has been a little trying. Nevertheless, I always dislike sending a man or woman away who has come out here for the purpose of seeing me, or my house. Of course, I have to do it occasionally, but it is always disagreeable to me needlessly, to despoil anyone. Those women whom you saw are a good staunch New-England type, and I like them in spite of their lack of tact and their abrupt manners. They are good, hard-working women, who make good wives and good mothers. And yet, the other day, I was greatly amused at one of the same class who came here with a large basket—whether she had anything to sell I did not ascertain—apparently for the purpose of telling me that she had read 'Evangeline' from beginning to end, 'and,' she added, 'there be'n't many folks can say that.' I am convinced now that she had no intention whatever of being rude to me; she was merely forward and nervous, and said what she did not mean to say. I asked her if she had found the reading of 'Evangeline' such a dreadful task. The question seemed to surprise her; she grew embarrassed, and showed plainly that she had no recollection of having said anything uncomplimentary."

It was, as far as I can remember, on the same occasion that Mr. Longfellow told me of a young man from somewhere in New-England who wrote to him, saying that he was in love with a young lady whose name was given, and a description of whose appearance was also subjoined. The writer had been devoting himself for a long time to the task of winning this young lady's affection, but she had so far given him no encouragement; and he had arrived at the conclusion that nothing but poetry would fetch her."

Now, would Mr. Longfellow, whom he understood to be a poet, write some suitable stuff for him that would appeal to the young lady's heart, and would he first let him know how

much he charged for a poem of this kind? Whether Mr. Longfellow surreptitiously little this incident in relating it I am unable to say; but from the gravity of his manner, and still more from his temperamental inaptness for burlesque exaggeration, I concluded that the incident had occurred exactly as he reported it.

## Hints to Inventors.

In the absence of all other proof, the date of the patent will be taken as the date of applications and the date of assignment.

The government of the United States has no right to use a patented invention without compensation to the owner of the patent.

A corporation may bind itself by a contract not under its corporate seal, when the law does not require the contract to be evidenced by a sealed instrument.

The second clause of rule 93 has no application to such a case, the patent being referred to being one which was granted before the pending application was filed.

Such contracts may be executed by an agent, and the rule is that the agent should, in the body of the contract, name the corporation as the contracting body, and sign as its agent or officer.

Assignments of patents are not required to be under seal. The statute simply provides that "every patent, or any interest therein, shall be assignably in law by an instrument in writing."

The inventor cannot relieve himself of the consequences of the prior public use of his patented invention by assigning an interest in his invention or patent to the person by whom the invention was thus used.

Where one of two conflicting applicants have inadvertently obtained a patent without notice to the other, an interference may then be declared *nunc pro tunc* between the application and the patent, under authority of the first clause of Rule 93.

The fact that a person holds stock in a company gives him no right to its property, and the attachment of such stock in the hands of a stockholder, for a personal debt of the stockholder, does not in any way encumber the property of the company.

Conflicting applications under the law and the rules sustain a hostile relation each to the other, irrespective of their relative dates of filing, and the premature issue of a patent to one applicant is not conclusive either for or against the right of the other.

A patent for a machine cannot be refused for the purpose of claiming the process of operating that class of machines, because, if the claim for the process is anything more than for the use of the particular machine patented, it is for a different invention.

A patentee cannot claim in a patent the same thing claimed by him in a prior patent, nor what he omitted to claim in a prior patent in which the invention was described, he not having reserved the right to claim it in a separate patent, and not having seasonably applied therefor.

If a patent fully and clearly describes and claims a specific invention, complete in itself, so as to be inoperative or invalid by reason of a defective or insufficient specification, a release cannot be had for the purpose of extending the right of the claim so as to embrace an invention not specified in the original patent.

The statute of 1870, relating to releases, authorizes the insertion of new claims founded upon in the original invention as exhibited by the specifications or drawings in release when the omission results from "inadvertence, accident, or mistake," and where the claimant has not by some act or omission stopped himself from exercising the right to amend.

An assignment, therefore, purporting on its face to be the contract of the corporation therein named, declaring that the consideration has been received by the company, that it is executed in pursuance of a resolution passed by the company, and purporting to be signed by Smith, President of the company, who declares that he signs as the act of the company, is a transfer of said company, and not the personal debt of Smith.

If a person employed in the manufacture of another, while receiving wages, makes experiments at the expense and in the manufacture of the employer, his wages increased in consequence of the useful results of his experiments, makes the article invented, and permits his employer to use it, no compensation for its use being paid or demanded (for more than two years), and then obtains a patent for it, the patent is invalid and void.

