

BERNHART IN PART.  
A. D. 1445-1496.

In Ulrich's ancient dial hall  
There hangs a portrait on the wall,  
Of Swabia's Duke, the loved, the feared,  
The hero of the flowing beard—  
The heart-rending Swabian song  
As having been a half mile long—  
Great Bernhart in part,  
Tells of the Swabian heart.

He was the Duke whose pious spouse  
Big Barbara of his faithful love,  
By heaven and earth was loved and prayed,  
For growing so in grace and aid,  
That when she went to church to pray,  
It took some twenty men, they say,  
Or twelve, or thereabout,  
To lift her in and out.

He was the Duke who killed the bear  
Which others hunted feared before,  
Till in a wild and lonely place,  
Unarmed, he met him face to face,  
And made him as with Swabia's feat,  
Or wrestled him in such a feat,  
That he the monster slew  
(Whether tale be true.)

He was the Duke who gave renown  
To Tubingen's time-honored town,  
Wherein he fixed his princely seat,  
Where Swabia's students daily meet,  
And where, in meeting, ere they part,  
In memory still of Bernhart's part,  
Each day of all the year,  
They sing their Swabian cheer.

He was the Duke who, when denied  
Chief place at council-board, replied,  
"My lords, this petty feud is mine,  
I'll settle it with my own wine,  
And, if he chanced to lack a bed,  
I'll give him one of my own head,  
And sweetly take his head,  
On any peasant's lap."

He was the Duke who laid his sword  
Upon the tomb of Christ the Lord,  
And vowed a vow as Christian knight  
To battle for the truth and right,  
To help the weak against the strong,  
To rid his realm of all wrong,  
And who, in letters far,  
Wrote on his shield, "I dare."

He was the Duke whose narrow land  
So broadened underneath his hand,  
That as his conquest passed down  
I'll give and brightly shine a crown,  
Nor has there been in Swabia since  
A King so royal as this King,  
Who, with so small a realm,  
Made it so proud and great.

He was the Duke whose oak-leaf chair  
With curious carvings, quaint and rare,  
(Which pilgrims travel many a mile  
To gaze on in the old castle here,  
Stands empty, and will soon be;  
For kings no longer rule the reign;  
What Prince to-day is fit  
In such a chair to sit?

All hail the future age that brings  
An end to lords and Dukes and Kings—  
And welcome be the coming dawn  
Of order, of peace, and of crown;  
Yet still the coming of the day  
When time from earth shall pass away,  
If Princes there must be,  
Let them be such as he.

(Theodore Tilton.)

A PASSING CLOUD.

"Val, will you take my advice?"  
"It depends on whether it suits my fancy dear. Did you ever know anyone to take advice otherwise?"

Lady Marchmont laughed. "I am afraid mine will hardly do so in this instance. I would suggest that you take a book and try to read, as the time passes much quicker if you did not study the clock every five minutes. There is one on that table that could not fail to interest you—it is the story of a fair maid who interfered in the pangs of the agonies, the doubts of a true love that did not, like yours, run smooth."

"I should probably throw it to the other end of the room after five minutes."  
"And to think," said Lady Marchmont, meditatively, "I think that six months ago you did not know this man who is now making such havoc in your peace of mind."

Valerie rose impatiently from her seat, and walked across to the window, a frown ruffling the serenity of her white forehead, and a vexed look in her pretty gray eyes.

She was a tall, slender girl, with more claims to beauty than are accorded from the mere possession of regular features and a faultless complexion, which good points many girls will own and yet be highly uninteresting and unattractive. Val's chief charm lay in her entire unconsciousness of her own beauty, and her serene, untroubled face, in which, as in her clear gray eyes, was reflected every motion of her sympathetic nature.

She was a girl who, from impulse, might probably act hastily or thoughtlessly, but who would be only too ready to error if she were conscious of it; a rare virtue, indeed, for surely the hardest of all concessions is that which avows, "I was wrong."

Val's abrupt movement caused Lady Marchmont to look indignantly, and she divined the cause of her displeasure. The young lady had certain peculiar notions of her own, and did not like being joked about her love and her lover, especially before a third person. Ere Lady Marchmont, however, could utter a word of indignation, another lady present looked up from her lace-work and said, quietly:

"Is it not wonderful how ready we women are to trust our happiness and our future in the hands of a man who for the most part we know little of?"

The speaker was a slight, fair woman, whose age it would be difficult to guess. She was one of those persons whom one would at first declare to be quite unattractive and shortly discover that they possess a strange fascination. Whether it was her peculiarly clear, low-toned voice, or a certain air of quiet self-possession which nothing seemed to rattle, or whether it was the undeniable fact that she had the admiration of admirers, and in this, her third year of widowhood, was said to have received more than one offer to change her apparently not inconvertible state.

Val glanced at her with a slightly contemptuous look in her eyes.