## The French Bourbons.

A Love Affair of Henry V. the King.

The Count de Chambord, known to a faithful few as Henry V., King of France, is ill with fever at his Probst-dorf chateau, and although he by no means denies the French Republic as much as quietude as he caused the Second Empire, he is still a very important public character. He is the chief of the elder branch of the Bourbon family, the direct descendant of Louis XVI., who lost his head by a stroke of the guillotine during the reign of terror. His father was Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berri, the younger son of Charles X., who had to leave his throne in a hurry one July day, fifty-two years ago. His mother was the famous Duchess de Berri, known before her marriage as the Princess Caroline Ferdinande Louise of Naples.

The Count de Chambord's father was mortally wounded on the night of Feb. 13, 1820, as he was leaving the Paris Opera-House, by a man named Louvel. Seven months after this event the son was born. His mother left France in 1829 with Charles X., but in 1832 she returned for the purpose of securing up an inheritance and claiming the crown for this son. She landed at Marseilles, but finding no support there she made her way to La Vendee, where she succeeded in rallying a few adherents. They were quickly subdued, however, and she tried to make her way secretly out of the country. She was betrayed, however, to Louis Philippe's Government and imprisoned in the castle of Braye, where she gave birth to a second son, the fruit of a secret marriage between her and a young Italian nobleman. The publication of this fact made her harmless in the eyes of the Government, and she was released in June, 1833. She retired to Sicily, where she lived up to her demise in 1870, with her husband and his relatives.

The legality of the marriage of the Duc de Berri with the Princess Caroline Ferdinande Louise of Naples, has been questioned by English Protestant writers, as if their views were to be accepted as the correct ones, the two daughters born to the Duke by Amy Brown are the only legitimate representatives of that gay and gallant nobleman, while, had certain formalities been complied with by the Duke immediately after his marriage to Amy, in 1806, a quiet gentleman who lives until recently, bearing the commonplace name of George Granville Brown, would have stood in the Count de Chambord's shoes in the eyes of the Duc de Berri with the Princess Caroline.

The Duc de Berri, after the revolution, served in the French Legation army, and subsequently in that of Russia, but in 1801 he went to England, and three years later he made the acquaintance of Amy, the daughter of Joseph Brown, Vicar of the Church of All Saints, Middlesbrough. She was a great beauty, and he was a handsome fellow. He was 28—she 21. They fell madly in love with each other, and in April, 1805, she gave birth to a son, the George Granville Brown here mentioned. A year after the two were married in the Catholic chapel in King street, Portland Square, London, according to English law, in the presence of witnesses, and without objection from the relatives on either side. The son was not legitimated, however, as the mother doubtless expected he would be. Amy gave birth to one of the two daughters in 1808 and to the other in 1809. They were taken by her to France, and educated and married there, the husband of one being the Prince Faugny Lucigne, the other the Baron de Charette. They are still living and have large families.

When the Duc de Berri married Amy there seemed to be little chance of the Bourbons ever coming to their own again. As their prospects brightened his passion for Amy cooled, and when Louis XVIII. came to the throne that monarch formally petitioned the Pope for annulment of the marriage on the ground that it had been contracted without the consent of the head of the family. This petition was granted after some delay, and in 1816 the Duc de Berri married the mother of the Count de Chambord, the heroine of the episodes that culminated in Castle Braye.

It must be said in justice to the Count's father that he took excellent care of Amy and her daughters. The three of them were invited to come to Paris after his second marriage, and every afternoon up to the time of his death, he came to see the daughters. The son, George Granville, was, however, not allowed to come to France to

see his mother even, until after the revolution in 1831. According to Mr. Theodore Guild writing in the Philadelphia Americanist, he lived nearly forty years in the house No. 7 Rue Saint Pierre, at Montevideo, having married Miss Charlotte Louise Brown, and, spending a fair time, doubtless given to him by his father, in works of charity.

A REMNANT of the once powerful Pequot race still maintains a tribal organization in Connecticut. Shaghticoke, the ancient seat of this people, is situated in the town of Kent, under the Shaghticoke mountain, in the middle of the valley of Housatonic. Shaghticoke now consists of six little, brown, clapboarded, one-story houses, tenanted by some seventeen persons, and the whole tribe numbers about fifty. The reservation of 800 acres comprises Shaghticoke mountain, valuable only for fire wood. Violets, the seed Queen of the tribe, is nearly white, carries her living by basket-making, and is a member of the nearest Congregational church.