"Your remark has no significance for me, Mrs. Maitland, for I know Captain Dalrymple thoroughly," she said with a happy confidence in her tone. A slight smile played for a moment around Mrs. Maitland's thin lips, and she dropped her eyes again over her work.

"Oh, you think you do," she answered in her quiet tones, which were generally heard with the effect of irritating Val, "which does as well—may, better, for few of us would benefit by an intimate knowledge of the lives of most men."

"The life of every honorable man is the same," returned Val, indignantly. "Your experience of the other sex must have been unfortunate, Mrs. Maitland."

There was a slight accession of color in the widow's usually impassive face, as she replied, in a somewhat sarcastic tone, "I admire, if I do not emulate, your charming confidence, Miss Charteris. I hope you may never have cause to regret it, but I think when you are a few years older you will acknowledge that men are all that they are, and that self is the guiding star of their existence."

"I refuse to believe it," said Val. "You are welcome to your opinion, Mrs. Maitland; leave me in the enjoyment of mine. There are bad alike in both sexes; but what does it matter if there are worthless men, when one in whom one trusts and believes in all should be? And with this she turned her back on her antagonist, and dropping into an easy chair, gave herself up to a mental review of the virtues of her "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

What sweet smiles circled her lips, what a happy light shone in her eyes, as she lived over again that brief period of wooing, when the old story, that is ever so new in the telling, was whispered into her willing ears. On bright times of youth and love, that had but once to all that passes all too swiftly, but which, years after, has still the power to kindle a flame or a warm-out, weary hearts!

"Val," said Lady Marchmont, breaking in on her reverie as she bent over her and spoke in a low tone, "where are your thoughts? I hear the dog-cart going round to the front door."

Val brought herself back to a delightful realization of her position, and sat up in an expectant attitude, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks.

In a few minutes the door was flung open and Captain Dalrymple was announced. He was a tall, slender-looking man, with a grave, serious face, and dark, earnest eyes, which, when he smiled, softened and lit up in a wonderfully attractive manner.

In the presence of the two ladies, Val's greeting with him was necessarily restrained; a silent but expressive pressure of the hands, and Captain Dalrymple turned to Lady Marchmont. "I have to thank you for your great kindness in extending to me your invitation to Val."

"I am only too delighted to see you," answered Lady Marchmont heartily, "and for the rest, you know Val would not have consented to come if you had not also favored her with your company."

As she spoke she turned toward Mrs. Maitland with the intention of introducing her, when, to Val's astonishment, that lady came forward, holding out her hand, as she said, with her most fascinating smile:

"There is no need for an introduction, Mrs. Maitland; Captain Dalrymple and I are old friends."

Val turned her gaze to her lover's face and saw there an expression that she could not exactly define. Was it surprise, an annoyance or embarrassment? He seemed for a moment somewhat at a loss for a reply, "I did not expect to meet you," he said at length.

"The unexpected always happens, you know," replied Mrs. Maitland, laughing. "What did it mean?" Val asked herself. That they should be acquainted with each other was not wonderful, but why had Mrs. Maitland been silent when she introduced her, and above all, why should her presence apparently disconcert Vernon in some way?

She had not time to ponder further on the subject, for at that moment Captain Dalrymple turned to her with his attractive smile, under the influence of which Val's disquietude melted instantly. How absurd to worry about such a thing, when, of course, at the first opportunity, Vernon would explain it all! This thought revived her spirits, and when, a few minutes later, the party was swelled by some other guests staying at the hall, she was the gayest of the gay, enjoying the delightful little social party which Captain Dalrymple, who enabled her totally to forget the existence of Mrs. Maitland.

"Meet me in the drawing-room before anyone is down," she whispered to him as they looked at each other for a moment. "All right, darling," he replied as he smiled down on her with those eloquent dark eyes that had won her heart's allegiance.

Captain Dalrymple performed his toilet in a very short space of time, and repaired at once to the drawing room, there to await Val. He wandered into the conservatory and paced about restlessly. One of the glass doors opening close by him caused him to turn quickly with a smile of welcome on his lips, when, to his utter surprise, he found himself confronted by Mrs. Maitland.

"She came quickly forward with the quiet smile which was peculiar to her, but her habitual self-possession seemed strangely ruffled.

"I must apologize for this intruding on you," she said, "but there was something I wished particularly to ask you."

"Indeed?" returned Captain Dalrymple, his voice had taken its coldest intonation, his face wore its gravest aspect.

"Don't look at me like that, Vernon, as though my presence were so utterly disagreeable to you. I am sure you are wrong in your agitation, whether real or feigned; he could not determine. "I shall not detain you long. What I want to ask of you is that you will not mention to Miss Charteris."

"And to think," said Lady Marchmont, meditatively, "I think that six months ago you did not know this man who is now making such havoc in your peace of mind."

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to stay with some friends of his, the Sinclair, but I did not know their place was near here."

"Only half an hour's drive," returned Sir Harry. "He's a confoundingly handsome fellow—I would say a great favorite with the ladies. I asked him over to breakfast-to-morrow and to spend the day. He told me he had not yet made the acquaintance of his future sister-in-law."