## A Ceylon Jungle.

Prof. Haeckel, who is giving in the German *Rundschau* some account of his travels in Ceylon, thus describes his first attempt to penetrate a Ceylon jungle: The jungle, he says, is not, properly speaking, primeval forest—forest, that is, introduced by the foot of man (such are in Ceylon of small extent and rare occurrence); but it corresponds to our idea of such a forest in that it consists of a dense and impenetrable mass of mighty trees of all kinds, which have sprung up without regularity or any interference from man, and are surrounded and overgrown by a wilderness of creeping and climbing plants, of ferns, orchids, and other parasites, the interstices being so completely filled up with a motley mass of smaller weeds that it is quite impossible to disentangle one coil of tendril so as to distinguish one species from the other. My first attempt to penetrate such a jungle was this was sufficient to convince me of the impossibility of the undertaking except with the aid of axe and fire.

A hard hour's work brought me only a few steps into the thicket and then I was obliged to acknowledge myself vanquished and make good a retreat, stung by mosquitoes, bitten by ants, with worn clothes, and arms and legs bleeding from the thorns and prickles which with the climbing palm (Calamus), the climbing Hibiscus, the Euphorbia, and a multitude of other jungle plants repulse every attack made on their impenetrable labyrinth.

But the attempt had not been made altogether in vain, for it enabled me to gain a very fair idea of the jungle as a whole, more especially of the magnificence of its trees and creepers, besides introducing me to many separate varieties of animal and vegetable life, which were of the highest interest; here I saw the magnificent Gloriosa superba, the poisonous climbing Gilly of Ceylon, with its red and amber flowers; the prickly Hibiscus radiatus, with large cup-shaped bristly-colored flowers, deepening to violet in the hollow; while around them fluted gigantic black butterflies with blood-red spots on their tail-shaped wings, and chafers and dragon-flies flew past with a metallic gleam. But my delight reached its height when, on this, my first attempt to penetrate a jungle in Ceylon, I came across the two most characteristic of its inhabitants from among the higher class of animals—parrots and apes. A flock of green parrots flew screaming from a lofty tree, as they became aware of the gun in my hand, and at the same moment a herd of great black apes sprang with a growling cry into the thicket. I did not succeed in getting a shot at either one or the other, they appeared to be too familiar with the look of a gun. I was consoled, however, by securing with my first shot a colossal lizard or iguana six feet long, of a kind held in much awe by the superstitious natives (Hydrosauros salvator).

The huge crocodile-like beast was sunning himself on the edge of a water tank, and the shot hit him so precisely on the head as to kill him at once; had it struck any less vital part he would probably have lived into the water and disappeared; when seized, the iguana has the power of lifting its sharp blow with its anal tail as to cause a severe wound and even sometimes a broken limb.

A SURE CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Three applications of vaseline will cure the worst case of chilblains, or ordinary cases one or two applications will be sufficient. Although vaseline is made from petroleum, it is far more rapid in its work of healing than kerosene.

## THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of time, As it runs through the realm of tears, With a muffled rhythm and a musical rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime, And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow, And the summers like buds between, And the year in the street—so they come and they go, On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow, As it glides in the shadow and shewn.

There's a magical tale up the river of Time, Where the softest of dreams are playing, There's a countless sky and a tropical climate, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime, And the June with the roses are playing.

And the name of that tale is Long Ago, And we bury our treasures there, There are lives of beauty and bloom of snow, There are tears of dust, but we loved them so.

There are trinkets and treasures of hair, There are fragments of song that nobody sings, And a part of an infant's prayer; There's a late unwept and a hurt unwept, There are broken vows and pieces of rings, And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore, By the mirage is lifted in air; And we sometimes hear through the turbid roar, Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before.

When the wind down the river is fair.

## A Masked Wedding.

Oriella and Lance Levering have been married five years the first of this April and they have not yet decided which of them was fooled upon that important occasion. One of them must have been, that is certain, since their very marriage was but an April-fool joke. Oriella declares it was Lance who was the fool, because he had always been adverse to blondes and deep-seated fairs, and had frequently asserted that if she was the only woman in the world he would not marry her.

All of which Mr. Levering now unblushingly explains by saying that he was only averse to blondes before he saw Oriella, that his abhorrence was a general rule, never applied to individual cases, and that if Oriella had been the only woman in the world he never would have had the chance to marry her. At this his wife laughs with soft mockery. "And then Lance goes to say that Oriella was the fool, for she had never admired him," she had repeatedly declared her intention to marry no man who could not count his wealth by hundreds of thousands, and she was already—

But I am telling their story too rapidly. Here it is in detail:

Lance Levering—proud, ambitious, handsome, with all those transcendent views of marriage so common to men who have been too much adulated and indulged by women, was easily successful with them, and Oriella Gladmyr, a radiant blond, and a reputed scion of a broken house, there's nothing interesting about you that any young woman should fall in love with you."

"Thanks, Miss Gladmyr," laughed Lance when she had ended her gay little mocking speech, "for being kind at all to so uninteresting an old fellow as myself."

"Not at all. You know it is awful for Maude to have you on her hands in this way, and decency compels me to help her care for you in any way I can. I cannot do much, but nearly every one likes to hear me read, and since you enjoy it, too, why you can't out of my small charity."

"I intend to after this," said Lance coolly. "It is my one accomplishment. Once I dreamed of making fame and fortune by it. Now I know an easier way to get the fortune."

"Yes?" questionedly.

"Yes; to marry it. I never intend to marry any man who cannot count his money by the hundreds of thousands."

"Indeed! Do you tell me that for fear I should fall in love with you?"

"Oh, no," rejoined Oriella, nonchalantly. "I know there is not the slightest danger of such a thing. You need no warnings. You dislike me too much."

"On the contrary, I do not dislike you, Miss Gladmyr; but I do not approve of you."

"It's all the same thing. Your ideal woman is a sweet, shy, clinging conventional little creature, which has never been tested in the crucible of the world's fire. I am—oh, almost everything your ideal woman should not be!"

Lance laughed again. They were nearer being friends than ever before.

And he saw no reason to change his opinions as he knew her better."

"So that is Mr. Lance Levering!" exclaimed Oriella, with the faintest mocking curl of her luscious lips, when Lance was over and Maude had accompanied her to the elegant room upon the terrace of May Croft.

"Yes, and do you up, Oriella, that he is fine-looking!"

"I cannot, dear. I detect men with dark brown eyes and just a little curl to the hair. They are always insufferably conceited. How stupid that he should be here just when I had anticipated having such a delicious little visit!"

"Well, he is here, and you'll have to make the best of it," said Maude, in her heart secretly glad that it had all happened. "We cannot send him away."

"Oh, of course not; but perhaps he will have the good grace to cut his stay short, seeing that we have each other, and it would be much pleasanter for me to have him away."

"But how do you know that he abhors you?"

"I saw it in his eyes," said Oriella, calmly.

All of which being overheard by Mr. Levering, who sat at his open window just next an open one in Miss Gladmyr's room, caused him to resolve to stay his full two weeks. He did abhor her, but he was plucked by her, too, and had not the slightest intention of sacrificing his pleasure in any way to hers.

Being a man of charming manners, however, he did please Miss Gladmyr in many ways; and as to dancing together, they found that it was bliss, so thoroughly were their movements in rhythmic harmony. They drifted through the two weeks, preserving a sort of armed neutrality toward each other, and then, the last day of his appointed stay, Lance was brought home with several broken bones and the prospect of remaining at May Croft for an indefinite period. He had been thrown from his horse while on a carriage drawn by a runaway team.

It was a week after the accident that Lance and Oriella came to an understanding with each other that established friendship between them. He found Miss Gladmyr a delightful reader, but, for reasons best known to himself, he hated to let her read to him half as long or as often as she would have been agreeable to him. Oriella said this, and frankly told him off.

"You are very silly not to make the most of any generous impulses I may have," she exclaimed, lightly. "I am not often given to benevolent acts. As for my falling in love with you—that is what you fear—why, set your mind entirely at rest. You're not at all a well-looking man, according to my standard of masculine beauty, and I tell you that you are not—well, what I call rich, and except that you dance finely, and have the manners of a gentleman, and—just now—several broken bones, there's nothing interesting about you that any young woman should fall in love with you."

"Thanks, Miss Gladmyr," laughed Lance when she had ended her gay little mocking speech, "for being kind at all to so uninteresting an old fellow as myself."

"Not at all. You know it is awful for Maude to have you on her hands in this way, and decency compels me to help her care for you in any way I can. I cannot do much, but nearly every one likes to hear me read, and since you enjoy it, too, why you can't out of my small charity."