"No, to be sure. Hubert is the only one of us who don't know," said Vernon, turning to Val. "I think you will like him. He's an awfully good-natured fellow, a little spoilt, perhaps, but according to Sir Harry, that is hardly to be wondered at."

Val's face, however, plainly expressed entire indifference to Hubert Dalrymple's merits or demerits.

"What is amiss with you, dear? You do not seem yourself this evening."

"I do not seem myself," she said, "because I am not myself. When she should be herself when she had seen that creature, as she inwardly designated Mrs. Maitland, standing by his side, holding his hand, and making eyes at him positively as though she had the right to do so."

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"Quite sure," he said, aloud; "but that has not prevented my women being in love with him. There is a certain lady, not a dozen miles from here, who tried very hard to win him."

"Do you mean Mrs. Maitland?" asked Val in a low tone.

"What makes you guess that?"

"Because—oh, because I have been very unhappy through her," said Val, clasping her hands together with a pathetic little gesture, her gray eyes full of tears.

"Tell me all about it," responded Hubert tenderly, and to Val's surprise she found herself detailing her grievance to this young man, who an hour ago had been unknown to her. As she concluded she was somewhat taken aback at Mr. Dalrymple's giving vent to a hearty fit of laughter.

"How deep the little widow is," he said, "but I see her game. She thought to make a quarrel between you and Vernon, and perhaps gain his heart in the bargain. Valerie, you really deserve to know the truth, especially after confiding in me. Listen to me. A year ago Mrs. Maitland, reversing the general order of things, made an offer to Vernon of her hand, heart, and very ample fortune."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Val.

"Not impossible—unusual, if you like," answered Hubert dryly. "We have known her for years and she always awfully sweet on Vernon. When she saw that her own mistress again she began running after him in the old fashion, and last year—we were all staying together at the same house—she spoke out pretty plainly."

"How ever do you know?" asked Val.

"Because I, by chance, interrupted the interesting tete-a-tete, and guessed from the lady's agitation what had taken place. When I taxed Vernon with it afterward, he could not deny it, but naturally on her account, he would think himself in honor bound never to mention it, for she must have been very genuine in love with him to go to such lengths. Wasn't it awkward for him?" wound up Hubert.

"It was all about it," responded Hubert tenderly, and to Val's surprise she found herself detailing her grievance to this young man, who an hour ago had been unknown to her. As she concluded she was somewhat taken aback at Mr. Dalrymple's giving vent to a hearty fit of laughter.

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Saturday, November 18th.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Spiritualism.

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AT THE REQUEST OF MANY WHO WERE present last Sunday evening.

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Will repeat their wonderful seance, giving many new and startling manifestations, more wonderful than ever witnessed here and elsewhere in full view of the audience.

The Only Public Mediums Indorsed by the Press of Europe and of America.

The following are some of the marvelous manifestations that usually take place in the presence of these wonderful mediums:

1. The police are invited to secure the mediums in handcuffs and shackles, and while in this condition spirits will materialize and communicate in full view of the audience.

2. The medium is raised from the chair and floats over the heads of his audience, while spirit forms are seen hovering around him. Spirit sounds are heard as plainly as if spoken by their friends.

3. MATERIALIZATION.—Forms from the spirit land appear, while the mediums are held hand and foot. A committee is chosen from the audience to secure the medium, and while in this condition spirits will materialize and dematerialize in view of all present, and those who wish can shake hands with any one about the hall. Spirit forms walk about in full view of the audience while the medium is in full view.

4. THE WONDERFUL SLATE TEST.—Messages written by an invisible hand, before the eyes of the audience.

5. CLAIRVOYANCE OR SUPERNATURAL VISION.—A book is opened by a person chosen by the audience, at whatever page he may see fit, and is read by the medium, while on the stage without seeing the book. Sealed messages read and answered by the medium. Musical instruments will float in a wonderful strange manner, playing as they go.

6. Scores of other tests equally marvelous. Come and see for yourself. Take one's word. Believe your own eyes. Be guided by your own reason. Doors open at 7, commence at 8 o'clock. ALL ARE WELCOME.

SCALE OF PRICES:

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NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE—SEN Francisco is fast forsaking the "dandy rig" of the gambler and assuming the sober garb of a commercial property. Stocks have gone "all endsways." The old times when fortunes were made and lost in a day—when a man might go to bed a pauper and wake a millionaire, or wake a millionaire and go to bed a pauper—have vanished. Now it is not probable that they will ever return. Those were times! Refer to them in the presence of anyone who knew them in their golden prime, and mark how his eyes will glisten. How eagerly will he launch forth and recount the incidents of his life. How he will recall in the train of recollections thus induced:

"Dog-gone if I know the place!" said an old fellow to me when I was last there.

"You never see a shot fired from your ears since I saw you here. Why, it isn't often you see even her a champagne-cork