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Lance laughed again. They were nearer being friends than ever before.

"And now that you have painted my 'ideal woman,' would you mind depicting your ideal man?"

"Oh, he is tall, tall and slender, with piercing eyes and white hair and beard, and an enormous bank account."

"I see the money question still prevails," said Lance, with slight sarcasm.

Oriella opened her beautiful big eyes very wide.

"Why, of course it does. The ambition of my life is to marry rich. But I'm thing you, I'll come again to read just after dinner. We understand each other now, don't we? We may as well be friends."

Lance smiled, and held out his well hand to her.

It was nearly winter before May Croft was desolated by the departure of its guests, and Maude Sanborn went up to town with Miss Gladmyr without being able to discover that her two cousins admired each other one whit more than when they first met. Still, as Oriella remained in New York for the season, instead of returning to her home in Baltimore, they two saw a great deal of each other, and grew slowly, more and more confidential friends, until, when, in March, something of importance befell Oriella, she made Lance the first sharer of her secret.

"Be sure and be at Mrs. Chaudelot's dinner—your said there was some doubt about it—because I want to introduce you to Mr. Jarvis Jerome. I have attained my ambition at last. He is almost a millionaire, and has asked me to marry him. Of course, I gracefully and gratefully said I would. I want you to congratulate me. O. G."

Those were the hastily scribbled lines she sent Levering; and Levering three times into the fire with a muttered curse.

"What do I care that she has engaged herself to Jarvis Jerome?" he questioned of himself, fiercely biting his lip until the red blood sprung to his teeth. Then he wrote her his regrets to Mrs. Chaudelot, and packed a satchel and went out of town for a week.

When he got back he went straight to Oriella and congratulated her.

"Oh, don't talk about that now. It's old!" cried O. G., impatiently.

"Why, I've been engaged a week. I want to tell you about Maude's April-fool-day party. It is the fifth anniversary of her wedding, you know."

"We're to go down to May Croft—there are about forty invited—and to have at King and Queen of Folly, and a Jester, and all manner of fun. You'll go?"

"Yes," rejoined Lance, and he went. And while the carnival was at its height some one proposed that just before the unmasking took place the host and hostess be remarried. A young clergyman, a chum of Ned Sanborn's, was among the guests, though not among the maskers, and a wedding would be just the imposing finish needed to the revel. In a minute a place was cleared at the end of the long salon, and arrangements made for a grand ceremony; and presently the bride in her white satin domino came in on the arm of a gorgeous cavalier, followed by another white satin domino, and some dazzling April fairies wreathed in crocuses and glittering with rain drops.

The cortege advanced to its place, and the two satin dominoes stepped forward and quickly assented to the clergyman's questions, and were pronounced man and wife. Then the signal was given for unmasking, and—Lance Levering and Oriella Gladmyr stood looking into each other's eyes, her face glowing white as that of a corpse.

As Oriella's color died Levering's grew to a dusky, passionate red that darkened face, neck and brow, but presence of mind did not quite desert him. He caught Miss Gladmyr in his strong arms and swiftly carried her across the hall and into the opposite room.

"Oriella! Oriella! Don't look like that," he cried, kneeling beside the sofa on which he had placed her. "For God's sake forgive me! I had no idea it was you—Ned wanted me to change dominoes with him to play a joke on Maude. It was only a joke—all a joke! Oriella, will you speak?"

"Bring Maude here—it is all her fault. She made me change dominoes with her for a joke on Ned!" said Oriella, beginning to recover herself, but keeping her eyes averted from his anxious face.

"But I want you to tell me you believe me! That you forgive me," he insisted.

She turned her face fully upon him now.

"Of course, I must know it was a joke, that you had no idea of what you were doing. I have implicit faith in you." Then she commenced to laugh, her pretty, mocking, musical laughter. "Just to think of you marrying me! There is Maude at the door—let her in!"

He hesitated a moment. "I want to say something first. I am mad, no doubt, but I must say it! You are my wife, Oriella—just for now, until the joke can be undone—but—I wish I could keep you my wife forever."

He uttered the words hurriedly but with a vehemence that was like the throbbing of a mighty sea, and all his eager, mad, soulful love burned in his eyes bent pleadingly on hers. Oriella knew he meant it. And as swiftly as a flower unfolds its face to the hot kiss of the sun, she lifted her golden head and leaned it on his breast and let him register his marriage vows upon her lips in fervent caresses.

And



